

THE
Freeman

DECEMBER 1, 1952

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Vassar Answers
Nancy Fellers

**The Triumph
of the Egghead**

Louis Bromfield

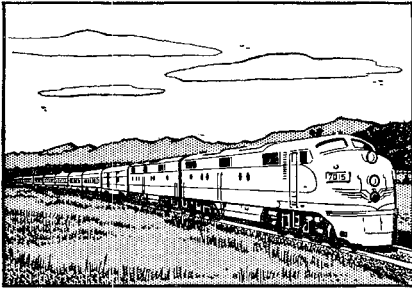
Profit Sharing Works

William Loeb

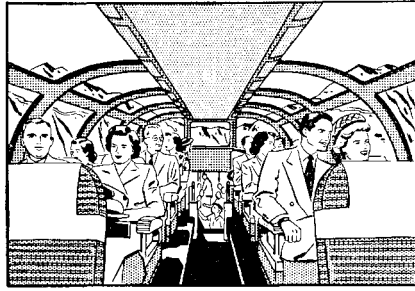
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The Rev. Edward A. Keller

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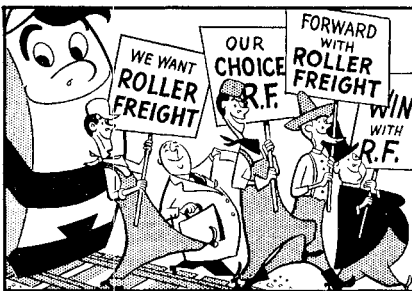


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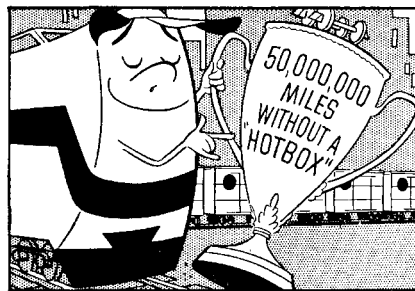


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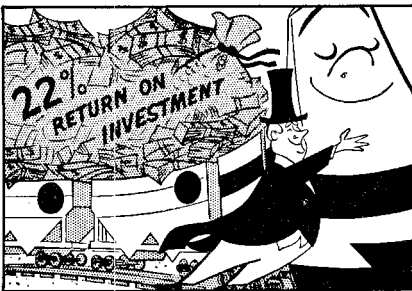
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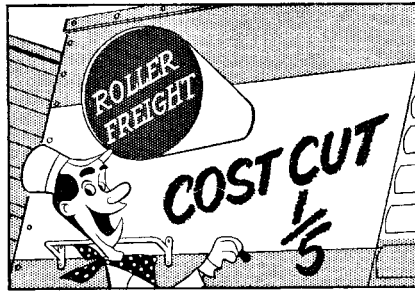
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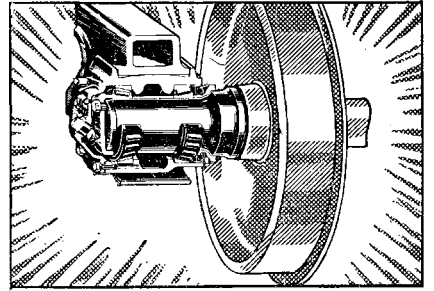
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THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

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Managing Editor SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

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Our Contributors

Few magazine articles have evoked such intense and thoughtful discussion as did Nancy Jane Fellers's description of her experiences at Vassar. The *Freeman's* mail-bags have been bulging (a selection of those letters appears on page 177), metropolitan journals have editorialized on the subject, and in this issue we publish two rejoinders from Vassar itself to Miss Fellers's indictment of what she deemed an attempt to fit her thinking into a mold of "liberal" orthodoxy. We hope that this presentation of the Vassar point of view *via* the editorial board of the college paper and Miss Lockwood will answer two correspondents who have unfoundedly suggested that the *Freeman* would print only one side of the case.

LOUIS BROMFIELD needs no introduction in this department. The famous novelist and squire of Malabar Farm has contributed twice previously to the *Freeman*. . . . The advocate of profit sharing in this issue, WILLIAM LOEB, publishes a group of newspapers in New Hampshire and Vermont headed by the Manchester, N. H., *Union Leader*. He is national chairman of the Council of Profit Sharing Industries.

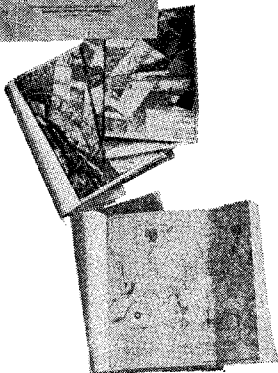
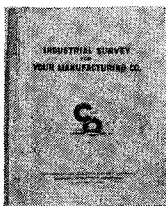
THE REV. DR. EDWARD A. KELLER, C. S. C. ("Socialism vs. Christianity") has taught economics at his alma mater, Notre Dame, since 1934, has been Director of the Bureau of Economic Research at that university since 1936. Dr. Keller, the author of several highly-regarded studies in the economics of wealth, has contributed to the *Reader's Digest*, *Look* and the *Catholic Digest*. He is consulting economist for the American Economic Foundation, New York City, and the Heritage Foundation, Chicago. BRUCE WINTON KNIGHT ("The Greatest Country") is a Professor of Economics at Dartmouth. The author of "How to Run a War" and "Economic Principles in Practice," Dr. Knight wrote "Freedom Is Indivisible" for the *Freeman* of January 14, 1952. JEROME MELLQUIST ("A Decade of French Art"), art critic living in Paris, has contributed previously to the *Freeman*.

Among Ourselves

It has sometimes been suggested that the *Freeman* is partisan. That it assuredly is—partisan in behalf of the dignity and rights of the individual, partisan in behalf of the West against the new barbarism of the Kremlin. This is by way of introducing a letter from Mr. Robert E. Couch, principal of the Beatrice, Ala., High School, who writes: ". . . I do not want your magazine. . . . I believe that a magazine that can not find anything good about our present government is not worthy to be read by our students." Which brings us to the odd circumstance that a student in Lincoln, Neb., seat of the State University, who wished to consult the *Freeman* for some college work found that the only libraries in that city affording this magazine were those of the State Legislature and the State Reformatory. We leave comment to you. On the cheerful side, a Chicago reader writes that he buys four copies of each issue and hands them to friends, a number of whom have subscribed.



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THE *Freeman*

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1952

The Fortnight

Many of our friends who voted Republican and so helped contribute to the Eisenhower sweep are still going about with their fingers crossed. We say to them, "Uncross those fingers." The reason we say this derives from our analysis of the constitution of the incoming Congress. Broadly speaking, it has a conservative majority no matter how you cut and slice the party designations. The Taftite Republicans and the Byrd-Byrnes-Shivers Southern Democrats have the mostest men and can git thar fustest with the vote. This makes a revolt of New Dealish Republicans, of potential Wayne Morses, far less dangerous to Ike Eisenhower than a conservative Republican revolt would be. It appears to the *Freeman* that a new political alignment, a new coalition of conservative Northerners and conservative Southerners, is here to stay.

This new coalition is bound to produce a new atmosphere in politics. The old clichés of Statist "liberalism" are already on the way out; they have lost their magic. And the college undergraduates, always quicker than their professors to sense changes in the social climate, are not reacting favorably to the old Rooseveltian shibboleths. For example, a recent Princeton undergraduate rating of courses abounded in potshots at faculty members whose viewpoints "are far to the left of center and [whose] lectures are not noted for giving both sides of the case." The young are growing up in the dawn of another great shift in attitude; they themselves will help to modify that attitude, but never backward, never in the direction of making 1933-1936 the permanent norm for the America of the future. The bird is on the wing, and the bird is the bird of freedom. So uncross those fingers, ye faint of heart, and take hope.

G. L. Mehta, India's Ambassador to the United States, recently told a luncheon session of the Far East-America Council of Commerce and Industry that his country was not willing to adopt methods of economic development which involve coercion for bringing about a realignment of productive forces. Moreover, the Indian Ambassador manifested a very friendly spirit toward private

capitalism. "India," he said, "presents a field in which there are none of the hindrances and impediments which frequently prevent the flow of private capital. First of all, there is a stable government and an efficient administration. There are adequate facilities for repatriation of capital and due process of law for compensation. Besides, there is an enormous potential market. . . ." Having listened to some of Pandit Nehru's paeans to socialism in the past, the editors of the *Freeman* might have some excuse to doubt the full relevance of Ambassador Mehta's glowing words. However, we do not look the Mehta gift speech in the mouth; in fact, we think it a most significant straw in the wind that high-placed Asiatics are beginning to give voluntaristic economic ideas an occasional pat on the head.

Philip Murray, who was a lad of sixteen when he first came to this country, died fifty years later as the personification of modern America's biggest and rawest power—labor. In his case, it is easy to comply with the propieties and say of the dead nothing but good; for Phil Murray was undeniably driven by a genuine need for a moral order in social relations and was honestly seeking guidance from his Church. Whoever succeeds him as President of the CIO will, we are afraid, have little more than a guffaw for Phil's theological sensitivities. And should it be Walter Reuther, the new man will draw his inspiration for social battle from the supreme modern heresy rather than the historical body of Faith—from the unregulated urge for social domination. In the years ahead, there may be formidable reasons to light a candle in Phil Murray's memory.

We haven't managed to extract the precise meaning from certain incidental intelligence about the behavior of the American academic community at the straw vote polls, but for what it's worth we would like to observe that the fourteen-year-olds of the land seem to have had a clearer conception of the issues involved than the members of the Yale faculty, for example. We checked at St. Margaret's School in Waterbury, Conn., and found the freshman class there was 100 per cent for Eisenhower. The seniors in the same school

were about 80 per cent for same. At Princeton University, to skip about a bit, Eisenhower won a 73 per cent victory. Going up in the age scale in Academia, the Yale faculty poll went almost 2-1 for Stevenson. The Yale Divinity School faculty was 13-2 for Stevenson; the Yale Law School 14-1 for ditto.

Our academic friends, wincing at being in the minority for the first time in a generation, have tried to assure us that citation of these outrageously random figures proves nothing beyond the incontestable fact that children are fond of a military hero. We choose to think better of the kids. After all, a fourteen-year-old isn't very far away from the world of mud pies and paper dolls, which have a certain physical recalcitrance and require a certain amount of thought if they are to be manipulated properly. It is our experience that professors and other people who deal almost wholly in abstractions often lose the sense that a good peasant is born with. If this makes us sound anti-intellectual, it is, we hope, merely proof that we are pro-intelligence. And with this observation we will outrageously sign off.

In the wee hours of election night, shortly after Mr. Stevenson had delivered his graceful farewell address, we ran into a young man who, in patent bewilderment, acted as though a Republican return to power was simply unconstitutional. "But this century is none of their business," said he with a New York intellectual's characteristic flair for flippant, if premature, dismissals. He reminded us, and we told him so, of an aperçu whipped up at the coronation of Pope Pius XII in 1939. "A beautiful ceremony, and so very moving, but evidently the last of its kind," cracked a superior-looking diplomat. It was Hitler's ambassador to the Vatican, and for the life of us we could not recall his name.

Two spectacular events—closely related according to the news reports—have shaken the United Nations since our last comment on that uneasy hybrid. We refer, of course, to the resignation of Secretary General Trygve Lie and the suicide of General Counsel Abraham H. Feller. Mrs. Feller is quoted as saying that one reason for the breakdown which led to her husband's death was Mr. Lie's resignation. And Mr. Lie is quoted as having attributed the tragedy to overwork "day and night under my direction to uphold due process of law and justice against indiscriminate smears and exaggerated charges" in the investigations of American UN personnel by a Federal Grand Jury and the McCarran Committee.

We think Mr. Lie owed it to those bodies to be more specific. The Grand Jury investigation is of course secret; that leaves the McCarran Committee to bear the onus of Mr. Lie's attack, which comes with poor grace from a man who has already dismissed four employees, suspended two, and put

seven on special leave because they refused to testify before the McCarran Committee on grounds of possible self-incrimination. Possibly Mr. Lie regards any inquiry into the loyalty of American UN employees to their own country as an indiscriminate smear. And in view of the fact that the UN by its very nature *has* to employ Communists, such a point of view would be at least understandable. But doesn't it add weight to our contention that the new Congress should reconsider the whole question of our relation to the UN?

In this issue our readers will find two Vassar reactions to Nancy Jane Fellers's "God and Woman at Vassar" (*Freeman*, November 3). One of the reactions is a protest from Miss Fellers's English teacher, who still can not see her former student for dust. In reply to Miss Lockwood's contention that Nancy was not Vassar caliber as an English student, we wish to call attention to a sentence tossed off in one of the girl's Vassar assignment papers: "Self-annihilation is the paradox of our age." Any student capable of writing such a brilliantly penetrating and epigrammatic sentence has, to our minds, a flair for English composition, straight observation, and even straighter thinking. And any English teacher who could call such a sentence "unclear" is hardly competent to judge the qualities that make for bold and effective use of the English tongue.

Lest Americans begin to believe the repetitious European clamor that the U. S. is the one barren desert on the cultural map of the West, we shall continue to report European judgments of their own cultural situation. The Venice Biennial has grown into the most authoritative and, indeed, the ultimate display of the best Europe's creative arts have to offer. This year, the Biennial outdid itself, at least quantitatively: it combined the regular film festival with the international theater festival, the Venetian "musical autumn," the festival of contemporary music and the UNESCO international artists' conference. Quality? "Never," found London's *Time and Tide*, "can so many famous artists have gathered together in one place—and never to so little purpose." This makes us Americans feel very sad, of course, but less lonely.

Any incredulous American who still finds it difficult to believe that a fellow of Alger Hiss's made-in-U. S. A. looks could have been a Soviet agent, has an even greater surprise coming via Belgrade. There they have just sentenced Tito's Deputy Minister for Foreign Trade and Vice Chairman of his Economic Council, one V. Srzentic, to fifteen years in jail for being a clandestine Cominform agent. This Srzentic, you will have to know, was mentioned by name in Stalin's first letter of protest to Tito, in 1948, as an example of non-cooperative Yugoslavs who brazenly refused to supply the So-

viet Mission in Belgrade with information. And three years *after* that exchange of letters had resulted in Stalin's break with Tito, the very same Srzentic was caught as one of Stalin's top agents in the Tito government! In short, the Russian claim of having invented the cotton picker may be exaggerated, but they sure know how to plant.

Ike's Mission

The great game of guessing the contours, the personnel and the policies of the next Administration goes on apace. The scope of Ike's victory was so wide and all-embracing that it gives practically every section of the nation, practically every social grouping, cause for anticipatory hope—and not a few attendant fears. In Texas the jubilant Ikemen think all their problems, from offshore oil to taxes, have been solved. In Taftland there is a tempered happiness—plus a slight undercurrent of nagging worry lest magnanimity be repaid with something less than that. The New Dealers who have attached themselves to Eisenhower have been running hot and cold flashes; they would like to think that they can control their man, yet they know he is sincerely desirous of cutting the budget, giving the Federal Reserve Board more anti-inflationary power, and limiting the role of the Federal authorities in such fields as education, medicine, agriculture and electric power. As for our allies overseas, their expectations have been summed up by a witty Frenchman as "*Fini Noel*"—"Goodby Santa Claus."

We have no objections to the great game of guessing—it is fun, and it serves the praiseworthy purpose of thrusting valuable suggestions into the arena for discussion and assessment. At this moment, however, it seems to us more to the point to speculate on the reasons for Ike's victory. For they, more than anything else, will determine the atmosphere in which the new Republican Administration must work. Ike has a mandate—and, since he is by instinct and temperament a conciliator, not a great innovator, it is only reasonable to suppose that he will try to find out what that mandate is and then operate within its implied boundaries.

The editors of the *Freeman*, being libertarians, would like to think that Ike's majorities constituted a clearly unmistakable anti-Welfare State mandate. Being realists, however, we doubt that the chief reasons for Ike's success derived from anti-Statist philosophy. In the South, fear of Truman socialism was undoubtedly a compelling motive. And almost everybody is sick of high taxes. The farmers of this nation, on the other hand, were virtually promised a top-limit "parity"—which means that Iowa and Wisconsin and Minnesota did not *necessarily* vote to liquidate Santa Claus on the prairie.

In the industrial Northeast, where *Freeman* editors move and have their being, the obvious reasons for the Eisenhower sweep were two things—Korea and communism. Perhaps it would be better to sum this up as one thing, communism. For without communism, by which we mean the attempt by Moscow to take over the world and bring an end to the historic free society of the West, there would have been no Korea—or, for that matter, no cold war—in the first place.

The defeats of Democrat Bill Benton in Connecticut and Republican Henry Cabot Lodge in Massachusetts, though seemingly incompatible phenomena, blend together to indicate what the electorate was thinking about on the Communist issue. For both Benton and Lodge were licked by an urban vote that is heavily Catholic in religion. The Irish, the Italians, the Poles—these and other minority groups that had once been part of the Roosevelt coalition deserted the Democratic Party in droves. But, not so curiously, they stayed by an Irish Catholic Kennedy, a Democrat, in Massachusetts. They had become convinced, partly by the Hiss affair and the speeches of Joe McCarthy, partly by the historic record of Yalta and the scuttle-and-run policy in China, that the Trumanites and the Stevensonites were all-too-perfunctory in their professed anti-communism.

