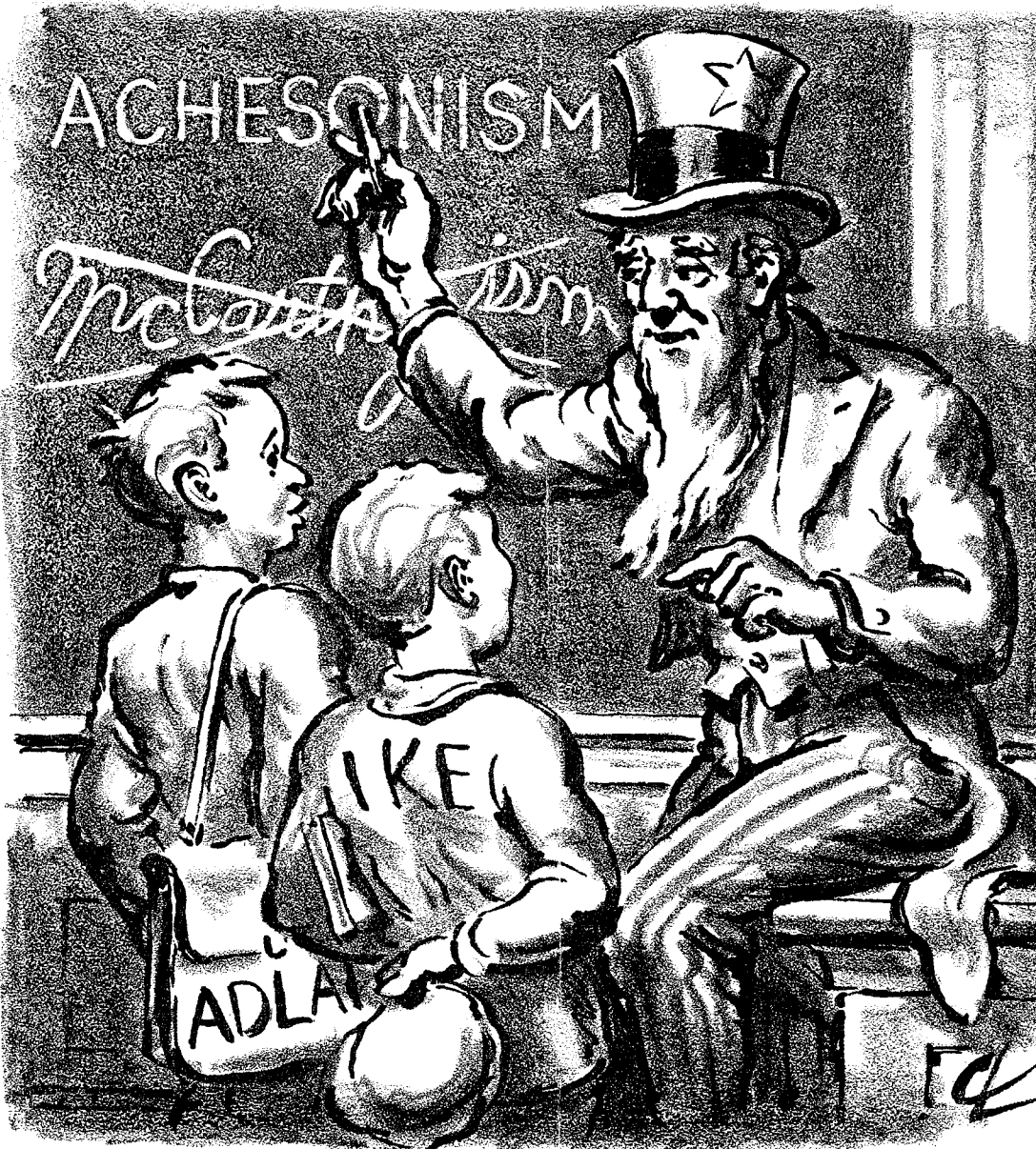


THE *Freeman*

OCTOBER 6, 1952 25¢

Virginia Prefers Byrd
Virginus Dabney

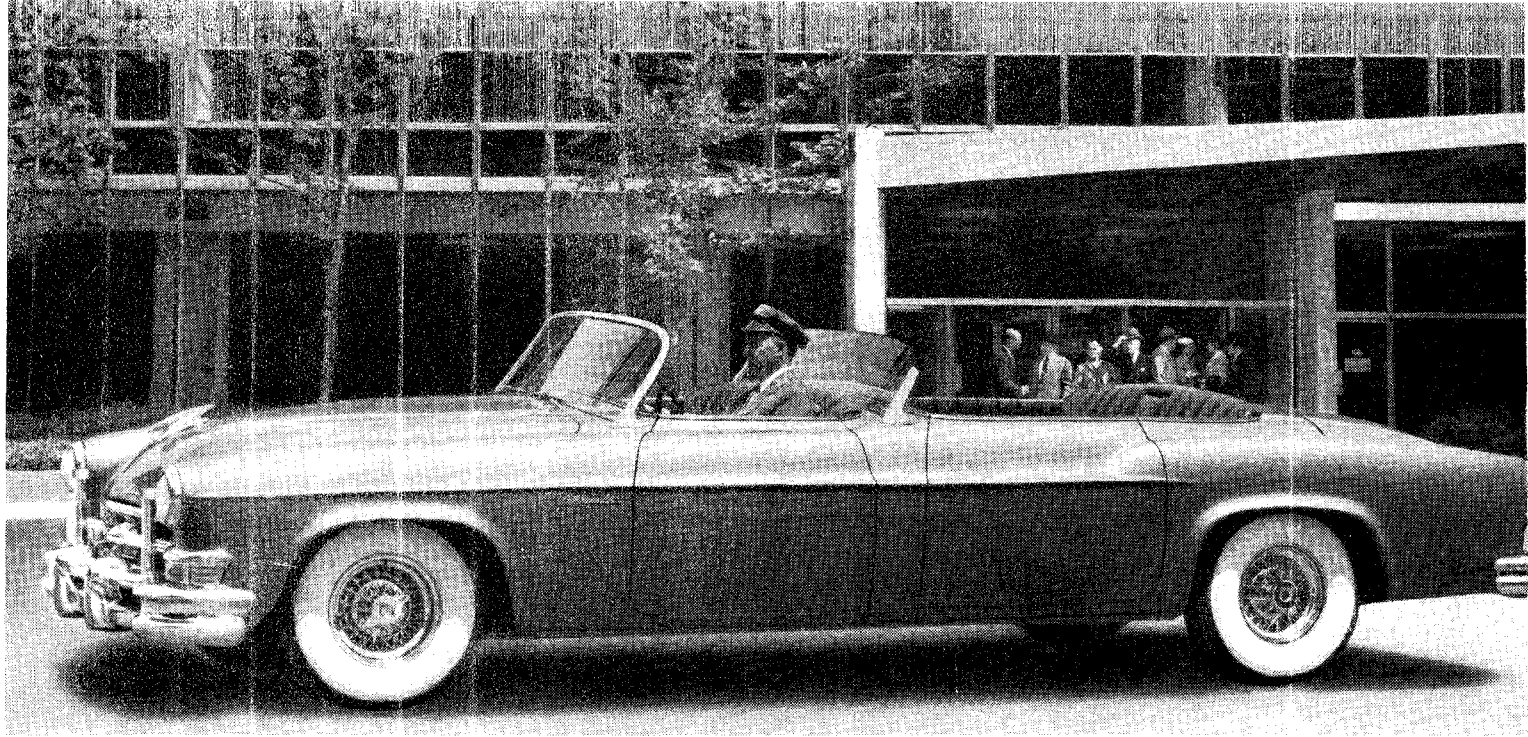
How to Answer Neutralism
Alexander P. de Seversky



**Acheson:
The
Spook
of 1952**

Burton Rascoe

This Is the "Ism" to Hit, Boys!



THE NEW PHAETON is a Chrysler-built custom automobile. Powering it is the Chrysler FirePower Engine. It has a wheelbase of $147\frac{1}{2}$ " and is distinguished by full-time Power Steering, Oriflow Shock Absorbers, Fluid-Torque Drive and other Chrysler engineering exclusives. Tonneau top is concealed.

STYLING THAT INFLUENCES YOUR CHRYSLER-BUILT CAR

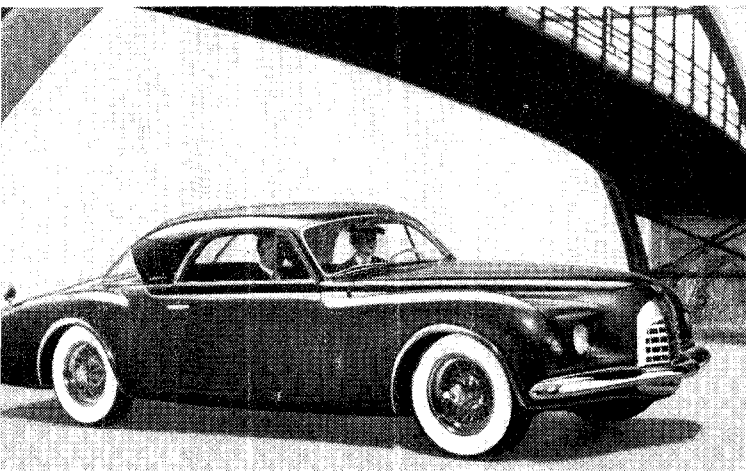
From the dramatic cars on this page — each an example of creative styling and engineering — come advances that appear in every Chrysler Corporation car.

Chrysler designers and engineers developed the K-310, the C-200 and the new Chrysler Phaeton to express certain ideas of construction and styling — to put to the test of steel and fabric their newest, most promising automotive developments. A superior motor car evolves; it does not suddenly come into being: these graceful, pleasing designs, and the lessons learned perfecting them, are reflected in the creation of your Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler.

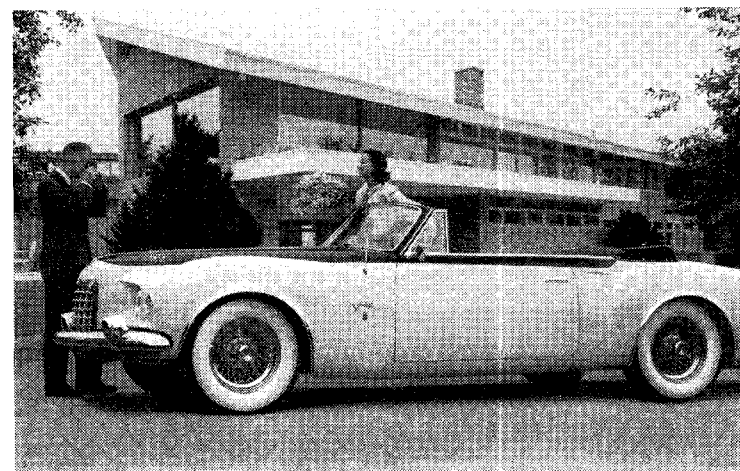
These, therefore, are "idea cars" — expressions in line and in form of the imagination always at work at Chrysler Corporation. Exciting outside and inside, they reflect continuing Chrysler principles — that beauty, in an automobile, follows function, and that car designs can best be created by designers *and* engineers, working together.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION engineers and builds **PLYMOUTH, DODGE, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER CARS & DODGE TRUCKS**

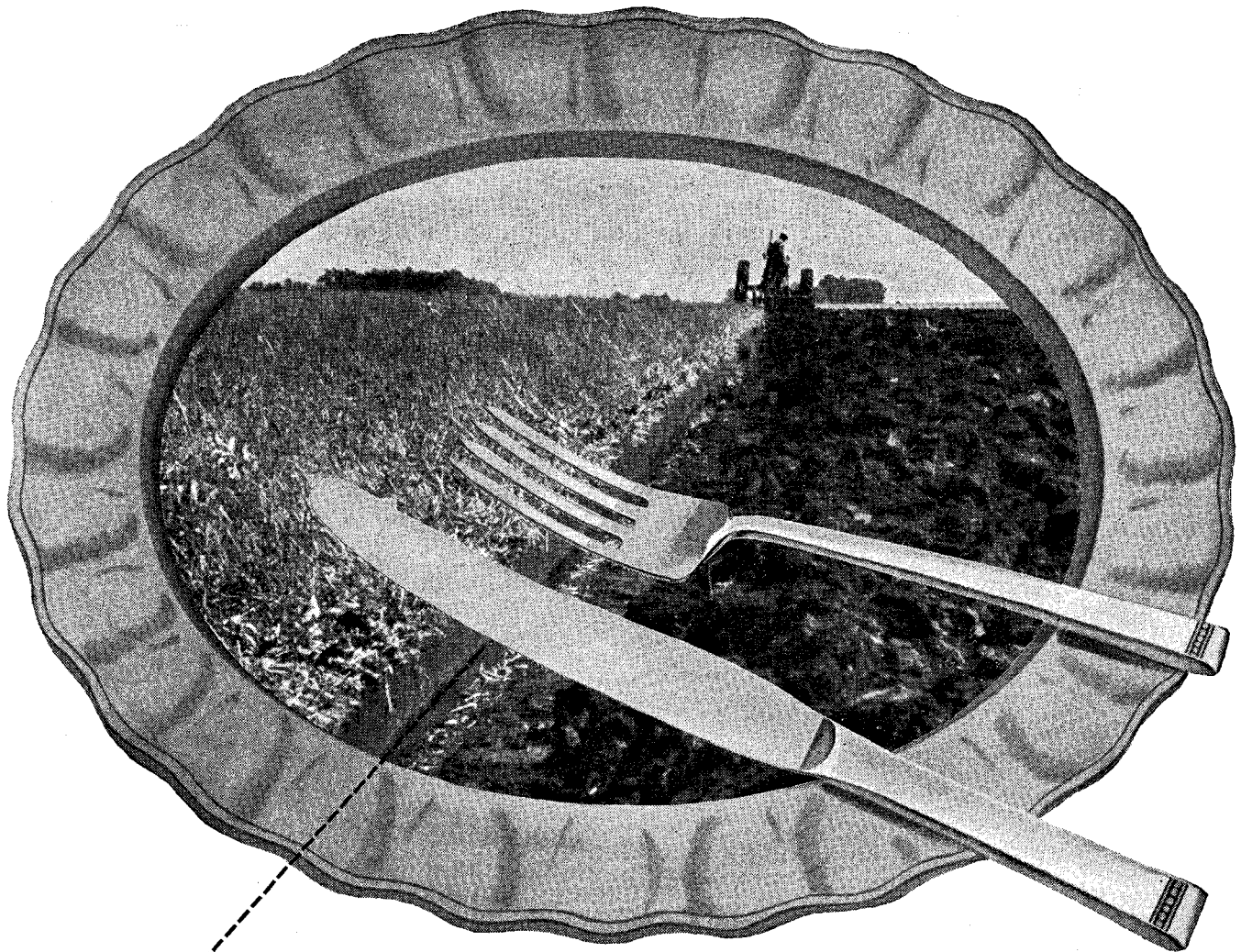
Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engines • Oilite Metal Powder Products • Mopar Parts & Accessories • Airtemp Heating, Air Conditioning, Refrigeration • Cycleweld Cement Products



THE K-310, designed and engineered by Chrysler and handcrafted by Ghia of Turin, Italy. Only 59" high, with a wheelbase of $125\frac{1}{2}$ ", it is designed to use the Chrysler FirePower V8 Engine and full-time Power Steering. This "idea car" represents an entirely new American theme in motor car functional styling.



THE C-200, designed by Chrysler and handcrafted, like the K-310, by Ghia of Turin, Italy. It is powered by the Chrysler FirePower Engine and its brakes are the new, exclusive Chrysler self-energizing disc type. The handsome chrome-plated 17" wire wheels combine lively sports car styling with practical brake-cooling design.



Who dishes up your three square meals a day?

GOOD FARM MACHINES AND SOUND FARMING METHODS FEED 155 MILLION AMERICANS DAILY! TEN YEARS FROM NOW THEY WILL FEED 168 MILLION.

Most of us have jobs of our choice in home, factory or business. However, years ago there wasn't the variety, or freedom of choice, when it came to earning a living.

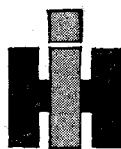
For instance, a hundred years ago 7 out of 10 of us would have been farmers whether we liked it or not. Today, thanks to modern farm machines, 1½ out of every 10 of us lives and works on the land.

Of course, the man who provides three square meals per day for America's dinner tables is still the farmer. But there are fewer of him and he has become a *production expert* who combines native ability with the finest tools of *mechanized agriculture*. During the last ten years alone, as farm population decreased 4 million, he increased agricultural output 29% . . . chances are that the trend will continue. We cannot estimate what percentage of the future population will be farmers but we can be mighty sure that it will depend on

machinery more than ever before.

International Harvester has been a part of farm production progress for generations. In fact, three-fourths of the products we build are agricultural machines that help ring up those production records. Not only do they enable fewer farmers to produce our food and fiber but they also free millions of potential farm workers to put their skill and energies into other essential industries.

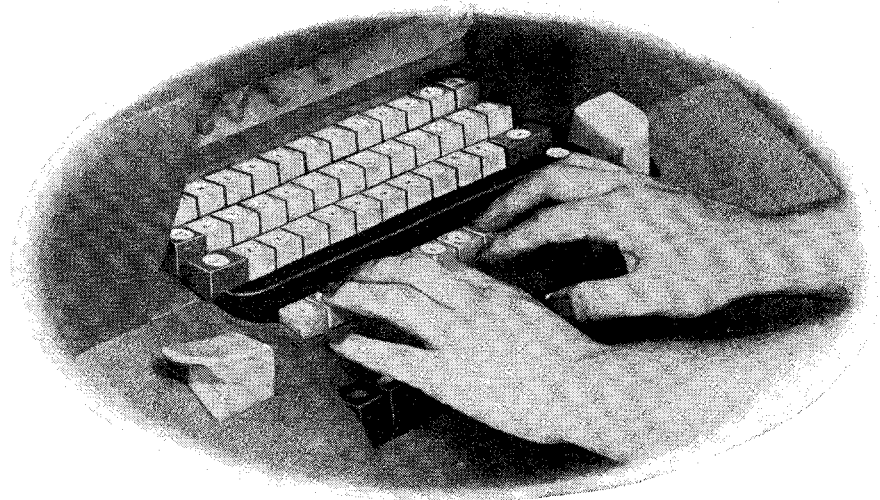
Result: Agricultural and industrial teamwork that insures a better living standard and greater security for each and everyone!



