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FREEMAN

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Other People's Business

AN EDITORIAL

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

the FREEMAN

with which is combined the magazine, PLAIN TALK

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

OLIVER CARLSON, who has reported on California affairs in several issues of the *Freeman*, has always been a close observer of Communist maneuvers in Hollywood.

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WILBERT SNOW, former Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut, is Associate Professor of English at Wesleyan University. He has published several volumes of verse.

Forthcoming

In our next issue we shall publish an article by former Ambassador Hugh Gibson on the so-called bipartisan foreign policy. We shall also publish shortly an article by William Henry Chamberlin on the liberal revival in Europe, and one by Garet Garrett on the results of our foreign aid programs.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

When General George Catlett Marshall took on the responsibilities of Secretary of Defense, he figuratively rubbed his hands and said, "This is one job I can do." We assume that he feels he has done it, and that his recent resignation proceeds from the satisfaction of work completed, or at least in good order. As our no doubt somewhat niggard and churlish contribution to the salutes that are following Marshall into private life, we wish him happiness in his memories as a soldier. We can wish him no comparable happiness in his memories as a statesman, for as long as our leaders persist in trying to justify the Marshall policies in China the staggering costs of conducting the Department of Defense will continue to mount. It may not be quite cricket to speak ill of a departing Cabinet officer, but even at the cost of manners we deem it necessary to point out that a sensible foreign policy, conceived and practiced in time, can save a nation billions in money, tons in steel, and thousands of young and hopeful lives.

Robert A. Lovett, a gentleman who deserves the personal compliment of unanimous Senate approval, would be the first to admit that he is, by nature, not a generator of policy, but a born trustee—the honest executor of a will established by someone else. But who is there in this Administration to establish a will? Mr. Truman, who doesn't know the difference between policies and politics? Mr. Acheson, whose remaining official life has no objective other than to find a glorious exit? To a President commensurate with his office, Mr. Lovett might have been a splendid Secretary of Defense. Under Truman, he would have to be twice, or better, three times, his own size.

Baffled by the universal praise Dean Acheson is receiving for the character part he recently played in a San Francisco show, we have examined our black, partisan hearts and are willing to concede this much: Throughout five days on TV, Mr. Acheson looked rather well-shaved, fumbled his lines not more often than the average TV actor, and was not even once seen slipping secret information to the Soviet delegates. Beyond these credits, we were unable to notice any substantial contribution of Mr. Acheson's to the show, which, as is known to one and all, was written, rehearsed and stage-managed by Mr. John Foster Dulles.

To all complaints about inflation and high prices, the Administration in Washington has a thought-stopping answer. It takes the form of a question, "Have you ever had it so good before?" The unspoken implication of the question is that twenty years of the New and Fair Deals have made the people prosperous. But former Democratic Congressman Samuel B. Pettengill, in a notable article in the October issue of the *Reader's Digest,* has the answer to that one: "Our advancing science, technology and invention," he says, "are the main reasons for more and better things for more people. . . . There would have been as much produced without inflation. The people would 'have it just as good' today, and what they now save for old age would not lose its power to buy things for them later on."

Why can't the Republicans, who want to get the Missouri Mob out of there, get this argument across to the voters? The *Detroiter,* a magazine published weekly by the Detroit Board of Commerce, prints some interesting statistics about the distribution of income in Michigan. It seems that in 1949 over 55 per cent of all Michigan families received between $3000 and $7000. Nearly 32 per cent were in the $4000-$7000 group. Presumably all of these middle-income-group families have insurance policies, savings accounts and a few government bonds whose values melt a little bit more every time the Truman government sluices another torrent of inflationary paper into the commercial banks. Can't these Michigan families see how the monetary policies of a government committed to spending lavishly on an unbalanced budget are slicing away at the foundations of their security? If the Republicans can't make the plain people see these plain

things plain, they don't deserve to win in 1952.

According to the recent Gallup polls, the Republicans are still looked upon as the party of privilege, the Democrats as the party of the common man. If the Republicans can't alter that stereotype by showing that privilege in late years has all been going in the direction of the friends of Mr. Boyle (and such), then there is no hope for us. The case is plain: the Administration party is the party of waste, condoning of graft and dishonesty, centralized control of the common man's life, high Federal taxes, and unnecessary defeats in foreign policy. Yet apparently the Republicans are so inept with words and statistics that they can't spell this out to the people Mr. Gallup goes to with his questions.

A month ago (issue of September 10) we gave thanks that the Administration supporters at least no longer claimed that time was on America's side. We were hasty, naive and wrong. The newspaper columnists customarily nourished by the State Department have returned overnight to the old lullaby act. The reason: the facts of the situation are increasingly frightening. Jet engine production has fallen six months behind schedule. The president of the Aircraft Industries Association, Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsay, Ret., has disclosed that even machine tool deliveries to plane factories "will not be significantly increased for at least another ten months or a year." Representative Melvin Price, Democrat of Illinois, has just revealed that two of our most important aircraft plants (at Marietta, Georgia, and Tulsa, Oklahoma) will not produce a single plane before the spring of 1953. This, Mr. Price correctly said about the Administration of his own party, was "inviting national suicide"—a suicide, we would like to add, aided and abetted by the "optimistic" editorialists and columnists of what is known as our reputable press.

The heroic official bulletins notwithstanding, the main subject of the conversations among the NATO powers seems to have been whether or not profitable trade with the Soviet bloc should have priority over the defense of the free world. Having always suspected that economic determinism was an adequate explanation only of Marxian souls, we are not at all surprised that the British Labor Government led the "let's-make-a-buck" boys. This self-exposure would be funny if the Kremlin tacticians were less skilful exploiters of other peoples' weaknesses.

Perhaps the most ominous sign in Europe's skies was a recent statement in the official Soviet press that "a policy of promoting business cooperation with the Soviet Union and other progressive states" would be of immense help to Socialist Britain. This is an unmistakable come-on to Socialists who, as everybody should have grasped by now, are constitutionally unable to resist an appeal to their profit motive. No matter how many divisions we send to Europe, the essential contribution to the defense of the Old World must be made by the British electorate. If, in the forthcoming British elections, they were to return Messrs. Attlee, Morrison and Gaitskell to power, the short-sighted materialistic egotism of British labor would ultimately checkmate the idealism of "capitalist America."

Humanitarians to the marrow (contrary to us cannibalistic Wall Street Americans), the British Socialists have just banned the vital British sugar shipments to Iran. For the Iranians, sugar is not a luxury but just about the main source of caloric intake—particularly for the country's poor who live on practically nothing but heavily sugared tea and bread. The British Labor government claims there was no better way of beating sense into the Iranians; and sentiments must not interfere when precious pound investments are at stake. Maybe so. But do you remember the hue and cry of our certified "liberals" when some Americans considered delaying food shipments to a Socialist Indian government which was patently obstructing the United Nations' war of survival in Korea? Do you recall the "liberal" curses on those Americans who proposed to channel UNRRA succor primarily to countries allied with us and with freedom? But have you heard a single "liberal" peep when Britain's Socialist government set out to starve Iranian children in order to keep British oil companies in clover?

The President's budget speech of September 11 has given us the rare pleasure of applauding the *New York Herald Tribune.* Once in a blue moon that paper recalls that it supposedly speaks for the opposition, and it was precisely in such a mood that the *Herald Tribune* commented on Mr. Truman's latest treatise on fiscal policy. Unable to improve on that comment, we have decided to reprint it: "It is the supercilious tones of the President's address . . . the flippancy and arrogance running throughout, which are perhaps even worse than the distortions underlying it. The obvious reaction must be that only a man with a very uneasy conscience could go to such lengths in an effort to silence criticism and even to thwart inspection." This righteous outburst could go far to restore the *Herald Tribune's* Republican franchise—especially if the incensed editor would reach some sort of understanding with his many columnists who sell, on the pages of an allegedly Republican paper, the undiluted Truman party line.

In deploring the recent investigation of John Paton Davies, Eleanor Roosevelt defends his 1944 recommendation that a government be created in China which would include the Communists. "Other nations," she says, "have existed and done well with governments in which the Communists have been included." What nations? What does Mrs. Roosevelt mean by those words, "done well."

Other People's Business

THE EFFORTS of Congress to reduce the proposed foreign-aid appropriation from eight and one-third to something over seven billions are only the latest example of the incapacity of the legislature to deal with any of the innumerable executive agencies set up in the last 15 years. The budgets which these administrative arms of the government fashion are beyond criticism. They are presumed to be correct to the last digit. The arguments presented to support continuing or increased expenditures are an unbelievable mixture of threat, cajolery and alleged scientific estimate. To deny the recommendations of Oscar Ewing, or Oscar Chapman, or Richard Bissell means facing the risk of an immediate rise in the death rate, or a succession of devastating floods, or the communization of European labor.

This is what Congress has had to contend with in considering the Administration's plan for spending 25 billions in the next three years for European military and economic aid. Not a cent could be deducted from the ECA's estimates without disrupting the economy of Europe and undoing much that had been accomplished under the Marshall Plan since its inception. Not only were the total amounts deemed to be untouchable but their division between military and economic aid (a highly dubious distinction) was likewise not to be questioned.

In the manner that has become quite common in Washington an account of all of the dire consequences of paring the ECA calculations is not presented directly to Congress but somehow is made public through a leak to the newspapers. Some inter-office, semi-secret, confidential staff memorandum appears which frankly and forcibly discloses the true state of affairs and, by inference, shows how uninformed and misguided Congress has been.

Such was the memorandum which fell into the hands of the newspapers and was published the morning of September 4. Its authors have no doubt about what will happen if we send to Europe seven instead of eight billions. They anticipate "a great wave of labor unrest. In many countries it will be the Communist labor organizations and the Communist Party which will gain. . . ." "The danger," moreover, "is immediate." Besides, "The continuation of economic aid, its distribution in such a way that its benefits reach to a greater extent than before the lower income groups, workers and consumers, is of extreme urgency for the security of the United States."

We now see that the threat to Europe and to "the security of the United States" can be averted not only by appropriating the right amount of aid but by spending it in the right way. The money must be kept from the cartels and, under the direction of the ECA, must find its way to the "lower income groups, workers and consumers." If this memorandum represents the ideas of the ECA, then that agency has taken on the added responsibilities of redistributing incomes in the countries under its aegis, reforming their business organization, seeing to it that taxes are levied and collected, and remaking their labor organizations in the image of the CIO and the AFL.

This turn in ECA policy ought to occasion no surprise. During the past several years, officials, advisers and mere visitors returning from Europe began to talk about one of the great failures of the Marshall Plan. In spite of its huge success in bringing about economic recovery and lifting production far above prewar levels, its benefits had failed to trickle down to the lower ranks. This view, particularly after the elections in France and Italy in which the Communists retained their former share of the total vote, was brought into the open and became practically the new party line in the ECA.

It remained for Mr. Richard M. Bissell, Jr., now acting Administrator of the ECA, to clarify and elucidate the whole theory of American aid to Europe. In an article in *Foreign Affairs* (April, 1951) he takes the bull by the horns and announces:

> High on the agenda of the Marshall Plan's unfinished business remains the more equitable distribution of income. What is necessary [he goes on to say] is a peaceful revolution. . . . The United States government can not help being . . . concerned with such matters as the distribution of income in Germany, the wages of industrial labor in France, the ownership of land in southern Italy, and the commercial and financial policies of the British government.

All of this is a far cry from the reaction of the early administration of the ECA to American criticism that Marshall Plan funds were being used not for industrial and financial rehabilitation but for expensive programs of social reform. The answer then was that agencies of this country should not meddle in the internal affairs of other nations. This outmoded notion we appear to have discarded in favor of "affirmative and active" intervention in other people's business.

Members of the House and Senate of the United States must wonder, when they read these manifestoes of an important executive agency, who makes the international policies of this country and who can be held responsible for them. They will wonder still more when they learn from Mr. Bissell that 20 to 35 per cent of the national income in western Europe goes for social security and that this figure can not be reduced because appropriations for it are "politically pledged." All of which, of course, makes the whole business more palatable to the American taxpayer.

The Hasty Peace

THE NATIONAL debate over the Japanese Peace Treaty was so disturbingly sterile because the one essential issue was not even mentioned: *Is this the time to sign a peace treaty with Japan?* Instead of facing, and answering, this all-important question, the Administration forces as well as their Republican opposition exhausted themselves with altogether irrelevant speculations over the merits and possible effects of the Treaty text. Where statesmen were needed, lawyers arose.

The text of the Treaty, we dare say, is of no importance whatsoever when set against the one momentous fact—our folly in renouncing, in this perilous and obviously short interval of history, America's unexceptionable rights as an occupying power. The only relevant issue for an honest national debate would have been: Why such a hurry? The difference of position between the unequivocal authority of an occupying power and the tolerated presence of an armed guest, revocably invited, could not possibly have escaped our policy-makers. Again, what was their "bipartisan" hurry?

Once China had been shoved down the Soviet pit, Japan became the decisive, if not the last, bastion in the defense of Asia against total Soviet conquest. No one denies that fact. But nobody, not even Douglas MacArthur, seems to have drawn the one inescapable conclusion: that nothing, nothing at all, must be permitted to obstruct a completely foolproof, militarily overwhelming fortification of that strategic area. Assuming the most fortuitously pleasant future relations with a sovereign Japan, can there be any doubt that the inescapable political consequences of her newly established sovereignty *must* materially, and *may* disastrously, affect Japan's defensibility?

This, of course, is the kind of consideration that has become anathema in a country drugged by an all-pervasive "liberal" lingo; and it is precisely the kind of consideration that Teddy Roosevelt's America would have instinctively understood and forcefully acted on. It is, in other words, a consideration of power attuned to an honest national purpose.

The honest national purpose of America, and the well-understood international intent of the whole free world, should of course have been to secure, beyond challenge, the Japanese vacuum against any conceivable penetration or attack. To sign a peace treaty with Japan at a time when all of Asia is in catastrophic flux, when events and constellations of the next day remain absolutely unforeseeable, is to invite shaky uncertainties, costly indecisions, and the never-ending gamble of Asiatic blackmail. In other words, we have no quarrel with any specific provision of the Peace Treaty. We question the very idea of precipitating any peace treaty at this time.

Whence, indeed, the hurry? At the bottom was obviously neither a cowardly desire for surrender (to which MacArthur never would have been a party) nor a sinister scheme of appeasing the Soviets (to which Dulles would never knowingly have been an accessory). At the bottom, we suspect, was the characteristic readiness of contemporary America to get trapped by what seems to be the inherent logic of our national position. Committed to a generosity which has become the country's second nature, Republicans as well as Democrats bow to the fetish of *formal* consequences that seem to follow from a generous position.

Specifically, we stood committed to a policy of forgiving and rehabilitating the vanquished enemy. This is an admirable policy, and a correct one. But by no means does it follow from such a policy that we were committed, regardless of the actual world situation, to restore Japan's formal sovereignty at the earliest possible moment. On the contrary. Unless we permitted ourselves to be victimized by spurious tricks of dialectics, our fundamental commitment included our duty to establish *lastingly* sound conditions in the Japanese area. The haste with which we jumped from our moral commitment to the conclusion of a political treaty with a sovereign Japan, is in all truth a breach of promise: Just to satisfy a formal sense of logic, we are endangering the integrity of Japan and the peace of the world.

Of course, if we had correctly interpreted our commitment, and postponed a formal peace treaty with Japan until a time when definitive arrangements could be seriously undertaken in Asia, the anti-American propaganda machinery around the globe would have gone full blast. So what? Are we to determine the correctness of our national policy by the lies with which our sworn enemies would smear it? A great power so constantly frightened by its own shadow is doomed. What makes a nation a great power is its freedom to act according to its indigenous concepts of the true and the good.

