

THE
Freeman

JULY 28, 1952

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**COME HOME,
MR. THURBER**
William S. Schlamm

Consumers Union: A Red Front

Larston D. Farrar

A Rebirth of Liberalism

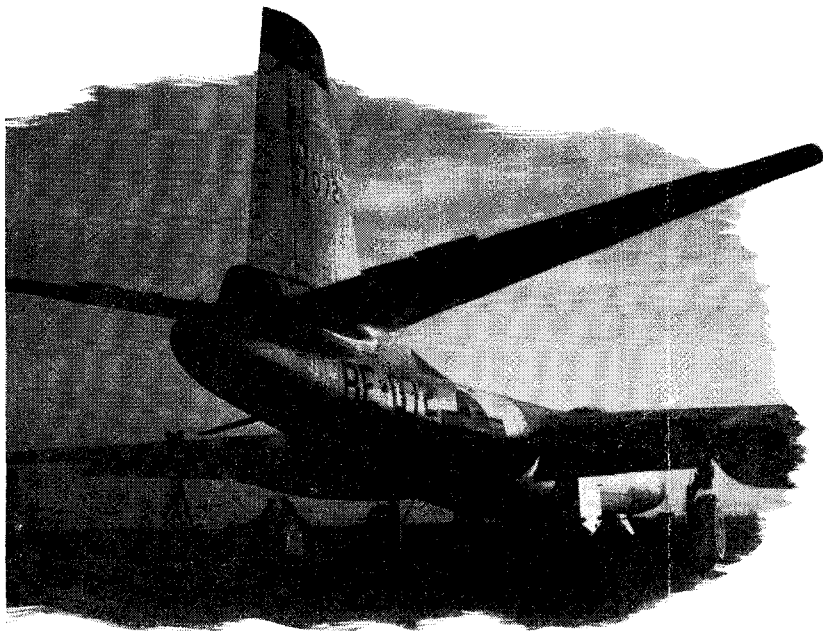
F. A. Hayek

Eisenhower's Opportunity

An Editorial

The Self-Reliant South

Margaret and Fletcher Collins

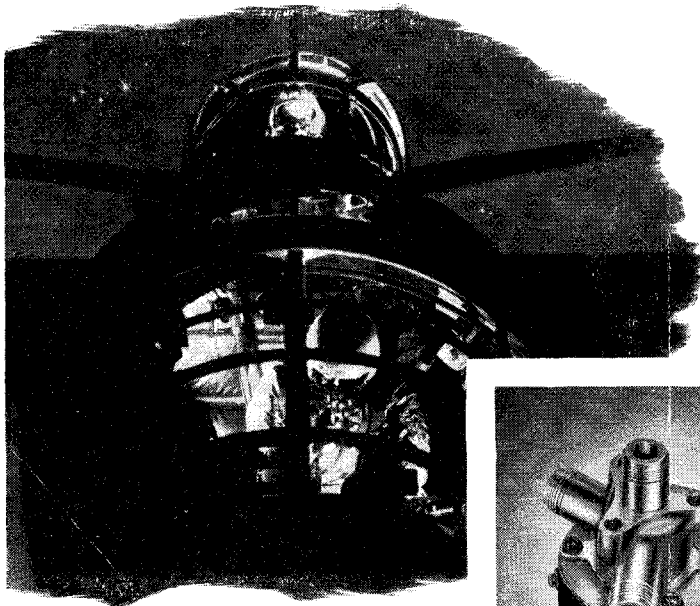


EARS TO HEAR VOICES. Ears with which to "see" and even identify a plane as friend or foe many miles away. Ears for a "homing" device that tells a pilot how far he is from his base.

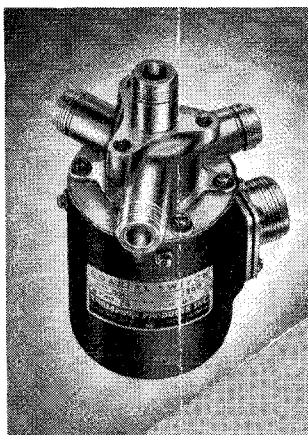
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THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

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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

The concept of the professor as a cloistered pedant never had much verity. It is set resolutely at naught by the career of DR. LEO WOLMAN, the notable Columbia University economist, who contributes to this issue an article under the general title, "The Economics of Freedom." Besides teaching, lecturing and writing on economics, Dr. Wolman has served widely as an industry consultant, he was on the staff of the American delegation to the Paris peace conference in 1919, he was chairman of the Labor Advisory Board of the unlamented NRA and a member of the National Labor Board. . . . This issue mounts another 16-inch gun, economically speaking, in DR. F. A. HAYEK, the world-famous author of "Road to Serfdom" (1944) and "Individualism and the Economic Order" (1948). Dr. Hayek ("A Rebirth of Liberalism"), who is now with the University of Chicago, previously taught at the University of Vienna and the University of London. His article was translated from the German. . . . FLETCHER COLLINS, JR., ("The Self-Reliant South"), teaches dramatics at Mary Baldwin College in Staunton, Virginia, and, with his wife, his co-author, operates a farm outside Staunton. . . . The former governor of Colorado, JOHN C. VIVIAN ("Undermining the Republic"), served as Colorado chairman, Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report, 1951-'52. . . . LARSTON D. FARRAR ("Consumers Union: A Red Front") is a Washington correspondent, former associate editor of *Nation's Business* and editor and publisher of the *Washington Religious Review*, a news service. . . . DON KNOWLTON of Cleveland ("A Picklish Situation"), the Knowlton of the Hill and Knowlton public relations firm—wrote "Government Pie in the Sky" for the *Freeman* of November 5, 1951. . . . THE REV. EDWARD A. KELLER ("A Living Creed" in the Book Review Section) is the distinguished professor of economics at Notre Dame.

Among Ourselves

A number of *Freeman* readers have been inquiring about the cost of subscribing for the college year for sons, daughters, nephews *et alia*. . . . A commendable idea about which we shall make an announcement soon. . . . The Minute Women of Pinellas County, Florida, deeply concerned about the loss of our liberties, have opened a circulating library in the business center of St. Petersburg, and (you've guessed it) the *Freeman* is high on their list of recommended literature.

The problem of Russia is always with us. It overshadows all other considerations (including party conventions), and the *Freeman* proposes to deal with it exhaustively in our next issue. We shall have articles by recognized authorities together with a brilliant study of US-USSR relations by a former counsellor of the Soviet Foreign Office. . . . You will find a coupon on page 745 of this issue; your subscription can begin with the special number on Russia.

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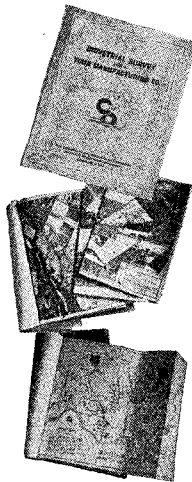
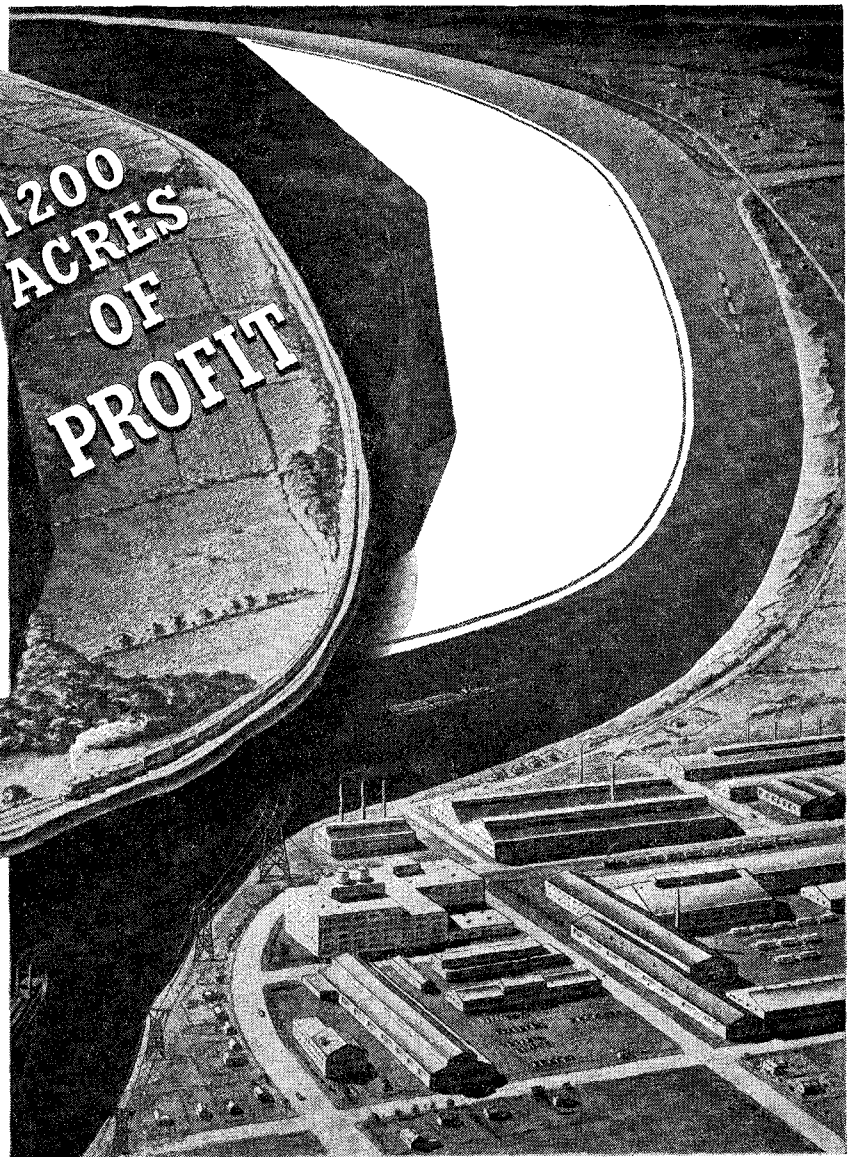
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THE Freeman

MONDAY, JULY 28, 1952

The Fortnight

Our Washington grapevine, seldom in error, ticks off the candidates that have been put out of the running at Chicago by President Truman. Adlai Stevenson was a recent casualty, the President terming him "too coy" (in any event, it was Ike, not Bob, who won amongst the Republicans); then Mr. Truman remarked *re* Averell Harriman, "who ever heard of a Wall Street millionaire in the White House?" Russell is out on sound political grounds. The Administration's powerful leftist wing won't have him. Kefauver is *persona non grata*, Kerr scarcely a serious contender. Whom does this leave for the Democratic nomination? Who but Harry.

Our prize for the most stunning non-sequitur of the month goes this time to Mr. Averell Harriman. He recently told reporters that he was "the only candidate [for the Democratic Presidential nomination] who stands full-square on the principles of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman." Having thus proved once again that he does not lack courage, Mr. Harriman then proceeded to assure the electorate that international tensions probably would ease and perhaps taxes could be reduced in two years—if the country also followed the Roosevelt-Truman principles. This, on the unequivocal record of the last twenty years, is about as logical as to say that probably hangovers would ease and perhaps booze consumption could be reduced in two years, if the country followed the principles of the Third Avenue Bartenders Association.

A goodly number of American businesses are picking up and going to Puerto Rico. Why? Because a Puerto Rican factory can earn nearly twice as much on a given volume of business as one in the United States. Originally something of a Socialist, the canny Puerto Rican political leader, Luis Munoz Marin, has recently seen the light of day; as a result of the Munoz Marin illumination the Puerto Rican government is now granting long-term exemptions from taxes and license fees to new industries. In addition to tax rebates, Puerto

Rico offers a low-cost labor supply and freedom from Federal income and excess profits taxes. If things keep going at the present rate the island that was once known as "the poorhouse of the Caribbean" will soon become something of a paradise; and the squalor that results from burdened businesses will transfer itself (not so mysteriously) from Puerto Rico's capital of San Juan to such places as Dayton and Columbus, Ohio.

One of the more ominous notes of the Republican clambake in Chicago may have been lost in the tumult: press, radio and TV dispatched 5000 men to cover the activities of 1206 delegates and 1206 alternates. At that rate, how long can our sumptuously entertained society afford news events? Whence, we would like to know, could come the 20,000,000 technicians our press, radio and TV would require, at their present rate of curiosity and thoroughness, for the coverage of the ten-million-man army America would employ in any future war? On the other hand, there is a promise in this calamity. The hope that the unfathomable destructiveness of modern weapons would abolish wars seems to have been foolishly optimistic; but the obvious impossibility of a comprehensive press coverage may yet accomplish the feat.

Alas for the future, the human race seems unable to govern itself in accordance with simple rationality. Take the recent news from the Netherlands, for example. A year or so ago the Dutch removed most of their self-imposed postwar economic shackles. The result was a business boom. Then, last Winter, the Dutch economy seemed to be threatened with a depression. Unemployment seemed to be in the cards. The "planners" at once leaped to the attack, insisting that "controls" be reinstated. But the government held out against new infusions of socialistic medicine, and the reward of sticking to free principles was a new upturn and a reversal of the trend toward unemployment. Far from responding to this in a rational way, however, the Dutch voters went to the polls and gave the Dutch Labor Party a 3.37 per cent increase in the total vote. In the Catholic region of Southern Holland, the Catholic Party lost heavily to the Labor Party. In 1948 the Catholic, Anti-

Revolutionary and Christian-Historical parties together polled 53.44 per cent of the total votes; in 1952 their collective total was 48.9 per cent. In the Netherlands as elsewhere, a decisive sector of the electorate seems to go on the principle that the way to get ahead is to reward your enemies and to punish your friends. No wonder that lucid character, Count Screwloose of Toulouse, preferred life in the insane asylum to life in the "sane" world outside.

Professor Maynard Krueger of Chicago, Norman Thomas's heir apparent in organized American socialism, has quit after twenty-five years of party membership. But, he made clear, he was changing only his affiliations—not his credo. He thinks that devout American Socialists such as he had better associate themselves with the "liberal-labor coalition inside and just outside the Democratic Party." This, we think, is an eminently sensible idea or, at any rate, a precise description of what has been happening for the last twenty years. If the Democratic Party now were to match Mr. Krueger's honesty and change its name to Socialist Party, a grateful nation could at last choose between frankly stated alternatives.

An Administration which allowed Owen Lattimore to mould its postwar China policy and would have followed his lead in its postwar Japanese policy had it not been stymied by General MacArthur, is now in the humiliating position of having been called upon by a Congressional Committee to move for the indictment of its adviser on the Far East for perjury. But what is even more humiliating is the finding of the McCarran Subcommittee on Internal Security, after careful and exhaustive investigation, that "Owen Lattimore was, from some time beginning in the 1930s, a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy." Largely through this man's influence, 400,000,000 Chinese were delivered to Stalin, the United States position in Asia was fatally compromised, and American boys are dying on a remote Asiatic peninsula in a stalemate war now in its third year. That's all. Mr. Acheson can hardly be expected to turn his back on Owen Lattimore.

The failure of the French Communist Party to arouse any public and particularly labor support for the release of Jacques Duclos arrested in the anti-Ridgway riots demonstrates a convincing loss of its prestige and emotional attraction. It does not follow that the Communist Party will not pick up a sizeable number of votes in any election, largely protests; but it is now clear that French workers will not play marionettes to their Stalinist puppeteers. Contributing to this general decline is the work of *Paix et Liberté* a group founded in the fall of 1950 by Jean-Paul David, a member of the left Radical-Socialist party. The organization with

now over 30,000 members is disputing wall space all over France with the Communists. Posters are the bullets in this war of ideas. Communist propaganda is turned against its users, lies are challenged by facts. Illustrative and best known of the posters is the "dove that goes boom," an armored pigeon being the answer to Picasso's "peace" dove.

The *Freeman's* dunce cap for the season rests on the brow of Carlisle Barton, chairman of the Johns Hopkins University board of trustees. As quoted in the *New York Times* of June 22, Mr. Barton declared that the two Congressional inquiries into Senator Joe McCarthy's charges that Owen Lattimore was the "chief architect of our Far Eastern policy" and associated with Communists, "had proved nothing."

Jimmy Wechsler, the editor of the *New York Post*, has at last admitted, in print, that Owen Lattimore has been an "intermittent" fellow-traveler of the Communists. Can it be that Jimmy is deserting McLiberalism and going over to McCarthyism? He had better be careful or he will be reduced to writing for the *Freeman*, a benighted publication which, as everyone knows, has so "terrified" the press that Bertrand Russell and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas can get their articles about terrified intellectuals published only in the Sunday sections of the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Times*. If this paragraph doesn't make much sense, don't blame us; we are just taking certain McLiberals at their word. It's the McLiberals who insist there is a reign of terror, "thought control," and all that. As for us chickens on the *Freeman*, we've just been trying to practice our own free speech. Terrible thing.