**INTERNATIONAL
HARVESTER**

Chicago 1,
Illinois

Builders of products that pay for themselves in use . . .
International Trucks • McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors •
Crawler Tractors and Power Units • Refrigerators and Freezers



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Letters

The Russian People

Let me express the gratitude that you printed the articles of Igor Bogolepov and F. A. Voigt [August 11] because both of these articles help to understand Russian problems and to separate Russian people as a people from Soviet Government. We need in America this understanding because as it seems to us Russians it will be easier to overthrow Soviet Government than to try to destroy it by war.

New York City NICHOLAS MELNIKOFF

Call Them "Literates"?

Doubtless many other of your readers concur in the letter from Arthur H. Blair [August 11] deploring the use of the word "intellectuals" as applied to the long-hairs of communism. Would it not be more appropriate to refer to them as the "literates" as distinguished from the illiterates? It seems to me that those who are classified as "intellectuals" have defective intellects if they honestly in their own minds accept the doctrine of communism.

Valparaiso, Ind. HAROLD P. BROWN

The Loss of China

Mr. Lawrence Brown's article, "China Disaster: Fact and Fable," [August 25] was a well-written and accurate analysis. But I have always felt that such articles, because they *are* step-by-step analyses, do a disservice to your readers. Such articles, by concentrating on the *process* of loss, somehow de-emphasize the loss itself. The defenders of our catastrophic China policy, by rebutting individual steps in that policy, have an opportunity to obscure the catastrophe itself.

For it is the loss of China that is the damning, unavoidable fact. In China, the United States committed millions of dollars, thousands of trained and able military, political and economic experts. But China was lost. In war, when a well-trained, well-equipped division meets disaster, it is the strategy that was wrong. In China, the political strategy was wrong. No White Paper can hide the fact of defeat or put the blame elsewhere than on those who framed that strategy.

Washington, D. C. ALAN F. WINSLOW

Useful in Economics Classes

As a teacher of economics, I find your devotion to liberty a welcome oasis in a vast desert of statism and welfare planning exhibited by most of the periodicals and news sources. I have used to advantage in my classes many facts which I found in the *Freeman*.

Newark, N. J. ALEXANDER GOLDFINGER

THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

Editors JOHN CHAMBERLAIN FORREST DAVIS
HENRY HAZLITT*

Managing Editor SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Business Manager KURT M. LASSEN

*on leave

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THE FREEMAN is published every other week, Publication Office, Orange, Conn. Editorial and General Offices, 240 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Copyright in the United States, 1952, by the Freeman Magazine, Inc. John Chamberlain, President; Henry Hazlitt, Vice President; Forrest Davis, Secretary; Alex L. Hillman, Treasurer; Suzanne La Follette, Assistant Treasurer.

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

Our Contributors

VIRGINIUS DABNEY has been one of Senator Harry F. Byrd's closest observers and, at times, his severest critic since the years 1926-'30, when Byrd was Governor of Virginia and Virginius a State-House reporter in Richmond. Since those days both men have gone far. Virginius has been editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* since 1936; his editorials won him the Pulitzer prize in 1947; he has contributed to the mass circulation magazines, to the *New York Times*, the *Economist* of London and the "Dictionary of American Biography." Mr. Dabney elected himself the biographer of the late Bishop Cannon, and his books include, besides two on that dry czar of an all but forgotten day, "Liberalism in the South" and "Below the Potomac."

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY returns to his urgent theme, the necessity for a genuine air striking power. His "We Have No Air Power" in the *Freeman* of last June 16 evoked widespread interest. . . . L. ALBERT HAHN has written previously on economic subjects for the *Freeman*. Onetime manager of a leading provincial bank in Germany, he opposed the monetary policies leading to the ruinous inflation of the early 1920s. His latest book: "The Economics of Illusion."

A frequent *Freeman* contributor, GEORGE WINDER writes for the *London City Press*, is an economist and lives on a farm in Sussex. . . . BURTON RASCOE is, of course, the distinguished literary and dramatic critic for New York newspapers and magazines who has lately turned his hand in the *Freeman* to political and social criticism.

Among Ourselves

The cheeks of the editor-who-reads-the-mail have been suffused with blushes since Labor Day when Mr. and Mrs. America, returning from vacation, have again taken pen in hand to write their favorite periodicals. Each mail brings its meed of praise and we would be less than human did we not, at the risk of being considered immodest, share some of these gems with our readers. For example, the eminent novelist, Miss Taylor Caldwell, announces that she intends combining a speech on behalf of General Eisenhower in October with a campaign for *Freeman* subscriptions.

Then there is that New York advertising man whose name is a household word and who drops us a bit of encouragement now and again. "I think," he wrote, "that the last number of the *Freeman* is the best yet." There is also, bringing us October cheer, the publisher of the *Hunterdon County (N. J.) Democrat*, who observes: "We read the *Freeman* from cover to cover every issue and have sent it to a number of friends. I wish every rural publisher in America could have it because it gets down to the basic tenets which most of us in the country areas still hold dear."

We took heart likewise when, last week, Mrs. Robert A. Taft dropped us a card asking that the *Freeman* be changed from the Tafts' Washington to their Cincinnati address because they expect to be at home in Ohio until next January.

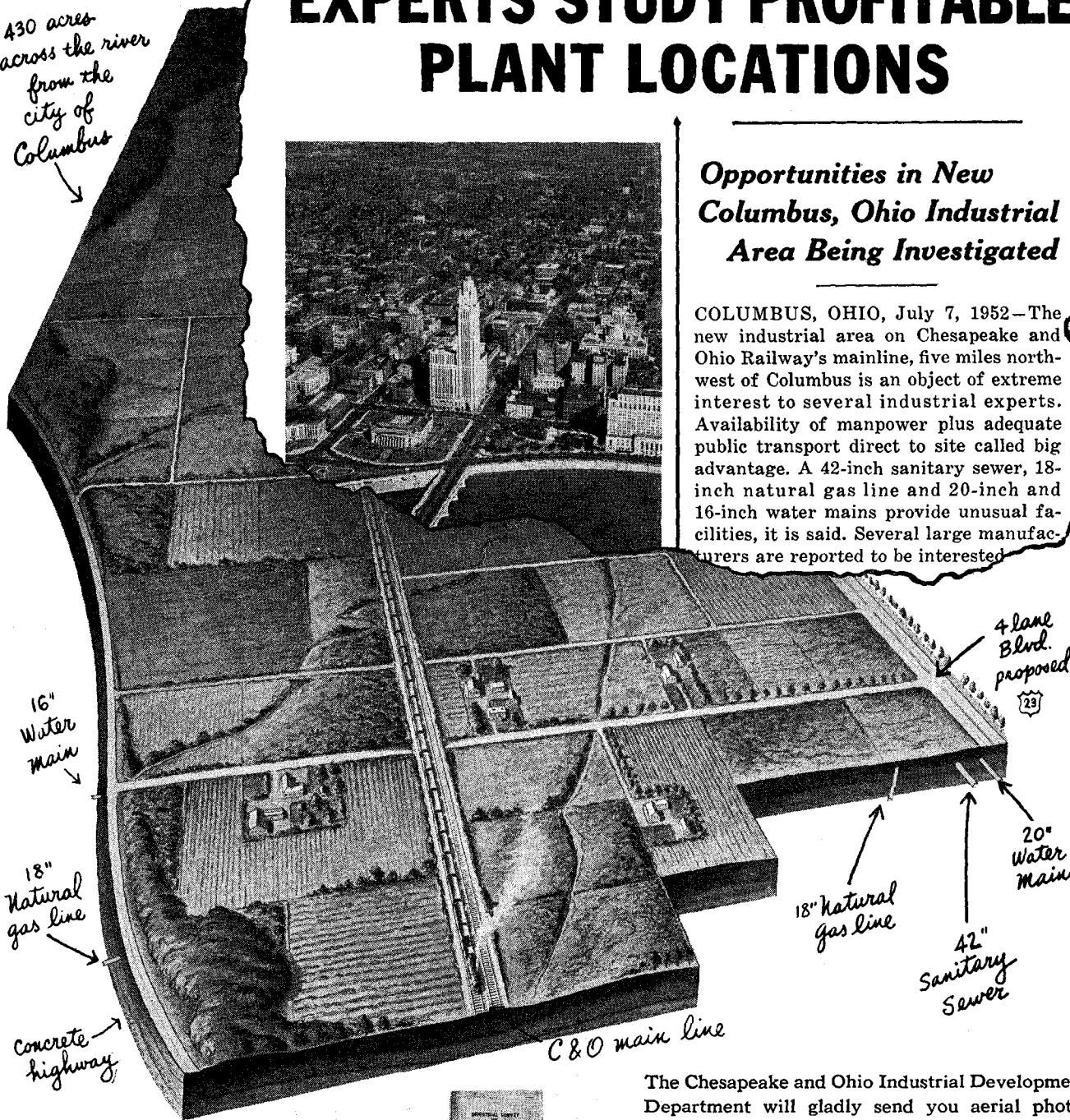
EXPERTS STUDY PROFITABLE PLANT LOCATIONS

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across the river
from the
city of
Columbus

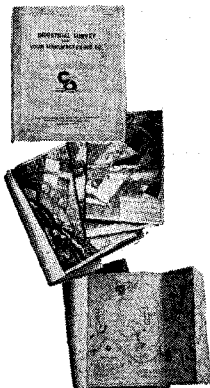


Opportunities in New Columbus, Ohio Industrial Area Being Investigated

COLUMBUS, OHIO, July 7, 1952—The new industrial area on Chesapeake and Ohio Railway's mainline, five miles northwest of Columbus is an object of extreme interest to several industrial experts. Availability of manpower plus adequate public transport direct to site called big advantage. A 42-inch sanitary sewer, 18-inch natural gas line and 20-inch and 16-inch water mains provide unusual facilities, it is said. Several large manufacturers are reported to be interested.



SERVING: Virginia • West Virginia • Kentucky
Ohio • Indiana • Michigan • Southern Ontario



The Chesapeake and Ohio Industrial Development Department will gladly send you aerial photographs, topographical maps, detailed tax data, water analysis and other confidential information on these and other available sites.

C & O's "Pin-Point" Surveys are Strictly Confidential

Finding the right spot for your new plant can be a costly, time-consuming job for you and your organization. Let our experts in this field make the task easy by preparing a special PIN-POINT survey to meet your requirements. For further information write Chesapeake and Ohio, Industrial Development Dept. Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

THE Freeman

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1952

The Fortnight

Aldai Stevenson has chosen to twit our preponderantly Republican newspaper editors on the subject of their "one-party press." Meaning, of course, that it is hardly fair to see the editorial writers lining up on the Republican side of the fence. At the same time a poll of the 37 reporters traveling with Eisenhower reveals that 24 of them prefer Stevenson, while six are undecided. This would seem to add up more or less to a one-party front page, since it is well known that sympathy dictates tone even in the most "objective" writing. Franklin Roosevelt understood the implications of such a situation, and when he complained it was merely for the sake of the record. He knew that editorial writers could always be counted on to lose a battle with the "news."

What the news writers can do for or against a candidate is evident in their inflation of Dick Nixon's \$18,000 expense fund from private sources into a major scandal. Not one shred of evidence has thus far been offered that this fund was used for any other purpose than to publicize the principles in which Mr. Nixon believes. Yet the news writers have represented the Republican high command as trying to decide whether they should withdraw their Vice-Presidential candidate, and have given columns of space to the synthetic moral outrage among the Democratic big-wigs — of all people.

Just to show how well the news writers and Democratic politicians are able to control their moral indignation, we refer our readers to a Washington dispatch in the *Chicago Tribune* of September 15. It

stated that the ineffable Secretary Brannan had assigned "four top-salaried speech writers still on the government payroll to help the Democratic National Committee" (government salaries \$8000 to \$10,000 a year); also that the Secretary had assigned his \$17,500 Under Secretary, Clarence J. McCormick, to campaign for Stevenson. McCormick, it said, according to Department records had already made 36 political speeches in the last six months.

After reading this story we waited confidently for the press to blast Mr. Brannan's use of government employees to promote the interests of a political party. Silence. Turning public funds to private uses is evidently OK with the press—as long as they are the uses of Administration candidates. But to devote private funds to public uses is reprehensible—if the man who expends them happens to be an opposition candidate. The newsmen don't say this, of course; they allow their actions to speak for them.

Dean Acheson is understandably anxious to prove that he has been right at least once, but he picked the wrong cue, as usual. The recent Sino-Soviet accord, Mr. Acheson proudly told reporters, "bears out a prediction he made two and a half years ago that Russia would not yield its control over Port Arthur." If this boast means anything at all it means that the Secretary of State knew *two and a half years ago* how irrevocably the Soviets were set on aggression in Asia. Yet *one year later* Mr. Acheson assured Congress that peace prospects were excellent in Asia and, even worse, that the U. S. "defense perimeter" did *not* include Korea. Intellectual pride, in short, is the last thing Mr. Acheson can af-

Birthday Dinner

The Freeman is observing its second birthday with a dinner in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, on Friday evening, October 24. Mr. Herbert Hoover has consented to be honorary chairman of the dinner committee and Mrs. Preston Davie is graciously serving as chairman.

Senator Robert A. Taft is to be the principal speaker. This will be Senator Taft's only New York appearance before November 4.

As this dinner is for the benefit of the Freeman, the cover is to be \$100. Ladies will, of course, be especially welcome. There will be further announcements in the Freeman and the press concerning later developments and added features.

ford: the more he stresses his prescience, the more he will have to account for.

Not all campaign literature is ephemeral in interest and importance. Witness this gem recently quoted in *Forbes Magazine*:

For one reason or another, even a wisely led political party, given long tenure of office, finally fails to express any longer the will of the people, and when it does so fail to express the will of the people, it ceases to be an effective instrument of government. It is far better for such a political party, certainly better for the state, that it should be relegated to the role of critic and that the opposing political party should assume the reins of government.

General Eisenhower couldn't have phrased it better in 1952. And the validity of this advice for the 1952 electorate is in no way lessened by the fact that it was first offered just twenty years ago by the Democratic candidate, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

To applaud Mr. J. Howard McGrath is, for us, a rare pleasure and we grab it with alacrity. Testifying before the House subcommittee which investigates the Administration's gamier corruption scandals, the former Attorney General defended the somewhat incredible Mr. T. Lamar Caudle and added: "I think if firings were to be the order of the day, there were plenty of places to start besides Lamar Caudle. . . . If we wanted a job done, there are many men in the [Justice] Department who could have been picked. . . ." This sworn testimony means (if we remember the elementary rules of logic) that, as Mr. McGrath patently did *not* "pick" any of these men, he did not want "a job done." Which is more than any other Truman Democrat (including Alger Hiss) has ever confessed to publicly. The relatively forthright Mr. McGrath deserves a hand.

We have just learned of an extremely heartening development in the South. This is the popularity of great pageants, or dramas with music, featuring such American worthies as Daniel Webster, Davy Crockett and Nathan Hale. In amphitheaters carved out of hillsides, huge audiences gather to applaud the substance of our pioneer story as it is enacted in a number of dramatic variations. We have just finished reading the script of "Thunderland: The Story of Daniel Boone, a Drama With Music," which played all summer at the Forest Amphitheater at Asheville in North Carolina. Listening to the words attributed to Daniel Boone, we cherish the thought that, as Broadway sinks more and more into miasma, the back country may revive the feeling for drama and pageantry that we used to think was indigenous to New York.

Harry Truman says he hasn't heard of any mess in Washington. That's what we were afraid of.

A Real Campaign

That Senator Taft would support the Republican Presidential nominee was no great news; he had promised his full support within minutes after General Eisenhower's nomination. What has dismayed the Democratic strategists and set the commentators madly guessing is the patently sincere cordiality which has developed between "Mr. Republican" and a candidate who owes his nomination to the "me too" wing of the Republican Party. The strategists of politics and press had not counted on that.

They might have been better prepared had they not consistently underestimated the strength of those elements within the Republican Party whose chosen symbol is Senator Taft. No doubt there were mutual concessions at the Taft-Eisenhower conference. But the cries of "surrender" from the Democratic camp are mere opposition politics; and the guesses of the commentators ignore the simple fact that a Presidential candidate, if he wants to win, is inevitably polarized toward the strongest forces in the party for which he stands. He can not appeal to its supporters merely as an individual who wants to be President and hopes they will vote for him on grounds of party regularity no matter what his views. He is obliged to offer them at least a large measure of agreement on principles and issues. In other words, unless he can make them feel that he represents them he is likely to go down to defeat on election day.

Governor Dewey's failure in 1948 illustrates this truism. The opinion polls showed a strong Republican trend among the voters. But Dewey ignored the issues on which the voters were aroused. He ignored the regular Republican organization. He ran his campaign with the advice of his own private brain trust, and paid no heed to grass-roots sentiment. And when election day dawned the voters, as one wit expressed it, "turned over and yawned him to defeat."

In 1952 those Republicans who want an end to the Administration's irresponsible and ruinous fiscal policies, its frittering away of American strength, its financial and moral corruption and its appeasement of communism at home and abroad, are far more numerous and vocal than in 1948. This was evident at the Convention, which wildly cheered Herbert Hoover and then, as Richard Rovere put it, nominated Eisenhower while preferring Taft. It was not strange that Eisenhower—who fortunately does not appear to share Dewey's Gallupollomania or his contempt for the party rank and file—came to realize, after some pathetic fumbling which can probably be attributed to the influence of "me too" advisers on a politically inexperienced man, his need of the only elements in the Republican Party which make it a genuine opposition to the party in power.

On the Democratic side this same polarization was evident much earlier than on the Republican. The extreme "liberal" wing of the Democratic Party lost the Convention; but it captured the candidate in short order. The dispatch no doubt was due to Stevenson's own "liberal" predilections and associations during his service in the Democratic Administration. But the *fact* is to be explained by the magnetic pull of the "liberal" wing of the Administration Party, which has dictated policy throughout the "New" and "Fair" Deals. The dissident Democrats could not possibly hold the candidate even to a mildly conservative course. He had to go left, for he is, by virtue of his candidacy, the chosen defender of the statism, tenderness toward Sovietism and complacency in the face of Communist infiltration which constitute the administrative record of the party he represents.