In the case of the Japanese Peace Treaty, we have either renounced that freedom, or our treaty-makers had a fatally incorrect concept of the good and the true. Our national interest, as well as the survival of the free world, required of us to secure Japan beyond any accidental mutations of domestic Japanese politics (which may before long deteriorate to a point where a fifth column may upset the treaty structure and terminate our franchise to keep U. S. troops on sovereign Japanese territory). We have either not recognized or not honored our fundamental obligations—and for the sake of formal logic.

The milk is not altogether spilled; the Senate may still postpone the ratification of the Treaty until Mr. Acheson's "dust" has really settled over Asia. The Senate, we hope, will not permit itself to be bamboozled by phoney appeals to "bipartisan patriotism." The patriotic duty of the Senate is to undo a mistake which, however generous its motivation, may throw the last round in Asia to Stalin.

But unless the Senate saves the situation in the

nick of time, the catastrophically hasty treaty with Japan will give birth to an even more catastrophic mistake in Europe—a prematurely precipitated peace treaty with Germany. That fallacy is under serious consideration in the State Department. Unless nipped in the bud, the spurious "logic" of our diplomatic crowd will engulf the European area of decision, too, and will create conditions in Germany under which a Communist *Putsch* ought to be a cinch. And then only God's mercy could save America from a global debacle brought about by "generosity" and "bipartisanship."

Harry Presumptuous

SYMPTOMATIC of increasing arrogance of the Washington bureaucracy is the talk of President Truman (on September 11) regarding Federal spending and taxation. Mr. Truman bitterly complained of criticism of the profligate spending and crushing taxation of his Administration. He contended that those who protested were either "ignorant" or did so with "malice aforethought" (the meaning of this latter phrase, as used by the President, is not very clear). Mr. Truman said:

> A man will go into a night club and throw away $40 or $50 and think nothing of it. But let him get a tax bill for $30 and hear him scream.

Two comments regarding that observation are in order: (1) we had thought Americans were still free to do any thing they desire that is lawful with their own money, but apparently we are now to be told from Washington how we may spend the little left after the tax collector has been around; (2) Mr. Truman's effort to make it appear that the tax collector's take is less than the cost of a night club visit excels any British humorist in understatement.

In other words, Mr. Truman was saying that he is annoyed and becoming "fed up" with all the criticism about taxes. The suggestion is that the critics had better shut up.

Mr. Truman will be lucky if the hard-pressed taxpayer is content with screaming. The men who founded this nation rebelled against George III for less than Mr. Truman and his bureaucracy are now doing. Curtis P. Nettels in his book, "George Washington and American Independence," quotes Washington as saying: "Our whole substance does already in a manner flow to Great Britain."

Washington led a revolution against Americans' being compelled to give their "whole substance in a manner" to a tyrannical king. But the American people today are compelled to give their "whole substance in a manner" to a tyrannical and arrogant bureaucracy in Washington—and if they protest they are "ignorant" and "malicious."

History has a way of repeating itself. Mr. Truman should be aware of the Tuesday after the first Monday of November next year.

The Great Bank Robbery

COVERED with Boyles, and of sickly pink complexion, the face of the Truman Administration resembles more and more that of the unforgettable W. C. Fields in "The Great Bank Robbery." That deadly mixture of small-town slickness and homespun cynicism, that mien of candid corruption, that look of hurt innocence in the screen's crookedest eyes—why, it's W. C. Fields all over again!

And so are the gags. The other day Mr. Boyle himself, the Democratic National Chairman, affirmed before a Senate Committee that he had always tried "to conduct myself as my mother would want me to"—and if that line wasn't bodily lifted from a W. C. Fields script, it deserves an Oscar in its own right. Getting more hilarious by the minute, the Senate Investigation of RFC loans to the American Lithofold Corporation keeps, however, producing even more authentic Fieldsiana. And hard as Mr. Boyle tried, the prize may yet go to Frank Prince, recently ousted from the RFC.

Mr. Prince had a chance to be helpful when Lithofold, after its requests for loans had twice been turned down by the RFC, finally obtained the neat sum of $645,000 in 1949. That Mr. Boyle had previously toiled as Lithofold's well-connected attorney did not necessarily impede the pleasurable reversal; but as we go to press the Senate investigation has so far unearthed only some delightful little Lithofold presents to Mr. Prince, who seems to be a gourmet rather than an *aficionado* of mink coats and refrigerators: his list of acknowledged Lithofold gifts features, predominantly, boxes of fruit, Thanksgiving turkeys and a ham. When the Senate Committee questioned the propriety of his accepting a ham from a company he had helped to his agency's money, Mr. Prince candidly stressed that it was only a small ham and that he, as a public officer, would "stop at about twelve pounds."

At last we are getting somewhere. Some Senators, it will be recalled, have proposed a new Decalogue for our public servants whose ethics have lately seemed quite out of joint. Until Mr. Prince popped up, the Senatorial reformers were unable to suggest a working idea for the New Decalogue —which made these reactionary editors wonder whether the old one couldn't be left in the statutes for a while longer. But Mr. Prince has struck intellectual gold, and a New Decalogue is now entirely feasible.

As befits the Age of Science, the new moral principle will be quantitative: Don't lie more often than three times a day; don't covet your neighbor's wife within a radius of two blocks; don't steal hams of more than twelve pounds—well, you get the idea. This, no doubt, will be a realistic code, right down to earth, tailor-made for our times. And it is a deeply satisfying thought that our Mr. Truman's name—like that of Hammurabi, of Napoleon, or of any other truly great ruler of men—will forever be connected with his own code of laws.

Knight in Tarnished Armor

ARTHUR Schlesinger Jr., the historian, is out to defend Yalta. That meeting, he says in the *New York Post* with reference to the recent Harriman apologia, "won the West concessions far in advance of Western power. The tragedy of eastern Europe came, not from the Yalta agreements, but from the Soviet failure to abide by them."

In other words, as we have pointed out on more than one occasion in the *Freeman,* gullibility about the Soviets' postwar moral intentions is regarded by Mr. Schlesinger and his kind as a sufficient defense of American wartime statecraft. So be it: if the men of Yalta go down in history as gullible the truth will be served, at least in part. No doubt Mr. Schlesinger would retort that hindsight is easy, or that we had to make a show of trusting Stalin if our own moral skirts were to be kept clean, or that Stalin would have taken Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary no matter what was said or left unsaid at Yalta. The answer to these defenses is that foresight could have been Roosevelt's for the taking in those latter years of World War II. Bill Bullitt, for one, had warned Roosevelt that Stalin was not the Duke of Norfolk but a Caucasian bandit. But Roosevelt chose to listen to those who thought bandits could be wangled.

If men of Bill Bullitt's caliber had been listened to, Stalin would certainly have had a far more difficult job in subduing eastern Europe. Would Eisenhower have halted the Allied armies short of Berlin and Prague if Yalta had not been there to paralyze our military judgment? It may be true that Stalin could have taken Poland, eastern Germany and Hungary despite anything Patton's soldiers might have done, but we certainly could have denied the Bohemian bastion (Bismarck's "key to Europe") if Roosevelt had not typed Stalin in the image of the Duke of Norfolk. If the West had its troops in Bohemia today, Stalin's Polish and Hungarian satellites would be weak and vulnerable outposts, not part of a glacis that makes the defense of western Europe such a formidable job.

Mr. Schlesinger has some sarcastic words to say about those who think Alger Hiss, "the sly conspirator," had anything important to do with Yalta. Well, the late Secretary of State Edward Stettinius had this to say about Alger Hiss: "My usual daily schedule, for instance, was to confer with Mathews, Bohlen, *and Hiss* [italics ours] just after I got up in the morning." "During one adjournment that afternoon [February 10]," said Stettinius in amplification of his tribute to Alger Hiss, "the President asked me to get a lawyer to consult with him over the wording of the Polish border statement. I called Alger Hiss. . . ." Hiss himself seems to think he was no mere cipher at Yalta. "I think it is an accurate and not immodest statement," he has been quoted as saying, "to say that I helped formulate the Yalta agreement to some extent."

Mr. Schlesinger argues that there isn't much doubt how Yalta will go down in history unless "a Fascist revolution" installs "William Henry Chamberlin and John T. Flynn as official national historians" and consigns the Schlesingers to concentration camps. This is one of the most gratuitous smears that has ever been uttered. What earthly warrant has Mr. Schlesinger to suppose that either John T. Flynn or William Henry Chamberlin would cooperate in any way with a Fascist government? Doesn't Mr. Schlesinger know that John T. Flynn's "As We Go Marching" is a searing attack on both Italian and German fascism? Can he point to a single statement by either Flynn or Chamberlin that traduces any single amendment in the Bill of Rights? Has either of these men ever attacked the principles of representative government? True, both Flynn and Chamberlin are libertarians; they don't like to see the State intervening in the economic process even in the name of "democratic socialism." But their enemy is Statism (whether of the Fascist, Communist, National Socialist or New Deal variety), not the liberties that fascism would grind under foot.

If either Mr. Flynn or Mr. Chamberlin has ever said a word in justification of muzzling any writer, the editors of the *Freeman* will eat all the hats that Harold Ross, editor of the *New Yorker,* cares to provide. No one loves a good open verbal fight better than Mr. Flynn; and William Henry Chamberlin has vigorously defended the right to free speech in organs as far apart in philosophy as the socialist *New Leader* and the capitalist *Wall Street Journal.* The same scrupulous regard for free controversy can not be said to have been part of the credo of Mr. Schlesinger's hero, Franklin D. Roosevelt. When Wilbur Cross, editor of the *Yale Review,* printed an article by John T. Flynn in the late nineteen thirties, President Roosevelt took his pen in hand to write a "personal protest" to Dr. Cross. "I have watched John T. Flynn during these many years," said Roosevelt, "and the net answer in my mind is that he has always, with practically no exception, been a destructive rather than a constructive force. Therefore, Q. E. D., *John T. Flynn should be barred hereafter from the columns of any presentable daily paper, monthly magazine or national quarterly, such as the* Yale Review [italics ours]." (Source: Schriftgiesser's "The Lobbyists.")

Mr. Schlesinger is reportedly at work on a history of the New Deal. We sincerely hope that he will give at least a footnote to Roosevelt's unofficial attempt to suppress at least one writer whose sin was to disbelieve in Statism as a "constructive" force. We aren't too certain, however, that Schlesinger is willing to deal scrupulously with facts where his political emotions are involved. In a recent letter to the *Times* he castigated Herbert Hoover for praising Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall in March 1923. The implication was that Hoover condoned Teapot Dome. Schlesinger disregarded the fact that Fall was not indicted until 1924, and was convicted during Hoover's Presidency.

Hollywood's Premature Americans

By OLIVER CARLSON

In Hollywood, at last more or less converted to Americanism, the movie moguls are rewarding one another for their patriotism. But Oliver Carlson shows that there are no banquets and few jobs for those who were good Americans when it was the fashion to be Red.

MORE tragic, perhaps, than those who have been responsible for a policy of "too little and too late" is the plight of those who have been right—too soon.

Socrates, Galileo, Adam Smith, Owen Lovejoy, Billy Mitchell are but a few of the groundbreakers and pioneers too far ahead of their times. That they were vindicated by later generations in no way sweetened the bitter dose of condemnation and abuse that each was forced to swallow. Their pioneering efforts were, in too many cases, capitalized on by late-comers who refused to give credit to the men and women who had been first in the field.

Hollywood's recent rediscovery of the virtue of Americanism and the dangers of communism is a case in point. For nearly a decade and a half, that is from 1935 to 1950, a majority of the dominant figures in the motion picture industry refused to admit the incompatability of communism with Americanism. Communism was definitely considered "progressive"; capitalism "conservative" or "outright reactionary." The advocates of communism in Hollywood were seldom denounced, usually tolerated, and occasionally admired and supported. The list of Hollywood movie moguls who lent their names (and sometimes their homes) to Communist front organizations is a long one indeed.

The slow but steady hardening of American public opinion against Communist appeasers and apologists for the Kremlin has, within the past year or two, brought a belated but noisy rush of these same motion picture moguls back to the fold of Americanism. Once again they have wrapped themselves in the Stars and Stripes, and through well-oiled publicity channels they have been telling the world that they, and they alone, are Hollywood's true 100 per cent patriots. Within the past two years the same men who accepted John Strachey, Earl Browder, William Z. Foster, V. J. Jerome, and a host of lesser Communists and fellow-travelers into their homes have been tendered carefully staged testimonial dinners and awarded innumerable scrolls, medals and plaques for their devotion to their country, its principles and institutions "far above the demands of good citizenship and the call of duty."

We welcome the return of these men to our ranks —belated though it be. We are happy to hear them denounce communism in all its forms and manifestations. We are glad to note that a few good films depicting the true character of the Communist conspiracy, both at home and abroad, are finally being made.

It is regrettable, however, that the movie tycoons do not admit having erred in the past but attempt to convince the American public that their attitude toward communism has always been what it is today. Most regrettable of all is the fact that most of these belated flag-wavers haven't yet overcome their hostility to the men and women of the motion picture industry who took the lead in fighting fascism and communism years ago when that was a decidedly unpopular (and even dangerous) thing to do.

Of course I am happy to know that the motion picture bosses are now ready to make some pictures honestly representing the American way of life after a decade and a half of seamy-side presentation. I'd be a great deal more enthusiastic if I saw any concrete evidence that these screen moguls were using the writing, acting and directing ability of the talented men and women who led the fight for Americanism in Hollywood when the going was tough.

EVEN today the doors of the studios appear to be closed to most of those who openly fought communism and especially to that small group who testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities on the nature and scope of Communist infiltration in Hollywood. Where are the screen plays of Morrie Ryskind, Fred Niblo, Jr., Jack Moffett, Richard McCauley? How come that Adolphe Menjou has appeared in so few productions for the past three and one-half years? How did it happen that the late James K. McGuinness (after twenty years as a successful screen writer, director and producer) was suddenly relieved of his post at MGM and the job turned over to Dore Schary? How does it happen that large numbers of actors, writers, directors, and others with long records of pro-Communist activity are still on the job? How does it happen that employment continues to be given to many who contributed and solicited funds for the defense of John Howard Lawson and the rest of the pro-Communist "Hollywood Ten"; who denounced the Committee on Un-American Activities as a "witch-hunting" or "fascist" "gang of political thugs"? There is still the friendliest reception in many of the studios for those who supported Moscow's phoney peace moves as late as early this year.

I remember all too clearly the attempts which were made by some of the motion picture executives and their legal staffs (surreptitiously, of course) to prevent the Hollywood Chapter of the American Legion from awarding certificates of merit to all those who had testified as "friendly" witnesses before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in Washington during October and November 1947.

I also remember the long years during which the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals was subject to a continuous smear campaign. The MPA (so the well-spread rumors said) was anti-Semitic; it was anti-labor; it was anti-Catholic; it was anti-Democratic.

The facts were the following: Both leadership and membership of the Motion Picture Alliance included a great many Jews, Catholics, labor leaders and registered Democrats. The MPA was, in fact, the *only organization* then existing in the motion picture industry which included people of all religions, all nationalities, and all occupations; from producer to grip and from screen star to script girl. The bonds which united these people were: First, a firm faith in freedom and the American way of life; second, an unswerving determination to fight against any and every form of totalitarianism manifested within the motion picture industry; third, a desire to keep films as entertainment, not as propaganda vehicles for any "ism."

THE Soviet-American honeymoon was at its high point in 1943—the year the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of Democracy was formed. Sam Wood, James K. McGuinness, Clarence Brown, Roy Brewer, Ralph Clare, Howard Emmett Rogers, Ayn Rand, Lela Rogers, and a score of others, including Charles Coburn, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Taylor, John Wayne and Barbara Stanwyck, who saw the dangerous inroads Communists and their fellow-travelers were making in every field of the motion picture industry, sounded the first clear call against this infiltration to all who worked in the industry.

