

Whittaker Chambers: Witness

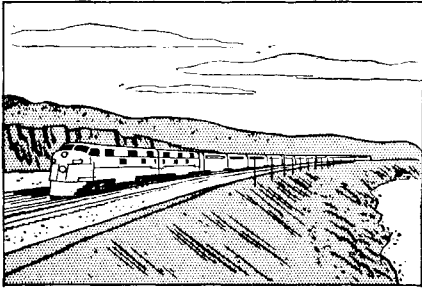
A Review by

John Chamberlain

The Kremlin Plotted Pearl Harbor

Ralph de Toledano

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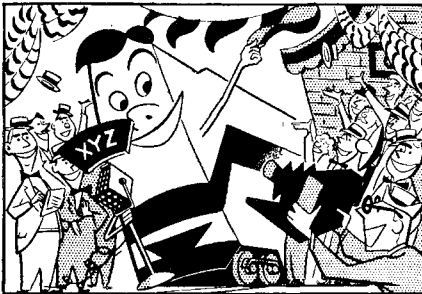


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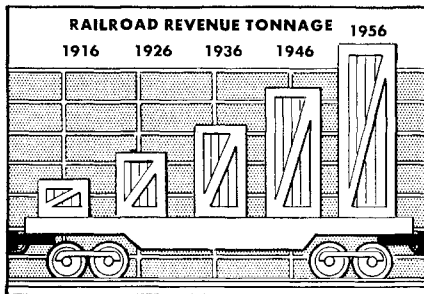


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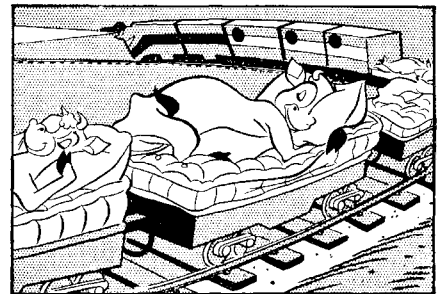
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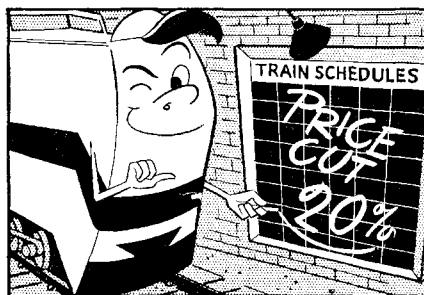
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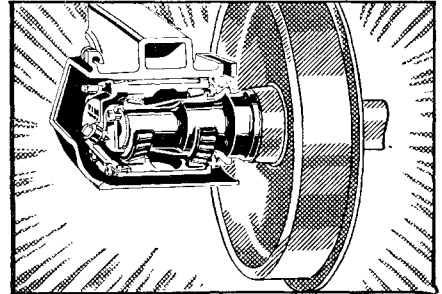
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Contents

Editorials

The Fortnight.....	557
Age of Surrender.....	559
Three Wishes for Taft.....	559
No Soap.....	561
All the News That Fits.....	562
Sideline Sentiment.....	562

Articles

Stevenson Feels A Draft.....	GEORGE TAGGE	563
Moscow Plotted Pearl Harbor.....	RALPH DE TOLEDANO	567
Let's Decontrol Materials, Too.....	HAROLD S. TAYLOR	571
Our Leftist Clergy		
1. The Enigma.....	WALTER M. HAUSHALTER	573
Ascoli Traps Fu Manchu.....	M. K. ARGUS	575

Books

Whittaker Chambers: Witness.....	JOHN CHAMBERLAIN	579
First Art Critic.....	EDWIN CLARK	582
Migrants from Sweden.....	THOMAS G. BERGIN	583
As the Romans Do.....	CATHERINE MAHER	583
Desire for Holiness.....	BEN RAY REDMAN	584
Second Harvest.....	EDWARD DAHLBERG	585

Arts and Entertainments

"Of Thee I Sing"; TV Blues.....	WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM	576
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From Our Readers.....	556
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This Is What They Said.....	566
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JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, FORREST DAVIS and HENRY HAZLITT, Editors

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

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A Word About

Our Contributors

GEORGE TAGGE, political editor of the *Chicago Tribune* since 1933, has been in Chicago newspaper work since 1929. He writes that he "firmly believes that Americans were denied an effective choice in the Presidential elections of 1940, 1944 and 1948, and hopes for a clear-cut contest on foreign policy in 1952."

RALPH DE TOLEDANO's account of the diplomatic jockeying which preceded Pearl Harbor is a condensed and slightly revised version of a chapter in his book, "Spies, Dupes and Diplomats," which will be published on June 12 by Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown. Mr. de Toledano, an associate editor of *Newsweek*, is co-author of "Seeds of Treason." Among the articles he has contributed to the *Freeman* was "Lament for a Generation" (December 25, 1950).

HAROLD S. TAYLOR is managing editor of the *Magazine of Wall Street*. Previously he was managing editor of *Barron's*, and a staff writer for the *Wall Street Journal*. From 1941 to 1945 he served as news editor and editorial writer with the *Chicago Sun*.

THE REV. WALTER M. HAUSHALTER, LL.D. is Rector of the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany in Philadelphia. A frequent traveler and student in Europe, he is active in the World Council of Churches. The second part of his "Our Leftist Clergy" will appear in our next issue.

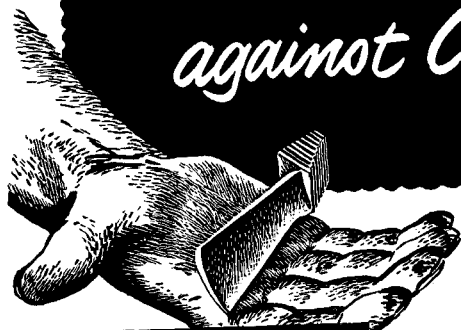
CATHERINE MAHER lived in Rome for nearly seven years, and has visited Italy often since then. She was on the staff of the *New York Times* from 1940 to 1945.

Forthcoming

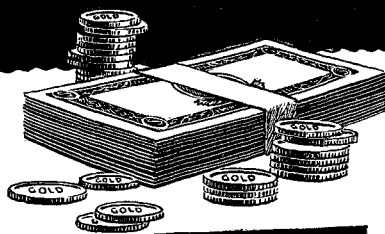
In early issues we shall publish a study of socialized medicine by Dr. Melchior Palyi and an article on profit sharing by William Loeb. The next article in our series on Presidential candidates will be on Senator Estes Kefauver, by Samuel Shaffer.

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Sound money is another "secret" weapon—but it is not available. Instead the U.S. economy is inflicted with a pseudo-sound, fiat currency that is the underlying cause of inflation. Such unsound money is a weapon of Communism—and we are using it against ourselves. Remember—Lenin is reported to have said that the surest

way to overturn an existing social order is to debauch the currency.

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FROM OUR READERS

Mr. Crider's Article

I hate to differ with John Crider [the *Freeman*, April 21] and I think I do not on any subject except his choice of General Eisenhower. And I respect "Ike" as much as anybody must. . . .

I do not want to see "Ike" mar his career, as several other military men have done, by getting into politics without experience. He handled odd cases such as that of Patton and Montgomery to the queen's taste. I read every word of "Crusade in Europe" with great respect, but the occasion does not demand a reconciler.

New Haven, Conn.

A. G. KELLER

Mr. Markel Replies

I did not intend to continue this argument in the *Freeman* and I promise that this is my last communiqué on the subject. But I can not let go unchallenged Mr. Morrison's letter in your issue of April twenty-first.

Mr. Morrison takes me to task for saying that a good deal of the present debate over China policy since 1945 is over a variance in viewpoint—what I called "an honest difference of opinion." His letter is another indication of the present tendency to distort discussion.

Mr. Morrison characterizes those who suggested that coalition in China might be the answer to the complex Chinese issue as persons who took "the pro-Communist side." But the fact is that many of those who urged this program believed that it would bring peace into China, or at least agreement against the common enemy and so keep the Soviet out. Was that "pro-Communist"?

We shall never know whether that program was a sound one or not, or whether the contrary program was a sound one because neither was actually tried.

No, pro-communism and anti-communism have nothing to do with the issue. It was solely a belief in one policy as against another—in other words, "an honest difference of opinion." The I-told-you-so boys have an unparalleled faculty for re-

(Continued on page 586)

THE Freeman

MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1952

The Fortnight

For more than a century now, socialism has made its appeal on two basic contentions. One is that unlike capitalism it did not exist to serve the selfish interests of the producer—this low thing called “production for profit”—but to serve the interests of the consumer—“production for use.” The other contention was that capitalism bred wars because it was nationalistic, whereas socialism meant peace because it was “international.” These contentions have been sadly shaken by experience. The refusal of the British mine unions to accept even a negligible number of Italian coal miners now gives these arguments what may well prove to be their death blow.

The demonstration is as clear as daylight. For decades all of England’s coal problems were being blamed on private ownership. Nationalization was to solve everything. But after it was put into effect the situation deteriorated rapidly. Coal was once England’s principal export, and the foundation of its industrial supremacy. Since the end of the last war production has declined; exports have become a mere trickle. The excuse was a shortage of miners. It was argued that Englishmen would no longer go into the pits. The obvious solution in that case was to allow foreigners to enter. Twelve hundred Italians were placed in the mines, and the National Coal Board had imported 1000 more, signed contracts with them, trained them at mining schools, taught them English, maintained them for six months—and now the British mine unions refuse to accept them, so they are being sent back. *The Manchester Guardian* has asked the right questions: “Is this how European unity is to be fostered? Is this how the workers of the world . . . are to unite?” The reasons given by the British miners for not accepting the Italians are based largely on the fact that mining is a dangerous occupation in which all men must understand each other and act quickly and clearly whenever danger threatens. But how does this bear on the prospects for a European army?

John Foster Dulles’s repudiation of Truman-Acheson-Marshall foreign policy at Pittsburgh the other evening somehow reminded us of the old

hymn, “While the Light Holds Out to Burn, the Vilest Sinner May Return.” Mr. Dulles enjoyed high diplomatic rank under this Administration, he helped shape its policies, yet now, turning his back upon his colleagues, he finds that our policies since 1945 have been in toto “dangerously inadequate.” We welcome Mr. Dulles to the mourners’ bench, we take a sanctified delight in watching him struggle for redemption. We welcome him in a generous spirit, disregarding the faint odor of deathbed repentance. Mr. Dulles no doubt anticipates a Republican victory next November. Could it be that he finds the time expedient for crossing to the other side of the street?

The excellent Signor de Gasperi, Italy’s insufficiently appreciated Prime Minister, rebuked some self-styled British “Christian Socialists” with a sage statement which we should like to popularize in this country too:

You are creating an all-powerful and impersonal State machine which you will never be able to stop . . . Your enormous State machine has no other brake than the morality of the individuals who direct it, the durability of their Christian respect for the liberty of others. You think these things to be already achieved. I myself, on the other hand, think them extremely fragile . . . to such an extent that the structure of Christian society should, I think, be oriented towards the guarantee of that liberty of the individual, and of the liberty of enterprise.

Perfectly true and beautifully phrased. But when he says such things, Italy’s wise Prime Minister should lower his voice. If Mr. Acheson heard him, he might turn off the Marshall Aid.

According to a recent report from Singapore, the British government under Winston Churchill is making an extensive campaign to win the loyal support of the Chinese in Malaya. Inasmuch as 52 per cent of Malaya’s five million population is Chinese, success in this campaign would be tantamount to winning the cold war in one of the most strategic parts of the world. Is it too much to suggest, however, that the loyal support of the Chinese population of Malaya can hardly be won in Malaya? That support depends entirely on the British government’s attitude toward the Red Chinese government of Mao Tse-tung. When

Whitehall ceases to recognize Peiping's Red regime, the anti-Communist Chinese of Malaya can be had without printing a handbill.

The second ranking official in Mr. Truman's Department of Justice, Deputy Attorney General A. Devitt Vanech, admitted before a House Committee that he had flunked at least three bar examinations. This did not surprise us. The final word on the subject was said a long time ago by a trumpet player in the city orchestra of Livorno, Italy. Toscanini himself, for some reason marooned in the provinces, was once rehearsing with that somewhat underprivileged organization and got particularly incensed about the poor brass section. "Hey, can you, or can you not, hit the high C clean?" thundered the irascible maestro at the trumpet player. "Look, Signor Toscanini," replied the good man from Livorno, "if I could hit the high C clean, do you think I would be playing with this here orchestra?"

A poll of "political scientists" taken recently at Denver University purports to rate 95 United States Senators on the basis of "intellectual ability," "legislative ability," "personal integrity," and "attitude on foreign and domestic issues." According to the poll, the four top Senators are Douglas, Ke-fauver, Morse and Lehman. Way down toward the bottom are McCarran, Jenner and McCarthy. In other words, to gain top rating with a "political scientist," a Senator must be some variety of New-Fair Dealer; if he is for the principles of the original American Republic, or if he is at all concerned with Communist infiltration, he is automatically rated a dope. This tells us less about the composition of the United States Senate than it does about the state of the academic mind.

To celebrate his eightieth birthday, the Socialist Lord Bertrand Russell granted the UP a particularly spicy interview. He made a few lecherous remarks about Dr. Kinsey's forthcoming report on feminine sex habits, accused American Presidential candidates of having patronized brothels, opined that "we lost China because we dealt with Chiang Kai-shek who is a villain," and finally bragged: "I'll believe anything if there's proof of it." Well, we don't. For instance, there is ample proof that Lord Russell is an old ass. But we don't believe it.

One of the *Freeman's* editors who lives in the country has just received a notice from the United States Post Office Department. It reads: "Your box should be painted with either white or aluminum paint and your name inscribed on the box in neat black letters about one inch in height." For fifteen years our box has been painted green and the name inscribed on the box has been in neat white letters about one inch in height. Come

snow or rain or heat or gloom of night, the rural free delivery courier has never yet missed seeing either the box or the name. If the Postmaster General wishes our box to be painted with white or aluminum paint, he can damn well come up from Washington and paint it himself. Personally, we like green.

Since the *Freeman* has had some tart things to say about passivity and a lack of moral stamina in the contemporary young, it gives us a great pleasure to quote from a really mature editorial which appeared recently in the *Yale Daily News*. Speaking of the nature of the Eisenhower candidacy, the *News* says: ". . . there is frankly something ominous about a bandwagon which hurtles forward driverless with only the vaguest suggestion of where it may end, of what it holds in store for its occupants. And there is something profoundly disturbing about those sane and thoughtful men who would leap aboard such a vehicle."

A Constant Reader contributes this bit of gem-like repartee: She: "What does the D. stand for in Dwight D. Eisenhower?" He: "How should I know? I don't even know what Eisenhower stands for."

Another correspondent writes us: "while I admire the General in many ways, I do not consider that 'Silent Ike, Holy Ike' is the campaign song needed at this juncture."

In its list of "new books to watch for," the *Atlantic Monthly* describes Whittaker Chambers's "Witness" as the "curiously emotional account of the Hiss-Chambers case." To sheltered *Atlantic* editors, it's curious that a guy should have emotions about being dragged through hell.

Dr. George N. Shuster, the president of Hunter College, might well have considered this simple equation before permitting the Soviet apologist, Howard Fast, to address a student group: Would he have approved a lecture at Hunter by a similarly barefaced advocate of Hitler's slave labor system and extermination compounds? It is manifest that to Dr. Shuster what was sauce for the Nazi goose is not sauce for the Bolshevik gander.

Helena, Montana, is a small but worthy city of 15,056 souls (1940 census). We are indebted to the *Missoula Times* for a breakdown of the salaries paid Federal employees charged with stabilizing prices in that community as of February 12, 1952. The salaries came to \$246,780 yearly. "The payroll," said the *Times* with weary resignation, "will likely increase as election day approaches."

In America freedom slowly narrows down from President to President.

Age of Surrender

The handicap of a fortnightly is that it can not possibly keep up with misconduct in high places. We had hardly mailed our remarks on the despicable surrender of the sovereign State of Michigan to the rebels of Southern Michigan Prison (last issue's "In an Age of Mutiny"), when the super-sovereign United Nations surrendered to the Communist rebels in the stockades of Koje. When the present issue is delivered to our readers, Generals Dodd and Colson, the two improbable heroes of that latest shame, may be facing court martial. But we doubt it.

Not that our military uses court martials too sparingly. Only a short time ago, a few foolish Air Force reserve officers were punished summarily, and quite rightly, for losing their pilot's nerve. That they refused to fly on home-base practice, and not in the face of the enemy, did not help them either—as it should not. Nor could the law of the land accept the humanely moving plea one of them had to offer: that his ailing pregnant wife might have died from fear for him. This young reserve lieutenant, too, was branded for life in an ineluctable payment for one moment of nervous failure.

We thought of him the other day when we saw Mrs. Dodd rejoice on TV over the release of her husband from what was perhaps history's most incredible captivity. "This is the greatest thing that ever happened," she said in understandable happiness. But we beg to disagree. It may have been just about the most shameful thing that ever happened. "A society which so kindly 'understands' that its married prison guards have a right to put their lives above their sworn duties is evidently doomed," we concluded on the occasion of Michigan's surrender to a crazed jailbird. And on the occasion of the United Nations' surrender to the insolent Communists of Koje we should like to add: a society which permits a general to bargain with his prisoners for his personal health is beyond redemption.