Thus, as the campaign progresses the two candidates, who at first looked to many principled voters like Tweedledum and Tweedledee moving down the middle of the road, are drawn further and further apart as each responds to the pull of the strongest forces in his party. Each has lost support in the process—Stevenson more than Eisenhower. But each is coming more and more to represent his party's side of the great issues which divide the country. And by that token the electorate will have a real chance to vote on the issues come November.

The Ten Year Plan

An outraged correspondent has sent us a clipping from *U. S. News and World Report*, summarizing the situation in the Korean war. There are, it says, no signs of a real change.

Casualties seem stabilized at about 30,000 American youths a year. Truce talks remain a device for keeping war limited while Communists build up forces; while plans are made to overcome UN air advantage. . . . U. S. youths will go on doing most of the fighting . . . Nationalist Chinese, who want to fight against the Communists, will not be used. Their use would offend Communist China.

There you have the facts; not as General Bradley or Secretary Acheson would dress them up, but precise and ungarnished. As our correspondent indignantly remarks, the "stabilization" of casualties at 30,000 American boys a year is reminiscent of the 1936 Democratic slogan, "We planned it that way." And when, in human history before Korea, has any power at war refrained from hitting an enemy with all forces available lest that enemy be "offended"? Thirty thousand American youths, it appears, are to be sacrificed annually—or at least so long as the enemy does not interfere with the "stabilization" of our casualties—in order that Communist Chinese may not be "offended" by the

bullets of anti-Communist Chinese. Such are the sickening consequences of waging a war of appeasement.

The Aztec blood sacrifice in Korea, it seems, has come to be regarded in official circles as part of a Ten Year Plan. A little over a year ago a House of Representatives Appropriations Defense subcommittee released a report of testimony given by General L. Lawton Collins, Army Chief of Staff. Under questioning by Representative John Taber of New York, General Collins said the Korean conflict might drag on for ten years before it could be brought to a "successful conclusion." This worried Representative Taber, who said: "Frankly, the thing that bothers me is that the military in control at the present time have no program, and no prospect that they can call attention to, that will bring the thing to a head and clean it up. Is that not about right?"

General Collins's answer to Taber's pointed question was a gloomy "We certainly can not guarantee any program."

The Ten Year Plan theme may have been a mere improvisation when it first emerged from General Collins's mouth. Just a little later, however, the motif of a decade of "stabilized" sacrifice was sounded in another quarter. In September of 1951 the American Council on Education called "A National Conference on Women in the Defense *Decade*—to discuss what women's attitudes, philosophy and activities should be in the *next ten years*." In October of 1951 Anna M. Rosenberg, Assistant Secretary of Defense, chimed in with a demand for more power for her department, implying that the drafting of women could be expected. Mrs. Rosenberg supplemented this in 1952 by saying: "If we are fortunate we will not be facing a period of tension *for more than ten years*." (Italics ours.)

The curious thing about all this is that the ten-year refrain is also dinned into the ears of captive Americans by the Chinese Communists themselves. *Counterattack* recently quoted an escaped American thus:

"We'll take America in ten years," Chinese Communists say. They threatened that repeatedly to Rev. Robert Greene, a missionary recently expelled from China after being under house arrest for 17 months, in solitary confinement for three months and undergoing 192 hours of torture.

"If they told me that once they told me a thousand times. They believe it. They really mean it. They say it again and again everywhere. That's their aim," the missionary said.

Meanwhile, Muscovy licks its collective chops. In that conversation he had with the Italian Nenni, Stalin announced himself as "serene" in his feeling that the United States can not dispose armies capable of waging land warfare. Stalin expressed himself as ready and willing to face *ten or more years of cold war* (the Ten Year Plan again), and seemed

pleased with the impasse in Korea because it is locking up half the American army on a remote peninsula.

In his reaction to Adlai Stevenson's little quips, General Eisenhower has remarked tartly that Korea isn't a joke. But maybe it is one—a sardonic Olympian jest of the type celebrated in the somber novels of Thomas Hardy whenever that Grand Old Man of Letters invoked the irony of the President of the Immortals. Thirty thousand casualties a year add up to 300,000 casualties in ten years—a nice thought to leave with you this month as your boy enters school or college to prepare for life under the Ten Year Plan.

Achesonism Is the Issue

We refer you to the article by Burton Rascoe in this issue. Therein Mr. Rascoe states with pith and point the fairly obvious fact that Secretary of State Dean Acheson constitutes the high symbol of the 1952 Presidential campaign. At one and the same time Mr. Acheson embodies the demoralization, defeat and disintegration of our world policy and the Administration's determined and sometimes frantic efforts to protect accused Communists and subversives in the government service.

The Democratic candidate, Governor Stevenson, has had a humorous field day over General Eisenhower's guilt by association with certain Senatorial candidates of his own party. Up to now the Republican campaign authorities have failed to counter with Stevenson's bleak record of association with Alger Hiss and Secretary Acheson. Upon this point Governor Stevenson is defenseless. Like Acheson, he refused to turn his back upon Hiss. The convicted traitor, now immured in a Federal prison, is in reality the touchstone of this campaign so far as the Democratic candidate is concerned. How deeply was he involved with Hiss? How deeply is Stevenson involved with Acheson? Would he retain Acheson either as Secretary of State or as a principal adviser if elected?

Is it not time for the Republican campaign authorities to bring home to Stevenson his associations with Hiss and his mentor and friend, Acheson?

Somewhat by accident the *Freeman* has learned of a further piece of evidence demonstrating Acheson's extreme and, in this case, perhaps unlawful and certainly unethical, solicitude for Hiss. During the Hiss hearings, after that worthy had separated himself from the State Department, Hiss appeared one day in Westminster, Maryland, accompanied by his wife and Adrian Fisher, chief counsel of the Department of State. Remember that Hiss was no longer a member of the Department. The three visited the office of Whittaker Chambers's lawyers, who had represented him solely in real estate and other business matters related to his sojourn in

Carroll County. Hiss, who was at the time seeking by every means within his power to discredit Chambers, asked the latter's lawyers to give him the details of his business transactions, who held his mortgages if any, who had perhaps helped him in the purchase of his farms. The Westminster lawyer being interrogated drew himself up with the dignity appropriate to a gentleman of the Free State, asking Hiss if he were not a lawyer. Hiss said he was.

"Then, sir," said the Westminster lawyer, "you are fully aware of the impropriety of your request." Then, turning to Mr. Fisher, he added: "I never thought the day would come when I, a country lawyer, would be teaching professional ethics to the chief counsel of the Department of State and the Secretary of State himself."

The time assuredly has come for General Eisenhower and his advisers to proceed against Stevenson via Acheson and Hiss.

The Big Lie Backfires

The Big Lie was used in the Wisconsin primary against Senator Joe McCarthy. But the voters of Wisconsin seemed to be unimpressed. They rallied to give their home-grown anti-Communist symbol a whacking victory.

Just where this leaves Adlai Stevenson's big August and September campaign issue is no mystery. It leaves that campaign issue in ruins. For Stevenson, egged on by the ADA, the McLiberals of the big metropolitan press, and sundry intellectuals who never manage to see a political or a moral phenomenon whole, has been staking his chances on the assumption that the Republican Party is seriously divided on the subject of "McCarthyism." That assumption was riddled by the massive turnout for McCarthy in his native bailiwick. Whatever the Wisconsin Republicans may think about this or that specific McCarthy charge or allegation, they refused to be pushed, bullied or cajoled into a voting posture that would give the slightest bit of comfort to the anti-anti-Communist position.

The myth of Republican division was not the only myth that died in Wisconsin. A second myth, that all Democrats are united in their detestation of "McCarthyism," died, too. For Joe could hardly have polled his whopping vote without benefit of considerable cross-tracking of Democrats to vote in the Republican primaries. In other words, it is Joe who seems to be exercising the attraction for that "independent" vote which the Stevenson high command is counting on to put the Democrats across in November.

The Big Lies that were used against McCarthy in Wisconsin were two in number. One of these lies—that McCarthy had called General Marshall a "traitor"—we dealt with editorially in our last

issue. The fact is, as we said, that McCarthy explicitly refused to go into the subject of General Marshall's motives. The most that could be read into his words is the implication that Marshall was *used* for a pro-Communist end by political characters who are far cleverer than himself. Since thousands of our citizens have been used by Communist propagandists and secret agents without abating one jot or tittle of their love for the American homeland, we fail to see how the McCarthy implication can be stretched to cover an accusation of "treason."

The second Big Lie that was industriously disseminated in the effort to bring McCarthy into disrepute is the statement that the Senator's campaign against Communists and fellow-travelers in the State Department has not succeeded in exposing or purging a single loyalty or security risk. The Senate Appropriations Committee went into this matter at some length, offering testimony by Conrad Snow, head of the State Department's Loyalty Board, that since McCarthy first attacked the Department for harboring Communists 57 employees have been ruled ineligible for employment or have resigned to avoid loyalty investigation. It is a peculiar coincidence that McCarthy originally offered the figure of 57 as doing the work of the party, or loyal to the party, or members of the party. And, regardless of figures, it is certainly true that McCarthy's agitation was finally responsible for getting John Stewart Service of *Amerasia* fame out of the government, and for the McCarran Committee investigation which resulted in the unanimous finding that Owen Lattimore has consciously furthered the Soviet conspiracy since the thirties.

Now that the Big Lies have failed to stick, there is a vast scurrying among the politicians to "get right" on the McCarthy issue. And the pundits are out in force, revising their original estimates all over the lot. In Connecticut, where Bill Benton, a leading McCarthy-baiter, is running for Senator, there are open predictions that the big Connecticut city Catholic vote which ordinarily goes Democratic will be anything but solid in November. It is a piquant fact that Purtell, the Republican nominee to oppose Bill Benton, happens to be a Catholic himself. Now that he has endorsed "McCarthyism" as necessary to smoke the Communists out of government, he may very well turn out to be the beneficiary of a rip tide in his direction. If Vivien Kellems weren't there to confuse the picture as a possible "independent Republican" candidate for the Senate, Benton would probably have little hope of reelection.

So it goes in the wake of Wisconsin. The most amusing result of the McCarthy victory is to see the Left, which used to chant "the people, yes," turning a complete somersault on the issue of the common man's wisdom. The only way they can solace their egos now is to say, "Those Wisconsin peasants. What dopes!" Well, the "peasants" have

voted—and what they have voted against is the leftist desire to turn America into Lower Slobbovia. We can all rest easier in our beds.

The Party "Withers Away"

We have a letter from a former Communist high functionary (a graduate of the Lenin school of revolution in Moscow) who professes to see in the forthcoming Nineteenth Party Congress a further "withering away" of Bolshevism. In his judgment the emphasis upon personal discipline in the advance propaganda issued in Moscow implies that the party's hold on its membership has been relaxed, that the party is no longer regarded by Stalin as a trustworthy instrument of his ascendancy and that it is, therefore, being diminished in importance before the ever-rising authority of the master's secret police. "The party," according to our correspondent, "has become a surplus wheel, something like the Russian trade unions." The writer continues:

Inside Russia itself the party could now be abolished . . . the emphasis will be away from the party upon the state, which is now completely dominated by the true Stalinist party—the political police—Stalin's master work. . . . The party has been "withering away" and the party congress is being held to register this fact in Stalinist style. The party, of course, is still needed but mainly as a symbol and apparatus of conquest outside the Soviet Union.

The foregoing is phrased pretty much in the idiom of Marxist dialectics. It has primary interest for theoreticians. Yet its lesson for the rest of us is not too obscure. There exists in the West a small sect of true believers, exemplified by that eminent savant and lecturer at Columbia University, Corliss Lamont, which has maintained that the Soviet Union is governed and its world enterprises plotted according to the iron law of Marxist-Leninist dogma. According to the adepts of this creed, the Soviet regime, with all its evil behavior, is still the product of an enlightened, liberating and hopeful body of doctrine nurtured and effectualized by the Communist Party of the USSR.

Such *ersatz* humanitarians as Lamont have resisted the plain evidence that the Soviet Union has become increasingly a police state since the Bolshevik revolution itself. The Old Believers of this ilk have exerted some influence upon fragments of the intelligentsia, especially among the Protestant clergy and in the universities. It is too much to ask that Dr. Lamont should recognize the "withering away" of the party, and hence of the Marxist dialectic. Is it too much to ask that Dr. Lamont's dreary dupes should awaken from their dream state and see Russia as it truly is: a vast and passive people oppressed by usurpers whose only aim is power and plunder?

Baiting America

So far as the European press is concerned, it is all over and Adlai Stevenson has been elected President of the United States. The Blitzkrieg with which the Governor has conquered the Continent is a spectacle without precedent in the history of invasions. It is also a disturbing symptom of the great anti-American neurosis into which the Old World seems to be sinking with accelerated speed.

Nothing but a neurotic condition can account for the fantastic instability the reputable European press displayed when it dropped, literally overnight, its unchallengeable hero of yesterday, General Eisenhower. As if the European press were directed by one and the same editor, and serviced by a single correspondent in the U. S., it switched *unisono*, within a few hours after the Democratic Convention, from pro-Eisenhower fanaticism to unabashed partisanship of a Presidential candidate of whose existence most Europeans had not been aware the day before.

But of course the European non-Communist press is *not* towed by a party line and, considering the famous dollar gap, maintains an amazingly large number of special correspondents in the U. S. Whence, then, the uniformity of European press reactions to things American? And we have only Europe's right-of-center press in mind; for to ponder the anti-American bias of Europe's leftists would be a waste of time.

To us, the fascination of the phenomenon stems from the fact that a European newspaper's professed philosophy and its position on domestic affairs has nothing to do with its attitude toward the U. S. The staid London *Times* reports America with exactly the same slant which Lord Beaverbrook, the gaudy imperialist, uses to jazz up his sensationalist papers. The liberal *Manchester Guardian* is by no means more biased against the Republican Party than Belgium's Catholic press. In amazing fact, the more firmly a European paper stands committed to a right-of-center policy at home, the more eagerly it seems to be baiting the "McCarthyism" of the U. S. No European newspaper has more brazenly distorted the Hiss affair, play by play, or more consistently rooted for the Acheson clique, than the otherwise sane *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, an ancient citadel of Continental conservatism.

So this recent attack of rabid pro-Stevensonism offers as good an occasion as any to examine the strange affliction of Europe's conservative journalism—its undisguised sympathy for the American left. No matter which respectable European journal we open in this office, we have to read its American stories twice before we can trust our eyes. Also, we wonder why on earth European publishers should be spending scarce dollars on the upkeep of so many correspondents in this country when the

results of such diversified newsgathering are so completely interchangeable.

At first glance, the leftist monotony of Europe's U. S. coverage appears to be due to the monotonous type of correspondents European publishers invariably dispatch to the U. S. Far be it from us to hurt any colleague's feelings, but truth will out; and the truth is that the several European correspondents we have had the pleasure of meeting in this country are as interchangeable as (if they will pardon the expression) American mass products: always the same type of readily admitted erudition, the same type of cultural chip on the shoulder, the same type of rather provincial prejudices, and even the same type of storytelling.

But on second thought, the fault can not lie with the correspondents. They are, after all, not self-appointed. How come that European journals as dissimilar as the *Manchester Guardian*, the London *Economist* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* have such amazingly identical tastes in picking their U. S. representatives? This is obviously the crux of the matter, and a crux it is indeed.

The conclusion we regret to have arrived at is that Europe's conservative publishers do not just tolerate but deliberately *seek* a leftist distortion of the American scene. European conservatism, or what is left of it, seems determined to bait America and, in general, use us as a convenient alibi in its inescapable domestic trials. So complete, it appears, has been the emotional triumph of leftism in Europe that an Old World conservative, not to hate himself, needs the gratifying sensation of picturing himself to the left of America. On the defensive, if not in rout, European conservatives are anxious to persuade the advancing mob that their hearts, too, are bleeding for the proper causes, though preferably across the sea.

It is a somewhat unseemly sight, this opportunistic surrender of Europe's conservative press to mob emotions—doubly unattractive when one senses, as we do, that its perpetrators think themselves devilishly clever. For, to their minds, this ride is free and nothing can happen: America can take the baiting without being really influenced, and so the conservative America-baiters can not really hurt themselves. If a French or a British conservative stopped for a second to visualize his fate in the event that America's pro-Soviet appeasers were to subdue "McCarthyism"—well, but this is precisely the point: the European conservative keeps praying in private for the stamina of U. S. conservatism—and keeps baiting it in public.

For the moment, Governor Stevenson has the consolation that what he calls "the one-party (pro-Eisenhower) press" in this country faces a much more monolithic one-party pro-Stevenson press in Europe. But unfortunately for the American left, Lord Beaverbrook and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* swing few votes in American elections.

Acheson: The Spook of 1952

By BURTON RASCOE

An outstanding expert in the psychic phenomena of political leftism explains, in terms of a neglected chapter of history, the current dematerialization of the Administration's most controversial figure.

Dean Acheson is the spook of the 1952 Presidential campaign, the little man who isn't there, the conspicuously unnoticed symbol of our foreign disasters and this Administration's sheltering of Communists and fellow-travelers in public office. His name went unuttered by the perspiring patriots at the Democratic National Convention, probably the first time in history that a party in power has ignored a sitting Secretary of State in listing its assets. Only the American Legion Convention, demanding for the third successive year that President Truman dismiss him, materialized the wraith-like but enormously potent figure that hovers so impalpably over this campaign.

Neither candidate took heed of this challenge to Acheson's predominant, dubious and intriguing role in fashioning the foreign policies that have reduced the United States to a defensive posture around the globe. Instead of the overwhelming issue, Achesonism, Adlai Stevenson has elected to deal with McCarthyism. McCarthyism is, in truth, a vital issue in this campaign although not in the terms envisaged by the Democratic candidate. Achesonism is the other side of the McCarthyism shield. Whereas McCarthyism (an epithet coined by the liberal-leftist intelligentsia as a means of discrediting the fight on Communist influences in the government, the schools, the universities and the press) has become the visible reflection of that fight, Achesonism represents the exact opposite. If there had been no Achesonism, there would be no McCarthyism. Yet, while Stevenson boldly advances to the assault on McCarthyism, he shrinks before the wraith of Achesonism.