The MPA pointed out that the whole industry would suffer unless it purged itself of these enemies of the American way of life. It called upon producers and directors to make movies for the entertainment—not the subtle ideological indoctrination—of the public. It called upon the tens of thousands of employees in the industry to beware of being caught in the trap of innocent-sounding Communist fronts. It appealed to the big-name stars not to lend their names or their prestige to dubious causes, not to give money to organizations without first investigating their origins, backers and motives.

The strongly entrenched pro-Communists (including the later well-publicized Hollywood Ten) let loose against the MPA and its members the most vicious smear campaign that I have ever witnessed. They knew that the MPA was out to destroy them, so they used every trick available to destroy and discredit it first. Control of Hollywood seemed so near at hand. The pro-Communists were in control of the Screen Writers Guild; they had strong minority representation on the boards of both the Screen Directors and Screen Actors Guild. The Screen Analysts and Screen Publicists were pretty well under their control. Many of the labor unions (painters, etc.) had pro-Communist leadership—and they were waging a bitter jurisdictional war to take over the rest of the motion picture unions.

The big homes of the picture people were beehives of activity on behalf of Communist front organizations. Stalin, Soviet Achievement and the Second Front temporarily replaced Sex as the prime topic of conversation. Capitalism was through. American democracy was too old-fashioned and pretty much a fraud. What it needed was an infusion of that new virile people's democracy of Soviet Russia. The wave of the future carried a hammer and a sickle at its crest. Yes, it was definitely smart to be Red in 1943. And Hollywood—as you must know—always goes for what is smart.

Against this barrage of pro-Soviet publicity, the voice of the Motion Picture Alliance was small indeed. But the erosion of American ideals—despite the noise and publicity of the pro-Soviet claque—had never really touched the vast mass of motion picture employees. They were silent, they were confused, they were momentarily cowed and overawed by the vast hoopla for all things Soviet. Neither their national government nor the press nor the radio helped clarify their confusion. But the MPA did. It was precisely for this reason that the pro-Communists, who recognized this danger, rushed in to crush the MPA and to befoul its leaders.

The motion picture moguls were not Communists. But they let themselves be caught in the Communist trap just the same. They joined in the attacks upon the MPA. They (or their highly paid advisers and publicity men) mouthed the same phrases as did the Communists about the MPA. MPA members, they said, were at best crackpots, reactionaries, or disgruntled and frustrated personalities. Rumors were spread that some of them were undoubtedly secret followers of Hitler and Mussolini, of Gerald L. K. Smith and the native anti-Semites. Such were the charges, the rumors, the insinuations. Therefore it behooved one, if he worked in pictures, to keep away from anyone connected with the MPA.

Several hundred brave souls joined the MPA in spite of this crusade against it. Many more gave it their blessing, but feared to speak out openly in its favor. Many thousands of more timid souls shied away from it.

FROM 1943 through 1946 the MPA, with its little band of loyal Americans, waged a determined fight to convince the rest of the industry (and especially its leaders) that the American public would turn against Hollywood at the box-office unless the industry rid itself of its pro-Soviet contingent. Such repudiation by the movie-going pub-

lic, insisted the MPA, would hurt the tens of thousands of good Americans in the industry far more than the few hundred Red sympathizers.

But the big brass refused to listen. Americanism and communism were not incompatible. Besides, there weren't any Communists in Hollywood! There were only "good progressives"! And what if they were Communists? So long as they were good writers, actors, or directors the movie moguls would damned well hire them if they wanted to! "Communism isn't illegal in this country, you know!"

Came the famous Washington Hollywood hearings of October-November 1947. "Friendly" witnesses were pressured not to testify because such testimony "would hurt the industry." But they testified nevertheless. Under oath they told the story of Communist infiltration of the industry as they had witnessed it. The "unfriendly" witnesses, on the other hand, either refused to talk at all or issued long denunciatory statements against Congress and the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Overnight a delegation of movie celebrities, led by John Garfield and Humphrey Bogart, descended upon Washington to back up the "unfriendly" witnesses, to denounce the "friendly" ones, and "to demand that Congress stop its "witch hunt" and its "persecution of progressive-minded Americans."

Producers, directors, actors and writers by the hundreds were lined up in a new Communist front organization to support the "unfriendly ten." Mass meetings were held, manifestoes issued, and the statements which had been made under oath by the "friendly" witnesses were denounced as "lies," "fraud," "rumors," or "perjury."

To be sure, the testimony given in Washington, when coupled with the subsequent actions of the "unfriendly ten," caused many a motion picture executive to shift ground. But even so there remained among too many of these executives more bitterness against the Motion Picture Alliance and the "friendly" witnesses than against the pro-Communists.

EACH year since 1947 a few more of the Mr. Bigs of Moviedom have cut loose from their wartime illusions of Soviet-American amity. The Korean war did a great deal. But it was the corroborating testimony by Larry Parks, Edward Dmytryk, Frank Tuttle, Richard Collins, and others that they had been part of the Communist Party apparatus in the motion picture industry which made the most profound impression on the Hollywood big shots. This testimony, of course, completely vindicated the MPA.

In spite of the fact that the MPA did such a good job of defending American ideals and fighting communism in Hollywood, not one of the movie moguls has yet given its members (individually or collectively) any testimonial dinner or award for their perspicacity and loyalty when the going was rough. Walter Wanger is the only top producer who has publicly admitted that the MPA was right.

To keep the record clear, it must be admitted that the Motion Picture Alliance is no longer quite the pariah it was for several years. Its members tell me that almost every day they rediscover friends and acquaintances who haven't spoken to them for several years. Some of them even think they may be rehired by the industry some day. How times have changed! But then, of course, it's no longer smart to be Red in Hollywood. Americanism is paying off at last. But it has been a long, rough uphill battle for that small group whom I prefer to call Hollywood's premature Americans.

The Power to Destroy

By **JOSEPH S. KIMMEL**

AS OWNER of an incorporated jobbing business which I founded and still actively direct, I am interested in the application of income tax laws to corporations, and very specifically because of my position.

Business firms grow normally from the retention in the business of all or a part of the profits earned. As a business grows it needs additional capital to carry inventory, to carry customer accounts, and for other purposes. The corporation taxes on 1950 business permitted a corporation to pay the normal rate on 85 per cent of its profits for the average of the best three years from 1946 to 1949 inclusive. Any earnings over and above this arbitrary figure of a part of its previous earnings was taxed at a so-called excess profits rate of 77 per cent.

An income tax bill has been passed by the House of Representatives which if approved by the Senate would change the rate so that the portion of former profits taxable at normal rates would be reduced from 85 per cent to 75 per cent. Anything above this 75 per cent would be taxed by the Federal government at 82 per cent. In other words, their "take" would be 82 cents out of each of these profit dollars.

If a corporation can not depend upon its earnings for additional capital, it must go to other sources, the most likely being to sell stock in the company to outsiders.

In our jobbing business 17 per cent gross profit on sales is the normal rate. After operating costs are met, the amount of gross profit on a transaction becomes more or less a net profit. If this were not so, the jobber would have to charge a higher price for his goods in order to meet his overhead.

After overhead and the allowable profit are deducted the government, in taking 82 per cent of the 17 per cent gross margin, sequesters 14 per cent of the billing price and leaves the corporation with 3 per cent.

On direct shipments of non-stocked goods, which do not pass through the warehouse, the customary gross profit is 5 per cent on the transaction. With the government take being 82 per cent of the 5 per

cent gross profit, the government's share becomes 4.1 per cent, leaving the corporation nine-tenths of 1 per cent for handling the transaction.

Very few businesses can remain stationary. They must go forward in order to hold their position in the industry. I can not refuse to handle business out of my warehouse, or direct shipments, simply because the government is taking 82 per cent of my profit on those transactions.

Now I am faced with the fact that after I have made certain profits, determined on what I made from 1946 to 1949, the government proceeds to take almost all the profits beyond that figure. This leaves no incentive or compensation. It is practically saying that you will work for nothing beyond a government-determined figure. In other words, employ your investment and your energy for the benefit of a government which is spending maximum amounts in every possible way it can devise.

As a result of this legislation, one hears more and more of businessmen retiring entirely from business or materially retrenching their operations. For the first time in my life I am indifferent to getting additional volume. Perhaps it will lessen the tension of living not to care whether or not business comes in.

CONGRESSIONAL Committees are studying the plight of the small businessman. It can be stated that the result of taxation such as considered here will be that many small businessmen will fade out of the picture, and more and more of the business of the country will be carried on by big national organizations whose managers have no investments of their own to worry about, and regard impersonally what happens. It would be a wonderful thing for the Federal government to have all owners of business as slave managers, working their heads off for a small fraction of the earnings, while the politicians and bureaucrats took the bulk and ran no such risk of disaster as if they themselves operated the businesses.

The tremendous non-essential spendings of the government at this time of vast rearmament, with the consequent enforced heavy taxation of income, almost make it seem that there is a predetermined plan to put the pinch on American business and gradually choke it to death. The first duty of Congress is to cut down these expenditures, much of which can be trimmed without any harm. With heavy outlays necessary for rearmament, certainly this is no time for rivers and harbors bills and reclamation projects, "pork" or not. It is no time for hundreds of thousands of supernumerary government employees.

It looks as if Congress is falling down on its job, or is selling us down the river. The loyal, conscientious members are outvoted by the group which lacks the elementary principles of devotion to the best interests of our country. I say this with all due credit to those valiant souls in Congress who are putting up a battle against tough odds to operate our country's finances on a sane basis.

[redacted]

EXPERIENCE was teaching Roosevelt what instinct and doctrine had taught Jefferson and Jackson: that to reform capitalism you must fight the capitalists tooth and nail.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., chapter in "Saving American Capitalism" edited by Seymour E. Harris, 1948

Not the least of Roosevelt's achievements was this of educating the nation to the real character of the American constitutional system and persuading the Court to accommodate itself to American democracy.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER and ALLAN NEVINS, "A Short History of the United States," 1945

The Soviet government has never defaulted on any of its obligations.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, "Soviet Politics," 1946

In order to facilitate the fraternization of all Italians, the Communist Party of Italy adopts as its own the Fascist program of 1919, which is a program of freedom, and is prepared to fight for it!

IMPRECOR (International Press Correspondence) October 26, 1936

We hope that communism, which was founded to free the people from Czarism but which, because the people were not ready for self-government, has unfortunately become, to a great degree, a totalitarian government, will some day move toward greater democracy.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, "If You Ask Me," *Ladies Home Journal,* February 1949

A "Hitler Youth" for America?

I want that word "military" left out—I want our young people to be informed on what this government is, what it stands for—its responsibilities. And I think the best way to do this is through a universal military training program. I want it to be a universal training program, giving our young people a background in the disciplinary approach of getting along with one another, informing them of their physical make-up, and what it means to take care of this temple which God gave us.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, to the commission appointed to study the problem of UMT in 1947; quoted in the *Christian Century,* January 8, 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

Rebellion in the Potato Fields

By STANLEY HIGH

ON LAST February 15, a special agent of the U. S. Department of Agriculture—one of its force of several thousand "farm detectives" —arrived in St. Ansgar, Iowa, under orders to get the evidence by which, for marketing their crops as they had marketed them for more than a quarter of a century, one of the area's most successful farm families could be branded as "law-breakers," haled into court, tried and drastically punished.

The ensuing inquisition lasted through 23 days. The special agent left with a bulging dossier of 40 alleged "law-violations"—involving possible penalties, in fines alone, of $12,000. The Department of Agriculture immediately moved to make a painful and public example of this farm family.

By deliberately violating the Department's directives, these farmers—Harold L. McKinley and his three war-veteran sons—had invited this action. They hoped, thereby, to challenge the aims and tactics by which the Department of Agriculture was moving to governmentalize U. S. farming. The resulting exposures have aroused mid-western opinion, brought supporting action from many farm groups, and forced the nation's most powerful bureaucracy into a major retreat.

In a resolution unprecedented in the history of the state, the Iowa Legislature, by an overwhelming vote of both parties in both houses, condemned the Department and backed the McKinleys. Their resistance, says the Omaha *World-Herald,* "epitomizes the age-old battle against tyranny of men who mean to be free." "The outcome," says the Mason City, Iowa, *Globe-Gazette,* "will go a long way toward telling us just where we stand today in the march down the pathway that leads to pure socialism."

The immediate issue is a 1950 decree of the Secretary of Agriculture extending to the potato growers of 12 northern Iowa and 20 northern Indiana counties the restrictions and controls of Marketing Order 60. What is more significantly at stake is the Department's entire step-by-step governmentalizing program. In challenging Order 60, the McKinleys, said the Waterloo, Iowa, *Courier,* struck a blow on behalf of all the nation's farmers against bureaucracy's expanding system of "unreasonable and unfair interference in the farmer's business."

Under Order 60, potato growers, like the McKinleys, were directed henceforth to market their crops only as prescribed by the Department of Agriculture. On threat of court action and fines, only potatoes of specified sizes and grades could be sold—or even given away. The size and grade were fixed by the government. Either or both could be arbitrarily changed by the government on one day's notice. Government inspectors were required to examine, and approve or throw out, every shipment. To finance this policing, every farmer had to pay a fee to the government on every lot he sold.

While the farmer who was subject to Order 60 could sell potatoes of only certain sizes and grades, growers in neighboring counties or anywhere in the U. S., not subject to the order, were free to sell potatoes of any size and grade in the restricted farmer's market.

Such orders, officially called "marketing agreements," have been applied in numerous areas to producers of vegetables, fruits, nuts and milk. They were designed to reduce the amount of surplus produce which the government, under its price support program, was obliged to purchase, by curtailing the overproduction which the price support program invited.

But the McKinley case has revealed, said the Iowa Legislature, that these "agreements," "by methods reminiscent of dictatorship governments," have become part of an expanding system of "government by directives which, if unchecked, can result in loss of opportunity and the basic freedoms on which this country was founded."

Democracy à la Russe

With what looked like democratic procedure, the administration of Order 60 was vested in a farmers' committee picked by the farmers themselves. In practice, growers found they were only allowed to make nominations. Actual selections for this committee—with its power of economic life or death over every potato farmer—were solely made by the Secretary of Agriculture. He could select, as suited his purpose, growers or non-growers. Without giving notice or reasons, he could discharge or replace any or all of the Committee members. Unless financially able to fight his case in the courts, the average farmer had no appeal from the decisions of this bureaucracy-picked body, save to the same body.

The Department's plan to fasten Order 60 on the farmers of northern Iowa and Indiana was announced in the spring of 1950. Like other "marketing agreements," extension of this order required the favorable vote in each district of a two-thirds majority of the producers. Using this apparently democratic safeguard, potato growers in the Iowa district voted overwhelmingly against it. The Indiana growers voted negatively: 198 to two.

Whereupon, the Department of Agriculture lopped these counties off Iowa and Indiana and gerrymandered them into Minnesota and Michigan.

In certain sections of these states and of Wisconsin and North Dakota, the government's promise of high support prices had led to a great increase in the number of farmers engaged in potato production. That, in turn, led to a potato surplus—good only for dumping, at public expense, on the government. In 1949, the Department advanced Order 60 as the official remedy, turned loose its vast propaganda and pressure machine and, after what the Department declared to be a favorable referendum, put the order in force.

This "agreement," in 1950, still had a year to run. Faced, however, with its inability to get a separate "yes" vote from the growers of Iowa and Indiana, the Department ordered a new referendum for the whole area. It ruled that the votes of the dissenting districts would be lumped with the districts which before had voted favorably.

The date for this referendum was set by the Department of Agriculture for September 25 to 30, 1950. For the approximately 18,000 growers involved, 30,000 ballots were printed—together with many pages of explanatory and propaganda documents. On the face of each ballot, the potato grower, with most of his current crop still unmarketed, was warned that if Order 60 were voted down there would be an immediate "termination of price support for the balance of the 1950 season."