So that is the overriding mandate—to save America from the toils of Kremlin Joe. This mandate can be broken down into a couple of seemingly contradictory sub-mandates. The first stems from the desire of mothers everywhere to get their sons out of the front lines in Korea, where, figuratively speaking, the boys have been swaying back and forth between the forty-yard markers of the football gridiron under the direction of coaches who refuse to let them either pass, kick or run. The impulse to "bring the boys home" might be termed isolationist in motive. But it is not really isolationist; what it really betokens is a protest against a foreign and military policy that is not opposing the spread of communism in the most effective way. Despite the legendary remark of Harry Hopkins, the American people are not dopes; they can see that Moscow has been winning its signal victories *without the expenditure of a single Russian*. And they wonder why it is not possible for rich and powerful America to take a leaf out of the Kremlin's book and win some comparatively bloodless victories on its own.

This, then, is the second sub-mandate—to get the world revolution moving in a reverse direction, the first objective being the breaking of the weakest links in the Iron Chain that hides just in back of the Iron Curtain. Eisenhower has suggested that more South Koreans be trained to take their places in the lines against the Chinese Reds. By a logical continuation of this line of thinking, our next President stands committed, in effect, to making full use of the National Chinese in the war on

communism in Asia. There have been rumors that Indo-China will be the first big overseas problem to be dumped into Eisenhower's lap. If he can solve the problem of reversing the Chinese revolution he will never have to stage a second Korean War in Indo-China—the very sort of war that would lead to an anti-Republican sweep in the mid-term Congressional elections of 1954. And if the current can be reversed in Asia, the now seemingly hopeless problem of nerving up the Europeans to fight for the historic continuity of the Christian West will become amenable to solution. For pressure on Kremlin Joe in China must mitigate the Communist pressure on Europe. The dilemma of a two-front land power (which Russia is) is that it must commit most of its holding strength to its weakest and most diffuse frontier. And that, for Russia, is Asia, provided the United States can help Asiatics to move in their own behalf.

The *Freeman* hopes to have much to say in subsequent weeks about Eisenhower's domestic problems, about his budgetary problems, and about his personnel choices. But domestic and budgetary problems in 1953, and even such things as Voice of America programs, must play second fiddle to the overriding considerations of foreign policy. We are being forced to spend billions and to arm and to tax and to interfere with the freedom of the market for one reason alone, and that reason is Kremlin Joe's overriding purpose to subvert the world. If we can take care of Joe we can take care of everything else. There is nothing that an effective foreign policy can not cure.

Gallup Bites the Dust Again

A recent survey among the nation's haberdashers disclosed that the old-fashioned, long-tailed, flannelette nightshirt of our fathers is coming back. That survey we can believe. We accept it not upon personal observation or predilection, not upon divination or upon any noticeable retrocession of male taste in attire but simply and solely upon the statistical ground that the sales slips in the records of the nation's clothing merchants showed so and so many sales of flannelette nightshirts.

We accept without any strain on our credulity the results of consumer surveys because they are based upon such tangibles as sales slips. That we can not accept the same polltakers' surveys of national political tastes goes without saying. In 1948 Dr. George A. Gallup, a large and winsome man, was dead wrong about who would be President. So, in varying degree, were his imitators and rivals. On November 4 the voters again crossed up Dr. Gallup. What might have been construed four years ago as an idiosyncratic deviation on the part of the

voter must now be described as a permanent disaffection.

The voters just don't agree with the Gallups. So it has been said that Gallup lost the decision on November 4 quite as much as Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Schlesinger and Wilson Wyatt. We need not remind you that General Eisenhower polled a comfortable 55 per cent of the unprecedented November vote. Nor need we contrast that result with the prudent and misleading predictions of Gallup, Elmo Roper, the Princeton Research Service, Crossley and others to the general effect that the election was a horse race which either man might win without consternating the pollsters. Everyone knows that the pollsters didn't come within a country mile of prefiguring the outcome.

What are the reasons for this? Why can these same pollsters note with full credibility that the warm and clinging night attire of our boyhood is again popular and wholly miss the country's political intentions? We believe that this discrepancy goes to the heart of the politico-economic crisis of our times. On the one hand you have the doctrinaire statist, be he Fabian, Bolshevik, Falangist or just plain New/Fair Dealer. He maintains that man is a predictable animal, that his choices in all manner of situations and predicaments can be accurately logged in advance. In rough terms this is what is known as planning. On the other, or *Freeman* hand, we have the unreconstructed individualist who holds that man is a true child of caprice, that there exist no known methods for specifically determining ahead of time his wayward tastes in politics, dynasties, faiths, men's bed raiment, fishing flies or even that most steadily urgent of all his problems, women.

The lot of the pollsters is hard these days. A dense gloom hovers over Princeton, N. J., which has become by some sort of unpredictable chance the capital of the polltaking enterprise, and we have no desire to deepen this despondency. Yet we can not forebear this minatory note: let the Gallups in future probe the nightshirt preferences of the land and shun politics. Polltaker, as we might phrase it hortatorily, stick to your last!

By Any Other Name

If it were not that we doubt whether Marshal Tito is as much impressed by Mr. Walter Lippmann as Mr. Lippmann, we would be almost inclined to believe that the influence of the American columnist had inspired the *Drang nach Westen* revealed at the recent Sixth Congress of the Yugoslav Communist Party. In any case, our natural concern over the news from Belgrade was deepened by the fact that it followed by a few weeks the receipt of a letter from our esteemed English contributor, F. A. Voigt, commenting on Mr. Lippmann's proposal

that the West should promote Titoism among the east and central European puppet states.

This is what Mr. Voigt said:

Walter Lippmann's suggestion (*New York Herald Tribune*, Paris edition, Sept. 12) that we should spread Titoism to the other satellite states is about the silliest I have come across for many a year. Lippmann says he feels "reasonably sure" that Dulles shares this notion. Is that possible? To extend Titoism to Hungary, Poland, and so on, we should have to expel the Russians from those countries. To do that, we should have to dispense with any help from their populations, for in no country could Titoism find any popular support (in Yugoslavia it is supported by 10 per cent of the people at the most, that 10 per cent consisting mainly of the bureaucrats and others who grow fat on the regime while the others grow lean—in Yugoslavia today you can generally tell if a man supports the regime or not merely by looking at his waist). Having done all this, we should have to maintain the new Titoist oligarchies in power. That is to say, we should have to collaborate with them in a new terroristic repression of the people.

Tito's regime has certainly grown much milder. But it remains terroristic. The back of what little was left of the middle class is broken. Arbitrary arrests go on (there are some three hundred of the clergy in prison), and the peasants are subjected to severe coercion and exploitation.

If we are prepared to overthrow the existing satellite governments, why replace one form of communism by another (a form less grim but not less unpopular)? Why not, in that case, liberate *à la* Eisenhower?

Lippmann does sometimes talk sense, especially when it is four or five years old. I always read him with interest. He does, in his article, recognize the failure of containment. But his project for spreading Titoism is nothing other than containment in a new and worse, far worse, form. Are we to establish Titoism in Eastern Germany? And then in all Germany—seeing that Germany is to be united?

Neither the East Germans, nor the Poles and so on would be grateful for the transition from Communism *à la* Stalin to Communism *à la* Tito-Lippmann.

No doubt Mr. Voigt is right about the satellite peoples. Having lived under communism, they would be unimpressed by a mere change of brand names. But Marshal Tito at his party Congress went further than Mr. Lippmann. He announced a plan for "closest cooperation" with the Socialist parties, trade unions and liberal groups of the *West* through his "People's Front," allegedly numbering 8,000,000 members.

This can be dangerous. Among the anti-Stalinist leftists of the Western world are a great many who, while they reject the Kremlin's communist imperialism, still cling to the belief that communism in itself is a pretty good thing. Among these people—and especially among the articulate "liberal" intellectuals, Titoism may conceivably find eager sympathizers. And even if they were unable to force an attempt to liberate the satellites *à la* Tito, they could still add immeasurably to the confusion which has rendered the postwar West so irresolute

and inept in its diplomatic and military policy in face of the implacable, world-wide advance of Communist imperialism.

A Rather Susceptible Chancellor

The news that Lord Jowett, Lord Chancellor in the last Labor government, is writing a book in vindication of Alger Hiss has been bruited by returning travelers and in private correspondence with British friends for some weeks now. This intelligence finally reached the dignity of a reference by Walter Winchell a couple of Sunday evenings ago. The *Freeman* has, on its own, dug into the matter and finds several incidental aspects which it passes on to its readers who have, we should judge, no doubts of their own that Hiss betrayed the Republic.

We hear, for example, that the late Harold Laski interested himself in such a project shortly before his death, soliciting a fairly notable Briton to study the case first hand in the United States and then produce a book questioning Hiss's guilt. According to our informant, Mr. Laski evidenced surprise when the gentleman in question noted that he might be compelled, upon examination of the record, to find against Hiss. At this point Mr. Laski dropped the project. The next we hear of a British concern with the matter is that about a year and a half ago Mr. Alistair Cooke, the British correspondent in America who himself wrote a book concerning the Hiss case that put the convicted traitor in an exculpatory light, sent a full record of the case to Lord Jowett. At about that time Odhams, the publishers of the London *Daily Herald*, official organ of the Labor Party, commissioned the ex-Lord Chancellor to do a book on the trial. The compensation offered his Lordship was not, as we hear it, inconsiderable. Sensing that the Labor government was about to fall, Jowett, as we understand it, accepted the assignment. Subsequently Lord Jowett discussed the Hiss case with many persons, some of them American (including Dean Acheson) and, while not convinced of Hiss's innocence, he did hold that had he been tried in the British courts for the same offense he would not have been convicted. As we gather it, Jowett intends primarily to show that American court procedure and practice militated against Hiss.

Rumors accumulate in London and New York that wealthy partisans of Hiss in this country have been behind the project from its inception. However that may be, news *via* the latest packet is that Odhams has dropped it and that another publisher, whose name has not reached us, will bring out the book. We can not as yet give you the publication date but we shall pass it on when available.

A Voice of Sanity

"In the tense international competition for unpopularity in Progressive circles," writes Editor Colm Brogan in *Individualism* (a monthly journal of the London Society for Individual Freedom), "Senator McCarthy has easily outpaced the former favorite, General MacArthur." And then Mr. Brogan presents the sanest discussion of "McCarthyism" we have ever seen in a European paper—which, we hasten to admit, sounds like an underhanded compliment in the context of the perfectly incredible fatuity European journalism has squandered on the subject.

However, we are sincerely impressed by Mr. Colm Brogan's grasp of the notorious issue—so much, in fact, that for the rest of this editorial we are yielding the floor to him. After many a penetrating remark on his countrymen (most fragrantly represented by the omnipresent Mr. Alistair Cooke) who have made the execution of Senator McCarthy a twice-daily British custom, Mr. Brogan finishes them off with these excellent observations:

There are few uglier spectacles than moral indignation which is dishonestly one-sided. The country which is really stained dark with malignant persecution, "witch-hunting" and the like, is not the United States, but France. It was there that we saw the obscene farce of Laval being condemned to death by judges who had sworn their loyalty—to Laval. It was there that the aged Pétain was found guilty by a jury which had been openly and ostentatiously reinforced by his sworn enemies. It was there that Communist justice was imposed in all its viciousness of revenge.

Have the Progressives who storm against "guilt by association" in U. S. A. ever whispered against the infinitely more deadly and infinitely more vile guilt by association in France? The worst that has happened in U. S. A. has, for the most part, been social pressure and unpopularity and perhaps the loss of an occasional cushy job. Neither the American law nor the American government punish men for this species of guilt. If a few have lost their passports, none have lost their votes, not to mention their lives.

But guilt by association, in the most disgraceful interpretation, is part of French law and French administration. There, whole families have suffered official civic degradation because one member has been found guilty, rightly or wrongly, of collaboration with the Germans. It may appear incredible but it is true that young Frenchmen fighting and dying for their country have to carry this brand of collective degradation into the fighting line. If a young Frenchman of a degraded family dies for his country in Indo-China, the authorities will not bring his body home for burial.

This is only one example of the contemporary judicial and juridical obscenities which disfigure France, but what anger has it roused among the loud-tongued guardians of liberty, justice and decency? Where are the men who died in metaphor for Sacco and Vanzetti? Where are the men who sent the names of the Scottsboro Boys screaming along the winds of all the world? Where are the men who have made the Hollywood Ten their very own? These vocal people are wrapt in a base silence and

indifference. They are betraying their alleged principles as contemptibly today as they did in the height of the Russian infatuation (and that is true of British Progressives as it is of the American variety).

If Senator McCarthy must be condemned, then so must many of those who are condemning him. They may well protest against character assassination, for it is a black art they thoroughly understand.

The most outstanding American victim of character assassination is not Mr. Owen Lattimore of the curious friends, but the accuser of Alger Hiss, Whittaker Chambers. There was never a dirtier campaign of defamation than was carried out relentlessly against him; not even his poverty was spared. Even when his testimony became too formidable for it to be possible to stifle him under the garbage his persecutors heaped on him, some of them said that even if Alger Hiss of the Smooth Vinolia look was guilty, they would still point out that he was a much finer character than his accuser.

That particular campaign has died down, being rather too dangerous to continue, but the sneer and smear assault goes on against lesser accusers. It is against this background that the case of Senator McCarthy should be considered. The Republicans of Wisconsin may have been blameworthy in failing to notice the finger of scorn and obloquy and rage that was pointed at the Senator. On the other hand, they may have noticed it. And noticed also that the finger was dirty.

Thus Mr. Colm Brogan of London, and we salute him. His world and ours are indeed One, blanketed by the same fumes of the Left's mental and moral decomposition.

Erratum

In its issue of October 6, 1952, the *Freeman* published an editorial, "Achesonism Is the Issue," in which it dealt with a visit paid by Alger Hiss and Mrs. Hiss to Whittaker Chambers's lawyer in Westminster, Maryland, in pursuit of information concerning Mr. Chambers's business transactions in his home neighborhood. The *Freeman*, relying upon information supplied one of the editors by the attorney involved, stated that the Hisses were accompanied by Mr. Adrian Fisher, "chief counsel of the Department of State."

The *Freeman* now understands that the lawyer accompanying the Hisses and who was introduced as "Mr. Fisher, a Washington lawyer," was not Adrian Fisher, who was not at that time but is now the Legal Adviser to the Department of State. The Westminster attorney, Mr. D. Eugene Walsh, has written Mr. Fisher that he, Mr. Fisher, was not the third person accompanying the Hisses to his office. The *Freeman* published this reference to Mr. Adrian Fisher on what it believed to be accurate and responsible information. It now understands that a mistake in identification was made and is entirely ready to acknowledge that its report was in error. The *Freeman* regrets that it published this erroneous report, which it hereby retracts.

The Triumph of the Egghead

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

With twenty years of the New and Fair Deals about to become history, a famous author appraises the new cultural type they have produced and traces the degradation of that once-noble word, "liberal."

What honest, intelligent and informed citizen answering in a national poll today would want to be called a "liberal"? Perhaps not one in fifty. Yet less than a generation ago the term was complimentary and even laudatory. It implied intelligence, knowledge, good will and, above all, deep concern for the development of one's fellow-men—for the flowering of the individual into a complete and varied expression of his talents, abilities and capacity for living a full life. "Liberal" was an honorable word, born of the ideas of the French Revolution and the brilliant and enlightened eighteenth century which was followed in Europe and the world by a great upsurge in the intellectual, spiritual and material welfare of man.

What has happened to the meaning and the dignity of the word? A great deal that is worth examination, I think. Part of the degradation has arisen simply from the cold, impartial, inexorable march of history. A great deal more has arisen from the type of person who, since the arrival on the world scene of Franklin D. Roosevelt, has debased the original meaning and implications of the word itself. I use Mr. Roosevelt merely as a date marker and not as an example of a true liberal, in either the antique or the immediate sense of the word.

History will find Mr. Roosevelt difficult to label properly. He was, above all, an extremely shrewd politician, not on the ward level of Mr. Truman, but on the level of Alcibiades and the Gracchi—like himself, sons of privilege who espoused the cause of the theoretical mob. As such he may also serve as a symbol and a key to the degradation of the honorable word, for he frequently used "liberalism" not as a goal or an ideal as Jefferson and Franklin used it, but shrewdly as a means toward an end—the end of political power. Probably this condition more than any other, together with Roosevelt's unquestioned talents and influence as an occasional demagogue, brought about the suspicion and the lack of repute which now surround the word.

Roosevelt gave the "liberals" their great chance. During his long tenure of office they flocked into Washington in droves. There were a million of them and they shared a million ideas of how to save the nation and bring *paté de foi gras* to the Hottentots. Their variety was great. It ranged from men like Henry Morgenthau, Henry Wallace,

Leon Henderson, Harold Ickes, Francis Biddle and Harry Hopkins to the little professors who left one or another obscure bush college in order to take, overnight, positions of great authority and power. It did not matter that these men had had little or no experience or that some of them approached the level of mental unbalance known as "crackpotism." They were all "liberals"—in wholesale lots.