"The business of jail authorities is not to protect prison guards but to keep convicts under penal discipline, even at the risk of the wardens' lives," we submitted two weeks ago. And today we want to add: the business of generals is to die rather than tolerate indignities from their own prisoners—a grave but honorable duty which officers accept when they voluntarily embark upon the proudest career this society has to dispense.

But why should Generals Dodd and Colson be called to account for the shame of Koje? Have they not merely continued—clumsily, and perhaps a bit selfishly—the grand strategy of their government? For almost a year now, an incredulous world has witnessed the ghastly spectacle of the globe's mightiest nation offering its face for the daily slap at Panmunjom. And daily it goes back for more.

No, General Dodd who on his release praised the impeccable courtesy of his captor-captives, and General Colson who just as courteously signed a surrender of unparalleled impudence, are entirely in Acheson's Korean groove. Professional soldiers are not given to Machiavellian refinements; they always tend to trim the dialectical ornaments and bare the bones of a situation. The surrender of Koje was simply the surrender of Panmunjom, minus the slick lawyer's frills.

That week of the Koje infamy ended with General Ridgway's departure for Europe, and it must have been difficult for him to keep in character with the improbable events which terminated his Asiatic assignment. But the General managed. To the press which came to bid him Godspeed on his journey to the most delicate job in jittery Europe, the new NATO Chief said he was going there to face "the real enemy—Russia." A rather inept remark, particularly coming from a General who, while facing that real enemy in Korea's *actual* combat, so faithfully executed Mr. Truman's orders to spare "neutral" Russia's sensitivities. In Asia, where the Soviets are killing our troops, the General kept sending bouquets across the Manchurian border. But in Europe, where we have yet to lick the Soviets' perilous *diplomatic* offensive, his voice gets to be a bit sonorous right from the start.

Such is the conduct of the country's leadership in an age of mutiny, an age of surrender, an age of deadly menace and undying shame.

Three Wishes for Taft

This is half-time in the race for the Republican Presidential nomination, and Senator Taft leads. But during the next few weeks his diligently consolidated position can be fatally reduced by the cold war that rages within the Republican Party. It is a peculiar war indeed, and Mr. Taft's decisive weakness may yet prove to be his characteristic reluctance to grasp the unconventional nature of his intra-party opponents. Judging by what he has said in his exhausting year-long campaign for delegates, so earnestly carried to the whole nation, the Senator thinks he is confronted with an old-fashioned intra-party rivalry. But he is not. General Eisenhower's managers are alumni of a brand-new school of strategy known as Psychological Warfare.

The objective of this novel departure from conventional techniques of feuding is based on the demonstrably correct observation that weapons are, at best, as strong as the will behind them; and that, consequently, to fracture the opponent's will-to-win is more convenient than to outarm him. General Eisenhower's able practitioners of Psychological Warfare, in applying this principle to the political campaign at hand, do not really bother with the traditional chores of party housekeeping. True,

they, too, try to harvest delegates. But they deem it more important to convince the delegates the Senator himself has so industriously gathered that their man can not win. It is Psychological Warfare pure and simple, and the General's strategists have staked their all on it. When they refrain from discussing the issues (as they do) and even from attacking the Senator (as they don't), they are merely handling a clear-cut problem of modern strategy: how to destroy the opponent's indispensable faith in his own victory rather than face his concentrated firepower.

Whether or not the Eisenhower strategists succeed ultimately, they have already succeeded in one respect: the prevailing concern of many good Republicans is not Senator Taft's political soundness but his personal magnetism. That Mr. Taft's known convictions express the Republican mood throughout the country about ten times more authentically than Mr. Eisenhower's unknown ones is, of course, indisputable. So from here on, it seems, the discussion is to be confined to the Senator's sales appeal as compared to that of the General. This we infinitely regret. Quite old-fashioned ourselves, we would have preferred a rational debate on the principles of an American (i.e., libertarian) foreign policy, a libertarian economic policy, and an American battle against corrupt and degrading statism. But no true believer in rationality can refuse to take notice of the predilections of his environment, even if they are irrational. The prevailing concern around us seems to be with Senator Taft's personality. And so, having frequently said what we think of Mr. Taft's convictions, we should like to oblige, and say what we think of Mr. Taft.

Not to be repetitive, we shall skip the compliments even the Senator's foes are forced to pay to his innate decency, his intellectual acumen, his personal courage, his knowledge and his incomparable diligence. We shall in fact confine ourselves to discussing three desirable traits which the Senator patently lacks.

First of all, we wish the Senator were a happy warrior. For he is not. We wish he had the happy warrior's joy in a good fight. Taft fights, *when* he fights, from a somber sense of duty, just the way the American soldier-civilian fights wars—disgusted with the stupidity of battle, outraged by its lunatic waste, angry (if at all) at being in uniform and combat. But what is a most commendable and highly civilized attitude toward physical violence can turn into temperamental atrophy in the world of ideas. We, at any rate, miss in Senator Taft's personal makeup the healthy enjoyment of conflict. There seems to be in him a great deal of that indigenously American, or rather Protestant, trait of suspecting something sinful and wicked in *any* disagreement, even an intellectual one. When he can not do otherwise. God help him, he assuredly goes up and nails his protest to the church door.

But when he does, his conscience seems to ache with a sense of guilt—as if aggressiveness, even intellectual aggressiveness, were necessarily untidy and evil.

This, as we said, is an indigenous American trait. Yet we deplore it. America's future would be brighter, her presence much more vitalizing for the whole world, if we all took greater pleasure in a righteous quarrel, had more sense of indignation and, yes, even more fun with an inspired invective. Little alarms us more than that growing American obsession with an anemic gentility which mistakes indifference for good breeding, moral neutralism for gentlemanly manners, and spiritual exhaustion for Christian forbearance. We have always liked the definition of a gentleman as a person who never offends unintentionally. As for us, whenever we intend to, we *hope* to offend. And we wish Senator Taft felt the same way. We wish, in other words, that there were more of Churchill in him and less of Cripps.

Secondly, we wish we could sense in Senator Taft a greater affinity for the pleasures of life in general. (Which is another way of wishing there were more of Churchill and less of Cripps in him.) This is a lusty country, and we like it that way. Just as authentic and strong as its Puritan strain, which Senator Taft so admirably personifies, is its conflicting desire for the good life. A century of immigration has brought to this continent millions of people whose mobilizing dream was wealth—wealth in freedom, to be sure, but still wealth: the immense pleasure in ever-growing consumption. The offspring of these commendably ambitious immigrants have outvoted the Puritan stock for the last several decades.

Of course we understand perfectly well that Senator Taft's economic philosophy is meant not to reduce but to increase every man's wealth; and we support that philosophy because we believe it to be the *only* one that can do just that. But the children of Europe's desirous masses who elect American Presidents look at Senator Taft and sometimes they have unnecessary difficulties in recognizing his true economic intent. One reason for this, we suspect, is the noticeably abstemious undertone of his private language—his kind of honest Puritanism which is so easily misunderstood as the grudging denial of the good life for every man. In short, we wish he had a more recognizable and more infectious joy of living.

Thirdly, we wish Senator Taft had a greater sense of urgency in this hour of man's fate. So genuinely is he a child of liberalism, a son of the great rational age, that he seems to have trouble in acknowledging how perilously an immense and irrational evil is loose in our world. Sometimes his calm and gentle soul seems to reject what his extraordinary intellect has told him *exists*. And so he does not quite believe in the reality of organized

madness, powerful conspiracies and sadistic ideologies—sick states of mind even more alien to him, perhaps, than they are congenitally to the whole American people. In short, we wish Senator Taft had a keener comprehension of power—not, of course, to exploit it for himself but to understand, temperamentally as well as intellectually, that the ice age of mad power is actually moving in on us.

These are our three wishes for Senator Taft. And what do they amount to? Precisely nothing. For, in wishing him to be what we might consider America's absolutely perfect leader in a tragic moment of destiny, we would be merely playing a silly parlor game. Senator Taft is what he is—and so is everybody else. Ours is a *practical* political system. It is neither a beauty contest of men nor one of ideas. It is a system which permits us, and rather effectively, to choose among known, measurable, limited and comparable propositions. It is neither devised, nor is it fit, to let us choose between one man's opinions on taxation and another man's smile. Even if General Eisenhower wore the super-Churchillian makeup we wish for Senator Taft (and there is really nothing of this in the General's structure either), we still would vote for or against him for no other reason than his identifiable opinions on the issues of this election. As for the undefinable rest, we would rather bank on the mercy, the grace and the compassion of the Lord.

No Soap

The *Freeman* has not taken a stand for any particular Republican Presidential candidate to date for the simple reason that preferences among the editors have differed. But it has insisted all along that both the Republican pre-convention campaign and the later inter-party sweepstakes should be fought out on the basis of clearly defined and clearly presented issues. It has liked Taft's willingness to put himself squarely on the record; it has disliked the cloudiness, the artificially cultivated *mystique*, surrounding the Eisenhower candidacy. Maybe Ike can be counted on to dispel the mists shortly after his second homecoming; at any rate, we hope so. But meanwhile the American people are being indulged in one of their worst contemporary failings, the desire to shift responsibility to a political savior who is expected to do all their thinking and acting for them.

This desire, of course, is the dream-stuff of which dictatorships and single-party government are eventually made. Not that Ike is a potential dictator; he is too much the professional conciliator, the peer among his equals, to be that. But the mood engendered by wishfulness for Ike could very well outlast him. And there is such a thing as the progressive degeneration of a nation's character.

Are we being too hard on certain elements among

the American people? We would like to think so. However, we have been brought up short by a survey conducted in Minnesota by Mr. A. A. Imberman, a reputable professional pollster and public opinion tester from Chicago. In the course of questioning employees of three large companies in different parts of Minnesota, Mr. Imberman's firm decided to seize the mood of the moment and tackle a small sample of Taft and Eisenhower voters. The questionnaire Mr. Imberman posed for 500 Eisenhower primary voters and 500 Taft voters began with a simple statement: "I voted for X on March 18 because:" Below that were listed seven reasons:

1. He is a good administrator and will cut taxes.
2. He is honest and will wipe out graft.
3. He will hold prices down.
4. He knows how to get along with labor, management and farmers.
5. He understands the country's problems.
6. He is experienced, and is not a politician in the usual sense.
7. He knows foreign policy and will keep us out of war.

Each Taft and Eisenhower respondent was asked to mark one reason for his choice of candidate, *and only one*. What happened offers a highly illuminating contrast in the "profiles" of the Taft and Eisenhower supporters. In the case of the Taft votes, the Imberman questionnaire elicited the information that 90 per cent of the Taftites were for their man for specific, precise reasons. Thus some 20 per cent voted for Taft because they believe he will cut taxes. Approximately 15 per cent supported him because "he will wipe out graft." Some 16 per cent were certain that he can get along with labor, management and farmers. Twelve per cent were sure that he can keep prices down. Seventeen per cent bowed to his knowledge of foreign policy; 9 per cent did not consider him a politician "in the usual sense." And only 10 per cent indicated they were for Taft on the large, vague, general proposition that he "understands the country's problems."

The Eisenhower vote was distributed in a much different way. A scattering supported Ike for specific reasons. *But 41 per cent of the Eisenhower respondents circled reason Number Five: "He understands the country's problems."*

Mr. Imberman, who has had much experience in solving marketing problems, deduces from this that Ike has been sold to his followers the way that soap is sold by any advertising agency that is worth its salt. In the Imberman experience the rule of good advertising practice is this: the commodity whose claims are less precise, more generalized, and more indicative of magic properties, will beguile more customers than the reverse. A soap which is alleged to keep the skin clean will have fewer sales than a competing soap which is supposed to give the user an animal lure in mixed company. A dentifrice which promises to cut tooth decay will

always run second-best to one guaranteeing a sweet exhalation as of apple blossoms in May. And the gasoline billed as good for engine knock will lag far behind the gasoline that guarantees "the smoothest ride of your life."

Mr. Imberman calls to our attention that certain item of feminine use that is widely advertised with one word: "Because . . ." That slays them, for it leaves everything to the imagination. Is it too much to say that the Eisenhower campaign has been conducted on a similar come-on? "Because he understands the country's problems" is large, comfortable and open-ended; it leaves everything to the imagination. But the Taft appeal—that he will cut taxes, that he will hold prices down—is a specific, highly concretized appeal. It is the soap that will keep the skin clean as contrasted with the soap that guarantees an animal lure.

This by no means implies a criticism of American advertising techniques: as a matter of fact, it is the business of the advertiser to stimulate the imagination, for in doing that he also succeeds in expanding the economy, in creating jobs and well-being, in multiplying the wants and satisfactions that pull men up from the brute life of the primeval condition. But the question nonetheless remains: should we choose our Presidents as we choose soap? The way a President of the United States can best help to expand an economy is not by exhibiting an animal lure but by knowing his way around when precise economic problems are up for consideration. It is Federal Reserve and tax policy, not sex appeal, that stops inflation.

In saying this we refuse to be construed as writing Eisenhower off as inferior to Taft in the application of firm principles to concrete situations. Ike may have the detailed answer to every single one of the country's problems. But in being asked to vote for him it is only right that we should *know*.

All the News That Fits

In the palmy days of publisher Adolph Ochs, the *New York Times* took high and legitimate pride in its ability to play the news without reference to its political prejudices. Alas for the integrity of American journalism, that day seems gone forever. For example, on May 15, the day after Senator Taft had captured fifteen out of sixteen delegates in West Virginia and had carried the state's preferential primaries by a four-to-one margin over Stassen, the *Times's* headline (printed on page 28) read: "Taft Sweep Fails in West Virginia." This impresses us roughly as the equivalent of reproving Ty Cobb for having led the American League in batting for only sixteen out of eighteen or so years. They used to kid the London *Times* for the headline that read: "Storm over Channel. Continent

Isolated." Well, the *New York Times* has gone the *Times* of London one better.

Just to prove that its misjudgment of political news has, for one reason or another, become chronic, the *Times*, on May 16, put its account of General MacArthur's Lansing speech (the one warning the nation about electing a military man to the Presidency) on page 13. Other metropolitan journals, and virtually all the small-town newspapers, knowing the news value of a MacArthur pronouncement on the Eisenhower candidacy, quite properly played the MacArthur speech on page one.

Shades of the late Carr Van Anda, Frederic T. Birchall and Edwin L. James (all managing editors of the *Times*), hear ye and attend! The slogan of the *Times* has been changed by the editors without notifying the public to "All the News That Fits."

Sideline Sentiment

While our editorial columns are crowded with more or less recondite observations on the Taft-Eisenhower contest, we have no hesitation in introducing another thought, *viz.*, the plight of us stay-at-home Americans confronted by unclear reports of European reactions to what is, after all, our own campaign. You may, if you like, take the *Freeman* as a typical listening post. We hear from a friend recently returned from Paris that a new movement is gaining ground in the cafés frequented by expatriates. A band of intransigent Taftites, slowly burning under the white heat of pro-Eisenhower sentiment in the Parisian press (short only of *l'Humanité*) has embraced a slogan coined by our informant: "Ike for President—of France!"

A rather different view of the European mind reached us by the latest Cunard packet. We depend, in a tentative way, for insights into current British attitudes upon a stalwartly cheerful steward on one of the Queens who visits us when in port.

"It's like this, gov-nor," he reported. "The fancy, by and large, likes Ike but in the pubs of Southampton and the East End I find the sentiment overwhelmingly for your man Taft." We interrogated the man.

"Simple enough," he explained. "The commoners of England figure that Taft, being a President's son, would make a proper President. *Noblesse oblige*, you might say."

Turning to a printed authority, we find that the London *Economist* has thrown its august weight behind Ike because, as nearly as we can divine its reasons, Ike's "chief attraction" (presumably to the American voter) "is his promise of national unity." The phrase has a reminiscent ring. Wasn't there a Mr. Dewey who ran on a "national unity" platform in 1948? Must we weather another campaign on that large and, if you will pardon the expression, windy issue?

Stevenson Feels A Draft

By **GEORGE TAGGE**

If Adlai Stevenson is drafted as the Democratic candidate, voters would do well to investigate the scandals and waste in his administration as Illinois Governor, says a Chicago newspaperman.

What will we have if Harry Truman and the people make a President out of Governor Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois? Make no mistake: this political filly has political lineage and top-notch Eastern connections that might put him in as master of the remodeled White House.

We would have a mixture of Truman and Stevenson's idol, Secretary of State Dean Acheson. The new President would be a pleasingly literate Truman in Brooks Brothers clothes. We would have Acheson without the moustache, but with an engaging brisk humility not found in the forbidding figure of the Secretary. It would be internationalism, Acheson style. That is the main reason why Stevenson has a place in the wings, waiting to hear himself called to play the Democratic nominee.

It would be state capitalism, Truman style. Under Stevenson things would go that way while he continued to reassure the solid citizens with frequent and able descriptions of the virtues of free enterprise. Perhaps Stevenson could even make it stylish, as was done in England. His Little New Deal in Illinois has made fair progress, with Stevenson keeping the admiration of many fuzzy but fashionable Republicans. Spending is up. Payrolls are up. He talks economy.

According to Stevenson's record in Illinois, scandals would flourish if he were Chief Executive of this nation. This amazing part of the Adlai story has not figured in the laudatory accounts in *Time* and other "internationalist" publications. "Corruption is treason," Governor Stevenson said as scandals among his men exploded—with others lighting the fuses.

Truman dismissed his worries about Adlai's character deposition for Alger Hiss. After the President bowed off the nominating stage, he continued to plug for the Illinoisan.