With the punitive arm of the agricultural bureaucracy reaching to every farm in the area, farmers were required to vote without the protection of secrecy. Their ballots had to be signed and mailed to the Department's regional office in Chicago, where Department officials had sole access to them.

The Department had complete charge of the conduct of the election and the counting of votes. For these functions, the Secretary of Agriculture appointed a five-man committee—all Department officials. Organized growers of Iowa, Indiana and Wisconsin formally petitioned the Secretary for permission to have farmer-representatives present at the vote counting. The request was not even acknowledged.

Balloting was conducted without proper safeguards against multiple voting or other fraud. Signatures on the ballots were not notarized or even witnessed. A sample investigation subsequently made in a Wisconsin area by lawyers for the McKinleys revealed that the Department had counted the votes of this area as *for* Order 60. Affidavits were then secured by the McKinleys from the potato growers of that district. They showed that every voting grower had, in fact, voted *against* it. "A clerical error," said the Department.

The referendum thus conducted was duly declared to have carried, Order 60 was promptly extended to the growers of northern Iowa and Indiana, and the Department's inspectors and "farm detectives" were sent out to insure its enforcement.

The McKinleys, whose Iowa forebears migrated from New York State and homesteaded near St. Ansgar in 1855, now own and operate four large farms and a successful farm machinery business. For the dependable quality of their crop shipments, they have a four-star rating—the highest obtainable. They have consistently refused to take government farm benefits or payments. Like most Iowa growers, they have kept their potato acreage, each year, well below the government allotment.

The American Way

Faced with what the journal of the Wisconsin potato growers called the "undemocratic compulsion" of Order 60, the McKinleys decided that open resistance was their only American recourse. They sent their potatoes to market as they had been doing for more than a quarter of a century—without submitting them for government inspection. When they had more potatoes than they could sell, they gave some to a local orphanage.

Asking for a temporary injunction against the McKinleys' further sale of potatoes contrary to Order 60, the government charged: "The defendants have admitted knowledge of the requirements of the order, have failed and refused and are now failing and refusing, to comply with the terms of such order, and have indicated that they will violate the provisions thereof in the future."

The McKinleys did not deny these charges. The temporary injunction was granted. While the remaining bulk of their 1950 crop rotted, unsold, they prepared to carry their fight, if necessary, to the U. S. Supreme Court.

"If this can happen in Iowa to little potato growers," said Harold McKinley, "it can later be applied to other groups. Personally, it would be easier and less expensive to submit to this unconstitutional abuse of power, but I couldn't do it and look my sons in the face."

Convinced that in accepting Order 60 they had fastened bureaucracy's stranglehold on them and their business, potato growers of the entire region rallied to the McKinleys' fight. Wisconsin growers raised a fund to contest the Order in their state and offered aid to the McKinleys. Similar action was taken by the Vegetable Growers Association of Southern Minnesota. Indiana growers formally resolved that "all possible support be given to H. L. McKinley and Sons in their defense of their alleged violations of Market Order 60 which gave the Secretary of Agriculture unfair and dictatorial powers over potato growers not conducive to the perpetuation of the freedoms fostered in our democracy." North Dakota growers, applauding the McKinleys, sent a contribution for their fight against the "dictator methods of the Department."

"The wrath of potato growers is getting so keen," said the St. Ansgar *Enterprise*, "that government officials who started proceedings will wish they were well rid of it."

This prediction has been confirmed. Last August another directive of the Department of Agriculture terminated Order 60 altogether. "Lack of interest," the Department explained. James Kennedy, Iowa's

representative on the North Central Marketing Committee, gave another reason: "Fear of letting the McKinley case come to trial." With the agreement ended, said Mr. Kennedy, there will "be no need to bring the matter to trial on the question of making the injunction permanent. The Federal Court could dissolve the injunction, and evidence collected by the McKinleys would gather dust."

To prevent a trial—and the consequent baring of the Department's tactics—the government has attempted to get the McKinleys to withdraw from the suit. "The case," said a Department lawyer, "now falls of its own weight."

The McKinleys have refused to withdraw unless the Department, conceding in effect the truth of the accusations against it, recommends in Federal Court that the temporary injunction be dismissed with prejudice in favor of the McKinleys.

"My sons, overseas veterans of World War II," said Mr. McKinley, "represent an aggregate of ten years of service. We are unanimous in feeling that this socialistic and dictatorial use of power represents what they spent ten years of their lives fighting against. We will continue to resist with every power at our command."

For thus "forcing a decision," says the Omaha *World-Herald*, "people who put much valuation on freedom are indebted to Mr. McKinley."

Free Enterprise: The Worker's View

By **A. A. IMBERMAN**

THE VOGUE in private enterprise advertising, the drift in public relations campaigns to "sell" private enterprise through hortatory literature, and the current emphasis on capitalism as responsible for the richest and grandest nation ever seen on earth, are all important to American business. Recently, criticism of these efforts[1] seems to have called forth some transient qualms and replies,[2] but the involvement of this nation in the hot and cold running war has tended somewhat to divert the attention of executives. The problem of "selling" private enterprise remains, however, and with the air so full of cries that "our system" is better than "their system," there is little doubt that American business will return to this vexatious problem.

The major criticism of such campaigns is that they are mere empty fireworks, ineffective with exactly the people whom business is yearning to reach—i.e., those in the lower middle class and below that. Since these people constitute at least 65 per cent of our population, so wide a miss is a calamity.

However, while criticism of free enterprise campaigns is helpful in clearing the air, it might be of additional help to indicate in a *positive* fashion what it is that composes the true faith of the citizens of the lower middle class, so that those who plan further excursions into this field may not be misled by inexact stereotypes.

As a public relations practitioner of known piety and sober mien, I have snooped through most of the states of the Union. In gauging public sentiment and, of course, planning campaigns to change public opinion where any mild toxemia is present, an understanding of some of the basic beliefs held by the workingman has been enlightening.

From January 1947 through December 1948 we interviewed 16,026 members of 36 unions. They included 14,672 men and 1354 women. In addition, we interviewed 3742 wives of union members and some 2176 non-union employees in plants of client companies. In this two-year period we covered some 22,000 persons residing in 247 communities in 31 states.[3]

For the purpose of determining sentiment toward private enterprise, we used advertisements, particularly those with little text and large illustrations. They were shown to men and women of the semi-skilled and skilled worker level, whose comments were noted. The object of the interviewing was to get a free-flowing, uninfluenced record of the respondents' reactions. We tried to dig down to the mass of inchoate feelings, prejudices and unconscious dynamics underlying surface moods and related to the particular advertisement. In short, we wanted to find out how some lower-middle-class people saw the economic world in which they lived, how deeply they felt about it, *and why*.

The respondents were asked to help in determining the quality of advertisements. They were shown 15 advertisements (which were changed from time to time), each mounted on white cardboard, and asked to group them into best three, worst three, most attractive three. The groupings were cut down to two in each category, and then to one. Interviewers tried to determine the bases for selection —with the conversation always focused on the advertisements—and they never interrupted when the comments took on the more personal flavors of needs, feelings and emotions. Finally, the respondents were invited to suggest changes in the advertising copy and layout, giving any reason which might occur to them as they made their suggestions. Here, too, comments throwing light on the respondent's state of mind were encouraged by the

1 "Communication—Is Anybody Listening?," *Fortune*, September 1950.

2 "Industry Looks At Its Relations With Employes," by Earl Bunting, National Association of Manufacturers, 1951.

3 For one of the offshoots of this work, see: "Labor Leaders and Society," by A. A. Imberman, *Harvard Business Review*, January 1950.

interviewers. Academic studies have proved of some guidance in this technique.

While the advertisements and illustrations presented a wide variety of arguments, underlying them was one theme: Increasing government dominance over business is not only contrary to the American way of life, is not only strangling private enterprise, but will lead to various dire consequences. The themes of the advertisements were these:

1. Confusion and inefficiency will result from government operation or direction of private business.

2. Government operation or hobbling of business will result in decreasing the amount of goods available to the consumer.

3. Government competition in any field of business is against all the rules of fair play, is contrary to the principles of free enterprise, and is socialism.

These three themes, while separated for purposes of examination here, were really never presented as boldly as one might suppose from reading this account. Nevertheless, for the sake of clarity, they have been stated flatly here so that we may understand what unit ideas are being discussed.

These three concepts are not absolutely novel, and they do have reasonableness and plausibility. Business executives might therefore expect that such known truths would be greeted by a sweet rustle of amens. Without forbidding tables of statistics, let's look at the sentiments expressed.

WARNINGS that confusion and inefficiency will result from government operation or direction of business do not frighten the average workingman or his wife. They believe that government agencies are packed with loyal vote-getters, and they often have a brother, cousin, uncle or sister-in-law who holds such a job and is cited to substantiate that belief. But bureaucratic inefficiency is not regarded as too great a calamity, and the workingman's blood pressure shows no disposition to rise at this thought.

The suggestion that graft might result from government control of business and lead to "5 per centers" everywhere, causes alarm to very few members of the group. Most of them think that graft is, after all, no serious thing, and they exhibit in the main no basic, strong disapprobation of the practice. While their verbalizations might leave a superficial impression that they are against corruption in government, their true sentiment appears to be that graft is simply a necessary incident of political life and that they would themselves—in many cases—like to latch onto the gravy train.

In the life of the worker, only three things are important: his job, his home and the routine of his existence. Getting ahead means, for the most part, a little better job at a somewhat better wage. Due to the relatively narrow scope of his daily activities, he feels he has little to hope for in immediate satisfactions. He doesn't think he can do more than successfully maintain the status quo. But he is not bursting with ideas about maintaining the present system of government or the present economic structure of private enterprise. What the status quo means to him is simply his immediate, ongoing life.

He tends to find some satisfaction in his dreams of a brighter tomorrow, but these are fantasies and merely in terms of shop—a fortuitous promotion on the job, or some special singling out for commendation by his department head. Among women, the fantasies are primarily in terms of vague ideas of family betterment or the wife's freedom from dishwashing and responsibilities.

The workingman—in the main—believes his government when it tells him, for example, that government production of electric energy will be to his benefit in the way of better service and lower costs. He believes it about steel also, and price and rent controls. While at times he displays some cynicism about government, he regards it much more benevolently than he does business. In some personal sense, government is seen as somewhat amenable to his wishes; business is rarely seen in that favorable light. At best he is neutral toward private industry. At worst—which is usual—he is hostile.

THAT government operation or hobbling of business will result in decreasing the amount of goods available to the consumer drew no response from most of those interviewed. Their ideas of the policy decisions involved in production, pricing, merchandising, etc., are vague, and they have no conception of what government operation or control might do to those decisions. And not knowing, they don't care.

The imaginative resources of the group are limited, and the men and women in it are usually unable to manipulate ideas and images in any original way. Most of them tend to see people and situations in rather stereotyped fashion—e.g., a *bossy* foreman, a *henpecked* clerk, a *suave* banker, a *muscular* truck driver, a *loving* mother, an *impractical* professor. A limp handshake means a weak character, a square jaw means a strong character, blond men are sissies, women who don't wear stockings on the street are apt to be immoral, foreigners or people who speak with a foreign accent are not to be trusted, etc.

The average man in this group expects people to respond to actions in terms of cultural stereotypes just as they do in the movies. When people act otherwise, or when the workingman and his wife are faced with new or difficult problems for which the cultural stereotypes do not furnish them guides to behavior, they look to outside authority for guidance. Women look initially to their husbands, but the real Voice from Above is either Dorothy Dix, Beatrice Fairfax, or the other writers for women's pages of the daily newspapers.

Men look for authority to union leaders, Legion heads, department heads, occasionally clergymen,

sometimes political and social leaders whose noisy eloquence is reported in the press. Neither the men nor the women of this group have much confidence in their own ability to improvise effectively—especially in the realm of ideas—hence they both turn to authority for reassurance. Authority is generally somebody who is considered to be of higher social status and achievement.

That government operation or controls will result in decreasing the quantity or variety of goods (even if true) is something for which the workingman has no steadfast, trustworthy authority (like a union leader) and no cultural stereotypes (like the movies) to rest on. The movies, for example, don't deal with this problem. Moreover, since the proposition seems far removed from his job, his home or his routine of existence, he feels no compelling need to fetch up answers to the problem.

On the other hand, with Federal operation or control, the workingman and his wife feel more at ease. Their representations of themselves indicate that they tend to see themselves at the mercy of great corporations, with no defense against their hiring, firing or promotion policies, or decrees, rates or prices. The Federal government stands out as a sort of benevolent father who helps his children and does not impose burdensome prices on them. If government operation or strict control of business is the way the Great White Father intends to help his children, then that is what his children will accept.

Since the workingman tends to trust his government—in the sense that he seems to have no such predisposition to condemn an official statement as he does to condemn one coming from business—he doesn't really believe that government controls in the business field would be as bad as the advertisements paint it. So he falls back on a familiar stereotype—that business earns large profits by holding production down and prices up—and if forced to accept or reject the proposition about government operation or controls decreasing the availability of goods, he rejects it on an *ad hominem* basis.

That government competition in any business—e.g., electric energy, steel, medicine, industrial research—is socialism and contrary to the principles of free enterprise, is almost completely meaningless to this group. The workingman regards this proposition without affection or emotion. He has heard the principles of free enterprise, of "business management," referred to from time to time, but he understands them only in terms of his daily experience—the local store where his family buys, or the local factory where he or his friends work. All his references to business revolve around specific entities in his daily life.

Opportunity for business to get ahead, expand, offer more goods and wider services at a decreasing cost, are all abstract notions which arouse no response in him. Freedom in running a business (i.e., freedom from governmental harassment or attack) is an idea of no immediate interest to him.

The truth is, the workingman and his family are often fearful of the business world in general. They don't understand its workings and usually conclude that "It's all done by Wall Street" or "The Big Boys have it fixed." The workingman is not sure what government interference or competition with industry means, but he feels no personal threat in it.

On the other hand, industry for him, more often than not, carries dark associations. This is true particularly of our vast basic enterprises which never touch the worker and his family directly—e.g., steel, chemicals, petroleum and natural gas, lumber, woolens, building materials, electric equipment, automotive parts, whose output is always the raw materials or semi-finished goods with which the fabricators work. These enterprises are well-known to businessmen and regarded with deference. But to many Americans of the working class, they are obscure symbols of something verging on the fearful, and bear little resemblance to private enterprise as the worker knows it.

In short, the notion of government action has, in the main, no association of harm attached to it, and the workingman's sentiment indicates clearly that he plans no activity to prevent enlargement of governmental powers in the business field.

THE BASIC fact which emerges from the mass of interviewers' reports is the workingman's narrow outlook. Only when an occurrence directly affects his job, his home or daily routine, does it have importance for him.

My own experience leads me to suspect that the worker's latter-day romance with the politicos is not due to the sheer horsepower of their wooing, nor to the fact that his vanity is tickled by government partiality—which at worst would merely be saying that he exhibited human characteristics. Such evidence as I can amass would indicate, rather, that the politicos have been more astute than business in hacking out their seductive appeals to the common man.

The popular political appeals are almost always in terms of bettering the worker's home, increasing his pay and his security in his job, enriching his daily existence. The counter arguments, so often stated in free enterprise advertisements, have rarely impressed him and his family—mainly because they were in abstract terms, presented impersonally, and without emotional appeal.

We encountered no free enterprise advertisement which warmed the workers' hearts. Yet there is also considerable evidence in our interviews that workers prefer the freedom of the American system, but have rarely been told in language in which they can see themselves, in stereotypes familiar to them, or in ideas which appeal to them, how free enterprise safeguards their jobs and homes and improves their standard of living. For those concerned with this field, our findings may be of help in preparing their next formulations.