There is no space in a single article to review all of Dean Acheson's dubious career in the State Department. His relationship to the surrender of China and the series of retreats which have put us at a disadvantage in Asia is well known. So also is the single most dramatic incident of his public service, his refusal to "turn my back on Alger Hiss" after that agent of Soviet imperialism stood convicted. I shall concentrate instead upon Mr. Acheson's connection with the United States loan to the Communist satellite government of Poland. That story has not yet been told with the correlating facts put in place.

In October 1945 the Soviet-controlled Bierut government of Poland petitioned for a substantial

credit loan from the United States to clothe the Polish Army, voluntary militia and "security" police. The U. S. Ambassador in Warsaw, Arthur Bliss Lane, strongly advised Washington against making the loan, pointing out that Bierut's secret police, numbering anywhere from 50,000 to 80,000, and the "voluntary militia" of Soviet-type storm-troopers had massacred anti-Communist political opponents wholesale and imprisoned vast numbers of innocent persons, including Americans, on trumped-up charges. Extension of credit would indicate acquiescence on the part of the United States in this reign of terror, he said.

The State Department on November 8, 1945 authorized Ambassador Lane to indicate that the granting of credits could be seriously jeopardized by the failure of the Polish government to hold free elections, which Bierut had promised in June 1945.

U. S. Funds to Poland's Red Rulers

In April 1946 Dean Acheson, then Under Secretary of State, was serving as Acting Secretary of State while Secretary Byrnes was in Paris for a Big Four Conference. Ambassador Lane received the disquieting news that the State Department intended to grant to the Polish provisional government two credits totaling \$90 million—one for \$50 million to acquire surplus war material in Europe, another for \$40 million from the Export-Import Bank to purchase locomotives and coal cars. Poland's Communist rulers capitalized on this announcement at once in an editorial in the government-controlled *Rzeczpospolita* of April 27 which led the Polish people to believe that the United States sympathized with the policies of their oppressors.

It was Acheson who concluded the negotiations in Washington with the representatives of the Polish government while Americans were under arrest in Poland, while \$100 million of American property had been confiscated without compensation, and while terror and disregard of human rights had not abated. Not only was this a slap in the face for Ambassador Lane, but it furnished fresh cause for Communist arrogance.

Mr. Lane telegraphed his protest to Washington, but has stated, "My advice was in vain." He then

took a plane to Paris to lay the situation before Secretary Byrnes. Byrnes heard him out and asked Lane to prepare a telegram to be sent to Acheson under Byrnes's signature. The instructions to Acheson were to freeze the loan immediately and suspend delivery of surplus war material, or goods of any kind, until the Polish government had fulfilled the obligations under which such loans were made. Acheson had to carry out the instructions.

When Lane returned to Warsaw, he got a phone call from the egregious Dr. Ludwig Rajchman, international chameleon of Communist finance and intrigue, who was in charge of the Polish loan negotiations in the United States. Rajchman protested against the suspension of the loan, declaring that it was illegal. He said he had been so informed by Mr. Acheson's law firm (Covington, Burling, Rublee, Acheson and Shorb) who were representing the Polish government. Acheson was not with his firm at the time; he returned to it in July 1947 when he resigned as Under Secretary of State, and he remained with it until Harry Truman appointed him Secretary of State in January 1949. Incidentally, Acheson's name was never dropped from the firm's letterhead, its phone listing, or its office doors while he was serving as Assistant Secretary of State and Under Secretary of State (1941-47).

Acheson's law firm was retained to complete the negotiations for the loan, including the okay of the State Department. The request had been tendered by Donald Hiss, brother of Alger, as a representative of the firm. The firm fought Lane and Byrnes to a finish on the issue. And they won. The telephone call from Rachjman to Lane took place in mid-May 1946. Within a week part of the credit loans to Poland were unfrozen in a series of releases of block funds. By August 9 the last portion of the loan was unfrozen.

Lane had to take quick and forcible steps to protect American property. He succeeded in freezing all of the gold and assets of the Bank of Poland held in the United States. With that as a club he held the Bierut gangsters in check until they had agreed to terms of compensation for stolen American property and had agreed to pay off. Thereupon the United States government released American-held gold and accounts in the Bank of Poland as of December 27, 1946. Lane then resigned his ambassadorship and set about writing his historical indictments of the folly of putting faith in the word of any Stalinist—Russian, Polish, or American.

The 1949 Senate Inquiry

It takes the above background to evaluate to the full the answers Dean Acheson gave to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, under the chairmanship of Senator Tydings, when he was perfunctorily examined for confirmation of his appointment as Secretary of State. The hearing was held

on January 13, 1949. Acheson was not sworn, so his statements were not made under oath.

Under questioning by the late Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Acheson dismissed the Polish loan as a legitimate transaction and, at first, implied that he had had nothing to do with it except to okay something that had already been thoroughly examined and approved by the Division which handles such negotiations, and that the loan had been passed upon by the whole Department. Senator Vandenberg persisted:

Was this Polish Government, which your firm represented in this connection, what we call a satellite government, or was it still a government which pretended—at least through the cooperation of Mikolajczyk—to still be, in pretense at least, a coalition government?

Acheson replied:

It was the latter . . . This was the Mikolajczyk Government and there was a hope during that period that it might in some respects be free from complete Russian domination.

That statement was untrue. During the war Mikolajczyk had been Premier of the Polish Government-in-exile in London, which was recognized by the United States, the United Kingdom and others of the allies. There was never a Mikolajczyk or a coalition government in Poland, as agreed at Yalta. Though Mikolajczyk was admitted into the Soviet-dominated provisional government with the title of Vice Premier, he was without authority, had no voice in politics, and was marked for early liquidation. The story of his escape in 1947 is told in his book "The Rape of Poland."

At another point during the inquiry Acheson gave false testimony concerning the temporary freezing of the loan to Poland after it was granted. He said:

There was throughout the consideration of this loan a difference of opinion between the American Ambassador in Warsaw and the officers of the State Department, including the Secretary and myself. That was a difference of view. It was one in which the unanimous opinion of the officers of the State Department was on one side, and the Ambassador took a different view . . .

Subsequently, some of the conditions imposed [under the Yalta, Potsdam and later agreements] were, in the opinion of the government of the United States not fulfilled by the government of Poland, and again, as Acting Secretary of State, *I suspended* the loan until those conditions were met. [*Italics mine.*]

Acheson, in the absence of Secretary Byrnes, had okayed the request for the loan submitted by his law firm. There is no evidence that officers of the State Department were "unanimous" in favor of the loan. In fact, the Department had stated officially six months earlier that credits would not be extended if terroristic activities continued. Notice of Acheson's granting of the loan reached Ambassador Lane before he could voice "a different view," though he had previously warned against

any such loan. Acheson *did* suspend the loan, but only under a direct and urgent order issued by Byrnes. He had no alternative.

Acheson "Answers" McCarthy

The facts on the Polish loan were dug up by Senator McCarthy, who exposed the skeleton in several speeches he made during June 1950, after Acheson had been Secretary of State for eighteen months. Here we have a prime object lesson in Achesonism at work to discredit so-called McCarthyism. McCarthy's statement, hyperbolic but proved essentially true by the testimony of Lane and Mikolajczyk, was:

Mr. Acheson . . . placed the guns, the whips, the blacksnakes and the clubs in the hands of those Communists . . . [it was he] who furnished them with bullets to keep a Christian population under Soviet discipline.

Thereupon, under the direction of Acheson, an official State Department bulletin was released. It declared:

This charge [of McCarthy's] with its innuendoes is utterly false and based on a deliberate distortion of the public record. The circumstances of the loan to Poland were carefully scrutinized by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in January 1949, prior to the confirmation of Mr. Acheson's nomination as Secretary of State. The Committee's hearings established that Mr. Acheson *had severed all connections with his former law firm five years before* the Polish loan was approved by the Department of State The Department at that time still had hopes that the Mikolajczyk Government, then in power in Poland, might be saved from Russian domination. [Italics mine.]

Sentence by sentence that bulletin may be refuted: (1) McCarthy's charges were true. If there were any distortion why didn't Acheson produce the record? (2) The "circumstances of the loan" were not "carefully scrutinized" by the Senate Committee. The Committee simply asked Acheson some questions about it and he distorted and dissembled the facts in reply; (3) the hearings did not "establish" that Acheson had severed his connection with the law firm five years before. *He was an active partner in the firm at the very moment he was being questioned*, because he had not yet been confirmed in the appointment and had not resigned. The listing Acheson supplied for "Who's Who in America" (1948-49 edition) states that he "resumed law practice" after resigning as Under Secretary of State in July 1947. (4) Mikolajczyk had no voice in the Polish government at the time. That government was already under Russian domination because it had been formed in Moscow and sent to Poland to take over. Ambassador Lane had made the situation in Poland clear to the State Department.

The final touch at the 1949 hearings was provoked, and capped, by Senator Tydings. He asked

whether, at the time the Polish loan was suspended, Mr. Acheson's law firm still represented the Polish applicant for the loan. Acheson replied in the affirmative, whereupon Senator Tydings observed with touching solicitude:

Then it seems to be an inference that the steps and your part in the suspension of the Polish loan were adverse to the interests of your law firm. Is that correct?

Mr. Acheson chastely replied, "That is correct." He was not, as we stated, under oath; the question arises whether, had he been sworn, he could have been proceeded against for perjury on the basis of his testimony and whether it is too late to hold him to account in these matters.

A report filed with the Department of Justice shows a fee of \$50,000 received by Acheson's law firm from the Polish provisional government. We should *all* have our interests so adversely affected.

The lack of ethical sense inherent in this example of Achesonism is not primarily in the fee, or in Mr. Acheson's connection with the firm, or even in his misleading testimony before a Senate committee of inquiry. It is in the fact that an Acting Secretary of State of a great nation could have countenanced an application for \$90 million in American funds to a government that not only had failed to fulfill its promises, but was ruthlessly suppressing the last traces of freedom in Poland.

Britons Never Shall . . .

By GEORGE WINDER

London

A topsyturvy, Alice-in-Wonderland struggle has been taking place in Socialist Britain's northern county of Durham. It has been a running fight for liberty, carried on by the National Union of Teachers and the Engineers' Guild. The employers are fanatically in favor of the closed shop. And the fight for the worker's right not to join a union has been made by the unions themselves.

The Durham County Council consists of Socialists of the truest doctrinaire type, and they had not long been in power after the war before they showed their abhorrence of the idea that the Council should employ anyone who was not a fully paid-up member of his appropriate union. In 1948, finding that their ruling had not always been conscientiously obeyed, they decided to settle the matter by issuing a notice to their thousands of employees stating that all those who did not provide evidence of membership in a union, or, in the case of professional employees, an appropriate professional body, would be dismissed.

The members of the Council then presumably sat back with a comfortable feeling that they had done a great job for socialism, and that all their reaction-

any opponents could do about it was to express their embittered feelings in the local papers. We can only imagine their surprise when opposition came not from their traditional enemy but from the workers, and they found that, by their action, they had actually brought upon their hands a threat of a strike of all the county's teachers to secure the open shop.

There was no hidden motive behind this threat. It was for the doctrine of human liberty, and for nothing else, that the teachers proposed to bring to a standstill the educational activities of the county.

To the bewildered members of the Council, the proposed strike must have seemed the very acme of perverseness. Here was a union threatening to strike against its own interests. Worse still, others of their employees conceived it their duty to support the School Teachers' Union in insisting upon the open shop. These allies are the British Medical Association and British Dental Association and the Royal Colleges of Midwives and of Nursing.

Finally, the Socialist British government had to step in to restrain this determined Socialist Council. It threatened to withhold funds due to the county if the Council attempted to dismiss any of its non-union servants. Ultimately the Council was persuaded to surrender. It did so with bad grace. If it could not win in open fight, it could at least carry on the tactics of the cold war. Some time after the uneasy settlement had been reached under government pressure, it was discovered that the Council had been asking applicants for posts whether they belonged to their appropriate trade union or professional body.

Then the Council decided that applications for discretionary sick pay should be made in the future not through the head of the department to which the applicant belonged, but through the trade union or professional body.

The National Union of Teachers determined not to allow the fruits of victory to be filched from it in this way. Once more it gave notice of its intention to strike, and the Engineers' Guild and its other allies lined up behind it. It looked as if, this time, the Durham County Council would accept the challenge.

Again the government had to intervene. This time it set up a Board of Arbitration, and persuaded the Council to promise to abide by its decision.

This summer the Board issued its decree in favor of the employees. No longer will an applicant for work under the Council be asked if he belongs to a union, nor will those who are entitled to sick pay be compelled to seek it except through their own departments. For the moment, at least, there is peace. The trade unions have vindicated the right of the workers *not* to join them.

So at last, under socialism in Great Britain, the reaction in favor of freedom is developing. The way back may be long, but the trek has begun.

This Is What They Said

The organizations of the Fatherland Front exercise strict control over the activities of the public organs, without, however, interfering with their functions. This control, which makes it possible to correct certain deficiencies, has a very wholesome effect on public administration.

CYRIL DINKOV, *Bulgaria Today*, July 15, 1952

The UN Budget provides \$450,000 for medals and decorations, of which some million have already been ordered for the Korean battleground. But the orders can't be filled because of metals priorities for war production.

UNITED NATIONS WORLD, May 1952

Throughout its history, the country's largest veterans' organization [the American Legion] has done little to protect and a great deal to undermine those constitutional freedoms which the ACLU [American Civil Liberties Union] had defended more consistently and effectively than any other organization.

THE NATION, September 6, 1952

Our Russian policy must not be dictated by people who have already made up their minds that there is no possibility of working with Russians and that our interests are bound to conflict and ultimately lead to war.

HARRY L. HOPKINS, quoted in "Roosevelt and Hopkins," by Robert E. Sherwood

You Mean When She Was a Comrade?

[Dr. Dodd has] rehashed all the stale, old slander and lies that she herself exposed and refuted in the days when she had respect for facts.

TEACHERS UNION, September 8, 1952, statement attacking Dr. Bella V. Dodd, former Communist, for her testimony on Communists in the schools.

Adlai's Knockout Blow

July collections in Federal gambling taxes from 26 northern Illinois counties, computed at the rate of 10 per cent on gross gambling take, amounted to \$198,892. This represented a gross business of \$1,988,920 in June . . .

ERNEST J. SAUBER, Illinois district collector of Internal Revenue, report of August 1952

We have . . . knocked out commercialized gambling.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON, address at Illinois State Fair, same day as Mr. Sauber's report

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

THE EDITORS

How to Answer Neutralism

By ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

In view of the trend to neutralism in NATO nations, an expert in strategic air power warns, invincibility in the air is the only security for the U. S.

Whether by coincidence or editorial design, a common thread runs through several articles dealing with western Europe in the September 8th issue of the *Freeman*. It is the explicit warning that if a major war comes, our presumptive allies in NATO may turn out to be neutrals or even, in the case of Germany, enemies. Together these articles sketch a picture of a Europe more and more distrustful of American policies, anxious to curb our supposed compulsions to make war on Soviet Russia and determined, should war come notwithstanding, to play it neutral.

In Britain as well as on the continent, according to "Candide," neutralism is emerging as "the only political force in clear ascendancy," with "an aggressive opposition to the very idea of collective security" as the deepening mood. The victory of Bevanism in England and Social Democracy in Germany—both bitterly hostile to the NATO commitments—looms as a serious likelihood. In any case, according to F. A. Voigt, the Germans have already chosen not to fight, even for Germany, and may prefer domination by the Kremlin to annihilation by war. To round out the warning, Professor Bouscaren emphasizes the magnitude of Stalin's fifth column in France, ready for "military action, sabotage and subversion," and the extent of Communist infiltration in the French Army, even in its highest echelons.

Simple prudence demands that intelligent Americans examine the security implications for their own country in this set of unpleasant reports. We must pluck the military moral from the story of a neutralist-pacifist surge in Europe, promoted and exploited by massive Communist contingents in Italy and France. The political facts must be translated into military-strategic terms, and that without delay—before we have committed ourselves irrevocably to squandering the limited American military resources upon unrealistic defense concepts and premises.

It is not necessary to accept the picture as wholly accurate or final in order to appreciate its military moral. The mere *possibility* that neutralism may triumph, that NATO hopes may collapse, makes our military position under the present strategic scheme too risky to contemplate without goose-pimples. It means that the props may be pulled out from under our current security structure—with

no reliable alternative at our disposal. It means that this country would be in precisely the appalling plight which we airmen, in deference to our conscience, have been forecasting right along.

If NATO Should Fall Apart

The American people have not yet grasped the critical fact of our nearly total reliance upon foreign allies for sheer survival, under the current set-up. We are engaged in building, simultaneously, huge armies to fight alongside foreign armies on foreign soil; huge navies to transport and supply those armies; great tactical air forces to support both the armies and navies; any number of air bases overseas for the operations of strategic aircraft. We need only concede the possibility of NATO falling apart, or other nations refusing to fight or to allow us to fight on their soil—note the British right of veto on atomic operations from their territory—to realize that this whole staggering military potential would then become irrelevant and largely useless.

We should then be physically barred from undertaking the great struggle on the surface for which we have been gearing. Our survival would then rest clearly and solely on two factors: (1) ability to defend the American mainland against direct atomic and non-atomic attack through the skies, and (2) ability to strike at the Soviet heartland from our own continental bases. Which is just another way of saying that it would rest entirely on strategic air power.

Whether we survived to use our vast accumulation of land and naval forces, with their mass of supporting airplanes and super-carriers and submarines, would depend entirely on the size and quality of our Air Force for both defensive and offensive purposes. If that Air Force lacked the vitality for victory in the decisive battle for command of the air, we would be finished, for we would be wide open to systematic destruction from overhead of the sort we visited upon Japan and Germany in the last years of the previous war. With the experience of the two World Wars to go upon, Soviet Russia knows that to defeat the United States in a long war it must destroy our industrial capacity. Certainly it will tackle that job with relish as soon as it can.

Yet the one certainty under our present so-called balanced-forces preparedness is that we will *not* have adequate strategic air power either for defense or counteroffensive. It is a matter of simple arithmetic. We can not possibly generate such air power, plus the immense ground organization it implies, while siphoning off the overwhelming part of our potentials in manpower, natural resources and industrial strength for other weapons and forces, including airplanes that are not essential to the direct strategic functions. There just is not enough of those potentials to go 'round.