Governor Stevenson's statement of April 15 that he "could not accept" the 1952 nomination has left many unconvinced. At the later conference of Midwest flood state governors, Truman grasped Stevenson's hand, grinned, and said: "I don't believe it."

It will take a relatively genuine "draft" to nominate Stevenson, but many wheels are turning in that direction. J. M. Arvey, Democratic national committeeman for Illinois, looks for it to happen after a deadlock develops. Arvey was for General

Eisenhower for the Democratic nomination in 1948 until Truman broke up the play.

For those bedeviled portions of our economy which intend to get pretty tough in demanding results, Stevenson's record is important. Let's take a look at it.

Stevenson stood up for freedom of business in polished but blistering English when he vetoed a 1951 bill to close all automobile showrooms on Sunday. No one could have written a stronger message in better tune with freedom. Yet a coincidence must be taken into account. The sponsor of the legislation, State Senator Peter J. Miller, Chicago Republican, was a brash and persistent critic of the Governor.

Miller a few months earlier had done something that caused Stevenson to sputter with rage. At the Chicago welcome to General Douglas MacArthur the young Senator warned the General face-to-face: "Don't trust Governor Stevenson, General; he's against you." Background for this was that Stevenson, within 24 hours after MacArthur was fired by Truman, had turned out a statement finding for the President. He said he could not understand how so fine a soldier could have flouted the cardinal military principle of obedience. Stevenson had not waited for the official investigation with its evidence that General MacArthur had adhered strictly to the rules.

Stevenson's Defense of Hiss

Stevenson's critics pointed out that in the Hiss case, after the press had been filled with the story of Hiss's machinations, he just as quickly decided it would be beastly to prejudge Hiss. Recently the Democratic state's attorney of Cook County, John S. Boyle, bitterly recalled Stevenson's role in the Hiss case. The Governor had issued the order that Boyle be denied renomination, because of a couple of cases receiving unfavorable publicity.

Stevenson made a learned reply. "Would he, a lawyer, refuse to tell what he had heard about the reputation of a defendant in a criminal trial for fear the defendant might later be convicted?" the Governor said in part.

At the time of Stevenson's deposition for Hiss, he told a reporter that he had nothing except "respect and regard" for Hiss's "intelligence and in-

dustry." He had known Hiss since 1933 when both worked in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in Washington. Other Communist plotters were in the AAA then, but Stevenson saw no evil.

Later Stevenson and Hiss worked at setting up the United Nations organization in San Francisco. Cables shuttled back and forth between the two men on other occasions. Stevenson had long been dedicated to the cult of internationalism, or the hodgepodge passing by that term. He was president of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, a director of International House at the University of Chicago. He was rewarded with the post of special assistant to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, Roosevelt's captive Republican, at a crucial time. As a wordmaster, who has inscribed photographs "from a frustrated newspaperman" (that same brisk humility), Stevenson wrote many of Knox's speeches. He had the job from 1941 to 1944.

In 1945 he became an assistant to the Secretary of State, serving under Edward Stettinius and James F. Byrnes. He fittted about in government planes. He was senior adviser to the United States delegation to the United Nations General Assembly in 1946 and 1947.

An Achesonian Internationalist

He remains utterly imbued with the kind of internationalism which many Americans regard as a unique and stupid variety of imperialism. Some consider his silence eloquent regarding Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam and the entire step-by-step loss of China to the Communists. The "calculated risks" of the past and what they portend for future similar gambling are not the stuff of which Stevenson's speeches are made.

The current *Foreign Affairs* quarterly contains Stevenson's timely warning that this is an election year in which "isolationists" will "capitalize every discontent." It shows him distressed at Senator Robert A. Taft's description of the Korean mess as "the Truman war." He spoke plainly at the recent induction into Federal service of the 44th Division of the Illinois National Guard. "I will not call it tragic, wasteful, or unnecessary, as some men do today," was his cheer for the boys and their parents.

His "chin up, carry on" theme breathes through all his speeches in behalf of internationalism—which is to say, nearly all his speeches on every subject. In Illinois and away, mostly in the East, he seems to have a sort of reserve status in the State Department. Stevenson was seriously under consideration to succeed Acheson late in 1950 when most Democratic leaders wanted to dump the Secretary. Returning from Washington recently, Stevenson was accompanied by John Foster Dulles and let him use the state plane to reach St. Louis. After all, they share in the same project.

Hundreds of invitations to speak have poured in of late, most to be rejected. In the words of a by-

gone ballad, "His lips say 'No, no, no' but his eyes say 'Yes, yes, yes'."

Why is Adlai a "hot item" on the political market? For one, he is the only important Democrat in Illinois who has spoken up in praise of Truman during the past year. And remember his sensitivity to public criticism of the State's Attorney in Chicago. Harried Harry appreciates a thing like that. A few days after his clubby chat with Adlai, the President told newsmen: "Stevenson is one of the best governors in Illinois history and that's one of the best recommendations for the Presidency."

Of course Stevenson has kept his name off preference primary ballots everywhere, except in Oregon where the law gives him no power to withdraw. He has received respectable numbers of write-in votes.

Not long ago another Illinoisan was getting more press mention than Adlai concerning the Presidency—Senator Paul H. Douglas, the former Socialist Party leader who decided the New Deal was good enough for him. But national publicity could avail Douglas nothing in 1952 when he got into a feud with Truman. He has taken pot shots at foreign policy as well as Federal waste. Douglas's frustrated ambition made him especially bitter when Stevenson kept from him the information about the Harry-Adlai midnight conference. All through breakfast, Stevenson's lips were sealed tighter than a diplomatic pouch.

Senator Douglas read the news in the press. He smouldered for weeks. Then Douglas became the first high-ranking Democrat to come out for Senator Estes Kefauver for President.

Adlai Stevenson's grandfather of the same name won the Vice Presidency and served one term with President Grover Cleveland. The elder Adlai was defeated for re-election in 1900, and also when he ran as Democratic nominee for Governor in 1908. Grandfather Stevenson was steeped in politics. He was a Presidential elector on the National Democratic ticket which had General George B. McClellan as a nominee against President Lincoln. As First Assistant Postmaster General he won renown for his ruthless dismissals of Republican jobholders.

Governor Stevenson's ex-wife, who found Illinois politics a bore, once said that Adlai has a streak of Chinese ancestor worship. Consequently there may be interest in the concluding line about his grandfather in the gold-embossed volume: "Illinois Democracy—1818 to 1899." It recorded: "Mr. Stevenson's name is frequently mentioned in connection with the Democratic candidacy for President of the United States."

Time Magazine gave Governor Stevenson its January 28th cover. Kindly on occasion, *Time* announced that Illinois has had "some really good governors" in 133 years and named just three, including Adlai. All were Democrats, it happened.

Is he a top-notch governor? It depends on the results you want. At work he gives the impression of hard-driving efficiency. He displays a trained

diplomat's knack for switching from cordial to brusque in a hurry. He gets the details, and remembers them. When he became governor with an all-time high plurality of 572,000 votes in 1948, he conferred with many people in search of knowledge and opinion. Gradually he narrowed down his field of contacts, until now he is rather remote. Since last summer, Springfield correspondents have seen him only once at his state-house office. He prefers the less accessible office in the executive mansion.

He is the man with the overstuffed briefcase. He hauls it onto his lap as soon as he is seated in the twin-engine state plane or the state Cadillac. Former Governor Dwight H. Green had the limousine for a record-breaking eight years. Not to be denied any laurels for personal economy, Stevenson has it still.

Ballet of the Budget

In his 1948 campaign Stevenson emphasized economy and the weeding out of political payrollers. He soft-pedaled his internationalism. But now the record shows that he broke the virgin billion-dollar mark for his first biennial budget. For 1951-53 his budget has climbed beyond \$1300 million. "I think government should be as small in scope and as local in character as possible," he once said, and still says. But somehow it doesn't come out that way. His veto messages have killed off many log-rolling appropriations for roads and bridges, but in their place he always approves much larger spending bills.

Stevenson's campaign speeches seethed with indignation about payroll excesses, although Governor Green left behind an unprecedented surplus of \$150 million. The surplus, plus higher revenues, were consumed during the reform governor's first two years. Republican Governor Green, who mistakenly challenged the state's unbroken tradition against a third four-year term, had 28,300 employees for the last half of 1948. For the comparable period in 1951 Stevenson's payroll was 29,600. By wry coincidence the increase is 1300, whereas *Time* reported that its paragon "lopped 1300 political hangers-on off the state payroll." This is not to say the magazine is in error; but if it is correct, Stevenson replaced them with 2600 payrollers who may be new political hangers-on.

Furthermore Stevenson, despite his 1948 cries about payroll secrecy, now gives out the figures only in terms of "man months." Many patronage employees away from Chicago and Springfield have part-time jobs. State Treasurer William G. Stratton, the Republican nominee for governor, said pay-checks went to 32,450 persons under Stevenson's control last December.

When it comes to major state scandals, this reform regime tops anything Illinoisans have seen, although no one says Stevenson profits by it. In 1948 he traveled the highways and byways crying:

"We can not allow the rats of corruption and neglect to undermine the foundations of our state any longer." As a candidate he used skilful techniques to tar the incumbent Republicans of Illinois as crooks, with eager help from the internationalist press. Now he pleads against "McCarthyism" and "guilt by association."

Adlai's Scandals of 1951

Here are the major Illinois scandals revealed during the past year—and not one of them was disclosed by the man billed to the nation as the fearless and efficient foe of wrongdoing:

1. Counterfeit state cigarette-tax stamps robbed the revenue system of \$13 million. In August 1949 the Chicago police informed the state that the counterfeiting was going on, probably with tax-stamp machines which were known to have been stolen. Stevenson put a special prosecutor to work on the swindle last June, nearly two years later. It was a full-scale operation by the crime syndicate, and state employees were fired because of their evident refusal to interfere.

2. Sales of horsemeat as beef became a new lush racket for the syndicate during the Stevenson regime. It was exposed by the Office of Price Stabilization because of the violation of price regulations, not because of the health hazards, which posed a graver public problem. Bribery of state employees included, by his confession, Stevenson's superintendent of foods and dairies. The indicted superintendent is from Stevenson's home county of Lake, where the Governor in 1949 tried but failed to make him the Democratic county chairman.

For a year prior to last November, state inspectors suspended all action against the multi-million-dollar racket. Eighty per cent of the inspectors were hired after Stevenson took office. He said he was "shocked and disillusioned."

3. The West Frankfort mine disaster just before Christmas, which killed 119 men, was laid officially to failure of state inspection. Stevenson sparked his 1948 campaign on the basis of the Centralia mine explosion, fatal to 111 miners.

John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers of America trudged through the mine and did his own investigating generally. At a later hearing he fired this question at Stevenson's director of mines, Walter Eadie: "Don't you think that the West Frankfort explosion is an abominable record of negligence that the State of Illinois should not condone?"

Eadie, formerly superintendent of the same mine, testified: "If I look back, I'll have to say yes."

Stevenson reacted to the explosion with a statement blaming coal district senators, mine unions, and the industry because the legislature had not adopted a new safety code prepared at his direction. This was one of the boldest bits of fakery of

Stevenson's administration, in view of the legislators generally. There are 153 house members and 51 senators, and any one of them could have introduced the proposed legislation. The fact is that Stevenson did not even have any bill introduced. The great majority of the legislature, who could have passed such a bill, had never heard of the matter until after the tragedy.

Of Stevenson's eight departed cabinet members, two left under heavy fire. But the shooting was not started by their boss.

When the Governor proclaimed that "corruption is treason" at a banquet on February 24, his audience included State Labor Director Frank Annunzio. With Stevenson from the start, he was the first CIO leader to get the job. He stood ace-high with Stevenson, despite some warnings. It has been learned that in January of 1951 Stevenson was told by State Representative Harvey Pearson, also a union official, that Annunzio was allied with the notorious West Side bipartisan bloc of Chicago. Democrat Annunzio had gone to Republican Pearson to influence the selection of a Republican speaker of the House of Representatives toward an end desired by the bloc.

More than a year after the detailed tip-off was given to the Governor, newspapers dug up the fact that Annunzio had gone into the political insurance business with a member of the bloc, John D'Arco, Democratic committeeman and alderman for the downtown First Ward of Chicago. Insurance can be easy to sell under these circumstances.

Also in the firm was Benjamin (Buddy) Jacobson. His long police record included the rare distinction of having been convicted in a Chicago vote fraud case. As a "Republican" polls official, he stole 300 votes for the Democrats. As a bodyguard for Gangster Hymie Weiss, Jacobson fell down on his assignment. He was wounded when Weiss and a pal were shot to death in 1926.

After these disclosures Stevenson politely stalled to permit Annunzio to resign weeks later with mutual letters of thanks.

The Governor had a director of revenue, Ernest Marohn, whose duty was to supervise the collection of about \$500 million a year—including cigarette taxes. It took a newspaper exposé of Marohn's ownership of a large suburban gambling house to wake up Stevenson. Marohn was allowed to resign to the accompaniment of State Department double talk.

Stevenson's statement that he doesn't "expect directors [of his departments] to be guarantors of the personal integrity of every employee in the state service" raises a lot of questions.

The left-wing Independent Voters of Illinois has indorsed Governor Stevenson for President, specifying that he "surrounded himself with men of competence and integrity."

Governor Stevenson says he detests cynicism. What creates it?

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

Thursday I spoke before the FDR Young Democrats, a student club at City College here. And I was amused to be told that there were a great many students who refuse to join a political club, arguing that they did not want to have any political affiliations for fear of what Senator McCarthy might say.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, "My Day," September 22, 1951

Differences of the kind that exist today among the nations that fought together so long and so valiantly for victory are not hopeless or irreconcilable. There are no conflicts of interest among the victorious powers so deeply rooted that they can not be resolved.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, address in New York City, October 27, 1945

We advocate the removal of government from all fields of private enterprise except where necessary to develop public works and natural resources in the common interest.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL PLATFORM, 1930

The Communist threat inside the country has been magnified and exalted far beyond its realities. Irresponsible talk by irresponsible people has fanned the flames of fear. Character assassinations have become common. Suspicion has taken the place of good will. . . . Fear runs rampant.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, quoted in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, March 9, 1952

I am very far from being a Communist. My roots are still perhaps in the nineteenth century, and I have been too much influenced by the humanist liberal tradition to get out of it completely . . . but still I incline more and more towards Communist philosophy.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, "Autobiography: With Musings on Recent Events in India," 1938

We have opened the way for withdrawal of occupation armies from a large segment of Europe. When the armies are gone, 80 million people in these five countries will have a reasonable chance to select the kind of government under which they wish to live and to work out their destiny.

JAMES F. BYRNES, "Speaking Frankly," 1947

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

Moscow Plotted Pearl Harbor

By RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Why did Washington spurn Japanese concessions which would have averted the Pacific war? The author shows how strategically placed Soviet agents worked to embroil America with Japan.

The forces and passions which led to the Pacific war were vast and impelling. But at the moment of crisis, when the balance could have swung toward peace, a handful of men—working singly or in league, and motivated by the Devil or by the mixed purposes of a tarnished liberalism—tipped the scales for war. In Japan, Richard Sorge, Ozaki Hozumi and Prince Saionji lent their weight. In China, there was Owen Lattimore. In the United States, there were Lauchlin Currie, Edward C. Carter and Harry Dexter White. The ties linking these men each to each are admittedly tenuous. Sorge, Ozaki, Saionji and White were Soviet agents. Carter, Ozaki and Saionji were members of the Institute of Pacific Relations (IPR). Currie has admitted close friendship with the Soviet agent, Nathan Gregory Silvermaster. Carter was the witting or unwitting tool of a Communist cell in the IPR. And Lattimore, who has been credited in various degrees with masterminding America's disastrous China policy, assiduously followed this party line and may possibly have been approached by Sorge.¹

The importance of this three-ring circus—in Chungking, Washington and Tokyo—becomes apparent when a log of the last days of peace is recited. Throughout the war, the lapdog historians told the United States that the mission to Washington of Admiral Nomura and Ambassador Kurusu was a blind—that the decision to attack Pearl Harbor had been made early in the autumn of 1941. The exact opposite is the truth. The Japanese task force which steamed on Hawaii was not given the green light until December 5 when the message "Climb Mount Niitaka" was flashed by Japanese naval radio. On November 21, Admiral Nagano Osami, chief of the Navy's general staff, instructed the Japanese commander that "if American-Japanese negotia-

tions are successful, forces will be ordered back immediately." And as late as December 2, Nagano was told by the highest Imperial authorities that if the Nomura-Kurusu-Hull talks were successful, the Japanese fleet would be recalled.

The pro-American group in Tokyo which pressed for a settlement of the Japanese-American differences showed an astonishing persistence. In the long months of discussions with Secretary of State Cordell Hull, they were met by rebuff after rebuff. That Hull should have been suspicious of the Japanese government was not only understandable but to his credit. Japan's history in China was not one to inspire confidence. But he should not have let this suspicion override his diplomatic perspicacity or blunt his concern for a United States already moving inexorably into the European conflict.

The Japanese Proposals

In April 1941, two events took place which should have been of some assurance to the State Department. In Moscow, Foreign Minister Matsuoka met quietly with the American Ambassador, Laurence Steinhardt, to impress him with the importance of an improvement in relations between their two countries. The basis for the current difficulties was China, and Matsuoka suggested that Japan might offer an equitable peace to the Chinese government of Chiang Kai-shek. In return, Japan sought a promise from the United States that our good offices would be used in arriving at this peace. Steinhardt was impressed with Matsuoka's sincerity, and speedily sent Washington a résumé of this conversation.