Not in the Great Tradition

What no one observed at the time and what only time has made clear is that virtually none of these "liberals" was liberal in the great tradition of the eighteenth century. They were, almost without exception, watered-down Marxists, which is just another name for Fabian Socialists. The exceptions were the concealed Communists. Few of them were concerned with the spirit of man or his cultural advance or his development as a rich and rounded individual capable of a fine and rewarding life. Their concerns were almost entirely material, exactly as all Marxian philosophy is material. Their flaming ideal was "security," by which at the price of a man's soul he turned everything over to government in the persons of men who were frustrated or psychopathically unsound or sentimental with the sadistic and vengeful sentimentality of the Soviet commissar who shoots your mother for your own good and the common good. They treated mankind as if it were a large lump of dough to be molded into shape by the confused and pushing fingers of those who, however lacking in experience, were persuaded beyond all argument that they knew best.

They dealt, all of them, either in terms of lachrymose sentimentality or shriveled academic abstractions; and the world has found out again and again that mankind is not an abstraction but an infinite variety of glands, of temperaments, of ambitions and desires. Empires and small nations have gone to ruin again and again on the assumption that mankind was an abstraction. We are beginning to find it out all over again, and not only in Russia which continues to provide a tyrannical suppression of liberties and a peculiar artistic and scientific sterility, as well as one of the world's lowest living standards—to the perpetual confusion of the materialist Marxists and Fabian Socialists.

The difference between the classical and honorable liberal and the "liberal" of our immediate time goes to the very roots. The true liberals are the intellectual and spiritual descendants of the most brilliant and enlightened minds of the enlightened eighteenth century. Their political and social philosophy was derived from Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, from men like Jefferson, Franklin and Monroe, Lincoln and Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson. The false "liberals," who came in with the friends of Mr. Roosevelt, were descended from a single mind—that of a maladjusted psychopath called Karl Marx, who lived in the middle of the most materialist century the world has ever known. In him were mingled the psychological horrors of the German Gothic tradition and the emotional vengefulness of the Old Testament Jahveh. His background had no contact whatever with the logic, the clarity, the humanity or the understanding which, beginning in Greece, progressed forward into our times, molding and defining the whole course of Western civilization. Marx was a materialist utterly unconcerned about what civilization is.

Security in Exchange for Votes

Watered-down Marxian "liberalism" was a new thing in American political and cultural life, and under Mr. Roosevelt it had a free hand. What it offered was not liberty and revolutionary thought and brilliance of achievement and development of character, all a part of the root meaning of "liberalism." It offered a leveling downward and upward to a common level of the dreary mediocrity represented today by the Labor Party in Great Britain or by Mr. Truman and his cronies here at home. It offered not ideals of thought and spirit but material security in terms of subsidies, of social security or indoor plumbing, of taking away material rewards from its most ambitious, brilliant and valuable citizens and distributing these among the shiftless, the ignorant, the wasters and occasionally the unfortunate. If this Marxian "liberalism" had one slogan it was "Soak the Rich!" which to many a New Deal college professor simply meant "soak everybody who makes more than eighteen hundred dollars a year."

All of this material philosophy was handmade for the acquisition of vast political power. You could buy votes with pensions, with subsidies, with mass favors to such furies as organized labor and the farm bloc down to the lowest level of our citizenry, and when I say "lowest" I am not thinking in terms of material income but in terms of ignorance, lack of thrift, degeneracy, shiftlessness and actual viciousness. According to the New Deal politicians no such qualities existed among our people. People with such characteristics were merely "unfortunate" and could be saved by a government handout which in turn demanded their votes and

every sort of bureaucratic control. You could not buy the votes of these elements by espousing such things as education, or honor in government, or freedom of the will and the spirit. Marx knew that long ago. The knowledge is inherent in every sentence of "*Das Kapital*."

If you couldn't buy enough votes, then you organized a tight and vicious minority revolution under which the shrewd, the power-hungry, the psychopathic, the crooks quickly took over and ran everything as an oligarchy or dictatorship on the assumption that the people were too dumb. That the people, under such a regime, were worse off not only in terms of freedom and intellectual decency but in material terms was not conceded or even considered either by Marx himself or by his faded carbons represented by the "liberal" of the New Deal era. What they offered was no more or less than the same favors and moral corruption which destroyed empire after empire from Rome and Constantinople to Great Britain.

The New Deal is a part of history. Its better legislative accomplishments (and all of these were in terms of eighteenth-century liberalism) have survived. Its so-called idealism degenerated to the level of frank political opportunism under the Truman Administration. There is no clearer example of hypocrisy in American political history. Hypocrisy, let me remind you, is the process of claiming credit for an honorable and noble deed while achieving a dubious, sordid and tricky end.

But the materialists and the defeated Truman politicians do not share responsibility alone with the bedraggled remnants of Mr. Roosevelt's hordes for the degradation of the once honorable word "liberal." They, together with the Marxists, have thrown out of the window that noble word "honor" by which man has painfully lifted himself by his bootstraps over centuries of time. Let me suggest that you make your own list of the great liberals of history and then check the word "honorable" against their names. You will find that "honor" was of first importance and consideration to these men. Who can say that of the new "liberal"? Who can say it of Hiss or even of most of those who befriended him? Honor is held in simple contempt among our faded Marxian carbon-copy "liberals."

The sentimentalist, the secluded professor in his tower of tarnished bargain-priced ivory, and the hysterically emotional have all done their share to make the word "liberal" seem to designate someone who is disappointed, or frustrated, frivolous, sloppy or shallow. These include the fuzzy-minded who burst into tears when they hear that the State is not able to thrust caviar down the throat of a Georgia Woolhat or a Mississippi Redneck, who would probably throw it up quickly in disgust as some of them threw up Mrs. Roosevelt's costly and futile cooperative settlements. Among these are the "liberals" who would bring about the millenium through decree. In a sense they are the first cousins

of the psychopathic reformer who would force people to attend revival meetings under the threat of the lash. The difference is merely one of degree. Neither intellect nor logic, prime characteristics of the true liberal, plays any role in their activities.

The history of our times has changed the meaning of many words or relegated them to the limbo of total disuse. Who any longer hears or uses the words "nihilist," or "intellectual," or "intelligentsia"? Who any longer trusts the people designated by such words? Even the word "anarchist" has become dimmed and obscure, and the anarchist is probably the greatest sentimental "liberal" of them all for his philosophy presupposes that all men have become so noble and honorable that government and police are no longer necessary. The contemporary "liberal" does not believe this. He would, like the orthodox Communist, force men by bureaucracy, by spying, by bribery, concentration camps and coercion to participate in paradise.

Advance Agents of Dictatorship

The words listed above have become meaningless or forgotten because of the lack of discernment and character or the utter futility of the men and the groups once designated by them. The word "liberal" is on its way to the same obscurity because of the futility of those designated by it today. In tired, pillaged Europe, and particularly in eastern Europe, the words "intellectual" and "intelligentsia" and even "liberal" have become words of contempt and mockery. Why? Because in every case it was this category of citizens who became not only the dupes of Soviet Russia and its brutal imperialism but actually its greatest allies and benefactors. It was this category of "liberals" who opened the way for reactionary dictatorship under the guise of political "progress." In every case, everywhere, the contemporary "liberals" have been the advance agents of a brutal and mediocre Communist society. It is as if they had put up posters which read: "Coming! Coming! Coming! The Marxian Millenium. A Government Which Will Keep Everybody! 500 Beautiful Dancing Bureaucrats 500! 20 Whipcracking Commissars 20!"

In this day and age the word "liberal" does not mean, as it did in the eighteenth century, or as it once meant in this country, a citizen who had a fixed and shining ideal, a man of honor, a man of logic and clear thought. It means a somewhat confused and craven creature who spends most of his waking hours trying to "see all sides of the question" and ends up as a confused and ineffectual pulp, whose greatest terror is of being called "conservative." He was trained thus under the New Deal when the word "conservative" was debased under smear tactics to mean a creature who was a cross between Nero and Simon Legree. (It is significant, incidentally, that as the word "liberal" has gradually become an expression of mockery and

contempt, the word "conservative" is beginning to reacquire its old sense of dignity and respect and stability.)

The "liberal" of today is essentially a quibbler. I do not know what Secretary of State Acheson considers himself, but he is a part of something which calls itself "liberal" and his name bids fair to go down in history along with those of Captain Boycott and Mr. Spooner. It is not impossible that in the future a fine example of involved and confusing quibbling, which mangles truth into hamburger, will be known as an "Achesonism."

Muddling through to Tragedy

The "liberal" of today is rarely if ever logical or clear-thinking. When he occupies a position of any power or authority his muddled thought has been disastrous to this nation and even to the world. It was the "liberal" set which tried to sell the American people the Communist line that the Chinese Reds were merely "agrarian reformers." It is the "liberal" set which perpetually seeks to appease Communist effort everywhere, which asks our soldiers to fight with one arm tied behind their backs in Korea, which has pushed taxes and inflation to the point of economic disaster.

It is not impossible that the tragic career of Alger Hiss arose from an exaggerated "liberalism" plus a vindication complex and an overdeveloped liking for power. Certainly he betrayed again and again during his trials what is perhaps the greatest personal conviction and weakness of our present day "liberal" from Hiss himself to Harry Hopkins and back again—the conviction that, as an "intellectual," the "liberal" is smarter than other people, smarter even than the best and most balanced minds, and that the people themselves are too dumb to decide their own destinies.

The tragedy of Hiss is in one sense the tragedy of the whole "liberal" situation today and is symbolic of the degradation which has overtaken the word. The whole muddled tragedy of Korea with its economic waste and the death and maiming of thousands of young Americans is the direct result of the debased and Marxian "liberalism" which has afflicted our times.

In this horrible mess our leading "liberals" have been in this country, as they have been consistently in Europe, the best agents of communism and of the Russian Soviet government. Anyone with a knowledge of our history for the past ten years could name at random a score of men called "liberals" who have achieved far more in behalf of Communist Russia and against the good of this nation than any Communist, however prominent, either here or in Europe. Of what menace or importance are Gerhardt Eisler or William Z. Foster or all the Hollywood "Reds" as compared to the few "liberals" who have largely molded our propaganda and foreign policy during the past ten years?

Stalin should reward them well. But if he gained control here, he would round them up as the vanguard for the nearest camp, as he did with the "liberals" in the satellite countries.

The Communist Party and its maneuvers have in this country been a failure, save perhaps in the cases like that of Hiss in which they accomplished evil through direct corruption. Not as much can be said of the "liberals" at Yalta, at Potsdam, in China and all of Asia. They have made the way easy for Russian aggression, while smugly believing that they were wiser and more generous and nobler than the average sound citizen. They have been dupes, duped less by the outright influence of Stalin and his fellow-men than by their own confusion, smugness and muddled thinking. In these times such men are dangerous, supremely dangerous to the whole of the nation and of the world. History is writing down the record, and each day the story becomes a little clearer to the American people.

Birth of a Word

For a long time thoughtful men have been seeking a word to describe these remote products of Middle-European socialism who kidnapped and tarnished the word "liberal," and during the recent political campaign the word miraculously appeared out of the common sense, the wisdom and the instinct of the people themselves. It was a process, a birth which has happened again and again in history. Immediately the word received the virtually universal and spontaneous acceptance accorded a new word for which a long and profound need has been experienced.

The word is "egghead." In the periodical revision of the dictionary I have no doubt that the word "egghead" will be included and that it will be defined something like this:

"Egghead: A person of spurious intellectual pretensions, often a professor or the protégé of a professor. Fundamentally superficial. Over-emotional and feminine in reactions to any problem. Supercilious and surfeited with conceit and contempt for the experience of more sound and able men. Essentially confused in thought and immersed in mixture of sentimentality and violent evangelism. A doctrinaire supporter of Middle-European socialism as opposed to Greco-French-American ideas of democracy and liberalism. Subject to the old-fashioned philosophical morality of Nietzsche which frequently leads him into jail or disgrace. A self-conscious prig, so given to examining all sides of a question that he becomes thoroughly addled while remaining always in the same spot. An anemic bleeding heart."

The recent election demonstrated a number of things, not the least of them being the extreme remoteness of the "egghead" from the thought and feeling of the whole of the people.

The Greatest Country

By BRUCE WINTON KNIGHT

This is the essence of the story historians will tell about a country which, they will say, was once the greatest on earth.

In its early years the country was thinly populated, with its main settlements along the seacoast.¹ The main source of livelihood at that time was agriculture.² Its fighting farmers, with some help from a Celtic people, broke the hold of foreign tyranny.³ After a trying time they established a republic.⁴ Then, without clearly designing the result, they proceeded step by step to enlarge their territory. This was done partly by defeating a great power which undertook to curb their freedom at sea,⁵ still more by subduing the tribes which threatened them on their existing frontiers.⁶

At length, aided by an economy that emphasized freedom of the market, the country became the richest in the world. It had by far the most impressive transportation system.⁷ It was greatest in ocean trade, banking, public finance. Although its people were sometimes twitted for boasting of the matter, its comforts included the best public water supply and private plumbing facilities.⁸ The homes of the well-to-do were equipped with separate dining rooms, libraries, even swimming pools and tennis courts. In the colder regions which lay within the country's wide range of climates, the people easily led all others in central heating.⁹

The country did not confine its greatness to wealth alone. Its literature, while perhaps not foremost, was so distinguished that some of it will probably endure for ages.¹⁰ Its public buildings and other works of architecture were outstanding in massiveness, if not always in beauty.¹¹ It was first in sanitation, hospitals, and the general treatment of disease. Above all things, however, the people prided itself on its government. Not only did it bring internal order to the highest level ever known in any country of comparable size. Eventually it devoted its unmatched military might, and a corresponding amount of its wealth, to the task of keeping the peace throughout the whole reach of the accessible earth.¹²

Historians may differ in their detailed explanations of later events. But they will be in substantial agreement about what happened. Piecemeal and unalarming, alien ways crept into the country. The relations between the government and the people changed. The economy was strained, and personal liberty restricted, by the outlay of blood and treasure, first at this point and then at that, along the vast periphery of responsibilities assumed by the state. Depression and unemployment

¹The notes referred to in this article appear on page 177, but the author suggests that readers finish the piece before turning to them.

led to state interference with the freedom of citizens to choose among gainful employments, between consuming and saving, and among different products.

The state undertook to regulate agriculture.¹³ It paid greater and greater sums to laborers, sometimes for the construction of public works, sometimes in exchange for no work at all.¹⁴ Political power shifted from localities to the central government. It shifted also from the legislative and judicial branches to the executive. The average term of office of the chief of state was increased. One chief was elected time after time on a platform of public aid to the underprivileged.¹⁵ Mushrooming "administrative" departments issued orders which amounted to arbitrary legislation by the executive branch.

A Burgeoning Bureaucracy

State control pertained not so much to the economics of producing income as to the politics of redistributing it. Industrious or lazy, enterprising or sluggish, people asserted their "right" to economic security and the "duty" of the public to give it to them. They were deliberately encouraged by politicians in the belief that this could be done by soaking the rich, when in fact only a general increase in production could have sufficed. Class bitterness developed. The dislike of the common people for the landed gentry, which had proved troublesome during the youth of the republic,¹⁶ was a minor problem compared with the new popular hostility toward the business class.¹⁷ Businessmen, despite the fact that they bore the financial responsibility for judging an uncertain future, a task which someone must perform and few wanted, were represented as "selfish interests."¹⁸ So widespread was the mania for security, and so emotionally was private enterprise established as the symbol of greed, that the people became blind to the incessant expansion of government departments, the jockeying of different departments for power, and the ominous growth of the swarm of public officials, especially in the capital city.¹⁹

The burden of taxation became heavier and heavier. The authorities justified it by "the emergency." They pointed to the incursions of hostile hordes here, there, and yonder along the far-flung borders.²⁰ Still, they would not reduce the outlay for redistribution and bureaucracy. Corruption developed in the ranks of the tax gatherers. Extortionate collectors engaged in collusion with some taxpayers, in blackmail against others.²¹ When taxes failed to cover the mounting expenditures, the state resorted to monetary inflation. Playing year in and year out the part of a huge counterfeiting institution, it generated an unceasing rise of prices.²² Then, blaming the price increases on the cupidity of "economic royalists," it pretended to curb the inflation by means of official price

ceilings.²³ But the "direct price controls," although backed by harsh penalties and a myriad of snoopers, merely combined with the system of holdups and handouts to stifle production.

All classes of the population became demoralized. Constantly increasing numbers of laborers preferred public aid to work and wages. Under the heat of taxation, inflation, and regimentation, the stream of savings dried up, the supply of capital withered, and the business class gave up hope. Alleged legislators became disgracefully servile to the executive, and bureaucrats specialized in currying favor with their official superiors.²⁴ Infiltrating first into the masses and later into the higher classes was an Asiatic ideology whose adherents espoused common ownership of property, assailed private wealth as proof of sin, and believed fanatically in their ultimate triumph.²⁵ Even the great instrument of public defense deteriorated. Military service, once esteemed a privilege of citizenship, came to be regarded by enlisted men as an onerous obligation, and by officers as a means of playing party politics.²⁶

Historians will say that this country collapsed. They will observe that it did not fall until it was permeated by internal rot; that its people lost interest in defending it because it was no longer theirs; that at last its less civilized enemies had little to do but move in and take possession;²⁷ and that a dark age followed.²⁸ In short, history will continue to tell the old, old story of Rome.

This Is What They Said

It seems to us that one of the biggest stories of modern times has been the inability of an overwhelmingly Republican press to confuse and delude a majority of Americans . . . in the long run Americans have almost invariably displayed a remarkable talent for differentiating honest men from fakers, truth from falsehood, sincerity from hypocrisy, candor from double-talk.