What we shall need to win the supreme air battle is *invincible* strategic air force. The old adage that a miss is as good as a mile applies especially in war-making; anything short of clear-cut superiority would be futile. But to build that kind of air force we must channel the overwhelming portion of our military potentials—at least two-thirds of all defense investments, in my view—to that purpose.

In spreading our security dollar thin across the board, for all kinds of forces and weapons and strategies indiscriminately and large aid to allies to boot, we are merely making sure that none of the forces will attain the dimensions for victory. The Democratic Party platform this year characterizes as "defeatist" the view that we can not afford all forces in maximum quantities. That is like calling an intelligent housewife defeatist because she watches her budget instead of buying anything and everything that comes into her head. We might raise the money for such indiscriminate building by mortgaging the future, but money can not buy more labor or materials or industrial capacity than we can ultimately possess—and it will never be enough.

I shall be told perhaps that one-third of our military budget and even a little extra is already going into "air power." But that is pure illusion. It is going into airplanes, which is quite another matter. Most of those planes are designed to give tactical support to the surface forces and are intrinsically a part of such forces. Any development which imposes "technological unemployment" upon armies and navies will also freeze their aerial arms, just as it would freeze their artillery. This regardless of whether the tactical planes involved are under jurisdiction of the Army, the Navy, or the Air Force.

Failure of NATO, I repeat, and failure of corresponding programs in the Balkans and the Far East—contingencies which common sense must take into the reckoning—would cancel out all our present defense preparations. Only the meager margin now assigned to true strategic air power would still have any relevance to our predicament, but it would be far too puny to do any good. Whether the catastrophe were brought about by the spread of neutralism, the internal weakness of the NATO mechanism, the success of fifth columns and Red propaganda, or any other cause or combination of causes, would then be of interest only to historians.

The consequences for our America would be approximately the same.

Of course, a victory of the Red Army in Europe, even if the free nations there *did* offer resistance, would bring the same consequences for America. No matter how large and effective our surface strength, it would then be immobilized. The ordinary European feels this instinctively, just as the man in the street in America instinctively realizes the need for supreme air power. The European senses that collective security, for all its rhetorical appeal, does not provide a real barrier to Soviet invasion; he therefore turns to neutralism in some form to save him from destruction as a prelude to liberation. What he doesn't see, because it isn't there, is a real deterrent to invasion. That is why we airmen have insisted that an effective deterrent—long-range striking power based on the American mainland—must be built first.

Our Allies as Our Jailers

There is another important dimension to the picture. Military strategy and foreign policy are indivisible. As long as we continue to funnel our men, money, machines and materials into forces that are practically inoperative without an array of allies all over the world, we will have a life-and-death stake in the internal affairs of those nations. We must collect all the bayonets we can to match the teeming Communist bayonets. Plain self-interest commits us to major meddling. The implications for us of the Social Democratic program in Germany, the Bevanite program in Britain, united fronts with Red minorities in Italy or France, are too calamitous to be tolerated with equanimity. Somehow we must beg, buy, or bludgeon conformity to our special pattern of collective security.

Unless we choose to rely on our own strength, America will therefore continue to be the virtual prisoner of its allies—of the NATO nations and other countries whose troops, territories and bases are indispensable in implementing our balanced-forces doctrine. We can be, and assuredly will be, blackmailed to a fare-thee-well.

Indeed, the greater our balanced forces grow—the more of our substance we have tied up in that doctrine—the more helplessly dependent we shall become upon our unstable allies, and the more restricted will be our area for autonomous American policies and decisions. Already the demands and complaints of our chosen military associates abroad are taking on an ominously threatening accent. Already their demagogues are proclaiming, with increasing justice, that America needs them more than they need America.

Such, as I see it, are the grim results of unwise and outmoded military thinking in this country. The terrifying fact is that we are repeating the basic blunder of the last war—for the same reasons and mostly under the same leadership. In that con-

A Parable for Ike

By HARRY SERWER

flict a strategy dependent on Soviet bayonets left us subject to ruthless Soviet extortions, precisely as today we are ever more openly subject to threats and extortions by new allies.

Though the tragic results of their past errors are spelled out in the spectacle of a world cowering under the Kremlin menace, the Marshalls and Bradleys seem to have learned nothing. At the root of our trouble today was the Marshall obsession that Germany and Japan could not be defeated without slaughtering their respective armies on battlefields in hand-to-hand combat. Since we did not have enough soldiers to do that ourselves, we had to rely on Russian manpower. It was Marshall and his advisers who sold Roosevelt on the idea that we needed Russia more than Russia needed us, and that therefore it must be kept on our side *at any and all costs*. That was the real explanation for the surrenders at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam. Once we were committed to the premise that no price was too big for his cooperation, Stalin could get all he wanted—with juicy bonuses thrown in for good measure by his friends and agents on the American side.

It was clear to airmen then, and should be clear to nearly everybody in retrospect, that we could have defeated Germany by all-out strategic air action exactly as we defeated Japan, which gave up with millions of well-equipped troops still in the field. In that case, Germany would have surrendered to the free nations, as Japan did. There would have been no need to yield to Muscovite blackmail, and the free world would have had the upper hand in the postwar adjustments.

The continuance of Marshall-type military planning, as I see it, is in large measure responsible for the spread of neutralism and leaves us in a helpless posture should that neutralism prevail. Only an enlightened public opinion can undo the mischief. It is late, but fortunately not too late, for a bold, clear-headed decision to stake America's military destiny upon its own strength, through a strategy independent of the vicissitudes of other countries; a strategy that will provide an effective deterrent to Soviet aggression and, if worse comes to worst, will oblige the enemy to fight on our terms, not his.

Once we create such autonomous American strength based on our natural technological and scientific superiority, we shall not lack allies in any case. They will no longer have to be bought or maneuvered into joining us, but will be impelled to do so by the reality and prestige of our military might.

Nothing can ruin a country if the people themselves will undertake its safety; nothing can save it if they leave that safety in any hands but their own.

DANIEL WEBSTER

And it came to pass, while the Senate was in session in the conduct of public business, that the head of the Republic appeared and presided. A young aristocrat was present, and he had brought along his four boys. Because he was in "conspicuous poverty," he had been given permission to address the Senate. He was descended from great men who had helped the Republic immeasurably, and had thus acquitted themselves with honor. Indeed, the preceding President had once ordered the Senate to make him a large gift of money, "to marry and rear children, that one of our most illustrious families might not become extinct."

He spoke thus: "Senators, these whose numbers and boyish years you behold I have reared, not by my own choice, but because a President advised me. At the same time my ancestors deserved to have descendants. . . . These boys still will attain such promotion as you shall bestow. Meanwhile, save them from penury." He had gone through the original handout in nothing flat.

The Senate was inclined to give him more money; but the new President offered prompt opposition:

If all poor men begin to come here and beg money for their children, individuals will never be satisfied, and the State will become bankrupt. . . . In fact, it is not a request, but an importunity, as utterly unreasonable as it is unforeseen, for a senator, when the house had met on other matters, to rise from his place, and pleading the number of his children, put a pressure on the delicacy of the Senate, then transfer the same constraint to myself, and, as it were, break open the exchequer, which, if we exhaust it by improper favoritism, will have to be replenished by crimes. Industry will languish and idleness will be encouraged, if a man has nothing to fear, nothing to hope for from himself, and everyone, in utter recklessness, will expect relief from others, thus becoming useless to himself and a burden to us.

The above is from the Annals by Tacitus (II.37-38). The young man was Hortalus. The opposing "President" was Tiberius. The "President" who made the original donation was Augustus. The tax in Rome at the time was one per cent. There was a surplus in the treasury, because when Tiberius destroyed his enemy, King Archelaus of Cappadocia, "His kingdom was reduced into a province, and Caesar declared that, with its revenues, the one per cent tax could be lightened, which, for the future, he fixed at one-half per cent."

General Eisenhower: please note what happened in Rome soon after, when the philosophy of Tiberius was thrown out of the window, and the Empire's destruction by the Goths was only a matter of time. The Goths are now at our door. I am sure that you know history, for a general without history is like an ambassador at a formal affair without his pants.

Virginia Prefers Byrd

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

The editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch sees national significance in the sweeping victory through which Virginians showed their approval of Senator Harry F. Byrd's conservative policies.

With political machines in other parts of the country creaking to a halt or being smashed into fragments, Virginia's well-oiled "Byrd machine" has just rocketed to perhaps its greatest triumph in a quarter of a century. The tremendous victory of its leader, Senator Harry F. Byrd, in the Democratic primary over Francis Pickens Miller, the most formidable opponent he has ever had, is a top-bracket political phenomenon commanding the attention of the nation.

Senator Byrd and his backers surprised themselves and everybody else when the dimple-chinned, slightly cherubic apple-grower from the Shenandoah Valley was renominated, after a hectic and bitter campaign, by an 87,500 majority over his aggressive and determined opponent. It was a fairly clearcut contest between Byrd's ultra-conservative, states' rights philosophy which emphasizes economy and decries socialism, and Miller's more "liberal" attitude, exemplified in his statement that President Truman "has made the right decision on every one of the great issues."

Miller, a highly articulate Rhodes Scholar and much-decorated colonel on Eisenhower's staff in World War II, came within 24,000 votes of winning the governorship three years ago, and it was felt that he might do equally well, or better, in his bid for the Senate. The Byrd machine, or "organization," as its members prefer that it be called, was taking no chances. It put on the most intensive drive for votes seen hereabouts in a good many years. It was Senator Byrd's fourth and climactic run (he is expected to retire at the end of his new six-year term, being now 65).

Candidate Miller unlimbered all the heavy artillery he could muster. He spoke frequently, both at political rallies and on radio or television. His most powerful backer was Robert Whitehead of Nelson County, an able country lawyer who may run for Governor next year, and who has served a number of terms in the State Legislature. Byrd, too, was tireless. He said after the campaign that he had made 300 speeches, sometimes as many as eight in one day. He enjoyed the great advantage of having a state-wide organization of state and local office-holders and members of the General Assembly. Every local chairman was made to feel that the race would be close, and that the outcome depended on his efforts. The result was the biggest vote ever

polled in a Virginia primary (345,309), and a Byrd majority much beyond expectations.

While the "Byrd machine" was the principal issue, the attitude of that machine toward the New Deal and Fair Deal policies necessarily was an integral factor in the outcome. The Miller forces dug up an off-the-record speech made by Senator Byrd in August 1951 at his annual picnic for some 3000 apple-pickers. The *Washington Star* had reported that he said: "If I were asked today to name the New Deal measures that I favor, I could not name a single one."

Miller kept hammering on this quotation, which had not been elaborated upon in any way in the newspaper story. Byrd finally explained that the statement had been "picked up out of context," and that while he had "opposed such New Deal policies as those personified by Wallace, Hopkins, Tugwell, Lillenthal, Brannan and Ewing," he had supported others. Among the latter he listed the social security system, after it had been made "actuarially sound," as well as "all sound and basic soil conservation programs," plus the "basic REA legislation" and the reciprocal trade agreements, Federal Deposit Insurance and stock exchange regulation. There was considerable wrangling between himself and Miller concerning the accuracy of some of the foregoing contentions. Undoubtedly Byrd voted against a good many agricultural and REA bills, and in some cases where he favored the principle he voted to cut down the amount appropriated.

No Holds Barred

Attempting to capitalize on the Senator's lack of enthusiasm for many New and Fair Deal measures, Miller assailed him as more Republican than "his soul-mate, Robert A. Taft." Miller quoted a *Congressional Quarterly* tabulation for 1951, which said that Taft had voted with the Republican Party 71 per cent of the time, whereas Byrd had done so 97 per cent of the time. "Harry Byrd has sold us down the Ohio River!" Miller cried over and over.

Both candidates and their followers indulged in misrepresentations or half-truths. Miller perpetrated a howler when he said that in Virginia today "there is less freedom of mind than at any time since 1776." He apparently forgot all about the suppression of the free play of ideas on the slavery

question for a decade or two before the Civil War, and the stifling of freedom during Reconstruction—both far worse than anything that exists in Virginia today, where the average citizen feels, and rightly, that he does have “freedom of mind.”

One bit of rabble-rousing by Senator Byrd was his frequent misquotation of Miller's statement that “representative government in Virginia is decaying from dry rot”—a declaration not without foundation, in view of the General Assembly's failure in 1952 to redistrict the legislative districts, in accordance with the mandate of the Constitution, and its reiterated refusal to let the people vote on poll-tax repeal. Instead of answering this charge, the Senator denied loudly time and again that “Virginia is decaying of dry rot”—something Miller had never claimed.

The Byrd forces put up billboards and published literature exhorting the populace to “Vote American—Vote for Harry Byrd,” implying that Miller was either un-American or not as American as Byrd. Miller matched this in bad taste by writing to the clergymen of Virginia and saying that they were necessarily “concerned about ethical standards in public life,” and that he was running for the Senate “because of my Christian faith and my concern for the application of Christian principles to government policy,” thus implying that Byrd was less concerned with ethical principles and less of a Christian than he.

Miller's forces uncovered a letter concerning the workings of the State Compensation Board, which fixes the salaries and expenses of hundreds of county and city officials throughout Virginia. The three-man board, whose membership is 100 per cent “organization,” is recognized as a powerful “persuader” in whipping local officials into line behind Byrd-sponsored candidates. The letter—from the Commissioner of the Revenue in Franklin County to his deputy apropos the gubernatorial contest of 1949—was quoted by Miller as saying:

Mr. Combs, chairman of the Compensation Board, who sets your salary and mine for our work as Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner of the revenue, is very much interested in seeing John S. Battle elected our Governor. Since Mr. Combs is a good friend of ours I think it would be to our interest to get every vote we can for Mr. Battle.

The authenticity of this letter was not denied.

Such revelations were greatly outweighed by Miller's declaration that President Truman had made the “right decision on every one of the great issues.” This statement not only was regarded by most Virginians as absurd, but it served to identify Miller with the unpopular Truman and his policies in a way that he was never able to overcome, though he sought to convince the people that he was “not a Trumanite.” Ex-Governor William M. Tuck, describing Miller's backward maneuver, said he “retracted like a man in a patch of sneeze-weed.” Miller's campaign manager made it known that the

candidate had “never seen or spoken to Mr. Truman,” and even went to the astounding length of saying that Senator Byrd “has been far more closely allied with Mr. Truman” than Mr. Miller.

It was too late. Mr. Byrd kept emphasizing his opponent's Trumanesque leanings. Attention was called to Mr. Miller's appointment this year by the President to the board of the United States Military Academy and to his retention as a consultant by the State Department for a period of some thirteen months, ending early in 1952.

The Machine—Smooth but Honest

Miller was confronting an extremely smooth political organization, and one that is highly regarded by many Virginians. It is simply libelous to compare the Byrd machine with the more notorious, ruthless and crooked political organizations in other parts of the United States. For it is led by one of the most honest and courageous men in American public life, and its personnel, with respect to both ability and integrity, is far above that of most political machines. If it is not always above trickery, as was demonstrated in the recent primary, its ethics will bear comparison with those of any other corresponding political group in this country. Bribery of Virginia's state officials or members of the legislature is unknown, and scandals of any sort are extremely rare.

The Byrd machine, furthermore, has given Virginia reasonably efficient and economical government. There is no sales tax. Individual and corporate income-tax payers received a 20 per cent rebate last year, under a law sponsored by State Senator Harry F. Byrd, Jr., and they will get a 9 per cent rebate this year. Education and health services are fairly good, and highways are superlative. Welfare payments are among the very lowest in the nation.

There are too many people on the state payroll, and there is too much centralization of governmental functions in Richmond—conditions against which Mr. Byrd inveighs in our national capital but which neither he nor his followers seem to find particularly objectionable in Virginia. Furthermore, the state budget has gone up, percentagewise, in the past quarter of a century in a manner comparable with that of the Federal government.

If these things leave a good deal of room for improvement, there remains the fact that similar conditions prevail in many other states. And there is no convincing evidence that they would be transformed for the better if Miller were elected to the Senate, or Whitehead to the governorship. One or the other of these changes, or both of them, would probably accomplish relatively little without a drastic overturn in the membership of both branches of the General Assembly—now overwhelmingly pro-Byrd. One might argue that a beginning must be made somewhere, and for those who desire sweep-

ing change, such a beginning would be worthwhile. But the people of Virginia evidently feel otherwise. Most of them have shown themselves to be fairly well satisfied with the present situation.

Although the Byrd machine has been in power for twenty-five years, and many other similar groups would have become grossly careless or corrupt in that period, it has maintained a high standard of honesty and public service. The level of ability and character among the men it backs for office is exceptionally good. Since 1926, when Harry Byrd became Governor at the age of 38, he has been its dominant personality and guiding genius. In recent times he has shared the leadership more and more with a small group, as national and international problems absorbed him, but he remains the key figure—especially since his late triumph.

Senator Byrd's own standards are exemplified in his refusal to accept any Federal soil conservation payments for the past sixteen years, although he has been entitled to approximately \$8000 a year, or a total of \$128,000. Since he has the largest privately-owned apple orchards in the world, he is not sorely in need of this money, but his unwillingness to take it is refreshing, in view of the sordidness revealed of late in official Washington. He has also declined to sell any apples to the government. He says he thinks it wrong in principle for a Senator to accept any money from the Federal government except his salary.

Byrd's Record in Washington

Mr. Byrd might have gone back to his apple orchards for good at the end of 1952, if President Truman hadn't proclaimed a couple of years ago that "There are too many Byrds in Congress." This aroused Byrd's ire, and he determined to run again.

In Washington Senator Byrd has stood for constant emphasis on economy and efficiency, for uncompromising opposition to what he terms the "socialism" of the New Deal and Fair Deal, for large reductions in the amount of economic aid given by the United States to foreign countries, and for the ousting of five-percenters, fixers and other shady characters. He probably comes closer to being an isolationist than any Democrat in the Senate, and he voted against the British loan of 1946, the Truman plan for aid to Greece, and the Marshall Plan.

In the recent campaign Miller made the most of Byrd's isolationist tendencies. The people of Virginia are probably much less isolationist than Byrd, but they are becoming increasingly fed up with high taxes and demands for additional help from abroad, and they preferred Byrd to Miller for various reasons. In particular, Miller's admiration for Truman's "great decisions" frightened them. Predominantly conservative themselves, they knew Byrd to be similarly so. They also knew him to be a man who votes his convictions and never hesitates to take an unpopular stand. He has taken such

stands many times, especially in the 1930s when he was opposed to much that the Roosevelt Administration was doing.