UN Information Please

By **BURTON RASCOE**

LET ME give you a tip. If you want any information about the United Nations, phone Information, *New York Times,* LAckwana (that's the way it is spelled in the phone book) 4-1000. Or phone the New York Public Library, BRyant 9-1500, and ask for Information.

But, for goshsakes, don't write or phone Information, United Nations General Secretariat, PLaza 4-1234, or the United Nations Department of Public Information, same number, unless you want to get exasperated to the point of reaching for the fire-axe and going berserk—and still not get the information you want, however simple it may be. I'll go into that in a minute.

Meanwhile, I wish to pay my admiring and grateful tribute to the information bureaus of the *New York Times.* There are two of them. In fact, there are three of them; for every operator at the switchboard of the *Times* constitutes herself a bureau of quick, courteous and intelligent information service, on her own. If you are vague, or uncertain about whom you want to speak to, she will help you out with, "Oh, you want Mr. Sulzberger's office," and plug you in; or, "I'll give you the City Desk"; or if it is information you seek, she will determine, from the nature of your inquiry, which information office will serve you best, and switch you there.

One information office at the *Times* supplies you with information about the weather, sports, personnel of the editorial staff, and about news stories and editorials that have appeared in recent issues of the paper but not yet been filed for reference. The other information office answers questions of a general and universal nature, about anything under the sun that can be found recorded in works of reference or in the files of the *Times* clipping library.

This service, which the *Times* furnishes to anybody, is rendered with courtesy, thoroughness and dispatch. They don't inquire who you are, or why you want the information. They don't even care whether you are a reader of the *Times* or an advertiser in the paper. To introduce yourself as one or the other, or both, is simply to waste time on irrelevant gabble, so far as the *Times* information office is concerned.

I do not wish to overburden the *Times* information offices with excessive calls, particularly in reference to the United Nations; but I hope they (and the Public Library information office) will get enough calls about UN to help me do something about what I am about to disclose.

The powerful *Times* might write an editorial calling the Secretariat, and particularly the UN Office of Public Information, severely to account. *Times* information employees might also refer all callers for information about the UN to Director Benjamin Cohen (Chile), head of the United Nations Office of Public Information, and tell them not to be satisfied with a brush-off or with a switch from one office to another, finally winding up—if patience is not exhausted—with directions where to get pamphlets which they will later find are out of print.

A. P. Dewesee, head of the Information Bureau of the New York Public Library, has a staff of only fifteen. Mark that number. The office gets a minimum of 500 calls a day on all sorts of questions, from the crackpot to the abstruse. The fifteen are overtaxed daily with questions by crossword puzzle addicts, radio quiz and newspaper puzzle fans and competers for prizes. They look up references for scholars and tell students and researchers where to look for material. If the inquiry requires a highly specialized or technical answer, there are outside consultants whose knowledge is available at a token fee paid out of the pitifully small budget allowed Mr. Dewesee and his staff.

AND WHAT of the Office of Publication Information of the United Nations? Well, Bruce Barton disclosed in his weekly syndicated article recently that he had written to Benjamin Cohen (Chile), Director of that office, last May, saying that he wanted to write an article on the United Nations. Mr. Barton is, or *was,* in favor of the United Nations. With his letter to Mr. Cohen he enclosed a short and simple questionnaire, which Mr. Cohen's secretary should have been able to answer after no more than ten minutes consultation of essential and up-to-date reference files and bulletins that should be in his office.

Weeks went by with not even a letter of acknowledgment from Mr. Cohen. Phone calls were put in; they were routed from here to there, and from there to here, and over yonder, by the UN Information Office, and finally somebody wanted to know who was calling, how he spelled the name, what firm he worked for and why did he want the information. Then a further lapse of time and another letter to Mr. Cohen, until late in August came a letter signed by a secretary. A few of the questions were answered, but Mr. Barton was referred to a list of pamphlets for the answers to the others. The pamphlets, once you have them, state where they can be obtained, but the letter didn't; Mr. Barton had to phone again to learn where he could get the pamphlets.

I showed a clipping of Mr. Barton's column to my own Senior Director of Research, Dr. John

Foster Spelvin-Doakes, former DP executive in charge of interoffice memos of *PM* until Marshall Field fled the field of New York journalism, and later displaced as librarian in charge of *Amerasia* photostats and Institute of Pacific Relations bulletins of Joe Barnes's and Bartley Crum's *Star* when it crumbled.

"And you know what?" asked Dr. Spelvin-Doakes after he had tossed the clipping back to me, "Barton will get corns and callouses hotfooting it from one UN information service bureau to another. They are always just fresh out of any pamphlet or booklet you want. The original Handbook costs $12.50 and is five years out of date, and the annual Handbook costs $7.50 and doesn't contain anything you specifically want to know about, such as Norman Cousins's going on a UNESCO junket to Europe with Roger Baldwin and how much it cost or why. Or about the why of Cousins's being on the UNESCO payroll, the State Department payroll, the World Federation payroll, the SRL payroll and a Fulbright traveling fellowship all at the same time, when Cousins was on that junket to interview Nehru and to explain the United States to 72 college groups and assemblies and banquets of state officials and newsmen in India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Siam and Hong Kong.

"Or why Norman Corwin—who has a record of Communist-front affiliations that is beaten in number of citations only by those of Harry F. Ward, Frederick Vanderbilt Field and Maxwell S. Stewart—is Director of Special Projects of UN with a twenty-grand-a-year tax-exempt salary and a whopping budget for "entertainment" and equipment. Or what Corwin does for the money. Or the identity of the Soviet espionage agent, 'Marcel,' who is now on Cohen's staff at UN, according to Elizabeth Bentley, page 91 of her 'Out of Bondage.' Miss Bentley says 'Marcel' was seasoned by ten years of NKVD work in Paris before he was assigned to keep the underground agents in line in her former New York City bailiwick.

"You know how many employees Cohen has on his staff, apparently hired for the specific purpose of not answering letters like Barton's? He has 296! Cohen's salary is $20,000 a year and he is allowed $5000 a year for 'extraordinary expenses,' specified as 'entertainment, travel, wardrobe, etc.' This salary —and the salary of everybody connected with UN from Trygve Lie to file clerk—is tax-exempt. In fact, it is better than tax-exempt. Under a Treasury Department ruling, a UN employee has to report salary and expense allowance, and pay on it. But he is reimbursed in the full amount by UN. Next year he has to report and pay income taxes on his salary, on his allowance *and* also on his reimbursement. He is then reimbursed for the total. This is an automatic annual increase of tax-exempt salary.

"If you equip yourself for a safari with pemmican, hobnailed boots and vitamin pills, you can find out something about the United Nations, right here in New York, including the fact that the annual budget has grown from $25,000,000 to $180,000,000 to date, and that the budget for Mr. Cohen's staff and publication expenses alone is larger than that allocated for all employee salaries and maintenance costs of the New York Public Library and all its branches. I don't have to tell you a library employee's salary is not munificent, or that it is not tax-exempt.

"Also, I wonder if you know that, in all of the releases sent out by Benjamin Cohen (Chile), and in all the UN literature in which the 'police action of the United Nations against aggression' in Korea is mentioned, and in all UN literature on China and the Far East, they use a euphemism for Chinese Communists similar to T. A. Bisson's 'agrarian reformers' which was used by the IPR and State Department pro-Communist writers? From none of this 'information' would you ever get the notion that the USSR is even remotely connected or concerned with the Korean affair, or that Mao Tse-tung's army and regime are Communist. According to all UN literature, the UN 'police' are resisting the aggression of 'the North Koreans and the Chinese *Volunteer Army in North Korea.*' The government of China is 'the People's Government' in UN literature and it would appear that Mao hasn't even got an army. The Chinese-in-arms in Korea are 'volunteers' who are unfortunately and misguidedly itching to aggress with the North Koreans."

When I asked Dr. Spelvin-Doakes why he didn't quit me and hook up with all that tax-exempt dough at the United Nations, he said, "Did you ever take a gander at the American personnel for that outfit and look up their records? I wouldn't have a Chiang Kai-shek's chance with those Commies, Commie fronters, World Federationists and One-Worlders. I couldn't even infiltrate there as I did on *PM* and the *Star*. I'm down in their books as the secret head of the infamous China Lobby. They are spreading the rumor that I was born in Pasadena, which is not a rumor but a fact, and that I have open affiliations with known pro-Americans and downright American nationalists."

Eastward, Ho!

The Soviet government has castigated one of its writers of children's stories for stating that the vacuum cleaner is an American invention. Only the cleaner is an American invention; Stalin invented the vacuum.

Several of those who denied any link with the Communist Party a year ago and whom we did not brand as Communists for fear of being sued for slander, have admitted their party affiliation. Several of those whom we do not brand as Communists now for fear of being sued for slander will admit their party affiliation next year. Until then they will continue to remain innocent victims of war hysteria and witch hunts. ARGUS

Double-Talk on Formosa

By ALBERT Y. SZE

IF THE truce talks in Korea come to anything, the question of Formosa will again emerge from the background to the forefront of world news. In the post-cease-fire political negotiation, it is almost certain that the Chinese Communists will demand possession of the Pacific island. Then what will be the United States policy regarding this question of Formosa? With the exception of a few sympathizers with Chinese communism, the American people, including some important Administration officials, are agreed on the strategic significance of Formosa to the security of the United States and the necessity of keeping it from hostile hands.

But will the State Department, as the chief instrument of United States foreign policy, perform the public assignment faithfully to safeguard vital American interests in the Far East? While awaiting positive assurances from the State Department, we have received a serious shock to our reasonable expectation of sensible performance through the publication of the infamous State Department document dated December 23, 1949 on U. S. policy regarding Formosa.

The Senate Joint Committee investigating the dismissal of General MacArthur did a singular public service by inquiring into this highly controversial document. By a vote of 15-9, it published the whole document over Secretary Acheson's protest. And its members demanded an explanation of the incident. Though described by pro-Administration newspapermen as having made a skillful defense of the State Department, Acheson was in reality hard put to construct shrewd replies. A careful study of the published records of the Senate hearings, and in particular of Acheson's answers regarding this matter, throws a revealing light on the State Department's logic in the formulation of policy.

The State Department document was drafted to advise U. S. consular officers stationed in the Far East that Formosa had no special military importance to the security of the United States. Accordingly they were instructed to conduct U. S. information programs abroad in such a way as to prepare for the loss of Formosa to the Chinese Communists. U. S. diplomats were to employ the means of propaganda to remove any impression of American interest in the fate of the island. In case of increasing American public interest in the question of Formosa, they were further directed to label such public comment or analysis as "conflicting," as "individual expressions of opinion," as "unofficial," etc.

However, Mr. Acheson declared at the Senate hearing that "it was U. S. policy then, as well as earlier and since, that Formosa was strategically important to defense of this country." Then why did he permit the State Department drafters of the document to falsify the true intent of U. S. policy? Such "double policy" must have been confusing indeed to U. S. consular officers. How could the Secretary of State expect American striped-pants diplomats, receiving conflicting policy-directives from time to time, to conduct U. S. foreign affairs in a businesslike manner?

Acheson attempted to defend his "double policy" by asserting that its purpose was "to minimize the damage to the prestige of the United States . . . should Formosa fall." But he overdid this by appealing to two false analogies.

First, he claimed that what the State Department advocated in the document was the sort of thing that a captain in command of a company would say to his men when he found that the companies on either side of him were retreating and taking punishment from the enemy: "Don't give it a thought. It doesn't matter at all. You are doing fine. Dig in. Hold it. It is all right." But actually, by issuing the document, did the State Department order U. S. consular officers to "dig in and hold it"? Instead it plainly directed them to pull back, to give up, and to deny to friends and foes alike that there had ever been any relationship with the retreating comrades-in-arms. It is astounding that an eminent legal mind like Acheson's could have confused the cowardly directive of the State Department with the gallant decision of a company commander in the circumstances described.

Secondly, Acheson recalled Churchill's famous statement in 1940 that the British "would fight on the beaches, fight in the streets, and fight in the hills." Did Acheson really mean to convey that the State Department document called for a fight to keep Formosa from the Communists? On the contrary, the State Department planners had already assumed loss of the island as inevitable, and accordingly prepared U. S. diplomatic posts abroad for that event. It is understandable that once in a while Acheson would like to fall back on Churchillian eloquence. But how could he identify a fierce determination to fight with a premature improvisation of retreat?

THE DOCUMENT itself is a masterpiece of conflicting logic and of fragmentary deduction from false assumptions. It argued that Formosa had no strategic significance to the U. S., since "it is only approximately 100 miles off the China Coast . . . [and] China has never been a sea power." On the

other hand, it held that "loss of the island is widely anticipated." Were the Communist land armies expected, without adequate naval preparation, to jump over the 100-mile Formosan Strait and capture the island?

It was also stated that "civil and military conditions [on Formosa] have deteriorated under the Nationalists" and that this "adds weight to the expectation [of loss of the island]." This is a false assumption, not a statement of fact, and quite contradictory of the published reports of informed writers such as Frank H. King, Marguerite Higgins, James A. Michener and others who have visited the Far East in the last two years. Michener, for example, was so greatly impressed by the improved civil administration in Formosa that in *Life* for June 4 he wrote: "No American can visit Formosa without one lament filling his mind: this might have been China today."

Regarding military conditions in Formosa, King reported a press statement issued by Maj. Gen. William C. Chase, head of the American military mission recently sent there. After a quick look at Chiang's forces, Gen. Chase had said, "Potentially they are a formidable fighting force. I am much encouraged—more so than I expected to be. Properly equipped, trained, employed and also properly led, they will be highly effective." After reading these on-the-scene reports one can not help wondering about the reliability of the sources of information upon which the State Department has placed reliance.

On the basis of his false premises, Acheson contended that one of the purposes in issuing the document was to prevent "loss of U. S. prestige at home and abroad" if Formosa fell into Communist hands. In the minds of the State Department people, international morals must be of a very special kind indeed, if they believe that a great nation can save its prestige by turning its back on a sinking ally and denying interest in its fate.

The China policy formulated by the State Department was accurately described by Michener in his article in *Life*:

> We refused Chiang enough coherent and effective support to enable him and China to progress while ambiguously offering just enough to ensure that his Communist enemies could smear him as a tool of American imperialism. This was a classic diplomatic example of self-frustration.

Another purpose of this outrageous document, according to Acheson, was to prevent "damage to the morale of other nations, particularly in the Far East, which are disturbed by the Communist gains and fear its possible further advances." Did Acheson believe that the morale of the Asiatic nations could be sustained and their fears set at rest by handing Formosa over to the Communists?

In reality what the Asiatic nations fear most is a weak-kneed, vacillating American policy in the Far East. The possibility of American withdrawal from all Asia—as from the Chinese mainland—means to cooperative Asian leaders a possibility of severe punishment at the hands of the Communists because of their cooperation with the United States. Betrayal of one friend is no way to make staunch friends of others.

Acheson went on to assert that the next element of the policy was that "the State Department should, to the best of its ability, by diplomatic and economic means try to keep Formosa from falling into hands which would be hostile to us." This is plain double-talk. After telling the world officially through the U. S. information programs and the Voice of America, in particular, that the United States did not care about Formosa and that its fall was inevitable, what possible effective diplomatic and economic means could he have devised to save Formosa from the Communists?

THERE IS another technical point to be considered. In the "treatment" section of the document, U. S. consular officers were directed to avoid using the name "Taiwan," and to use "Formosa" instead. Taiwan is the Chinese name for Formosa. Why should we not conform to the feeling of the Chinese by adopting their name for the island, particularly since their nationalistic tendencies have been emphasized so much by the State Department in order to justify its recent departure from the traditional U. S. China policy? Why should the State Department, after indicating readiness to abandon the Chinese to their fate, have wished to continue to irritate them over a minor matter of nomenclature? The document spoke of "groups in the U. S. inclined to be critical of the U. S. for failure to act to prevent loss of the island to the Communists largely because of mistaken [*sic*] popular conception of its strategic importance to U. S. defense in the Pacific."