An open-air drive-in moving picture proprietor who operates in our neighborhood is a man of great enterprise. To entice parents who can't find babysitters, he has established on his premises (1) a bottle-warming service for babies; (2) a jungle gym for kids who get restive; (3) an arena complete with pony to give children free rides while their parents are buying tickets; and (4) a clown to hand out free lollipops. He advertised the opening day of these commendable services with great fanfare. The only dubious note was the title of the film offered for grown-ups and kiddies, too. It was something called "The Unwed Mother."

The proud United States of America used to preen itself on its dynamic superiority to Mexico on the south and to Canada on the north. The Mexicans were regarded as stupid Statists and comic-opera revolutionaries; the Canadians were thought of as stick-in-the-muds. Now it appears that the old stereotypes are about to be reversed and thrown in the U. S. A.'s collective face. The

Mexican Government, in an access of sanity, has invited foreign communistic writers to get the hell out of Cuernavaca; and the Canadian economy, encouraged by sound governmental policies, is expanding without any correlative debasement of the Canadian dollar, which continues to be worth more than the American. To take advantage of increasing southern hospitality, more and more Americans are moving to Mexico City. And to take advantage of a substantial increase in their sales of Canadian securities to American customers, New York brokerage houses such as Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane are opening up branch offices in Toronto. If present trends persist, the sensible American of the future will no doubt find himself living in Mexico City on the income from money invested in Alberta oil wells, Labrador iron ore deposits, and Quebec gold and copper mines. When he wishes to go north from Mexico to inspect his properties in Canada he will fly over the United States, pitying the poor dopes who are condemned by circumstance or deficiencies in natural intelligence to live below.

We keep hearing complaints that Al Capp, the cartoonist, is a lefty. We refuse to believe this for the simple reason that his comic strip, "Li'l Abner," continues week after week as one of the few powerful popular preachments against the Welfare State. Consider what has been going on recently in Li'l Abner Yokum's home community of Dogpatch. An inspector for the Bureau of Wild Life, Washington, D. C., has decided that Dogpatchers are really animals, and in consequence the Federal government has built a big wire fence around the Dogpatch area. Inside the fence the government has been feeding the Dogpatch "animals" on high-grade animal food—steaks, gravy, chops, hothouse grapes. But Li'l Abner's mammy, alone among the Dogpatchers, doesn't like being an animal; she insists upon her rights as a "hoomin bean."

Doughty as always, Pansy Yokum descends upon Washington with a demand that the government practice "economy" in Dogpatch by thinning out the Dogpatchus Erectus herd. Lined up at the gunpoint by Federal exterminators, the Dogpatchers decide they are "hoomin beans" after all—and they prove it to their guards by certifying that "we all done voted fo' Senator Jack S. Phogbound." ("No animal would be stupid enough to do that!!") Recovery of their rights means that the Dogpatchers must go back to hewing wood, drawing water and dreaming of "those good ole days when we was beasts." But at least the Dogpatchers are free. Now it may be true that Al Capp looks upon himself as something of a lefty. But if he isn't a capitalist, he is at least a Cappitalist—and his left hand certainly doesn't know what his good right cartoonist's hand has been doing in the service of freedom from Washington bureaucracy.

Eisenhower's Opportunity

Dear Ike:

This is a candid letter to a candid man who has a chance to win the election, *if*—

The *if* involves the difference between winning the Republican nomination for President and winning on pay-off day in November. Believe us, they are two different arts.

Quite candidly, the verdict at Chicago proved nothing about the popular temper of the country come election day. What was demonstrated at Chicago was that the Eastern, "internationalist" Republicans can dominate conventions. With their resources in the matter of public relations outfits, press and money, they nominated Willkie in 1940, and Dewey in 1944 and 1948. Dewey and his old manager, Herb Brownell, pulled the levers for you at Chicago this year, and they did a masterly job. You are to be congratulated on having such able convention managers. By comparison with yourself, Taft was in the hands of amateurs.

Now, however, you have an election on your hands. You must win that election for the sake of America. But you will not win it unless you ponder the difference between winning against other Republicans and winning against a Democrat.

In Detroit you proclaimed yourself a "no deal" man. As a general thing, that's fine and dandy. But if you were thinking in terms of the nomination when you said that, you were fooling yourself. Nominations can not be had without deals, and your men at Chicago made plenty of them. They dealt with Governor John Fine to get Pennsylvania delegates, with Summerfield to get Michigan delegates. And why not? That is the only way a convention can come to a conclusion about a candidate. If there were no deals, no compromises, no trades, the balloting would go on forever.

The difference between a nomination and an election, however, is that you don't win an election by deals. You win an election by asserting leadership, by taking forthright action to persuade, stimulate, cajole and drive the weak, the half-convinced, the wavering and what Jim Wick calls the "inner conflict" cases into your camp. To do this, you must not be an "inner conflict" case yourself. Waverers don't attract waverers.

The trouble with the Republican candidates in 1940, 1944 and 1948 is that they were waverers and inner conflict cases. Willkie never could make up his mind whether his best bet was to fight "Champ" Roosevelt or imitate him. Dewey, in 1944, was torn between two impulses. He knew something about the origins of the Pearl Harbor tragedy, and he had a suspicion that Roosevelt was being led down the garden path by those who put Russian interests ahead of American. But we were still at war in 1944, and a frustrated Dewey could never quite find a way of using his knowledge in a political

contest with the Commander-in-Chief. In 1948 Dewey could have struck out confidently at Truman. But he stuck to "high-level" campaigning—which was tantamount to an admission that he had no real case for asking the voters to change horses even on a safe river bank. The "high-level" campaign, seemingly based on confidence, was actually a confession that Dewey was afraid to smash out against the Welfare State.

As Mr. Wick points out in a book which is reviewed on page 739 of this issue of the *Freeman*, the Willkie-Dewey theory was that Democrats might be enticed into Republican ranks by a little judicious haziness on all matters pertaining to Statism. According to Mr. Wick, the standard Willkie and Dewey acceptance speech could be summed up in 23 words: "Having nominated me, you Republicans are trapped. You have nowhere else to go. Now sit back and watch me win New Deal votes."

But you, Ike, must not be fooled by your pre-convention advisers into taking that line. For the truth is that the traditional Republicans do have a place to go, or, rather, a place to stay. And that place, come election day, is home.

The truth is that the significant Republican election victories of recent years have gone to those who have been willing to fight on old-fashioned Republican principles. We give you the Taft victory in Ohio in 1950. Taft won by slugging it out with the labor leaders who tried to beat him over the head with the Taft-Hartley Act. Then there was the Dirksen victory in Illinois in 1950, a victory won against Scott Lucas, Truman's majority leader in the Senate. Dirksen opposed a compulsory FEPC—and got 30 per cent of the Negro vote in Chicago, the highest polled by a statewide Republican candidate since before the New Deal. He opposed Federally subsidized public housing—and carried Illinois by 250,000.

We fear, Ike, that your pre-convention backers will ask you to be soft on certain matters. You yourself will have some qualms about attacking old comrades-in-arms on the subject of foreign policy. But look at it this way: you can not possibly lose the support of the Eastern Republicans by attacking Yalta, or Dean Acheson's record, or the record of George Marshall as an envoy to China. On foreign policy the Eastern Republicans have no place to go except to stay with you in any event. The broad masses of the traditional Republican Party, however, will not vote at all if you happen to be soft on the subject of the Truman-Acheson foreign policy record. For these masses are not in a mood to trifle with the appeasement of communism, or with the theory that a nation can maintain face by fighting a war with only half a will to win.

Dorothy Thompson, who did some really honest reporting from Chicago, came away impressed with the idea that the Republican Party is divided into two types of people, the sophisticated and the un-

sophisticated. In the ranks of the sophisticates there are powerful Eastern newspaper, magazine and radio magnates, many big business men and financiers (some of them closely tied into the present Administration through defense contracts). But these people, while they can influence a convention and its picked delegates, can not swing many votes in November. Roosevelt won by ignoring them completely; he actually boasted that the newspaper, magazine and radio magnates were against him. The unsophisticated, however, add up to a lot of votes.

"You support Taft," one of these unsophisticated Republicans told Miss Thompson before she left for the convention, "he represents us." By "us" he meant the "people who pay our taxes even when we hate what the Government does with them; who regard it as a disgrace to expect our fellow citizens to support us, who believe we should get what we earn but earn what we get; whose sons are the first to volunteer in America's wars and who expect if we get in them to win them; and who know darn well nobody is going to protect America but Americans. We are the vanishing Americans, pushed around by big business, big labor, big government, and big military. And if we lose this election we are finished. Eisenhower won't win it for us even if he wins. He'll win it for another branch of the same people who are running the country now."

Miss Thompson's friend was going by appearances when he made that crack about you. For it isn't true that you *have* to win the election for "another branch" of the Truman-Acheson crowd. (Indeed, if you try to do that you will lose.) As for those "vanishing Americans" mentioned by Miss Thompson's gloomy friend, you yourself spring from their loins. You are a Kansan, a product of the very people "who regard it as a disgrace to expect our fellow citizens to support us." And you must know, in your heart of hearts, that "nobody is ever going to protect America but Americans." This is not to say that Europeans can't be persuaded to protect Europe; it is only to say that Americans must not put their primary trust in others.

The votes at the convention went your way, not Taft's. But the mightiest applause went to three men who weren't in the running for the nomination. One of these men was Joe McCarthy, who talked about an issue which keeps many Americans awake nights—the issue of Communist infiltration in government. The others were Herbert Hoover and General MacArthur. Theirs were the calm voices, the confident voices. They spoke out of the Age of Confidence, the American past. And, somehow, they were the youngest voices at the convention. They pointed the way not to the past, but to the future.

For what they were saying was this: America exists in a world that is round. She is faced by an enemy that is strong on both her flanks, the eastern

and the western. To fight that enemy, we must have a world policy, a two-front policy. We are engaged against the enemy actively in Korea. We have friends in Europe, where there is no active war at the moment, but these friends must be nerved up in their own behalf or we can not save them. To fight the war in Asia, and to nerve up our friends in Europe, we must dispose of our energy in the most effective way. We have a relatively small population, which means that we can not raise—and transport—huge ground armies. But we have a highly energized productive system, which means that we can have a devastating air armada—a retaliatory rattlesnake—if we will only get busy on it. Meanwhile, we must make sure that the enemy doesn't undermine us by infiltration in Washington. And we must stop wasting our substance through inflation and through taxation for frivolous or stupid things.

Such, in brief, was the message conveyed by the two oldest—and the two youngest—voices at Chicago. If you listen to those voices now, you can win the election. And if you continue to listen to them after November, you can save America—and the world.

A Crest for Mr. Acheson

Now that Denmark has told the United States to go and jump in the North Sea, we had better try to understand what makes us the butt of every small nation on earth. The Danes (and we could not have been insulted by nicer people) may in fact have done us a great service by establishing a test case of the coagulated inanity known as U. S. foreign policy.

To recapitulate the fantastic affair. A Danish shipbuilder was just about to deliver a modern oil tanker to the Soviets when our Ambassador, Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, presented an official American note of protest to the Danish Government. The Battle Act, an essential part of our Mutual Security treaties with Denmark and all other NATO countries, forbids recipients of American aid to export strategic goods to the Soviet Union; and tankers are specifically listed in the Battle Act. Whereupon the Danish Government, demonstratively supported by all five parties in Parliament, ordered the tanker to be delivered anyway. The deal, claimed the Danes, was contracted before the Battle Act was written into the Mutual Security treaties, and to violate the old contract would mean to violate the Danes' strict code of commercial ethics. So, if the United States did not mind, the Danes would rather violate their solemn treaty with the United States.

Our government did not mind, of course. True, the law of the land directs the President to discontinue all American aid to a NATO country which breaks any vital provision of the Mutual

Security Pact. But Mr. Truman is a law unto himself. He ordered Mutual Security aid to Denmark continued.

This would be just one more display of Mr. Truman's brazen nonchalance toward the country's codified laws—if it were not for the extraordinary advice from Mr. Acheson and the Chief of Mutual Security Aid, Averell Harriman, on which the President based his decision. And this, as stated by a well-connected Washington correspondent, Ned Russell of the *Herald Tribune*, was the considered opinion of Messrs. Acheson and Harriman:

Denmark is a key geographical unit in the strategic concept of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Obviously, stoppage of the American aid program would lead to Denmark's abandonment of its role in NATO. Thus . . . Denmark is more important to the security of the United States than the tanker is to the security of Russia.

In other words, it is the considered opinion of the State Department that any nation important to the security of the United States may feel perfectly free to trade with the enemy. Our allies have been notified that, so long as we remain exposed to stormy weather, they can spit in our face. And if there has ever been a more blatant case of national self-mutilation, historians have failed to record it.

It is this insane abrogation of our own national rights that General MacArthur had in mind when he demolished, in his superb keynote speech to the Republican Convention, the Democratic foreign policy. With a true soldier's sure instinct for the vitals of national and international power, MacArthur separated from the woolly mess of our foreign policy the one fundamental, the fatal mistake: that Mr. Acheson's pattern of collective security agreements has "rendered us dependent . . . upon the foreign policies and diplomatic moves of other nations" and that we have thus "become but another pawn in the game of international power politics."

In abstruse but unavoidable consequence, the United States has become a pawn even in the hands of Denmark or any other miniature nation. Each of them knows that it can safely discount American interests—not *although* but *because* America is a big power. A peculiar brand of great power, that is—one which is neurotically afraid of *acting* like a great power. Roosevelt, Marshall, Truman and Acheson have made America reel down the international avenues like the overgrown village lout whom the kids tease without ever fearing punishment: too dumb to avoid embarrassment, he is also too good-hearted to use his giant hands on fragile youngsters.

And as if that fatal misconception of America's role were not enough for one Administration, Mr. Truman's regime adds to it an unparalleled ineptness at diplomatic routine. In this respect, too, the Danish tanker affair can serve as a memorable standard case.

Before a diplomat delivers a note of protest he

anticipates and evaluates its reception. This is as elementary in his trade as a plumber's helper's reflex action in making sure that the water is turned off before he dismantles the kitchen sink. Even we, not exactly admirers of the incumbent diplomatic team, can not assume that the State Department protested to the Danish Government without ascertaining its position. But if the State Department knew what the Danes were going to say and to do, and if Mr. Acheson was prepared to take it lying down, why did his Ambassador protest at all? Just for the honor?

We do not think so. The State Department, we suspect, was up to a particularly stupid scheme of bargain-counter Machiavellianism. They *knew* the Danes would deliver the tanker and scoff at our protest—and submitted it for this very effect. It was, we think, Mr. Acheson's idea of cleverness: to counter the "neutralist" propaganda that the United States is bossing the small European nations, he may well have deliberately manufactured this blatant evidence to the contrary.

In a sense, we hope, all this is whipping a dead horse. Mr. Acheson, we trust, will soon retire to his lucrative private practice of law (in association with Mr. Donald Hiss)—on which occasion the British, who have lately been showering him with honorary degrees, may even knight him. If they do, we can suggest no more appropriate crest than a red herring on a piece of Danish pastry.

Those Mature British

Mere Americans, as we all know, lack political maturity, the true statesman's sense of moderation and, above all, diplomatic finesse. Always eager to admire these qualities in our superior friends, the British, we followed attentively the recent House of Commons debate on the proper course for the Korean truce negotiations. Nothing impressed us more than the sage prescription for a workable compromise submitted by Labor leader Aneurin Bevan:

If the American Administration . . . will give effective assurances to the Chinese People's government that they accept the Chinese revolution as an accomplished fact; that they are prepared to accept [Red] China on the Security Council; that they are prepared to disband Chiang Kai-shek's forces in Formosa . . . the armistice could succeed quite easily.

What realism, what moderation! Note that Mr. Bevan, with characteristic British reticence and consideration for the feelings of allies, refrained from demanding that California be handed over to Mao and that General MacArthur be sent before a North-Korean firing squad. Mr. Bevan's graceful reluctance will be deeply appreciated in this country and will only add persuasiveness to his proposal. Indeed, no more profound and yet practical

suggestion has been advanced since an early Briton found that the tidiest way to spare a fellow the nuisance of trimming his beard was to behead him.

\$655,000 for Your Thought

The Ford Foundation has just staked Professor Mortimer J. Adler to a new Institute for Philosophical Research in San Francisco which, according to Dr. Adler, will have a permanent staff of 25 philosophers and will "promote," to the tune of \$655,000, "the advancement of learning through analysis of basic ideas and issues in the thought of the Western World."