The less conservative element in Virginia has been after Byrd's political scalp for a decade and a half. They made their supreme bids in the gubernatorial contest of 1949 and the senatorial contest of 1952, both times with Francis Miller as their standard bearer. The labor unions are believed to have been almost solidly for Miller in both primaries. The Negroes, who do not feel that the Byrd organization has been friendly to them, also were in Miller's camp. Despite the known fact that the Negro vote was going to Miller, there was hardly any discussion of the race issue by either side, and apparently little undercover whispering. The Byrd people, who have always refrained from the sort of race-baiting and the other types of demagoguery that are prevalent in certain states, kept a firm hand on this type of thing in the senatorial campaign.

This conservative, even-handed approach paid off at the polls, as it had done before. The magnitude of Byrd's triumph has greatly strengthened his political organization. It has also emboldened all the Southern conservatives in Congress in their battle with President Truman, and given them greater willingness to pursue an independent course in the current Presidential campaign.

Interpretation, or misinterpretation, of the outcome in other parts of the country ranged from the *Chicago Tribune's* far-fetched editorial entitled "Virginia's Warning to Eisenhower," to the *New Republic's* article—which landed in the laps of the state's astonished citizens on the day after Byrd's smashing victory—"Virginia—The Byrd Machine Totters."

If carrying nine out of ten Congressional districts, 21 out of 27 cities, and 84 out of 98 counties, is "tottering," the word needs to be redefined. The fact seems to be that the antis have little chance of winning the governorship in 1953, and that the Byrd machine is safely ensconced in control for an indefinite period. That may impress some persons in other parts of the United States as regrettable, and even outrageous, but that's the way the people of Virginia evidently want it. After watching Senator Byrd in action for a quarter of a century, they prefer his tested and tried leadership to any substitute now available to them.

Eschatology

Autumn's first leaf foretells,
Falling, our private hells;
And the old nugatory
Visions of purgatory
Hover before our eyes
Yet men try on, for size,
Halos for paradise.

BEN RAY REDMAN

Predicting the Unpredictable

By L. ALBERT HAHN

Why the Keynesian theorists have erred in trying to forecast the economic future is explained by an economist well known both here and in Europe.

If you take the trouble to interrogate a large number of economists about the economic future of the country you will find that an overwhelming majority argues in the following way: In about two years at the latest, rearmament will be completed and the amounts spent for this purpose will be negligible. At about the same time the pent-up demand for investments will be largely satisfied. The productive apparatus will be sufficiently enlarged, improved and modernized to meet the needs of an increased population and all other reasonable requirements. A depression—or at least a serious recession from the present high level of production and employment—must follow.

These predictions will awaken unpleasant memories in those who do not believe in the possibility of objective, “scientific” forecasts. They will be reminded of the forecasts of a postwar depression so popular during the war. At that time it was the general opinion of the experts, based especially on a study by Morris Livingston, “Markets After the War,” that the increase in population, the rising productivity and the inability of consumption to keep up with production would inevitably lead to unemployment of many millions of workers. And the well-known Swedish economist, Gunnar Myrdal, impressed by this line of argument, propagated it in many articles in the Swedish and Swiss press. I myself, in an article, “Do Not Predict Postwar Deflation—Prevent It,”¹ tried to show the fallacies of the underlying mechanical approach to economic problems and of a forecast so astounding to anybody who knows from the study of history that inflations and not deflations have always been the aftermaths of wars.

All forecasts of postwar deflation turned out to be entirely wrong, as was to be expected. Almost immediately after the end of hostilities a postwar boom began. But the forecasters, in no way discouraged by their errors, stayed on the job. Now they predicted the continuation of inflation. Just when their forecasts became most articulate, in the spring of 1949, the recession of that year set in. Then deflation was considered here to stay; government intervention was advocated. The second postwar boom, not caused, I think, but accentuated by the outbreak of the Korean war in 1950, led again to predictions of continued and even of run-

away inflation. But 1951 was basically a year of deflation, and of inflation only in the areas where it was governmentally fostered.

Clearly the regularity of these errors in forecasting can not be pure chance. Something like a Law of the Necessity of Errors in Forecasting must be at work.

It is seldom realized that belief in the possibility of “scientific” business forecasts, and the forecasting mania of our time, are comparatively new phenomena. Until about 1930 serious economists were not so bold—or so naive—as to pretend to be able to calculate the coming of booms and depressions in advance. It would not have fitted into their general view on the working of a free economy. They considered the economic future as basically dependent on unpredictable price-cost relationships and on the equally unpredictable psychological reactions of entrepreneurs. Predictions of future business conditions would have seemed to them mere charlatanry, just as predictions, say, regarding the resolutions of Congress two years from now.

The “Multiplier” and “Acceleration” Fallacies

The forecasting mania of our time is a natural concomitant of what is called Keynesian economics. It constitutes an integral part of the world of “functional finance,” of the “multiplier effect” of the “acceleration principle” and similar concepts. If one really believes, as the “inventors” of functional finance do, that a depression can be prevented and a boom prolonged *ad libitum* by government deficit spending, if one fails to see that the elimination of the maladjustments in the price-cost relationship created during the previous boom are necessary conditions of revival, then indeed the economic future appears no longer too uncertain. And if one really believes in the working of the multiplier and the acceleration principle, then the more remote future also appears predictable. For according to the multiplier theory a given amount of spending on investment leads in time to an immediately ascertainable stable amount of spending on consumption; whereas a given amount of spending on consumption leads in time to an immediately ascertainable amount of spending on investment.

Pre-Keynesian economists would not, incidentally, have been seduced into forecasting and calculating such secondary and further effects of spending.

¹The Commercial and Financial Chronicle (January 25, 1945). Reprinted in my “Economics of Illusion,” New York: 1949, chapter 5.

They would have considered a development of multiplier and acceleration theory as unrealistic toying with ideas rather than the scientific achievement it is considered nowadays. For whether increased spending on consumption leads in time to increased investment is dependent on the unascertainable profit expectations of entrepreneurs. The fact that inventories have been used up through increased consumption may or may not improve these expectations. And whether spending on investment leads to a corresponding spending on consumption is dependent on the equally unascertainable presence or absence of buyers' resistance—as the early New Deal experiences clearly showed. Multiplier and acceleration theories thus do not answer but simply beg the question of what the long-run effects will be of single doses of spending.

The basic error of the whole approach lies in the fact that the causative link between objective data and the decision of the members of the community are treated as mechanical. But men are still men and not automatons. There does not even exist, as is sometimes maintained, a fixed correlation, for instance, between birth and marriage rates and the demand for housing; or between the increased need for electric current and the investments of public utilities. The investments can—and are—either speeded up or postponed according to whether entrepreneurs are optimistic or pessimistic regarding future demand and prices—i.e., regarding the prospect that the investments will be profitable. If they are optimistic, a boom may develop; if they are pessimistic, a depression.

Forecasting the economic future means forecasting decisions on investment and consumption that are as uncertain as the whole future. The professional forecasters pretend that they have a sort of monopoly of clairvoyance in this respect. They forget, however, that it is precisely the main occupation of entrepreneurs to predict future demand in order to adjust their production to it. What leads to the maldistribution of demand—called the business cycle—is that the majority of entrepreneurs are at times too optimistic or too pessimistic; that they either invest too much and too soon, or too little and too late. Now there is not the slightest reason to assume that in the game of forecasting future demands correctly the theorists will be on the average more successful than the businessmen. On the contrary, it can be assumed that the businessmen will on the average do better. They are more responsible. For businessmen suffer losses when they err, whereas the theorists can forecast with no risk—not even to their prestige, it seems.

Thus the world does not consist, on the one hand, of theorists who can calculate future investment and consumption, including their “accelerating” and “multiplying” effect, and, on the other hand, of businessmen for whom the future is uncertain and who are forced to “speculate.”

The tragic—not to say tragi-comic—consequence

in the real world is that the forecasts of the great majority of theorists can never hold good. If the businessmen in sensing future maldistribution of demand are at least as smart as the theorists, they will adjust to it by speeding up or postponing their investments—with the result that the predicted cycle will not materialize. It is, one can say by definition, impossible to calculate depressions in advance. Calculated depressions do not happen. Nor, by the way, do calculated inflations—though it was so popular, just before the latest recession in commodity prices, to calculate a new inflation in advance. A recession was clearly due the moment certain theorists began to speak of our age as the age of permanent inflation.

So don't forecast a post-armament deflation. It will not happen—whatever other depression, not yet recognized and recognizable either by you or the majority of businessmen, may materialize.

The Economic Isolationists

But why, it may be asked, are these simple and obvious ideas not widely accepted by American economists? To one outside the magic circle of the Keynesians the reason seems to be what can be called the isolationism of Anglo-American economics. It is this isolationism that prevents economists from seeing the merits and weaknesses of their work in a detached and objective way and in the right perspective. It prevents them from being aware that most economists in Germany, France and Italy strongly oppose the Keynesian doctrines. For example, to Professor Adolf Weber, the well-known economist of the University of Munich, the idea that full employment is mainly threatened by a lag of investment behind saving, sounds merely like a bad joke.² But the isolationism of Anglo-American economists is also historical. They believe earnestly that their ideas are fundamentally new, unique, and a definite answer to the problems of a competitive economy. Insufficiently educated in the history of economic thought, they do not realize that Keynesianism—down to the most technical details, like the concept of the foreign exchange multiplier—is mercantilism or, more precisely, John Lawism pure and simple. Thus they do not recognize that the objections of the classical economists to mercantilism are valid also in respect to their own teachings. Nor do they see that many concepts of the modern planners—fair prices, fair wages, fair profits, and so on—are nothing else than a new edition of the medieval scholastic concepts of *justum pretium* and *justum salarium*, which proved so detrimental to economic progress.

Reading, quoting, praising and promoting each other, and only each other, will not liberate these economists from their voluntary isolationism. They will remain in their dream world. They will continue to predict the unpredictable.

²*Der Wirtschaftspiegel*, Wiesbaden, October 1, 1947, p. 365.

Foreign Trends

A Lesson from Chiang

In the consensus of Far East experts, the potentially strongest trump in Soviet hands is Japan's desperate need for a fast expansion of her foreign trade. If our State Department were less exclusively fascinated with Europe, and had any Asiatic policy at all, the U. S. would have long ago recognized maximum trade relations with Japan as a vital objective of our global strategy: Japan must be made economically viable if she is to resist the lure of trade with Red China.

What could be achieved has just been indicated by Chiang Kai-shek whose trade emissary to Japan, General Chang Chun, returned to Formosa with a new trade pact which not only bolsters the economies of both Japan and Nationalist China but, in addition, constitutes a diplomatic success for Chiang's government. What was formally a "Japan-Formosa Trade Agreement" is now officially titled "Japan-China Trade Agreement"—tantamount to a strict Japanese acknowledgment that Chiang is China's government. Economically, the pact increases the volume of trade between Formosa and Japan by almost one-half (to \$72 million a year).

Krupp: A Pacifist

It may be just public relations wizardry, but the notorious Krupp dynasty, for generations the symbol of insatiable German armament, is violating every rule in the Marxian book. Herr Alfred Krupp has just put himself at the head of a vociferous group of German industrialists who solemnly promise never to produce weapons again. The Ruhr's labor unions, on the other hand, are greatly disturbed over the loss of their bargaining power if the region were to lose its strategic importance as Germany's arsenal. In paradoxical consequence, the Ruhr's Socialists oppose their national party's anti-armament platform, while Herr Krupp endorses it with all the eloquence and prestige at his command.

Communism: Soak the Poor

Though it may still be effective on Park Avenue, the legend of Soviet "economic democracy" has collapsed along the line that divides eastern from western Germany. A comparison of official tax rates in the two zones shows that Soviet Germany hits the poor much harder than does western Germany. A German worker who makes \$100 a month pays an income tax of \$10 in West Berlin but \$13 in the Soviet zone. On the other hand, a big shot who draws \$400 a month in Soviet Germany (and only party protégés make that sort of money) pays only \$80 in taxes while western Germany's tax slice of the same salary would be well over \$100.

Austerity Wrinkles

The subjects of the British Welfare State are spending one-fourth more on drink and tobacco than they pay for housing, heat and light (12.5 and 10 per cent of earnings, respectively). And the British food bill is only twice the British expenditures for alcohol and nicotine. This quaint sort of national housekeeping—about one-third of earnings spent on food and shelter *combined*—makes the British Welfare State a freak among industrial nations. Even the proverbially rich average U. S. family must earmark at least two-thirds of its income for groceries and rent. But, of course, for the seeming largesse of his Welfare State, which picks up a substantial part of his food bill and keeps his rent frozen below housing costs, the Briton pays heavily: first as a taxpayer who recovers in doles only a fraction of what the government takes from him; and then as a consumer whose creature comforts and pleasures would be resented in U. S. slums. Even so, there still remains a deficit in the quaint British budget; but the person to worry about that is the *American* taxpayer.

Who Pays That Piper?

The best informed French sources estimate that the Communist Party of France spends about \$140 million a year for propaganda alone; and it is of course mainly anti-American propaganda. Of this sum, about \$50 million is paid to the openly or clandestinely Communist press; about \$20 million goes into various other publishing ventures; the rest is spent on special poster campaigns and salaries for the legions of full-time propagandists. Even if one were to accept the party's fantastic membership claim (600,000 dues-paying members), that kind of money must come from abroad. For the annual wage of 600,000 fully employed Frenchmen is less than \$600 million—and not even Monsieur Duclos would have the nerve to maintain that his comrades devote one-fourth of their total earnings to the party's propaganda apparatus. But in the face of these unequivocal facts, the French government tactfully refrains from investigating the party's remarkable financial prowess, lest it dig up evidence of what everybody in France knows anyway—that the money comes straight from Moscow.

Who's Next?

The Pinay government has been luckier than most of its predecessors, but few people in Paris are willing to bet that it will survive 1952. One backstage rumor predicts a forthcoming deal between De Gaulle and the Socialists, under Monsieur Bidault as umpire. The speculation is that De Gaulle may be anxious to regain lost ground by emphasizing "social reform" and that the Socialists are sufficiently exasperated by Pinay's fiscal thrift to prefer just about any other government. CANDIDE



Arts and Entertainments

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM



The futility of criticism, universal in all the arts, minor as well as major, promises to get spectacular in TV. With an unprecedented unanimity that reached from the lowest to the highest brow, the American public, once it had recovered from its first fascination with the new magic, agreed on at least one vehement objection—TV's flooding of the all-American living room with crime.

In ironical fact, TV's response to the outcry was an across-the-board increase of objectionable programs. This is the unequivocal meaning of a sober statistical study conducted by the National Association of Broadcasters under its own director of research, Dr. Dallas Smythe. He has recently published his second annual survey of TV programming, and his findings are shattering.

The 1951 survey disclosed that exactly one-tenth of total TV time was taken up by what the trade statisticians call "crime drama." But total TV time (from "sign on" to "sign off") is an insignificant yardstick. What really sets the tone is the evening fare. And in the hours from 7 P.M. to "sign off" almost one-fifth of all 1951 programs belonged to the crime class.

Here are the results of the new survey: "crime drama" took up almost 15 per cent of total TV time in January 1952, and almost 24 per cent of all TV programs after 7 P.M. TV's answer to an unanimous public protest was to increase institutionalized homicide by a substantial portion.

The horror grows with each further look at the figures. The "children's hours" (from 5 to 7 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, from "sign on" to 7 P.M. on Saturdays and Sundays) ought to be the programming period, one would think, in which the universal popular resentment could have wrested reform from even the most callous dispensers of dramatized depravity. But "crime drama" absorbed 7.4 per cent of all children's hours in January 1951—and 11.6 per cent in 1952. In the New York area this means that every day, during hours reserved for child audiences, seven TV stations were peddling 83 minutes of coagulated horror in 1951—and 156 minutes in 1952.

But the specification "crime drama" does not give the full measure of the insane situation. At least two other categories in the statistical breakdown of TV's dramatic menu ("action drama" and "western drama") are primarily dedicated to violence. Adding these two, 17 per cent of total TV time (28 per cent of all programs after 7 P.M.) in 1951 were used for all-around ferocity—but in 1952, 21 per cent of total TV time (31 per cent of

all programs after 7 P.M.). And our children's part in that national celebration of a vulgar appetite grew from 18 per cent of their total daily TV fare in 1951 to 22 per cent in 1952.

These are the established facts about the success criticism has achieved in one year's feud with a new entertainment industry which lives on the public's hospitality. What devil is riding the managers of the new medium? I happen to know a few of them, and I can assure you that they are no fiends. They are reputable citizens, exemplary family men who seem as concerned with their children's spiritual well-being as is any professional critic. Yet some day, I am afraid, these attractive gentlemen will have to account before their Lord for brazen public violation of their noble private code—if they do not need first to consult a psychoanalyst. Whatever their alibi in either rendezvous, at least they would not be lying, I concede, if they were to plead superior force.

Yes, TV is being driven with growing speed toward an entropy of baseness—not so much by the human deficiencies of its program directors as by the medium's innermost nature. The evil programs expand not in defiance of the public's wrath, but in compliance with TV's intrinsic needs. For here is a medium that devours dramatic material in astronomical quantities and so, to arrest its potentially jaded audience, demands an ever-growing intake of "thrills." The obvious, the almost incapable way of satisfying such a monster's topical appetites is recourse to topical evil.

True, if TV's program directors were saints, or at least artists, they would not yield to these pressures; but then, neither saints nor artists have ever been known for the talents found indispensable in building a new mass industry. I must admit that the only alternative I can honestly offer is, for the industry, no alternative at all. For I am convinced that the only remedy is a radical restriction of TV output: the medium would have to be cut down to the quantitative level on which a reasonable quality can be maintained. While it is perhaps possible to produce, say, a thousand hours of entertainment and information a year without sinking below the level of toxic imbecility, the total cultural heritage of the entire human race is patently unequal to the job of staging America's expanding TV show: a machine that keeps exuding "stimulation" for about a million hours a year (a conservative estimate for a country which soon will count a thousand TV stations) must of necessity sputter horror and abomination.