On April 9, 1941, a group of private citizens of both countries presented the State Department with a plan for preserving the peace. This plan, drafted in collaboration with Nomura and having his seal of approval, was based on a Japanese guarantee of Chinese territorial and economic integrity in return for Chinese recognition of the puppet regime in Manchukuo. It involved the withdrawal of Japanese troops from China proper and the reinstitution of America's traditional and honored Open Door Policy. Japan also pledged herself to stay out of the European war unless her partners in the Tripartite Pact, Germany and Italy, were attacked by the United States.

¹On 15 May 1950, Willy Rudolf Foerster—a stateless German living in Switzerland—filed an affidavit detailing his contacts in Japan with Max Klausen, the Sorge ring's radio chief: "In 1938, when my wife returned to Germany for a visit, via the United States, Max Klausen came to my house and in my presence asked my wife to take with her a letter which he asked her to stamp and mail from San Francisco. . . . Klausen explained that this letter contained 'delicate family matters' which he did not wish to submit to possible Japanese censorship. I made the record of [the addressee] in my Klausen business file, which I turned over to American Intelligence officers in Japan [after the war]. . . . My wife, while en route to the United States, fearing that she might be bringing money or other matter illegally into the United States, opened the letter and although she could not read it (she did not read English), she noted positively that it was signed by Dr. Richard Sorge. . . . As my Klausen business file and my former wife's diary will prove, the address on this letter was Owen Lattimore. . . ."

The reaction of the State Department and Secretary Hull to these proposals was one of cynical hostility. Counterproposals were offered by the United States, and the long and senseless debate began. At every turn, Nomura warned the United States that the military party in Tokyo was pushing hard for war, that delay only strengthened its hand and weakened the antiwar forces, and that if any kind of a working arrangement for a negotiation of the China Incident could be arrived at, Japan would assure this country a free hand in Europe. But Secretary Hull and the State Department insisted on what amounted to unconditional diplomatic surrender.

In this atmosphere of muddle and mortification, the Japanese militarists continued their ascendancy. On July 24, a Nipponese invasion force landed in Camranh Bay, Indo-China, easily overcoming the depleted and discouraged French forces. President Roosevelt called in Nomura, and in the presence of Admiral Stark, the Chief of Naval Operations, and Acting Secretary of State Sumner Welles, he announced the full embargo of Japan—as a retaliatory move. The Japanese were not impressed by the justice of the American position. They knew that the embargo had been in the works since July 2—long before the invasion. Sumner Welles has stated candidly that both Admiral Stark and General Marshall had long warned that an embargo would “most probably” lead to war.

More significant than the marches and counter-marches of the diplomats—and of more bearing to this narrative—was the determined effort of Roosevelt's advisers to block frantic attempts by the antiwar faction to arrange a meeting between the President and Premier Konoye. That Lauchlin Currie was the President's chief adviser on the Far East, is of more than passing interest. On August 17, 1941, Nomura communicated Premier Konoye's urgent request for such a meeting in mid-Pacific so that the problems which had stumped the diplomats could be thrashed out definitively “in a peaceful spirit.” Twice before this plea had been made by Nomura to the State Department—but to no avail. It took the President six days to come to a decision. Between the two dates, he received a personal appeal from Konoye. Hull was also enjoined by Ambassador Grew to urge this meeting in a letter which noted:

Not only is the proposal unprecedented in Japanese history, but it is also an indication that Japanese intransigence is not crystallized completely owing to the fact that the proposal has the approval of the Emperor and the highest authorities in the land. The good which may flow from a meeting between Premier Konoye and President Roosevelt is incalculable.

Hull was not moved by this. Though the Japanese premier sent periodic appeals to the President for this meeting, though Konoye assented to a meeting place on American soil—in violation of all tradi-

tion—the President stalled. Grew and Eugene Dooman, a skilled and perceptive career diplomat in Tokyo, warned that failure to hold this meeting would deliver Japan into the hands of the imperialists. The State Department persisted in its role as a tower of obstinacy. On October 16, 1941, the Konoye Cabinet fell—as a direct consequence of its failure to bring about a meeting with the President.

The men who sought to halt the careening pace toward war were almost desperate. They knew that the war party had already embarked on final war preparation which could only be reversed by some sort of American-Japanese understanding. Today we know that the State Department was aware of that urgency—the United States had broken the Japanese code and was privy to all its radio messages to embassies, military outposts and diplomatic missions. Yet nothing was done.

Secretary Hull's Change of Mind

On November 20 the Japanese made what was to be their last attempt. This was the famous offer of a *modus vivendi*, a ninety-day truce during which Japan and the United States could arrive at a Pacific settlement. Acceding to the State Department's demand, the Japanese agreed to make the Tripartite Pact a dead letter by interpreting it “freely and independently” and by disavowing all intentions of entering the European war unless they were directly attacked by one of the belligerents. Japan also accepted President Roosevelt's offer to act as a mediator in the Sino-Japanese war, and undertook to withdraw all troops from French Indo-China upon the restoration of peace. In return, the economic blockade of Japan would be lifted.

The *modus vivendi* came within an inch of being accepted. Then, on November 26, Hull took the step later described as “touching the button that started the war.” He tossed away the truce and issued an ultimatum to the Japanese. Ten days later, the Japanese fleet, steaming on Pearl Harbor, received the message: “Climb Mount Niitaka.”

The State Department did not act blindly. Secretary of War Stimson called Hull to question him about the *modus vivendi* on November 27, the day after the ultimatum. For the first time, Stimson learned that the truce plan had been rejected. Significantly, Hull told Stimson, “I have washed my hands of it and it is now in the hands of you and [Navy Secretary Frank] Knox—the Army and Navy.”

In the gingerbread edifice which then housed the State Department, war had not been declared, but it had been accepted. What had changed the minds of the President and his Secretary of State at this zero hour of history?

From the moment that Soviet Russia was attacked by Nazi Germany in June 1941, world Communist efforts had been devoted to the prevention

of a second front in Asia. Fighting a losing battle in Europe, the Russians needed every soldier, every tank, every bullet. Yet they could not afford to leave their Siberian borders unprotected without sound assurances that Japan would not strike them in the back as they themselves had struck Poland in 1939. Richard Sorge's² job, therefore, evolved from espionage pure and simple to espionage and the influencing of policy in Japan and (through the German Embassy) in Germany.

"When the cry of war with the Soviet Union became urgent in 1941 . . . I did not restrict Ozaki's positive maneuvers within the Konoye group nor did I hesitate to work on the Germans," Sorge wrote. Ozaki, Sorge's chief assistant, began working on his friends, on Prince Saionji and Premier Konoye. He warned that Soviet strength was being underestimated and suggested that a war with the Russians could not possibly be of any value to Japan.

Sorge's first reports, in July, on the possibility of a Japanese attack on Russia were pessimistic. He radioed to Moscow that Ambassador Ott, his close friend in the German Embassy, had informed him that Japan would attack Russia upon the fall of Leningrad and Moscow, and the German penetration to the Volga. But, Sorge added, Tojo was not interested in an attack on Russia. Late in July, he reported that there would be no attack on Russia. A message still later that month informed his Russian masters that the Japanese Navy had enough oil reserves for two years, the civilian population for half a year. This meant that Japan would either be forced to come to a settlement with the United States—the world's greatest oil-producing country—or to go to war with the Western powers in order to get by conquest what she lacked. For Russia, this was good news; how much oil was there in Siberia?

But Ozaki continued his close watch on Japanese-American negotiations. And these were enough to keep the Kremlin in a jittery state. Though Moscow knew, through Sorge, that the Japanese Cabinet had agreed on a move southward and war with the United States should the "peace" talks break down, it was also aware that the discussions might succeed in a temporary or permanent truce. In this case, Japan would get the oil and steel she desperately needed and, in time, turn on her ancient enemy—Russia.

Early in October, Sorge radioed another progress report to Moscow on the course of "American-Japanese talks":

In Konoye's opinion they will end successfully if Japan decreases her forces in China and French Indo-China and gives up her plan of building eight naval and air bases in French Indo-China. . . . However, there will be war only if the talks break down, and *there is no doubt that Japan is doing her best*

to bring them to a successful conclusion, even at the expense of her German ally. [Italics added.]

Also in October, Ozaki warned that "the next two or three weeks will be the most crucial with respect to Japan's advance to the south" and an attack on the Western powers. He was encouraging the militarists and giving them ammunition to use against the antiwar faction. Ozaki was reading the discouraged reports of Japanese diplomats in Washington; their frustration in the face of the State Department's inability (or reluctance) to grasp the urgency of the situation made it clear that unless there was a sharp change in American thinking, war was inevitable.

In mid-October 1941, less than two months before Pearl Harbor, Sorge and Ozaki sent the Fourth Bureau a long report stating the opinion that the Japanese had given up hope of arriving at an agreement with the American government and that an attack against the United States and Britain would be launched in December or possibly in early January. The Kremlin, which had been given warning by Roosevelt of Germany's attack on Russia, returned the favor by keeping this precious military intelligence to itself.

The Role of Certain Americans

When General Willoughby, MacArthur's intelligence chief in SCAP, took the stand in August 1951 before the McCarran Internal Security Subcommittee, he made public Sorge's activities to drive Japan into a Pacific war. But he was not allowed to elaborate on the role of certain Americans in this endeavor; shortly before Willoughby testified, he was visited by a major general who gave him specific instructions as to what could be and what could not be said. The country merely heard the truth as censored by President Truman and the Pentagon. But there is evidence that pressure continued at the Tokyo end right up until the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Whether it came from Americans or from Communist-inspired Japanese, we still do not know. One interesting aspect of the puzzle is that Prince Saionji, a member with Ozaki of the Breakfast Group and Secretary of the Japanese Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations, amazed his friends in the government by discarding his former "liberalism" and giving comfort to the war party.

We are learning today how this coordinated pressure continued in Washington and Chungking. Perhaps we shall never learn whether it was motivated by misguided idealism, ignorance, or Red-handed villainy.

Let us go back to November 20 when the Japanese antiwar faction offered the famous *modus vivendi*. This proposal was enthusiastically seconded by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who felt that the United States was not yet prepared to defend herself against attack in the Pacific. General MacAr-

²Sorge, a Soviet master spy, had penetrated the Nazi Party and become press attaché to the German Embassy in Tokyo.

thur was not yet ready in the Philippines and the Navy was funneling much of its strength into the Atlantic.

At a meeting of the Cabinet, it was decided to accept the *modus vivendi*. But before this was formally done, it was felt that Chiang Kai-shek should be informed of the truce terms and of the notable advantages which the battered and weakened Chinese would derive from them. The delicate task of explaining the *modus vivendi* was assigned to Owen Lattimore, in Chungking as the President's personal representative. There seemed to be no reason why Chiang should not agree to a temporary truce which, if only for a time, would relieve China of the grinding burden of war and probably lead to a moderately equitable peace. The world will never know precisely how the truce was explained to the Generalissimo.

On November 25, however, Lauchlin Currie received at the White House a cable signed "Lattimore":

. . . I feel you should urgently advise the President of the Generalissimo's very strong reaction. . . . Any "modus vivendi" now arrived at with Japan would be disastrous to Chinese belief in America. . . . It is doubtful whether either past assistance or increasing aid would compensate for the feeling if the Chinese national trust in America is undermined by reports of Japan's escaping military defeat by diplomatic victory. [Italics added.]

In Washington, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Harry Dexter White was busy lighting a fire under Secretary Hull to denounce the *modus vivendi*. A member of two Soviet spy rings, White had some years earlier demonstrated his love for China by turning over for transmission to Russia a report on Chinese finances detailed enough to permit a hostile power to wreck that nation's economy. To undercut the truce arrangements, White summoned Edward C. Carter and other leaders of the IPR to Washington. He urged them to impress their friends in government with the view that a solution of the China Incident would be a "sell-out." A letter by Carter, written on November 29, 1941, is extremely revealing:

"I should think that Currie probably had a terribly anxious time for the past week," Carter wrote to a friend. "For a few days, it looked as though Hull was in danger of selling China³ and America and Britain down the river. Currie did not say this, but I learned it from other high sources."

Carter admitted under oath before the Senate

³Just three and one half years earlier, Carter had stated in a memorandum to Miriam Farley of the IPR staff, that "of course I agree" with a Lattimore proposal embodied in a letter to him (May 18, 1938) that IPR propagandize in favor of a partition of China by Japan, based on the military status quo. This dismemberment plan was incorporated in a memorandum by Chen Han-seng, a Chinese Communist. It went far beyond the *modus vivendi* in its generosity to Japan and its betrayal of Nationalist China. It also allowed for the free play of the Chinese Communists in their *kampf* against Chiang. Why should Lattimore and Carter feel so strongly against a temporary truce in 1941? And why should Lattimore have stated in 1938 that for IPR to press for a "settlement" ceding Manchuria would "increase its reputation"?

Internal Security Subcommittee that he had gone down to Washington at White's insistence "to see if there was anything private citizens or government servants could do to make certain" the *modus vivendi* would not be consummated. "There were rumors," he added, "that Mr. Hull, who had been playing golf, I think, with Admiral Nomura . . . was being persuaded by the Japanese that by right of conquest and because Japan was so much more civilized they should really be in China as the British were in India." But Carter insisted that he had never put any pressure on Hull because the *modus vivendi* had already been rejected. This did not quite jibe with the story of Lauchlin Currie's "terribly anxious time" but the committee did not press the point.

East Wind Rain

If Carter did not personally speak to Hull, however, there were enough of the IPR's friends and supporters to do the job. There was Harry White, who always worked through the Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau. There was Lauchlin Currie, armed with the Lattimore cable. Secretary Hull reversed himself almost overnight. On November 26, without the knowledge of Secretary Stimson but with the approval of the President, he issued his famous "get-out-of-China-or-else" message to the Japanese. As an ultimatum, it was not as brusque as some; as a basis for further negotiation, it was a door slammed in Japan's face. According to House Document No. 339, President Roosevelt had said in a discussion of the ultimatum that "we were likely to be attacked, perhaps next Monday." He was wrong, but only as to the date.

The Japanese government had arranged, on November 19, 1941, to transmit the message "East Wind Rain" in the middle of its regular short-wave news broadcast as a warning to Japanese diplomatic personnel once the war decision had been made. This was known to American intelligence, which had broken the Japanese code. The Army Pearl Harbor Board reported that "such information [the 'winds' message] was picked up by a monitoring station. This information was received and translated on December 3, 1941, and the contents distributed to . . . high authority." The "winds" message has disappeared from Navy files. All other copies, according to the Army board, also disappeared shortly after the Pearl Harbor attack. Navy officers admitted the existence of the intercept until 1944, then suffered a progressive loss of memory. The "high authority" in the Army, Navy, and White House deny that they ever saw the message. Was it lost on the way? Did it stray? Or was it suppressed by someone of greater or lesser importance?

East Wind Rain fell on Pearl Harbor on a quiet Sunday. If some men died, other men were victorious.

Let's Decontrol Materials, Too

By HAROLD S. TAYLOR

If our price and wage controls are now repealed, Mr. Taylor contends, the need for the Controlled Materials Plan would promptly expire with them.

The Controlled Materials Plan is one of the most ambitious—not to say presumptuous—of the guns-and-butter mechanisms the Fair Deal hastened to clamp on the country's economy when the Korean outbreak afforded the excuse. It has had its successes and its failures—like any other human endeavor. Unlike most, however, the successes and the failures have been equally pernicious to the cause they were supposed to serve. Its early vexations helped bring the decision to cut back the guns and increase the butter, and its ability to channel investment assures us a period when we shall have more cows than fodder.

The Controlled Materials Plan—CMP in Washingtonese—allots, through the Defense Production Administration, all the industrial materials of which there aren't supposed to be enough to go around. These are parceled out among immediate defense production, building of plant and equipment for defense production, essential civilian production and plant and finally, non-essential production. Every purchaser of steel, copper, zinc and aluminum must provide himself with a certificate, attesting an allotment of the material, before he can order any of it from a supplier.

Six months ago or less, the principal complaint against the system was that it was not working. In the fourth quarter of 1951 aluminum producers were confronted with fabricators' priorities running to 148 per cent of the producers' maximum capacity. On the average, each vital metal was allotted in such quantity that one-fifth of the war contractors who might have expected absolute priority were shut out. Damage to production was much more than one-fifth, of course, since some fabricators lacked one component and some another. The already-weary civilian durable-goods market, and the related bull market in stocks, were both looking for some place to lay the body down.

Today most of that confusion is out of the way. Not all of it, by any means. At the beginning of the current quarter, an executive of one of the Big Four rail-equipment companies complained that his assembly line was stalled because he couldn't get synchronized or matched shipments from his suppliers of castings for wheels and drawbars, steel shapes for underbody and car-frames, and plates for sides and roofs. It was suggested that in the course of two or three quarters the disparities would certainly work themselves out.

"Not so," said the car-builder gloomily. "If I get 2400 tons of wheels, the rules say I have to make 600 box-cars out of those wheels before I can even order any shapes or plates!" He did concede that if he worked himself into such a box the Defense Production Administration might stretch the rules for him.

With a few exceptions and many irritations, however, CMP can be said to be working. Some of its hurdles were surmounted by the ingenuity of private makers of both defense and non-defense goods. Some have been submerged, by the dangerous expedient of cutting the defense program back to what is comfortable, and begging the question whether the vast dislocation so gaily begun a year and a half ago was really necessary. Many of the bugs in the CMP infernal machine were worked out by the skill and patience of Manly Fleischmann, head of both National Production Authority and Defense Production Administration.

