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OCTOBER 22, 1951 25 CENTS

FREEMAN

THE DUTY TO OPPOSE

Hugh Gibson

BUY, BUY, BUY THE WORLD

Garet Garrett

THE STORY OF A SMEAR

W. L. White

COLLECTIVISM AT YALE

Felix Wittmer

GOVERNMENT BY PERJURY?

An Editorial

Editors: John Chamberlain • Henry Hazlitt • Suzanne La Follette

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OCTOBER 22, 1951

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

HUGH GIBSON, former Ambassador to Belgium and Brazil, has a long and brilliant record in U. S. diplomacy. . . . W. L. WHITE, well-known foreign correspondent, is now a roving editor of the *Reader's Digest*. Among his books are "Report on the Russians" and "Land of Milk and Honey." . . . ERNESTINE STODELLE has given dance recitals here and abroad, and conducts her own Schools of Dancing in Connecticut. . . . BRAD LEE, formerly instructor in economics at Pace College, has published a book "So This Is Life," stories and articles.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of the Freeman Magazine with which is combined the magazine Plain Talk, published fortnightly at Orange, Connecticut, for October 1, 1951. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Freeman Magazine, Inc., 240 Madison Avenue; Editors: John Chamberlain, Henry Hazlitt, 240 Madison Avenue; Managing Editor, Suzanne La Follette, 240 Madison Avenue; Business Manager, Kurt M. Lassen, 240 Madison Avenue. 2. The owners are: The Freeman Magazine, Inc., 240 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; John Chamberlain, Cheshire, Conn.; Henry Hazlitt, 37 Washington Square West, New York 11, N. Y.; Dr. Ludwig von Mises, 777 West End Avenue, New York 25, N. Y.; Leonard Read, Foundation for Economic Education, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Miss Suzanne La Follette, 222 West 23 Street, New York 11, N. Y.; H. C. Cornuelle, 1521 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.; Dr. Donald J. Cowling, 444 Otis Avenue, St. Paul 4, Minn.; Dr. Stewart M. Robinson, Pastor, Second Presbyterian Church, Elizabeth, N. J.; Henning W. Prentiss, Jr., Chairman of the Board, Armstrong Cork Company, Inc., Lancaster, Pa.; Dr. Leo Wolman, Prof. of Economics, Columbia University, New York 27, N. Y.; Alfred Kohlberg, 84 Dellwood Road, Bronxville, N. Y.; W. F. Peter, Vice President and General Counsel, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, Chicago 3, Ill.; Dr. Roscoe Pound, Dean Emeritus, Harvard Law School, School of Law, University of California, Los Angeles, Cal.; Lawrence Fertig, Pres., Lawrence Fertig Advertising Agency, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Loren B. Miller, 810 Farwell Building, Detroit 26, Mich. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 12,271. Kurt M. Lassen, Circulation Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1951, Pasquale J. Fenico, Notary Public. Seal (My commission expires March 30, 1952.)



the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

As we go to press the world around us seems to be baseball mad. The villainy of the Communists is as nothing when compared to the villainy of Brooklyn's Ralph Branca for serving up a ninth inning homerun ball to the Giants' Bobby Thomson. The mistakes in our monetary policy are footling when compared to Chuck Dressen's inane shuffling of his pitchers so as to get a maximum of tired arms with a minimum of victories. Douglas MacArthur isn't in it as a miracle worker alongside the Giants' Leo Durocher. And so forth and so on as the population forgets inflation, price control, the atom bomb and Senator Joe McCarthy.

We highly approve of this annual effort to escape into a world of obviously definable good and bad. If we couldn't make such an escape periodically we'd all go crazy. When Joe DiMaggio makes a thrilling catch you know whom to applaud. When Micky Mantle muffs a sinking liner you know just where the blame lies. It isn't so in the world of politics, where mistakes are explained away in storms of swirling verbiage, where an Owen Lattimore or a Philip Jessup can confuse everybody just by saying "Who, me?", and where a college education seems the easiest way to unfit a man for drawing simple social and economic conclusions. Come to think of it, why not turn the State Department over to Leo Durocher? He'd play percentage and he'd call the signals from the book. Most important of all, he wouldn't stick with a wobbly pitcher when the Reds had the bases loaded.

First it was that government dams were primarily for land reclamation and flood control; electric energy would be a by-product. The Tennessee Valley Authority was so represented. At the very most, it would use electric energy as a kind of yardstick to show what the price of power ought to be. Now the TVA is building steam plants to produce competitive electric energy. Senator Mur-

ray has introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to experiment with windmills as a source of electric energy. In the statement he made on introducing the bill occurs this bit of illumination:

Because of the regulation of their rates by the Federal Power Commission the private utilities are practically inhibited from taking up the installation of aerogenerators, as all savings would lead only to an equivalent reduction of rates, with all the risk at the cost of the utilities. It seems that with the object of adding a new and very low-cost source of electric energy the expense of the first unit should be borne by some agency of government.

The well known procedure. First, chain down the profit motive, and then cry out: Venture capital, where are you? If you won't the government will.

The British have pulled out of their big Iranian oil refinery and the Iranians are now obviously at liberty to do what they can with it. It is our guess that they will find it the whitest of white elephants, at least for the short run. Where, in all of Iran, are they going to discover the technicians to operate it? And even if they could operate it, where would they find the tankers—or the pipelines—to carry the oil? The Russians might send technicians to Iran, but the Russians hardly have tankers, tank cars or pipe to spare. What the Iranians have not stopped to consider is the fact that machines and buildings do not constitute the beating heart of modern industry. Industry can only flourish in a culture that produces organization, education, freedom and know-how. A nation like Mexico or Iran can expropriate physical objects, but it can not gain the vital intangibles by mere political fiat.

The New York World-Telegram recently reported that Eleanor Roosevelt had called American women "fraidy-cats." On the same page the *World-Telegram* carried a story about Miss Vivien Kellems's crusade to enlist 10,000,000 American women in an organization to be known as the Liberty Belles. Miss Kellems is out to eradicate socialism and cor-

ruption from government. She is also out to repeal the income tax amendment, which pays the bills for socialism. She says she can do this. Talking point-blank at the men, she says: "We women are going to repeal it. We got you out of that prohibition mess, didn't we? Well, we'll dig you out of this one." Whatever you may think of Miss Vivien (Claw-'em) Kellems, she is not a fraidy-cat. We hope she can find 10,000,000 American women who have got her gumption. No mere man would even dare to start along the road leading to total repeal of the income tax amendment. The most that any men's organization has ever dared to suggest is that a Federal tax on incomes be limited to 25 per cent. But that's not taking a stand on principle, it's taking a stand on a 25 per cent compromise of a principle. Miss Kellems believes in principle, not compromise. We are afraid that Eleanor Roosevelt will end up by calling her just a plain C-A-T cat. P.S. This was not wrote by a woman.

Senator William Benton of Connecticut has just put both his feet in his mouth. Speaking before a Senate Rules subcommittee, he suggested that trying to cut off Federal funds for the South would be one way to fight a Dixie filibuster on civil rights legislation. This bare hint of economic pressure to be exercised on the South is just the thing needed to set virtually every Southern politician raging against the high command of the Truman party. A few more cracks like Benton's and Senator McCarthy will go free, Chester Bowles will never get to India, and the Democratic organization will bust wide open long before it meets to nominate its 1952 candidate.

We are just beginning to think that something important may come of Senator Karl Mundt's attempt to form a working coalition of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats for 1952. It is not the speeches of Jimmy Byrnes or Harry Byrd that have convinced us, although they are all to the good. Nor is it that a Committee to Explore Political Realignment has been formed. What really convinces us that something ponderable is in the works is the news that Democrat Edward A. O'Neal of Florence, Alabama, has joined the Committee to Explore Political Realignment and has accepted a post as co-chairman with former U. S. Senator Albert Hawkes of New Jersey. Ed O'Neal was for years the head of the National Farm Bureau Federation. He is a power in every rural county in the South. County agents respect him, the farmers look up to him. It was the farm vote, not the urban worker's vote, that won for Truman in 1948. If anyone can change the farm vote, it is Ed O'Neal. Where O'Neal stands today, politicians will stand tomorrow.

According to Mr. Harold Stassen, point 6 of Owen Lattimore's decalogue at the State Department conference of October 1949 was that the United States should insist that Formosa be turned over

to the Chinese Communists. Within two months the State Department issued its notorious instructions to all Consular officers to stress Formosa's expendability in their information programs. Guess why.

Evidently to strengthen our hand in the Oatis case, Mr. Truman has moved to "classify and protect security information throughout the executive branch of the government." If he gets away with it, U. S. reporters will give the public news about essential government business only at someone's risk of serving time in jail. That such risk in the Home of the Free would have to be taken by government officials rather than newspapermen, may amuse Bill Oatis, who was railroaded for assembling in Czechoslovakia the sort of information which may no longer be collected in the United States either. True, it's a fine point; but the advertising executives who launch those balloons across the Iron Curtain may be relied upon to explain everything satisfactorily.

The editor of *Life* seems to withhold information from the editor of *Time*. On August 27, *Time* quite convincingly diagnosed what our "liberals" call McCarthyism as nothing but "a deep-seated public belief that Communists did infiltrate the U. S. Government. . . . McCarthyism is going to be around until Harry Truman, the President of the U. S., eliminates from the U. S. foreign policy the tendency to appease communism. This tendency is the red afterglow of Communists in and around the government. It keeps McCarthyism bright and shining." But only for five more weeks. On October 1, a *Life* editorial broke the best news we have had in years: "If Houdini were a Communist he couldn't get near a sensitive government payroll today. In short, *Communist infiltration of government is no longer a legitimate worry.*" Now *Life* wouldn't make such a tremendous statement haphazardly. Its editor must have had, and checked, the information for at least five weeks. But then, why didn't he tell the editor of *Time*? The world is confused; strange signs appear in the skies, but none is stranger than such a breakdown of internal communications in the Time-Life Building.

Now We Know

To be a security risk, in the Federal definition, is to be a person of indiscreet habits or associations, not a disloyal person.

WILLIAM S. WHITE in the *New York Times*, Oct. 2

And here we have been wondering all along why disloyal persons were not considered bad Federal security risks.

At the end of its first year the *Freeman* has a paid circulation of 15,000 and, to quote one of our readers, "at least a million enemies." We consider we are doing well on both counts. We hope to do considerably better on both counts.

Government By Perjury?