Second to none in approving the promotion of wisdom, we were delighted to see old Henry Ford's money roll Dr. Adler's way, but we kept wondering how such a bundle of cash could be spent on the proverbially inexpensive search for truth. St. Thomas Aquinas, as Professor Adler could so knowingly bear us out, had no other foundation to support him than the Rock of Ages. And we doubt that the world's great philosophers, who will now be treated in Dr. Adler's clinic, have in the three thousand years of their combined enterprise invested more than half of what Professor Adler has at his disposal. Granted that a penny is no longer what it used to be, we were curious to learn about the kind of thought for which the Ford Foundation was willing to give \$655,000.

Here is all the information we could gather. His new Institute, explained Dr. Adler, "will not be interested in answers to questions but to know, in each case, what the question is." This, we thought, we could tell him for almost nothing, but when Dr. Adler explained the rules of his new game we realized that the Ford Foundation was getting a bargain.

Dr. Adler illustrated his revolutionary method by citing the question, "Is democracy a Good Thing?" "Two men [and now we are quoting what he told the *New York Times*] will say that it is good—or bad—for two conflicting reasons. No attempt will be made necessarily to find out whether it is good or bad, but at what points there can be agreement between the two." A tough game, tougher even than Canasta; but economy-minded lovers of truth might object that Socrates, barefoot in Athens, used similar tricks in a walk around some noisy market place. They would be wrong. It takes 25 staff philosophers a heck of a long time and—the price of groceries in San Francisco being what it is—a lot of money to think up two conflicting reasons on which an agreement can be reached concerning democracy.

Pondering the game for quite a while ourselves, we could think of only one question to which all 25 Adlerians would find a unanimous answer in a jiffy: "Is the Ford Foundation a Good Thing?"

The Self-Reliant South

By MARGARET COLLINS and
FLETCHER COLLINS, JR.

Two "foreigners" from the North have found that what Yankees regard as Southern backwardness is just the old American attitude toward life.

In this time of earnest attempts at unity with as much of mankind as will have us, many of our best people have been hard put to understand a large section of our own United States. Such varied publications as *Life*, *Look* and *Harpers* have hopefully observed the signs of a New South; but when the chips are down, and Congress in session, it becomes obvious that converts to the New South, however evangelistic, are still in the minority. The South is still solid, and the filibuster is still with us. Apparently the majority of Southerners continue to share a political creed which is not only anti-civil rights but also anti-labor, anti-Fair Deal, and the despair of all "liberals."

Northerners often deplore this creed as the fruit of an illiterate, impoverished and backward society, while they ignore the fact that thousands of educated Southerners subscribe to the creed for other reasons than illiteracy or lack of conscience. The Yankees, disgusted at Southern inefficiency and low standards of living, are convinced that the South can be saved only by becoming more industrial. Among Southerners there have been some converts to this idea, notably in piedmont North Carolina; but by and large the South suspects that the New South is the Old North and wants no part of it.

Actually, political beliefs are the result of a way of life. The virtual unanimity of Southern political opinion simply reflects the fact that ways of life are, in important respects, still different north and south of the Mason and Dixon line.

From where we sit—born, raised and schooled in the North and after fifteen years in the South still neophytes in its way of life—our Northern friends and journalists are barking up the wrong tree. The old, stubborn, recalcitrant South, more than the new, deserves their interest and sympathy.

The current method of appraising the Old South is to compare the worst it has produced with the best of modern America. Much is made of the ungodly system of one-crop farm tenancy, that rural version of mill town and company store. Much is also made of a decadent aristocracy which presumably, unable either to preserve its old world or to live in the new, has escaped into dreams and liquor. According to this version the Old South is entirely populated by the citizens of Tobacco Road and the melancholy, half-insane occupants of the decaying Big House. All that is left out of this

picture is a majority of the Southern population.

This majority, surprisingly enough, live quite decent lives on their farms or in small towns. Most of them are descended from generations of small landholders, and the pattern of their living today has its sources mainly in the economy of the small farmer. The cultural conservatism (lag, the sociologists call it) of the Southerner is nowhere better exemplified than in the persistence of this economy. It is not only the pattern for full-time farmers but also governs the economic activity of the bankers and clerks and janitors and mill-workers of the Southern small town.

The bankers have cattle farms in the country and invest their personal profits and savings more in Hereford cattle than in Hartford insurance. A college janitor stops a drama professor in the hall to ask whether he knows anything to do for some ewes down with pneumonia. A college president goes home for Christmas and helps his father butcher a couple of hogs. A lawyer and state senator is encountered in his undershirt at the country mill which grinds feed for his cattle and hogs, though he lives in town and works in barristers' row. The driver of an oil delivery truck asks how you like farming on contoured strips and tells you he has begun to do that to his farm. The colored fireman at a lime plant rents a couple of idle acres on plant premises and raises twenty to thirty hogs a year on scraps collected from boarding-school kitchens. A group of textile-mill workers, having a beer after the shift is over, talk of crops and rush off to plow or mow before dark.

The Source of Southern Strength

These small-townners have one foot on the land, the full-time farmer two. The strength of the Southern economy is in no small part owing to this cohesive pattern which permits banker and merchant and farmer to speak the same economic language, to share economic interests. It inhibits the growth of invidious distinctions between city and country folk, keeps the farmer contented on his farm and the small-towner wary of economic sophistries.

To speak of the *strength* of the Southern economy requires further explanation, so deeply has a caricature penetrated the minds of Americans outside the South. Indeed, judged by modern statistical

standards, the Southern economy is pretty bad. The indices of prosperity used by sociologists to determine the standard of living are dramatically low for the whole Southern area. Tourists observe with pity the number of farms that show outwardly a lack of plumbing within. Miles of farmer-owned telephone lines look rickety and incompetent. Half the farms are without electricity. Thousands of homes lack central heating. The Southerner's automobile is likely to have the old look and apparently the owner doesn't care.

Per capita educational expenditure is another point at which the South compares to its disadvantage in statistical tables. County and state tax-rates are low. Annual cash income, the sociologists' basic index to prosperity, concludes the bill of particulars. How the Southerner goes down on this one! He is apparently Uncle Sam's poor relation.

The fallacy in this indictment is that the Southerner, having at least one foot on the land, does not depend exclusively on cash income. He has an equivalent income from the products of the land: green vegetables canned or frozen; dairy products; root vegetables stored from November to April; frozen meat from cattle, chickens and hogs; fuel from lopwood and slabs; and free water from well or cistern. This equivalent income, common among farms in all cultures, should by rights be expressed in money terms and added to the statistics on cash income in the South.

But the subsistence factor is not the only key to understanding the role of cash in the Southern economy, for it leaves unexplained what the Southerner does with the folding money he does receive, and where it comes from. What would the sociologists say of our neighbor who receives us one day barefooted in a back bedroom where the family gathers around a barrel stove, and the next greets us heartily in town where he has just pulled \$1100 from his jeans to pay cash for a new truck? Or another whose house has no plumbing, but who always has a "few dollars laying around"—\$500 to \$1000 to buy cattle or sheep? Or of a third who recently sold his livestock for \$3000, although his house had neither plumbing nor electricity and its entire contents weren't worth a hundred dollars?

These people are not eccentrics. They have been chosen as random examples. They are not offered as proof that all prosperous Southerners live without plumbing, or that the citizens of Tobacco Road are disguised millionaires. Rather they suggest that cash income and standard of living are far from reliable guides to Southern prosperity. The South abounds in men who look as if they were not worth a hundred dollars but whose assets are more substantial than those of many a junior executive living among his impressive gadgets on suburban Long Island. To appraise the Southern economy accurately, one must re-examine the tenets of the farm economy from which the Southerner derives.

Primarily the Southerner's aim is to make his

income produce capital which produces more income. And the so-called Little Man, dear to "liberal" hearts, can build up capital only through frugal and ingenious living. He invests his cash, not in gilt-edged stock but in livestock, machinery, land. He spends little on an automobile, which produces nothing, and much on a tractor. Little on plumbing, much on cattle. Little on a dishwasher, if he has electricity, much on a milking-machine. For his future economic security, instead of investing in savings bonds, insurance and retirement plans, he looks to enlarging his own capital, as represented by cattle and tractor and truck. Except at the moment of liquidation, when he is often worth thousands, he may appear to be worth very little. Lo, the poor Southerner!

Prosperity, Southern Style

The son-in-law of a neighbor moved in with his wife's parents on a farm near us, and our surmise was that he was a victim of the city housing shortage. Casually this ex-GI, who works in a nearby textile mill, told us that he owns two houses in town. Later he came around with a dozen bushels of winter apples to sell "reasonable." He had bought the picking rights to an orchard a few miles away, and expected to clear about \$150 in two weeks of spare-time picking. One of these days he will liquidate his real estate and savings account to acquire a good farm. Meanwhile he helps his father-in-law with milking, hay-making, harvesting and the other farm jobs. His wife helps her mother with canning, butchering, cooking for harvest hands. The son-in-law, city-raised, is learning from an expert how to operate his own farm competently. Young man on the make, Southern style.

One thinks of another neighbor, the younger son of a not-too-prosperous farmer. The elder sons left the farm. The father died leaving debts all over the county. The younger son took over the farm, the debts and the support of his mother. He married and brought his bride to the old place; they worked and saved together, gradually paid off the debts, and built a four-room cottage across the lane for themselves and the children. He bought a dump truck on installments, and rented himself and truck to the State Highway Department. Later he hired a driver for the truck. He bought a tractor and equipment therefor, on installments, and does contract work on farms for miles around. Everything he now owns is paid for, everything he buys is for cash on the barrelhead. Rags to riches, Southern style.

Out of these biographies, which may be regarded as fairly typical, emerges an economic philosophy. One tenet is the necessity of building up capital, even from the smallest of incomes. You put your earnings into productive articles; and you buy as little as you can, depending rather on raising most of your food, making some of the simpler equip-

ment and being your own service and repairs department. The South has long been noted for its slogan, "make it yourself or do without," but the outsider usually interprets this slogan as a counsel of despair rather than the sound economic approach that it is.

Another tenet closely allied to the first is belief in the sin of waste. There is no problem of garbage disposal in rural areas; what folks don't eat, hogs will. To live in the country and not have at least one hog is to operate wastefully. But the most common evidence of the immorality of waste appears in any harvesting operation. Harvesting by combines has not found much favor because the combine spoils the by-product for fodder. With amazement and disgust a Southern farmer beholds the vast combinings in Middle-Western fields. His comment is, "Why, they waste more than we make." Our best farmers are zealous gleaners in the fields; no wisp of hay, no leaf of corn, is passed by.

The Southern wage earner thinks of a job as a cash crop. His first earnings often go to secure a piece of land, chickens, hogs, and maybe a cow. From then on, if he loses his job, he need not starve. If wages are low, he still has his living; if high, he has more to save. He prefers to own his home, be it only one room, rather than "waste" money on rent. Though modern pressures are making heavy inroads on his philosophy, he is still likely to have a farmer's attitude toward debt. He will borrow to buy the means of production but thinks it folly to go into debt for consumer's goods which produce nothing and depreciate before they are paid for.

From these patterns of daily life emerges the Southerner's point of view toward his family. If, in order to save cash for capital, he must produce his own living, his wife becomes a necessary partner and his children economic assets rather than liabilities. This necessity produces consequences as various and far-reaching as large families, early marriage and infrequent divorce, young people accustomed to less schooling and more adult responsibilities. Boys of ten drive tractors, handle a four-horse hay load, and at twelve are experienced farmers, mechanics, carpenters. They reach young manhood with attitudes toward capital, profit and risk, enterprise and hard work, which are not vastly different from those of their fathers.

These young people know as well as their dads that there is only one way to accumulate capital, and that is from surplus—money saved either by oneself or by someone else. This fact affects the Southerner's whole attitude toward capital and property. If he borrows, he thinks it only fair to pay for the use of another man's savings. If he saves, he knows he must spend less than he makes. His capital is his labor, and because it represents to him the sweat of his brow, he has an immense respect for it. He is likely to carry this respect over to other men's capital.

Any man who is at once landlord and share-cropper, his own boss and working for hire, gains an experience of the difficulties of both worker and capitalist. He does not generalize so readily about the Boss or Us Working People, but thinks of others as individuals and of himself less as a Little Man or a Working Man than as a man. He discovers that his attitudes and frustrations in working for another are different from those he feels in working for himself. As a worker, he is pre-occupied with rights; as a boss-man with risk and responsibility.

Each Man His Own Security

The Southerner is close to being the unspecialized whole man whom Emerson a century ago saw disintegrating under the new industrial order. His economic interests challenge his imagination and ability to learn in many fields rather than hold precariously to a specialized function and partial responsibility. Business, to him, is still personal. He is never too busy to talk. Contracts are often verbal, paper-work at a minimum. Most important of all, few men in his part of the world are afraid of their jobs—in contrast to fear-ridden millions in industrial America. The Southerner can take his job or leave it—and often does leave it when the fish begin to bite or squirrel season is on.

What the Southern Little Man is attempting through his version of free enterprise is a solution of the central dilemma posed by modern industrialism: how to achieve security without sacrificing independence. The Southern philosophy is essentially the farmer's philosophy that security and independence are the same thing. If another man can *give* you security, you haven't got it, for he can also take it away. This simple and classic formula disposes of bosses as well as bureaucrats.

From this thumbnail sketch of the economic Southerner the inference seems plausible that the conservatism of the South is a conservation, not only of resources but also of the philosophy of Thomas Jefferson and the American pioneer. Our colonial pioneers became freemen able to make a living on their own, able to look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell. This most American strain dwindled in the North as industrialization progressed, yet persisted in the South. The Southerner's economic pattern is, then, directly descended from that of earlier pioneers, and is not so much out of date as dateless. It worked then and it works now.

A modern parable illustrates the situation and the potentiality. Some years ago a progressive community cut down the fine old maples on Main Street in order to make room for the trolley-line. Now the trolleys have been supplanted by busses, but Main Street has no maples. The South is the town that didn't cut down the old maples, because it missed out on the Trolley-Car phase of Progress.

Consumers Union: A Red Front

By LARSTON D. FARRAR

One of the most effective Communist fronts, under the guise of protecting the consumer, conducts a war upon the American economy.

Last year Americans—mostly loyal Americans—paid some \$2,500,000 into the coffers of a Communist front, the Consumers Union of the U. S., Inc. The organization's monthly magazine, *Consumer Reports*, has secured half a million subscribers since its founding in 1936. The pro-Communist origin and slant of Consumers Union (CU) has been exposed intermittently for a decade, yet its influence continues to grow. While other Communist fronts have been changing color or withering beneath the glare of unfavorable publicity, CU has led a charmed life.

Perhaps no single fact illustrates the confusion of the present Administration more aptly than that—though Consumers Union is listed five times by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a Communist front—the Office of Price Stabilization, an agency of the Executive Branch, actually has appointed Mrs. Jean Whitehill, managing editor of *Consumer Reports*, to serve on the OPS Consumer Advisory Committee for the nation.

During its sixteen years of existence, Consumers Union has grown from a small offshoot of Consumers Research (which is definitely *not* communistic) into the dominant consumer movement in the nation, virtually blanketing the libraries—educational and public—and even gaining some acceptance among industrial leaders. It has received wide recognition in academic circles. At Vassar College last summer, for example, the organization was a co-sponsor, by invitation, of a three-day conference on consumer problems.

Although CU is not the entire American consumer movement, its officers are past masters at issuing statements which make it seem that any attack upon their organization is an attack upon the movement as a whole. The CU spokesmen have consistently denied any Communist connections and pooh-poohed those who mention such things.

The proof that CU has been dominated by Communists from its very inception is not difficult to obtain. J. B. Matthews, one of America's noted authorities on communism, was an official of Consumers Research at the time of the strike which precipitated the organization of CU. He has testified under oath that Earl Browder, then head of the Communist Party in America, told him to gain control of the consumer movement and force out Frederick Schlink (then and now head of Consumers Research). When Matthews refused to do

this, the Communists called a strike and tried to destroy the organization.

Arthur Kallet, director of CU since it broke away from Consumers Research, has been identified with Communist movements for almost two decades. The files of the House Committee on Un-American Activities show that his Communist Party name was Edward Adams. Only recently counsel for the Committee advised this reporter to ignore Kallet's protestations, since there is an open invitation for him to come before the Committee and deny under oath any affiliation with the Communists. The inference to be drawn from his failure to appear is either that Kallet is a Communist but does not want to admit it publicly, or that he fears to deny it publicly lest he be indicted for perjury.

Kallet was a member of the staff of the now-defunct *Health and Hygiene*, the magazine of the *Daily Worker* Medical Advisory Board. In a book, "Counterfeit," he wrote:

Goods counterfeiting can not be ended so long as it pays; that is, so long as industry is privately owned and profits are the motivating force behind production; and to suggest any easy remedy would be to offer only one more counterfeit to consumers.