NEW YORK POST editorial, September 26, 1952

A man who uses the weapon of the big lie should be rejected by all good citizens, regardless of party.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, quoted by *Birmingham Post-Herald*, October 17, 1952

No people has ever given more tangible or extensive evidence of its good will and intention. Particularly is this true in our attitude toward the Soviet Union.

DEAN ACHESON, address at Wesleyan University, June 15, 1947

The purpose of our staying in Korea is not the complete destruction or unconditional surrender of the enemy, but to permit him to change his mind.

ERNEST K. LINDLEY, *Newsweek*, May 7, 1951

Vassar Answers Nancy Fellers

"God and Woman at Vassar" by Nancy Jane Fellers, published in the *Freeman* for November 3, has attracted wide attention. On page 177 we print some of the letters on the article, which are overwhelmingly in sympathy with Miss Fellers. The editorial, "Let the Campus Listen," in our issue of November 17, reported the story of another student's "run-in with a McLiberal English Department."

In rebuttal to Miss Fellers's article, we publish herewith a letter from Professor Lockwood and an editorial from the *Vassar Chronicle*, printed at the request of its editor-in-chief, Miss Mary Musser—together with John Chamberlain's letter replying to Miss Musser, and Miss Fellers's answer to the charges made against her.

Failure at Vassar

(From the *Vassar Chronicle*, November 1, 1952)

Nancy Jane Fellers, who was a student at Vassar during her junior year and half of her senior year, has written an article for the November 3 issue of the *Freeman*, describing the circumstances of her withdrawal from Vassar. Nancy transferred to Vassar from Earlham College in Indiana, where she returned after her period at Vassar and from which she was graduated in 1952. In the *Freeman*, a magazine which describes itself as "an individualistic, traditional fortnightly review that [swims] resolutely against the currents of fashionable 'liberalism'," Nancy says:

My experience at Vassar was not a case of personalities, of likes or dislikes. It was the clash of two forces diametrically opposed to one another, even as they are in the world.

This is a very grave charge. No one denies that there are two forces struggling in the world today, and if, as Nancy feels, her departure from Vassar was a victory for the forces that would destroy democracy as we know it, then Vassar has failed in its task of offering us a liberal education. A liberal education is one which frees the mind to examine values and ideals and to choose among them. No valid ideal can be harmed by dispassionate examination, and a mind which refuses to consider its traditional ideals is not free.

Whose Fault?

We feel that Nancy Fellers's case is a failure in education. Whose fault the failure is can be determined only from the evidence. There is an alarming tendency in the United States today to blame errors on an outside force. Perhaps the most

obvious champion of this theory is Senator McCarthy. He would absolve the people of the United States, who have prided ourselves on accepting the responsibility for our own actions, from any share in the mistakes this country made in China or in Germany. Instead, he blames a vast conspiracy of outsiders, although he has so far failed to give us any evidence of this conspiracy.

On December 11, 1951, Nancy says, she was first told she might not get through Vassar. She wrote to her parents: "Frankly, I suspect a plot. . . ." Nancy's chief difficulty was with Contemporary Press, a course in which students are expected to try to evaluate objectively the currents of thought in American journalism today. The first assignment was a paper stating the student's basic values. Nancy wrote:

I believe in God, Human Dignity, and the United States of America. Next June I shall believe in God, Human Dignity, and the United States of America.

This statement, in spite of its very admirable sentiments, is revealing in two ways. First, it declares blandly that the author has closed her mind to any possibility of change. No one, of course, will deny that these beliefs are very commendable, but in every human ideal there is room for growth. In the second place, Nancy has used three very general terms which she has not defined. What does "Human Dignity" mean? From her other examples of her class work, we do not think that Nancy formulated clear definitions for the generalizations she used.

Subversive Doctrines

One of her examples of the false ideology she was taught is:

Miss Lockwood showed an extraordinary preoccupation with the UN Declaration of Human Rights. She paid it great tribute. She did not seem at all concerned that the Declaration might supersede the Constitution of the United States.

Is there any reason why the Declaration might supersede the Constitution? Is there any point in the Declaration which conflicts with the Constitution? If there is, we do not know of it, and Nancy has failed to point it out.

She also wrote:

It is curious that *Fortune*, a magazine supported by the principles of a capitalistic society, would perpetuate an internationalist theory which may destroy the tenets of that society. Self-annihilation is the paradox of our age.

Why will internationalism destroy capitalism? There is a total lack of logic in that statement.

The misstatements in her account of the actual events of her withdrawal from Vassar are further evidence that she was incapable of objectivity. Nancy says that Miss Lockwood refused to give her an examination in Contemporary Press. There is never an examination in Contemporary Press, and students now in the course can certify that the material is such that an examination would be of no value. Nancy says that she was refused permission to take a special examination in geology. Page 6 of the Student Handbook of Vassar College says in italics: *No special examinations may be given at the request of individual students.* There are several other instances in which Nancy has implied that the standard academic procedure of the college was part of a plot against her. The new handbook has clarified that procedure, on pages 5 through 9; copies are available for all students. In cases where this statement is obscure, or where students feel that the procedure should be changed, the *Chronicle* will see that letters from its readers are brought to the attention of the proper administrative office.

The only exceptions to standard academic procedure were those made in Nancy's favor. She says that she was not told she was failing Contemporary Press. There is no official method of telling a student she is failing a course. The official communication is issued on her report card. However, by Nancy's own account, she had a number of interviews with her instructor in which her work was rather severely criticized. She also, presumably at the instructor's invitation, rewrote two papers three times and one paper four times. Most students in a similar position would realize they were doing badly in the course.

The administration does not seem to have been unconcerned about her. Nancy apparently saw a good deal of Dean Tait and of President Blanding. She told them, when she learned she was failing Contemporary Press, that she wanted to return to Earlham. Nancy had every opportunity to stay at Vassar, but if she had done so she would not have graduated in June with her class. This was because her credit ratio, which just barely met the graduation requirement of 2.0, would be lowered by her failure in Contemporary Press, and also because she would not have enough points for graduation. Cases like this have occurred before, and, as in Nancy's case, the college has permitted the student to receive her degree from Vassar after a summer course. Nancy, however, preferred to re-transfer to Earlham, from which she could graduate in June. Since no college will accept a student with a failure on her record, Vassar offered to remove Nancy's F. She writes:

In my opinion this was not lenience; it was plain dishonesty. If the F was fair, it belonged in my record. By wiping off the course "as if I had never taken it," the administration admitted that my failure was the result of Miss Lockwood's unobjective marking.

Nevertheless, Nancy apparently accepted the erasure of the F and went back to Earlham.

From the evidence in her article, and from her record at Vassar, Nancy's failure would seem to have been the result of academic incompetence. The brief resumé of the first three years of Nancy's college career given at the beginning of the article does not make it clear that her lowest marks were received during her year at Vassar. Our standards are high, and many transfer students find that the marks they receive here, at least at first, are lower than the marks they have formerly received. In Nancy's case, her difficulties were further complicated by a conviction of persecution. The *Freeman*, in publishing her story without checking the facts, has done a disservice to the cause of education in a democracy, and has confirmed the reputation for irresponsible reactionism the magazine earned by its defense of Senator McCarthy and its attack on the United Nations.

There is a larger question: is there a possibility that a competent student would be failed because of political disagreement with the faculty? Nancy Fellers's case is scarcely evidence for this, and the *Chronicle* has not seen any basis for the *Freeman's* claim of a reign of terror against conservatives in college. The *Chronicle* printed Nancy's two letters disagreeing with our editorial stand on General MacArthur and on William Buckley, and we will continue to print any expressions of political beliefs we receive from our readers. There has never been any attempt at censorship of our editorial policy by the college, and this paper would resist vigorously if there ever were such an attempt.

If any student can present evidence that her political convictions have caused her marks to be lowered, or that she has been denied an opportunity to express her viewpoint when such an opportunity was granted to someone else, the *Chronicle* guarantees its full editorial support for a thorough investigation of the case.

Mr. Chamberlain's Letter

Thank you very much for sending us that editorial from the *Vassar Chronicle*. We will run it in our issue for December 1.

Though the *Freeman* may seem arbitrary to you at times, our main idea is to get certain things ventilated that have been hidden from public view for these many years. By all means we want both sides of every controversy to be thoroughly aired.

Since you have had at us with a bare blade, we would like to fence back a bit. You say you know of no point at which the UN Declaration of Human Rights might supersede the Constitution of the United States. I am sending you a copy of two articles from the *Freeman* bearing on this: one by Senator Bricker and the other by Joseph Ballew. I am also sending you a reprint of a review-article

by myself based on Senator McCarthy's book. As you will see if you read the article carefully, we do not endorse McCarthy one hundred per cent. He exaggerated in the case of Owen Lattimore. You will see from the November 17 issue of the *Freeman* that we think McCarthy went a little bit askew in his attack on Schlesinger and others. But the truth of the matter is that McCarthy's books are well documented; he gives his sources. What distresses us at the *Freeman* is that there is hardly a professor in the land who will meet him on his own terms, challenging him line by line, instead of taking refuge in a grand shriek of "McCarthyism."

Inasmuch as we are going to print your editorial in the *Freeman*, we would like to suggest a trade even-up. Will you print this letter in the *Vassar Chronicle*?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
Editor, the *Freeman*

Professor Lockwood's Denial

I deny the charges against Vassar College and against me made by Nancy Jane Fellers in the article "God and Woman at Vassar" in your issue of November 3, 1952.

Most of the students who were in the same class with her believed in God. Most of them were Republicans. All were good Americans and believed in human dignity. They continued to believe in God, they continued to be Republicans and to be good Americans and to believe in human dignity at the end of the year. They passed the course, some of them with distinction and they expressed themselves freely.

It is obvious that neither Nancy Fellers's beliefs nor her loyalty to them were the cause of her failure. Any honest and intelligent person can see the causes of her failure easily enough in the article itself. Among them are inaccurate accounts of the facts, garbled quotations, argument by innuendo rather than by logic and evidence, argument by fragments taken out of context, by leaping to such conclusions as that there was a plot against her when she was expected to prove or explain her point. These are difficulties that in long, patient conferences of many hours I tried to help her to deal with. But she couldn't.

This country has come to a strange place in its history when a magazine like the *Freeman* takes a student's own account of her failure in college without making the slightest effort to validate the facts. No one in the college connected with this failure has been approached by the *Freeman*. Such omission is not generally accepted by journalists as good professional practice, nor is it the sort of procedure that has made the press of the United States the best in the world and so regarded.

HELEN DRUSILLA LOCKWOOD
Professor of English, Vassar College

Nancy Jane Fellers Replies

To Professor Lockwood

In view of Miss Lockwood's unwarranted threat to me I am not surprised at her denial. It is curious that she did not deny her threat in the presence of my parents. Her only comment then was that she might have spoken "too harshly." Her face was distorted with emotion when she made the threat: "You do not hesitate to break into print with your dangerous ideas. If something is not done, your getting through Vassar will be imperiled."

The threat was implemented by subsequent events. Miss Lockwood was unable to point out just what was "dangerous" about my ideas in the letter defending William Buckley which prompted her threat. Her letter of defense is so vague that it offers no basis for specific reply.

The other students in Miss Lockwood's Contemporary Press are not here the issue. I have not presumed to speak for them. Although I encountered faulty pedagogy and weak administration, I hold great respect for the real Vassar. I have told the truth. I shall not retreat.

To the *Vassar Chronicle*

"Failure at Vassar" suffers from misinformation and omission. I repeat that my experience at Vassar was "the clash of two forces diametrically opposed to one another." Different ideologies can exist in the same area unless the object of one ideology is to destroy the other.

I challenge the honesty of glorifying one view and scoffing at another in the name of "objectivity."

In one of my papers I classified socialism as the "respectable" brother of communism. Miss Lockwood wrote in the margin: "This is the worst kind of labeling and false association—socialism is not a brother of communism. Its premises are quite different." Perhaps she can produce doctrinaire support for her statement and so can I for mine. I had made my statement from a "point of view." She marked from a "point of view." These points of view were not the same. She had the power. I was liquidated.

I was not just "told" that I might not get through Vassar. I was threatened. "Failure at Vassar" has completely omitted this threat, which is the crux of the case.

I opened my "Basic Beliefs" with: "I believe in God, Human Dignity, and the United States of America. Next June I shall believe in God, Human Dignity, and the United States of America." The Vassar editorial asserts that this statement "declares blandly that the author has closed her mind to any possibility of change." If "change" means the *denial* of God, Human Dignity and the United States of America their charge is correct, I openly admit it.

To me it is appalling to label fundamental belief in God, Human Dignity and country as merely "admirable sentiments" and "very commendable."

The opening sentences of my "Basic Beliefs" do not preclude growth. In the nine pages which followed I defined specifically what I meant.

God to me is the source of all. . . . Without Him life has no meaning. I am a Quaker and therefore I believe that God reveals himself to man in a personal manner. . . . Human Dignity means to me that man has within him an "Inner Light."

I think of the state as my theoretical servant. Also, I think that I have a direct obligation to the state. . . . I am a nationalist. . . .

It is my fervent desire to activate my beliefs by honest analysis of them.

The study ends with

The search for truth will be stimulating. I am not afraid of the truth that we may find.

Are these words from a "closed" mind?

I was shocked that Miss Lockwood expressed no concern that the Declaration of Human Rights might supersede our Constitution. Were the Declaration of Human Rights incorporated as a covenant and ratified as a treaty (as is now the State Department plan), under our Constitution it would become the supreme law of the land. "The Declaration, among other things is a complete blueprint for socializing the world, including the United States."¹

The entire Declaration is in basic conflict with our Bill of Rights. The Declaration presumes that the rights of the people emanate from the Declaration itself. For example: Article 24 provides that everyone has the "right to rest and leisure" and "periodic holidays with pay."

Our Bill of Rights holds that free people possess inherent rights. And it forbids infringement by the government of these inalienable rights—for example, freedom of speech and worship. Internationalism would tend to merge our system with that of other peoples and thus change it. Our friends in Europe, especially the British, have drifted into socialistic governments. Socialism and capitalism can not be merged. "These two systems can not live together in the same society."²

Therefore there is logic in my statement "an internationalist theory . . . may destroy the tenets of that society" [Capitalism].

When I asked Miss Lockwood for an exam in Contemporary Press I knew that the course did not embody an exam. But neither did Contemporary Press ordinarily embody a threat. Positive I could carry the work, what other recourse did I have? Dean Tait initially granted me permission to take a special exam in geology. It was she, not I, who violated the rule.

¹See "State Department Half-Truths and False Assurances Regarding the UN Charter, Genocide Convention and Proposed Covenant of Human Rights," by Frank E. Holman, Past President of the American Bar Association

²"The Road Ahead," by John T. Flynn, p. 151

Was it in my favor to omit the forty-page paper which was supposed to be included in my semester mark? Was telling my parents that Earlham could "do what it likes" with this paper standard academic procedure?

After Miss Lockwood's threat I was quite aware that I was "doing badly" in Contemporary Press. Nevertheless, I was trusting enough to hope that devotion and effort would bring favorable results. The great difficulty was that I knew *why* I was doing badly, i.e., my "dangerous ideas."

I saw Miss Blanding on only one occasion before our final conference. Miss Tait was doing no more than fulfilling her function as Dean.

It was not until our final conference, long after Miss Lockwood had told me I was failing, that I made the decision to return to Earlham. I had no assurance that I would be accepted or that I would graduate from Earlham in June.

My credit ratio was 2.0, not because of consistently low marks but because as a transfer student the A's and B's of my first two years automatically became C's. Furthermore, my credit ratio could not have been lowered by an F that had been removed from my record.

Colleges will accept students with F on their records. I have investigated this matter.

I had no control over what was sent on my transcript to Earlham. The removal of F from my record was a part of Vassar's formula for my continuance there, not a gesture to effect my transfer.

Before entering Miss Lockwood's class I had taken 29 hours of English courses. My marks were: 11 hours of A, 12 hours of B and 6 hours of C-plus. After Miss Lockwood failed me I took 13 hours of English and made 10 hours of A and 3 hours of B-plus. My B. A. degree from Earlham College, where standards are also high, is not an award for "academic incompetence."

I am convinced that I did not then, and do not now have a "persecution" complex.

It is with a full heart that I have recorded my experience at Vassar. Many may not understand that my belief in Vassar and in academic freedom made silence impossible. I feel confident that the *Vassar Chronicle* will continue in its free tradition by printing this reply to its editorial.

Night Cry

Here in the dark and starless night
Where trees uphold the clouded sky
With stalwart pillars, bare, upright,
Is heard a sudden, chilling cry:

Some woodland creature in distress
Gives voice extreme, alone, apart,
To anguish which assails, no less,
The inarticulate human heart. . . .

SJANNA SOLUM

Socialism versus Christianity

By EDWARD A. KELLER

There are some Christians who think that the true Christian must be a Socialist. Such a conviction discloses a shocking ignorance of both Christianity and socialism. There can be no reconciliation between the two because socialism is based on a theory of human nature and of human society peculiar to itself and irreconcilable with true Christianity.

Christian and Socialist are contradictory terms. Christianity looks to God and the hereafter for the answer to life; socialism finds the answer in a Utopia here on earth. Christianity is intrinsically theocentric and supernatural; socialism, despite its trappings of altruism, is materialistic and secularistic. Christianity teaches that man has both an individual and a social nature; socialism denies man's sacred individualism, making his nature exclusively collectivistic. Christianity of its very nature demands freedom for the individual, relying on voluntary acceptance of its doctrines; socialism is authoritarian, forcing submission by physical force or bribery.