A FEW months ago Secretary of State Dean Acheson, when interrogated by a profoundly alarmed Senate Committee, saved his job with solemnly sworn testimony that Mr. Owen Lattimore had never influenced the Department's Far Eastern policy.

On October 1, 1951, Harold E. Stassen swore solemnly before another Senate Committee that in 1949 he himself participated in a highly confidential State Department conference under Philip C. Jessup's chairmanship, during which Mr. Lattimore propounded the very same Far Eastern policy which Mr. Acheson was to execute until the outbreak of the Korean war.

One of these two testimonies must be false, and one of the two witnesses must have perjured himself. Mr. Acheson's as well as Mr. Stassen's sworn testimony was distinct and unequivocal. Neither witness can claim mitigating ignorance of his testimony's historic and legal weight. Both gentlemen knew full well that the political life of the incumbent Administration depended on their sworn statements. Consequently the Senate will have to investigate either Acheson or Stassen for perjury.

For, if the Senate should allow this appallingly irreconcilable testimony to stay on its records without identifying the perjurer, Mr. Hiss and all persons jailed for contempt of Congress ought to be pardoned forthwith. A country that permits either an active Secretary of State or a former (and possibly future) Presidential aspirant to go scot free, when clearly one of them must have perjured himself before Congress, has no right to impose punishment on less securely protected fry.

Without prejudice to the apparently inescapable court procedure, jurists will agree that Mr. Stassen's testimony had the ring of truth. For one thing, he swore to a knowledge of verifiable acts, while Mr. Acheson's oath covered a rather broad denial; and jurisprudence teaches that, as a general rule, positive and specific testimony carries a greater weight than a sworn negative statement. ("I swear I saw this man pick my pocket," will impress a juror more, and correctly so, than another witness's "I swear this man has never stolen in his life.")

Moreover, Mr. Stassen has produced a crucial document. Over the State Department's menacing protest that the Espionage Act might have to be invoked against him, Mr. Stassen produced a transcript of the speech he himself had made at the confidential State Department conference which allegedly ended in the triumph of Mr. Lattimore. He testified specifically that Mr. Acheson's deputy at this conference, Professor Jessup, had openly sided with Mr. Lattimore's policy suggestions. And most important, Mr. Stassen recited those suggestions

with a precision which, unless he shall be found guilty of perjury, establishes with one majestic stroke that Owen Lattimore, contrary to Mr. Acheson's oath, not only influenced but fathered Mr. Acheson's (and General Marshall's) Asia policy.

According to Mr. Stassen, Mr. Lattimore sold to that fatal conference these ten policy proposals:

1. U. S. policy should be concentrated on western Europe, not on Asia:

2. An aid-to-Asia program would provoke charges of U. S. imperialism and, therefore, should be delayed;

3. The Soviets were not likely to take military action;

4. The U. S. should give diplomatic recognition to the Red Chinese Republic at "an early date";

5. Even before taking that step itself, the U. S. should urge Britain and India to recognize Mao;

6. The U. S. should insist on Formosa being turned over to the Chinese Communists;

7. The U. S. should favor giving Hong Kong to the Chinese Communists "if they insisted";

8. Nehru should not be supported because he had shown "reactionary and arbitrary tendencies";

9. The U. S. should help break the Nationalist blockade of the Red China coast and send aid to the Chinese Reds;

10. No aid should be given either to Chiang or to guerrillas on the Chinese mainland, and military supplies en route to either should be cut off.

These Ten Commandments of Mr. Lattimore's are indeed the ablest condensation, so far, of Mr. Acheson's actual Asia policies until the Korean reversal. That all ten of them had been accepted by the Department is supported by far more than circumstantial evidence. Mr. Stassen added immeasurably to the late Senator Vandenberg's stature, and incidentally to the impressiveness of his own testimony, by disclosing one of Vandenberg's last services to his country. In early 1949, when Truman was just about to execute Mr. Lattimore's policy suggestion No. 10, Senator Vandenberg killed the prepared order stopping supplies being loaded for Chiang in Hawaii and San Francisco, by threatening to introduce a resolution of censure in the Senate. Whereupon Mr. Truman, to his great regret, had to renege in advance on what later turned up as Mr. Acheson's and Mr. Jessup's endorsement of Mr. Lattimore's Point Ten.

With Mr. Stassen's sworn testimony, a new chapter has been opened in the Great Investigation. It may well be the last. Either the Senate will now really get down to the serious business of indicting Mr. Acheson; or the people of the United States, and the entire world, will be formally notified that the Senate has abdicated. In either case, the Senate action will be final.

The Senate's intentions may have been disclosed by the time this issue reaches our readers. By then it will perhaps have passed judgment on Mr. Truman's bold attempt to make Philip C. Jessup the permanent spokesman of a foreign policy which purportedly invites the world to an all-out contest with communism. If it approves the appointment of Mr. Lattimore's disciple and aide-de-camp, Mr. Acheson may breathe freely again; and Alger Hiss ought to be triumphantly returned to the Inner Sanctum of Foggy Bottom.

Butterfly Statistics

MR. TRUMAN's advisers and ghost writers ought to call his attention to a report made to the House Committee on Appropriations on August 16, 1951 by the Subcommittee on Deficiencies and Army Civil Functions. It deals with the operations of one of our most successful spending agencies, the Corps of Engineers, which has charge of river, harbor and flood-control projects. It is a brief report—only 17 pages—and, unlike many public documents, it is clear, simple, direct and factual. If Mr. Truman had read it, he might well have refrained from attacking the supporters of government economy and their "butterfly statistics." If there are butterfly statistics, this report suggests, they are not the creation of the advocates of reduced expenditures but of the executive agencies whose estimates make up the budget of the Federal government.

All this report says is that the Corps of Engineers is profligate, careless and unreliable. In numerous cases, the Corps fails to observe the procedure required by the law under which it works. The subcommittee, after reviewing the way the Corps discharges its responsibilities, concludes:

A private owner could not tolerate such lack of engineering reliability without inviting bankruptcy. The conclusion is inescapable that the Corps' planning for these projects, before construction was started, was inadequate, and that taxpayers have been paying the price ever since, year by year.

The evidence presented to support these grave charges is appalling and, however it may be interpreted, is a sad reflection on the standards of administration which prevail in Washington. It would of course, be a miracle if the performance of the Engineers' Corps was not duplicated by the majority of the countless Federal agencies which will next year, as Mr. Keyserling has just predicted, spend \$85 billion.

Expenditures on rivers and harbors and on flood-control projects involve large sums of money. Revisions of estimates, the Committee on Appropriations has learned, run into the billions. For example, the cost estimate of 182 projects under construction in the fiscal year 1951 was, when the

projects were authorized by Congress, \$2,638,517,000. The cost of the same projects for the fiscal year 1952 has risen to \$5,912,451,000. Nor is this all. Between April and May, 1951, when the Engineers presented their estimate of \$5.9 billion, and July 15, 1951, when they made still further revisions, the cost had gone up an additional \$116 million, making the new total something over \$6 billion.

These are fancy figures. Attempting to account for discrepancies on such a scale, the staff of the Appropriations Committee found that \$800 million of the raised estimate was due to what it describes as "insufficient engineering planning and estimating." Another \$1.9 billion was charged to increased prices. An enumeration of the estimating on specific projects discloses calculations that appear fantastic. Thus, one estimate of the cost of housing for construction workers begins as \$300,000 and ends as \$11,572,000. This may be the worst example but the others are bad enough.

Misleading estimates of this kind are accounted for by carelessness and by the failure of the spending agency to live up to the statutory rules under which it is assumed to operate. But, obviously, the principal reason is the Corps' anxiety to spend more and more of the public's money. It has been pointed out that the amount spent on water resources since 1947 exceeds total expenditures for this purpose in the previous century and a half of our history.

It is with good reason, therefore, that a committee of Congress found that the Engineers' reports failed to "furnish a sound basis upon which the appropriation of initial construction funds could be considered by Congress." It is well worth the public's notice that an engineering manual for public works, prescribed in the official orders and regulations of the Corps of Engineers as the basic guide for planning and constructing civil-works projects, "has been in the course of preparation for more than seven years and is [in August 1951] far from completion." And it should be called to the attention of the critics of Congress that one of its committees, in possession of information of this sort, was ready to say that, if these facts had been known when initial construction funds were appropriated they "would have weighed heavily in the action which Congress took then. . . . Undoubtedly, some of the 182 projects would not be under construction today if Congress had had reliable information from the Corps of Engineers, developed by competent engineering planning."

This report shows once more where the need for reform in Washington is most urgent. It shows how wise Senator George was when he said that the pending tax bill was the last measure for increasing taxes that he was prepared to sponsor. For, he observed, whatever Congress did by way of lifting revenues it was not possible to keep pace with what was being done at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

How to Go to the Dogs

ALWAYS eager to supply some comic relief, the "liberal Republicans" have at least specified their requirements for a winning candidate in 1952: He must demonstrate, so Senator Saltonstall proposed at the party's recent Eastern-Southern regional conference, "that he is as friendly as a puppy." Man's Best Friend to the White House, in other words; indeed a Republican pendant to Fala who, it will be recalled, proved quite a vote-getter in his prime.

As an afterthought, and perhaps to correct a possible impression that General Eisenhower couldn't choose to run on such a strictly canine platform, the Senator added that the pup he had in mind also "must have a backbone of finest steel"—unquestionably a triumph of orthopedic surgery, but one which might distress the more sensitive members of the SPCA.

Second to none in affection for puppies, we have serious doubts whether we shall throw our support to Senator Saltonstall's darling. We have known puppies who, sweet playful dears, made friends with burglars at the turn of a caressing hand; and there are rumors that Stalin is a pup fancier. In fact, we are becoming increasingly irritated by the tweedy gentility, the air of "good feeling" toward all (except Joe McCarthy) that is currently besetting the Republican politicians on both seaboards. Speaking for those, we think, who refuse to go to the dogs, we would prefer an opposition which (to stay within Senator Saltonstall's accommodating metaphor) loves to bite. As one dog lover to another, we would advise Senator Saltonstall to put his money on a real scrapper, one who despises sanitary rubber bones of contention and goes straight for a trespasser's ankles.

However, we know perfectly well that such advice will be considered uncouth by our "liberal Republicans." Their idea of national politics apes the ads of suburban bliss which enrich the slick magazines (whose publishers, significantly, carry the ball for all those friendly puppies). It's the picture of one big happy family, a cozy picnic scene, a perpetual orgy of genteel manners and kindly spirits. That Dean Acheson and Phillip C. Jessup (second and fourth from the left) recommended policies which led to Korea, is too bad for the young men who are now dying there, but surely no reason to exclude from the family picture two gentlemen who have gone to the right schools and were never caught eating peas with their knives.