In a footnote to that statement he added: "The reader may ask the pertinent question as to how completely goods counterfeiting has been eliminated, along with private industry, in Soviet Russia."

According to an interview given to a writer for *Scribner's Magazine* for November 1937, Kallet's views were set forth in the following statement:

He [Kallet] will tell anyone that he dislikes our economic system, that he feels it is doomed, and that he hopes the Russian system works out so well that we shall be compelled to adopt it.

The two persons who, with Kallet, were most active in the formation of CU were Susan Jenkins, a longtime employee of the *Daily Worker*, and Walter Trumbull (now deceased), who was court-martialed in 1925 and sentenced to a 26-year term as a Communist attempting to bore from within the U. S. Army. Trumbull was freed several years later, long before he led the strike against Consumers Research as an AFL organizer.

Robert A. Brady, a director of CU, was one of the signers of an open letter of 1939—on the eve

of Stalin's pact with Hitler—which praised the Soviet Union and denounced all Americans who “bracket the Soviet Union with Fascist States.”

Malcolm Cowley, a sponsor of CU, was on the Advisory Board of the American League for Peace and Democracy; on the National Executive Committee of its predecessor, the American League Against War and Fascism; a signer of the Call for a Congress of American Revolutionary Writers. As a member of the National Committee of the American Friends of the Soviet Union, he signed its Golden Book of American Friendship with the Soviet Union.

Jerome Davis, a director and sponsor of CU, was a guiding light in the League Against War and Fascism, vice chairman of the National Committee of the American League for Peace and Democracy. In the book, “Soviet Russia in the Second Decade,” he was author of two laudatory chapters.

Kate Crane Gartz, a sponsor of CU, was a contributor to the Young Workers Communist League and purchased advertising space in the *Daily Worker* to greet Communists.

A. J. Isserman, long the attorney for CU, appeared first before the House Committee on Un-American Activities as counsel for the International Labor Defense, a well-known party auxiliary. He has received nation-wide notoriety many times since, particularly for his “disgraceful” performance (according to the judge) in defending the eleven top Communist leaders against charges of conspiracy to overthrow the U. S. Government. Following that trial Isserman was sentenced to four months in the Federal penitentiary for criminal contempt in connection with his role of defense counsel. He is now serving that sentence.

The Medical Section of *Consumer Reports* is edited by Dr. Harold Aaron, who is listed as special medical adviser to CU. He has been a frequent contributor to the *Sunday Worker*.

Milo Lathrop, listed on the masthead of *Consumer Reports* as field representative and staff associate, refused to tell a Congressional subcommittee whether or not he was or ever had been a member of the Communist Party. A former candidate for City Council posts in Schenectady, New York, Lathrop has admitted in conversations with acquaintances that he is an active member of the Communist Party, according to sworn testimony of witnesses before the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Lydia Altschuler, for many years educational director of CU, was a Communist spy, according to sworn testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. FBI agent Larry Kerley testified as follows:

I was also assigned to check on another spy “apparatus” with headquarters on Perry Street, New York City. This was the home of a woman named Lydia Altschuler. Her home was a base of operations for a Communist international group which

was attempting to assassinate Frank Jacson, the murderer of Leon Trotsky in Mexico City in 1940. . . . The FBI had information that representatives of this espionage group had offered a Mexican prison official a bribe of \$25,000 for permission to allow a Comintern agent to approach Jacson closely enough to kill him. Secret writings in letters addressed to the Altschuler “apparatus” showed a detailed plan for Jacson's assassination.

Matthew Josephson, sponsor of CU, was a member of the League of Professional Groups for Foster and Ford, Communist Party candidates. Kathleen McInerney, a director of CU, was formerly secretary of the League of Women Shoppers, a Communist “transmission belt.” Anna Louise Strong, sponsor of CU, was founder and assistant editor of the *Moscow Daily News*.

The labor advisory committee of CU includes two well-known Communists—Ben Gold, head of the Fur Workers International Union, whose citations by the House Committee on Un-American Activities number more than 200, and Louis Weinstein, formerly an official of the Painters Union, who is now on trial for violation of the Smith Act, which means conspiracy to advocate the overthrow of the government.

Birds of a Feather

CU has maintained close and cordial working relationships with Communist and Communist-front publications. According to the former managing editor of the *Sunday Worker*, the CU files were at the disposal of the staff of this Communist newspaper, and it was understood that any material from CU was to be given space in the *Worker* on request whenever possible. The International Workers Order, now dissolved by court order, was on the Attorney General's subversive list. Its magazine, the *Fraternal Outlook*, reprinted many articles from *Consumer Reports* and frequently put in editorial plugs for CU.

In the files of the *New Masses*, *Soviet Russia Today* and *Fight*, all Communist sheets, may also be found frequent advertisements and praise for CU. It is noteworthy, too, that virtually all the newspapers of the extreme left-wing unions have carried laudatory references to CU.

The most recent report of the House Committee on Un-American Activities on the Consumers Union appears on page 42 of its publication of March 3, 1951, “Guide to Subversive Organizations and Publications.” This lists citations of CU as a Communist front by five different groups.¹

Through this report the news that CU is a Communist front finally reached the attention of the Boards of Education in Dayton and Cincinnati,

¹Special Committee on Un-American Activities, Report, March 29, 1944, p. 153; California Committee on Un-American Activities, Report, 1943, p. 102; Special Subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations, Report, April 21, 1943, p. 3; New York City Council Committee Investigating the Municipal Civil Service Commission; Pennsylvania Commonwealth Counsel before the reviewing board of the Philadelphia County Board of Assistance, January 1942.

Ohio, which banned *Consumer Reports* from the public schools. *Variety* for June 20, 1951, stated:

In Cincinnati, the magazine has been a recommended reference work in public schools. In Dayton, it has not been used in instructional situations, but has been in the libraries of high schools. Copies were removed and the subscriptions were cancelled.

Spokesmen for the publisher in New York said the charges of the government were not justified. . . .

James Ratliff in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of June 16, 1951, pointed out:

Consumer Reports makes a good case study of a "front." It is difficult to detect any Red propaganda in this magazine, most of which is taken up with reports of testing various consumer merchandise. Consequently, the advocates of "civil liberties" will have a field day denouncing the ban. They will comment that dictatorship began in Germany when Hitler's gang started to burn books, etc. . . .

As early as June 21, 1939, George Sokolsky warned the Advertising Federation of America at its annual convention in New York, of the true nature of CU, then three years old. A comparison of a portion of his address with the "news" report on it which was published in the *New York Times* is interesting.

Here is what Mr. Sokolsky said, according to his mimeographed speech:

Consumers Union is definitely part of the united front of Communist organizations in the United States. Its definitive objective is not to inform the public as to the value and quality of goods, but it is to conduct a constant and unending and vindictive and uncompromising campaign for the alteration of the American way of life by changing our way of production and distribution from a privately-owned means of production and distribution to a government-controlled and possibly a government-owned and managed means of production and distribution.

Here is the pertinent excerpt from the *Times* story of the next morning:

Addresses ranging from a plea for cooperation with consumers by Clarence Francis, president of General Foods, to an indictment of research organizations identified with the consumer movement, by George Sokolsky, author, were heard. . . .

Of course Mr. Sokolsky did not attack consumer research "organizations." He exposed one of them.

The War on American Business

CU's most subtle propaganda is achieved through attacks on American business and praise for government controls. Nothing in the editorial columns of *Consumer Reports* could be remotely interpreted as against big government or more government controls. In fact, CU maintained a lobby in Washington to fight to keep OPA controls after World War II.

To discredit advertising is an important CU objective. As J. B. Matthews pointed out in a report to the House Committee:

Communists understand that advertising performs an indispensable function in a mass production economy, and that advertising is an economic process, wholly apart from questions which have to do with good or bad advertising copy, and is as essential a part of the distributive mechanism as are railroads and retail outlets. Therefore, Communists believe that to sabotage and destroy advertising, and through its destruction to undermine and help destroy the capitalist system of free enterprise, is a revolutionary tactic worthy of a great deal of attention. . . . [This Committee] is in possession of evidence which shows that a great part of the current popular and official attack upon advertising is the direct result of Communist propaganda. . . .

The publications of these Communist transmission belts, such as Consumers Union, make it clear that some of the current government procedures against advertising and advertising media have been instigated and are being aided by those consumer organizations which are under the control of Communists.

Wherever Communists have been able to penetrate educational institutions with their propaganda, they have taken along with them their anti-advertising agitation as a regular feature of their broad attack upon the system of free enterprise. This agitation has been going on for years and is now being reflected in government circles as well as in large sections of the population which are wholly unconscious of any influence of Communist propaganda. . . .

Consumers Union derives its income from subscription fees. Anyone who subscribes may vote in the election of officers, held each year, but it is noteworthy that the management has remained firmly in Kallet's hands.

The organization states that its purposes are "to provide for consumers information and counsel on consumer goods and services . . . to give information and assistance on all matters relating to the expenditure of the family income . . . to initiate and to cooperate with individual and group efforts seeking to create and maintain decent living standards." In order to carry out these purposes, Consumers Union claims that "samples of products tested are bought on the open market by CU shoppers." The statement continues: "Ratings are based on laboratory tests, controlled use tests, expert opinion or experience, or a combination of these factors. It is CU's pledge that any opinions entering into its ratings shall be as free from bias as it is possible to make them."

The latter sentence may well be true of the small number of products—compared to the thousands upon thousands of goods issued by American industry each year—which CU tests in a laboratory it maintains hard by Union Square in New York City. It is even probable that CU, if it had the facilities to make comprehensive and adequate tests (which it doubtless does *not* have at this time, except for various small items, such as hosiery), would never deign to discriminate among the privately-owned businesses of America. Its goal, it seems apparent from a study of its sponsors and officials, is not to build up one business at the expense of another, but to disparage and help destroy our system of private enterprise.

A Rebirth of Liberalism

By F. A. HAYEK

When the first World War ended, the intellectual tradition of liberalism was well-nigh dead. It still dominated many men of affairs: quite a few leaders in politics and business still belonged to a generation for which liberal thought was self-understood, and their utterances may often have evoked a belief in the general public that a return to a liberal economy remained a highly desirable objective. But the intellectual forces active at that time already pointed in an entirely different direction. Those who three decades ago were familiar with the minds of the aspiring youth, and especially with the opinions taught in the colleges, could foresee that things would develop in an altogether different way from what statesmen and newspapers were still anticipating. For three decades ago there hardly existed a vital world of liberal thought capable of inspiring the younger generation.

Liberal thought, nevertheless, not only emerged from the pit to which it had been condemned for fifteen or twenty postwar years, but in that very period a new foundation was laid for its further growth. For this, almost all the credit must go to those few men whose work I propose to consider in this article. They certainly were not the only ones who tried to preserve and expand the liberal tradition. But it seems to me that they alone, in separate endeavors and independent one from the other, succeeded in educating disciples and initiating new traditions which have at last merged into a common current of effective thought.

That it took so long until the similarly directed efforts of an Englishman, an Austrian and an American were recognized as such, and could then serve as the common basis for the work of a younger generation, is quite understandable under the circumstances of the preceding one. At any rate the new school of liberalism builds consciously on the achievements of those three men.

The oldest and perhaps least known outside his own country was the Englishman, Edwin Cannan, who died twenty years ago. The role he was playing attracted little attention outside some narrow circles because the primary field of his scholarly concern lay elsewhere and he discussed problems of economics only in rather occasional and casual essays; and perhaps also because he was more interested in practical detail than in fundamental questions of philosophy. But many of his essays in economics, subsequently collected in two volumes ("The Economic Outlook," 1912, and "An Economist's Protest," 1927), even today merit republication and translation into other languages.

In their simplicity, clarity, and the common sense they exude, these essays remain exemplary for the discussion of economic problems; and even some of the essays written before 1914 retain a remarkable timeliness. But his greatest achievement is the group of disciples Cannan educated in his long years at the London School of Economics, a group which later grew into the perhaps most important center of neo-liberal thought. That group was considerably stimulated by the works of an Austrian thinker whom I shall presently discuss.

The oldest of Cannan's disciples, the renowned financial expert, Sir Theodore Gregory, exerted great influence on the young during his long years as a professor at the London School of Economics; but he long ago retired from teaching. The real center of the group, formed in the thirties at the London School by somewhat younger economists, all about the same age, was Lionel Robbins who has occupied Cannan's chair for 23 years. A rare combination of systematizing acumen and literary gifts has assured his books a large circulation.

Sir Arnold Plant, who has been active at the School almost as long as Robbins, has even more than Cannan the habit of hiding his most important contributions in little-known occasional essays. But his friends have long and eagerly expected from him a book about the foundation and the meaning of private property—a book which, when at last published, should be one of the most important contributions to the theory of modern liberalism.

There is no room here to enumerate all of Cannan's disciples. But merely to indicate the radius of his influence I should like to name F. C. Benham, W. H. Hutt and F. W. Paish (who, though not a disciple of Cannan, clearly belongs to that group).

The Influence of Ludwig von Mises

In some respects it could be said that Cannan, essentially, was preparing the ground in England for the ideas of a considerably younger Austrian who, since the early twenties, has been building a new edifice of liberal thought more consistently, more systematically and more successfully than anyone else. I am of course referring to Ludwig von Mises who was for many years active in Vienna, later in Geneva, and is today very active indeed in New York.

Having attained fame even before the first World War with his theory of money, Mises began immediately after the war, with his prophetic book "*Nation, Staat und Wirtschaft*" ("Nation, State and

Economy," 1919), an intellectual career which in 1922 had already reached a magnificent zenith in his great "*Die Gemeinwirtschaft*" ("The Collectivist Economy"). It was a general critique of practically all economic ideologies presented seriously and articulately.

I can not list here all the important writings between this first *magnum opus* of Ludwig von Mises and his second—his *Nationalökonomie*, published in Geneva in 1941 (in German). This work was later republished, in an expanded American version, as "Human Action," and in this form has achieved a success almost unique for a theoretical book of such tremendous scope.

What Mises offers is much more than economics in its narrow sense. His penetrating studies of the philosophical bases of social science and his extraordinary historical knowledge make his work resemble that of the great social philosophers of the eighteenth century much more than the labors of a contemporary expert. His uncompromising persistence invited violent opposition and even enmity. Scholastic recognition came peculiarly late. His work was slow to achieve influence, but the final effect was the greater and deeper for that.

Even to many of his personal disciples the unerring consistency with which Mises thought his thoughts through to their ultimate conclusions often seemed "exaggerated." But the seeming pessimism with which he foretold the consequences of the economic policies of his day proved correct each time—a fact that finally convinced ever-widening circles of the fundamental importance of Mises's work which stood so firmly against the prevailing currents.

Not even during his early Viennese years did Mises lack personal disciples, most of whom are now working in the United States (among them Gottfried von Haberler at Harvard, Fritz Machlup at Johns Hopkins, and this writer). But his influence reached far beyond his personal circle. For he alone has given us a conclusive treatment of all economic and social thought. Whether or not one concurs with him in every detail, there is hardly a relevant subject in that realm on which a reader of his works can not obtain instruction and decisive stimulation.

Professor Knight and the Chicago School

Mises exerted a strong influence not only on the circles of Vienna and London but finally also on a third group—the Chicago school of neo-liberal thought, whose real founder was Professor Frank H. Knight. Knight is a few years younger than Mises, and he, too, attained his initial reputation with a theoretical treatise, "Risk, Uncertainty and Profits" (1921)—a study at first relatively unnoticed, then esteemed for many years as one of the best textbooks of economic thought (even though it was not intended to be one). Almost all his later

studies in the fields of economics and social philosophy first appeared as essays, and not all of them have been collected in book form. Knight's best-known and perhaps most characteristic volume is "The Ethics of Competition, and Other Essays" (1935).

But even more forcefully than through his writings Knight performed as a teacher. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that almost all those younger American economists who today understand and promote a market economy were once his disciples. In the context of this survey, the most important among them is the late Henry C. Simons whose pamphlet, "A Positive Program for Laissez Faire," as early as the thirties offered a new common basis for the efforts of America's younger liberals.

In lieu of the systematic opus we were entitled to expect from him, Simons left at his untimely death only a collection of essays, published in 1948 under the title "Economic Policy For A Free Society." But thanks to the abundance of his thought, and the courage with which he approached such delicate problems as unionism, they had great influence.

His closest friend, Aaron Director (who edited Simons's posthumous writings and continued his research), and two of the best-known American theoreticians, George Stigler and Milton Friedman, form the core of the American group of like-minded economists, a group which is today by no means limited to the school of Chicago.