Socialism, therefore, must be condemned by the true Christian because, as a pseudo-religion, it pretends to give the complete answer to the problem of life. While promising the good life, it actually reduces all human living to drab monotony. It denies man the adventure of spiritual living by robbing him of his soul, thereby lowering human life to the level of animal existence. It despoils man of the dignity of individuality, thereby reducing him to the status of a nonentity in the all-important socialist State. By denying man all spiritual and supernatural hope, socialism destroys the divine spark of humor. Human existence, for the soulless serf of the socialist State, becomes a painful plodding on a treadmill.

Christianity offers hope and happiness to the moral man because he alone can be the free man. Socialism forces its subjects into a man-made moral mold or at best depends on a deterministic evolution to transform an essentially selfish human nature into a completely unselfish human being. Christianity, on the other hand, realistically recognizes human selfishness but seeks to control it by appealing to man's voluntary adherence to a God-given moral code, the violation of which will exclude him from his Creator in the world hereafter.

In theory socialism substitutes the "collective conscience" for the personal conscience of the individual. In practice, however, socialist collectivism becomes the most vicious individualism by freeing the individual of all personal moral responsibility. Without the voluntary restraint of the morally re-

sponsible individual members of society, community living becomes intolerable and society degenerates into barbarism.

Christianity teaches that God has ordained that man live in society with other human beings toward whom he has definite social obligations. Human society, according to Christian teaching, is not a nameless, faceless mass of human beings but a community of free moral individuals bound together by charity. The essence of Christianity is contained in the command of Christ, "This is the first and greatest of the Commandments, that you love God with all your heart and soul and your neighbor as yourself."

Man's Individual Nature Is Sacred

Too many Christians erroneously identify "social" with "collective." Man is a social, not a collective, being. While no true Christian would deny that man has a social as well as an individual nature, he knows that man's social character does not destroy by absorption man's individual nature.

Some Christians are inclined toward the socialist society because they overemphasize the social side of human nature to the practical exclusion of man's sacred individualism. They fail to understand that the Christian must be an individualist because man is made in the image and likeness of his Creator. To the Christian, the worth of the individual soul exceeds that of the universe. This is the basis for the Christian teaching of equality, as so clearly expressed in our Declaration of Independence. Human beings are equal in the Christian tradition because every man possesses a soul, which makes him a common brother with every other human being under the Fatherhood of God.

In God's Providence, however, this spiritual equality does not extend to equality of talents and other natural gifts. Socialist equalitarianism flouts the Will of the Creator Which created human beings so individualistic that no two ever had identical finger prints.

Some pretend to see in the Christian teaching of physical, material and intellectual inequality an anti-social doctrine of unrestricted, immoral individualism. Nothing could be further from the truth. No one can be a true Christian who does not heed the admonition of Christ: "If you love Me, keep My Commandments." God's Commandments spell out man's obligations to his Creator, to himself and to his fellow-beings. The Christian society is the ideal and good society precisely because it is composed of morally responsible individuals whose lives as individuals and as social beings are ordered according to God's Commandments. True Christians, because they are social beings, must, in the pursuit of their selfish interests, have due regard to the effect their actions would have upon the common good.

God's Commandments stand as the strongest con-

demnation of socialism. Two of them, "Thou shalt not steal" and "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods" are in direct contradiction to the socialist denial of the right of private property. If God intended property to be communal how could He command human beings not merely not to steal but not even to covet the property of another? The denial of the right of private property is a denial of God Himself because it would make God a contradictory and capricious Being.

A False Humanitarianism

The all-encompassing commandment of charity stands in even greater condemnation of socialism. Christ made charity the foundation of Christianity—the test of salvation and the personal obligation from which the true Christian can not excuse himself regardless of how much he possesses. Socialism makes class conflict its foundation. The most debilitating effect of socialism upon the Christian is the destruction of personal charity by the socialization of charity. The cradle-to-grave security of the socialist Welfare State is un-Christian because it makes the individual a moral slave of the State. When individuals feed at the breast of the Welfare State, they become her wards. Destroy the independence of the moral person and you destroy the integrity of his personality.

Many Christians are seduced by the siren call of socialism because they lack the strength of the true Christian faith. They substitute for it the shallow faith of a false socialist humanitarianism which has the outward appearance of charity but lacks its soul because it is forced and collective, not free and personal.

Socialism is actually a disease of the mind and soul which only religion can cure. Instead of religion being an "opiate of the poor," it is socialism that is literally an opiate of frustrated, fearful and immature personalities. The instinctive socialist finds his god in a nameless and hopeless humanity. To give some form to this shapeless mass he gives to the State the adoration and authority that belong only to God. The First Commandment having been outlawed, the next logical step is the discarding of all God's Commandments.

The moral degeneracy so prevalent in our country today is positive evidence of a very real and extensive infection of human society with the destructive virus of materialistic socialism. When man becomes amoral he becomes the pliable clay from which it is easy to model the socialist slave—a human being willing to trade his spiritual inheritance for a mess of pottage. From a free, responsible human being, the inheritor of Heaven, he is transformed into a robot, responsive to the will of his earthly master who is the collective representative of himself. In socialism man finally has discovered a method of self-destruction by creating himself in his own image.

Foreign Trends

X-Rays on Le Monde

No French newspaper is so frequently quoted abroad as *Le Monde*, the country's foremost "neutralist" and violently anti-American journal. Skillfully edited by Monsieur Beuve-Méry, the paper has attained the reputation of a staunchly conservative enterprise which, for some strange reason, just happens to dovetail (distressingly often) with Moscow's decisive propaganda schemes.

Not so, contends a revealing little pamphlet just issued by the *Institut International d'Histoire Sociale*, a diligent anti-Communist research institute in Paris. Titled "*Le Monde—Auxiliaire du Communisme*," the pamphlet presents extraordinarily impressive facts.

To begin with Beuve-Méry himself, he is accused of having figured prominently on a list of secret financial favors Dr. Benes used to grant to available foreign journalists willing to support his pro-Soviet policies. So far, Beuve-Méry has not denied that accusation. Nor has he denied the pamphlet's contention that, once the Nazis had occupied France, he moved onto Marshal Pétain's payroll where he stayed until 1943, when even French collaborationists realized that the Allies were winning.

At the liberation of Paris, Beuve-Méry was lucky and well-connected enough to fall heir to the printing presses and all other assets of France's leading prewar paper, the conservative *Le Temps*, in the fantastic looting raid the Communist-led French *Résistance* launched against all French newspapers reluctant to embrace the *Résistance* party line. From then on, the fundamental tenet of the paper (rebaptized *Le Monde*) was to insist that "the clock of history has struck the Slavic hour" and that the fate of Europe was from there on in Russia's hands.

To assure the continuity of that "objective and scholarly" evaluation of current events, Beuve-Méry appointed and has ever since retained as foreign editor of *Le Monde* one Monsieur André Pierre who (or so contends the illuminating pamphlet) has for many years and most consistently executed the official Moscow directives on foreign policy. He selected as the paper's foreign correspondents only such French journalists as reliably hewed to that line. *Le Monde's* specialist in Asiatic affairs, for example, is to this day the same Robert Buillain who, according to General Willoughby's testimony, supplied secret information to the Sorge-Voukelitch Soviet espionage ring in Tokyo.

The pamphlet's general contention, impressively documented, is unequivocal: *Le Monde*, effectively costumed as a spokesman of conservatism, is a knowing servant of the Soviet Foreign Office. And until Monsieur Beuve-Méry disproves it beyond dispute, the contention will have to stand. CANDIDE

Profit Sharing Works

By **WILLIAM LOEB**

The business firm which shares profits with its workers is likely to find that their increased interest leads to more production and profits, says the publisher of a profit-sharing paper.

The half million Americans who work for profit-sharing companies may be an advance guard of a movement that will transform traditional capitalism and be the dynamic American answer to both socialism and communism. Certainly the almost six hundred member companies of the Council of Profit Sharing Industries feel that profit sharing not only increases the production levels in their companies and the take-home of their workers but, most important, produces an entirely new interest and harmonious attitude on the part of the worker.

The Council of Profit Sharing Industries with national headquarters in the First National Bank Building in Akron, Ohio, and with members in 31 states, defines profit sharing as any procedure under which an employer pays to all employees, in addition to good rates of regular pay, special current or deferred sums, based not only upon individual or group performance, but on the prosperity of the business as a whole. Members of the Council are convinced that the widespread introduction of this type of profit sharing in American industry would literally remake the economic atmosphere of America.

Many an observer of the national scene today quite correctly complains that only our machines are dynamic; that our thinking in literature, art, government, foreign affairs and human relations is not only without faith but unoriginal and non-creative. In contrast, the leaders of the profit-sharing movement are as full of faith as old-fashioned revivalists, and their belief in the ability of profit sharing to tap undeveloped national wealth by tapping previously unaroused sources of human energy seems to be paying off.

Profit sharing is not new, having been tried in England in the last century. In the United States likewise some individual companies such as Procter & Gamble have had it for more than fifty years. What is new is its recent widespread introduction into all types and sizes of industry, whether they be manufacturing or service businesses.

The largest member of the Council of Profit Sharing Industries is Sears Roebuck, with some 120,000 employees and the largest retail sales in the world. The smallest member is a garage with twelve employees. Members of the Council include such nationally known firms as S. C. Johnson & Son, wax manufacturers; Daisy Manufacturing

Company, makers of Daisy Air Rifles; Pitney Bowes, office machinery; Avondale Mills of Alabama, Jewel Tea, Motorola, First National Bank of Akron, Stanley Home Products and Lincoln Electric. But profit sharing seems to work equally well for less known firms in such diverse businesses as envelope manufacturing, iron foundries, velvet casket linings, rubber toys, oil-well drilling, newspaper publishing and a chain of hamburger stands.

About 40 per cent of the members of the Council have contracts with unions. Probably this would reflect the national ratio of union to non-union workers, so the question of union membership seems of no consequence where profit sharing is concerned. Some union leaders at the national level oppose profit sharing because of a few cases where it has been used as a substitute for good going wages. In other cases the opposition from top union leadership arises from the fear that the peaceful relations between management and labor so often promoted by profit sharing might negate the class struggle which some union leaders seem to feel is the source of their strength. The younger labor leaders are apt to favor profit sharing.

A Plan to Suit the Workers

There are as many forms of profit sharing as there are companies practicing it. Roughly, the plans fall into three broad types. First is the deferred plan, whereby the percentage due the workers is set aside in a fund to be paid on retirement or on leaving the company. The length of the period before these funds vest for the worker varies, as do some other conditions, but they are roughly described as deferred pension funds. An outstanding example is the plan at Sears Roebuck, where stenographers and janitors frequently retire after a lifetime with the company with fifty to sixty thousand dollars to their credit.

The second type is the direct cash plan. This calls for the payment in cash so many times a year of a percentage of the company's profit. At Lincoln Electric, for example, profit-sharing checks distributed once a year have raised the average pay of a Lincoln worker to more than seven thousand dollars a year.

A popular combination of the two plans calls for payment part in cash and part into the pension

fund. Some workers and executives argue for this plan on the ground that it provides for the immediate needs of growing families of younger workers and also for the requirements of old age. In all three the terms of the profit-sharing agreements vary greatly. The one rule for a successful plan is that it shall suit the workers in a given company and be something they really want. If it is not, it obviously will not produce the increased production which makes it possible.

Executives of profit-sharing companies know exactly why they share their profits. At the outset they know they are not giving anything away to their workers. They can prove that time and time again the incentive of profit sharing has so increased productivity that management, after deducting the workers' share of profits, has more left for itself than it previously had.

Profit sharing accomplishes this apparent miracle simply by gaining the worker's full-time interest and effort for his job. It is real to the worker because he gets a share of what the boss alone is traditionally supposed to receive. Next, under profit sharing there is no ceiling, the future is unlimited, the workers can make profits larger by their efforts and thus increase their share. Profit sharing fits into the human and very American concept that the future can always be better.

Communism and socialism have trapped their millions of believers and supporters with the false picture of pie in the sky. Profit sharing has the same appeal but actually produces the pie. One profit-sharing check is worth all the lessons in economics and paeans on capitalism ever written. Workers who receive such checks soon want to know what makes profits. This leads them to investigate costs in their own plants and costs that they can not directly control, such as taxes. As a result socialism has no allure for a profit sharer.

Profit sharing produces an intense interest on the part of the worker in the business from which he derives a share of the profits and yet does not seem to lead to any desire to interfere on the management level. On the contrary, it seems to produce a new appreciation by the workers of management's problems.

Objectors say that profit sharing will not work when there are no profits. Experience does not bear out this theory. Members of the Council, such as Sears Roebuck, Procter & Gamble and Vanadium Alloy Steel, have gone through a number of cyclical depressions and their plans have survived. Other companies, such as the Gerstenslager Company, builders of special bodies for trucks, have found themselves profitless in times of great prosperity because strikes in steel or auto companies have deprived them of materials. Their men have used their idle time to figure out how to increase production. At Gerstenslager this resulted in a 20 per cent increase per hour on one item after the plant could operate again.

If profit sharing results in the substitution of "we" for "they" when a worker speaks of his company, if it raises wages and profits and, on the other hand, often lowers prices, why is it not universal? For the same reason that American foreign policy flounders, that our art and literature are in a slough: progressive leadership and the creative thinking that accompanies it are lacking. American business, like most of the rest of the nation, is surfeited with brilliant technicians and barren of wise leaders who understand human nature. It is throttled by the reactionaries and stupidarians of the right and of the left.

Management and Labor Both Gain

On management's side it takes vision to see that by giving away part of your profits you will increase what you have left to more than the original whole. It takes the courage of real leadership to enter into the frank and democratic relationship with your workers that profit sharing requires. Under profit sharing there are no bosses—just leaders, and many a businessman has forgotten how to be a leader.

On the workers' side, many employees can not imagine that the boss would ever want to give them a break. They regard profit sharing as a sort of trap. Some unions, as already mentioned, fear that the resulting harmony between management and labor would lessen their hold over their members. Karl Marx and Veblen never wrote anything about profit sharing. Workers don't know quite where it fits in.

Once management and workers make the plunge into profit sharing, the enthusiasm is likely to be great on both sides. A representative of a national business magazine, with a newspaperman's natural cynicism, attended one of the annual conventions of the Council of Profit Sharing Industries, now in its sixth year. Looking about him he said, "I've been to every known type of business convention but this beats me. These people don't act like businessmen; they act like a bunch of evangelists. Yet that doesn't make sense because I recognize many of these men and their companies, and moneywise they are some of the most successful executives and companies in the nation." To this one of his colleagues replied, "Oh, they are successful, so they can afford to share some profits." A passing profit sharer finished the discussion by answering, "No, we are successful because we share our profits."

After two years as vice chairman and three as chairman of the Council, after observing the success of profit sharing in all sizes and sorts of industries and, most important, after operating a profit-sharing newspaper with five different unions, I can say wholeheartedly, "Profit sharing works." If profit sharing were nation-wide, I believe you would not find one Socialist or Communist among American workers.



Arts and Entertainments

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM



Having tried grand debauchery in last season's unprecedented collapse of mores and manners, Broadway found out that this crime does not pay. And as nothing chastises so much as bankruptcy, there now hangs over Broadway an air of longing for the wholesome and the reputable. But, alas, the ravens are still nesting on that street. For failure is habit-forming and contrition, on Broadway, is not becoming.

I wish this were otherwise and I could sincerely report that the first signs of Broadway's revivalist urges augur prosperity. For there are, on the surface, several things to be grateful for. Mr. S. M. Chartock's new Gilbert and Sullivan Company, for example, undertook to erase the shame of an American theater unequipped for regular and professional celebration of what is indubitably the nearest approach to elegant satirical style in the English language.

Such a resolution is praiseworthy in itself, and doubly so when, as in Mr. Chartock's case, the entrepreneur goes to the expense of hiring Martyn Green in person, assembling such talented singer-humorists as Ella Halman, Joseph Macaulay and Frank Rogier, and providing in general a handsome stage. But Mr. Chartock's productions, it seems to me, lack the one thing indispensable in a professional celebration of style—namely, style.

Martyn Green, of course, is Martyn Green and nothing will stop him. His trembling legs and larcenous winks and scratchy voice have entered such a perfect and final union with G & S that he would be authentically Savoyard in a Lehar ensemble. Mr. Chartock, however, is as yet so inadequately initiated into the world of G & S that he manifestly considers *Sullivan* to be boss. In Mr. Chartock's productions, the music is the thing—a lamentable misunderstanding of an opus which lives entirely on Gilbert's genius and makes Sullivan's second-rate music lovable only because it does not stand in the way of Gilbert's astounding wit. I do not deny that it is pleasant to hear listenable voices in a G & S show, but unless Mr. Chartock liberates himself from the awe he seems to feel for the melodious Broadway operetta we shall not receive from him what we would so dearly love—an authentic Gilbert and Sullivan Company.

Stanley Young's trifle, "Mr. Pickwick," beautifully performed by actors from four English-speaking continents, was at best a series of finger exercises for character players. If that "comedy" shall live at all (which I sincerely doubt), it will do so in

schools of acting—certainly not on the stage. For Mr. Young, who thought he had a superb idea when he decided to dramatize Charles Dickens's immortal album of human follies, came up with a dud, and of necessity.