Judging by the Republican press on the East Coast, all we need is a new era of Good Feeling and barbershop quartets. The logs are crackling in the fireplace, gracious Mrs. Jessup serves cider to Douglas MacArthur, the corn pops in Granny's copper pan, and a puppy blinks sleepily at the dancing flames. On the outside, pressing his nose against the cold windowpane, a bum Senator from Wisconsin, with a few other peasants constitutionally incapable of well-bred *Gemuetlichkeit*.

This is the genre piece in which the "liberal Republicans" pretend to portray the national situation in 1952. Their Currier & Ives approach, of course, has not the faintest resemblance to a political reality where the uncouth peasants outnumber the tweedy gentlemen. Those peasants are in a nasty mood, and a friendly grin won't do in 1952. If the elephant makes like a puppy, the audience will stay home. Wild jungle beasts are descending on us from all sides, and to think that in such a situation the country would buy a poodle act is to insult its sanity. If the Honorable Senator from Massachusetts knows what's good for his pooch, he'll take him out of the race.

Fragments of A Bombshell

LAURENCE K. Rosinger has denied Harold S. Stassen's allegation that he and Owen Lattimore were "leaders" in supporting the so-called "Lattimore policy" for Asia at a State Department conference in October 1949. Well, we weren't present at the conference, and the issue of veracity as between Mr. Rosinger and Mr. Stassen will have to be settled by somebody else. But we *have* been reading a book called "The State of Asia: A Contemporary Survey," by Lawrence K. Rosinger and Associates (Knopf, \$6). Issued under the auspices of the American Institute of Pacific Relations, this symposium sells a good deal of the Lattimore bill of goods.

Mr. Rosinger's own chapter on "China" is restrained and grave in its tone. But it tells only one side of the story. Mr. Rosinger repeats the Administration claims that Chiang did not lose a battle due to lack of ammunition or equipment. He does not tell the tale of foreclosed aid which Freda Utey had to tell in "The China Story," or that Colonel Moody detailed in his *Freeman* article, "The Help Chiang Did Not Get." The truth is that Chiang did not have the equipment to start battles in the first place—and since he couldn't start them, he couldn't very well lose them. All he lost was the war, a war without battles—or with very few. The help we did not give him figured vitally in the loss. But that is a story which no American Institute of Pacific Relations document ever seems to mention.

Mr. Lattimore has shouted "Liar!" so often that he begins to sound like a stalled phonograph record. Mr. Stassen was of course treated to this stock Lattimorean argument. Well, three months before that State Department conference Lattimore published in the *Sunday Compass* (July 17, 1949) an article on South Korea in which he said:

As it became more and more obvious that Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang were doomed, the conduct of American policy became increasingly delicate. The problem was how to allow them to fall without making it look as if the United States

had pushed them . . . The thing to do, therefore, is to let South Korea fall—but not to let it look as though we pushed it. Hence the recommendation of a parting grant of \$150,000,000.

Mind you, this is a State Department adviser gloating over a policy of duplicity towards Free China, Korea and the American taxpayer. Is there any warrant for doubt that he advocated the whole pro-Communist decalogue attributed to him by Mr. Stassen? Why should a man who wanted to abandon China and Korea to the Communists stop short of all Asia—or all the world, for that matter?

Matter of Fake

THE LATEST addition to the growing company of acquitters-before-trial is Joseph Alsop, whose column, "Matter of Fact," is syndicated in the *Washington Post* and *New York Herald Tribune*. In a series of four columns in September, Mr. Alsop virtually charged that Robert Morris, counsel to the Senate Judiciary subcommittee investigating subversive activities, had openly led Louis Budenz, under oath before the committee, into perjury in testifying that he had known of John Carter Vincent, former head of the State Department's Far Eastern Division, as a Communist.

This charge of perjury against Budenz and subornation of perjury against Morris and against Senator McCarran, who presided, exploded on the Senate floor. Senator Lehman of New York made the charge and offered the Alsop articles for the *Record*. Unanimous consent being refused, he read them on the floor of the Senate a few days later.

Before going into Mr. Alsop's charges it is in order to remark that he had previously shown that Vincent, as well as Lattimore, Davies, Service and others under fire before him, proposed cooperation during the war with the Chinese Communists, and abandonment of Chiang Kai-shek. This, he said, was not because they were Communist sympathizers, but solely because they thought such a policy would be best for the United States. Whatever Mr. Vincent's motives may have been, Mr. Alsop's admission that he followed the Communist line still stands.

Now for Mr. Alsop's line: His charge that Budenz was untruthful was based on Budenz's testimony last year before the Tydings Committee, which Alsop "examined" as follows:

On the first occasion, during the investigation before Senator Tydings, he was rather pressingly invited to accuse Vincent of being a Communist. He did not deny the possibility, but he also refused to make the charge, explaining that he had to be "careful in my statements." In contrast, before the McCarran subcommittee, Budenz became extremely positive. He said flatly that "from official reports I have received" he knew Vincent to be a "member of the Communist Party."

Now let us place against this "examination" Mr.

Budenz's full testimony on Vincent, as printed in the Tydings subcommittee hearings, which were quite as accessible to Mr. Alsop as to myself:

SENATOR HICKENLOOPER: Now these three names, would you like to comment on whatever personal knowledge, official knowledge, you may have on John Davies of the State Department?

MR. BUDENZ: I know nothing about him.

SENATOR HICKENLOOPER: I see. Senator McMahon mentioned three other names. I mention here Ruby Parsons and John Carter Vincent, who is now Minister to Switzerland.

MR. BUDENZ: I would prefer not to discuss those at the moment until I can file the list with the Committee. That will permit—I feel this is quite a responsible obligation—without being more careful in my statements.

SENATOR HICKENLOOPER: I shall not press—

The Tydings subcommittee did not recall Mr. Budenz with his "list." Therefore, what he might have said when he was ready to testify about Mr. Vincent must remain a matter of conjecture. It is no matter of conjecture that Mr. Alsop reported the Budenz testimony carelessly, to say the least, and that the actual text disposes of his admittedly "grave" charge against Mr. Budenz with its smear by implication of Counsel Morris and Senator McCarran.

Mr. Alsop went on to declare that Mr. Vincent had approved a secret message sent by Vice President Henry Wallace to President Roosevelt from Kunming in June 1944 during Wallace's trip to China in the company of Mr. Vincent and Owen Lattimore. That message recommended the recall of General (Vinegar Joe) Stilwell, and suggested General Wedemeyer to replace him.

"If Vincent and Lattimore," argued Alsop, "were agents, as testified by Budenz, how can the Politburo have missed hearing of the Wallace report? And if they did hear it, why was not Vincent disciplined as disloyal, and why did not Budenz mention these crucial facts?"

The implication here, as in a previous article quoting the Wallace message, is that Stilwell was a Communist or at least a faithful fellow-traveler. Indeed Alsop goes so far as to call the message "one of the really striking and decisive anti-Communist acts of the war period."

Now, my information is that Stilwell was not a Communist. But whether he was or not, Vincent could certainly have concurred in the recommendation that he be replaced by General Wedemeyer, without necessarily incurring the wrath of the Politburo (assuming he was subject to its orders). In the first place, Stilwell, whether Communist or fellow-traveler, had outlived his usefulness since he had lost Chiang's confidence. In the second place, General Wedemeyer at that time was still regarded as a protégé and disciple of General Marshall, whose line throughout the war and after was quite satisfactory to the Kremlin.

Mr. Alsop's argument that the "contemporary documentary evidence" refutes Mr. Budenz is therefore worth about the price of the *Herald Tribune*.

ALFRED KOHLBERG

Buy, Buy, Buy the World

By GARET GARRETT

Mr. Garrett examines the Administration's international WPA projects, and shows that they have brought us chiefly debt and ill will.

THE AGENCIES that now bestrew the world with American dollars are so various and competitively zealous, and their network of siphon lines is so complicated, that there is no such thing as a precise figure to represent the amount of wealth we have distributed to foreign countries since 1940. The total is approximately 100 billions.

Half of that, roughly, stands for lend-lease during World War II. The other half is what we have scattered since 1945 over Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, as gifts, subsidies, forgotten and unrepayable loans. If the ledger were now closed, the account of the world with the United States would look somewhat like this:

American goods, services and money delivered to the world, entirely outside of trade.....	\$100,000,000,000
Received by the United States from the world, outside of trade	\$000,000,000,00?

One hundred billion dollars for a question mark?

But we must have bought something, even though it was intangible, with no weight, no measurable dimension, no dollar value. What was it?

Victory, do you say?

It is true that 50 billions of lend-lease aid to our Allies, over and above the cost of our own direct military exertions, may be said to have won the war. Yet, what do you mean by victory? Was it not a war to end aggression? In that sense, where was the victory? All that we did was to kill one aggressor and raise up another; and the area of aggression in the world is greater than before.

Beyond winning the war, which was urgent, we thought we were buying peace for all time afterward. With our lend-lease money we bought solemn adherences to the Atlantic Charter. Do you remember what that was? All the beneficiaries of lend-lease bound themselves to these principles: No aggrandizement of any country at the expense of its neighbors; no territorial changes but with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned; all peoples to choose the kind of government they wanted; after the final destruction of the Nazi tyranny, then a peace under which everybody should live in freedom from fear and want; force never to be used again as an instrument of national policy; a putting down of weapons so that people should be relieved of the crushing burden of armaments.

Where now is that world we thought we were buying?

So much for lend-lease. We write it off. It has no asset value in the ledger. It was worse than a total loss. Our liabilities were increased, for it turns out that killing the Communist hydra is a costlier business than killing the mad aggressor of Berlin.

Since then, what have we bought with 50 billions more?

At Bretton Woods, with the International Monetary Fund, which was to stabilize all the currencies of the world and make them interchangeable in one great pool, and with the International Bank for Reconstruction, which was to make capital flow as by force of gravity from where it was to where it was needed, we thought we were buying the solvency and rehabilitation of the postwar world. The propaganda in support of these inventions put forth by the government at the time now reads like economic jingles from a nursery book. The Secretary of the Treasury said: "Our generation has been given a new vision of the world. It is as though we were seeing the earth whole for the first time." People believed it. The *New Republic* said: "Let the members of Congress beware. If they vote against the Bretton Woods agreement in substantially its present form they will be voting for long-continued worldwide poverty and misery and the likelihood of another war."