The Controllers' New-Style NRA

Unfortunately, with the defense stretch-out and the durable goods recession, CMP appears to be no more than a minor nuisance; and since President Truman's outrageous raid on the steel companies, CMP has apparently come to seem too trivial to worry about.

Yet CMP's working is a lot more dangerous than CMP's not working. It has about done its work in shifting manufacturers into defense production, and the present lessened sense of urgency leaves it chiefly useful as a quasi-NRA for the control-addicts who infest Washington. They have some disgusting manifestations to their discredit already:

1. Their order barring automatic transmissions for lower-priced cars. This saved a shirt-tailful of alloy metals, it is true. Also it kept forward-looking Henry Ford II from being kicked around a declining market by those bad old du Ponts' Chevrolet.

2. The Southern Senators' blockade of any certificate of necessity for artificial fiber plants. Rayon for tire cord, which would have been made in such plants, is the only rayon specialty that has resisted the textile slump.

CMP and the certificate-of-necessity program are nominally separate. They are operated by separate agencies. Unfortunately, with the tax-gatherer

swooping down on any profitable business for sixty cents of every dollar earned, investment without a certificate-of-necessity is foolhardy. Mr. Fleischmann has told his DPA personnel that issuance of a certificate-of-necessity carries a moral obligation to see that the needed machines and materials are available. If a manufacturer can't afford to do without a certificate, and CMP channels all materials to certificate holders, the room left for wholly uncontrolled investment is small.

It is significant that Mr. Fleischmann's staff, right up to the day it took the brakes off all industrial and commercial construction for the third quarter of this year, proclaimed the desperate shortage of structural steel. The consumer's leash is to be played out when it becomes absurd to do otherwise, but one end is always to remain in the bureaucrat's hand.

The time when CMP was a menace because it didn't work has faded from most memories. Just now, with the stretch-out and new steel capacity coming in, it makes little difference either way. Sometime in the next few years, when the country discovers it has overbuilt capacity, and that consumer demand isn't keeping pace, there will be new condemnations of the program. Slightly unfair ones, because the same thing happens at the end of every boom. In the past we simply did it without the vexation of having the Washington bureaucrats plan not to do it.

Dangers for the Longer Run

It is for the longer run—the next decade or the next generation—that the CMP and the whole state of mind it symbolizes can be a fatal menace. At least the Capital Issues Committee of World War II knew the import of what it was doing. It balanced its decisions against the necessity of winning a mortal struggle. Moreover, there were ways of recognizing when that struggle had been won.

Current controls discharge the grave responsibilities of a capital-issues committee without really giving them a thought. The productive pattern of the next decade is being set as a byproduct of trying to make sure last Christmas that no one made a mechanical mouse out of a piece of tinplate which might otherwise have carried a can of condensed milk to Korea. No one in Washington can tell us what the aim of the current spending program is, or how we shall know when we have attained it.

Certificates-of-necessity had been issued at latest count for \$29.5 billion worth of plant. In relation to plant already in place, the most liberal additions are provided for in pulp and paper capacity, the least liberal in electric power. Is it merely a coincidence that signs multiply of an oversupply of pulp and paper from present plants, and of several regional shortages of electricity?

It is unfair to argue that Mr. Fleischmann and his associates have always been in error, or even

that they have been wrong oftener than right. After all, they have had able statisticians and economists at their command, and the industrialists who ask certificates-of-necessity are bound to have some idea of whether necessity actually exists.

The whole system is wrong even when it is right. Power to direct investment should not be turned over to any buildingful of bureaucrats, no matter how wise. United States Steel's great Fairless plant at Morrisville, Pennsylvania, was forced to go to Mr. Fleischmann for every ton of steel it diverted from its customers to its building program. About the time the plant was practically finished under these conditions, the controllers admitted there was plenty of structural steel for everyone. It is respectfully submitted that between them the company and the customers could have struck a balance of supplying current demand and preparing for future needs without the outside supervision.

Part of the same picture is price control. There is supposed to be an immense shortage of sulphur. Upon examination this turns out to be a shortage of sulphur at \$20 a ton. It is simple to produce sulphur at some \$24 a ton, or its equivalent in sulphur dioxide, by burning pyrite or pyrrhotite as boiler fuel. The price-controllers take one vital factor out of the equation the sulphur user must solve before he erects a pyrite burner. Then the CMP insists that he prove his answer correct before it will let him build one.

Worst of all, when Mr. Fleischmann and his associates have been wrong, the wide spread of CMP has made it impossible to argue with them. No one can buy a cement kiln in the black market, or get a turbo-generator up a dark alley from a man with his coat collar turned up. Potential suppliers are too few, and themselves are caught in the CMP net.

In last September's *Harvard Business Review* Eliot Janeway, a thoughtful observer of the economic scene, made some learned suggestions on how to reform an armament program which he found to combine the worst faults of our one-time Works Progress Administration and our one-time War Production Board. The effort is doomed to failure. WPA and WPB are the poles between which any government program, directing in detail, must oscillate.

The thing to do is to get rid of the whole machinery at the forthcoming June 30th expiration date, before it breaks our backs forever. No price controls, no wage controls, no Controlled Materials Plan—only allocations of metal to specific government contracts, these contracts to be let to the lowest bidder. Far from the inflation and lagging production the controllers declare they fear from such a program, it would deliver the goods in spectacular fashion. The whole world would get a lesson in the benefits of truly free enterprise that it would never forget. So too, it is to be hoped, would some of our left-over NRA enthusiasts in high places.

Our Leftist Clergy

1. The Enigma

By **WALTER M. HAUSHALTER**

A clergyman inquires why so many of the American clergy are pro-Communist, and finds that their liberal idealism blinds them to Soviet reality.

Shortly before World War II, under the dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral in Leningrad, I listened to a lecture on atheism by a lady missionary from the Kremlin. At my elbow stood a distinguished American newspaper columnist. Together we had witnessed the sorry remains of a liquidated Church and Christianity. Edifices once used as sanctuaries of the Faith now served as museums of atheism. Together we had studied the poverty and fear-haunted faces of Moscow and Leningrad. As we left Russia, standing on deck for a last look at the receding shore, the columnist, Mr. Frank Kent, asked the thorny question I here propose to try to answer—"After what we have seen, how can so many American clergymen and churchmen be enthusiastic about communism?"

An answer to this enigma becomes the more difficult as one listens to the jarringly contradictory reports of apparently competent witnesses. When Churchill promised Finland aid against "the Russian Slave State" he declared: "Its philosophy of communism rots men's souls." On March 24, 1948, Senator Styles Bridges denounced Russian communism as a "threat to the very existence of Western Christian civilization . . . an international conspiracy of desperate, ruthless men who will not hesitate to plunge mankind into a blood bath if we leave them any chance of winning world dominion." Pope Pius XII, his "*Divini Redemptoris*," sums up his oft-repeated testimony: "Communism aims to banish every remembrance of the Christian religion. Thousands of clergy and laity are tortured because they are good Christians opposed to atheistic communism."

At the other pole, a group of Protestant American churchmen, headed by Dr. Ralph Sockman, returned from a visit behind the Iron Curtain to render a report complimentary to the achievements of communism for the rights of man. Hewlett Johnson, the "Red" Dean of Canterbury, whose pro-Communist writings have been circulated by the millions in America, explains that Communist anger is directed only against corrupt forms of the Church. Factually, he fails to go behind the mask. Many American Church leaders are now trumpeting the Communist ideals as identical with those of Christianity. Factually, again, these churchmen fail to go back of the words that come from the mouth of the mask. However lofty the professed ideals of Soviet com-

munist, Christianity is being destroyed behind the Iron Curtain. This horrifying difference between the high ideals and murderous realities of communism is the real issue. It must be faced.

Why will men and women in pulpits and pews labor for a Communist order that means their own destruction? The word that explains the trouble has a disarming philosophic beauty. It is "liberalism." Examined for what it is, religious liberalism will be found the choicest soil for the planting of Communist seed and the reaping of Communist harvests.

Ideals vs. Reality

American religious liberalism, probably the most dynamic in the Western world, has had a brilliant career. Its ideals of reform and social advance have been bold and militant. It has taken body blows for emancipation of slaves, enfranchisement of women, abolition of child labor, deliverance from war, and a better standard of living. Beyond this bloody battleground for human rights the liberals are sustained by an ecstatic vision of Science, the great Messiah, leading mankind up the spiral of inevitable evolution to undreamed-of perfection. As Luther Burbank "speeded up plant evolution by five thousand years," so the religious liberals believe they can speed mankind to a realizable Utopia of well-being—except for one obstacle, one present enemy to be overthrown: acquisitive capitalism.

The French Revolutionists who dated humanity from the year 1792 envisaged a Utopia of progress where economic and social laws were to be manipulated by human hands. Now comes Russian communism with a new dating of humanity from the October Revolution. Since the overthrow of the democratic regime of Kerensky they have professed item for item the liberalistic ideals of the French Revolution—liberty, equality, fraternity, abundant life, progress. These ideals nobody disputes. But the purges of millions of the innocent, the starvation in the Ukraine, the organized destruction of Christianity, the subjugation to slavery of the satellite countries—these are the hideous reality. And as for the economic elevation of the common man, Chamberlin in 1934 estimated the average Russian income as below that of the time of the Czars. The Soviet deficit today is made

up as Napoleon made it up for France, by loot from surrounding nations.

Their devotion to the ideals of the French and Russian Revolutions explains why many American Church liberals reach out a sympathetic hand to communism. To read the proposals of Rousseau or Lenin gives the dullest a thrill of pride at the vistas of nobility possible to man. The visions of the Washington braintrusters might also be thrilling if one could forget the menacing national debt and the assistance lent by the idealists to the destruction of European Christendom. The liberals are strong in the realm of ideas, ideals, visions, hopes, dreams; and one of their number has informed us that "ideals are the only reality." Understand this and you understand why many American Church liberals favor communism and why they dismiss its bitter fruits as irrelevant.

The Cult of the "Common Man"

One of the basic assumptions of liberalism which all sincere liberals should re-examine is that improvement in the material surroundings of man can *per se* make for any improvement in man himself. In re-examining it, we are testing the foundations of the ideology of the French Revolution, Russian communism and religious liberalism.

That Christianity is interested in the material improvement of man has eloquent testimony from the Founder, the revealed Truths, Church Councils, and the long historic record. But we are on safer ground when we take to heart the simple observation that man does not live by bread alone. It is here we lay finger on the malady that afflicts Western cultural ideologies. The logical end of liberalism is humanism, the denial of any God beyond man or human values. This apostasy of idealistic, liberal humanism explains the tragedy that threatens Christendom. One fathom deeper we arrive at the foundation reason for the well-meaning but fatal leaning of American Church liberalism to the Communist ideology. It is the shallow, superficial conception of Man indulged by the liberals of all time. Rousseau held forth eloquently on "the original goodness and unlimited perfectibility of human nature." Glorifying a presumptive "state of nature," he put all species of humans on a dead level of equality, and achieved it by dragging the superior down to the level of the inferior. This same false dogma of equality dominates Soviet communism in theory. In practice the Kremlin's concern for the common man dwindles close to zero.

Still granting them all sincerity, American liberals have evinced an enormous concern for the common and the forgotten man. A naive theology leads them to praise the vast reservoirs of good in the Prodigal Son, the publicans and sinners. Some of the liberal psychologists have gone so far as

to explain away sin and crime as due to maladjustments of the economic environment. From this it was only one step to deploring any physical, mental, moral, social or economic inequality. Remember that the liberal will follow his "ideas and ideals" to the bitter end, no matter what the besetting facts. To him the common man is the epitome of virtue, and superiority is an impertinence. Therefore, all economic and social inequality must be eradicated and the Common Man exalted. Once that is done, the millenium will be here.

Realism in every race and epoch of history has given us another picture of man—the common man and every man. Jeremiah, Luther, Dostoevsky, Shakespeare, Goethe, Hegel and Darwin have shown him as a creature emerging from the mud with the heavy marks of the beast. Mark Twain has spoken for them all! "You say he is a human being. You don't need to go any further; I don't want to know any more. He couldn't be worse." "God made man at the end of the week," says the author of "What Is Man," "when He was tired." Flippant as this may sound, it is the judgment of the realists who have actually watched man as he ate and fought and reproduced his kind. And those who have observed the antics of man since 1914 have considerable evidence to support the pessimistic conclusions of Mark Twain.

Genuine Christianity never entertained any beautiful, grandiose ideas of man, common or superior, in his raw state of nature. It has gone into a blacker mood than Schopenhauer or Nietzsche concerning human nature in its unregenerate state. Christianity has never made apology for its deep pessimism concerning man. He is a warmonger, an alien to God. He is anti-social, a lover of himself, the old Adam and the seed of death. The only human beings in whom Christianity has any confidence, or to whom it attributes dependable virtue, are those regenerate in the God-Man. "To as many as receive Him power is given to become the Sons of God." Christianity is intensely concerned with the elevation of the common man. But to attribute to the common man the grandiose status assigned him by communism and liberalism is alien to genuine Christianity.

Liberal American churchmen talk glibly of "the new man created by the Communist state where capitalism and the profit motive have been abolished." This statement, used by one of them, could be attributed to any of a dozen of their leaders, such as Bishop Bromley Oxnam and Dr. Harry Ward. Here in this one statement comes to light the whole devastating fallacy of the French Revolution, the Russian Communist Revolution, and American religious, humanistic liberalism. It is the fallacy of supposing that any economic order will bring to perfection the supposed virtues of this supposedly good fellow called man. Our Lord had an enormous interest in the material improvement of man. His formula for achieving it was:

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all things will be added." The formula of liberalism has been: "Seek ye first a non-capitalistic economic order and the Kingdom of God is yours."

How can any economic order that basically denies God "create a new Man"? Where, asks authentic Christianity, has any power ever been seen on earth to create a new man save in the God-Man? A conviction now rises in many quarters of Europe and America that only a moral, spiritual regeneration of vast dimension can save Christendom from disintegration and imminent atom-bomb destruction. That regeneration must begin with the individual. It must emanate from God and uplift God. Whatever economic change and relocation comes from such a spiritual regeneration will be welcomed into the social structure. When the well-meaning Church liberals who have followed the Communist line realize our first need for a spiritual regeneration under God, when they throw their brilliant leadership to this long-overdue regeneration, the trumpeting for Communist ideals in American churches will cease.

Ascoli Traps Fu Manchu

Fu Manchu is back. That arch-criminal of fiction, masked as the China Lobby, stalks the pages of Max Ascoli's magazine the *Reporter*. According to Chief Inspector Ascoli and his aides, Fu is in the United States now, bent upon the most diabolical scheme of his career—that of undermining the valiant appeasers of Chinese "agrarianism" in our State Department and lining up American public opinion on the side of Nationalist China.

A *Reporter* ad reveals: "In Washington, a car bearing diplomatic license plates pulled up to a newsstand, a man described as 'Oriental' emerged from it and offered \$500 for a thousand copies of the *Reporter*. . ." If this wasn't old Doc Fu Manchu, I'll eat Lattimore's "Ordeal by Slander."

A master of disguise, Fu "China Lobby" Manchu operates under various aliases. As Chiang Kai-shek he did his best to annoy Generals Marshall and Stilwell, as well as Mao Tse-tung. As Madame Chiang, he had the gall to plead for American aid to the Nationalist cause. As chief of the Chinese Nationalist delegation to the UN, Fu has been trying to prevent our recognition of Red China; as the Nationalist Ambassador in Washington, he has had the effrontery to defend the government he represents.

The indictment, spread over two issues of the *Reporter* (April 15 and 29) charged "China Lobby" Fu with such heinous crimes as: (1) Refusing to believe that the Chinese Communists were simply agrarian reformers independent of the Kremlin. (2) Failing to see corruption within the Nationalist government, such as officials accepting deep freezers, mink coats, Florida trips, cash gratuities. (I beg

the reader's pardon. Upon rereading the *Reporter*, I find no reference to deep freezers, etc. It must have been some other government.) (3) Avarice. Some members of the China Lobby have even spent their *own* money to further the cause of the Nationalists. What could be lower?

Other charges are that (4) "China Lobby" Fu believes Louis Budenz and other ex-Communists. Fu actually rejoices in the fact that ex-Communists, by exposing non-ex-Communists, create in this country an air of suspicion that hampers the work of good fellow-travelers. (5) He was hostile to General Marshall's efforts to arrange a coalition in China, blatantly refusing to appreciate the results of such coalitions in Poland, Rumania, etc. (6) He reads the *Freeman*. An execrable crime.

The cunning Dr. Fu Manchu has been able to gain the confidence of Americans in various walks of life. Here are a few of them: Senators Taft, Bridges, McCarran, McCarthy, Knowland, Wiley, and Congressman Judd. And Mr. Alfred Kohlberg.

Generals Chennault, Hurley and Wedemeyer, who think China could have been saved from the Communists. William C. Bullitt, a low character who dislikes all Communists, including Chinese. Thomas E. Dewey, an old member of the Fu Manchu outfit. And Mr. Alfred Kohlberg.

Freda Utley and John T. Flynn, who have viciously attacked the State Department in their books and branded a number of upright fellow-travelers as pro-Communists. And Mr. Alfred Kohlberg.