The idea was stillborn because "The Pickwick Papers" contain about as much dramatic substance as does a landscape. Dickens looked out into his surroundings and sketched what he saw with pencil strokes that will never fade. To transpose these minute observations onto the stage is no less silly than to hew Dürer drawings into marble. The idea is an elementary miscomprehension of form, and of the laws that separate one art from another. It is simply embarrassing.

It is doubly embarrassing because the playwright was blatantly speculating on a good-hearted audience's sentimental sympathies: who would dare refuse cooperation with the dramatization of a classic that any unspoiled person must cherish to his dying day? I for one do refuse. My tender memories of "The Pickwick Papers" are entirely my private affair and I resented Mr. Young's clumsy intrusion. And if he does not reform, but next dramatizes "The Londonderry Air," I am prepared to sue him for alienation of affection.

Having had my discouraging say about the first two cases of the new Broadway wholesomeness, I turn with a fatuous proprietary interest to Mary Chase's new comedy, "Bernardine." The reason for that reprehensible arrogance is a fact I am rather proud of: while other critics were issuing prizes to such a plain commodity as "The Shrike" and such downright obscenities as "I Am a Camera," I recommended Miss Chase's "Mrs. McThing" as last season's only pleasurable play [*Freeman*, May 5, 1952].

Not that the author of "Harvey" needed to be discovered in 1951. I was merely sticking to my own code in applauding a playwright who has love in her heart and a smile in her eyes without being ashamed of either. To find in her also genuine innocence of fantasy combined with the horse sense of a shrewd social critic was an extra bonus I was eager to share with my readers.

Mary Chase's new play has moments of great delight, but I am sorry to report that it is by far her weakest. The excellent lady has made the bad mistake of dabbling in "realism"—a technique by now generally tainted and altogether alien to a playwright who is blessed with a sublime touch of madness. This story of a coltish youngster's gallop into sex should have stayed in Miss Chase's drawer long enough to let its topical coarseness evaporate and its sugar slowly ferment into spirit. As it was produced, the insufferably banal climactic scene between the boy and the woman hurt an admirer of Miss Chase's magnificent talents more than their occasional emergence, even in this undercooked play, could please him.

A Decade of French Art

By JEROME MELLQUIST



It has been said that during the Middle Ages certain alchemists descended to caves where they devised new recipes for the obfuscation of the human mind. Yet these manipulators of enchantment stood as doctors of the light by comparison with certain scribes who today would evaluate all French art in terms of a painter's longevity. If Picasso dons an artisan's apron and stands over a pottery kiln at Villauris, the point to remark is not the heft or shape or glisten of his product, but merely the fact that he contrived it despite the stoop of age. Matisse may translate hymns and canticles into tinted tiles and stained-glass windows in a chapel at Vence, yet what astonishes is simply that he could do it at 82. Visitors might jostle one another to see a Braque retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, but the same edifiers of the public regretfully interpolate that he, alas, is another of the old men dominating French art.

This meter of age is so readily untaped that now it has displaced almost all other gauges. It almost starts up a recollection of what Whistler flashed back when somebody had contended that Velasquez lacked weight. "To the scales, artists!" retorted the Butterfly, and then winged off to a sunnier zone.

Even if these and other distinguished moderns such as Rouault, Dufy, Villon and Leger have continued active beyond the Supreme Court age of retirement, it does not follow that they have become decrepit. What matters is the quality—or its absence—in the painting today issuing from France. And if that is to be ascertained, the statistical gauge of worth must immediately be discarded. Let us ask, then, what is being accomplished today among the French, and where is it heading?

Starting from the debacle of 1940, there is first the question how established talents reacted and what they have subsequently produced. Picasso, who had been beating out his distorted and multi-planed female faces ever since his rage about the bombing of Guernica, kept stubbornly at work in his Paris atelier. Some typical works from that period have but recently been displayed in New York, and if the shine be more that of lead than of gold or silver, some truculent force remains. After the Liberation Picasso vacated Paris and installed himself in the Midi, where his fantastic imagination has woven strange shapes from the fish and animals and floral life of that region. He has also taken to sculpture, and his "Shepherd with

Kid" springs from a vein of compassion rather too seldom evident in his later work. Otherwise, as represented in his last big Paris shows, he sometimes displays more agility than penetration, though sporadic drawings still jab with the old ferocity.

Matisse, whose mid-winter retrospective capped last season's activities in New York, departed for Provence in 1940 and there quietly escaped the reefs of thinness that too often loomed up in his painting of the later thirties. He actually managed some tropical effects in his dense interiors. He also indulged in "cuttings," arranging the scissored bits in new patterns of capricious gayety. Still later have come decorations for the Church at Assay, as well as the much-discussed Chapel at Vence.

Certain one-time rebels unfortunately faltered. Derain, whose work long had demonstrated little inner compulsion, lost even that, while Vlaminck, his confrère during the Fauvist tumult at the century's start, manufactured endless glowering villages where the color matched the slush and slate of the surroundings. Even Segonzac, who never had charged forth in rebellion, remained too placidly the confronter of Vergilian landscapes and vineyards where even the slopes seemed tired. Braque, by contrast, labored with his old faithfulness, though he, too, intermittently suggested meditations upon an earlier age. His still-lives, when not overlarge, somehow intimated that glow within the shadow long ago identified with the Platonic image of the cave. He sought some extra modulation in the careful additions of his color, as if a more secret curve and proportion might reside within them. As for Gromaire, this cylopean Northerner trudged, as always, within a smoke-charged atmosphere traceable perhaps to the factories of his native region. Still, a whitish gleam somehow gave body to his later nudes (at least in the drawings), while his latest New York canvases incorporate the heights and stretches of Manhattan as few Frenchmen have been given to see them.

Among the men who fled to America, Leger produced a whole series of divers, bicyclists and still-lives, large-writ, gauche, rude and emphatic. A renewal had come to him and was reinforced upon his return to France, particularly in the huge workmen clambering about in his series of "Builders." He moves toward the monumental and the static,

apparently aiming at counterparts to the stone and steel of the industrial age. Chagall, who also came to the United States, whirled through more of his peasant arpeggios and accumulated further terpsichorean fairy-tales. More recently, he, too, has baked some tiles and attempted religious decorations, though both lack the grace and almost acrobatic skill of his earliest capers. Masson, who lived for some time in Connecticut, hung his pictures too consistently upon the line, rather than evolving them from the interplay of his color. Miro, who had also once been affiliated with the Surrealists, sequestered himself in Majorca, where today his great walls intended for a church at Audincourt, not far from the Swiss border, betoken a return to the cryptlike depth and solidity of the old Catalan churches, except that the color is as capricious and winking as ever.

Yet even as the mind lay shadowed and fallen in the forties, new radiance gradually developed from that very circumstance. Jacques Villon, who had deserted illustration for painting in 1908, had captained certain forays of the Cubists in a phalanx assembled to discuss the *Section d'Or* and had worked sparingly during gaunt days of the twenties and early thirties, found the moment of crisis challenging. He, too, fled Paris, but established his refuge in the Southwest where, obliged to paint from gardens, bridges and vistas, he gained a fresh luminosity in his color. Citron and rose and horizon-blue mingled in his palette—and always an intervening screen was suggested. The old Cubist discipline was there, but amended, or fortified, to the exigencies of a great occasion. Thus at last he wedded the trembling atmospheric tones of the Impressionists to the indispensable demands of form. Old tensions relaxed, and he flowered. A school flowered with him.

These garden-patches, these chiseled poplars upstanding against the sun, these clipped and studious portraits, spoke of hope amidst the threats of the Occupation. Pignon, today still in his forties, followed readily, if perhaps with too much facility; Manessier, an ardent if somewhat dolorous colorist, applied almost identical principles, and so did Jean Bazaine, today possibly the ablest French artist under fifty. The cleavage once opened by the Cubists between color and construction has disappeared in a new amalgamation.

Also developing in the postwar years is a decided bent toward abstraction. Hans Hartung, German-born but naturalized French, contrives strange dissonances from his juxtaposition of color-areas or audacious balances. Often his pictures portray some industrial waste where iron prongs, disks and wheels lie under a solemn sky. Charged sometimes with attempting too much through line, Hartung nonetheless can echo Rembrandt at least in this: a clang of conviction reverberates from his work.

Still other youngish painters might be listed—De Stael, who has a surveyor's exactitude at con-

struction; Lansky, who engenders the mood of a tireless Petruschka; Lapicque, whose skiffs and cities sometimes rock to an exciting movement; and the fruity colorist Esteye, who might best be termed a new vintage from the vineyards of Bonnard. These men show that not all in modern France is to the aged. But there is a further demonstration of the perennial vitality in French art.

For now there comes an astonishing revival in religious art. It has been said to derive largely from the patient persuasion of Père Couturier, a Jesuit father who has persuaded several communities to take rebel moderns into the fold as decorators. It has also been accredited to Père Regamey, who has likewise persisted in that direction. Actually it stems rather from the deep convictions of Rouault. Long ago he entered some underground vault, there to find unearthly lyres or the plain-song of stricken multitudes. Even his clowns or prostitutes might have been listening to a choir of lament. And when he turned to lithographs, there too he produced matchless dirges. Thus working, Rouault almost single-handedly furnished the compost from which other growths might spring.

Consider first the Church at Assy, built on a plateau nestled below Mont Blanc. Its congregation, mostly tuberculosis patients, had come from more up-to-date communities; their pastor, also a patient, welcomed the modern in art. Accordingly the church, started in 1939—though interrupted by the invasion and not completed until 1949—employed the most advanced contemporary artists. No more would plaster saints and gaudy prettifiers be permitted. Here the premise was that the artist, regardless of religious affiliation, manifests the Spirit by virtue of the very fact that he is moved by it.

Surely Rouault's somber windows—a mystic bouquet, a penitential Jesus, a flagellation and the rest—immediately bespeak the appropriate hush. Leger's mosaics on the facade, however, do not fit sympathetically with the gray Alpine stone; and the altar tapestry of Lurçat suggests a Zoroastrian rather than a Christian feeling. Two lateral altarpieces by Bonnard and Matisse descend somewhat from the more exacting level of those painters, but a tabernacle by Braque is a jewel both in material and proportion.

Other churches, too, are allowing a wider latitude. Both Bazaine and Miro have worked for the church at Audincourt, Manessier has provided color-prayers for one in his native Picardy; and similar projects are being instigated elsewhere.

Whatever the genesis of this development, a new light has penetrated the religious structures of France. Nor is it furnished altogether by the older men. Enough, therefore, of attempts to measure it by the chronological gauge. For French art is heading, as always, toward further frontiers.



A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Edmund Wilson begins his "The Shores of Light: A Literary Chronicle of the Twenties and Thirties" (Farrar, Straus and Young, \$6.50) with a long tribute to Princeton's Christian Gauss "as a teacher of literature." Written in 1952, this trenchant and discerning essay serves to unify everything that comes after it in the book. The reviews, the critical essays, the memoirs, the sketches, the imaginary dialogues, the satires, the letters and the *jeux d'esprit* which Wilson turned out in the interwar years all tend to fall into place as illustrations of a point of view that had already matured in undergraduate days under a great teacher. Dean Gauss, it should be observed at once, was not an English professor; he taught French and Italian literatures, and he had something of the air of the great world about him. He tended to regard Anglo-Saxon culture in both its American and English branches as rather provincial, and, though this disturbs the popular stereotype, he thought of the average English novelist as being immoral (because not purely dedicated) about his art. Dean Gauss admired Dante because he could create a truly ordered and disciplined cosmos; he admired the French novelists because they sought to produce works of art in which every phrase, every line and every paragraph had a precisely calculated effect. He had the professional attitude (which is the truly amateur, or loving, attitude) toward writing, and Wilson, by both temperament and conviction, was predisposed to hearken with all his antennae adjusted.

The integrity of Wilson's response, however, was so whole-souled that it actually frightened Christian Gauss. I used to see Dean Gauss occasionally when he came to New York to visit his daughter, with whom I worked at *Scribner's* and *Harper's* magazines. Wilson, at one time, had just produced for the *New Yorker* a cruel parody of Archibald MacLeish's verse. "Wilson, Wilson," said Dean Gauss with incredulous awe, "when he thinks he should say something, there's nothing, absolutely nothing, that stands between him and putting the naked phrase on paper. It's admirable, but sometimes it's terrifying. I almost wish he wouldn't do it." And Dean Gauss went on shaking his head, with an expression of awe, fright and admiration in his eyes.

So the pupil knew the teacher and the teacher knew the pupil; and Wilson has gone on for three

decades putting those naked phrases on paper. To read "The Shores of Light" is to realize that exact and perceptive criticism can be practised over the years in spite of all the manifold pressures that beat upon the critic. Wilson could resist his friends (F. Scott Fitzgerald, Gilbert Seldes) when writing about them; he could resist his editor (Bruce Bliven); he could even fall in love with an enchanting woman poet (Edna St. Vincent Millay) and still manage to be objective and cool about her occasional literary lapses. Popular tastes and crazes meant absolutely nothing to him. The final proof of Wilson's absolute integrity, as revealed in this volume, is his attitude toward himself. He has rewritten many of his old pieces, but he has refused to edit either the personality or the philosophy of the Wilson of 1925 and 1935 to make it look better in the light of 1952. During the thirties, when he was immersing himself in the literature of Marxism, Edmund Wilson said some silly things which he later retracted in 1941 (see his "Marxism at the End of the Thirties"). But instead of editing out his callow and partial economic and political judgments of 1931 ("An Appeal to Progressives") he lets them stand. He is the honest man for whom Diogenes sought in vain.

The extraordinary thing about Wilson's criticism is that he could take the high line about perishable phenomena and still manage to be topical and magnetically interesting. In an essay titled "The All-Star Literary Vaudeville" he could strike off some coolly definitive judgments about a host of contemporary performers—Ben Hecht, Ring Lardner, Francis Hackett, Joseph Hergesheimer, Cabell, Dreiser, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, Willa Cather, Waldo Frank, Mencken, Paul Rosenfeld, Paul Elmer More, William Beebe, John Dewey, E. E. Cummings—and still contrive a flavor as newsworthy as anything by, let us say, the Burton Rascoe of "A Bookman's Daybook." This odd achievement of seeming to be both *in* the movement and above it set Mr. Wilson off from the other critics of the twenties and the thirties. When other scholars of the now distant interwar period sought to become journalists they either fell victim to an enervating softness (as in the case of Stuart Sherman), or they succumbed to poster-work propaganda (as in the case of Granville Hicks and other English professors who became Marxists), or they devolved into glorified salesmen or masters of ceremony

(*vide* Carl Van Doren and the Book of the Brunch Club type of literary impresario). The reason for the general inability of the scholar to merge the demands of scholarship with the demands of journalism derived from an inability to distinguish between the claims of contemporary vitality and the claims of intellectual discipline. But Wilson, who had had the advantage of his training under Gauss, knew that a man could have vitality without a disciplined approach to writing, and vice versa. Accordingly, Wilson was in a position to appreciate the effervescence, the amusements and the animation of the passing show without confusing them with such qualities as greatness, or sanity, or impassioned conviction, or distinction. In a word, he could let his senses respond and still keep his head.

Another distinguishing feature of Wilson's criticism is that he never cheats on presentation. His usual method is to start off with a flat exposition of his theme and a flat summary of an author's line of thought. The beginnings of a Wilson critical essay are deliberately sober. In consequence, he seldom misleads a reader about the nature or history of the author under discussion. Wilson's ability to bring a high narrative skill to his statement of the development of an author's ideas makes him an extremely safe guide, even in the cases where the critic's own final interpretation must seem faulty. Wilson's mid-thirties judgments on the universality of Marxist theory stand cruelly exposed in 1952, yet his expositions of what the Marxists were saying and doing remain absolutely first-rate. He has the same gift of lucid presentation that he finds in Mencken.

Wilson has called himself a Socialist, but it becomes obvious, as one reads his "Marxism at the End of the Thirties," that his socialism has simmered down to a nostalgic word-fetishism combined with a defiant humanism that makes no connection whatsoever with the brassy and intolerant creeds of Lenin, Stalin or even Aneurin Bevan. It turns out that Wilson doubts the dogma of the Dialectic, doubts the ability of the State to run industry in a humane way, and doubts the pretensions to holy writ status of all the various Marxist creeds. Whether this leaves him a conscious believer in voluntary social cooperation is never quite clear, but it is a safe bet that his incorrigible individualism must throw him ultimately on the side of those who think society must solve its problems without demanding anything more from government than military and police protection and equal justice under Constitutional law. He is still anti-bourgeois, but he will ultimately find himself fighting to save the bourgeois if only to save himself and his own standards.

In any event Wilson has lost his interest in economics. What seems to hold him at the moment is

the color and impact of the exceptional individual. His fifty-page epilogue to "The Shores of Light" on Edna St. Vincent Millay, written in 1952, is a beautiful piece of mingled biography, autobiography and poetic appreciation of our most remarkable twentieth-century poet. It is of a piece with the prologue on Christian Gauss. One would like to see Edmund Wilson do more of this sort of thing—he must have known at least a score of great individuals who are worthy of such attention.