If it were not for the venerable rule that heads of great nations must not be claimed for a specific school of economics, I could now name a fourth scholar who, in his own country, was hardly less influential than the other three.¹ Instead, and to complete the picture, I should like to turn to the German group.

Contrary to the other groups, the German school of neo-liberalism does not descend directly from an older generation. It originated in the cooperation of several younger men who, before Hitler's accession to power, shared a common interest in a liberal economy. But there can be hardly a doubt that this group received a decisive stimulation from the writings of Ludwig von Mises. Before 1933 they had published but little themselves, and in 1933 some of them were dispersed all over the world.

One of the group's oldest members, Walter Eucken (then relatively unknown), remained in Germany. Today we know that his sudden death two years ago took from our midst one of the truly great minds. He had matured slowly, withheld publication for a long time, and devoted himself mainly to teaching and practical affairs. How beneficial and productive his quiet work had been even throughout the National Socialist period became known only after the nightmare was over, when the circle of his friends and disciples emerged

¹Dr. Hayek, if we may be forgiven a slight transgression of his strict interdict, is of course alluding to the President of Italy, Professor Einaudi. THE EDITORS.

as the fountainhead of economic reason in Germany. In that period, too, Eucken's first book began to exert a greater influence, and he undertook to expand his economic theory in several other studies. It remains to be seen how many of them can be salvaged. At any rate, *Ordo*, the annals he founded, keeps functioning as the most important organ of the whole movement.

Most intimately connected with Walter Eucken from the start was the second leading figure of the group, Wilhelm Roepke. So prominently had he participated in Germany's public life even before 1933 that he had to leave his country the very moment Hitler came to power. First active in Istanbul, and now for many years in Switzerland, this most fertile author of the whole group is today so well-known, and his entirely personal brand of effective argument so familiar to the readers of this journal² that I hardly need do more than mention his name. If the existence of a neo-liberal movement is known beyond the brotherhood of the experts, we owe it mainly to Wilhelm Roepke.

As I mentioned before, all these groups, formed during the last thirty years, came to know and to communicate with one another only after the second World War. Today it may be said that as separate groups they are of the past; and that is why this seems the right moment to sketch their formative phases.

Gone are the days when the few outmoded liberals walked their paths lonely, ridiculed and without response from the young. Today, on the contrary, theirs is a staggering responsibility: the new generation demands from them the answers liberalism has to offer to the great problems of our times.

To erect a coherent edifice of such neo-liberal thought, and to work out its practical application to the problems of different countries, the intellectual vitality of a larger group is needed. There still exist in many countries serious obstacles to the circulation of available literature, and the lack of translations of some of the most essential books still obstructs the flow of neo-liberal ideas. But at least personal contact among the proponents of neo-liberalism has been established. Switzerland has twice been host to the loosely integrated group, which gathered there for common study of its problems. Another meeting took place in 1950 in Holland, and last year a fourth rallied in France.

Thus the period of drought discussed in this sketch seems to have come to an end. Thirty years ago liberalism was perhaps still influential in practical affairs but had almost vanished as an intellectual movement. Today it may have little influence in the world of action, but its ideas are alive again, and once more a vital segment of the living mind. This entitles us to speak with new confidence of a future for liberalism.

²See "Inflation: Threat to Freedom," the *Freeman*, April 9, 1951 and "The Malady of Progressivism," July 30, 1951.

The Economics of Freedom

Government by Boards

By LEO WOLMAN

Big government, with which the United States and many other countries in the world are today afflicted, imposes its will on its citizens by confiscating an ever-increasing share of their income and by regulating their conduct through the rulings of numerous administrative boards. Both of these elements of contemporary government grow together. Each new function of the State requires additional funds and each new activity requires for its administration an additional agency. Hence government budgets constantly expand and administrative agencies multiply without end.

Since changes in the form and scope of government are as a rule justified by an appropriate legal or political theory, it follows that government by administrative board devised its own particular theoretical sanction. This sanction is simplicity itself. It amounts to saying that administrative agencies, dealing as they do with technical questions, must be manned by experts. And experts, as everyone knows, can not perform their duties efficiently if they are hampered by inept Federal judges exercising their function of judicial review. Administrative boards, therefore, ought not to be restricted by the courts but should be the arbiters of their own authority. This is what in practice they become—agencies clothed with extensive and arbitrary power, bending the language of the law to their own purposes, denying equality before the law, and disregarding the intent of Congress. Collectively they have done more to destroy individual liberties and to undermine the essential character of our institutions than any other force of modern times. Yet the principles they observe pervade the Federal government from the chief executive down, as Mr. Truman's definition of the powers of the President in the steel seizure case so forcibly disclosed.

Luckily public opinion still has some influence on what officials in Washington do. In the past months the Wage Stabilization Board, troubled by the public disfavor it has aroused through its steel decision, dropped like hot potatoes two issues which it had earlier shown every sign of deciding and deciding incorrectly. These were the leading issues in the oil and Borg-Warner cases, where the unions were demanding the substitution of central for local bargaining. This, like the union and closed shops, is one of the means national unions employ to add to their power. Had it not been for the effects of the steel decision, the WSB would surely have accepted the unions' position and by doing so would have overruled a long-established principle in this matter.

The fact is that the WSB lacked jurisdiction on these issues. They clearly belonged before the National Labor Relations Board. But the unions, anticipating an unfavorable ruling from the NLRB, shopped around among available agencies and picked the WSB to do their bidding. A recent decision by the NLRB shows how prescient the unions are. On June 20 the NLRB, by majority vote, turned down a demand by the AFL bakers union that the Continental Baking Company be required to make a single contract with the union covering the company's 83 bakeries in 65 cities. The board refused, in other words, to convert long-standing local into national bargaining.

It would be comforting to believe that administrative boards can be counted on to use their powers wisely. But long experience with them shows that only comprehensive judicial review and, better still, a reduction in the number of such agencies will effectively protect the public interest.

A Picklish Situation

By DON KNOWLTON

Adelbert Snodgrass, Jr., former National Cucumber Administrator, has been committed to an asylum for the incurably deranged. His breakdown followed, and obviously resulted from, the vicious campaign of vilification launched against the NCA by conscienceless political opponents and amplified by the kept jackals of the capitalist press. Justice demands that the name of Snodgrass be rescued from the vituperation which has been heaped upon it, and that the true record of his administration be laid before the people.

The charge made by National Tomato Administrator McCall, that Snodgrass at the outset of his administration sought to increase the quota allotted him by the National Vegetable Survey in an endeavor to advance the status of cucumbers at the expense of tomatoes in the field of salad consumption, is utterly unsubstantiated by the facts. The increase obtained by Snodgrass was confined entirely to the pickle field.

The NVS had disclosed that not only in many of the congested industrial areas of the country, but also in some of the rural districts, the per capita consumption of cucumber pickles was inexcusably low. Whole neighborhoods were discovered in which hundreds, or even thousands, of children had never known what it was to eat a pickle. The primary purpose of the National Cucumber Administration, therefore, was early defined as "the providing of more pickles to the underprivileged." It was this humanitarian necessity which led to the increasing of the original cucumber quota.

Once this objective was defined, the means whereby it was to be accomplished were plain.

Snodgrass had merely to follow established precedent, which clearly indicated that the way to make a product more available to larger numbers of people was to decrease its production. A crop curtailment program was the inevitable answer.

The magnificent manner in which the Agricultural Police, under NCA direction, enforced the cucumber curtailment program even to the imprisonment of recalcitrant farmers in certain sections, stood as an example to the whole nation. And yet Tomato Administrator McCall, by playing upon public sympathy for these lawbreakers, undertook to poison the minds of the public against Snodgrass, and even went so far as to charge that bribery by cucumber-minded farmers was rampant among the NCA sub-administrators.

These charges were refuted by Snodgrass, and the tables were turned when he uncovered a secret understanding between McCall's chief investigator and the National Ketchup Institute. Nevertheless Snodgrass resolved to broaden and strengthen his administration, in order to leave no loophole open to his antagonists. Toward that end he presented his all-inclusive plan of cucumber crop management, which, had it not been for unforeseen complications, might have remained a model for generations to come. This plan, in essence, was as follows:

1. In order to assure the availability of pickles to the underprivileged, the price of cucumbers must be set, by law, at minimum levels.
2. Since this price would and should be below the cost of production, the farmers who raised cucumbers should be granted a subsidy from the Federal Government sufficient to guarantee them a profit.
3. In order to assure broad cooperation with the crop curtailment program, all farmers who did not raise cucumbers should be granted a compensatory bonus by the Federal Government.
4. Prohibitive import duties were imposed upon cucumbers as a protection to domestic growers.

Never was a plan more nobly conceived. And yet it failed. There was no possible way by which Snodgrass might have foreseen that in the very year in which his plan went into effect a severe lack of rainfall, plus a visitation of an insect pest especially inimical to cucumbers, would combine to cut the per-acre yield of cucumbers to one-fifth of the NVS five-year average.

Naturally, with the shortage, black market trends developed. In fact, local OPS offices found cucumbers one of their most trying problems. In some sections price-enforcement efforts actually led to local riots. And while Snodgrass was devoting a major share of his attention to this situation, trouble broke out on the farms. In many of the cucumber-producing sections of the country cucumber clubs were organized. These clubs protested vehemently because, due to the skimpy crops, the farmers who had raised cucumbers received less money for raising cucumbers than the farmers who did not raise cucumbers received for not raising cucumbers.

The situation was met temporarily by the resourcefulness of the NCA administrator, who promptly organized militant groups among the farmers who did not raise cucumbers. Among the delegations which hastened to Washington in this connection, the non-cucumber-raising groups showed a substantial majority over the cucumber-raising groups, and the emergency was tided over.

But new complications arose. While Tomato Administrator McCall has emphatically denied any responsibility for instigating the program of increased cucumber production in South America, in the mountains of Mexico, and even in certain provinces of Africa, the fact remains that such a program was stimulated and cucumber bootlegging shortly became one of the major problems of the country. Many were the ingenious devices adopted by shippers endeavoring to slip undercover cargoes of cucumbers into this country. There were cucumbers run by small boats up countless estuaries along the Atlantic Coast.

Eighteen foreign powers presented a joint petition threatening tariff retaliations unless this country relaxed cucumber tariff policies. As much as Snodgrass wished the country to maintain a firm stand, it did not then appear expedient to force the issue to the point of an international crisis. He reluctantly consented to permit the matter to be referred to the Inter-Nation Cultural Authority, and turned to face the domestic foes who were now in concert closing in upon him.

For the drought and the pests had done their work. The small greeds of special groups stood forth naked and unashamed. Without the slightest compunction, the public, following in its fickle way the oratory of opportunism and the platitudes of political chicanery, pilloried the very man whom a few months before they had lauded to the ultimate.

The cucumber growers, now organized on a national scale, raised a cry of insufficient governmental subsidies. The non-cucumber growers, even more thoroughly organized, demanded larger bonuses. The League of Housewives and Restaurant Owners demanded an explanation of the causes of the cucumber shortage. The Association for Peace at Any Price objected to the increased appropriation which the Coast Guard stated would be needed to protect the country against illegal entry of cucumbers. The armed forces launched an investigation, as did also the United Nations. The National Pickle Institute, with its powerful lobby and its remarkable propaganda facilities, took advantage of this situation to warp the view of the public. And as if these things were not enough—the CFHO (Committee for Farm Hands Organization) chose this moment to demand a wage increase, and threatened to tie up the nation's entire facilities for not raising cucumbers, if the raise was not at once forthcoming.

It was at this point that the United States Treasury brought forth its report comparing ex-

penditures of various national administrations. For some strange reason the Treasury saw fit to publish, with respect to the National Cucumber Administration, the administrative cost per pickle consumed. In his well-known spirit of vindictiveness, Tomato Administrator McCall seized upon this figure and demanded an investigation of the NCA. McCall succeeded far better than he wished; for the result was a national hue and cry for the investigation of all Federal administrations, including McCall's; and the Senate Committee known as the "Alphabet Committee" came into being. The NCA headed the list of agencies to be investigated.

The culmination came at a press conference which Snodgrass held just a week before he was scheduled to appear before the Alphabet Committee. The reporters noticed that there was a vague look in his eye. He was strangely silent. Even so, no one had had any conception of his actual mental condition until the reporter from the *New York Times* asked him: "Mr. Snodgrass, what is your candid opinion as to the state of the nation?"

"Nuts!" said Snodgrass. The next day he was committed to the asylum.

Snodgrass still lives. That is the pity of it. To those who die, at least flowers are brought. I ask for Snodgrass only the recognition which, upon his record, he deserves.

Prophecy

When chicken-hawks scream
And hens don't cower,
That will be the year
The day and the hour.

When the fangs of snakes
Are milked for honey,
When Greed has no stomach
And misers shun money;
When virus brings balm
To the bustling blood,
When the worm scorns man
And vomits on mud;
When love has no sorrow
And fools are not praised,
When the wage-scale of Sin
Is finally raised;
When atoms whirl slow
To the shepherd's flute,
When rockets won't fly
And cannon won't shoot

When chicken-hawks scream
And hens don't cower,
When tyrants grow weary
Of their power —
That will be the year
The day and the hour.

EDWARD MURRAY CASE

Undermining the Republic

By JOHN C. VIVIAN

A former governor of Colorado warns that our republican form of government is endangered by those who prefer the tyranny of democracy.

Calvin Coolidge once questioned whether democracy was a failure. This was unlike the late President, who had always been careful to refer to the United States rightly as a republic. He was taken to task by a friend, to whom he replied:

Your letter is entirely correct. I think you will search my statements in vain for any reference to the United States as a democracy. I always refer to it as a republic. I used the word the other day because I was not referring especially to our government but to the general movement towards democracy. Of course, the word is used very loosely now.

No word in the English language has been employed more carelessly than "democracy." The fact is, we do not have a democracy in America. We never have had. Ours is a republic, as set forth by the Constitution of the United States. The two forms of government are not compatible. In a democracy, the people govern themselves directly and without representatives. In a republic they are governed by elected representatives, as we in America have been ever since 1776. There are those who contend that ours is a "representative democracy," which is the same as saying it is a republic.

Down to the time of Woodrow Wilson the United States was seldom described as anything but a republic. The word "democracy" occurs rarely in state papers. Nearly always the country is "the Republic." Thomas Jefferson was the founder of the Democratic Party; but in his first inaugural address, though he refers several times to "the Republic," or the republican form of government, he does not once use the word "democracy" or any derivative of it.

Here is an example of a modern trend. Senator Herbert Lehman, in his first inaugural message as Governor of New York State in 1933, did not once use the word "democracy." In his message of 1935 he used it twice. In his message of 1939 he used "democracy" or a derivative thereof 25 times; and in his annual message to the Legislature, January 3, 1940, he used it no less than 33 times.

It is interesting to note that the word "democracy" does not appear in the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution of the United States. The founders of our nation deliberately formed a republic and zealously referred to it as such. It was described by the French patriot Lamartine and the British statesman Pitt as a "model republic": that is to say, a pattern or standard form of govern-

ment. Not only did the Founding Fathers build a republican form of government for the nation, but they also wrote into the Constitution a guarantee of that form to the several states. The parts make up the whole on exactly the same pattern.

George Washington referred to our "republican model of government." John Adams approved it as "a representative government as distinguished from the self rule of a democracy." Thomas Jefferson pleaded that the nation "with courage and confidence, pursue our own Federal and republican principles—our attachment to union and representative government." Even Andrew Jackson of the Jeffersonian democracy said that the "eyes of all nations are fixed upon our Republic."

Abraham Lincoln always referred to the American government as a republic. Grover Cleveland said the Constitution was "launched by the founders of the Republic." Benjamin Harrison spoke of "equipping the young Republic for the defense of independence," and William McKinley called upon the American people to do "our full duty as citizens of the great Republic." Theodore Roosevelt mentioned the "tasks set before our fathers who founded the Republic . . . which made great men who preserved the Republic in the days of Lincoln."

Alexander Hamilton, the foremost advocate of a strong centralized government, is credited with having told the Constitutional Convention that it was for them to decide forever the fate of republican government. He held that if all power is given to the many, they will oppress the few; give the same authority to the few, and they will oppress the many. Each, he maintained, ought to be able to defend itself against the other. Hence the system of checks and balances in the Constitution.

Our government's division of powers into legislative, executive and judicial recognizes that if the same man, or men, make the laws, interpret them and execute them, despotism results.

It is difficult to visualize a government under a pure democracy. Today the attempt to exercise governmental functions under such a system would be unwieldy and entirely impractical. It would be impossible for the people to govern themselves without the aid of representatives in a country of 140 million. Any attempt to do so would result in chaos and the collapse of all governmental functions.