To run at less than full capacity is against the nature of any machine. A few distressed TV managers might continue to fight against the rising deluge. But the floods keep rising and must blanket the peaks. A tremendous cultural inflation has engulfed us and the frail dikes of inherited values are being washed away.



A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In the old days the university presses got around to publishing "final" and "definitive" critical estimates of authors long after they were dead. Today's university press editors, stung into action by such wideawake characters as Eugene Davidson of Yale and W. T. Couch, formerly of the University of Chicago, are much more enterprising, as witness the appearance of "Hemingway: The Writer as Artist," by Carlos Baker (Princeton, \$4.50). This long textual analysis of one of our most influential contemporary fiction writers comes almost simultaneously with the publication of Hemingway's long short story, or novella, "The Old Man and the Sea" (Scribner, \$3.00). The latter book, which has been printed in its entirety in *Life*, is the best thing Hemingway has done since "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and it illustrates everything Professor Baker says about the unique marriage of naturalism, poetry and suggestive symbolism of which Hemingway is the inimitable master in a literary age that has spent half its energies in a futile attempt to imitate him.

"The Old Man and the Sea" is a simple story about an unpretentious Cuban fisherman, Santiago, who is so very old that he has to rely on wiles, stratagems and patient endurance to land marlin and fight sharks in the Gulf Stream that flows past Cuba, Florida and the Bahamas. Santiago has only a skiff, a patched sail, and the worst of equipment to do his job, and if it were not for a boy who loves him and idolizes him as a master of his trade, he would most assuredly be starving. At the time when the story begins Santiago has gone eighty-four days without catching a fish, and the boy has been compelled by his father to shift from so unlucky a man to another boat. Santiago has been carrying on alone, moving into ever deeper water in the hope of landing a big one before the September hurricane season keeps the fishing boats harbor-bound.

The old man, who knows the sea and knows he can always pick up a landfall by sailing in a south-

westerly direction until he sees the glow of Havana in the night sky, has no fears about going far out, even beyond the outermost reaches dared by the rest of the small fisher craft. (After all, the old man has sailed to Africa as a boy and has seen the lions playing on the sands.) On the day the story opens he goes way out and is rewarded by a tremendous strike as a giant marlin hits his cleverly arranged bait. The marlin takes hold and proceeds to tow the old man for a day and a night and into another day. It is a battle between a noble game fish's strength and an old man's cunning and endurance, and eventually the old man wins. But there is no final victory, for the old man can not lift the fish aboard the small skiff. Leashing the marlin to the side, the old man is unable to fight off *all* the sharks before making a landfall. He arrives home with nothing but a gigantic fish's backbone to show for his pains.

This, briefly set down, is the story line of "The Old Man and the Sea." It is exciting enough to carry anyone along, even the most thoughtless of readers. But the real story, as is customary in a Hemingway narrative, is told in the undertones and the overtones and the echoes raised by the symbolic manipulation of reference and image. The old man happens to be a baseball fan—an addict of the "*honroneros*" who sometimes visit Cuba in the training season and who play in the Caribbean winter leagues. He particularly admires the "great DiMaggio," whose name is dropped casually on several occasions in the book. Since DiMaggio was a consummate master of his craft, a fielder

who could make the most difficult catches look easy, he serves as a key to a particular Hemingway admiration. Whether Hemingway is writing about prize fights, English lion hunters in East Africa, matadors in the Madrid bull ring, soldiers directing a retreat or blowing a bridge, or fishermen in northern Michigan, what he admires is technique that can stand up when courage is required. He is a partisan of men who have the old

Lest You Forget

SOME OLDER BOOKS FOR LIBERTARIANS

The Red Prussian, by Leopold Schwartzschild (Scribner)

The Rediscovery of Morals, by H. C. Link (Dutton)

By Vote of the People, by Willis J. Ballinger (Scribner)

The Fountainhead, by Ayn Rand (Bobbs-Merrill)

Science and the Planned State, by John Randall Baker (Macmillan)

Moxie, to use the highest term of praise that ball players of the Speaker-Hooper-Duffy Lewis generation could employ.

I happen to share Hemingway's preoccupation with the esthetics of sport, for my memories of the Australian Jack Crawford moving with lazy anticipation to hit a graceful forehand down the line, or Walter Muehlbronner and Irene Maguire doing a combination paso doble and kilian on ice, or Sonya Klopfer at the height of a split jump, or the silken swish of a Ted Williams swing, or Sammy Snead's consummate ability to keep his body out of the way of his hips when driving off the tee, stand out far more vividly than the hundreds of second-rate novels I have read in a lifetime of reviewing.

Esthetics is where you take it, and if you can not read a new "War and Peace" or "Huckleberry Finn" or "The Great Gatsby," a catch by Billy Cox over third base is better. But with Hemingway the ordinary type of sport won't do. For him a sport must be pursued in the bright face of danger. The clue to his attitude in "The Old Man and the Sea" is provided by Santiago's ruminations about the bone spur on Joe DiMaggio's heel. The old man marvels not so much at DiMaggio's home runs as at his ability to carry on his trade while suffering great and even crippling pain.

In Hemingway the game is all-important, but the game must be played with death or suffering lining up as unseen accomplices on the opposing side. Then, and then only, is fortitude in the deliberate application of technique worthy of being called the old Moxie. Hemingway has been praised in the past as the novelistic admirer of grace under pressure, but the pressure must include the possibility of disaster or death.

Whether this is a "healthy" thing in Hemingway or not I do not know. It strikes me as more Spanish than Anglo-Saxon in its emphasis, and I have always felt there is a vein of masochism and/or cruelty in *deliberately* making a spectacle of death, as the Spanish countries do in the cult of the bull fight. (With war, which is another Hemingway preoccupation, it is different: wars, once they are started, can not be helped.) But it is undeniable that if one is filled with the tragic sense of life, as Hemingway is, a sport that is physically safe must seem a pallid thing, and unworthy of the novelist's attention.

After all, Ernest Hemingway is not a sports writer in the Red Smith manner; he is a tragic novelist of great skill. (He is a comic artist, too, but the comedy usually comes by way of by-play in a Hemingway story.) Finally, Hemingway needs more than mere play to give him scope in developing his conception of human possibilities. For he

has set his face against a whole generation of futilitarians in insisting that what gives man his manhood, his *cojones*, is his capacity for rising to the stature of hero. Hemingway came of artistic age when the Kafka-ites were insisting that man was a dream-walker, when the materialists were arguing that free will was a delusion, and when the Marxists were arguing that man was the plaything of a nemesis called "society." But Hemingway has all along insisted that a man can be a man and fight to accomplish his destiny even in the face of the disapproving fates. When even a simple Cuban fisherman can behave with the utmost nobility, the *Weltschmerz* intellectuals who infest our metropolitan centers should begin to sit up and take notice.

Carlos Baker has a very clear view of Hemingway's healthy interest in "normative" morals. And Mr. Baker also sees clearly when he stresses the merging of the naturalistic and the symbolic elements in Hemingway's writing. But "Hemingway: The Writer as Artist" suffers from the tedium that is the inevitable accompaniment of all the works of the latter-day critical school that rests almost everything on "textual analysis," on the isolation of symbolic meaning, or of word-recurrence, or of metaphor types. After all, I know that "The Old Man and the Sea" has the weight and the significance of a parable and of a lesson in the moral life without having textual analysis of images, or forced comparisons or contrasts with "Moby Dick," forced upon me. The "new" criticism may be of utmost importance to neophyte writers who wish to learn the art of gaining effects, but it piles Pelion on Ossa for the reader who knows how to read a novel without the "damn-you-get-that" professor sitting so self-importantly at his elbow. The "new" criticism reminds me of the late Professor Karl Young, who used to devote a whole lecture to proving "The Merchant of Venice" was an "opulent" play. But we could all see that without being told.

One more thing: the textual analysis type of criticism skimps in its consideration of all the wider linked questions of biography and philosophy. What I, personally, would like to know about Hemingway is why his characters are so seldom implicated in the common life of the globe, and in the stream of the generations. He can write consummately about an old man's battle with nature, but most of us tangle with other men and women, or with the forces of society, or with the oppressiveness of the State, or with the growing-away of offspring. Hemingway has tackled these subjects in such books as "To Have and Have Not" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls," but he has never yet deliberately moved to the center of the *comédie humaine*. I don't say that he should be asked to do this, but I would like to know why he doesn't. And textual analysis hardly provides the answer.

Our Machine Culture

Art and Technics, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Columbia University Press. \$3.00

A good book is a Buddha, a teacher, and Lewis Mumford's little volume has real didactic value. Mumford is one of the exiles of the arts who stayed at home and viewed the decline of the national character. He refused to imitate the cultists of the word, the gaga sensualists who went to Paris only to return as station-wagon litterateurs or academy he-dowagers of letters.

One must first be a humble pupil, or one will always be the most groping journeyman. Mumford's most important mentor and friend was Joel Elias Spingarn, who had said there was nothing under the sun that is new in art. Spingarn, deriving his wisdom from Solomon rather than Ezra Pound, had remarked, "If Eliot is the greatest poet of our times, Poor Times!" The new has been the flag of the arts, and very few modern writers besides Mumford have realized that this is a doomsday banner.

Mumford is no opponent of the machine, although he is greatly troubled by the nihilism of the mechanical age. The Luddites, English workingmen and women, broke the machines with their hands because they desired to return to handicrafts. We, however, have let the machines destroy our hands, the result of which has been a malignant, touchless culture. One of the ten commandments of present-day art and civilization is, thou shalt not touch. The aim of the nihilist is to have nothing to touch.

What Kropotkin, Marx, the Socialists and Communists have not considered is that machines can be dispiriting agents that enfeeble the will. The effect of the machine upon love, friendship, marriage, volition, amusements has been most baleful. Mumford despairs of our sick arts which are the expression of the self-love and perversity that rages in the American soul. He has a horror of the forward artist who does not heed Lao-tze's admonition "Let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." The poet today is Narcissus, declares Mumford. Our "originals" have invented an auto-alphabet, which is writing for one's self.

Mumford does not want to abandon the machine, though his logic leads him to the point of view of William Morris, who said, "Apart from the desire to produce beautiful things, the leading passion of my life has been and is hatred of modern civilization." Man is first *homo sapiens* rather than a tool-using animal, writes Mumford. What he means is that contemplation is much more important than artifacts. This is ancient wisdom, for in the old Hebraic world the artisan came long after the sage, the meditative shepherd, and the harper; and the rude potter worked remote from holy places.

The evil genius of mechanical pastimes is very apparent. The American entertainments are no longer rustic or communal, a river picnic, the buggy ride, or Sunday in the park, but tend to be of a solitary character. Modern man gets his recreation from the electric devil-boxes, the radio, television, and the movies. What a mournful people are the Americans, said Maxim Gorki, who have to get their entertainment out of mechanical amusements.

We are so bored we can not sit. Our screed is going. Mumford tells us that Abbé Gratre, the great logician of the last century, suggested that each one retire every day for a half hour to be still! Mumford also relates that a psychologist has recently discovered that weaving is a healing work. Modern people are always discovering what was known to the Amorites in 4500 B. C.

It is plain that Mumford has grave doubts regarding new technics, but he says it is futile to attempt to limit them. Presently Lewis Mumford, one of the very few sane thinkers in the land today, must become more emphatic in denouncing our mechanical culture. Our inventions and entertainments come from the same nihilism and boredom that is so characteristic of our crepuscular torpid arts. The machines raise up such ennui that, as Solomon said, the eye can never be satisfied with seeing nor the ear filled with hearing.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

Native Ground

There Was a Man in Our Town, by Granville Hicks. New York: Viking. \$3.00

Back of Town, by Maritta Wolff. New York: Random House. \$3.50

This Crooked Way, by Elizabeth Spencer. New York: Dodd, Mead. \$3.00

The Catherine Wheel, by Jean Stafford. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$3.00

I have never been too impressed by the charge that American life is overstandardized, and this group of recent novels in a sense bears me out. Except that they all deal with facets of our native American scene, these four first-rate books have almost nothing in common, and differ as widely in atmosphere and background as they do in style, approach, viewpoint, etc. The ways of life which they depict are radically dissimilar—balance the overbred tradition of Miss Stafford's Boston aristocrats against the down-to-earth quality of Mr. Hicks's small town—yet the pattern is valid in each case for the particular locale, and each pattern is purely indigenous. All this would seem to indicate that there is a richer variety in American life than the alarmists imagine; the movies, the automobile, radio and TV have not yet ground us down to a colorless conformity.

Although the word is currently abused, Granville

Hicks deals with politics at the grassroots level, specifically with the efforts of a retired college professor who has moved to a small upstate town to guide, reform and galvanize its life. Ellery Hodder is a liberal and a theorist, full of good will and improving ideas, but he discounts the orneriness of human nature, its unpredictable whims, and he is unaware that "politics is people." In the course of a peppery town election, he makes some bad mistakes, and his floundering is observed with dry amusement by the narrator of the story, whose uncle, Will Shattuck, is Colchester's local boss. Before the votes are counted, however, salutary lessons have been learned by both sides, and in the end Ellery's theories make more of an impact than seems possible to him in his initial discouragement.

By an odd coincidence, Mr. Hicks is himself an ex-professor who moved some years ago to a small rural community and has gradually become involved in its affairs. Twice before—in his novel, "Only One Storm," and in an informal sociological study called "Small Town"—he has dealt with the problem of the intellectual who adopts this way of living, but never has he dealt with it so pungently as now, and certainly never so amusingly. For all its hard core of seriousness, its underlying moral, "There Was a Man in Our Town" is an immensely readable book—shrewd, witty, consistently entertaining, full of authentic and savory data about small town life. It is a little discursive at times; it introduces, perhaps, a few too many characters; but it is the best, I think, of Mr. Hicks's novels, and technically it is easily the most expert.

In contrast to the citizens of Colchester, the people in "Back of Town" lack standards and self-discipline, and belong to that rootless section of the lower middle class which has become Maritta Wolff's private preserve. The setting of the book is the shoddy outskirts of a small midwestern city, and the hero is Sherry Lockridge—tough, handsome, likeable—who comes home broke after a long sojourn in Hollywood, bringing a fretful, possessive wife who is slowly dying. Almost at once, and despite his real concern for Fay, he becomes involved again with the girl Nell, who is permanently in his blood, often as they have quarreled in the past. Passionately drawn to one another, blind to moral scruples because of the fierceness of their need, these two have always been incapable of achieving a stable relationship, and they are still unable to do so after Fay's death, and after Sherry is freed from a second unhappy entanglement.

I have been an admirer of Maritta Wolff ever since she published her first novel, "Whistle Stop," at a precociously early age and followed it by an almost equally good novel, "Night Shift." There is passion and vitality in everything she writes, and her characters love, quarrel and are reconciled in a kind of fine, lusty frenzy that has all the raw accent of life. As they trail about from bar to bar, or

briefly find peace in some sordid hotel room, one is curiously moved by the story of Sherry and Nell, however perverse and unadmirable they may at times seem. The trouble is, that Miss Wolff has told this story before—or stories very similar. It is more than ten years, now, since "Whistle Stop," and one would have expected Miss Wolff in that time to achieve a more mature viewpoint.

Passions run high also in Elizabeth Spencer's second novel—which, like "Fire in the Morning," has a Mississippi setting—but Miss Spencer's approach is subtler and more elliptical than Miss Wolff's and an element of moral judgment is involved. This is the story of Amos Dudley, who believed that God had made a pact with him to give him what he wanted—and Amos, it turns out, wanted a great deal. A farm boy from the hills, Amos drifts down to the rich Delta country; manages, rather incredibly, to secure a plantation; and then marries Ary Morgan, daughter of an old planter family—ruthlessly disposing of another woman in order to do so. In his subsequent rise to wealth and power, Amos disposes of other obstacles in his path with a similar cold ruthlessness, yet he is never quite able to cope with the aristocratic Morgans, whose traditions are so different from his.

The story is told obliquely, mostly through the "indictments" of various people, including his own wife, upon whose hearts Amos Dudley has trampled. Amos's actions and motives are often perplexing to the reader—particularly toward the end of the book. "The Crooked Way," however, is definitely a superior novel and its brilliant depiction of the Delta country, and the folk who inhabit it, is alone worth the price of admission. Miss Spencer knows them all—the Negroes, the poor whites, the planters, the hill-men—and she reproduces the rhythms of their thought and speech in a fine, tangy idiom flavored by her own highly personal sense of style. There is both violence and poetry in her book, and humor as well, to give it a sharp, salty bite.

From the standpoint of sheer artistry—of style, if you will—the last of these four novels is definitely the most brilliant, even if at times it seems too rarefied and too carefully wrought. Miss Stafford's scene is the Maine seacoast, where Katherine Congreve, a Bostonian, owns a great exquisite house to which, each summer, she invites three youthful relatives while their parents take an annual trip abroad. This summer, however, is not like other summers, for at the end of it the children's father means to claim Katherine, who lost him years ago to her charming cousin, Maeve, and has since been living rather eccentrically in memories of her love. Neither is it like ordinary summers to sensitive young Andrew, whose cherished friendship with a local boy, Victor, has been disrupted by the return of the latter's brother, Charles, glamorously on sick leave from the Navy.

Throughout the summer, then, both Andrew and Cousin Katherine are in an acutely disturbed state and both are acutely aware of one another. The beautiful, fastidious, mannered Katherine fears that the boy has divined her guilty secret—and she is also dimly conscious that she no longer really wants the love that at last has been offered. As for Andrew, he suffers not only from loneliness but from an equally guilty fear—namely that Katherine has guessed how fiercely he wishes Charles were dead. Starting with this basic misunderstanding, Miss Stafford has constructed a delicate, elaborate, intense story, weighted heavily with symbolism, whose exotically tragic ending solves Katherine's problem, and is somehow in keeping with her whole life. "The Catherine Wheel" is a haunting, a flawlessly patterned book, but in its strange, brittle perfection it somehow fails to move one as the author, I believe, intended that it should.

EDITH H. WALTON

One Who Survived

Under Two Dictators, by Margarete Buber. New York: Dodd, Mead. \$4.00

Heinz Neumann, a leading German Communist, and his wife, a party member, were summoned to Moscow in 1935. The GPU came for him in April 1937; for his wife, Margarete Buber, in June. She spent two years in a Siberian slave camp. Then she and other German Communists were turned over to the Nazis. After five years in Ravensbruck, a concentration camp for women, Miss Buber escaped to the American lines. "Under Two Dictators" is her account of these events.