Let us suppose the State Department planners had good reasons to ignore General MacArthur's repeated warning that the security of the Philippines would be immediately threatened if Formosa were allowed to fall to the Communists. But could they forget that in World War II, Formosa constituted the main strategic base of Japanese expansion in southeastern Asia? Possibly it was a belated remembrance of these things which moved Secretary Acheson, at the Senate hearings, to testify solemnly that "it was then U. S. policy, as well as earlier and since, that Formosa was strategically important to the defense of this country."

Strange logic may be expected from "brilliant minds" once a while, but the attempt to falsify the true intent of American policy and to "prepare" the public to accept the loss of Formosa as inevitable for the sole purpose of covering up the State Department's past blunders was inexcusable.

Yalu River

Poppa Truman: "Hang your hopes on the Communist whim, but don't go near the water!"

CASMI STEFFIN

From Our Readers

How "Modern" Is Socialism?

Thanks for "It Started With Plato" by S. Harcourt-Rivington in your issue of August 13, which brings out the fact that Karl Marx did not originate state-enforced "communism," but that the idea originated many centuries before him in the foggy brain of a Greek theorist by the name of Aristocles, nicknamed Plato. Plato gave birth to the idea of the welfare state that kills individual liberty and regulates and regiments everybody from the cradle to the grave except a small clique (such as the Bolsheviks of Russia) whose will and whim are law. The military welfare state of Sparta and Ptolemaic socialism in Egypt failed two thousand years before the present British socialistic fiasco.

Communism and its understudy, Fabian socialism, are obsolete, archaic and reactionary in that they destroy the freedom and progress of humanity, but strange to say, there are persons, including college-trained moronoids, who believe that government enforced socialism and communism are modern, liberal and progressive. There are even some literate persons who still believe that Soviet Russia, where millions of people are enslaved in prison camps, is a land of "democracy." Only recently has our State Department abandoned the belief that Chinese Reds are agrarian "democrats."

If the soul of Aristocles, alias Plato, still survives, it must have chuckled when not so long ago Supreme Court Justice Douglas stated in a public address that the welfare state was a product of the twentieth century.

Fort Worth, Texas — LLOYD E. PRICE

The Problem of "Bigness"

The supplement by Donald Richberg to the *Freeman* of July 16 poses a problem I have been mulling over for a long time. Unfortunately Richberg deals only with *one* aspect of a much larger phenomenon.

Big labor is a product of "big" capitalism. Without large corporations, their greed and arrogance, there would not have been large boss-ridden labor unions. In fact it is the bigness of everything in modern society—big labor, big capital, big farmers; big professionals—all of them *organized*—which is at the bottom of "bigness" in government. How man can master the monsters he has created instead of their mastering him, is the problem.

To be sure, we put a brake here and a checkpoint there (anti-trust laws, etc.) but there is no stopping "bigness"; it is inherent in everything we do, posing the problem of how men shall manage men as it never was posed before. If we solve it, then the real values of the world as we know it will live and progress for a long time to come; if not, then all we do will not be of much avail, except perhaps briefly for those now living.

Detroit, Michigan — JOSEPH ZACK

Which Voice Do You Hear?

Listening to shortwave radio is certainly highly educational. I tuned in on Radio Moscow the other night and heard their version of the truce talks in Korea. Eyewitness reports were given by two representatives of the Women's International Democratic Federation which has been investigating atrocities—the atrocities allegedly committed in the Korean War by Americans.

Radio Moscow reported on the Soviet citizen's vital interest in world affairs and the wide coverage of such items prevalent in the Soviet press. The corruption of the American press and its constant warmongering were contrasted with the peace efforts universally portrayed in the Soviet press. Then I twirled the dial to the Voice of America.

The Voice of America announced: "The Stamp Collectors' Session" (in a nice syrupy voice). Then there was a chatty dialogue between two cultured-sounding gentlemen about all the different types of stamps we have to commemorate notable events.

Not being an ardent philatelist, I couldn't help but muse rather despondently on the still continuing war in Korea and the resultant casualties, and the terrific cost to the taxpayer of "winning" the propaganda war.

Washington, D. C. — M. L. WALPOLE

An Exception

Although the editors of the *Freeman* explicitly disclaim, on its inside front cover, any necessary agreement with the authors whose signed articles appear in the magazine, this editor feels impelled to enter a specific disclaimer of agreement with part of Mr. Towner Phelan's article, "Modern School For Scandal," in our issue of September 24.

It seemed to me most unfortunate that Mr. Phelan, in an otherwise well documented and excellent article, failed to document his attack on Senator Joe McCarthy. Either Senator McCarthy's tactics are "reprehensible," "despicable," and "vicious" or they are not. If they are, then it would have been in order for Mr. Phelan to prove them so, just as he proved, by reference to available published facts, that Owen Lattimore, for example, had smeared Louis F. Budenz and that Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., had smeared John T. Flynn and George Morgenstern.

Although I hold the view that an author owes it to anyone he attacks to produce, or at least cite, the public record on which he bases his criticism, it seems to me that he is under special obligation to do so in the case of a person who, like Senator McCarthy or Mr. Lattimore, has become a subject of public controversy. In citing evidence to prove his charges against Lattimore while offering none in support of his attack on McCarthy, Mr. Phelan gives the impression, to this critic at least, of having unwittingly become the victim of the Left Wing smearbund whose tactics he so rightly and so effectively condemns.

New York City — SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

The Return of Sacred Music

By RALPH DE TOLEDANO

IF IT is the time's plague that madmen lead the blind, it may also be the time's salvation that contemporary man is increasingly beset by the ache of his mortality. Perhaps for the first time since the Enlightenment abolished it, he is in search of a soul. The byways he takes may be obscure, but the urge is there to return to the God who was, is, and will be world without end. This search has been marked by a shift in musical taste, a resurgence of interest in sacred music, which characterizes this middle span of the twentieth century.

Before the adoration of eternal purpose found in the sacred ritual, it is almost possible to forget the ceaseless motion of getting and spending. The great liturgists felt the God-emotion differently, yet each was possessed of it and by it. The Presence which guided their pens surges through the sung and sounded notes, even to those who pretend they are merely listening to music. The God-sense may soothe or exacerbate the cosmic loneliness, but it is the pertinent voice.

It speaks strongly and variously enough to interest the musicologists. Like Dr. Pangloss, however, they have arrived at a wrong explanation. Firmly planting nose to spectacles, they point to the 100-odd recording companies which have sprung up in the last three years: the development of the long-playing-microgroove process which gave them birth, they argue, is the responsible factor. Forced to meet the competition of RCA-Victor and Columbia (the Big Two in classical records), the smaller companies turned to musical fields as yet unplowed. Ergo, the musicologists submit, the revival of Palestrina.

The fact is that the trend was well established before LP records revolutionized the field. The outsize "Messiah" of Handel and "Elijah" of Mendelssohn, the great wartime recording of the Berlioz Requiem (the three are available now on Columbia LPs, SL 151, 155, and 159 respectively), and a growing number of religious works, had been issued on 78 rpm shellac records even before Columbia released to all comers its 33 1/3 rpm patents. Today these works plus a host of others have been issued on the cheaper, better, and more convenient LPs. The trend, already begun, was merely speeded up. Of Bach's religious works, for example, there are now on LP two B Minor Masses (Westminster 50-37/9 and RCA-Victor 6100), a complete (Vox 6070) and an abridged (Key 501) "St. Matthew Passion," a "St. John Passion" (Vox 6550), the Magnificat in D (Concert Hall 60), 16 cantatas, a collection of Sacred Arias sung by Carol Brice (Columbia 4108), and other chorales, motets, etc. Or there were at last count; it is hard to keep track.

In Schwann's comprehensive monthly LP catalogue, sacred music does not yet crowd out the secular works of standard composers—but it is creeping up. Ranging from Gregorian Chant to straining modern, LP records allow us to hear within a small compass of time the religious musical accretion of centuries. Listening to this music chronologically, one finds that the old truistic divisions of Renaissance, Baroque, Classic and Romantic—to some extent applicable in secular music—fall apart when applied to the sacred.

HAYDN'S extant Masses prove the point. Seldom heard and almost forgotten, they might just as well have been lost. Yet one by one, as they are issued by the pioneering Haydn Society of Boston (and by other companies which have begun to follow suit), these works reveal a Haydn not found in the symphonies or quartets. Born before Bach died, bridging the full span of Mozart's life, and dying in the same year that Mendelssohn was born, Haydn triumphs over the three eras. In the Masses, he emerges as a titan of religious passion and complex sensibility who dwarfs the father of the well-made symphony.[1]

The "Mariazellermesse" (Haydn Society 2011), the "Paukenmesse" (Haydn Society 2021), and the other Masses cut strictly to the ritual have a deep and earnest devoutness which transcends the splendor and violence of the music. But the great monument is the "Missa Sanctae Caeciliae" (Haydn Society 2028), recently discovered by the Society in its scholarly cataloguing of Haydn. Like the Bach B Minor, it is a cantata-mass. As a great and noble creation, as a work of vast contrapuntal devising, and as sacred music, it perhaps excels the B Minor. For the secularization of religion which began in the Reformation and was reflected increasingly in the music of German composers from Heinrich Schuetz forward is hardly apparent in the "St. Cecilia Mass." The combination of technical and emotional control is tremendous, but the spirit soars.

The distinction I make between Haydn and Bach is not one of religious devotion or depth of feeling. In the music of Palestrina—his Magnificat (Period 513), his Ascendo ad Patrem (Allegro 70), and such earlier works as Josquin des Pres's De Profundis Clamavi ad Te (Concert Hall 47) possess a floating, timeless quality—the music is not an

[1] In the quartet version of his "Seven Last Words of Christ" (Concert Hall 1084), this quality is lacking—although the music is as full and beautiful as anything else Haydn wrote for this medium. Perhaps his inspiration was in the challenge of the human voice rising over earth-bound instruments.

adornment to the Mass, or an adjunct to the service of God. It is the Mass itself, pure, serene, disembodied—a ritual celebration even without the religious text.

Bach, a devout man and a serious church composer, wrote art music around and about the Mass. The strident trumpets in the cantata "O Ewiges Feuer" (Bach Guild 502) sound forth in reminiscence of the Brandenburg No. 2; the Quoniam Tu Solus in the B Minor is a bass aria adorned by the trills of a hunting horn obbligato; the Domine Deus duet in the same Mass is a sprightly dance, appropriate only in the context of a "Wachet Auf" cantata. It is great and satisfying, but it lacks the transcendant purity of those who wrote music to write Masses, and not vice versa.

Even Schuetz, composing an austere "St. John Passion" (Renaissance 26) decades before the birth of Bach, succumbs to this secularization. The moving and traditional plainchant of the Narrator is punctuated by jiggling choral interludes which almost syncopate the last moments of Christ on the Cross. Somehow, Haydn escaped this corruption of a society drifting slowly away from the forms of worship.

Oddly enough, in what some would call their *mystique,* Haydn's Masses seem to reach back to an unexpected source. The kinship, a non-musical one, is to the sixteenth century Tomás Luis de Victoria whose stern, rich liturgy is virtually unheard today. Yet his Masses and Motets (Mercury 10063)—which poured into forms developed by Palestrina the fiercely mystical Iberian admixture of Catholic, Jew and Arab—are perhaps the most strongly affecting among the sacred music of the Renaissance.

In Mozart's Great Mass in C Minor (Haydn Society 2006), as in his "Vesperae de domenica" (Concert Hall 1083), the liturgical tone is derived from the more lyric, free-swinging strain of Monteverdi. Full of introspection and wonder, the Et Incarnatus Est bears more than a casual relation to "Arianna's Lament"; a mournful and lovely lilt in the "Vesperae" recalls "Zefiro Torna." These are secular references, yet in a sense the literary gap between Monteverdi's Eros and Mozart's Agape is not so great.

WITH Haydn and Mozart, the liturgist tradition died on the Continent—drowned in a flood of instruments. It had died a century earlier in England—mysteriously and inexplicably along with all English music—leaving behind several *a capella* Masses by Byrd (Allegro 101) and his contemporaries, some cantatas by Purcell, and a great, unfulfilled promise of continuing glory. Beethoven wrote a few Masses, but they are Beethoven more than they are sacred. Mendelssohn wrote his oratorios, dedicated to the German love of size rather than to the love of God.

Berlioz and Verdi each turned to the Requiem once, but each again was converting the Mass into a personal vehicle. The instruments thundered and the voices called out, but the note was of fear and challenge, threatening damnation, not offering salvation. Always carrying death on his shoulders, Mahler expressed the cosmic yearning in cycles like "Das Lied von der Erde" (Vox 7000); but these were religious only in a sense so broad as to be meaningless. (As Ernst Krenek noted, Mahler's "relation to the Supreme Being was a matter of . . . ever-renewed discussion"—a debate which must be resolved before composition.) And Bruckner was too prone to the conceptual elephantiasis of his time, too interested in music as experiment to distil his simple Catholic faith. His Te Deum (Festival 101) is of interest, but it speaks no deep sacred language.

In the twentieth century, there was some religious introspection—Britten's slightly precious "Rejoice in the Lamb" (WCFM 4) is one example.[2] But this was less a return and more a confession that folk themes were beginning to pall. Fauré, shunning the robust dramatics of Verdi or the pagan-Christian synthesis of Wagner, wrote truly sacred music in his gentle and touching Requiem. But the purity of feeling, the ascent of the spirit which marked the great Age of Liturgy—this was nowhere to be found.

Perhaps in the second half of the twentieth century, the authentic music will sound; perhaps the contemporary expression of man's search for the springs of Intuition will become musically organic; perhaps a new school of liturgists will break through the confines of secularism in religion. At any rate, as the resurgence of interest in the sacred moves over music, modern technology has given us the means to tap the older springs. Putting needle to groove, we may heed St. Augustine's words to the early Christians: "Sing with your voices, and with your hearts, and with all your moral convictions; sing the new songs not only with your tongue but with your life."

[2] It is pertinent here to take up the Jewish composers. Bound by two liturgies fixed centuries ago, the Sephardic and the Ashkenazic, and by a tradition which does not permit of change, composers like Bloch have in no sense written music for the Synagogue or created a new voice for an ancient ritual.

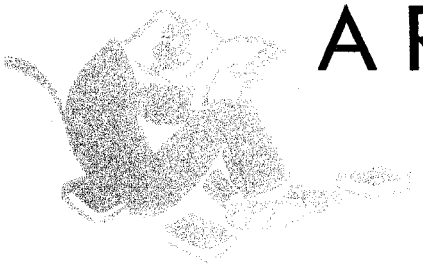
October in Maine

Beauty cries out in me and earth responds
By coloring the season like the stars,
Blue, saffron, gold, and plunging aster fronds
In silver like the Pleiades. Red Mars

Matches this red rock-maple tree that flings
Its flaming sword to guard an alder swamp,
A swamp where yellow grasses lie in rings
Like galaxies of the Milky Way that tramp

Celestial journeys into outer space
On which autumnal thoughts will dwell and pry—
The frosty season quickening the pace
Of wonder at October's earth and sky.

WILBERT SNOW



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Joseph Conrad's "Under Western Eyes" (reissued by New Directions, $1.50) was first published in 1911. It fell rather flat at the time, and it has never had the reputation of "Lord Jim," "Victory" and "The Nigger of the Narcissus." Reading it in this new edition, which comes to us with an instructive introduction by Morton Dauwen Zabel, one can easily see how it came to be neglected. An Anglo-Saxon world that has yet to digest the significance of such things as the Hiss case and the disappearance of the two British foreign office men could hardly have been expected to become emotionally involved in this story of Russian revolutionists, assassins, spies, informers and double agents on the shores of Lake Geneva in 1904 or 1905. Like the city of Geneva itself, that "respectable and passionless abode of democratic liberty" (Conrad's rather contemptuous words), we have been so much the disinterested routineers in our concern for freedom that we have allowed the tides of disintegration to lap close to us unawares. Thus "Under Western Eyes," which Conrad wrote as a distinctively *Russian* story, threatens to become an English and an American story as well.