Under the republican form of government, we gave to our people during their first century as a

nation religious freedom, civil liberty, freedom of speech and of the press, popular education, security of individual rights, initiative and enterprise. We developed statesmen who adhered to the standards set up by the new Republic; we gave asylum to foreigners; we made material progress in our economy, and achieved a leading place among the nations of the world. We did this by holding to the form of government established by our forebears.

Ours is the only simon-pure republic in the world today in which the absolute sovereignty is vested in the people. Each citizen is an integral part of the government: it is a grave error to think of the government as something apart from ourselves.

The Voters Are Responsible

The question arises, "Is our government changing?" Many people are inclined to confuse the powers and authority of the government and to give it more leeway than it actually possesses. The government produces nothing. Its grants-in-aid to the states, its relief, in fact, every cent it spends, comes from the people in taxes. So when we receive government funds for any project, we are receiving our own money with administrative brokerages and handling costs deducted.

Government can not pay out any more than it collects, except, of course, under the political philosophy which has been rampant in Washington since 1932 and which holds that there is nothing to worry about in deficit spending because "we owe it to ourselves." This is a catch phrase which has no factual meaning. It is economically unsound. If you don't believe it, just ask Uncle Sam to pay you the portion owed to you. Would you get it?

All of this places a tremendous responsibility upon an electorate which is in large part apathetic. It is a sad commentary that out of 94 million eligible voters of the nation in 1948, only a few more than 49 million went to the polls and cast their ballots for the men and women they desired to represent them in public office. Some 683,000 of these failed to vote for President.

How long would a private corporation last if its stockholders failed to vote at annual meetings? If such indifference should persist, and the stockholders in the biggest business in the world, the Government of the United States, should continue to fail in their duty to insure its existence, anything could happen. If, through our lack of interest, this Republic is replaced by a totalitarian form of government, we shall have only ourselves to blame.

It is unfortunate that we do not have more schools of practical government where ordinary politics may be taught—the *modus operandi* of our towns, cities, counties, states and nation. We train men for all sciences except the science of government, which would seem to be the most important.

There is a feeling abroad that, in order to add to our happiness, we must have laws and more

laws, more and more taxes to be spent by more and more people in a government growing more and more complex. If this trend persists, we are going to have less individual initiative, incentive and enterprise such as have made this Republic great, prosperous and contented. If such a movement continues, states rights will be more and more submerged and we shall be placing more and more power in the hands of the Federal Government, thus straying farther and farther away from the republican form of government.

Our Republic is undergoing basic and fundamental changes. Not all of them are by ordinary processes. Many of them are inspired insidiously.

Soon after the adoption of the Constitution, George Washington predicted that it would last "as long as there shall remain any virtue in the body of the people." He also ventured the opinion that the destruction of the Constitution would result from "listlessness in the preservation of the natural and inalienable rights of mankind." In his Farewell Address he conjectured that our republican form of government would not be overthrown from without, but undermined from within. That is exactly what is happening today.

At first the gradual crumbling of the Republic was hardly noticeable, but as we view the fundamental changes in the Constitution which can not escape any thoughtful citizen, we must conclude that the form of government is changing. This is difficult to admit, and yet the representative system has long since been replaced in the Federal set-up by Executive appointments which are not representative of the people because the people have no control over them through the ballot-box and can not influence them. We are being governed to a large extent by a bureaucratic system over which neither the Congress nor the people has any control.

The present situation, of course, is the result of one assault after another upon the fundamentals of the republican system. The irony is that the average citizen is allowing this to take place under his nose without making any effort to stop it.

Do the American people really want a central government of unlimited powers? Whether the Union under the republican form could survive under such a government is a grave question. It probably will not do so, if the great mass of the people do not take more interest in their government. As long as strong minorities are allowed to function in an effort to undermine our national system, just so long shall we continue to watch a trend toward totalitarianism.

When the sessions of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia in 1789 had ended, Benjamin Franklin, a participant in the deliberations, was asked if we had a republic or a monarchy. The learned Franklin is said to have replied: "A republic, if you can keep it."

Julia Ward Howe did not write "The Battle Hymn of the Democracy."



Arts and Entertainments



By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

The Secret Lives of James Thurber

Because James Thurber is a true humorist, he should be taken very seriously. Of all national resources humor is in shortest supply, and no conservation problem worries me more. The du Ponts or somebody else can always be relied on to develop, in a real crisis, a satisfactory substitute for molybdenum, but not even James Thurber can imagine what we would do without James Thurber. The thought of a Thurberless America is enough to empty anybody's heart, and the other day I had a frightening premonition of just such a calamity. The occasion, I hasten to add, had a truly Thurberesque touch: James Thurber was confiding his most serious political ideas to Mr. Earl Wilson, the *New York Post's* expert on low necklines—an event so hugely improper, and so far beyond the reach of normal inventiveness, that only Thurber could have conjured it up.

"Who can write where everybody's scared?" asked Thurber, who is scared but can write, of Wilson, who might be scared too, but can not. "The end of American comedy is in sight, and the theater's gone to hell, and you can thank a bunch of guys in Congress." Mr. Brooks Atkinson, in short, has made an important convert to his half-witticism that Senator Joe McCarthy must be blamed for the obscene debacle of the Broadway stage. (For a detailed discussion of Mr. Atkinson's assault on truth, see my coroner's report in the *Freeman* of December 31, 1951.) "Blatherskiting" Congressmen, Mr. Thurber wants you to know through the courtesy of what is easily the most vulgar column this side of honest pornography, are "killing American comedy and culture."

This exclusive interview with James Thurber was, to my mind, Mr. Wilson's greatest literary scoop since he published the verified measurements of Dagmar's bust. ("Marilyn Monroe doesn't wear anything under her clothes," read, somewhat redundantly, another recent scoop of Mr. Thurber's chosen Boswell. "Nothing but Marilyn.") But though he normally has a culture-concerned man's trained eye for falsies, Wilson did not notice the conspicuously misleading features in the Thurber sketch of America's cultural anatomy. I should like to set matters straight—not so much to keep Wil-

son's reportorial record clean as to protect Thurber, the nation's finest madman, against ordinary idiocy. For nothing can ruin a subtle sense of humor so fast as an attack of common silliness, and the country just can not afford to take chances with a scarce national asset. If the Junior Senator from Wisconsin can make the Senior Humorist from Ohio sprain his funny-bone on no provocation at all, the time has come to examine James Thurber's intellectual condition.

The case history of James Thurber has been partly written by the leading authority on that difficult subject, namely: Mr. Thurber. His recently published "The Thurber Album" (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50), one of the few pure joys of the literary year, explains much of the undiluted happiness the grouchy Mr. Thurber has managed, for so many years now, to spread among us. He subtitles the book "A New Collection of Pieces About People," but these loose pieces about dead Ohioans lovingly remembered fit together and finally form the portrait of one who is alive and hardly mentioned at all—James Thurber of Columbus, Ohio.

I have always loved James Thurber, as most everybody else does, and now I know why. Nine years ago (and I bring this up mainly to present my credentials for what is going to be a spanking—an effort which will undoubtedly hurt me much more than it will hurt Mr. Thurber), I wrote in the *New York Times Book Review* of November 21, 1943:

What makes Mr. Thurber a great humorist is that he isn't kidding. You may learn from him practically everything, except why on earth one should go on living—but after half an hour with James Thurber you are much too exhausted to ask such a profound question. Thurber, whose life work seems to be to dig up evidence against the whole proposition, doesn't give you a chance to evaluate his material. Either you don't get what he is talking (drawing) about, or you have laughed so much that you've forgotten it.

No wonder that the late Robert van Gelder, then the editor of the *Times Book Review*, gave my little essay the title: "A Misanthropic Quixote, Versus the Human Race." Now that I have read "The Thurber Album," I think we were wrong. James Thurber *loves* the proposition of living and he *loves* people—living, that is, in Columbus, Ohio, and people who died a long time ago, preferably thereabouts. His savage dissent and his seem-

ingly anarchistic objection to things as they are is all rooted in the nostalgia of an incorrigible conservative. (Humor, come to think of it, has always been an art of and for conservatives: professional reformers may have talent for satire, but they can not laugh.)

The truth that unmistakably emerges from the "Album" is that the secret lives of James Thurber center on midwestern Main Streets. He cherishes (when no one looks) the wholesome American virtues *New Yorker* sophisticates are supposed to deride — the cussedness of provincial individualists, the grin of commoners who are physically incapable of cynicism, the sheepish generosity of even professed misers, the shrewd madness of small-town characters, the Mid-West's impatience with snobs. And the anger that feeds Thurber's humor is produced by his homesickness for an America which contracts in space and recedes in time.

There are in "The Thurber Album" flashes of recognition which illuminate the sources of Thurberism more than anything he has written before — too much, perhaps, to please that other, the metropolitan Mr. Thurber who communes with Earl Wilson. For instance, when he dedicates a few superb pages to an epitaph for Bob Ryder, the lovable editor and paragrapher of the *Ohio State Journal*, Thurber achieves this inspired insight into the nature of contemporary liberalism:

It seems to me, in conclusion, that Robert O. Ryder may have sent that truly great paragraph ricocheting down the echoing corridors of time when he wrote: "A hardened reformer never seems able to make up his mind which is the most beautiful word in the language, 'compulsory' or 'forbidden.'"

Who could, or would want to, retouch this perfect X-ray picture of the committed McLiberals? Also, who can explain why the James Thurber of the "Album" should want his recent pictures taken, demonstratively, in the company of these very same liberals? Well, I do not know that I can. But I would like to try.

In addition to the divine spark, or whatever accounts in your personal credo for the mystery of creativeness, art is ignited by a talented man's friction with his environment. It does not always have to be the studied protest of the rebel. In fact, it seldom is: conscious zeal blunts the artist's tools. But unless he is mobilized by *some* kind of conflict with his world—a conflict between sensibility and smugness more than anything else—the artist atrophies. This, it seems to me, is the only kernel of truth in the balderdash of Social Determinism which otherwise reduces esthetics to professorial inanities.

So the artist (certainly in our modern world from which reverence and humility have vanished) habitually assumes the posture of opposition. He needs to think that he is defying the entrenched inertia, the arrogant powers-that-be. And it is pre-

cisely at this point that the contemporary artist traps himself in an ironical misunderstanding: his posture is still that of defiance all right; but he is swimming *with* the current. All dressed up for battle, he has none to fight. And so his talents wither.

More than anything else, it seems to me, this tragicomedy of errors explains the intellectual and artistic sterility of our age. Our intellectuals and our artists are still equipped with yesterday's images of protest—and have not noticed yet that they are rooting for those in power. They still use yesterday's vocabulary of rebellion, but throw it at today's underdog. This contortion inevitably frustrates the intellect and suffocates art.

What I am driving at may well be, at least culturally, the crucial phenomenon of our era: the advocates of the ruling order are costumed as dissenters; the heralds of conformity speak the jargon of rebels. For who, in demonstrable truth, are the downtrodden and persecuted of this day? Who if not those few who oppose the overpowering trend toward regimentation and statism; the tattered battalion of foolhardy men who denounce the deification of the compact majority; the brave Quixotes who defy the impudence of fashion? And who are the snobs, the conformists, the Babbitts of our times? Who if not the propagandists of an empty "social consciousness," the barkers of "progress," the slick copywriters of the modish consensus that one Joe McCarthy is the apocalyptic hound of hell?

Yes, it suits me fine to accept Mr. Thurber's challenge and consider McCarthy as the acid test. If the mighty and rich, the entrenched and the conformists, the snobs and what I like to call the certified gentlemen have ever agreed on a common enemy, and made asses of themselves, they have done so in the case of McCarthy. Here is an ambitious young man from Wisconsin who has yet to learn about the accepted manners of public debate. He has occasionally misjudged the motives of men, but not worse than two whole generations of liberals have misjudged men and motives. He has called Owen Lattimore the top Soviet agent in this country and he has produced no conclusive evidence—yet. Two whole generations of American liberals have called honorable men "merchants of death" and Stalin a protagonist of peace and human liberation. For either judgment they surely had far less evidence than McCarthy had for his.

But now consider what happens. On the one side, there are the opinion-makers, the professional leaders of mankind, the ordained prime-movers of progress, the teachers and artists and critics—and they have all been proved wrong in a prolonged misjudgment that may involve the death of everything they were trained to uphold. On the other side, there is a pretty lonely, not at all subtle and entirely self-made Midwestern politician—and he may be proved wrong in judgments that involve the reputations of some members of the club. But

consider, indeed, what happens! The atrocious, murderous misjudgments of the certified gentlemen are deemed not merely forgivable, but downright honorable. Yet the entire pack of liberal commentators, columnists, editors, writers, critics and, yes, humorists jumps at the throat of a single politician who, though anything but choosy in his use of weapons, has less fire power than any one of his syndicated opponents.

Bob Ryder, I dare say, would have sided with McCarthy—not because he would have approved of a cavalier approach to evidence, but because he detested the snobbish pack even more. Most people I had the intense pleasure of meeting in “The Thurber Album” would have sided with McCarthy—not because they believed in research by shotgun, but because they loathed compact majorities, the hypocrites of fashion, the dandies of conformity.

In short, the serious quandary of James Thurber is that he acts like a man of fashion, i.e., out of his natural style—his style as a freeman from Columbus, Ohio, and his style as a true artist. The man who is homesick for such vanishing verities as honor and guts and cockeyed friendliness ought to understand that the last refuge for these virtues is among those foolhardy men who throw themselves against the tide of collectivism. And the artist ought to understand that art is bleeding to death, not because an accidental Senator is taking potshots, but because the artists have been bleeding themselves.

They have been doing it since that fatal moment when the pendulum of herd instincts swung far to the collectivist left. They hooked a ride on that pendulum, and thereby deserted the one fixed position from which art can grow—the position of individuals whose taste and conscience defy the modish mob. That during that ride to power they kept shouting the slogans of rebellion made things only worse. The posture of protest in a position of conformity is a fraud that must end in sterility.

And if Mr. Thurber wants to know what, in particular, has been “killing American comedy,” he could get a good lead from Bob Ryder’s admirable paragraph on the hardened reformer. Here is the native, the tremendous, perhaps the only material for an American comedy in the great tradition of Aristophanes and Molière, comedy that pricks pretensions and sham: the liberal who craves compulsion and wants everything he disagrees with to be forbidden. But who will write that comedy if the man from Columbus, Ohio, who could, has gone and joined the pack?

Please, Mr. Thurber, come home—to Bob Ryder, to Huck Finn, to Columbus, Ohio!

“Liberal” is an alias behind which all sorts of people hide to carry on their own particular schemes ranging all the way from nefarious to just plain silly.

MARGARET RAMBAUT

This Is What They Said

In eastern Europe, White Russia, and the Ukraine, what remains of friendly feeling for America is due primarily to the operations of UNRRA, in which American interests were soft-pedaled while American goods were loud-pedaled.

OWEN LATTIMORE, “The Situation in Asia,” 1949

In the campaign for seats in Congress that followed that autumn [1946] the Republicans pressed as a chief issue the existence of “subversives” in the Government. They achieved majorities in both House and Senate.

FRANCIS BIDDLE, “The Fear of Freedom,” 1951

A new society, emerging from the shell of the old, creates a framework within which a great thinker or artist is enabled to do his work; and that work, in turn, serves to smash finally the shell of the old society, and to complete and make firmer the outlines of the new. Thus it has been with Machiavelli’s “Prince,” with Adam Smith’s “The Wealth of Nations,” and with Karl Marx’s “Capital.”

MAX LERNER, introduction to Modern Library edition of Adam Smith’s “The Wealth of Nations,” 1937

The Soviet worker may actively participate in the total life of the factory. He shares directly both its responsibilities and its benefits. Although it is not true to say that the factory belongs to him, he belongs to the factory, and his sense of belonging gives him status. It is this status which explains both the hardships to which he is subjected and the protection which he is accorded.

THE ATLANTIC, July 1952, editorial report on the Soviet worker.

Another Nowa Huta [Poland] patriot who has made a name for himself is Peter Osanski. He came to the construction site as an unskilled worker but soon organized a bricklaying brigade which broke all records. He was made an instructor in Stakhanovite methods. . . . One of the girls he taught soon took his name—this was the first marriage of Nowa Huta. Some felt that the wedding of the young couple should be solemnized by the construction chief, Zralek, just as a ship’s captain performs marriage ceremonies at sea.