There are, according to the *Reporter*, a number of heroes in the fight against "China Lobby" Fu. Some of the heroes are also saints and some of the saints are martyrs.

St. George Marshall and St. Dean Acheson: Two saints in one act—appeasement of the Chinese Communists. St. Joseph Stilwell: He was so kind to the Communists and so hated Chiang Kai-shek!

St. Owen Lattimore: He suffers constantly for his convictions. St. Owen's life is an open book—with too many pages, unfortunately, torn out and left behind on the road from Yenan to Peiping via Moscow.

John Stewart Service, John Carter Vincent, John Paton Davies and a few other present and former government officials, who have been hysterically accused of favoring the Chinese Communists, whereas they were merely trying to impress them with Uncle Sam's kindness. This policy, as we all know, has paid off handsomely.

Martyred members of the editorial staff of *Amerasia*, victims of the China Lobby.

The value of the *Reporter's* indictment of Fu Manchu was best assessed by Mr. Ascoli himself in its issue of April 1: "Our report on the China Lobby is the kind of job the *Reporter* likes best to do. Here, as always, our goal has been to be thoroughly objective and never impartial."

Never impartial? You said a mouthful, Max!

M. K. ARGUS



ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

"Of Thee I Sing"

Life, a shameless imitator of art, has tried hard to catch up with this declaration of American independence of Gilbert & Sullivan, but "Of Thee I Sing" is still ahead by at least five Vice Presidents. This rapturous hymn to the rascality of politics can be safely revived every twenty years because that rascality is as timeless and eternal as politics itself.

Twenty years have passed since Kaufman, Ryskind and the Gershwin brothers first worried about what happens to Vice Presidents, and who stole Rhode Island, but Wintergreen's kind of love is still sweeping the country, the French Ambassador still reaches for our cigars, the Senate has yet to impeach the President, and no one has in the meantime found out who sold Rhode Island to whom. It is a great and wonderful country that can stay suspended in such hilarious miasmas for so long and survive. Also, it is a great and wonderful musical farce that can survive so many steals by history — and even Vice President Throttlebottom's actually becoming President.

What should make my testimonial to the ferocious vitality of the show peculiarly valid is that I seem to be the only critic (and perhaps the only member of the audience) on record who did not see the original production: when Gaxton and Victor Moore were stealing, on top of Rhode Island, the heart of this nation, Adolf Hitler's considerably less funny act was monopolizing my critical attention in another part of the world. So I look at the new production without backward squinting at the old, and I can report that it is the season's maddest joy, though not exactly perfect. And before I continue raving about the delights awaiting you at the Ziegfeld Theater, I should like to file an exception or two.

Being that *rara avis*, a genuine political satire, "Of Thee I Sing" does not really depend on its star performers' stage magic: its dynamite of intellectual aggressiveness is potent enough to raise the roof in any case. But of course it is also theater, and the audience has every right to be seduced by John P. Wintergreen whose election platform, after all, is love.

Mr. Jack Carson's Wintergreen, I am sorry to say, could not seduce a nymphomaniac. His swagger is suave, his happy indifference to the responsi-

bilities of high office uproariously convincing, but he lacks the animal magnetism which, in the satire's clear pedagogic purpose, is John P. Wintergreen's perilous main asset. Mr. Paul Hartman's Alexander Throttlebottom, on the other hand, is too much of a pixy (though a lovable one) to run on one and the same ticket with the immensely earthy Mr. Carson. But when he gets enmeshed in a ballet group, Mr. Hartman can maim Terpsichore more radically and expose her inherent silliness more mercilessly, than any dance clown I remember. Though for the ineluctable revival of 1972 the authors may yet be fortunate enough to find the ideal protagonists, the current ones will wear perfectly well for a long run of this one. So will Miss Betty Oakes, whose Mary Turner would add charm even to the recently refurbished White House. Miss Lenore Lonergan's Diana Devereaux scared me somewhat: so mean is her caricature of a Southern belle that Dixieland might respond with a second Secession. And only a nation of France's proverbial endurance can hope to outlive Florenz Ames's spoofing as Ambassador.

The production is generous, sets and costumes handsome, the line of beauty contestants sensational, and George Gershwin's music just as superb as we have known for all these years. No wizardry of staging, of course, can change that regrettable fact of theater life: that even such an incomparable first act has to end at some point and a second act must be written. This first act is a veritable earthquake—and how is anybody to get a story line out of an earthquake? Not even Messrs. Kaufman and Ryskind knew how. Faced with the impossible task of squeezing a conventional plot from the primordial rituals of American politics, they did their best, to be sure, and a few moments of the second act almost attain the savage glory of the first. But though it is futile to muse on the undying masterpiece the authors could have achieved had they only withstood the craft's traditional hunger for a story line, I can not help dreaming of a one-act "Of Thee I Sing." Flowing along for two hours, and to hell with plot, this torrent of laughing scorn at the stupidity of government (any government) could inundate the entire political landscape.

In the meantime, "Of Thee I Sing" will delight you just the way it is. So powerful is this evocation of a time (only two decades ago!) when the

American theater had guts, an aggressive point of view, and lusty marksmanship, that Mr. Brooks Atkinson, I feel obliged to acknowledge, got carried away and liked it. There is, as you can see, no end to the miracles of art.

TV Blues (Diary Notes)

Sunday: Clifton Fadiman ("This Is Show Business," 7:30) easily the most horrifying horror program on TV and indubitably the strongest argument against literacy. Mr. F. must have read 5000 books, if he has read one, has set the standards of intellectual elegance for a generation of *New Yorker* matrons and Book-of-the-Month-Club captives—and it all ends with this witless repartee (rehearsed), this saccharine tremolo in the sales pitch (cigarettes), this callous contempt for esthetic propriety! The fee (high) explains nothing: there just is not enough money in the U. S. Mint to make a man submit to such things unless they give him some sort of ghoulish pleasure. That decades of immersion in printed matter could lead anyone into this sideshow existence raises illiteracy to a state of grace. George S. Kaufman at least despises himself (very visibly) for stooging on the same show. (And so he, perhaps, does it really just for the dough.) Mr. F., however, seems beyond response to indignity—a catatonia obviously induced by overexposure to Proust. (Down with Gutenberg!) Now Ed Sullivan, who follows Mr. F. at 8 P.M. with the essentially similar "Toast of the Town" (main difference: he sells automobiles), is a distinct relief because no one remembers, or could suspect, that Mr. S. ever took part in a Henry James revival. He is genuinely proud to introduce a Johnnie Ray, and so the Good Lord may yet forgive him. He may even forgive Conrad Nagel whose "Celebrity Time," at 10 P.M., makes some unfortunate celebrities (a trade expression for overpaid actors) look considerably dumber than anybody could possibly be. But divine mercy might run out on Mr. Hal Block of "What's My Line?" (10:30) who, on the flimsy ground of being a gag writer, for more than a year has kept claiming dispensation from elementary rules of taste. (That this show is sponsored by the manufacturer of an allegedly powerful deodorant makes eminent sense.) Don Hollenbeck who at 11 P.M. reviews the news with a constant sneer of sardonic misanthropy must have been looking at the same programs I saw. And so to bed.

Monday: "Candid Camera" (7:15) conclusive proof that a show, no matter how excellent its "gimmick," is only as good as its producer's taste. Allen Funt of "Candid Camera" has none whatsoever, which helps. For sometimes, manifestly because of a total absence of discrimination, a rewarding ray of madness breaks through this fiendish abuse of innocent

people who did not know that their prattle was being recorded. At 7:45 I catch myself liking Perry Como. His songs could not be more imbecile, but the effortless gayety of this handsome fellow dispels, for about five minutes, the gloom that hovers over our TV sets. Which is more than can be said for Arthur Godfrey who tries hard but against crushing odds (at 8:30). His "Talent Scouts" seems to attract the most moronic studio audiences in the whole business, and the audience, asked to pick the winner among four performing contestants, is essential to his show. The audience usually picks the most vulgar performer. To win on that show, it seems, all a singer needs is the unmistakable mark of destitution on an emaciated face. Sometimes even the inexhaustible Godfrey looks bewilderedly at his audience. And so, at 9 P.M., the mood is set for "Lights Out," a program dedicated to the proposition that life can be ugly. It usually proves its case so convincingly that Robert Montgomery on "Robert Montgomery Presents" (which follows at 9:30) dependably fluffs a few lines, and I can not blame him. At 10:30 Brian Donlevy takes off on a "Dangerous Assignment," a weekly testimony to the mental slowness and physical indestructibility of U.S. intelligence services. No wonder that, at 11 P.M., John MacCaffrey has very bad news from all over the world.

Tuesday: Took a deep breath listening to wholesome Dinah Shore (at 7:30). Needed it badly at 7:45 when I was asked to drop in at the "Stork Club" show. This program ought to be shown in all slums of the world, just to prove to *les misérables* that there is really no reason to envy the rich. There must have been more fun in the dungeons of Old Venice. On "Star Theater," at 8, Milton Berle, too, reminded me of the much underrated Dark Ages—his jokes are easily that old. Also, they are far more painful than the relatively harmless torture tools of the fourteenth century. (Sponsored by an oil company, this program seems to be a natural for selling one of those amazingly effective deodorants.) That night, to quote Boccaccio's "Decameron" of the same fourteenth century, they told no more stories. At 9 P.M., I saw a spot commercial for Chlorodent, took the hint, washed my mouth and went to bed.

Wednesday: Too weak to look at the TV screen.

Thursday: An almost lewd fascination with the miseries of our rich made me return to the "Stork Club." My heart went out to the poor millionaires who, in front of innumerable TV sets, had to yawn for their supper. (Hope the Russians do not get hold of this gruesome evidence of how degrading life can be in the capitalist West.) At 8 P.M. saw one Groucho Marx insult a few invited guests on "You Bet Your Life." Wondered whether he was any relation to that other Groucho Marx who used

to break our funnybones. (Did not think so: this TV G.M. is about as mad as my laundryman.) At 8:30 "Treasury Men in Action." Three corpses. Two more corpses on "Man Against Crime" at 9. Four more stiffs on "Big Town" at 9:30. Three more on "Martin Kane, Private Eye" at 10. Five more on "Foreign Intrigue" at 10:30. The news program at 11 P.M. rather boring, too. So I had three cups of coffee to keep myself from falling asleep, played Bach's "Goldberg Variations" on the phonograph and finally had a most exciting time.

Friday: "The Jazz Singer" on "Broadway Theater" at 7:30. Felt nostalgic for Tuesday's Milton Berle show. The depressing part was not so much the rapidity of that sub-childish tearjerker as the regrettable collapse of this year's first interesting production idea on TV: to present a play, in live performance and without the shenanigans of TV "adaptation," every night of one week. To treat the TV audience as if it consisted of normal people (i.e., conventional theatergoers), and to build for every night of the week a line of defense to which fugitives from other TV stations could rally in hope, looked so sound an idea that even I could not see how it could possibly fail. But it did. (Never underrate the suicidal urges that seem to possess our TV executives!) For once TV had a cinch. They had the freedom of choice among, say, 300 plays of proved audience magnetism and unexceptionable quality; and they could present them in full length; also, as the costs of one production were to be distributed over five consecutive evenings of ninety minutes each, they certainly could afford to hire a competent cast. So what could go wrong? Everything. The plays selected for the first three one-week runs ("The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Three Men on a Horse," "The Jazz Singer") had not aged well; in fact, their very timeliness in the twenties proved their undoing in the fifties. And in what could only have been a fit of stinginess, the producers of "Three Men on a Horse" and "The Jazz Singer" assembled the least professional cast I have ever seen on a TV screen. ("The Trial of Mary Dugan," produced with a modicum of pride, indicated what blessings the "Broadway Theater" idea could bring to TV.) The results were too melancholy for words. I, at any rate, found "Wrestling at Jamaica" (that followed at 9:15) in comparison a riot of beauty and artistic perfection. Then back to the mouthwash.

Saturday: "Beat the Clock" at 7:30. An effort to prove that there is nothing some people would not do for a chance at \$500. Neither zany nor even faintly amusing but, on my word, a mean humiliation of flustered people in need of cash. At 8 P.M., "Star Review" with Ed Wynn—no longer the perfect fool but, in his TV reincarnation, a fatigued teller of fatigued jokes. (Where are the lisps and the wonderful cackles of yesteryear?) Now it is

primarily the humor of woolen underwear, and the only sounds of exuberance come from the over-worked stage telephone. However, there followed at 9 "Your Show of Shows," and it is just that—the consistently best variety show on TV. Imogene Coca, by physical endowment one of the least alluring ladies on TV, is TV's most glorious triumph of mind over matter. A twinkle of her eyes erases two chorus lines and drowns twenty comedians in ridicule. She would almost erase her own show if it were not for a few bits of inspired clowning by Sid Caesar. (The day these two go off the air, my TV set is up for sale.) At 10:30, just to condition myself again for tomorrow and tomorrow, I leaped into "Your Hit Parade"—and waves of polluted music carried me back to real TV life.

This Dubious Spring

The class struggle reared its contentious head the other midnight at the very portals of the Waldorf. The news vendor, a nightly fixture, was hawking the morning papers between the twin revolving doors. Through the throng swept a beautiful young woman, garbed in an evening gown of red surmounted by an ermine stole; embodying the most exquisite care of Manhattan's luxury services.

"Have you," she asked the hawker, "the *Daily Worker*?" The hawker is a slight man with a wry, corrugated face and a voice the consistency of roofing paper. He swung on the young lady.

"The *Daily Worker*," he grated, "I don't have. I have the *Times*, the *Trib*, the *News* and the *Mirror*. If I had the *Daily Worker* I would also have a limousine and chauffeur. If I wanted to go wrong, I could go wrong long ago. I don't go wrong, lady; I'm an old soldier."

The colloquy had bunched a small crowd. The inquiring young lady exited smilingly through the revolving door; there were murmurs of approbation from the onlookers and life along the Park Avenue front again settled into its sleek groove.

If we were the victims of Marxist sententiousness we could read some lesson into the encounter. It could be that Mr. Smetana of Whit Chambers's book, "Witness," had the cue when he remarked that in the United States the workers were Democrats, the middle class Republicans and the upper class Communists. We can not speak with authority about the class alignment of the beautiful lady and the hawker. She might have been a Wall Street secretary out for an evening's fun on the Starlight Roof; the vendor might well be a substantial property owner in Queens.

The casual happenings of real life so seldom fit a doctrinaire pattern. Perhaps, being social realists not easily swayed by schematic categories, we should put the whole thing down to the prankish nature of a May night itself.

F. D.

Whittaker Chambers: Witness

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The editor of "A Reviewer's Notebook" tells, in an article critique, of the profound influence Whittaker Chambers had upon him and others at Time, Inc. in the period of the Nazi-Soviet Pact.

Whittaker Chambers's teeming, 800-page "Witness" (Random House, \$5) is one of those fecundly great books that can not be adequately handled in even the most comprehensive of reviews. The reason: dealing with it is like dealing with the whole of life.

For this book, which has been advertised as the inside story of the Hiss case, is only incidentally the story of a famous trial. As Mr. Chambers says in the eloquent and tenderly moving letter to his children which opens the narrative, this book is about a spy case. All the paraphernalia, both human and inanimate, of a Communist underground apparatus—agents, commissars, couriers, informers, stolen documents, microfilmed secrets—shuffle through it. But these are, in the last analysis, just paraphernalia. The real essence of the book is that it is symbolic of all our lives, or at least symbolic of the life of every living mother's son who has been touched with the grace that enables him to see the great and overwhelming evil of our time and to fight against it. Not many of us have been spies, not many of us have ever joined the Communist Party, either openly or secretly. But that has not been because of our superior virtue. For the truth is that most of us who came off the college campuses of America in the twenties and the thirties succumbed to the evil of collectivist thinking in little, comfortable ways. We were the Fabians. We were the lukewarm. Whittaker Chambers, who believed in being a living witness to his faith (whatever it happened to be at the moment), was never lukewarm. Nevertheless, in his journey to the end of the night and back again, Mr. Chambers described at high-voltage intensity the arc of experience that has been universal to a generation. That is what makes "Witness" (which is five times the length of the version that ran with such spectacular success in the *Saturday Evening Post*) the transcendently important work of literature that it is.

"Witness" is many stories. It is the story of a young man who grew up in a doomed household (it wasn't a home, for the tension in it was loveless) in the suburban reaches of Long Island. It is the story of a boy who reacted against the *fin de siècle* atmosphere of the twenties by joining the Commu-

nist Party. It is the story of what happens when a Columbia University education can not account for the aftermath of a great war that leaves a whole continent in a shambles. It is the story of how a basically religious and mystical nature must erringly seek for a materialist substitute when the flame of the great historic faith of the West—Christianity—burns low. It is the story of how a young idealist can paradoxically be dragooned by his better impulses into doing dirty underground work for an apparatus organized for treason. It is the story of a moral awakening—the awakening that came, in one guise or another, to scores of young men and women who measured the pretensions of Marxism against the realities of the murder of the Kronstadt sailors, the purge trials, the liquidation of the Ukrainian kulaks, the barbarian cynicism of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. It is the story of what happens when an ex-Communist faces the historical necessity of becoming an informer. It is the story of a family seeking the stability and the assurance of life on a Maryland farm (some of its loveliest pages are devoted to the rhythm of the seasons and the pull of the soil). It is the story of how one man did much to save a great journalistic enterprise (that of Time, Incorporated) from making the mistakes of judgment that have made other journalistic enterprises (see the *New York Herald Tribune*, for example) the dupes of the enigmatic Joseph Barneses of this world. Finally, it is the story of a religious illumination that caused Whittaker Chambers, even in the most weary moments of the two Hiss trials, to stand up as a witness not only *against* the Communist conspiracy but as a witness *for* his fighting Quaker faith.