The key to "Under Western Eyes" is to be found in an author's note appended to Conrad's autobiographical fragment, "A Personal Record." Disputing the all-too-prevalent Western view that the Polish temperament is akin to the Russian, Conrad, the Pole who became an Englishman, insisted upon Poland's "tradition of self-government, its chivalrous view of moral restraints and an exaggerated respect for individual rights." The Polish mentality, he said, is "western in complexion," has "received its training from Italy and France and, historically, [has] always remained, even in religious matters, in sympathy with the most liberal currents of European thought." Conrad's own father was a Polish patriot who rebelled against Russian domination in 1863; he was not so much a revolutionist as a counter-revolutionist yearning for the freedoms guaranteed by republican order. The lawlessness of the Czar's government in Warsaw and the fate of his father's generation made Conrad into a Russophobe. But it was a very special Russia that Conrad hated—the Russia that has swung violently from the lawlessness of autocracy to the lawlessness of revolution. Conrad hated the whole formula of "senseless desperation provoked by senseless tyranny," the "ferocity and imbecility of an autocratic rule" basing itself on "complete moral anarchism" and provoking "the no less imbecile and atrocious answer of a purely Utopian revolutionism encompassing destruction by the first means to hand."

No doubt Conrad's linked rebuke to the Romanovs and the Lenins who contested so disastrously for the supremacy of the Russian moral jungle overlooks and slights the Russia of Miliukov, Kerensky and the Constituent Assembly. However, let that pass for the moment. "Under Western Eyes" may do the Russia of Kerensky an injustice, but it is certainly full of prophetic insight bearing on the mechanics of revolution. The old English teacher of languages who serves as the story-telling Marlowe of "Under Western Eyes" called the turn when he lectured Nathalie Haldin, the trusting sister of the assassin Victor Haldin, in these terms:

> "In a real revolution the best characters do not come to the front. A violent revolution falls into the hands of narrow-minded fanatics and of tyrannical hypocrites at first. Afterwards comes the turn of all the pretentious intellectual failures of the time. Such are the chiefs and leaders. You will notice that I have left out the mere rogues. The scrupulous and the just, the noble, humane and devoted natures; the unselfish and the intelligent may begin a movement—but it passes away from them. They are not the leaders of a revolution. They are its victims."

This, written in 1908, is the whole burden of Hayek's "The Road to Serfdom," written some thirty years later. A public that failed to appreciate Conrad a decade before the Russian Revolution may be forgiven for its moral indifference, but what are we to say for a public that has rejected Hayek in the age of Stalin and Hiss?

Until very recently the moral dilemma summed up in the question, "To tell or not to tell," has never had any meaning for Americans. A Whittaker Chambers, a Hede Massing, a Louis Budenz, would have been a meaningless phenomenon in the America of a generation ago. Not so in the Russian life which Conrad so vividly depicts in "Under Western Eyes." When Haldin, the revolutionary murderer of the minister De P— who is modeled on the notorious pogromist, Plehve, appeals for sanctuary to the young student Razumov, the question is posed in terms that admit of an answer. Razumov tells. But he tells not out of passionate conviction that he is exposing an evil thing. His is a more opportunistic devotion to truth and justice; as Conrad puts it, Razumov is "dazzled by the base glitter of mixed motives." The natural son of a

member of the nobility, Razumov fears that Haldin's sudden eruption into his life will spoil his chances for a career. He exposes Haldin to Councillor Mikulin out of mere anger that anybody could presume to endanger his bread and butter.

Thus a good act is rendered evil in the very moment of its consummation—and thus "Under Western Eyes" becomes, like "Lord Jim," a drama of the attempted resurrection of personal honor. Razumov goes to Geneva to spy on the revolutionists. But he can not endure the role when he realizes that he is a spy for a cause in which he does not believe. Razumov is no revolutionist; his personal credo is expressed in a set of antitheses that read:

> History not Theory.
> Patriotism not Internationalism.
> Evolution not Revolution.
> Direction not Destruction.
> Unity not Disruption.

But the Czar's government is not concerned with such things as patriotism, evolution, direction and unity. Razumov is engaged in a spy's role in a war that does not involve a single one of his own beliefs. He can not be a Nathan Hale or a Whittaker Chambers in such a situation. For his own salvation he exposes his role in the hanging of Haldin to the Geneva revolutionists. Even this he does out of the "base glitter of mixed motives," for he is in love with the sister of Haldin. For his truthfulness he reaps a peculiar reward; he is slugged and rendered stone deaf by a thug of the revolution who happens to be a double agent on the order of the notorious Azev.

This is a drama of moral ambiguity that Conrad has written. Since Razumov, unlike Lord Jim, is an equivocal character, "Under Western Eyes" may have no clear meaning for many Westerners in its central characterization. But even in its ambiguity the novel serves as a warning to the West. For if a senseless autocracy provokes senseless revolution, it also confuses the ethical sense of anyone who is out to make a career. When the State itself departs from the rule of law and the guarantee of natural rights, it becomes impossible to teach good morals to the young unless they happen to be gifted with the ability and the will to live monkish lives. If the State is not the conservator of natural rights, the moral man must prepare himself to live outside the State. But that is, for most people, a virtually inhuman task. Only the very strongest natures can resist corruption in a State that does not strive to make natural law (including the Ten Commandments) the basis for the "legal" law passed by legislatures.

"Under Western Eyes" is a prophetic book: Conrad called the turn on the Russian Revolution before it happened. It is also a warning book, for since Conrad wrote it the Russian Revolution has moved West. We can no longer look down with superior eyes upon the Lasparas, the Sophia Antonovnas, the Nikitas and the Peter Ivanovitches of Conrad's story, for we have these characters in our midst in Washington and London, and they bear ancient Anglo-Saxon names. Will they succeed in doing us in? That depends on the passion that we can muster as believers in republican morals, republican legality and republican order.

MOOD OF ANTIETAM

Mr. Lincoln's Army, by Bruce Catton. *New York: Doubleday. $3.75*

Bruce Catton has written a Civil War book which he might truthfully have called "The Mood of Antietam," rather than "Mr. Lincoln's Army." The latter title obviously has more box-office appeal, but it fails to do justice to the full sweep and scope of Mr. Catton's work. What he has done is to select an incredibly short segment of historical time, filled with the thunderous clash of arms and of issues, and against its flaming backdrop he has depicted the psyches of an army, of its leadership and of a national Administration. The book is beautifully written in a 1951 colloquial which sings, and its content is so compressed that it seems to have difficulty in staying within its covers.

The story opens to the mutter of the guns of Second Manassas, faintly heard at Alexandria, Virginia, whither General George B. McClellan had just returned from his reverses in the Peninsula. To all intents and purposes, it closes, less than three weeks later, with the last shot of Antietam fired by a battery silhouetted against the monstrous blood-red disk of the setting sun. In between are sketched the early history and consequent psychological development of the Army of the Potomac into a consciously effective body that, in its heart, never aspired to be fortunate. There, too, is shown most plausibly and clearly the interplay of military action and inaction with the factional and administrative politics of a Washington, which, probably rightly, is described as responding to the stimuli of events in a manner completely understandable today.

Mr. Catton has relied on the accepted sources and has produced no new versions of single events. He has, however, been able to dissect out of each event its essence and then to relate these essences to each other in a manner which is at once simple and persuasive. Similarly, in the anecdotage which illustrates and adorns his tale, he has had an unerring eye for those incidents which show precisely the moods and characterizations which he is seeking to portray. Very rightly for his purpose, he has not hesitated to use (with proper warning) the reported incident which is true in spirit even if it is not completely true in fact. The end product is a portrait that is completely understandable and that is instinct with life.

As might be expected, Mr. Catton is much occupied with General McClellan, that shining youth in

arms. He justly points out the misfortune attendant on the General's premature rise to eminence. He is explicit as to "Little Mac's" great qualities: his genius for organization and his ability to kindle the hearts of his troops. He puts, but does not completely answer, the question as to whether McClellan loved his army too much to hold it relentlessly in the searing flame of war. Certainly he feels that McClellan and most of his generals lacked that ultimate drive that decides the issue on a close-fought field. As to McClellan's relationship to the President, to the dominant political issues and to the swirls and eddies of Washington politics, Mr. Catton raises the old plea of "enigma." Neither side, despite occasional good will, quite understood the other, says he, so how can we do better at this distance? It seems to me that there is at least one discernible factor. McClellan, like all popular generals (and many successful generals are not popular), had to create a stage presence. This may have been unconscious, even, on his part, but the deed was done. Now a stage presence suited to the camp looks quite different when it is displayed at the capitol. It seems entirely likely that what appeared to be magic and inspiration among the soldiers had a musty and familiar odor of fustian for the politicians.

Despite the imminence of truth that pervades this account of events and attitudes, it seems to me that Mr. Catton grasps rather wildly at the two conclusions with which he rounds out his work. These are that Antietam put the seal of doom on the romanticism with which the Civil War began and that, if this battle had been a decisive Northern victory (it could never have won the war for the South), it would, in all probability, have paved the way for a peace of compromise. If, on the first count, he had limited himself to the Union and Confederate Administrations, there could be no cavil. The Jefferson Davis regime was set in bitterness before Antietam and, as Mr. Catton points out, the even balance of the battle put the Northern diehards in the saddle. But when it comes to the armies, that is a different matter. The Civil War was a teen-age war, so far as the men in the ranks were concerned; and as the boys of North and South paid their tribute to Moloch, their places were taken by equally ardent youth. Custer and Stuart rode their gayest long after Antietam. The course of the war engendered hatreds and bitternesses, but it did not kill romance.

Again, it is hard to believe that, with the Emancipation Proclamation in Mr. Lincoln's pigeonhole, a crushing Union triumph on the banks of the Potomac would have brought about a peace without victory. Victories may engender tolerance and compromise, but they do so only at long range. Antietam or no Antietam, we must feel that the full course of tragedy had been set long since.

And that, of course, is why men continue to write and to read books about the Civil War. That, to date, has been the only time in our history when tragedy ran its full course, when victor and vanquished gave of their utmost, and when, on reaching the fated decision, all the protagonists knew that they had exerted powers and energies which, at the outset, none would have dared to claim.

T. J. BETTS

MIDWESTERN FABLE

Sherwood Anderson, by Irving Howe. *New York: Sloane. $3.50*

The ink pundits of our colleges and grammar-boy magazines do not have the animal health to understand or even to smell the American Midwest. This book, by Irving Howe, offers some tepid ink on Sherwood Anderson. It describes in a crude, academic prose the towns and rivers of Anderson's Ohio, with all the enchantment left out.

Anderson's life is a fable of the old rural, wooden Midwest, land of fine trees, sunflowers and high-grass towns and streets. Anderson's father had a harness shop in Camden, Ohio, and when the family fell into inconvenient, but not immodest, want, his mother took in washing. Poverty was not sick and dirty and brutal, but was still warm, like noondays, and there was health in the washtub, the porch steps and the dandelions. Like other Ohio boys, Anderson sold newspapers (the *Cincinnati Enquirer*) to help his parents. By the time he was a full-grown man and had acquired a wife and three children, he was managing a paint factory in Elyria. There was a legend that Anderson had a trunk filled with short stories and novels. Whatever shortcomings there were in his biography he healed by inventing tales and incidents that may have taken place only in his mind. He took sick, left his wife and children and the paint factory, and in his gypsy fit of amnesia (in which he pretended that he was an artist) he wandered to Cleveland.

Mr. Howe is rough with Harry Hansen, who believed in Anderson's delusion. A poet necessarily lies about everything, and the first falsehood he invents is that he is an artist. The Anderson hegira to Cleveland, away from his wife and the paint factory, was also a song in Anderson's brain, "I'm a poet, a fine cobbler of singing words," and it was lucky for Anderson and for America that Harry Hansen knew how to hear this chanting nature.

Anderson became a Chicago copywriter and also the dude-artist, wearing hot, tropical ties, spats, and carrying a cane as he went down Michigan Boulevard. He had read some George Moore, Thomas Hardy and Turgeniev, and he spelled badly. He wanted to go to New York to meet the culture people and learn to be a better speller, but instead of Socrates and Diogenes he met Paul Rosenfeld and Waldo Frank.

Anderson did not have the speculative intellect of a Plato, but he had the natural integrity of a fine elm, or a fertile sow, or a potato; he had a burly,

carnal mind which was always very close to his urgent, lustful hands and nose, and his books he begot, rather than wrote. Stieglitz did a marvelous photograph of the midland genius, with his bangs of hair (almost like those of Gertrude Stein, whom he admired and imitated) and his mouth, which was voluptuous like a woman's.

Anderson, along with Dreiser, had a great distrust of the mind. Once Tolstoi told Gorki not to read much because it would harm his genius, and I think he would have said the same to Dreiser or Anderson. Books were necessary for Melville, but had Anderson been a greater reader he would have overeaten.

Anderson had a manual intelligence: he had large, animal hands, like a peasant's, and all his wisdom was in his fingers. That is why he hated the machine, which can make the hands stupid and morose. A workman rolling a wheel all day long in a factory will lose patience for ordinary life; indeed, much of human kindness comes from being casual and slow. Anderson was no hurried man, for he had time to shake hands, make friendships, or engage in a mettlesome argument. Once we had a rather truculent conversation at an Eighth Street bar and food place over Thomas Wolfe, whom he admired; and toward the fag-end of a querulous afternoon he paused, looking up at me like an uncertain woman who wants to know whether she is still loved, saying, "You think you know more than I do?" I had read much more than Anderson, but I can not tell whether books have brought me closer to things or separated me from them. Besides, nobody knows more than a poet; for even when an artist is factually wrong, his feelings may be right and true. At least true for him, and that is what is important.

One day, sauntering past Sixth Avenue at Forty-fourth Street and looking at the wicked herd of cars and the mass of unseeing people who reminded me of those suffering, mangled shades that Dante says crossed a river with unwet feet, I said to Anderson, "Think with what malice New York has been conceived." He replied in that drawling midland voice, "Naw, it just happened." We were also talking about Dostoevski, and he said, "I don't want to be as unhappy as Dostoevski." He wrote me some wrangling letters about Thomas Wolfe, and one day asked me out of his uncertainty, "Do you believe 'Bottom Dogs' is better than 'Winesburg'?" I replied, "It is much less than 'Winesburg.'"

He was very unsure of himself, and that is why he was never in a hurry with anybody, for it takes a long time to understand—or to misunderstand—people. He never had the "being busy" sickness of most Americans. Once I asked Alfred Stieglitz about a writer, and Stieglitz replied, "He's busy being great." Sherwood Anderson was never the great or the quick, and neither was Dreiser. I deeply wish that Sherwood Anderson were alive just to know that someone in America still has time to drink a bottle of wine and to talk, for until we have some good, slow people again we won't have books that enlarge our affections and trust.