John Maynard Keynes, the British negotiator, reporting to the House of Lords, said: "The wheels of trade are to be oiled by what is, in effect, a great addition to the world's stock of monetary reserves, distributed, moreover, in a reasonable way." Then he added: "A proper share of the responsibility for maintaining equilibrium in the balance of international payments is squarely placed on the creditor countries." This was new doctrine. It meant that creditor countries became responsible for the solvency of debtor countries; and it was a wonderful idea because the only great creditor country in the world was the United States. The new responsibility which Lord Keynes defined was therefore primarily an American responsibility, to mind the welfare of debtor countries and keep them in funds.

THIS Bretton Woods vision lasted only while the ink was drying. There seemed always to be something about the signing of the papers that was fatal to visions.

The next thing was that Great Britain faced what she called her economic Dunquerque. The International Monetary Fund could not save her; neither could the International Bank for Reconstruction. There wasn't time. Only dollars could save her. Yet she would not bow down for dollars. Her argument was, first, that she was morally a

creditor nation because she had sacrificed so much to destroy Hitler for the good of mankind; second, that she could better afford to do without the dollars than we could afford to refuse them, the alternative being economic warfare for export markets. Lord Halifax said: "Nor, were these agreements to fail, could we hope that the relations between our two countries would escape continuing and dangerous strains." They were expecting to get the dollars for nothing; what they got was a loan of \$4,400,000,000 for fifty years, on which after five years they would begin to pay interest if they could. So we thought that for the sake of the Anglo-American world we had bought the solvency of Great Britain, together with her good will. The loan, she said, would keep her even for five years and then she would be on her feet again. Within a year the dollars were gone, and Great Britain was worse off than before.

Then came the Marshall Plan. Trying to do it piecemeal was no good—all the countries in Europe standing in a queue, each waiting its turn to be saved with dollars. We would do it all at once in a grand manner. Let the governments of Europe get together and think of Europe as a whole; let them estimate what it would take to make postwar Europe self-supporting again, add it all up and send us the bill. That they did. The bill was padded, of course, and provided not only for recovery but for economic expansion roughly equal to the wartime expansion of American industry, just to make things even. The figures were somewhat revised, then we accepted the bill, and fabulous Marshall Plan cargoes of food, raw materials, machinery and miscellaneous things began to flow from American ports to Europe.

Nothing happened to the cargoes; they grew bigger and bigger. But the slogans changed, and what we thought we were buying turned out to be something else.

The original intentions of the Marshall Plan were, first, to save Europe from postwar chaos, and, said the *London Times*, the danger of chaos "was avoided by a hair's breadth"; and, second, to finance a recovery program for all of Europe. Russia was included. She came to the first Paris conference, decided that the opportunity to denounce dollar imperialism was worth more than what might have been her share of the dollars, and went home, taking her satellites with her. That left sixteen Marshall Plan countries, all in western Europe; they began to be called also the free countries. Between the free countries receiving dollars and the Communist countries receiving no dollars a line was drawn. The Russian menace began to be defined. Then came the Truman Doctrine, for containing communism everywhere with dollars.

THUS it was that the Marshall Plan idea assumed first a political phase and then later, very definitely, a military character. Mr. Truman said: "The heart of our support is economic assistance. To be effective it must be coupled with sufficient

military strength to give the free people of the world some sense of security while they rebuild."

When the Marshall Plan's next annual request for billions was before Congress the argument was that in building up the free countries of Europe we were really building our own national defense. Unless we made them economically strong they would be unable to defend themselves and stop the aggressor, then we should have to do it, which would cost much more than to make them strong enough to do it themselves; and besides, we could not do it without turning ourselves into a garrison state. Therefore, what we were buying with these Marshall Plan dollars was really a bargain.

Well, the economic recovery of Europe was amazing. By the end of the Marshall Plan's third year the productive power of the free countries was one-third greater than before the war. But for all of that, they were still unprepared to defend themselves against the Communist aggressor, who, if he were so minded, could march over them and despoil them of all the wonderful new things we had helped them to build. Were we going to stop there and let them down?

No. We would not let them down. To give them a sense of security we proposed and signed with them the North Atlantic Treaty, binding ourselves in this wise—that if the aggressor attacked any one of them we should deem it to be an attack upon the United States, and act accordingly.

Then they said: "That is all very well, and we trust you, of course; but if the aggressor attacks us it will be sudden, and while you are getting ready we shall be slaughtered. We need a military machine in being, on the premises. We need armaments. But we can not afford to arm ourselves in an adequate manner. What are you going to do about that?"

We said: "All right, You do what you can to arm yourselves and we will do the rest. But really, now, you must do all you can for yourselves."

So, to give the North Atlantic Treaty claws and teeth, Congress voted a billion dollars for arms to Europe, on the understanding that the free countries would at the same time be doing their utmost to arm themselves. Their utmost was so disappointing and so dilatory that within two years the American contribution to their military machine had to be increased to five billions; and then they were saying: "But do you expect to stay at home and provide only the guns and leave it to us to lose all the blood?"

We couldn't say, not even to ourselves, that we were buying blood with dollars. The answer was to begin sending troops along with the arms, American soldiers to join an international army under General Eisenhower, and to fight if necessary under an international flag. Not a very large number of troops at first. Only a token force of four divisions, for the good of morale. In World War I the French importuned us to send a token force to help their morale. The token force became two million men. In World War II Winston Churchill said: "Give us

the tools and we will do the job. We do not need your brave armies." But it took our brave armies to kill Hitler.

Now as Congress, reluctantly and with dread, pyramids the billions that must be voted to meet the needs of foreign countries, the argument becomes more forthright. It is this:

"The great U. S. A. can not stand alone in this frightful world. It must have allies. Therefore, in saving others we are in fact saving ourselves. If we can buy allies with our billions, that will certainly be cheaper than a third world war. And without allies we should lose the war."

THESE counsels of fear are not secret. The President proclaims them. The State Department's propaganda for its foreign policy is founded on them, the halls of Congress echo with them, the news repeats them without end. In the Kremlin there must be several large filing cases overflowing with notes, reports, memoranda and newspaper clippings on the subject of the Americans' fear neurosis.

The effect upon the North Atlantic Treaty nations is what you might expect. As we complain that they are not doing their utmost to supplement the military aid they get from us they say: "Do you not say that your own frontier against the Communist aggressor is here in Europe? That is what you are thinking of. Defense of western Europe, by your own thesis, is vital to the security of the United States. Therefore, it is your business; and since Europe is bound to be the first battleground and since you are so much richer than we are in every way, it is only reasonable that you should bear the principal cost of defending Europe. Certainly you will not ask us to sacrifice our little prosperity and our social gains to defend your own European frontier, you who are so well able to defend it yourselves."

The only answer to that is more billions. The logic of persuasion has been exhausted.

Allies in war may be held together by necessity; an international alliance of diverse people in a vast program of military preparedness is a grief to the angels. Example:

For a long time it had been notorious that the Marshall Plan countries, Great Britain especially, were selling weapons, engines, machinery, industrial equipment and strategic raw materials to Russia and her satellites, in exchange for such things as timber and grain. These exports from western European countries to countries behind the Iron Curtain were in some considerable measure made possible, directly and indirectly, by the use of Marshall Plan dollars. It was literal, therefore, to say that Marshall Plan dollars were killing American soldiers in Korea.

General MacArthur shocked the country with this horrible truth. But in fact the Marshall Plan countries never denied it. They took the position that trade with Russia was essential to their economic recovery; and what else did they have to exchange with Russia? Then when Congress undertook to

stop it and did pass a law to stop it—a law saying simply that any Marshall Plan country selling sinews of war to Russia would be cut off from Marshall Plan dollars—cries of outrage and defiance were heard. All with one voice the Marshall Plan countries said: "Do you think, you Americans, that your dollars entitle you to dictate to us how and with whom we shall trade?"

That is how it looked to them. To us it seemed that we were trying to say only that American dollars should not be used to nourish the fighting power of our enemy. Then seriously it was proposed that a few more billions might solve even this dilemma, i.e., that we might compensate the Marshall Plan countries for whatever loss they would suffer from giving up such trade with Russia and undertake at the same time to provide them with timber and grain in lieu of Russian timber and grain.

IN THE beginning the Marshall Plan was represented to be a limited undertaking—limited in both purpose and time. The purpose was to promote the economic recovery of Europe, and it was to end in 1952. All of that has been forgotten. The name has worn out and will have to be changed; but the network of siphon lines now extending beyond Europe to Asia and Africa and South America—that will remain as permanent construction; and with it a great body of technicians and specialists who have found careers in a new profession. They are the global almoners, the trained distributors of American billions to foreign countries.

The State Department's estimate of the amount of aid that will have to be distributed in the next three years is 25 billions. In its purely physical aspects, giving on that scale is a tremendous business, comparable to lend-lease operations in wartime, and requires skilled management. To contain the machinery of administration it may be necessary to create a new department of government, with perhaps a secretary of Cabinet rank.

So we go on buying what nobody has to sell, or what people sell who know they can not be made to deliver. There is no law of fraud in these transactions. They have only to plead political inability to make delivery.

What have we thought we were buying?

We thought we were buying England out of the red, for the good of an Anglo-American world. That could not be delivered.

We thought we were buying Europe off the American taxpayer's back. Europe is still there.

We thought we were buying political allies against communism. Great Britain, the principal beneficiary of the Marshall Plan, and four other European beneficiaries, have recognized Red China, injuriously to the policy of the United States.

We have thought we were buying allies in arms. "When we no longer have allies we are lost," said Governor Dewey to the Veterans of Foreign Wars, who applauded. As for that, there is a sorry history of nations that have put their trust in bought allies, and we might have been reminded of it by our

first experience with them in a place called Korea.

We thought that if we bought our defense in foreign countries we could avoid becoming a garrison state. Yet now we become a garrison state.

We thought we were buying a free world. Yet the free world has been rapidly shrinking.

We thought we could buy security. Now for the first time in our history our security is not in our own hands. The aggressor keeps the initiative. By rattling his sword he controls the size of our military expenditures, increases our taxes and distorts our economy; also he picks the battleground. The President says: "They are capable of launching new attacks in Europe, in the Middle East, or elsewhere in Asia, wherever it suits them. That is what makes

it so vital that we build our defenses—and build them fast."