To deal adequately with so many overlapping and interpenetrating stories would involve a comprehensive discussion of everything from psychoanalysis to theology, and from soil chemistry to Dostoevsky. Since no reviewer can command the space for such comprehensive treatment even assuming he is up to it, let me begin by grasping "Witness" by a small, personal handle. I first met Whittaker Chambers in 1939, either just before or just after he had told his story of Communist penetration of the U. S. State Department to Adolf Berle. I had heard that he had been a Communist,

but knew nothing beyond the fact that he had once worked for the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. In 1939 a few of us in the Time, Incorporated, unit of the Newspaper Guild were mystified by a queer phenomenon: the manipulation of a whole host of well-meaning "liberals" by what amounted to a mere handful of obvious Communist Party stooges (or at least they were obvious stooges to those of us who had some knowledge of Marxism). The anti-Communist unit in the Guild was organized by a young Catholic named Larry Delaney who had a latent talent for politics. But none of us—Delaney, John Davenport (now the editor of *Barron's Magazine*), James Agee, Calvin Fixx, Robert Cantwell, to name a few—had good prophetic insight into the Communist techniques of subverting meetings. When Whittaker Chambers joined our group for a short period he provided the necessary prophetic insight. In his somber, slow-spoken, ironical way he would outline what might be expected from the Communist caucus. Invariably he proved to be right.

It was the making of a number of us in an intellectual and journalistic way, for Whittaker Chambers's knowledge of how to diagnose and deal with the future in a microcosm also enabled us in subsequent years to deal with the future on the stage of world history. None of us who knew Whit Chambers in those days ever went wrong on expectations of what might be looked for from our Russian "ally" both during and after the war. None of us went wrong on what would happen at Yalta, or in China, or in Poland, or in Germany. None of us went wrong on the workings of internal U. S. politics under the prod of the Communist conspiracy and infiltration of which Whittaker Chambers had himself been a part. And all of us, since 1939, have been able to take the disappointments and the setbacks attendant upon an often hopeless minority fight in a philosophical spirit. For Whit Chambers taught us that in the linked fight *against* the Communist conspiracy and *for* the preservation of the historic continuity of the West one does not expect any easy victory. Win or lose, it is enough, as Mr. Chambers says, to act as a witness for one's faith. If history is to go against the concept of the West, then it is history that is wrong, not we. And one does not cooperate in a crime merely because the criminals seem to be winning.

Having known Whittaker Chambers in the days of the Time, Incorporated, Newspaper Guild fight of 1939 and 1940, I have had the queer sensation ever since of living in a world of blind men. Mr. Chambers tells something of the fight against the blind men as it was waged on the level of Time, Incorporated, office politics. The whole push of the majority in the *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* offices was towards a complaisance in the face of Russian political successes and of New Deal connivance at

those successes. Those were the days when Theodore White, the *Time* Chungking correspondent, was actively indoctrinating everybody from the *New York Times's* Brooks Atkinson on down against the Kuomintang. Those were the days when *Time's* war correspondents—Jack Belden, Charlie Wertenbaker, Bill Walton, John Hersey, Dick Lauterbach—carried the spirit of Stalingrad to the insufferable point of patronizing the contributions of the West to Russian power. Whit Chambers stood actively against these mistaken people, and to his eternal credit publisher Henry Luce stood with him insofar as he was able to do it and still get out his papers. (It would have been hard indeed in those days to find enough technically competent anti-Communist journalists to staff a small fortnightly weekly of opinion, let alone *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*. Moreover, Henry Luce is temperamentally incapable of understanding the ramifications of conspiracy, even though he is sound in his understanding of basic philosophical principles.)

In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man (as H. G. Wells long ago demonstrated) is certainly *not* the king. That is why Whittaker Chambers's vindication in the Hiss Case must on the face of it seem to be a miracle. He himself has set his vindication down to the grace of God working through Prosecutor Tom Murphy and through the native common sense of a number of jurors who just never had bothered to read the intellectuals who have dominated our newspapers and book publishing concerns for the past two decades.

Since the truncated *Saturday Evening Post* version of "Witness" rocketed the newsstand circulation of that journal by figures numbered in the hundreds of thousands, it is possible that the blind are at last learning to see. The proof of the awakening will have to wait, however, on the reception which awaits "Witness" as a book. I have spent some sardonic moments trying to visualize in advance the reviews of "Witness" that will appear in the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Just who on their staffs is capable of reviewing it? Who has the knowledge and the insight to do it? We shall see.

Even the most recalcitrant reviewer, however, can hardly fail to be shaken by the massed weight of Whittaker Chambers's evidence that there *was* a Communist apparatus, or series of apparatuses, working in Washington from 1933 to 1941. Chambers names the personalities—Harold Ware, Lee Pressman, John Abt, Nathan Witt, Alger Hiss, Charles Kramer, Vincent Reno. He tells of the fellow-traveling aid accorded the Communists by Harry Dexter White, assistant to Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau. In the case of Alger Hiss, there are the penciled notes, the common

memories of what went on in the Hiss household, the records of the sale of Mr. Hiss's car for use by a Communist organizer, the State Department documents copied on the Hiss typewriter, the corroborative testimony of Hede Massing and Nat Weyl.

There is a movement afoot at the moment which seeks to prove that Whit Chambers somehow fabricated a typewriter that was an exact duplicate of the one owned by the Hisses, on which he might have copied State Department documents. This strikes me as the laugh of the year, if not the century. It would have cost either thousands of dollars or a lifetime's investment in acquiring mechanical skill to forge a duplicate typewriter. Having seen Whittaker Chambers working with his hands, I know he is no typewriter technician. And having watched him over the years scrabbling to pay off mortgages and to buy farm machinery, I know he has never been able to hire the requisite skills to make an exact duplicate of a child's Corona, let alone a substantial Woodstock. This means that if a typewriter *was* made, either the Republicans or the FBI made it. Well, *you* prove that one.

Anyway, even on the cockeyed assumption that Mr. Chambers did copy those State Department documents himself, how on earth did he obtain them in the first place if not through Alger Hiss? And if someone else gave them to Mr. Chambers, what possible motive would there have been for naming the wrong man? If Mr. Chambers *didn't* meet Alger Hiss in the Washington Communist underground of the thirties, when did he meet him? The sections of "Witness" devoted to Whittaker Chambers's underground days conclusively prove that Communist underground couriers have no time either to cultivate or to frame people who are completely outside the orbit of their party-dictated attention.

For the immediate present, the important thing about "Witness" is its absolutely certain demonstration that Communists have been able to penetrate to high position in the Federal government. And if two rings—the Chambers ring and the Elizabeth Bentley apparatus—have been able to steal secrets and to affect high policy, it is hardly common sense to assume no other rings are possible. Indeed, such things as the loss of China and our inability to solve the German problem or to wind up the Korean War would seem to demonstrate that such rings are not only possible but highly probable.

Whittaker Chambers has staked much on warning the American people about the nature and workings of the Communist underground. But his primary purpose in writing "Witness" is religious. He wants to move people not only to reject communism but to accept and rejoice in the Christian God.

As a reticent New Englander who has an instinctive aversion to talking about private problems of the soul (I don't boast of this aversion, I just make note of it), I am hardly the right person to make a public judgment of Mr. Chambers's theology. All I can say is that he uses his own vocabulary and symbolism for what seems to me to be an approach to universal truth. Whittaker Chambers feels the presence of God where I feel the need for a certain view of the free man possessed of free will and an innate moral sense. But I also feel that my felt need for freedom and Mr. Chambers's felt need for God are mystical approaches to the same divine reality that exists beyond the veil imposed by the limitations of a mere five senses. Let us put it this way: Mr. Chambers feels that Christianity is right, while I feel that the *insights* of Christianity are right. On the practical plane that seems to me a distinction without a difference.

There is so much in "Witness" that I haven't been able to touch upon in this review that I feel very apologetic. I would like to talk about Mr. Chambers as a social historian of the New York of the twenties and early thirties. I would like to talk about his theories of farming. I would like to talk about the nature of his early education. I would like to talk about his relations with his father, his brother and his mother. I would like to talk about his children, Ellen and John, whom I knew briefly as wonderfully modest yet spontaneous kids when I used to visit at the Chambers Maryland farm during the days when I worked in Washington. I would like to talk about Whit and Esther Chambers as parents. I would like to go into the Chambers theory of the Popular Front mind. I would like to discuss Mr. Chambers's theory of the economic nature of the modern crisis (he still seems to have a lingering respect for Marxism as economic prophecy, and I would like to combat him vigorously on that). I would like to write a whole essay on the perversity of the so-called "best people" who can not get it through their skulls that Chambers believes in saving the American heritage. (The stupidly malicious behavior of these people during the Hiss case has done more to make me doubt the soundness of American educational institutions than any number of arguments about progressive education.) But there isn't room for any of this here. It will have to wait for another time.

Meanwhile let it suffice that Mr. Chambers has written a book that is unique in American literature. "The Education of Henry Adams" was great in one way; "Witness" is just as great in another. The two books are utterly different, yet they are alike in the fact that they exist on the same plane of greatness. Both of them will be read for years to come by those who wish to understand the evolution of the American spirit in its effort to make sense out of the human adventure.

First Art Critic

The Two Lives of James Jackson Jarves, by Francis Steegmuller. New Haven: Yale. \$5.00

Jarves was one of the original minds of the nineteenth century, an art expert in advance of his day, who since his time has faded into the obscurity of a forgotten Bostonian. Seventy years after his death, the first Jarves biography appears. From extensive research Francis Steegmuller, biographer of Maupassant and Flaubert, has recovered the facts about an uncommon character and his careers in America, Hawaii and Europe. Jarves was a New England oddity, born with artistic sensibility; he was as set apart from his age as Emily Dickinson. His grandfather had been a cabinetmaker; his father manufactured and designed Sandwich glass. Jarves showed no interest in his father's business. A great reader while still young, he planned to be a historian, but illness threatened his sight and kept him from going to Harvard.

Instead, to recapture his health, Jarves embarked on the rigorous trip around the Horn to Hawaii. Welcomed by the American missionaries in the islands, he sought fortune in raising silkworms. When the plantation failed, he started and edited the first newspaper in Honolulu. Somewhat later he represented as Washington agent the royal family of Hawaii, and negotiated a treaty. On one of his voyages he crossed Yucatan, and took discerning notice of the art of the lost Yucatecan civilization before it was "rediscovered" by archeologists.

Jarves's dislike of business caused him endless difficulties and painful disappointments. He had profited little beyond experience from his Hawaiian venture when he set out with his family to Europe with only the vaguest of plans. In Paris, in the Louvre, he found his mission. His reaction was like that of Henry James. To both, the Louvre was education and life, which James described thus: "The glory meant ever so many things at once, not only beauty and art and supreme design, but history and fame and power, the world in fine raised to the richest and noblest expression."

What Paris initiated, Florence showed Jarves how to practice. He settled there, enraptured, and studied and collected Italian art. He became the intimate of Sir Charles Eastlake and Baron Garrud—officials of the Uffizi—and of the art expert Rio, as well as of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. He knew Ruskin and was critical of his theories. Slowly, with ardor and industry, Jarves formed his collection of Tuscan art. The primitive and early pictures of the Renaissance that he discovered and purchased were then slightly regarded. As Steegmuller traces with scholarly clarity

the background of art, he observes that Jarves was to renew the appreciation of old forms, neglected and at variance with the fashionable style of that period.

Jarves was always writing. He had contributed the first history of the Hawaiian Islands. His art research went into articles for the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*. Out of his enthusiastic adventures with art came his books of art criticism, "Art-Hints" and "Art-Studies," which reveal him as learned in art forms (even the Japanese). He was the only real top-flight art critic, with knowledge and sensibility, that America had produced. He was among the first to recognize the talents of La Farge, Hunt and Innes. Equally perceptive was his awareness of the beauty ignored for so long in native American design of tools, machinery and clipper ships. He saw the imitative and shoddy in the popular sculpture of William Wetmore Story and Hiram Powers, and tartly said so. Yet despite his abilities Jarves was abusively misunderstood. His age responded with naive awe to acres of banal paint by Church and Bierstadt. Amusingly, when Emerson was presented with two of Jarves's books—a romance of the Polynesians and "Art-Hints"—the seer at once read the romance and set the criticism aside.

Jarves wanted the pictures by his Italian masters to go to Boston. To this end he encouraged Charles Eliot Norton, first professor of art at Harvard, to urge their purchase by the Athenaeum as the start for a museum. Norton eagerly tried, but his fellow trustees, the Perkins brothers, deviously defeated his efforts. Boston, the "Athens of America," wasn't interested in saints, mythology or Madonnas—its sense of art was confined to self-important portraits. Though less hostile, New York produced no purchasers when the Jarves collection was exhibited. Badly needing money, Jarves offered his pictures to Yale as security for a loan, and to its everlasting credit Yale accepted. When Jarves was unable to repay the loan, Yale bought at auction the collection of over one hundred pictures. The sale is still surrounded with mystery. By the purchase Yale obtained the finest collection of Italian primitives in America.

Undiscouraged by his losses, Jarves continued his pioneering. He contributed much to the encouragement of museum founding. As Steegmuller observes, Jarves was wise in saying: "The severest acumen and thorough investigation can not always decide upon technical facts hundreds of years old." It was Jarves's perceptive feeling for quality, not names, that procured for the Metropolitan Museum its unique collection of old-master drawings. It does not greatly matter whether the Botticelli in the Yale Collection is by that master (I think it is), or by another master, for it is beautiful in itself. For its presence at

Yale we are indebted to Jarves. He made our world fairer. We owe thanks to Steegmuller for telling the romantic-tragic story of James Jackson Jarves's pursuit of beauty. EDWIN CLARK

Migrants from Sweden

The Emigrants, by Vilhelm Moberg. Translated from the Swedish by Gustaf Lannestock. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$3.75

This is a fine novel of the old school, with a substantial cast of rugged characters drawn from a world which has in it something of the simple and the epic, and a plot which is nearer history than fiction. Not for nothing does the jacket speak of comparisons made to the work of Sigrid Undset (though, since the author is a Swede, a comparison with Heidenstam might be more appropriate), for here is the same vast scope which takes in not merely a village or even a nation but deals with a phenomenon—the emigration to America—of continental significance.

To be sure, if we compare it to other works of epic pretensions it must be confessed that some shortcomings appear. The characters, for example, are very well drawn but there is little range in them; they are all of the same basic psychology; even "the whore," who seems to her fellow-travelers so alarmingly different, is of the same stock, with the same peasant mentality and having the same hopes and ambitions for life in the new world as her more respectable shipmates.

This may well be more a limitation of the subject than of the writer; after all only folk of pretty much the same stamp were likely to migrate from Sweden a hundred years ago. And in the other volumes to follow (for this is the first of a trilogy) it may be expected that certain of the characters may develop; the ground plan has been laid certainly in the case of the introverted younger brother of the protagonist. But as far as the first volume is concerned the interest is rather in what the characters do (or what is done to them) than what they are. If this be a defect it is only so in terms of comparisons; we certainly do not feel that the characters are lacking in interest while we are still in the grasp of the story. And surely there is no fault to be found with the manner of the telling. The prose marches on, vigorous and unpretentious; the tempo, I would say, is just right, fast enough for a sense of motion, measured enough to suit the solemnity of the historic moment which the tale illustrates.

Much has been made, apparently, of the use of coarse words and phrases here and there in the book; they will hardly be noticed by any American reader who has read his James T. Farrell. Of course, Sweden's standards are not ours in these matters, but for a novel written in 1950 dealing

with truly "earthy" folk the language seems surprisingly restrained. In any case the matter is irrelevant; what is important is that we have in this book a truly fine novel and at the same time an authentic chapter of history which should interest Americans even more than Europeans. The translation seems to me excellent; I do not see how the prose could have been better in the original.

THOMAS G. BERGIN

As the Romans Do

SPQR, by Paul Hyde Bonner. New York: Scribner. \$3.00

Many diplomats have been writers by avocation: signing dispatches or changing punctuation marks in telegrams prepared by subordinates seems to whet the appetite for more original work. There have been poets, essayists and historians—and most literate ambassadors have felt it a duty to produce memoirs or an "appreciation" of some country where they spent a year or two.

Mr. Bonner is a bird of another color. He is not strictly a diplomat, which I fancy is a relief in some quarters, and he is only now announcing himself as a writer. Actually he is a businessman (textiles) whose particular knowledge happened to coincide with a government need during the war. After 1945 he became assistant to the American Ambassador in Rome, and then joined the ECA staff. His novel, "SPQR," is the result of this service.

"SPQR" makes for easy reading. The story—Rome in 1948, and how an American foreign service officer becomes involved with two titled Roman ladies—need not be recounted here. The book is adventure, romance, top-drawer high jinks—whatever one wishes to call it. It includes a beautiful spy, a grotesque American priest (the only real phony in the book), a paragon among American ambassadors, some apt descriptive passages and a few extraneous political tracts. "SPQR" will be read in the rental libraries, the State Department, Rome—and by some Senators, it may be hoped or feared.