Old New Yorker

The Diary of George Templeton Strong, 1835-1875, edited by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey. 4 vols. New York: Macmillan. \$35.00

The New Yorker that was George Templeton Strong, distinguished lawyer, Columbia trustee and vestryman of Trinity Church, would not recognize the metropolis of Manhattan in our day. The great families—the Schermerhorns, the Schuylers, the Fishes and the Stuyvesants—have been eclipsed in power and affluence; and society itself, in the sense that Strong understood it, has been superseded by the well-heeled rabble of "café society."

Strong was a man of property, but even more so a man of firm principles; and that he grasped the importance of history and the continuity of historical tradition is evident in the more than four million words he set down in this diary. The sources of insight into the lives of citizens of New York in the mid-nineteenth century are not extensive. Hence this diary is a legacy of genuine worth. It is doubly valuable in that it is free of posturing, pretensions to moral grandeur, and special treatment for kinsmen and close associates.

The diary was begun when Strong, age fifteen, was a sophomore at Columbia College. He made his last entry on June 25, 1875, in which he observed "I have been improving the wrong way, like bad fish in warm weather." The diarist died July 21.

How much was recorded in the forty-year period which Americans look upon, nowadays, as an idyll but which the diarist regarded as an epoch filled with severe trials! The Great Fire of 1835, the coming of Irishdom to Manhattan, cholera epidemics, the sinking of the liner Arctic off Newfoundland, the draft riots, the "Forty Thieves" in City Hall—these are commented upon in Strong's diary.

The population of New York more than tripled in the period the diary covers. One New York, one mode of life, one society, died. A new city, a new class of rich, a new breed of poor, came into being. It was a victory of what he termed the "unwashed democracy" and the shoddy millionaire of the type he described as ". . . a great fat foreclosing spider."

In Strong's youth the City of New York was an old town of handsome residences and noble public buildings. It was a place not unmindful of tradi-

tions and civilized customs. And though Strong jotted down an occasional complaint against the number of whores and blacklegs on Broadway, it was nevertheless possible to walk abroad in the evening. Police protection was real and effective, and one could enjoy a stroll in the night air without fear of a mugging.

One of the most refreshing qualities in the diary is Strong's fine sense of humor. A man of large talents, positive intelligence, cultivation, and sound classical education (he was a collector of books and, what is rare among collectors, a reader), he nevertheless had none of the modern intellectual's extraordinary capacity for taking oneself too seriously. He appraised his own actions with an appreciation for the comical. For instance, the building of a bathroom in the rear of his Greenwich Street home in 1844 provided the occasion for a piece of verse indicative of the man's temper in his lighter moments. "In Greenwich Street did G. T. S./A Stately backbuilding decree./ Where clear the Croton Water ran/Through pipes impervious to man—/Up to the third storie/So *x* square feet of useless ground/With fair brick walls were girdled round."

The truly serious side of George Templeton Strong is best revealed in his commentary on the maritime and industrial disasters of the era. Despite his conservatism and allegiance to the economic order of his time and place, the diarist was no apologist for evils inherent in the system. His entry for January 11, 1860, records a fearful tragedy at Lawrence, Mass. A wretched, unsafe factory building collapsed under the weight of machinery installed in it, and some two hundred girls and young women died. He observed:

Of course, nobody will be hanged. Somebody has murdered about two hundred people, many of them with hideous torture, in order to save money, but society has no avenging gibbet for the respectable millionaire and homicide. . . . What Southern capitalist trifles with the lives of his operatives as do our philanthropes of the North?

He was a conservative, no mistaking that. He wrote of Andrew Jackson that "he's done the country more harm than any man that ever lived in it, unless it may have been Tom Jefferson." But he was never interested in mere money-getting, and his character was not of that false and meretricious quality common in "the Gilded Age." He was a creature of an older New York. Standards were, to Strong, more real and significant than stock speculation. Proud of family and genuine intellectual achievements (he was a scholar engaged, incidentally, in the law), he had nothing of the snob in his emotional make-up. He could say in 1850 that

. . . Better that a sansculotte mob should invade the Fifth Avenue, better that Wm. B. Astor's estate be subjected to a "benevolence" of fifty per cent, better that vested rights and the sanctity of property be trodden down into the mire of democracy and Four-

ierism, than that we should all become snobs together. . . .

Though from the first years of his manhood engaged in service to the municipality and to worthy institutions (he was a member of what he called Columbia's "Board of Incurables" and labored for St. Luke's Hospital), Strong's principal achievement was his work on the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. This organization created order out of the tragic chaos of the medical and sanitary services. The saving of countless lives and the rectifying of frightful conditions in the Union armies are, most properly, credited to the Sanitary Commission.

This diary, with its wealth of curious detail, its coining of words (such as *Secessia* for the south), and acuteness of observation, reminds one that oftentimes the ablest writers in a country are not the avowed literary artists, the professional writers. For Strong is a stylist of force and marked individuality. The incisive quality of Strong's writing is evident in this entry concerning the operations of the fabulously crooked Mayor Fernando Wood:

Chief among the civic notabilia is the Mayor's foray among the unhappy fallen women who perambulate Broadway, the noctivagous strumpetocracy. . . . What the Mayor seeks to abolish is not the terrible evil of prostitution (for the great notorious "ladies" boarding houses of Leonard and Mercer Streets are left in peace), but simply the scandal and offence of the *peripatetic* whorearchy.

Strong has willed us a faithful portrait of New York and New Yorkers. Though an exceptionally modest man, Strong's achievements, his labors on behalf of worthwhile causes, his profound sense of duty and responsibility, blaze through the pages of the diary. The four volumes are a mighty testament to the nineteenth-century American of good birth, to his refinement, his scholarship, and consciousness of civic duty.

The diary is a great public document in that it brings alive the temper and customs of the greatest city in the world. The publication of it is a public service, and the publisher deserves a salute from students of our history. ANTHONY HARRIGAN

The Colonial Style

American Furniture, by Joseph Downs. New York: Macmillan. \$17.50

Joseph Downs, author of "American Furniture," is curator of the Henry F. du Pont Museum at Winterthur. The photographs of Queen Anne and Chippendale pieces are from the Winterthur Museum of 135 manorial rooms which accommodates twenty guests a day by appointment.

What is impressive about our museum-embalmed household culture is the superb craftsmanship that went into a chair, a mixing table, a kettle or a

candle stand. Today we have in the place of manual interior appointments the most graceless machine-stamped furniture.

The most important piece of furniture the Colonial artisan created was the bed. In an inventory of the estate of John Cogswell, quoted by Mr. Downs, the most valued item was "1 Bed Bedstead Curtains and all the Bedding 50.-". The importance of the mattress is emphasized by John Mason's ad in 1769:

For Sale Mattrasses, or wool beds, which are so beneficial to mankind for when a constitution grown weak through inadvertency, or any way thrown into Confusion these beds are of great use to rest on, therefore I would advise every Constitution to be provided with one of them . . . [it] gives a greater spring to the nerves than feather beds.

Reminiscent of Shakespeare's bequest to Ann Hathaway is Nathaniel Townsend's will, May 18, 1754; "being . . . very sick and of exquisite pain of body, but my understanding pretty well . . . I leave to my wife Martha one of my choicest beds and full furniture thereto belonging and my cupboard which I had by her and a brass kettle and £ 130." The Colonial had concealed furniture of a type which is generally taken to be modern. In the Winterthur collection is a Philadelphia Deception Bed, 1780-1790, which folds up to resemble a chest of drawers.

Also at Winterthur is one of the famous sample chairs attributed to Benjamin Randolph, celebrated Philadelphia cabinetmaker, as well as the highboy which brought \$44,000 in the Reifsnnyder sale of 1929. This finely carved piece is made of magnificently colored mahogany and with ball-and-claw feet. Mr. Downs suggests that the ball and claw may come from the dragon's claw grasping a pearl, the Chinese symbol of evil. There is a photograph in this book of the Gratz highboy. Michael Gratz was a well-known merchant and banker, and his daughter, Rebecca, was the model for Scott's heroine in "Ivanhoe."

Many of the Colonial merchants prided themselves on their libraries, and handsome desks with bookcases were made to house their treasures, complete with secret compartments and ample shelving. A partial inventory shows that some merchants were far better read than the average college professor; included in James Bowdoin's library, for example, were Rabelais, Hume, Plutarch, Bacon, St. Augustine, Molière, Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Locke and many others.

A most important ceremony in Colonial life was that connected with drinking tea. This rite is well illustrated in Mr. Down's book by the profusion of tea tables and kettle stands with tea-cup shelves and storage chambers. Other utensils for tea included caddies, strainers, sugar bowls and boxes, and an infinite variety of special spoons, tongs and napery.

In his Introduction Mr. Downs has a section on

native woods which is a fine summary for the collector who has not access to Hough's elaborate multi-volume work, and it is much easier to use.

"American Furniture," though dealing only with the Queen Anne and Chippendale styles of furniture, is an excellent supplement to Nutting's three-volume "Furniture Treasury"; however, its price puts it beyond the reach of anyone save the diletante collector.

RELENE L. HOWELL

House of Firestone

Harvey Firestone, by Alfred Lief. New York: McGraw-Hill. \$3.00

The author of this readable biography of a businessman who started small and grew big has been known chiefly for his popular books on Supreme Court Justices Brandeis and Holmes ("The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes" and "Brandeis, The Personal History of an American Ideal"). He has made his mark, in other words, as a chronicler of the busters of bigness. How does he handle the rise of the House of Firestone, now so immense, so full of compartments and departments that it maintains a private "archivist" to remember its own past?

Mr. Lief's writing glows pleasantly when he is dealing with his hero's early life on the farm. Harvey Firestone's father was as much a man of business as a farmer; he was

free from dependence on nature's whims . . . he had money outstanding on mortgage . . . he did not invest in more land than he could cultivate without the use of his children as economic assets . . . he usually had about 400 head of sheep.

For young Firestone "the world of commerce was interwoven with farm life."

The elder Firestone traded in other livestock too, and Harvey was fascinated by the horsy side of the parental business. There was also a relative who operated one of the most important buggy factories in the country, the Columbus Buggy Company of Columbus, Ohio. Harvey began as a bookkeeper, discovered that he had talents as a salesman, and in looking for something new to sell within the industry in which he had served his apprenticeship, he chanced upon the rubber tire. It was already in common use on bicycles. When applied to buggy wheels (as a luxurious accessory) it made riding much nicer; but the newly upcoming automobile industry found that horseless carriages *had* to be shod with rubber. There was no choice about it. A motorcar on iron wheels would shake loose all its nuts, bolts, screws and finally its passengers.

Harvey's first business venture was a partnership with two others who put up the money. Three years later they sold out, bilking Harvey of half his share. Nevertheless, he had more than forty thousand

dollars in hand. He invested about half of it in a six-per-cent mortgage and looked around to see what he could do with the twenty thousand dollars remaining. He secured the assignment to himself of a patent for an improved solid tire and shopped for a manufacturer to make it. The arrangement worked poorly and he still kept his eyes open for other opportunities. In 1900 he was offered a still better patent if he would put up his capital to form a new tire company, and thus the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company was born.

At this point Mr. Lief's style begins to glow again.

The American principle of an open door in industry, through which a man without privilege might enter, to roll up his sleeves and produce, was doing real, if silent, service . . . America grew in the sun of opportunity. And this meant also the freedom to make one's own opportunity.

Firestone concentrated on heavy-duty tires and his success was immediate. He really did have a serviceable patent, and he was himself both a good administrator and a quietly effective salesman. How thoroughly he had grasped the basic rule involved in building up a business is revealed in a letter he wrote ten years after founding his own firm.

Of course we have made money [he was about to distribute to his shareholders part of a \$4,000,000 surplus accumulated in those few years] but we deserve to make it; and I have made up my mind that I have financed and worried long enough . . . I have never had a dollar out of the Company except what it costs me to live, and I feel it is about time to commence to get some returns.

He now decided to let the investing public put in the new capital he needed—"you can not do a rubber-tire business on a small scale—it must be on a large scale or not at all." This operation took care of much of the worrisome, or financial side of the business. He had time to look around him and notice the mansions the other rubber tycoons of Akron had constructed; he promptly constructed one too. He began to live a more spacious life, entertaining celebrities at home and becoming something of a public figure himself by virtue of his constant campaigning for better roads.

Firestone's effort to grow rubber for himself in Liberia, in reaction to the British rubber restriction scheme sponsored by Winston Churchill (then Secretary of State for the Colonies) as "one of the principal means of paying our debt to the United States," is enthusiastically recounted by Mr. Lief, who has a sharp eye for monopolists, whether foreign or domestic. The humor of Churchill's attempt to hold up the Americans for what he owed them is worthy of notice today. The conclusion of that sorry scheme is even better worth noting, and the author loses none of the force of this example of monopolists hoisted with their own device in his telling of the story.

ASHER BRYNES

Recent Novels

Journey With Strangers, by R. C. Hutchinson. New York: Rinehart. \$4.00

Missing, by Egon Hostovsky. Translated from the Czech by Ewald Osers. New York: Viking. \$3.00

Rage of the Soul, by Vincent Sheean. New York: Random. \$3.50

Unlike as they are in mood, theme and background, these three recent novels have a good deal more in common than might appear from a casual survey. First, and most obviously, they are not only all of them the work of skilled and seasoned writers, but they are the work of writers who are genuinely concerned with finding a *modus vivendi* for the times. Although only "Journey With Strangers" could legitimately be called a war novel, the shadow of war lies heavily upon all of them. What are we to do, how live, in a world corroded with hate and bitterness, with political and racial factionalism? That is the question which is implicit, I think, in the minds of all these writers, and the answer they give is the same. Trust, they say, in the human spirit—in its worth, its dignity, its courage, its ultimate importance. Nothing else is of any real consequence.

Of the three books, the most somber and substantial, and incomparably the most moving, is R. C. Hutchinson's "Journey With Strangers." A dynamic and intuitive writer—he is the author of "Shining Scabbard," "Testament," etc.—Mr. Hutchinson deals in this novel with the tragedy of Poland, and with the agonies which it suffered during World War II under both Nazi and Soviet occupation. The story is told retrospectively by a sensitive young woman who married as an outsider into one of the great Polish families and experienced the crushing weight of their disapproval. The Kolbecks were proud, ingrown, more than a little arrogant, strongly religious and fanatically patriotic. Until she shared their ordeal with them—learned as a fellow exile what durable stuff they were made of—Stephanie thought of them as hostile and alien. However, as she faced death with them, and indignity and horror, she came to see that they had values of indestructible worth, and was proud to link her destiny with theirs.

"Journey With Strangers," I hasten to add, is no mere hymn to the virtues of the Polish aristocracy. As they are driven from their homes, as they travel by cattle car to Siberia, as they freeze and die in the slave labor camps, as they come at last to the Middle East under the aegis of the British, the Kolbecks share their stark sufferings with thousands of humbler Poles who are as staunch in their own fashion as they. All this adds up to a tragically impressive story, but it is a story which, I think, is longer than it need be, and one too concerned with details. Greater selectiveness, a sharper highlighting of really significant incidents, perhaps

a little less brooding comment on the part of the none too interesting but all too articulate Stephanie, might have made a better book. Mr. Hutchinson, however, has done more than well. He, an Englishman, has penetrated deeply into the spirit of a people not his own and has paid them a tribute not only eloquent but convincing.

With "Missing" we move on to the postwar period, and to the peculiar strains and stresses it has brought. In this country Egon Hostovsky is not a familiar name. His taut and curious novelette, "The Hideout," can hardly, I am sure, have found a wide audience and though he is one of the leading Czech novelists, even if in exile, I doubt that many Americans know about him. Of all people, however, Hostovsky was ideally equipped to write this special story—a story of the Communist *coup d'état* in Prague in 1948, and of the grueling struggle for power which preceded it. On the surface "Missing" is a spy tale, a thriller, centering around the repercussions which occur in widely different circles when Paul Kral, a journalist, attempts to go to America, and his quite innocent motives are questioned. Actually, the book tells what happens to people under political duress—how fear, greed, disloyalty, a hundred lesser sins, can corrupt and malfom the weak-hearted.

This is the general pattern of the story, but its devious twists and turns are not easy to follow, much less to explain, in a brief review. It is sufficient to say, I think, that the action whirls dizzily from the purlieus of the American Embassy to those of the Czech Foreign Ministry, and that one meets spies, counterspies, assassins, traitors, fools, as well as a few honest men. Chief among the honest men—aside from the elusive Kral himself—is Oldrich Borek, the anti-Communist editor, who, for my money, is the hero of the story, and who typifies the survival of decency and honor in a world that has become dehumanized. Egon Hostovsky knew this world well—before the Communist *coup*, he served in the diplomatic corps under Jan Masaryk—and he writes of it with cold irony, dissecting its rottenness cuttingly.

"Rage of the Soul," by Vincent Sheean, is a less disturbing novel than either of the foregoing and certainly a more glib and facile one. It is a novel with a split personality, telling two distinct stories which refuse stubbornly to blend. Elizabeth Redwood, the wife of an official in the State Department, sees her marriage jeopardized by her own insensate folly, and goes to India to seek healing for her wounded self-respect. While she is gone, Charles, her husband—who has always chafed a little at the stuffiness of his job—becomes involved in what amounts to an international incident when, out of pure humanity, he helps an Iron Curtain diplomat and his sadly distraught wife to escape from imminent danger. Her husband's predicament—the State Department is pained!—brings Eliza-

beth, now whole again, flying back from India, and the two resolve their difficulties to their mutual satisfaction, if not to the satisfaction of the reader.