And we thought that at least we were buying the good will of the world. The last sound we expected to hear, echoing in Europe and Asia, from the throats of people who had eaten our dollars and might have starved without them, was, "Americans, go home."

Some things we did not want were sold to us. Notably one. A package arrived COD, in false wrappings, with a note attached. The note said: "If you mean what you say about saving the free world you will buy this sight unseen. It is a test of your sincerity." We bought it. That was the Korean war—a war we could not win with dollars.

The Menace of Tito

By BOGDAN RADITSA

EVER SINCE the Yugoslav Communist Party was excommunicated from the Cominform three years ago, the question of Western collaboration with Tito and his Communist regime has disturbed sincere anti-Communists. In the first place, many genuine liberals have felt that collaboration with any Communist regime involved a surrender of moral principle. In the second, collaboration faces Western policy-makers with a risk whose consequences could be tragic for the peoples of Yugoslavia and the West.

Ideologically, the policy of helping Tito thus far pursued by the Western chanceries has created confusion on the anti-Communist front both in Yugoslavia and abroad. On the one hand, the Italian and French elections have proved that instead of weakening the massive Communist monolith, it has demonstrated once again that Stalin, not Tito, is master of the Communist world. On the other, it has resulted in the formation of a new pro-Tito front among pseudo-liberals. The new Tito-travelers are anxious to save what they think is the essence of Communist doctrine, and Tito's acceptance in Western anterooms gives them aid and comfort.

The decisive step in Western relations with Tito is the American rearmament of Tito's army. Though economic aid has already strengthened his power in Yugoslavia, military aid will involve the West in even greater perils. The recent official visit to the United States of the Yugoslav Chief of Staff, General Koča Popovich, proved that the time for blunders is past, and that Western officials must now keep a firm hand over Tito and vigilantly guard against being doublecrossed by him. The visits of General Popovich, a fanatical Communist, to such important military centers as Fort Belvoir, Virginia, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, Navy installations at Norfolk, Virginia, and the Army tank arsenal in Detroit, must mean that U. S. officials

are now convinced that Tito will be a part of the general Western defense against Soviet aggression.

This situation is regarded by patriotic Yugoslavs with understandable concern. They can not trust a Communist regime whose main purpose was the transformation of Yugoslavia into the springboard of revolution in the Mediterranean. Moreover, there are constant evidences that the Yugoslav people will hardly fight on Tito's side unless they are assured by the Americans that their resistance would mean the beginning of their liberation from every kind of communism. In the minds of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes there is no difference between "national" and "international" communism. To them communism, which has deprived them of their religious and economic independence, is the same whether it comes from Moscow or from Belgrade.

The essential danger in dealing with Tito, who is not safe among the Yugoslav people, is that he also has very serious trouble with members of the Communist Party and even of his own government. Every week one reads in the Yugoslav newspapers that prominent members of Tito's machine have been arrested because of their collaboration with Stalin's Cominform. The largest group of "Cominformists" appears to be in the middle layer of the Yugoslav Communist Party — several thousand Communist semi-intellectuals who staff the ministries and administrative centers. These people got their jobs immediately after the war, as trusted members of the Stalinist Party. Some of them were weeded out immediately after Tito's expulsion from the Cominform in June 1948. Many have since recanted, been "re-educated," and resumed work. There are many others still secretly working for Stalin and weakening Tito's regime from within. The situation is so precarious that in many instances the government itself has had to announce defections from the Administration and the Army.

Wholesale purges of Cominformists have recently been carried out in the governments of all the "People's Republics" of Yugoslavia, beginning with Montenegro where the chairman and a majority of members were removed. In the Macedonian government allegiance to Stalin was running so high that many members were hastily liquidated. The same thing happened in Bosnia-Herzegovina. The Serb members of the Croatian People's Government have been dismissed and condemned to silence in remote parts of the country. The difficulties resulted not only from the two opposing interpretations of communism, but also from the old conflict of nationalities, revived by Moscow. Tito has been forced by the Soviet menace to impose the old highly centralistic and unpopular "Yugoslav" nationalism upon a country whose nationalist dissensions he boasted of having healed through the introduction of a federalist regime.

THE MOST sensational arrest seems to have been that of Voya Srzentich, Tito's assistant Minister of Finance, who was caught just as he was about to deliver to the Soviets the documentation concerning the dealings of Tito's government with the International Bank and U. S. Government financial circles. Srzentich belongs to a prominent Montenegrin Communist family which was instrumental in spreading communism in that poverty-stricken part of Yugoslavia and among Belgrade students. While feigning loyalty to Tito, Srzentich was really loyal to Stalin, as are the majority of Communists of his type. Belonging to the intelligentsia infected with Marxist doctrinairism since prewar times, they find it hard to accept the idea that Tito's communism can be better than Stalin's. They are unhappy not to be with Stalin's Communist bloc, and to be called heretics and "dogs in the pay of the Wall Street warmongers."

To evaluate this situation in its true importance, one must know that Voya Srzentich's wife, Dragica, was a prominent member of the Yugoslav Foreign Office while a prominent pro-Stalinist; she, too, was arrested. Srzentich's brother Vasa, one of the best Yugoslav financial writers, was Tito's financial counselor at the Yugoslav Embassy in Washington from 1946 to 1949. When ordered to resume his duties in Belgrade, he did not return to Yugoslavia but went to a satellite country (probably Czechoslovakia) and reported to the Soviets his knowledge of America's financial situation. These three people, while considered by Tito loyal to his heresy, were in positions to give to the Soviets highly useful information not only about the conversations between Tito and the West, but about the situation in America.

These are not the only arrests of responsible Communists. Maksim Goranovich, for instance, an Assistant Minister in the Department of Agriculture and Tito's principal liaison officer between the Ministry of Agriculture and the American Embassy in Belgrade, was arrested in the act of delivering data to the Soviets. "Mr. Goranovich and

Mr. Srzentich," wrote Gaston Coblenz in the *New York Herald Tribune*, "both of them members of the Yugoslav Communist Party, were in an excellent position to convey information to the Cominform underground organization at Belgrade on Marshal Tito's expanding relations with the United States."

A great many other facts prove how little Tito can count on the Yugoslav Communist Party and even upon his own government officials. The same disaffection prevails in the Army, where the political commissars are still more important than the trained officers. For them the party's excommunication from the Cominform has created one of the saddest dilemmas of their lives. They will be a constant source of danger for Tito in case of war. The leak of information is constant. Unless the Army is completely reorganized by an American or UN military mission, as in Greece, Tito's political commissars will always be ready to betray the national interest to the Soviets.

THIS perilous situation brings us back to Tito's Chief of Staff, General Popovich, whose background is the same as that of Srzentich. He belongs to the fanatical Communist intelligentsia whose faith in the final victory of world revolution is deeply entwined with their whole existence. There is every reason to believe that Popovich would be capable of imitating Srzentich, or Tito's former Chief of Staff, General Arsa Jovanovich, who in 1948 was killed by the secret police (OZNA) after having paid several visits to Vishinsky, at that time presiding over the Danubian Conference in Belgrade. Jovanovich had been considered one of Tito's most fanatical supporters.

General Popovich comes of the *jeunesse dorée* of prewar Belgrade high society. The son of a rich merchant, he was one of many semi-intellectuals, writers and poets who were led by a feeling of guilt to join the Communist Party. His polite French manners and brilliant command of the French language gained him the sympathy of the British military mission during the war.

Like Dr. Alesh Bebler, Tito's UN delegate, General Velebit and many others took an active part in the Spanish Civil War, and consequently belong to the present Communist "Spanish aristocracy" whose main job is to persuade Western old ladies and intellectuals that Tito's brand of communism has nothing in common with Stalin's barbarism. At home they have shown the same ruthlessness in liquidating America's friends as would any Soviet Chekist.

Popovich's character is best shown in a recent book, "Tito's Communism," by a former Czechoslovak ambassador to Belgrade, Dr. Josef Korbela, now a professor at Denver University. The scene was the Czechoslovak Embassy in Belgrade after Popovich had returned from a visit to Prague, very much disturbed by the lack of communism in that country where Benes and Masaryk were still in power. Dr. Korbela says:

The conversation lasted five hours the following evening. Popovich gave me a long lecture on communism and then passed on to more concrete matters: "You know that I recently have been on an official visit to your country. I must say that I was highly disappointed. I saw that your political situation is not settled. Too many parties are taking part in political life. In foreign policy you have not decided whether you will go with the West or with us, and there is no campaign of hatred against Western imperialism in your press which should systematically educate the nation for the war which is inevitable. You will understand that all this must deeply worry me as Chief of Staff of an Allied Army."

At the end I insisted upon receiving an answer to my question of the previous day. [The question was, why Popovich did not trust Korbel.] He tried to evade it but when I repeated my wish, he finally said: "But did you not find my answer in what I told you about the situation in your country? If you still want a straightforward explanation, then here it is: I can have confidence only in a Communist, which you are not!"

How stubbornly General Popovich clings to his Communist creed is evident in his own writings. Dealing in his booklet, "On the Question of the War of Liberation in Yugoslavia" (Belgrade, 1949), with the position Tito's movement took during the war regarding an eventual landing of Anglo-American troops in Yugoslavia, he asserts that the National Army of Liberation was ready "to drive . . . [them] . . . into the sea," in order to keep Yugoslavia open to the Red Army.

These were [he writes] positive and very active political factors in favor of the USSR at a time when the imperialist plans of the Western allies were gradually coming to the forefront. Such a [Communist] Yugoslavia was the main obstacle that barred the realization of Churchill's plan to land the Anglo-Americans in the Balkans. This political influence of Yugoslavia undoubtedly facilitated the process of disengaging the Eastern European countries from the imperialist chain.

In other words, General Popovich even now recalls with pride that the Yugoslav Communists were prepared to prevent an Anglo-American landing in Yugoslavia in order to transform that country into a Communist ally for the Soviet Union. Today, the Yugoslav Communists still insist that economic and military help from the West does not imply their yielding to Western interests.

Military aid or no military aid, it should be borne in mind that the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes will fight on the side of the West and America only if they are led by democratic ideals and leaders. Tito and his gang can not inspire the peoples of Yugoslavia to die merely to keep communism in power instead of becoming a part of the free world. These honest people have always fought bravely for their national independence and freedom. They will fight again if they are given the opportunity to rally around a democratic government. Military aid to Tito, with no promise of liberation for the Yugoslav people, is not enough. Their contribution to victory for the free world has one immutable condition: freedom for Yugoslavia, too.