NEW TIMES, Moscow, October 10, 1951

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

THE EDITORS



A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

As I write there is a vast tumult in Chicago, where a host of New Dealish cuckoos are vying with the more legitimate birds for control of the orthodox Republican nest. The stress is heavily on the Menckonian side of politics, but if there is one safe generalization that can be made this July it is that the people who will vote on candidates and platforms next autumn are not in a harlequin mood. Indeed, it is entirely possible that voters may be ready to ponder such serious campaign literature as James L. Wick's "How NOT to Run for President: A Handbook for Republicans" (New York: Vantage Press, \$1) and Harley L. Lutz's "A Platform for the American Way" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$2).

The Wick book is presented as an elongated pamphlet, but for all its unpretentious cover it contains the soundest analysis of the Republican defeats of 1940, 1944 and 1948 that has been printed to date. Taking the bull by the horns (to quote Jimmy Durante) on the very first page, Mr. Wick refutes the idea that there is a great bloc of strong-minded "independent voters" who characteristically wait until November before making their decision about the candidates. According to Mr. Wick's researches, 80 or 90 per cent of all persons of above-average political intelligence know which party will get their vote before the Presidential candidates have been nominated. The ones who remain uncommitted until late in the campaign tend to be of two types. Either they belong to the group of passive followers who are weak and indecisive by nature or they are people who are subjected to terrible inner conflicts. In either case, it takes unequivocal leadership, not "me-too" or "let's-have-unity" tactics, to catch the last-minute voter.

Both Willkie (in 1940) and Dewey (in 1944 and 1948) misread the nature of the electorate. Willkie went into the Republican Convention of 1940 as a fighting symbol of opposition to the New Deal. As

the spokesman for free enterprise in general and the Commonwealth and Southern utility empire in particular, Willkie had had the temerity to take on the Tennessee Valley Authority. The pet of the sainted George Norris, the TVA was merely the most sacred of all the New Deal cows. It was seemingly tempting fate to touch the TVA, yet Willkie had a resurgent business community behind him, and he might have won in November if he had continued to take his true line, which was that of bold opposition to Franklin Roosevelt's Statist philosophy.

Wha' hopen? As everybody ought to know by now, the symbol of anti-Rooseveltism went out to Elwood, Indiana, to make a footling acceptance speech filled with "me-too" psychology. Instead of appealing to the natural leaders of the Republican Party, the men who might have persuaded the weak and the indecisive in November, Willkie figuratively doffed his cap to "Champ" Roosevelt on every possible occasion. Moreover, he learned nothing from his defeat, for in his campaign for a renomination in 1944 he persisted in courting the approval of New York's Park Avenue intellectuals. I wrote an article for *Life* Magazine in March of 1944 arguing that Willkie needed the votes of some Republican regulars in the primaries, not the votes of Dorothy Thompson and Samuel Grafton (who were Democrats anyway), but it had no effect on Mr. Willkie, who was above listening to advice from presumed whippersnappers.

Lest You Forget

SOME OLDER BOOKS FOR LIBERTARIANS

The Key to Peace, by Clarence Manion (Heritage Foundation)

The God of the Machine, by Isabel Paterson (Putnam)

The Discovery of Freedom, by Rose Wilder Lane (John Day)

Economics in One Lesson, by Henry Hazlitt (Harper)

Capitalism the Creator, by Carl Snyder (Macmillan)

The Road to Serfdom, by F. A. Hayek (University of Chicago Press)

Simply because Willkie persisted in stupidity beyond the call of duty, Dewey won the Republican nomination in 1944. He did this by sticking to the "pros," letting Willkie have the amateurs. Then he, too, threw away the election by turning his attention to the non-existent "independent vote." And he played the same fatal record all over again in 1948. Truman, a "pro" in politics if there ever was one, made some fighting speeches

catch the weak and indecisive in the last-minute rush, and the Democrats were in for four more years when, by all the odds, they should have lost. The whole free world was moving to the "right" in 1948, and America would have moved in that direction too if Dewey had taken a firm anti-Statist line.

No matter who is the Republican nominee this time, he must take his stand on a traditional form of Americanism if he is to win. Harley L. Lutz, the well-known Princeton economist, has presented a first-rate Americanist platform for any Republican candidate in his "A Platform for the American Way." Dr. Lutz begins soundly by proclaiming the Right to Own as the basic human right. This, as Isabel Paterson says, is a matter of mechanics: if a person lacks the right to own land, he must appeal to the State for permission to occupy the ground he stands on; and if he lacks the right to own tools he must turn to a political agent for the very things that are needed to bring food to his mouth. The right to free speech is dependent on the right to own paper, printing presses and such; the right to worship is dependent on the right to own a church in community with other like-minded people.

Dr. Lutz's book goes into technicalities about taxation, social security and other "difficult" subjects. But it is a clearly written document, and the main points are made in sharp little paragraphs set in small type throughout the book. A confirmed anti-Statist, Dr. Lutz wants no paltering: he is for getting the Federal government out of the fields of lending, giving, and competing with private industry and banking. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic platform will tally to any marked degree with Dr. Lutz's own platform, for politicians are a temporizing breed even at best. But you can judge the comparative virtues of the platforms that are written at Chicago by putting them alongside Dr. Lutz's book and seeing which one approaches it as a limit.

Ben Hecht once wrote a story about stone-eating termites. A crazy notion, but not too crazy, for the fact of the matter is that we all eat stuff that originated in stone, as Jacquetta Hawkes shows in "A Land" (Random, \$3.75). In the beginning everything was stone; humus and chlorophyll are merely added starters.

Miss Hawkes is paleontologist, archeologist and poet. "A Land" is the story of the rocks of Britain and what these rocks, crumbled into soil or quarried and shaped into building materials, have done to form the culture, even the bone and marrow, of the British people. A book of scientific precision, yet it has much of the excitement of Jack London's "Before Adam."

A Living Creed

A Creed for Free Enterprise, by Clarence B. Randall. Boston: Atlantic Monthly—Little, Brown. \$2.75

Mr. Randall's Creed for Free Enterprise is a statement of an intelligent, public-spirited belief in freedom by one of its most articulate proponents. Mr. Randall is no preacher who talks with tongue in cheek; his is a living creed—a Sunday through Saturday creed.

Mr. Randall's creed is progressive, dynamic and above all a creed that is rooted in social responsibility. The most telling argument advanced by the Socialists against free enterprise is its purported disregard for the common good. Our free enterprise system is always painted in lurid colors of an excessively selfish social irresponsibility commonly associated with unrestricted or laissez-faire capitalism. Mr. Randall, in what to me was the most timely chapter in his book, "The Businessman and the Community," disposes of this bit of socialist propaganda. He does some soul searching of himself and his fellow-businessmen regarding the businessman's timidity in recapturing his rightful leadership in community affairs. Mr. Randall concludes that, to survive, free business must be an exemplary citizen, winning its place in the community by an intelligent participation in the solution of community problems, some of which, he admits, are due to the presence of industry. In his chapter on "The Businessman and the Government" Mr. Randall continues in the same vein, saying in effect to his fellow-businessmen: "Less aimless and sulky criticism and more active participation in government."

Being a schoolman in a private university, I naturally was delighted with Mr. Randall's chapter on "The Businessman and the Universities." His proposal that private business and private universities are so connected that the one can not exist without the other will cause much comment. Free enterprise and academic freedom are made from the same fabric, freedom. Mr. Randall analyzes correctly and clearly the financial difficulties threatening the survival of private educational institutions and the consequent obligation of free business to aid private education. He pleads for a sorely needed understanding between university professors and businessmen.

Mr. Randall asks for understanding also in the case of young men in his most human chapter titled "Young Men." This chapter treats of the problems of the selection and training of young men for responsibility in industry. This is "must" reading for graduating seniors and also for all those in industry who select and train college graduates for the difficult job of industrial leadership. The chapter is rich with an insight into hu-

man nature which only experience and a love of one's fellow-men could give.

Any suspicion of sentimentality created by this chapter is quickly dispelled by Mr. Randall in his chapter on "Unions Never Lose." Shining through its pages is the author's conviction that allegiance and loyalty of employees can be won only by a strong stand on principle and not by a condescending program of appeasement. This chapter was written to and for working people and not for businessmen; it pays a compliment to all American working people by implying that they respect that businessman who has strong convictions regarding his creed of free enterprise. This chapter is the work of a true economic statesman.

In this day of confused thinking regarding American free enterprise, Mr. Randall's book should be read by all Americans simply because it is such a clear, courageous statement of the principles and problems of American capitalism by one who, by reason of knowledge and experience, is eminently qualified to write such a manifesto on freedom. There will be much comment about and disagreement with parts of this book. Those who disagree must admit Mr. Randall is worthy of praise for his intelligent exposition of his convictions. This is a book that has been long overdue and should do much in counteracting the untruthful and insidious propaganda of the Socialists against free enterprise.

EDWARD A. KELLER

A Light That Still Shines

After All: The Autobiography of Norman Angell, New York: Farrar, Straus and Young. \$4.50

There is a twofold pathos—or is it irony?—in Norman Angell's life. He was possessed of a passion to prevent war, and an epochal perception of the irrationality of the resort to war under modern conditions. War has become bad business as well as bad morals and politics. Nobody wins a modern war. This Norman Angell explained in one of the most lucid and flawlessly logical books ever written: "The Great Illusion."

It was a prodigiously famous book. Published early in 1909, it spread through the world as though a dam had burst. Inside of eighteen months it was translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Polish, Finnish, Czech, Arabic, Turkish, Japanese. Cabinet meetings were held about it. In England the German Ambassador made it the subject of a special pronouncement. The King presented copies to his ministers. Norman Angell societies were formed. "Norman Angelism" seemed actually to be going to prevent the impending war—to head off this age of hate and slaughter in which we have the fascinating misfortune to live. There are people who still think that, given a few years more

for the international circulation of that book, the tragedy of 1914 might never have occurred.

But the tragedy did occur. And, moreover, it re-occurred in 1939, although another edition of "The Great Illusion" had sold a quarter of a million copies the year before. Norman Angell's trumpet call to the world to be rational ushered in an age whose dominant trait is probably summed up in Lancelot Hogben's phrase: "The Retreat From Reason."

Most of us have been all too familiar with that sad story. But we learn in this thoughtful and delightful autobiography of another irony with which fate pursued Norman Angell. His effort to stop the drift toward war by demonstrating its impracticality was, as I said, clear as a Sahara sky. No one outside a lunatic asylum, you would think, could misread his message. And yet a vast majority of those who have heard about him or his famous book—70 to 80 per cent of them, he thinks—believe that he told people not to worry, war has grown so expensive it won't happen again! Quite recently an American university president warned his students against "the attractive fallacies of Norman Angell who believed there could be no more war."

As the crown of a life effort to get people to use their brains about politics, that would certainly get most men down. But Norman Angell takes it in his stride. He indulges neither in swear words nor gestures of pious resignation, but merely calls it "a strange result with some sort of moral."

That quietude of spirit is characteristic of him. He has written many wise books besides the one that made him so famous, and they are all characterized by the steadiness with which his reason illumines a problem. Here is a light that will not fail, you feel, no matter what storms blow up. And now in this more personal writing the same mood prevails. Norman Angell's whole life seems to have been lived in a calmly thoughtful way—not without will and passion by any means, but with mind always in the ascendant.

Our long friendship gives the revelations in "After All" a special fascination for me—the fascination of learning *more* where you already know quite a little. It has not been a close personal friendship, but only a pleasure in occasional meetings due to the assured possession of two common interests: "clear thinking and a strong love of peace." I quote this phrase from a letter in which Sir Norman's sister once epitomized, quite exactly, the qualities that give him his unique place in the world. He might be described as the only peace evangelist with enough hardness in him for the task of thinking.

Sir Norman is so slight a man, has so delicate a complexion, is so exquisitely courteous, and seems so intrinsically a bachelor, that this hardness in him comes as something of a surprise. I don't know why being a bachelor should not ordinarily be consistent with hardness. But the words slipped out of

me, and they express a thought that came to my mind often as I read his book—the blissful absence from it of any of the dire and distracting problems of love. But for an “amorous advance” from a “raddled old woman of sixty or thereabouts,” who begged him as a lad of seventeen to join her in a new mystical religion connected with Madame Blavatsky, and a slight disagreement with a girl in a sleeping compartment who wanted the porter to make up one berth instead of two, he has nothing to say of the snags that seem to so many to be what life is really about.

Whatever his life may have been about, this *story* of it is about “the problems of society” right from the start. While at school in Paris where he learned to speak French as fluently as English, he seems to have passed almost at one jump through a phase of adolescent revolutionism, and on into a mature disillusion with it all. He decided at seventeen that “the happiest people are going to be those who make something with their hands,” and he decided that the problems of society, as presented in the old world at least, were hopeless. “A free, simple, self-sufficient life in the open” seemed better than a harrowingly conscientious attempt to solve them. Against the combined pull of family, school, social environment and intellectual ambition, he packed up his bags and “emigrated” to America, and to the Wild West. There he lived the tough life of a cowboy, teamster, mail-carrier, rancher, prospector, “assisting” at some incidents that would make good scenario copy for a Western, and at least once escaping death at the hands of the villain by the breadth of a hair.

I find the picture of this delicate-minded idealist—a featherweight physically, and mentally overweighted, as his brow so plainly shows—sticking a six-shooter in his belt and setting off to Mexico to round up a herd of cattle and drive them up over the border into California, a ravishing one. I think it is important, too. Had there been a few more like it, the “life of ideas” might, I suspect, have been a little more fruitful. The “treason of the intellectuals” might not have been a rule to be relied on. The intelligentsia might not present the picture of fibroid degeneration and general collapse in a world crisis that it does today. At least we of the literary brotherhood would be wiser if we had wrestled once in a lifetime with something a little more substantial than words.

After seven years of it, however, Norman Angell realized that “the simple life of manual toil in the open spaces” has its own problems and anxieties: “drought, short crops, low prices, accidents, loss of stock . . . frustration, loneliness, fatigue, usually the deadening pall of debt.” He decided that a taste of turmoil and congestion and the “problems of society” in the Old World would be, on the whole, refreshing. So he packed up again, what little he had, and by way of San Francisco, St. Louis and Chi-

cago, where he earned his living by newspaper work, he made his way back to Paris. His success there was so rapid that in two or three years—the dates here are not quite clear—he was invited by Lord Northcliffe to found, edit and manage a Paris edition of the *London Daily Mail*. As Norman Angell Lane—his original name—he conducted that newspaper with success and distinction until 1912, when he resigned to assist in the missionary work that his book, “The Great Illusion,” had set in motion.

One other major turn in his career was his joining the British Labor Party in 1920. He describes it as a “left turn with doubts,” and thinks now that he would have been wiser not to have made it. Perhaps that is true, but he would have deprived this book, “After All,” of some of its most interesting and valuable chapters. For his observations and reflections on that party, on leftward politics in general, and on certain men eminent in British political life, could hardly have been so vivid and penetrating had he not sat in at committee meetings and conferences that were in every other respect a waste of time. He is particularly sure-handed in painting the portrait of Ramsay MacDonald, a character who has always rather puzzled the on-looker at British politics.

“Any leader could have been excused,” he remarks, “for confusion and puzzlement concerning the economic situation in 1929-31. But MacDonald was more oracular, more eloquent, more uplifting in his confusion than any man in his generation.”

As for his own role in that situation, Norman Angell looks back on it with no pride whatever. “It seems to me now,” he says, “to have been vacillating, even pusillanimous.” Although MacDonald and others pressed him to do so, and although the step comported with his own special understanding of the situation, he refused to join the national Coalition. For once, it seems, he was swayed politically by those irrational emotions against which his life had been a crusade, and he avows that it was no credit to him.

The motives of refusal were, I am afraid, mainly that I shrank from facing the censure of old friends in the Labour ranks—censure for “ratting,” for “betrayal of the cause,” for failing to stand by old comrades. This ought not to have weighed with me at all. But it did.

That he committed this sin against rationality, that his high and calm political intelligence did break down once in a most human way, is rather pleasing to the reader. It balances and rounds out the picture. It seems almost as though an artist had painted it in. For although Sir Norman is wholly unconscious of this, the picture is of a rarely elevated and noble life.

Besides the record of that life, this book is enriched by Sir Norman’s reflections—veritable little essays in some cases—on a wide variety of topics: Victorian Repressions and the Subsequent Increase

in Neuroses; The South if Lincoln Had Lived; The Career and Character of Lord Northcliffe; Woodrow Wilson's Fame and Aloofness; The Vituperations of Ezra Pound; Why the Big Difference Between the United States and Mexico; An Estimate of H. G. Wells; How Far the British Labor Party, though Ostensibly Non-Marxian, took over the Passions and Illusions of the Class Struggle Doctrine; The Incredible Gullibility of Believers in Freedom under Socialism; The Twin Dangers of Pessimism and Optimism; and many others, equally intriguing.