So sketchy an outline is unfair to Mr. Sheean, who has embellished this hybrid tale with considerable charm and wit, and who has peopled it throughout with amusing minor characters, deftly observed and pleasantly eccentric. Mr. Sheean knows India and he knows official Washington, whose narrowness, whose cowardice, whose adherence to strict protocol, he satirizes neatly and effectively. But the fact remains that "Rage of the Soul" gets nowhere in particular, and is at no time very convincing. Reflecting Mr. Sheean's own interest in Hindu philosophy, Elizabeth sees much of the religious life of India, but it is never quite apparent what she really learned there, nor why her spirit found healing.

EDITH H. WALTON

McLiebling on Chicago

Chicago: The Second City, by A. J. Liebling. New York: Knopf. \$2.50

This is no hammock item if you happen to like Chicago. However, as your temperature goes up your opinion of Mr. Liebling as a researcher goes down, and that is a help. Mr. Liebling arrived in Chicago with a bundle of prejudices (the stock ones of a smug New Yorker) and spent his time unpacking them instead of getting out and really rubbing elbows with the place. Of course, he trots out the motheaten classic—that Chicago is the crime capital of the United States (you'd think New York was a stranger to crime) and adds a gimmick of his own, namely, that the natives are proud of their reputation and, what's worse, insist on talking about it.

Now, I lived in Chicago ten years (in that raucous epoch when Capone was riding high) but I have never had to bite my tongue to keep from dragging *les gangsters* into the conversation in the few salons in New York and Paris I was permitted to crash. The problem was to keep others off the subject. They were much more fascinated than I was. Liebling accuses Chicagoans of swallowing culture in easy-to-take pellets prescribed by Hutchens and Adler, but a few of us have ploughed through Montaigne and Proust in the original and have more than a "to be or not to be" acquaintance with Hamlet. Outside the Pump Room and the Stockyards Inn, Liebling claims there's no place to eat in Chicago except at barbecue stands. I have eaten around quite a bit both here and in Europe and have yet to find a better restaurant than Schlogel's or the Red Star Inn. The trouble is Mr. Liebling approached the Windy City with a chip on his shoulder and it mushroomed, cutting off the view. Mr. Steinberg's drawings are excellent.

ALIX DU POY

Letters

"God and Woman at Vassar"

Your article, "God and Woman at Vassar" [November 3], is important and significant. It reveals, more than anything else I have seen, the strange trend toward the far left in the education our children are receiving in schools and colleges. Unfortunately most people do not seem aware of this, but it is widespread. Miss Fellers has done a real service in writing with such courage about her appalling experience at one of our largest women's colleges.

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Oyster Bay, N. Y.

. . . Unless Nancy is different from every other child, friend, schoolmate, etc. of my experience, her view of why she was flunked unanimously by her teacher, her tutor and her President is strictly a biased view. Unless you printed that story intending to be humorous, you must accept censure for not having printed alongside of it a rebuttal by the Vassar faculty. My conclusion may be wrong, but it is my conclusion that you had no intention of being fair to Vassar.

Philadelphia, Pa. L. P. SHARPLES

[See the rebuttal from Vassar College on page 160 of this issue. THE EDITORS]

I think the article by Nancy Fellers is the best the *Freeman* has ever printed because it was written at first hand after a brush with the enemy.

Twenty-five years ago the writer went through a similar experience at Ursinus College at the hands of an English Prof and the President of the College. The affair ended in my expulsion as an "undesirable student." The roles, however, were reversed, the good Doctors upholding conservatism and myself (I am ashamed to say), radicalism. The common denominator of Nancy's experience and my own, of course, is that the much vaunted academic freedom is a farce.

Nancy's article should be read by all naive parents and students. I hope they'll see red when they read it and rise in revolt against the pink and red professors. . . .

Baltimore, Md. CLARENCE ERGOOD

I read with great interest "God and Woman at Vassar." At the time I was at Vassar, I believed that the goal of a degree justified the means. I finished my freshman year on academic probation, but raised my standing considerably with a high grade in Economics my second year. I consciously "played

back" to my instructors only that which I knew they wanted to hear, on exams, papers, etc. It paid off. Fellow students with twice my ability didn't come out as well, further proving that you can't beat the system.

"Academic freedom" for the faculty in many cases jeopardizes the personal integrity of the student.

Burlington, Vt. LOIS H. RICKER

. . . I particularly enjoyed the article by Nancy Jane Fellers. My sympathies are with her and her family in the matter she has recorded. Also the article by Oliver Carlson, "The Crime of Alpheus Ray" makes my blood rise in temperature. Incidents such as these are known to many people but are seldom aired, and that, I believe, is why they not only exist but apparently are on the increase. . . .

IRWIN H. DAYTON
University Heights, Ohio

Praises to the *Freeman*, Nancy Fellers, also E. Merrill Root ("Our Lefthanded Colleges," October 29). If the Vassar world doesn't enjoy these, it has only itself and an alumnae minority to thank, over some years. In a beloved, nobly and Christianly founded college, so superior in so much, any inconsistencies in academic freedom should be impossible. Is academic freedom only for experimental and ultra-free construing by campuses, or is it the privilege (maybe duty) also of well-informed graduate critics from whom acquiescent Giving as Usual is expected?

"Money talks." So does withholding it. Where are the capitalist fathers who pay the bills?

Indianapolis, Ind. T. V. P. KRULL

Miss Fellers's article attracted much attention here because of nearness to Vassar and confirmed what we had heard in part. . . . A further article by Miss Fellers would be appreciated by families with daughters headed for college, and considering Vassar.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y. W. M. J.

In a College Library

I came across your article about the Consumers Union [July 28, 1952]. I remarked to the university librarian that the article had cleared up a question in my mind as to which of the two consumer groups was the Communist front. Another librarian overheard me and gave me an emotional tirade defending the Consumers Union and charging that your magazine was "scurrilous lies."

I pointed out that the article was apparently based on the facts provided

by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. She . . . said she had the list and could prove the Consumers Union was not in it. When I asked to see the list, she said it would take a long time to find. I said I thought the time would be well spent. She could not find it, however, and tried to interest me in some other subjects. Finally, I told her I would get the information direct, and I wrote to the Committee. They sent me documented evidence proving the truth of your article. I also reported the librarian's efforts to conceal the truth and to discredit an honest source to a student in quest of the objective facts.

MYRTLE PIHLMAN POPE
Philadelphia, Pa.

From a Newspaper Publisher

I subscribe to a load of publications, but the *Freeman* is my pet; sharpest razor ever honed.

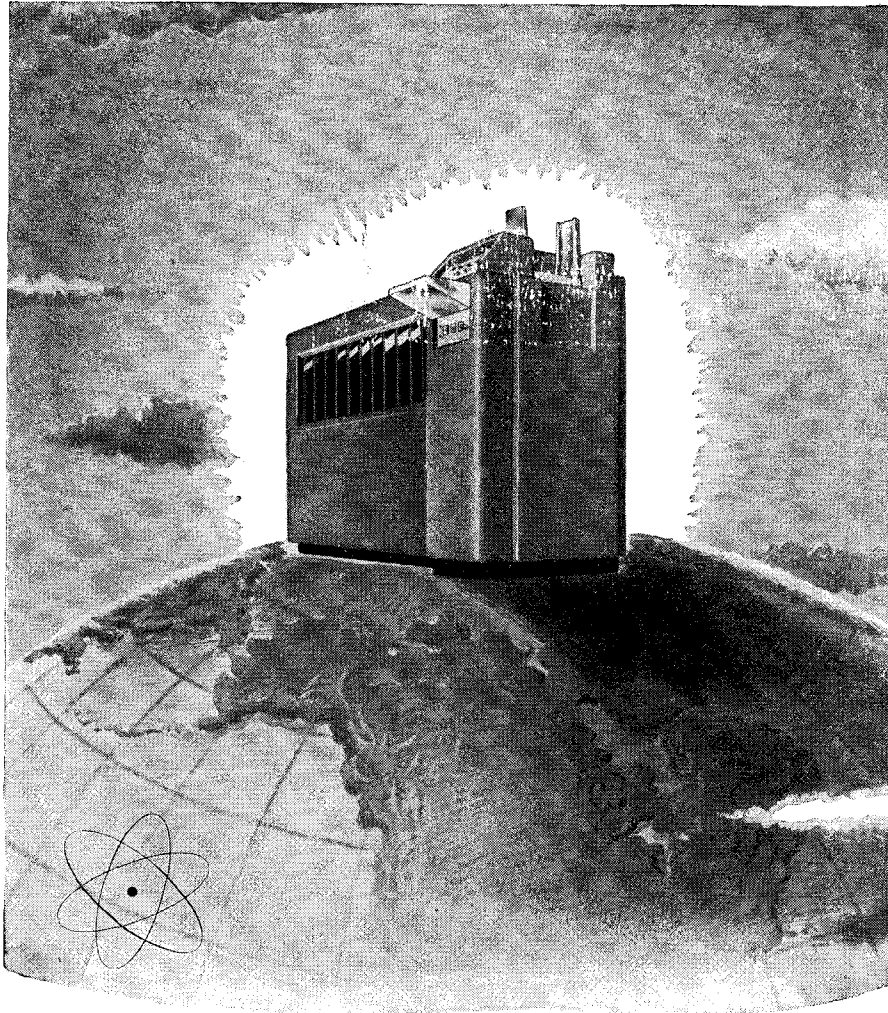
Cut Bank, Mont. DAN WHETSTONE

The Greatest Country

(Here are the notes for Professor Knight's article on page 158.)

1. In particular, near the mouth of the Tiber River.
2. In their characteristic qualities, the small farmers and shepherds resembled the Puritans of old New England.
3. The successful revolt against Etruscan domination.
4. The republic, beginning shortly before 500 B. C., followed a period of elected kings.
5. Carthage.
6. As in our own country, the people took territory to protect their frontiers, more territory to insure the new acquisition, etc.
7. The excellence of some 40 or 50 thousand miles of highway which converged on the capital is indicated by the fact that it took no longer to go between London and Rome in ancient times than in the early 1800s.
8. Served by the famous aqueducts, the capital alone boasted about a thousand public baths and many thousands of fountains. The bathrooms of the better private dwellings had hot and cold water.
9. Thus, hot air was radiated into rooms from hollow tiles in the walls.
10. The works of Cicero, Virgil, Seneca, Horace, Ovid, Livy, etc.
11. Such as the Wall of Hadrian, the amphitheater at Nimes, the country house of Diocletian, the Colosseum and the Pantheon.
12. The empire came to embrace the Italian peninsula, North Africa, Egypt, much of southwest Asia, most of the Balkan and Danubian areas, Spain, France and even England.

(Continued on page 178)



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13. "Agricultural adjustment administrations" ran an "ever-normal granary" and a food-stamp plan for selling grain below the market price to those who would stand in line for it. Eventually relief by underpriced or free food became a hereditary right. However, the authorities never cured the basic plight of the farmer, or a surplus caused by the competition of better lands in the provinces.

14. As Rostovtzev says, new cities built to improve the home market came "new hives for drones": the able and public spectacles, or what Juvenal called "bread and circuses," merely attracted loafers.

15. Octavian Augustus, chief from B. C. 31 to 14 A. D.

16. Like the Gracchus brothers before him, Julius Caesar wrote his death warrant by backing the plebians against the patricians.

17. Hatred of businessmen by the small-farmer class which came to dominate the army led to the fateful civil wars of the third century A. D.

18. Businessmen were flayed by Juvenal and "Christian" writers not so much for being wicked as simply for being prosperous, that is, for producing what the people wanted and doing it efficiently.

19. Under Diocletian, 283-305 A. D., the bureaucracy included four imperial courts, four prefectures, twelve dioceses, and over a hundred provinces, all with layers of officials and flocks of subordinates.

20. The army became a provincial mob which turned from defending Romans to plundering them. "Taxes" came to include food, lodging, transportation and loot for the legions.

21. Local officials were held responsible for turning over revenues to tax collectors, and their property was confiscated when they failed to make exorbitant payments.

22. Under Diocletian, the buying power of the denarius was about one-fortieth what it had been in Augustus's time.

23. Diocletian. When his price-fixing edict caused a flight of producers, further edicts froze farmers, laborers and businessmen to their localities and occupations.

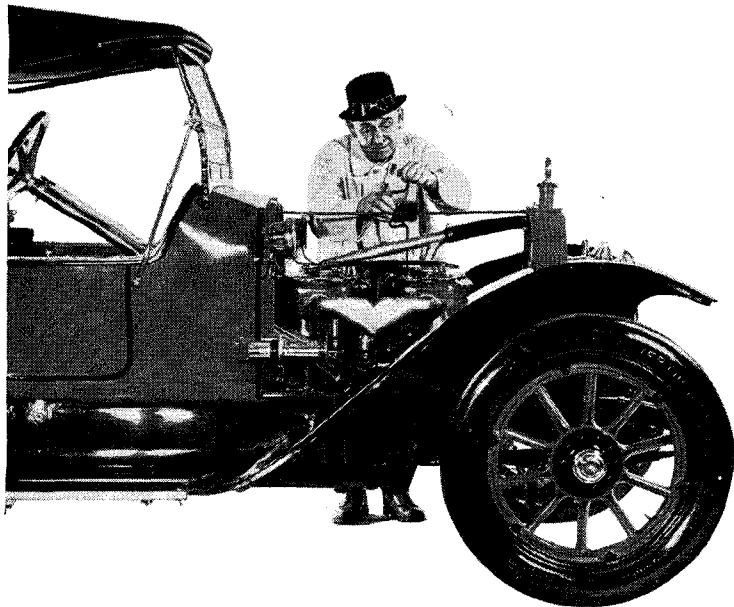
24. Referring to the senators, Tiberius exclaimed, "O men, ready for slavery!"

25. A religion which has since become especially powerful in Europe and America.

26. Throughout most of the third century A. D. the position of emperor was "the reward of successful generals of increasingly provincial and uncultured origins (Langer)."

27. Although the traditional end of the Roman Empire did not come until 476 A. D., Rome had ceased to be Roman under Diocletian: three centuries from the benevolent Welfare State of Augustus to the last New Deal of complete despotism.

28. So dark for the capital that its population, which probably exceeded a million at the peak, dwindled down to about 20,000 in the Middle Ages.



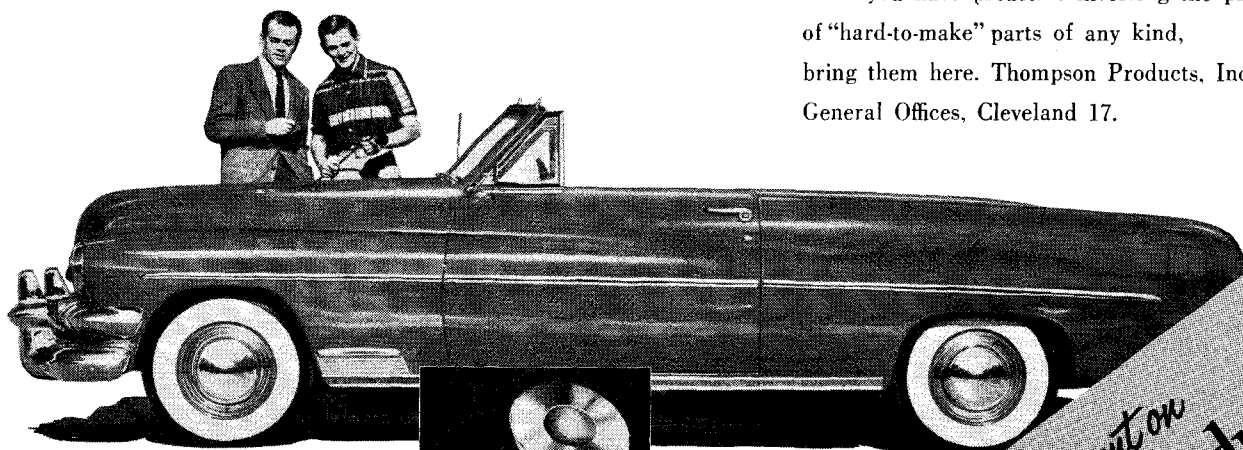
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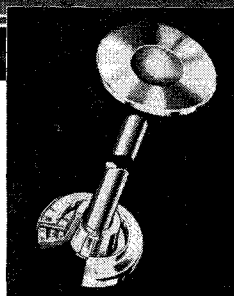
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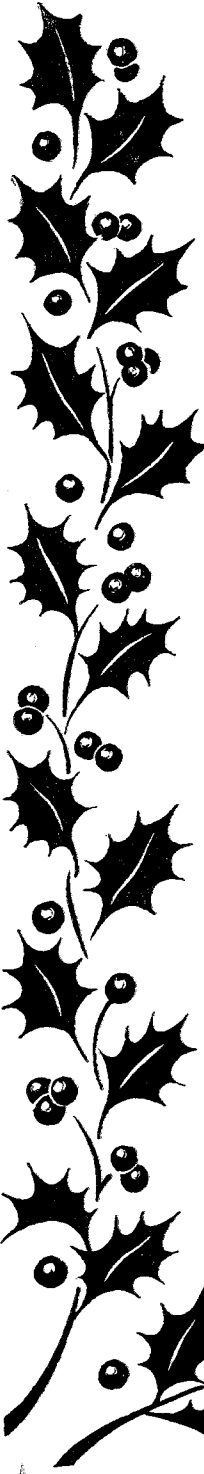


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