This Is What They Said

STALIN's complete desire is to rebuild Russia and not to engage in further world conflict if he can avoid it. . . . Russia is eager to settle down to a long period of peace.

ERIC JOHNSTON, July 14, 1944

Some American circles think that this [World War II] is a conflict between two great totalitarian Powers who have acted hand in hand in recent years and that, therefore, it may be well to let them destroy each other. It will take time and effort to counteract this rather natural but somewhat immature tendency in some circles of our public opinion.

SUMNER WELLES, as quoted in "Defeat in Victory" by Jan Ciechanowski, 1947

. . . I have been told that, in Communist China, the government, which under the old regime was always corrupt, is now practically honest. But I wonder if that makes up for the purges that have been killing so many people just because they did not agree to go along with the party line.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, "My Day," September 4, 1951

On the one hand the Bolsheviks' former commitment to world revolution may still be present in a latent form, and on the other hand an "American Century," jet-propelled by another major depression, might lead us into a new-style imperialist expansion which would threaten Russia. But Dr. Fisher knows that present-day Soviet patriotism, for all its bluster, is the creation of men who believe in "socialism in one country."

JOSEPH BARNES, on Harold H. Fisher's "History of Soviet Russia," the *American Scholar*, Summer 1947

If there are Communists on the faculty of Brooklyn College, that . . . is a matter of their personal and private convictions. The political views of members of our faculties are naturally diverse and are not a matter we inquire into in the first instance. Indeed, differences of opinion and attitude among faculty members are a wholesome sign of vitality, and as this is reflected in the teaching, it supplies students with a useful cross-section of the divergence of views in the community at large.

ORDWAY TEAD, now chairman, New York City Board of Higher Education, interview in the *New York Times*, August 24, 1938

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

The Duty to Oppose

By HUGH GIBSON

IT is generally accepted that we have suffered a collapse of bipartisan foreign policy. Some blame the Republicans for endangering our international position. Some reproach the Democrats for misdeeds which justified the withdrawal of Republican support. All are in agreement that the collapse is deplorable.

This just shows to what an extent we have resorted to catchwords as a substitute for thinking—and how far, by a series of steps, we have got away from reality.

To state the case brutally:

1. We have never had a bipartisan foreign policy.
2. It is time we considered honestly whether a bipartisan foreign policy is desirable.

What is a bipartisan foreign policy?

It would consist of the Administration in office taking the organized leadership of the opposition into full partnership to study and discuss our international problems, thus building up agreement on a common purpose. If it is anything other than this it is not bipartisan. For practical purposes, also, if the policy is to be of value, it means that, having reached agreement on what our policy is, the two parties agree to go on in day-to-day collaboration in putting it into effect.

So far it has not been worked that way. The first step of inter-party agreement on policy has been skipped, and then, to put it frivolously, the second step has been omitted. Under the label of collaboration we have really had policy formulated and initiated by the Administration. The role of the opposition has been reduced to following along in agreement—on penalty of being smeared as isolationists and accused of jeopardizing our position in foreign affairs.

So far the Administration has for the most part avoided dealing with the chosen Republican leaders. To put it more accurately, it has not asked the Republicans to choose their own representatives, but has itself made the selections. After that, anybody who dissented was denounced as impossible to please.

We have had a series of people chosen as Republican representatives. They are all able, honorable and patriotic men, but that is not the question. It is a reasonable assumption that they were chosen because they were already in agreement. So here we are, back where we started. There is nothing bipartisan in a policy carried on with a few Republicans who are in agreement with the Administration, and with no representation of the real opposition.

Under our form of government the Administration has authority coupled with responsibility.

Thus it can do its best and at the same time be held accountable. We have found this an excellent method for dealing with public affairs. It is a basic part of our system.

But the instant the Administration shares its authority with the opposition it also sloughs off a part of its responsibility, and thus brings about a drastic change in the conduct of business. Is there anything in the experience of recent years that indicates we should make this change?

The opposition has a useful, indeed a vital role: to act as a corrective force to the party in power. In recent years we have repeatedly seen the spectacle of a President stretching his Constitutional powers to perilous limits. We have seen him embark on reckless adventures for which we shall be paying many years hence. It is the function of the opposition to act as a brake, to keep him within reasonable bounds. By supporting him the Republicans were abdicating, or rather repudiating, their proper role.

WE MAY live to wonder why we ever applauded the idea of a bipartisan foreign policy.

Any Administration in office may be inclined to take the bit in its teeth and embark on all sorts of innovations without stopping to weigh the consequences. We always need an opposition to keep an eye on that sort of thing. It is elected with a mandate to combat anything contrary to the principles on which it stands as a party. When the opposition subordinates its views to those of the victorious party it is abdicating the function for which it was elected. By what authority can it do that?

Ins and outs might well reach agreement on some fundamentals of foreign policy based on the considered interests of America. With this we should have a starting point. The ins would operate the policy. The outs would hold a watching brief to see that our American policy is maintained and adhered to. Is not that a sounder procedure than giving the Administration a blank check for novel and sometimes dangerous innovations?

The advocates of bipartisan policy talk as if the alternative to their plan were outright hostility between the government and the opposition. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is nothing to prevent the opposition's supporting measures it approves while retaining the right to disagree and work for changes in those it disapproves.

We often hear government compared to big business. Let's do it again. If you have an authoritative man at the head of your enterprise and he starts throwing his weight about and exceeding his au-

thority, what do you do? Do you let him handpick a few directors and go full steam ahead with a non-partisan policy? Do you permit yourself to be dissuaded from action on the ground that it would be indelicate to criticize him, for fear you might be denounced as treacherous in giving aid and comfort to competing companies? Or do you organize an opposition and straighten things out in the belief that it won't do the competing companies a bit of harm to know your house has been put in order?

Why do we single out foreign affairs for specialized treatment instead of having bipartisan policies about finance and agriculture and other domestic legislation? Probably because of some of those catchwords which are the bane of our politics. We are told that "politics should stop at the water's edge." By no stretch of the imagination can that mean then we must not disagree at home. That would be nothing less than forbidding people to disagree with the Administration—a phase of dictatorship. All that phrase was ever intended to mean was that Americans must not carry their quarrels abroad, which is something very different.

A unified foreign policy suggests a gratifying picture of good men and true standing shoulder to shoulder to reward the good and put the wicked to shame. Also it tends to give us a feeling that complicated international affairs are simplified and brought within our grasp. Best of all, it reduces things to clear issues, good and bad, black and white. If anybody disagrees with you, you can with calm assurance denounce him as an isolationist, reactionary, Red, or, going a step further, say he is doing admirably the work of our enemies of the moment.

As a matter of fact, foreign affairs constitute the most complicated phase of our national business. They can not be dealt with by oversimplification. They will benefit by all possible scrutiny, check, and countercheck.

This is not to advocate antagonism to the government in power. There should be the fullest possible cooperation. But when we come to principle we can not surrender on grounds of amiability. There is too much at stake. The opposition has *no right* to abdicate its function of keeping the Administration on the rails.

Britain's Artful Dodger

By RENE KUHN

IF THE Labor Government of Great Britain is voted out on October 25 by a long-suffering electorate, it will leave the incoming Conservatives a large legacy of international crises. The Middle East, vital to Britain's industrial life, is in a turmoil as nationalism and communism work separately and together against their common enemy, the British. In the Far East, the Chinese Communists persist in being aggressors instead of the peaceful agrarian reformers they were supposed to be. In Europe, West German industry has recovered to an alarmingly competitive degree while trade with eastern Europe has had to be grudgingly curtailed as a sop to American sentiment. And in America itself, there appears to be growing an unaccountable belief that there is something wrong with the policy of supplying the world with dollars to build an impregnable fortress against communism when enthusiasm for the project among the prospective benefactees is so singularly lacking.

If the Labor Party is once more victorious, the task of dealing with these dangerous situations will probably fall once more, as it did upon Ernest Bevin's death, to Herbert Morrison — gay, self-confident, pugnacious, and a politician to his fingertips — of whom Americans had a recent glimpse when he was here to sign the Japanese Treaty.

Morrison's waving plume of hair, his bright-eyed, pudgy face with spectacles low on his nose, his

round, bouncing body and electric energy, have made him an ideal subject for caricature. Curiously, however, there are almost no political anecdotes attached to him. His only aphorism, or the only one seriously attributed to him, was his dry remark some time after Labor's 1945 victory: "I may not have been born to rule, but I'm getting used to it."

He has no such emotional personal following as many of the Socialist leaders. And within the party he is mistrusted by trade unionists and intellectuals alike for his almost limitless flexibility. One old-time trade unionist, viewing a display of Morrison's intellectual agility at a party conference reflected pungently: "He fluctuates continually between dogma and disbelief; between the actions of an autocrat and the pretensions of a liberal."

Morrison has, however, an easy good humor and a studied blandness that enable him to slip unscathed through crossed swords and dodge skillfully the sarcasm-tipped barbs frequently aimed in his direction. Both qualities have been useful to him in his duties as Foreign Secretary.

Of all the Labor Party's high brass, Morrison has the keenest appreciation of the preeminent problem of British foreign affairs — the continual bettering of Anglo-American relations. And of them all, he has the fewest psychological handicaps to doing the job well. He likes Americans, has always been notably cordial and accessible to American correspondents, and is one of the few Labor

leaders who have not been choked with shyness in acknowledging American aid.

This graciousness does not come easily, nevertheless. In his speech at Leeds in March, which marked him as Bevin's successor, he paid tribute to the "imaginative greatness" of American foreign policy, and continued:

It is ironic that capitalist America's relations with Europe can be taken as a model of democratic relations between states, while the worst example of imperialism in recent years has been the Soviet Union's attempt to turn Yugoslavia into a colony. And this is notwithstanding the fact that the Soviet Union claims to be a Communist state and that Yugoslavia is one. Let us not hesitate to give the U. S. A. full credit for the bigness of mind of her people and her generosity.

MORRISON's soft spot for Americans may well lie in his origins and rise to prominence, which followed closely the classic Horatio Alger pattern; a pattern that is commonplace in this country but relatively new in Britain, possible only in the generations which have matured since the first World War. He was born 63 years ago in Brixton, a poor suburb of London, the son of a former housemaid and a London policeman. Both parents were stiff traditionalists and staunch Conservatives. Morrison left school at 14 to go to work, first as errand boy and clerk in a grocery store, and then as telephone operator in a brewery. His first enthusiasm in the realm of social reform was temperance, and for a time he was an ardent follower of the fiery speakers who would take their stands on dingy street corners to lecture the drunks spilling from the pubs at closing time.