I expected to find brutality, treachery, dirt, lice, hunger, loneliness, sickness, torture and death in this account. They are there, in full measure. But scattered along the interminable days of Miss Buber's misery were other moments which stood out brightly against the squalid background. There were, for example, adventures . . . the manufacture of a dress out of towels and colored shreds, to clothe a prisoner whose one garment was falling to pieces . . . a birthday party . . . lovemaking in a crowded, stinking railroad car.

But more important than these incidents were the meetings and partings and the many friendships. Probably only those prisoners survived who had the capacity for making friends. At least a dozen times, when Miss Buber was about to disintegrate from malnutrition, solitary confinement in the dark, or other horror, she was saved by the intervention of an inmate.

It is interesting to consider why so exceptional a person as Margarete Buber, competent, beautiful in body as well as spirit, was impelled to join the Communist Party which seeks to destroy by instilling hatred and to create by suppressing free-

dom. Evidently this woman, who survived the hate of two dictators, had been unable to fulfill her nature by promoting her own interests, or by teaching or nursing in a comfortable community. She required something that asked of her the ultimate in effort as well as sacrifice and suffering. Our own society should take note.

HAROLD LOEB

The Knout in Spain

Homage to Catalonia, by George Orwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50

When George Orwell, in the "fictional" "1984," pictured the world which Mr. Truman and Mr. Attlee were trying to create, the liberal cabal greeted it with acclaim. The life without honor and the war without victory which Orwell described in his novel seemed, after all, safely in the future. Now this same cabal has, with great happy cries, clutched to its bosom Orwell's "Homage to Catalonia"—a book written in 1938 about events which are all safely in the past.

Ironically, the same reviewers who today praise the honesty and yeoman sincerity of "Homage to Catalonia" would, in 1938, have cut out Orwell's heart for telling the truth about the Spanish civil war and suggesting that the Communists were not all fine Christian gentlemen.

Those who lived through the Popular Front era can easily conjure up the kind of review which would have been written then by, let us say, Lewis Gannett. It is almost possible to hear the polite liberals chanting, "Orwell has sold out to the Fascists: Orwell has lost his perspective; Orwell is a Red-baiter."

The same people—or their bloody cousins—are writing the reviews today. The same people who once suppressed the facts are now acclaiming "Homage to Catalonia" as the definitive, tell-all, anti-Communist treatise on the Spanish war. They are wrong, of course. Orwell's book tells a very small part of the story—which is perhaps what recommends it to the liberals. Those great revelations which seem to awe the cabal have long been known to any reader who bothered to go beyond Herbert Matthews's stories in the *New York Times* and the *Daily Worker's* editorials.

Let it be said immediately that "Homage to Catalonia" has the painstaking and altogether disarming reportorial honesty which marks Orwell's work. His capacity for meticulously muddling through to a fact creates, as always in his writings, the illusion of another dimension. This illusion obscures the elongation of perspective in the Spanish landscape and ignores the great brooding trinity of dignity, death, and the sense of fitness which fills that land.

It was a courageous book to publish then, but in the knowledge we hold in 1952, it is a dated tablet dug up from the middens of the prewar era. It was

perhaps necessary in 1938 for Orwell to confine his account to what he himself had experienced in Barcelona and along the Aragon front. But it is the interior significance and the less immediate conclusions of the eyewitness story which are expected today—particularly when that witness is as politically intuitive and sophisticated as George Orwell. Yet nowhere, let it be said, does he rub the reader's nose in an acknowledgment that the Spanish war was from its early days Stalin's war against the free world—and the start of Stalin's waltz with Hitler and Mussolini.

Orwell's seeming disinterest in conclusions is not quite real. He does arrive at some—but they are both wrong and damaging. In depicting the struggle between the Communists and their "Socialist" stooges (on the one hand) and the anarchists, the independent Socialists, and the idealists (on the other), Orwell reduces the whole question to one of *realpolitik* versus revolutionary ardor. The Communists wanted to get on with winning the civil war—and put off revolution. The anti-Communist left wished to make the revolution then and there.

Orwell's quarrel with the Communists is basically that they used rather rough means to enforce their will, that they libeled as Fascist and coward the very men who were fighting and dying for the Republic, and that they brought back the corruption of bourgeois ways when they forced the anarchists out of control in Catalonia. In effect, Orwell resented the Communists because they were not good Marxists.

The Communists in Spain, under the direction of the NKVD's top executives, were very visibly at other work. Stalin knew precisely what the Spanish war meant to Hitler—and what it should have meant to the Quai D'Orsay and the British Foreign Office. Spain, more than Munich, led to the Hitler-Stalin Pact. But this was on the diplomatic level. From the Communist point of view, Spain was also the great training school. Techniques developed there later gave Stalin control of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and perhaps China. The methodology of political destruction was put to a test—infiltration of key government posts, subversion of government purpose by "non-Communist" friends, covert seizure through quiet blackmail and terror, then the open *coup d'état*.

Stalin's agents and top effectives got their training right under George Orwell's nose. And right under his nose, too, the NKVD, its Spanish counterpart, the SIM, and Colonel Carlos Contreras's Quinta Brigada (a compact organism for murder and liquidation, right within the International Brigades) carried out the Moscow trials and great purges—on Spanish soil and against soldiers who had gone there to fight for freedom. While the Ralph Bateses and Louis Fischers were cabling the handouts, fancied up, the SIM and the Fifth Brigade packed the oubliettes and filled thousands of

shallow graves in the type of massacre later immortalized at Katyn.

There was a more economical way of destroying heretics and "potential enemies." The Communist high command planned important offensives, or the defense of strategic cities. But at the crucial moment, and by premeditation, the all-important air cover failed to materialize, the armor never arrived, and non-Communist armies were conveniently slaughtered. Franco's bullets did the job for Stalin—with the same efficiency that captive correspondents in Madrid murdered truth by reporting that the anarchists were playing football with the Fascists in the Aragonese no-man's-land.

When Orwell was living his "Homage to Catalonia," Spain was undergoing its ordeal. There are quiet hints of it in his book—for honest eyes could not overlook it entirely. But Orwell was not ready to perceive and admit in 1938 that Stalinism was anything more than the revolution bureaucratized. In the midst of the terror which wracked Spain, he was not quite able to mark communism as a rotting evil.

He left the country somewhat wiser—and the Spanish war contributed eventually to his education—but in 1938 he had not quite sensed the horror which the less intellectualized Hemingway quickly grasped, nor had he arrived at the political insight found in Julian Gorkin's contemporaneous "*Cani-bales Políticos*." Orwell saw Spain fall, but he did not realize that for the first time in centuries a bloody knout was swinging in western Europe.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Cardinal Newman

Newman's Way, by Sean O'Faolin. New York: Devin-Adair. \$4.50

Cardinal Newman's life is one which seems to fit especially into our day. A life of doubt, of religious conversion, of final peace. His most vivid memories were of the years before he was five. Like his whole family he was ashamed of his grocer grandpa. He grew up in an atmosphere of evangelical Christianity, in a family of lively, intelligent and extraordinary people. Each of his brothers and sisters would make a good novel, but John Henry, later Cardinal, needs no novel. The author calls him a "Shelley of the intellect." From his youth he needed faith, for when he was in doubt he was in torture.

This is no ordinary story of religious conversion; it is one of the great stories of the nineteenth century. Sean O'Faolin has done a thorough research job, and a labor done with love. But he has held himself in too tight a form by his fine short story technique. He tries to tell too much in too little space. Since we already have Lytton Strachey's brief essay for that, a longer book about Cardinal Newman is needed.

HELEN WOODWARD

Success Story

A MEMORANDUM

From: The Freeman's Editors
To: The Freeman's Readers

Our magazine, yours and ours, celebrates its second birthday this month. Two years are nothing in the life of a society; they are a significant span in the history of opinion journalism in America. It is a curious paradox that in this country, so deeply concerned with its past and ostensibly dedicated to freedom of the market place as well as the polling places, few journals celebrating our free traditions on intellectual grounds have long survived.

The Freeman entered its pilot plant stage two years ago with the usual misgivings attaching to a new publishing venture. In our original editorial, "The Faith of the Freeman," we expressed the hope that there was room in the intellectual life of our country for an individualistic, traditional fortnightly review that would swim resolutely against the currents of fashionable "liberalism," of Fabianism, the nihilistic pragmatism of the schools and the encroachments of Big Government upon our social and economic life. In attempting to realize this hope, we have tried to edit the Freeman without conscious compromise as a journal of principle: challenging but not intemperate, pungent in its judgments of men and measures but not ill-natured.

Where do we stand at the end of two years? The Freeman has won a far wider reader acceptance than was envisaged in our swaddling days. Then it was hoped we might have 15,000 subscribers at the end of two and one-half years. Actually, we have 21,000 net paid circulation. What makes this figure remarkable is that it has been reached without any substantial pro-

motion effort of the kind put at large cost into every other successful magazine. We have lacked the funds for such effort. We owe this accomplishment to you, the most devoted body of magazine readers in America.

But that is not the full measure of our success story. Our success lies also in the ever-widening impact of the Freeman's editorial influence. Measured also by the fact, cited as one example of many, that last year on two occasions a Johns Hopkins professor supplied copies of the magazine to his classes as a corrective to the collectivist material they were otherwise being flooded with.

We believe that, thanks to you, we have made a go of the pilot plant. We want now to get into real production. In order to make the impact we should like to make upon thoughtful America, we need a far wider readership. Our next step is to double our circulation. We want your help not for our own sakes, not from motives of pride or revenue, but solely in order that the principles in which we all believe shall have enlarged hearing in the intellectual life of our country—among the universities, the professional groups, the formers of opinion.

It is, of course, clearly evident that if each of you were to solicit one reader, we could double our subscription lists in no time. That is, in truth, our goal. What we hope is that each of you will obtain one new subscriber within this, our anniversary month—or, if that is not possible for all of you, we hope that some of you will obtain two or three new readers. We ask this as a birthday gift not to us, not even to the Freeman, but to the cause in which we all believe. We are appending a birthday subscription coupon to make the task easier for you. Knowing of your dedication in the past, we trust your judgment in what you are about to do.

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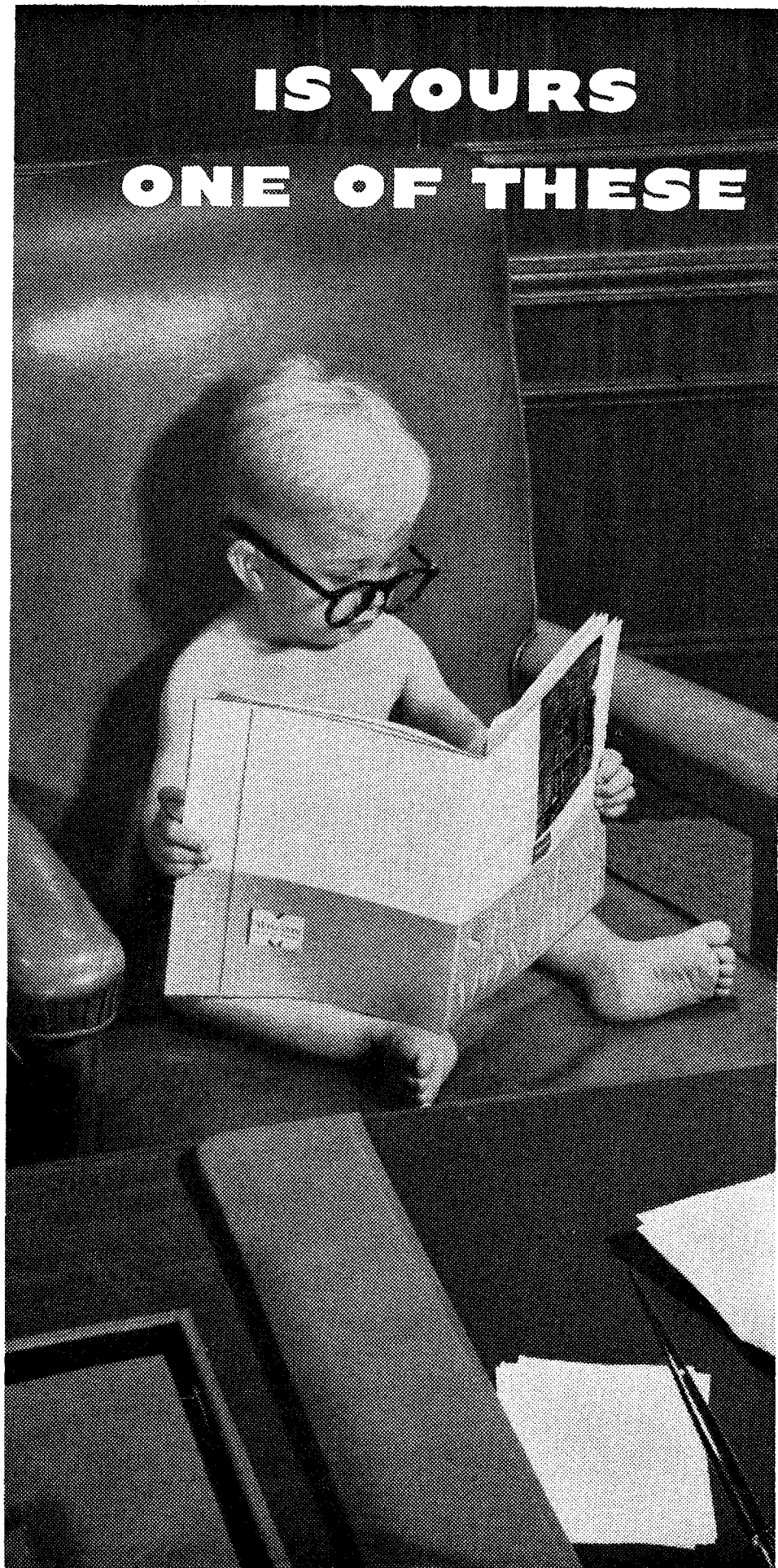
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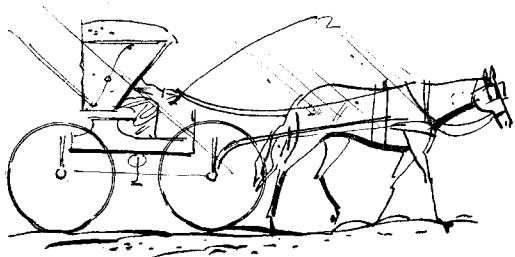
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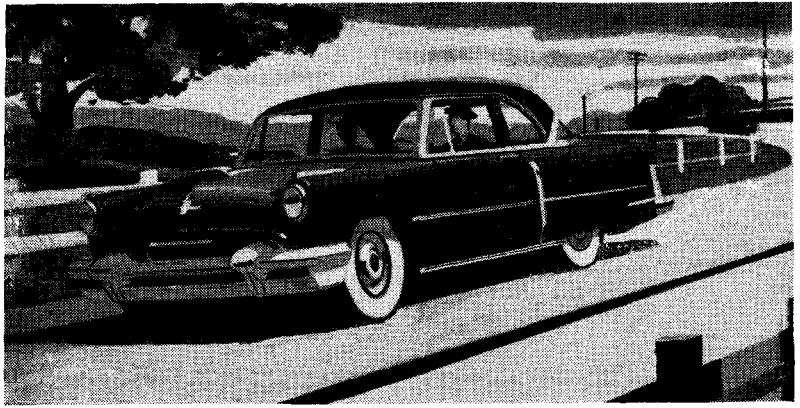


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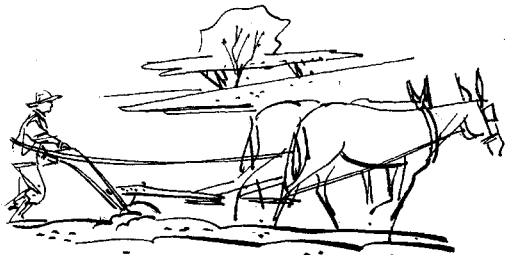




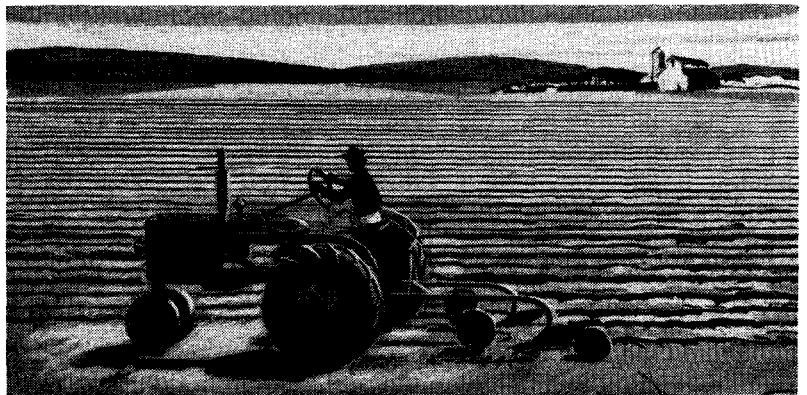
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"Our school elections used to be pretty dull. You know, a couple of funny posters put up in the halls, and that was about it.

"But our new Civics teacher, Mr. Leszczynski, has a theory that we'll learn a heck of a lot more about government and Americanism if we have less reading and more *doing*.

"He started out last year by making two school Parties . . . conventions, platforms and all that. And, while we had a lot of fun with our elections, we learned a lot about government at the same time. We've even got a regular Congress . . . with teachers in our Senate and us pupils in our House of Representatives. All elected by us, too.

"One of the things Mr. Leszczynski keeps drumming into us is the Bill of Rights of the Constitution. He's pretty hot on the subject of our Freedoms . . . religion, press, speech and the rest. He practically *begs* us to appreciate those Freedoms *every* day of our lives, not just on the Fourth of July and on Thanksgiving Day.

"He's not so dumb, either. He must've figured we'd sort of take our lessons home and pass them along to our families. 'Cause since he came to our school, our Parent-Teacher's meetings have been standing-room-only.

"And last regular Election Day in town, more'n 80% of our parents voted. I know both of mine did . . . and so did my big brothers and sisters.

"The funny part about it is . . . *Mr. Leszczynski wasn't even born an American!* But he never misses a chance to vote or take an active part in civic affairs. And he keeps reminding us he had to come to *this* country to find out what Freedom really means.

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