The sad fact is that Mr. Bonner's picture of Rome is essentially true. Sadder still is the fact that Mr. Bonner presents it without a trace of irony, not a breath of satire, and with quite a little naive pride. Dalliance with a Marchesa of Renaissance lineage is different, it seems, and it is all a matter of knowing how to do these things. Undeniably, Rome is a place to learn, and for a foreign service officer it is simply something to be suitably worldly about.

At the same time, the brave American representative worries occasionally about his career, kids his secretary at the Embassy, and flatters himself on keeping the "common touch" that lets

him lunch with journalists, industrialists and Socialist deputies. This is all a little painful, even though it does allow Mr. Bonner to let us in on his special knowledge of how one casts a reel upstream for trout. In the minor matter of the Communists, which Mr. Bonner deigns to admit to his story, as well as the little affair of the Marshall Plan, one comes away wondering just what was going on in Rome in 1948—and if, in 1952, it is worth the trouble of recording.

CATHERINE MAHER

Desire for Holiness

The Need for Roots, by Simone Weil. Translated by Arthur Wills. New York: Putnam. \$4.00

This is a translation of the book that Simone Weil composed during the first months of 1943, when she was asked by the Free French leaders in London "to write a report on the possibilities of bringing about the regeneration of France." Shortly after its completion, Miss Weil died at the age of thirty-three. Now, in some quarters, she is being saluted as a genius or a saint, or both, and there is no denying that "The Need for Roots" is illumined by flashes of exceptional intelligence and animated by a passionate desire for holiness. But genius is a word to be used sparingly, and it is plain, I think, that Simone Weil had enough intellectual pride and prejudice—even enough hatred—to hold her earth-bound at several removes from saintliness.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt whatever that she was a mystic—a mystic who had once tested communism and found it wanting; a mystic who believed that by repeating the Pater Noster she could bring herself into immediate union with God, but who refused to experience the rite of baptism; a mystic who insisted upon remaining an outsider, even an outcast, and upon sharing the pains of the rootless and the dispossessed. To understand fully the nature of her mysticism one must read "Gravity and Grace" and "Waiting for God"; but only a mystic could have believed that she was giving the Free French what they wanted when she wrote the present "report."

It is a rambling series of meditations that begins with the immediate problems and possibilities that confronted the Free French in 1943, and subsequently seeks to probe the ultimate ethical and spiritual mysteries. The regeneration of France, argued Simone Weil, could be accomplished by nothing less than a spiritual renaissance, and this rebirth must come before victory. "Once victory is attained, in the irresistible unleashing of individual appetites seeking happiness or power, it will be absolutely impossible to start anything of the kind." France's sudden fall was made possible by the "rootlessness" of all classes of French society, by their alienation from the national State. The task

of the Free French should be to provide a soil in which roots could be put down, and the most important element in this new soil must be a universal recognition of "the spiritual nature of work."

When, for example, a young peasant begins to work, "this initial rapture of his ought to be halloved by a solemn ritual celebration of a kind to leave an indelible impression in the depths of his soul." Work, for the toiling masses, should be permeated with poetry. Having written this, Miss Weil takes a rather different view of labor many pages later; for, while still insisting that it should be the "spiritual core" of "a well-ordered social life," she refers to physical labor as "a daily death," declares that it "does violence to human nature," and asserts: "Immediately next in order after consent to suffer death, consent to the law that makes work indispensable for conserving life represents the most perfect act of obedience which it is given to Man to accomplish."

The contradictions in "The Need for Roots" are many; the prejudices are conspicuous; statements are often intemperate. Hating the State, Miss Weil advocated a system of education and a kind of censorship that could result only in statist thought-control. Adoring a mythical France, she says that in 1789 it took upon itself "the function of thinking on behalf of the world." Hating Rome, she refers to the Romans as "a handful of adventurers," and condescends to Virgil. Taking no pleasure in her Jewish ancestry, she refers to the Hebrews as "escaped slaves." Idolizing Greece, she says flatly that Greek science was superior to ours, and assures us that "Since Greece disappeared there hasn't been such a thing as a philosopher." She thinks that "pre-Roman Gaul was much more civilized than Rome," and is inclined to believe that the Druids possessed a literature in comparison with which "Latin poetry, in spite of Lucretius, seems a miserable affair." And, just in passing, she remarks that Planck's quantum theory is "absurd." But how could it be otherwise, when it is a simple fact that all of our science has nothing to do with "truth"? Surely T. S. Eliot is right when, after saluting Simone Weil as a woman of genius, he says in his preface that she "begins with an insight; but the logic of her emotions can lead her to make generalizations so large as to be meaningless."

Plato dreamed of philosophers as kings. Miss Weil's scheme of government could be entrusted safely only to saints. Indeed, she says frankly at one point that "the method of political action" which she has outlined "goes far beyond the possibilities of human intelligence." But this, in her eyes, is no argument against it. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Mr. Eliot asks us to be patient with Simone Weil, to read her studiously. Having been the one and done the other, I can only conclude that hers was a brilliant but most untidy mind.

BEN RAY REDMAN

SECOND HARVEST

By **EDWARD DAHLBERG**

Domestic Manners of the Americans, By Frances Trollope. Edited by Donald Smalley. New York: Knopf. \$5.00

Mrs. Trollope, a lady of breeding from the London drawing rooms, arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi River on Christmas day in 1827. She had a clear, acerb mind: instead of a new republican Utopia what she clearly glimpsed was a succession of primeval forest settlements, bleak merchant towns and gray industrial cities. Her book on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans" made her the object of scandalous newspaper caricatures, and tavern and curbstome guffaws. Mrs. Trollope's only sin was that she had told the truth. What is worse, what she wrote is still a just commentary on American manners.

The difference between Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners" and Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" is that the lady judged what she saw. Twain's eyes were better, but he lacked the moral faculty to evaluate the spectacle. Twain had written some passages on Mrs. Trollope's famous but reviled book in his "Life on the Mississippi." He acknowledged her understanding and probity, but either his wife Livy, or the publisher, or Twain himself, excised his remarks. The wives of American authors have generally been comfort and prudence Ophelias, and were the ruin of Twain, Stephen Crane, Hamlin Garland, and Melville. Is it possible that Thoreau remained unwived for the best of American reasons?

Mrs. Trollope was a middle-class female burgher rather than an incendiary feminist. She had a husband, was the mother of the celebrated novelist Anthony Trollope, and had come to the United States to build a great merchandising emporium in Cincinnati. Her ideas were much too stable and bourgeois to be compared with those of some of our indigenous sirens who had helped build heterodoxical colonies like Oneida, the Shaker colony at Mt. Lebanon, Brook Farm, Bronson

(Continued on page 586)

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(Continued from page 585)

Alcott's Fruitlands (home of a fish-eating Pythagorean sect), and New Harmony in Indiana. But the stable, middle-class Mrs. Trollope vexed hotel-keepers, senators, barristers, journalists, and the sovereign pulpit by writing some very startling things.

Mrs. Trollope traveled on the steamboat Belvedere, the gaudy stagecoach of the rivers. She voyaged for at least a thousand miles on muddy aboriginal waters. Twain had left a record of the western heart-break mud-settlements brewed in the slime of Tartarus and named after old Mediterranean Egyptian towns, Cairo, Memphis, Alexandria. Mrs. Trollope had heard some Elysian rumors regarding Natchez and sweet, hilly Memphis, fragrant with paw paw and fruits, but what she found instead were rheumy, malarial communities hemmed in on all sides by savage forests.

There was Cincinnati, situated on a rugged bluff, where she looked for artistic salons, theaters, and the epigrams of a Sheridan or a North American Swift or Pope. She discovered, however, a rough, barren Sparta of some twenty thousand inhabitants, where there was neither poverty nor wealth, nor civilized entertainments. There were low taxes—and herds of filthy pigs in the main thoroughfare. At the prominent family hotel, where she stayed, sixty or seventy men stuffed their desperado gullets in glum silence, and then hurried away to the paper-mills, or a wizened farm. The pastimes were tall stories, spitting, and pioneer tobacco-chewing.

Henry James had remarked that American amusements were practically confined to the church pew. There was homicidal logic in the unrelenting sameness of the forest, the dreary hills without flowers. The

common disease in western America was the ague, whose symptoms, yawnings, stretchings and lassitude describe pioneer boredom.

It was said that Mrs. Trollope had the lynx-eyed optics of the female rather than the large, prodigal views of the male traveler. It was a gross falsehood. Edgar Howe's book "The Story of a Country Town," is a terrible American epitaph, and Hamlin Garland's Dakota farm stories are a record of the impermeable solitude of aboriginal plebians. Garland, in "Main-Traveled Roads," writes of a poor American family in the Dakotas who give some wagoning strangers a pair of cows, help them repair a house, and plough their furrows just to induce them to be neighbors!

Mrs. Trollope was taken aback by what she felt was specious independence in the American: a nearby cottager would ask for the loan of milk, or eggs, or cheese, but when these were offered for nothing, the cottager was startled and would never say thank you. It is a common national fault: what Bolingbroke said, "Thanks, forevermore the exchequer of the poor," is more difficult for the American to heave out of his mouth than for Cordelia to utter her affections for Lear.

We have been a Stygian silent people, and it may be that we are still in danger of being the inheritors of the obituary forest, bleached and spectral Red Men still looking for our inceptions. The big, paranoid cities have made us more solitary and rude, and we produce remarkably pretty women who walk with funerals in their faces. We came into a vast heritage of earth and energy, but the land and the people are still unsettled. How will the American rediscover his Pike's Peak, his Rocky Mountain strength, his origins, now buried with the Indian and fossil mammoths?

FROM OUR READERS

(Continued from page 556)

membering their "so" guesses and forgetting their "no" guesses. They are reckless as well as careless with the facts.

LESTER MARKEL, Sunday Editor
New York City *The New York Times*

The *Freeman* has never questioned Mr. Markel's honesty. It has merely questioned his judgment that it is possible, any time, anywhere, to make a coalition with Communists and come out of the experience with even the shred of a shirt.

THE EDITORS

The Essence of Religion

According to Mr. Clinchy in his article, "Religion is a Free Response" [May 5], the "essence of religion is that of vocation," from which he concludes that every man must first receive a call in order to lead a religious life. On the contrary, religion is incumbent upon every man. Since all men owe their very existence and being to God, they are of necessity dependent upon God. Being dependent, they have the natural duty of rendering worship and reverence to God, which is accomplished through religion. Hence religion is not something one can get along without, provided one receives no special call.

It is true that religion may be a "voluntary response," but it is more than voluntary. It is necessary. Whether man is religious or not is up to his free will, but the fact remains that religion is obligatory upon man. So the fact that a man is not religious does not mean that he has not the "vocation," but that he has not correctly followed his duty.

Saint Paul, Minn. ROGER J. HERMES

Shades of Hitler

In "The Fortnight" for April 21, you said: "Offhand we can think of only one other book that might have received even more world-wide attention than 'Mr. President' . . ." You evidently wrote this before the President's illegal and unconstitutional seizure of the steel mills, else "Mein Kampf" would have come to mind—offhand.

KENNETH D. ROBERTSON, JR.
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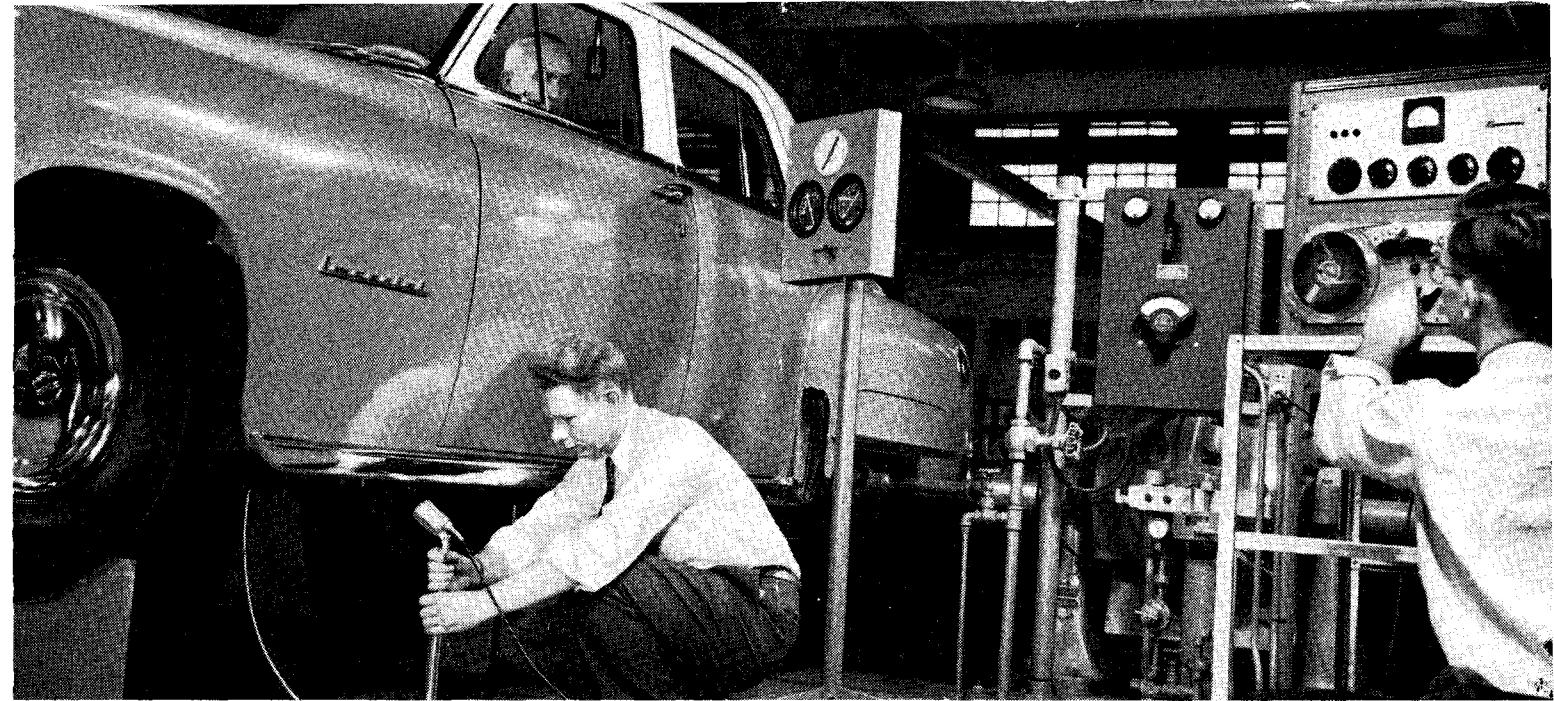
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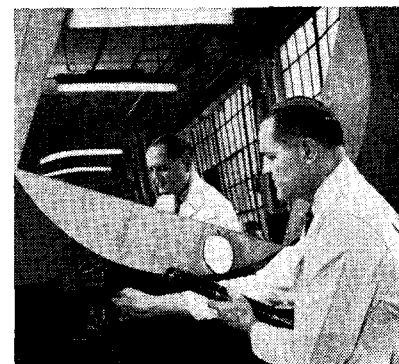
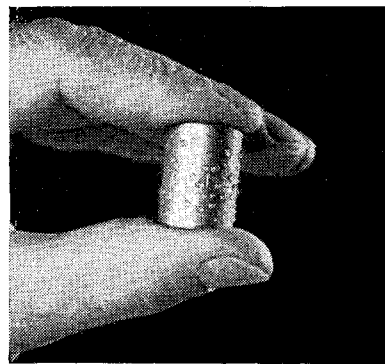
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PROOF OF VALUE. Newark, N. J., cab driver Albert Cornell with his Plymouth taxi. Like the many other Plymouth taxis in hundreds of cities and towns, this car operates day and night in rain, shine, snow, sleet and heaviest city traffic. A car has to be tough to stand up under such a grind. The engineering skill that built such faithful performance into Albert Cornell's cab puts the same kind of hard-working value into all Chrysler-built cars.



SECRETS OF LONGER LIFE. That solid-looking metal bearing at left actually contains a myriad of tiny pores, each holding a supply of oil. This *Oilite* metal is used for bearings in hard-to-reach spots and other places in your car. At right is a "mirror" of tough metal, *Superfinished* by a special process which keeps wear of moving parts to a minimum. These two Chrysler Corporation developments, examples of practical imagination at work, are big reasons for the extra value in Chrysler-built products.



A TREE GOES TO BROOKLYN

**...and to all
of freedom's
other ports
around the world**

It stood, a slender seedling, on its Pacific slope before Columbus stood on San Salvador.

Today, from this single tree alone, will come thousands of square feet of velvety-textured plywood, remarkably light but with the extraordinary strength so necessary for combat boats, military barracks, vehicles and boxcars . . . plus a myriad of at-home uses for better building, fuller living.

Monsanto takes satisfaction in serving the plywood industry and the many associations devoted to conservation and maximum utilization of this great natural resource.

Soybean and casein glues made by Monsanto join the sheets of plywood in bonds *far* stronger than the wood fibres themselves. Wood gains added usefulness through other Monsanto products such as melamine, phenolic, resorcinol and urea-resin adhesives, Penta wood preservative and other insecticides for control of wood pests, phenolic and urea resins for bonding granulated wood.

From this union of nature's wood and modern chemistry come countless products that go pouring across the docks of Brooklyn, San Francisco, New Orleans and all of freedom's other ports . . . serving the cause of civilization around the world while they continue to make for more civilized living here at home.

Monsanto Chemical Company,
1700 South Second Street, St. Louis 4,
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Montreal and Vancouver.



Serving Industry . . . Which Serves Mankind