He soon dropped temperance in favor of socialism as the cause with the brighter future. When his parents tried to dissuade him, he moved out of their home and into a small room of his own. He began reading avidly and indiscriminately in political science and would spend long hours studying Marx and Kropotkin over a halfpenny cup of cocoa in a cheap café where light and heat were free.

Fortified by a year or so of self-education, he began attending the tedious and protracted meetings of the Lambeth Borough Council regularly, learning the workings of the lowest level of municipal government, studying the devious ways of politicians. He joined the Independent Labor Party and made his political debut as the Honorary Secretary of its South London Federation. Other small political jobs followed until World War I.

Morrison could have received exemption from military service, since he is blind in one eye as the result of an accident which occurred when he was three days old. Instead he chose to follow the Socialist Party line that the war was an "imperialist" war, and registered as a conscientious objector. He was sent to work as a truck gardener in another small London suburb, and in this period he met his wife, a shy and extremely reserved woman who has kept in the background throughout his career.

With the war's end, Morrison emerged from national service determined to make politics and po-

litical management his life. He moved rapidly through several municipal offices and finally, in 1923, was elected to Parliament as the Labor Member for South Hackney. His maiden speech in Commons was described in the press the following day as "the worst since Disraeli's." The comment was unconsciously prophetic for, like Disraeli, Morrison soon discovered that his Parliamentary forte was not eloquence in debate but, rather, strategic maneuvering both on and off the floor of Commons.

He was an energetic and ebullient backbencher and soon came to the attention of the party leaders. In 1929, when Ramsay MacDonald's government came in, MacDonald picked Morrison to reorganize British transport. Morrison's administration of the Transport Ministry was marked by extreme efficiency. It was he who set up the first integrated transport system within greater London which is a model of cheap, practical public service.

He was swept out of Parliament in the general Labor debacle of 1931 and turned the full force of his tremendous energies and organizing abilities to the job of Secretary of the London Labor Party, a full-time political job. From 1934 to 1940 he was also leader of the London County Council — in effect, Mayor of London. In those years he set about building up the Labor Party as an effective force in London politics, and the tight, disciplined organization that he achieved was in no small measure responsible for Labor's subsequent national victories in 1945 and 1950.

TWO YEARS after leaving Parliament, Morrison was asked by the party's leaders to prepare a blueprint and master plan for the nationalization of transport in the then unlikely prospect that Labor would again reach power. After some months of study he presented his plan to the National Labor Executive. At that point began the classic feud between Morrison and his predecessor in the Foreign Office, Ernie Bevin; a feud that lasted until Bevin's last years and provided an illuminating illustration of the differences between the two men's minds. Bevin took violent issue with Morrison's plan. For Morrison, practical as always, wanted to include on the proposed governing board businessmen, industrialists, capitalists—anyone whose experience in transport would promote the efficiency of the operation.

Bevin insisted on a strict application of the old trade union dictum that the governing board of any nationalized enterprise must be drawn chiefly, if not exclusively, from the ranks of the trade unions. It seemed to him irrelevant whether, in this case, the trade unionists were familiar with the problems of transport or not. It was sufficient that they be trade unionists. It was not sufficient for Morrison, whose primary aim in any undertaking is efficiency. From that quarrel over methods grew the feud, and thereafter the two men saw little of one another except at official party meetings or functions until both were asked to join Churchill's coalition government in 1940.

Morrison really came into his own as a national figure when Churchill named him Minister of Supply. His tenure in this job was brief, however. His genius has always lain in his ability to manipulate people, not the dry facts and figures and statistical charts which were the Supply Minister's province. Six months later he was shifted to the post of Home Secretary and in 1942 he was made, in addition, Minister of Home Security in the War Cabinet. The famous slogan, "Go to It!" was a coinage of Morrison's and set the tone for his administration of the newly formed ARP and the whole network of protective organizations which the British had to create in defending themselves against the horror and devastation of air raids.

WHILE Morrison is a cocky and combative personality, he is also shrewd, articulate, tremendously gregarious, superficial and constantly in search of the compromise that will make everyone happy. His admirers are quick to point out, however, that while he is amiably elastic in debate, he has, on occasion, selected a difficult principle and made his stubborn stand on it. For example, he has never, they say, been in sympathy with that wing of the Labor Party which would cooperate with the Communists. During the period of the Hitler-Stalin pact, he had no compunction about using his broad powers as Home Secretary to suppress the London *Daily Worker* as inimical to the British war effort. It was an immensely unpopular act, not only with the Communists who will never forgive him, but with the "idealistic" and unenlightened liberals who were extremely vocal in their protests against what they considered an impediment to free speech. But Morrison was adamant, and removed the ban only when Russia entered the war as an ally of Britain and the United States.

He created another furious tempest when he signed the order releasing the British fascist leader, Oswald Moseley, from jail while the war was still raging. Morrison's position in this matter was that Moseley had been jailed as a menace to the national welfare in wartime. While in jail, he had become seriously ill, and in his weakened condition could no longer be thought of as an active menace.

It might be noted, however, that neither of these actions seriously jeopardized Morrison's position; nor was his party's prestige at stake, since the responsibility for justifying the conduct of the coalition government fell on Churchill. Where either Morrison's own future or the party's position *has* hung in the balance, he has stepped more gingerly. He has, for instance, led the group within the Labor Party which has sought diligently to woo the middle classes, somewhat to the disgust of his more revolutionary-minded fellow party men. It was he who mapped the campaign strategy which in 1950 led the Labor Party to soft-pedal any further plans for nationalization. And, whenever the opportunity arises, he is on his feet protesting his concern for, and devotion to, the battered British capitalist.

"I don't want to socialize for the mere sake of socializing," he once said, "I want to socialize where it is good public business to do so." And during the 1945 campaign he announced disarmingly: "What I want is to take from the Tories whatever is good, mix it with the best features of socialism and administer the whole thing under a Labor Government."

UNLIKE some of the more evangelical Socialists, Morrison is less interested in the Labor Movement *per se* than in the Labor Party. He is primarily concerned with keeping the party (and Herbert Morrison) in power indefinitely. He has been sternly criticized within the party for this preoccupation and has adopted a rather defensive attitude about it:

Instead of prophetic vision only, I now also see a table of priorities; instead of a flight of imagination, I tend to keep my feet on the ground. But I do not think that the inward significance of my creed is different from what it was and I suspect its practical effectiveness may be greater.

At the war's end, he was so cautious as to be labeled timid by the fire-eaters within the party. Morrison was canny enough then to sense that the years of postwar readjustment would be as difficult in their own way as the war years, and he fought doggedly to persuade the other Labor leaders to forego a challenge to a national election at that time and continue the coalition government. He was overruled and outmaneuvered by those Socialists who saw in the restless aspirations of the electorate an unparalleled opportunity for Labor to build a permanent socialized state in Britain. Characteristically, once overruled, he readily fell in with the party organization and threw himself wholeheartedly into the job of preparing campaign strategy and utilizing, at last, the carefully-constructed party network he had devised in the years before the war. Again he was displaying that quick adaptability and grasp of expedience which is so much a part of his character. His preoccupation is to be boss. It makes little difference in the end what policy, as boss, he is to administer.

But many thoughtful Britons feel that today's perilous difficulties on every front of British interests the world over call for a Foreign Secretary whose chief talent is something beyond an ability to compromise with an existing situation. Iran, Egypt, Transjordan, Malaya, Hong Kong, Korea, the United States, western Europe, eastern Europe and Russia, all pose separate problems whose answers can be found only by a man capable of creative thinking. Morrison, whatever his other gifts, does not incline in that direction. Nonetheless he may find himself after October 25 with a mandate to continue applying to those problems such talents as he has. In which case his critics may take bitter consolation from the knowledge that theirs is not the only nation whose fate rests in the uncertain hands of men whose capacities are incommensurate with the demands of an exigent age.

The Story of A Smear

By W. L. WHITE

IN THE summer of 1932 as the depression was nearing its bottom, suddenly there poured into Washington a ragged army of veterans, asking of Congress payment of a bonus for their services in World War I. Failing to achieve their aim, this Bonus Expeditionary Force (or BEF) degenerated into a bitter mob. There followed scenes of violence which the Communist press has since converted into a widely believed story of a massacre of needy veterans by the guns and tanks of the regular army.

But recent confessions of John Pace and other former Communists have thrown light on the hidden forces at work in that pathetic throng, and have explained how half a dozen concealed Communist leaders were able to manipulate the confused veterans toward hatred and into violence. Their story cleanses several farsighted American leaders of a vicious smear, which was no less a Communist objective than the bloodshed.

John Pace was born in Hickman, Kentucky, served in the AEF, and the depression found him in Detroit, where he joined the Communist Party. He organized a hunger march on the state capitol at Lansing, doing it so well that he was made state organizer of the Workers Ex-Serviceman's League (or WESL), set up as a Communist rival to the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Walter W. Waters, anti-Communist commander of the BEF and bitter rival of John Pace for its control, was born in Oregon. The depression threw him out of his job as a superintendent of a canning factory in Portland at about the same time Pace was joining the Communist Party in Detroit.

The force which drew both men from almost opposite ends of the continent to struggle in Washington was the Patman bonus bill, opposed by the Republican, Democratic and Socialist parties as a Treasury raid. The only party in favor of the bill was the Communist.

The bill was dynamite for Congress. The Legion opposed it, but as the economic crisis deepened increasing thousands of ex-soldiers hoped for it. They formed a growing but still leaderless voting block. In April a tiny delegation of the Workers Ex-Serviceman's League appeared in Washington, "demanding" of Congress immediate payment of this bonus.

And then the avalanche started to run away from its Communist promoters. In early May groups of a few hundred veterans started for Washington from all over the country. Joseph Zack Kornfeder, now anti-Communist but then a member of the party's Central Committee, says that this created

a crisis among Communist leaders, for the party "although working for the creation of just such a movement, had missed the boat in getting it organized."

Benjamin Gitlow (a former Communist Vice Presidential candidate) remembers that, in a stormy meeting, Communist International Representative Mario Alpi, Stalin's delegate in America, read a cable from Moscow ordering American Communists to take over the new movement, and told them money would come to finance it.