These new books on American writers done by Mr. Howe and others are all written in fast, sick ink. That is why they are so loveless and even gross. The way to understand a man like Anderson is not to read about him but to read him. He is plain and simple, and all those workinghand words of his are redolent of hay and grass and Midwest stables. Get "Winesburg, Ohio," or "Poor White," or "Tar," or the "Notebook," or his still unrecognized verse, "A New Testament" and "Mid-American Chants." Anderson's books have the heady pollen of good orchards. Aristotle says that the pleasure we take in smelling apples is good, but that an interest in unguents is a sign of debauchery. All you need is a healthy nose, for we smell good and evil much quicker than we understand them. Remembering old-style American habits, the lumbering wagon hello, and the easy country-morning how-do-you-do, is enough to make one understand Sherwood Anderson's genius, which is compact of goodness and of love and of a patient willingness to sit and talk with people.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

FROM 1950 TO 1984

The 1950's Come First, by Edwin G. Nourse. *New York: Holt. $2.00*

The author of this little book is a distinguished economist. His fame spread far beyond his profession when he became one of those rare public servants who found it necessary to leave an interesting and important post, the chairmanship of the Council of Economic Advisors, for reasons of policy and principle. In this essay on the state of things in the United States today, Mr. Nourse sets forth his fears for the future and grapples with the means of fending off the dangers which he believes Americans and their institutions face.

These dangers he regards as large and grave. They are no collection of minor and trivial problems. At the outset he appeals to that ominous picture of life and manners in an authoritarian society described in Orwell's "1984." "Sophisticated readers," Nourse writes, "do not dismiss '1984' as merely an 'atrocity story' in the future tense even though they discount its most lurid passages before making application to present-day United States."

In Nourse's estimation, "we are in danger of building Frankenstein — a monster beyond our powers of control." With Orwell he warns against permitting the extinguishment of the individual —"a process subtly going forward among us today." Like many observers of these times, he identifies the force behind these trends as a central government incessantly accumulating powers and functions and practicing the art of inflation.

The reader who has followed the argument to this point and shares the author's apprehensions will surely suffer a great shock of disappointment when he is told what has brought us to this pass and what we need do about it. Apparently the trouble is pressure groups — business, farmer and labor — and government by bloc for which they are responsible. The cure, then, which in the 1950's still has a fighting chance to succeed, is to persuade the leaders and ranks of these groups to be more reasonable, to endow them with greater self-control than they now possess, and to prevail upon them to rate the common good more highly than their own particular, or selfish, interests. This argument is supported by many specific references to the conduct of individuals, like John L. Lewis, and the practices, like featherbedding, of the groups they represent. Good examples of the sort of thing Nourse has in mind about the behavior of business are the statements he quotes from Eric Johnston and Stuart Symington. Johnston sternly admonishes businessmen against starting another depression like that of 1929, and Symington warns that if business earns and takes profits "based on scarcity" it invites "government action of a scope and degree we have so far sought to avoid." What Nourse thinks these gentlemen mean or why he endorses what they say are questions not easy to answer.

It should be clear to students of world-wide developments in economic and political policy that at stake in the United States today are broad underlying policies affecting the relations of citizens to the state, of local to central government, and the rights and powers of organized factions of all kinds. In a short time this country has gone a long way in stripping individuals of some of their most treasured rights and in making them increasingly subservient to organizations which derive their authority from government. There is much evidence to support the view that these policies are of comparatively recent origin in this country, that they reverse a long historical trend, that they are the source of the behavior of blocs which Nourse so correctly deplores and the root of the movement toward "the extinguishment of the individual" which he so clearly and vigorously condemns.

What the author fails to see and to argue is the influence of a wide range of particular proposals and policies on the growth of government and the decline of the individual. He writes deprecatingly about "some belated dreamers" who "still talk of going back to a 'free market' system in which 'impersonal economic forces' would handle the whole matter." What he has in mind is not "simple individual competition" but "group competition," where the expression, "group competition," would seem to be no more than a euphemism for government by pressure groups or blocs. Again, he writes of his "devotion" to the Employment Act of 1946 without even suggesting that this Act may well afford the moral and technical basis for extensive intervention by government in the affairs of men and for public spending on its present heroic scale.

Economic and political policies which sanction governmental expenditures in peacetime of 40 billions a year, and of 70 to 100 billions in time of cold war are surely not the proper means of preserving the correct balance between the powers of government and the rights of those it governs. It is, to say the least, confusing and discouraging to find intelligent and experienced men extolling policies which lead to the aggrandizement of the state, while they are at the same time hot and bothered over the great evils which this process entails.

LEO WOLMAN

RUSSIA, THEN — AND NOW

Journey For Our Time: The Journals of the Marquis de Custine. Edited and translated by Phyllis Penn Kohler. *New York: Pellegrini and Cudahy. $4.00*

In the summer of 1839, Astolphe de Custine ventured upon a journey into Russia. He traveled there for three months, making note of all he saw, heard and deduced. As a taker of voluminous notes, the Marquis de Custine rates with Pepys and Boswell, for his Russian notations run to four volumes, each volume numbering four hundred pages. These works were originally published in Paris in 1843.

In "Journey for Our Time," Phyllis Penn Kohler now gives us a one-volume compression of de Custine's four. Mrs. Kohler, wife of Foy Kohler, former attaché at the U. S. Embassy in Moscow, has done an excellent job, selecting the salient parts of the de Custine journals. Her book is of incomparable value to anyone who wants to have a better understanding of the complicated phenomena of the Russian character. The text seems almost uncannily contemporary—a fact observed by General Walter Bedell Smith in his introduction. The general remarks: "I could have taken many pages verbatim from his journal and, after substituting present-day names and dates for those of a century ago, have sent them to the State Department as my official reports."

The Russia visited by the Marquis de Custine was living under the rule of Emperor Nicholas I, who was known as "Nicolai Palkine." *Palka,* in Russian, means a big stick. As always, Russian translates itself best into Irish, and the actual equivalent of a *palka* is a shillelagh, a club for bludgeoning. So "Nicolai Palkine" can be translated as "Shillelagh Nick."

He was a despot whose autocratic judgments were never less than infallible, to his own mind. One of the anecdotes of his reign concerns the building of the railroad from Petrograd to Moscow. The road is known, to this day, as the "Nicholas Railroad." When the Minister of Communications and his engineers laid their map of the projected line before His Imperial Majesty, Nicholas frowned at the irregular route, planned of course in accord-

ance with terrain, winding and twisting to dodge the marshes and impenetrable forests. The story goes that Nicholas snatched a pencil, slashed a bold unswerving mark from Petrograd to Moscow, and flatly announced, "Any fool knows the shortest distance between two points is a straight line!"

He drew the line, and that was the way the railroad had to be built. Not only did his dictum add untold millions to the cost, but exactly as when Peter the Great decreed the creation of the city of St. Petersburg on the undrained swamps of the Neva estuary, the building of the Nicholas Railroad caused innumerable men to perish.

The Marquis de Custine found the Emperor a handsome gentleman of great personal charm. Closer acquaintance led the Marquis to view with horror the system practiced so ruthlessly by this charming autocrat.

De Custine, born in 1790, went to Russia a bitter adversary of government by the people, for during the Terror which followed the Revolution in France, his grandfather and father had been guillotined. Yet he writes, "I went to Russia in search of arguments against representative government. I returned from Russia a partisan of constitutions."

Over and over again de Custine stresses the abyss between the Russian people and their rulers. He is at times disgusted by the servility of the people of Russia. He calls them "automatons." The following observation of his appears as appropriate today at it was a hundred and twelve years ago:

> Absolute power, when it is an actuality, would, in the long run, derange the soundest mind; despotism blinds men; people and ruler, all become drunk on the cup of tyranny.

Reading these accounts of Russia a century ago, de Custine's reaction is felt by everyone who honestly asks what it is that makes the Russians tick. Why do one hundred and sixty millions of people accept the Soviet tyranny — a tyranny of unparalleled brutality and cynicism?

Notes on the historic development of Russia are scattered all through the pages of this book, and are of timely value for the appraisal of Russian character—the character both of Russian rulers and the people ruled. De Custine writes:

> Russia alone, belatedly civilized, has been deprived of a profound fermentation and of the benefits of a slow and natural cultural development, because of the impatience of her leaders.

Elsewhere he remarks that Russia never underwent the influences of the Age of Chivalry, which the rest of Europe knew. In all, it adds up to the fact that while Europe was developing and establishing certain liberties and forms of democratic government, Russia stood for centuries as a bulwark against the invasions of the Tartar hordes.

I have pointed this out again and again in my lectures and articles. In what amounted to a state of siege lasting for hundreds of years, a nation could not fail to accept the tyrannies of protective paternalism. The Tsarist regimes appreciated this psychology and profited from it. In like manner, since 1917 the Soviet government has been trying constantly to convince the people of Russia, by every means of propaganda, that the USSR is in a state of siege, surrounded by "imperialist enemies." More useful than a crown to Stalin is the Tsarist mantle of "Protector of his People."

Nonetheless, as de Custine discovered back in 1839, there exists a nucleus of Russians who are anxiously eager for the political and economic freedoms which will assist in the forming of a solid middle class. Writes de Custine, "The middle class is new-born in this Empire and God alone knows the influence it will have on the destiny of Russia . . . and the world."

In all of Russia's history, no city has been more hated by her rulers than Moscow was hated in the decade immediately before World War I. Progressive, competent, with an excellent city government, the millionaire merchants of Moscow and a growing unity of Moscow's well-to-do citizens were openly defiant of the imbecilities of the outdated autocracy. Oh, how Moscow was hated by the last Tsar—the puny Nicholas II and his neurotically medieval wife! Several relatives of mine were then ladies-in-waiting. They have told me that "Moscow" was a forbidden word at that dark and doomed Court.

When the Stalin dictatorship falls, as it will, as surely as the Romanov dynasty had to fall, the problem of Russia will still be as great as it is now to civilized nations desiring peace and democracy for all.

Free prosperity alone can transform Russia from a threat to an asset in the fraternity of nations. "Journey for Our Time" contains many keys to the secret citadel of the Russian mind that has been isolated by the past, plus climate, plus geography—and can not be unlocked by the mere signing of any treaty. ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

SCARY MISS BURNETT

Darkness and Day, by I. Compton-Burnett. *New York: Knopf. $3.50*

If my maiden aunt were to rise suddenly to the ceiling on a broom, breaking forever the decorum and complacency of her Edwardian drawing room, I could not be more startled than by this writing phenomenon known as I. Compton-Burnett. And for all I know, Ivy Compton-Burnett might be my aunt's neighbor, for it is from within the staid environs of London's Kensington (of all places) that she projects her icy shafts of crystal-clear prose on an unsuspecting world. If literary memory does not fail, this is the neighborhood associated with Barrie's "Peter Pan." But mention of Barrie must stop right here; Miss Burnett would have scared the gentle Scot out of his wits. She would frighten almost any reader who is not prepared to look long and hard for the courageous spirit that

undeniably lurks beneath her acerbity and malice.

Miss Burnett has been exposing domestic crimes for twenty years with her uncompromisingly honest novels about large families in roomy but chilly houses at the close of the nineteenth century. Her deceivingly simple stories of domestic criminality even include murder. Miss Burnett continually deals with characters and situations where the villainy or cruelty disclosed finds its only real match in Elizabethan and Greek dramas. Like the Greeks and Elizabethans and the later Victorians, she always sees to it that her family chronicles have sharply defined plots. She herself has said:

> As regards plots I find real life of no help at all. Real life seems to have no plots, and as I think a plot desirable and almost necessary, I have this extra grudge against life. But I think that there are signs that strange things happen, though they do not emerge. I believe it would go ill with many of us, if we were faced with a strong temptation, and I suspect that with some of us it does go ill.

As in her other novels, wickedness is not always mentioned here by that name. Some of Miss Burnett's characters are weak rather than good, while her strong ones invariably turn out to be evil in varying subtle shades of the meaning. In "Darkness and Day" goodness is all but eclipsed before the book is finished. Only the last-minute intervention of one person of good will liberates Miss Burnett's domestic world from its intense preoccupation with evil. We meet a cast of nearly twenty persons; it is made up of servants below stairs, and masters, mistresses, governesses and children upstairs. As usual, almost all of them spend their time either prying into rumors of scandal and intrigue, or talking about them, or doing both. In the present case, two upper middle class country families, the Lovats and the Chaces, are confronted with the implications of incest in their midst. Any one familiar with the highly melodramatic events in Miss Burnett's novels can readily appreciate the dexterity with which she uses such an immoral issue to explore and expose the amorality of her characters. Given the outlandish predicament of a dignified middle-aged Englishman tormented by the belief that his wife is also his daughter, only Miss Burnett could thus cooly air the Oedipus theme and blithely go on to dismiss it as an error of suspicion after everyone has nibbled at it, even including the man's precocious eight- and ten-year-old daughters.

Ivy Compton-Burnett has no contemporary peers. What may put readers off her novels is the fact that they are nine-tenths dialogue. Also, though they are lifelike, they are not naturalistic. Her people and their concise, stylized conversations demand complete attention from the reader, for there are seldom any descriptive clues to identify the person who is doing the talking. However, the rewards for the reader's concentration are limitless. Miss Burnett may be an English lady novelist with a bleak view of humanity, but her honesty never misses aim.

RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

THIN VOODOO CHARM

Asylum Island, by Hilton Brown. *New York: Macmillan. $3.00*

This is meant to be the cute sort of light fiction that performs a neat double service: it keeps you chuckling and at the same time gets in a sly dig here and there at marriage, politics and what not. It is a bastard genre, too lacking in guts for tragedy, too uninspired and ideational for comedy; a weak dilution of both into a neuter substance—no one knows what. To complicate it still further, the author throws in a few extra added ingredients from the grade B movie, the historical novel and the "dear rogue" of the picaresque tradition. Result? . . . Thin stew, as to wit:

Strathdee, an adventurous and misogynous Scotsman who has dabbled in shady currency manipulation and fought on both sides(!) of the Spanish Civil War, has fled both police and a sexless wife to take up residence on the Independent Island of Lassou, somewhere off South America. Here he luxuriates in Gauguin splendor with rum and a native mistress and makes his living as tutor to Telemaque, son of the Island's Ruler. When Telemaque's father is assassinated, Strathdee has considerable trouble persuading the studious Negro lad to take his rightful place as Consul and Ruler. It seems that the boy has been reading the New Testament too closely and wants to turn the other cheek (comedy) to his competitors, the mulatto faction which wants to seize the Consulship.

At this point a plane descends upon the island and the gloriously handsome son of a former mulatto ruler (also assassinated when Telemaque's father got his), steps out accoutered in the swank of a latter-day Nazi. With him is the luscious hybrid, La Chouie, a Spanish-American girl with a bosom that, when she ultimately opens her arms to Strathdee, pops buttons (historical novel). This pair of worthies, backed by a nefarious South American power with imperialist designs on the tiny Island Republic, look for a while like sure winners in the Consul competition. Strathdee's job and privileged position are just about to go glimmering when he discovers a voodoo charm. The charm is a bottle, containing the soul of the Island's Liberator, Boufallon, which promptly enlists on the side of Telemaque.

During the high jinks, La Chouie and Strathdee exchange mutual sentimentalities about their previous unsatisfactory sexual partners (tragedy) and then go for each other like a pair just released to pasture. When Telemaque wins out, Strathdee decides to give up his special position anyway, and heads for the States with La Chouie. However, while the poor girl's glamor is somewhat thin during an attack of air sickness, and while she is making noises like a wife, Strathdee grabs a plane going back to his Asylum Island and enlightened living (bitter comment). It might have been more amusing if the author had thrown in a few slabs from Joe Miller's Joke Book.

NEIL WEISS

China Betrayed

George E. Sokolsky, in the sixteen-page supplement, "Out of Their Own Mouths," has permitted the words of the men who shape our Far Eastern policy to tell the story of the betrayal of Free China. This adroit report by Mr. Sokolsky has removed the frills and excess wordage of reams of testimony from the MacArthur hearings and the final result is MUST reading for students of Far Eastern affairs both in this generation and the next. The FREEMAN has made additional copies of this penetrating reportage available to its readers.

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Index to the Freeman

With this issue the FREEMAN begins its second volume. Currently being prepared is an index to Volume One which will be available in the near future and will be supplied on request as a public service to Public and School libraries. Readers interested in obtaining a copy may reserve it in advance. The price of the index will be $1.00.

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