Norman Angell still believes that the preservation of our free civilization depends upon the growth of rational understanding. He fears it may not grow fast enough. We may find ourselves in the position of the man about to be hanged who "when asked if he would like to make a last statement, said: 'I would like to say, sir, that this will be a lesson to me.'"

"We may learn our lesson too late," he concludes. "My own attempts to accelerate the learning may not have had much effect. Others may be more successful."

MAX EASTMAN

The Last Frontier

Grass Beyond the Mountains, by Richmond P. Hobson, Jr. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$3.75

Before their austere cinematographic ritual was corrupted by the recent spate of sexy supercolossals, Westerns were Westerns, as dependable as ham and eggs, and filmed in the great open spaces where men were men. The women, too; that is to say, the women were plain, worthy creatures who were never permitted to steal the show from the horses, which were always incredibly but authentically beautiful.

Mr. Hobson's book obeys and adorns that nobler tradition and appropriately, it is dedicated to his horses. America's ten-year-olds were in luck the day it was printed. That goes, too, for adults like the present writer who once, back in the twenties, came within sight of the fabulous Itchas, saw the mountain goats standing on the snowy crags, swore that some day he would see the other side of them thar hills and then basely foreswore his oath.

Mr. Hobson's yarn is all the better for the fact that it is mostly true. I say "mostly" without intending to impugn the veracity of the owner of the vast Renwick Ranch in northern British Columbia, but rather by way of paying tribute to his literary talent; he is much too good a writer to let a mere matter of truth stand between him and the proper denouement of a good yarn. For instance, what really happened when the three cowboys were chased by the three cow moose—or should one say "meese"? . . . Let it ride; the tale is wonderful as it stands. Let it, and the other stories that enrich

this excellent book of adventure, be filmed quickly.

In justice to author and publisher one should add that apart from its high merit as entertainment, the book has serious value as a contribution to history and geography. It describes the discovery and conquest of the last great cattle frontier in North America, and does it admirably.

JAMES RORTY

Carpers on Lawrence

D. H. Lawrence, Portrait of a Genius But . . ., by Richard Aldington. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3.75

Journey With Genius, by Witter Bynner. New York: John Day. \$4.00

Aldington's book, done with a carping heart, is entertaining in spite. It is not so much a portrait of Lawrence as a confession of Aldington's. Aldington writes as though D. H. Lawrence had pilfered his destiny; the truth is that Aldington's own life is a study in contemporary compromise. It may be that no one really compromises, but that everybody just fathoms his nature. This, however, is a very risky doctrine to accept. One has moral obligations to heaven, friends, nature, and to one's vestal fires, and a man might bend fate a little if he will only try.

I am almost totally at odds with Aldington's and Bynner's portraits of Lawrence. These two bickering, gadfly books were written out of envy. Few can bear their own faults in others, and Aldington detests Lawrence's errors because his own have never been the leaven for a Quixote trauma. Lawrence is almost everything that Aldington and Bynner say he was, but in their two books we have the world talking about the spirit. Aldington detests Lawrence because he regarded himself as a savior and a Messiah. Suppose Lawrence was wrong? There are those who say Christ was wrong. But who would relinquish the parables even if it could be proved that Jesus were an impostor?

Lawrence had a broken pottery-jug face, rusty robin hair, and a wild potato nose. The wild desert seer or Cenobite in him was what neither Aldington nor Bynner could bear. Aldington relates how the young provincial Lawrence, just out of a coal digger's house at Derbyshire, attended his first party given by Ford Madox Ford and Violet Hunt. The youth had never had roast beef, brussels sprouts, plum pudding with champagne, and he thought that if such a repast were the guerdon of a few poems which Ford had accepted, imagine what he would receive as a famous author—why, a thousand pounds a year! Then the poet met Frieda, wife of an unamorous professor and mother of three children, and with five pounds they left England for the continent.

Here Aldington pauses to disclose that Lawrence.

who had deprived a professor with an impecunious psyche of a wife with Vesuvian blood, was always prating about wedlock as though he were virginal. But Aldington should know that the greatest prudes were hotfleshed men, like Augustine, and Paul in the seventh chapter of Romans, or Tolstoi. When carnal men cease being prudes, civilization will disappear.

Aldington writes that almost all of Lawrence's friends went away from him, that he caricatured them. His friends were his sitters in the various novels, and if they had not the wit and learning and character of Sir Thomas Browne or Giordano Bruno, was that Lawrence's fault? Witter Bynner tells us that in Mexico City Lawrence suddenly turned upon Fred Leighton and told him to go away, because he was no good for him. Well, people sap us of our truths, and had we the prescience to tell persons who break the fluid of our spirit and harm our best ends to leave us, we might spare ourselves many disgraces. Still, Lawrence was a froward man; it is a terrible disease and is fast ruining the modern character. We have become a nation of liars, not alone for profit but because it is a kind of profligacy, like reading a newspaper, or being busy. But Richard Aldington is more froward than Lawrence because he tells the truth less often.

Aldington also declares that Lawrence had a frugal, pocketbook heart, and that he lied about the money he really had to avoid giving it to the needy. According to Aldington, Messiah Lawrence was really a moneychanger in the temple of literature. It may be true that Lawrence did not tell everybody that he had, at times, a few hundred pounds in the bank. He was so vulnerable to the needs of writing waifs that he had to conceal his means. Oddly enough, Aldington rails at the gullible Lawrence for giving money to low, humble people. But a man who can not be duped is a rascal, and though Lawrence did not show Maurice Magnus his bank book, he did help him. Magnus was some sort of impresario of the ballet, a third-rate artist and a first-class sponger, but Lawrence did not know how to tell him to go. Lawrence got Maurice Magnus's book published, which Aldington rightly says is of no worth, and wrote his famous hundred-page preface to the volume. It is a remarkable piece of Italian landscape and it shows a conscience which we have lost.

Lawrence was a literary scold; he used to write me bullying, didactic letters when I was living in diggings in Chelsea, London. But when he suspected that I was not eating very often, he sent me a five-pound note.

Most men hate what is not average, and there is a great deal of the ordinary in Richard Aldington's gifts. Richard Aldington has written a bitter book in which he blames D. H. Lawrence for being testy! It is a Judas book, for there is hardly a human trait in Lawrence that Aldington does not

flay. Doubtless D. H. Lawrence had every fault Aldington says he had, but who is Aldington to cast a first stone?

EDWARD DAHLBERG

Brief Mention

Reprieve From War: A Manual for Realists, by Lionel Gelber. New York: Macmillan. \$3.00

This is tough, realistic book geared for a tough, realistic age. Its author, a noted British political analyst, offers no panaceas for world peace or for slaying the Soviet dragon. All we can hope to have, he says in effect, is a reprieve from war—and that only if the West maintains a continuous preponderance of power against the Soviet Union. Not a relatively equal balance of power, Gelber emphasizes, but "surplus power on the part of the more solvent of the competitors."

Such a preponderance of military, political and economic power, Gelber says, is being forged today. Even in the slow and painful early stages of its forging it has deterred the Soviet Union from sweeping aggression. The Kremlin knows that it may not overstep certain bounds without inviting armed resistance. It could not, for example, capitalize on the Berlin blockade to throw the Allies out of that city. Mr. Gelber thinks the Soviets, fearing the use of a preponderance of power against them, may settle for a *modus vivendi*.

Spiced through as it is with aphorisms, Mr. Gelber's charted solution is a dismal one. The author admits that "peace by power is, in an age of tension, no recipe for peace of mind." But aside from a vague faith in free man's will to live, this book offers little more.

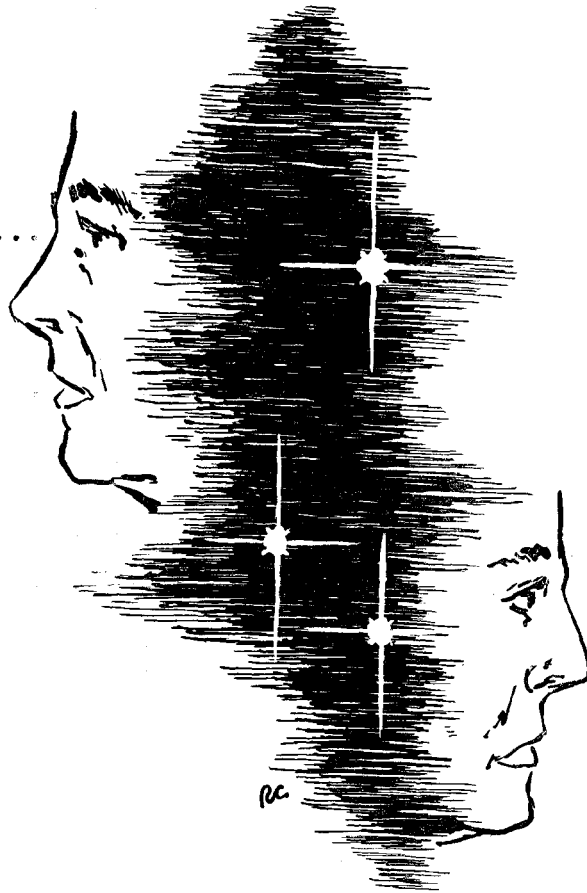
M. E.

Traveller's Samples, by Frank O'Connor. New York: Knopf. \$2.75

Frank O'Connor has an enviable reputation: his short stories have stirred so much enthusiastic interest that his readers aren't satisfied until they make their friends read him. Word-of-mouth advertising has given him a unique place among those who practice the short story as an art. Mr. O'Connor writes with directness, without dramatics and with a lusty understanding of the joys and trials of everyday life and its problems. He faithfully projects the essentials of character and background with such a sure insight that they appeal immediately to heart and mind. The stories of "Traveller's Samples" sustain a high level of penetration, whether in the youthful "First Confession" or in the more ironic "This Mortal Coil" with its worldly reversal of situation. Formerly Mr. O'Connor's tales were of Irish life; however, his present collection has several stories of Anglo-Irish involvement. With rare humor, O'Connor depicts the Irish and English blindly in conflict.

E. C.

From one point of view...



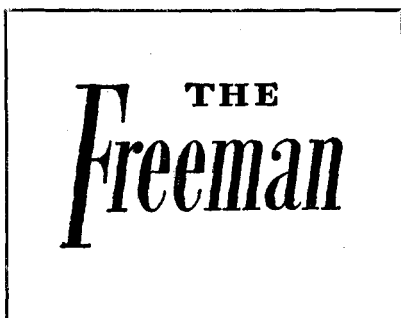
or another...

only one viewpoint is RIGHT!

Every question has two sides, but only ONE can be RIGHT! It is the tragedy of our age that moral principle is almost universally sacrificed to the promptings of expediency:

“BE OBJECTIVE!” “FORGET THE LAW!” “DISCARD MORALITY AND LEGALITY!”

The FREEMAN evaluates current issues on the basis of the principles fundamental to our traditional American way of life. Here is one of many testimonials to the effectiveness of its work, from a subscriber who is fighting leftism in our schools: “The enclosed newspaper clipping shows how I disseminate all factual material we can find, *especially those extra copies of the FREEMAN.*” . . . **BE INFORMED . . . KNOW THE TRUTH . . .** read the FREEMAN regularly and be sure your community leaders, clergymen, teachers and libraries are FREEMAN subscribers. Subscribe now for yourself. Subscribe now for your friends and associates.



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Letters

Mr. Budenz and the Politburo

Following George Sokolsky's edited supplement of the McCarran Subcommittee Hearings which you published, Professor James Burnham's "How the IPR Helped Stalin Seize China" [June 30] was a "clincher." I was puzzled, however, by Professor Burnham's statement that Louis Budenz "has never quite understood what was happening at Politburo meetings." Does he mean Politburo meetings in Moscow or the American Politburo? I am certain that the American Politburo doesn't at all times understand what's happening in Moscow and equally certain that Budenz knew what was happening—and is happening—on the domestic side. His "worried" look is simply the expression of a man who knows how much there is to be done and how little time there remains to do it.

FORREST E. CORSON

Port Washington, N. Y.

But the People Read It

I can not be too grateful for Mr. John Chamberlain's wonderful review of my book, "The Devil's Advocate," in your issue of June 16.

His prophecy that we women may eventually have to save this Republic from communism (euphemistically called the Welfare State and the various Deals) is likely to come true. I am a member of the Minute Women of America, and we are out to repeal the Sixteenth Amendment and so get rid of all the monstrous bureaucracy and confiscation of the American people's hard-earned money. Many of us, like Miss Vivien Kellems and myself, are ignoring the covert or open threats from Washington during this effort. I could tell you a very pretty story about this! It is so awful and horrifying a story that my own lawyers had to be shown proof of it before they could believe it. . . .

Mr. Chamberlain . . . mentioned that "The Devil's Advocate" has just been published "amid the almost total silence of those who know how to kill by indirection." I am proud to say that the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Saturday Review of Literature* gave my book wonderful reviews, as did several of the Boston newspapers, notably the *Boston Post*, not to mention a number of other prominent papers. . . .

However, a certain newspaper, self-allegedly the greatest in the nation, has consistently given me ridiculing and contemptuous reviews since 1946, when I began to attack communism,

socialism, New Dealism and other aspects of the Communist conspiracy in America. One of its editors, in a burst of honesty, wrote me: "If you wrote 'War and Peace' tomorrow, you'd get no credit for it. Please don't ask me why." But I know. And, of course, a certain very sophisticated New York weekly, and another notable for its radical slant, ignored the book entirely. . . . However, the people are reading it, and that is what counts. God save the Republic in 1952!

Eggertsville, N. Y. TAYLOR CALDWELL

The Rewards of Internationalism

Whence arises the opprobrium attached to the term "isolationist"? A review of our incursions into international affairs, by any standard of common sense, makes it not one of reproach but rather of commendation.

The Spanish-American War, although a comparatively minor affair, nevertheless was waged at a substantial cost in men and money. And for the first time in the world's history the victor rewarded the vanquished. We paid Spain \$20,000,000 for our "brutal assault" and to the Vatican \$7,000,000 for agricultural lands held by the Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands, these to be redistributed to Filipino farmers.

In 1917, primarily to assist Great Britain and France, we again entered into war. And what did we obtain from our war efforts? Why, the privilege of picking up the check for our allies, France and England, to the tune of billions. When we expressed some slight interest in the matter of repayment, we were characterized as "Uncle Shylock."

Again in 1941 and again primarily to serve European interest we joined in a European war at untold cost in American lives and American funds when neither American territory was threatened nor American lives in jeopardy. What did we gain? Nothing. No reparations—no acknowledgment of aid extravagantly given.

The Korean war suggests that we never learn by experience. Venturing in on a partnership agreement, we find most of our partners busy attending to home affairs, a few others making token participations, and for the most part the American government left "holding the bag."

In face of such a record of international blundering, why should anyone object to being called an "isolationist"? It is high time that America stop playing Big Brother to all the other nations on the globe; and if this be isolation, we had better embrace it.

San Francisco, Cal. RICHARD H. CREEL

A Report from Britain

It is good to see the *Freeman* so handsomely got up nowadays, and to hear of your steadily increasing circulation. . . . I am doing my small bit, with some success, to induce my friends to subscribe. The newsstand circulation in university towns should do much good.

I am just back from Scarborough, where I lectured to the clergy of the diocese of York on the mind of Burke. Burke himself remarks that, at the commencement of the French Revolution, nearly two-thirds of the clergy sympathized with the leveling movement. (But Burke swept radical parsons and radical bishops before him, after 1790.) I suspect that two-thirds of the English parochial clergy were Socialists two or three years ago; but they are changing now. The younger parsons were interested in my conservative opinions; only some older men were resentful. "Prevailing opinions generally are the opinions of the generation that is passing," said Disraeli. St. Andrews, Scotland RUSSELL KIRK

Mr. Rorty's Poem

This is just to say that the poem, "Footnote to Politics," by James Rorty [May 5] is a honey.

J. S. SHEAFE

Newcastle, New Brunswick

An Appreciation

I want to compliment you and the staff and contributors of the *Freeman* on your excellent publication. Your collective efforts and objective analyses have been an inspiration to many of us who have been somewhat disheartened by the growing trend to "creeping socialism." It is really gratifying to know that there is a substantial group of people in this country that can no longer stomach "me-tooism" and have the fortitude to present their views.

Ann Arbor, Mich. ROBERT D. LONGWISH

"Intellectual Minute Man"

As a constant and satisfied reader, I wish to commend your magazine for the forthright stand it takes on matters of national importance and particularly on your exposition of the danger of communism and the manner in which its malevolent forces operate in our Republic. I consider your publication in the light of an intellectual Minute Man on guard at all times to give warning when subversive ideologies are presented with their sugar-coated appeal of "security from the cradle to the grave."

New York City TERENCE MULLEN



Photograph by Barton Murray

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