So on May 17 the *Daily Worker* carried a bitter attack on the Legion and the VFW, plus a call for the party's own WESL to organize a bonus march to Washington. To head off such a march from Detroit, the Legion there sponsored a parade. But John Pace and his small group of organizers handed out leaflets demanding "Cash Payment of the Bonus!" plus "Transportation to Washington!" while pretty girls from the Young Communist League wheedled veterans to sign up for the trip.

March on Washington

Meanwhile the Communists had set up a Washington bonus headquarters at 905 Eye Street, N.W., in charge of Emanuel Levin, previously a party organizer in California. Pace was given Levin's secret telephone number and told to lead his Detroit delegation to Cleveland, joining up with Communist-led bonus marchers from other states.

In Washington Chief of Police Pelham Glassford announced that arriving bonus marchers would be fed, but not encouraged to stay more than 24 hours. But by the time staunchly anti-Communist Walter W. Waters arrived leading his Oregon veterans, the total was already 1500; these elected Waters Commander of the BEF and accepted Glassford's idea of a "bonus city" in nearby Anacostia. Waters found police chief Glassford "no hard-boiled disciple of the old police school," but "humanly considerate."

Meanwhile in Detroit, John Pace marched 450 veterans to the railroad yards. There they commandeered freight gondolas for the trip to Cleveland. Pace today explains that "I told the vets that the government had repaired the railways during the war, so we vets who had fought to preserve them had a right to ride."

In Cleveland the going at first was "a little too easy for the leadership," who wanted a chance to stir the veterans to violence and hate. "So," continues Pace, "the opportunity we had hoped for occurred" when railroads refused transportation to Washington. Instantly Pace sent into the railroad

yards squads which seized switches, boarded trains and engines, and a picked group captured the roundhouse.

Cleveland's mayor pulled every cop off his beat for a counter-attack and, while petty crooks looted stores, a crowd of 10,000 bewildered citizens watched the struggle.

But the railroad now changed its attitude. For Cleveland was eager to get the bonus marchers out of town. Freight cars were provided for them. In Washington Emanuel Levin was waiting at Communist headquarters with complete plans. The tactics, Ben Gitlow remembers, were to be "violent demonstrations," plus demands that the vets stay in Washington "until hell freezes over, in order to embarrass the government and force the hand of Hoover."

The Pace group was joined by Communist-led delegations from Illinois and New York, but the main BEF under Waters was overwhelmingly anti-Communist. By buttonholing Congressmen, it got enough signatures by June 14 to haul the bonus bill out of committee. A monster parade lobbied for it along Pennsylvania Avenue and next day it passed the House, 209 to 176. The BEF, now bivouacked some 15,000 strong in crude shelters made from packing-boxes and scrap tin, was delirious with victory and started on the Senate.

Defeat—and Aftermath

It was eight o'clock of a hot summer night when the roll call started in that chamber. Outside some 8000 hopeful veterans waited on the Capitol steps and far down the lawn. A pause, and Commander Waters was asked inside. Quickly he returned, mounted a pedestal. There was a hush.

"Prepare yourselves for a disappointment, men," he said. "The bonus bill has been defeated, 62 to 18. This is only a temporary setback. We are going to get more and more men, and stay here until we change the minds of those guys!"

Inside, the adjourned Senators tarried. Was it safe to go home? From the crowd a bewildered murmur rose to a baffled roar, but then, rising still above this came voices, more and ever louder, singing "My country, 'tis of thee." Then they drifted off into the night toward their shacks.

With bonus hopes gone, the President asked Congress for money to send all veterans home, and about 6000 of the more sensible ones took advantage, leaving in Washington a dangerously unstable group. To them, Communists now roared appeals to stay in Washington ("Only mass action will win the bonus fight!"), and Levin ordered Pace to organize a move of all Communist-led veterans to the heart of the city where, near Thirteenth and B Streets, S. W., he had located some ramshackle apartments bought by the government and about to be torn down to beautify the town.

As for asking government permission to move in, that to Communists was unthinkable—Pace was told they must be "seized," for in New York Comin-

tern representative Alpi was demanding violence, so Hoover would be forced to call out the army.

Pace went back to his men who gathered their blankets and mess kits. But as they were leaving camp, the way was barred by the camp's commander and two policemen.

"Three men couldn't stop 800," explains Pace, "so we pushed them out of the way."

Entering the "seized" government buildings, they were politely visited by Glassford who, instead of chasing them out, "immediately became very fraternal with us," Pace remembers. Next day the *Daily Worker* could scream, "PACE ELECTED CORPS COMMANDER OF SEIZED BUILDING AREA," but actually Pace found it "difficult to carry on a smear campaign against Glassford when he was giving them everything they asked for."

In New York, however, the leaders did not want the flames of class hate to be quenched by the milk of Pelham Glassford's kindness, so Pace received orders to attack Waters and the other BEF anti-Communist leaders, charging them with "sell-out, doublecross and do-nothing policies," shouting for picket lines around the White House (they were forbidden), all to create "confusion and a split so that the Communist Party could get control" of the entire BEF. To this end, Pace held nightly meetings, promising "the bonus in two weeks under my leadership," while from New York Earl Browder thundered that the "bonus revolutionary force" was the "beginning of the mass struggle."

When on July 16 Congress finally adjourned, Waters told his men that "there is nothing more we can hope to do in Washington. . . . Transportation is still available to your homes," his problem being "to persuade the men to return."

But the news brought to Washington Communist Central Committeeman Israel Amter, who told Pace that "If we allow the veterans to get out of Washington without a fight, we have lost."

Meanwhile Washington struggled to get back to normal. Veterans who had "seized" the condemned buildings had been given temporary permits to stay, but these had expired, so the veterans were asked to move. This brought to the White House another "rank-and-file" delegation led by Pace, protesting the "eviction" and demanding that President Hoover reconvene Congress to pass that bonus it had just rejected. Plans to clear the condemned buildings continued, Waters ordering his men to offer "absolutely no resistance if attempts are made to eject them."

But by now was Waters really in control?

At ten o'clock on the morning of July 28, standing in front of a half-demolished building which housed 200 veterans who already had been ordered out four times, Waters at Glassford's request repeated his plea to go peacefully. When only a few obeyed, the police stepped in. By 11:50 the last veteran was out.

"Nowhere," according to Waters, "was there any sign of a riot." But just before noon. "filtering through the crowd, I began to see members from

the Communist camp" who were "edging in, looking for a chance to start a rumpus," and then from the buildings' rear a flying Communist wedge carrying an American flag, jammed into the police line, which bulged as the cops grappled under a hail of bricks.

"Hey, you fellows," called out Glassford, "let's not throw any more bricks. They hurt. [One had struck him in the chest.] You've probably killed one of my best men!"

Whereupon another Communist ripped the badge from Glassford's shirt. But Waters proudly remembered that "two men of the BEF knocked him down and handed it back to the police chief."

Then followed a lull, during which Glassford climbed to the top of one of the rickety buildings for a bird's-eye view of the situation. As he climbed, the mob edged toward the stairway where two police stood on the second floor as a rearguard.

"Let's get the cops!" someone shouted. The mob rushed the stairway. Whether the police fired just before it reached them, or whether they were knocked down and fired from their knees, is not certain.

But half a dozen shots rang out, and two men fell. One was a bystander some distance away, hit in the back. The other man was killed instantly by a shot at short range into his heart. His name was William Huskka, and his political views were soon to be in sharp dispute.

But of one thing there is today no doubt. As a result of the confessions of former Communist leaders, we know at last that the Communist Party had finally achieved the bloodshed which Comintern representative Mario Alpi in New York had been demanding for weeks.

Hardly had Huskka fallen when the District Commissioners, on Glassford's urging, phoned the White House. The President called in his Secretary of War, Patrick J. Hurley, to discuss calling out the troops. Both men remember that Hoover suggested that the soldiers be armed, not with guns, but with "peace clubs" such as those policemen carry.

"I declined," says Hurley. "There were only 600 soldiers against thousands of bonuseers. I didn't want to see the United States Army defeated by a mob!" But in ordering Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur to clear the area, Secretary Hurley cautioned him to "use all humanity consistent with the execution of this order."

General MacArthur ducked no responsibility that day. Riding at the head of his 600 soldiers and five tanks, he remembers that "we moved down Pennsylvania Avenue" and, arriving at the scene, his judgment was that "that mob was a bad-looking mob. It was animated by the essence of revolution."

Before the Federal government entered the picture, two had been killed and 55 injured. After General MacArthur and his tiny task force took over, there was not a single bruise. The mob was dispersed with harmless tear gas, and the BEF passed into history.

Were the troops necessary? Nineteen years later ex-Communist John Pace says, "I do not believe the government had any alternative. Had this thing gone on another week, the Communists would have gained the leadership of the BEF, thus forcing the government to take action even more disastrous."

This agrees with General MacArthur's judgment that "had the President let it go another week, I believe the institutions of our government would have been seriously threatened."

Genesis of A Smear

Moscow was furious. John Pace was ordered to New York to attend a post-mortem meeting of top Communists, including Earl Browder, Clarence Hathaway, Emanuel Levin, Herbert Benjamin, Louis Sass, Max Bedacht and William Weinstone, and dominated by Mario Alpi, who branded the American Communists as "swivel-chair organizers who slept while the masses rolled."

There remained, however, the all-important propaganda front, and Alpi pounded the table in emphatic agreement with a suggestion that Pace speak in every American state, denouncing President Hoover as "the murderer of American veterans" and General MacArthur as "the tool of the Fascists."

Meanwhile the body of William Huskka of Chicago was in Washington awaiting burial. The Communists claimed him as a loyal member of their Red veterans front, the WESL, and insisted that it had been given permission by his brother and former wife to "arrange a protest funeral in Chicago." But, they screamed, it was "fear of the indignant masses" that drove the government to "coerce the relatives of Huskka to agree to burial in Washington."

Whatever Huskka's political views, the Communists were not allowed to make of his burial a political circus. Instead, his brother, daughter and ex-wife came on for a dignified funeral in the Capital. Over his open grave at Arlington a salute was fired by a detachment of General MacArthur's 600 who had bloodlessly subdued the riot after Huskka's death.

The party's tactics were now to smear the blood of Huskka on the hands of Herbert Hoover (who had wanted the troops to carry only clubs) and of Douglas MacArthur (whose men had not fired a shot). At a Communist memorial mass meeting for Huskka in Chicago on August 6, he was described as having been "slain by the order of Hoover, dog-robber of the Capitalists" and the Communist Party spread this smear across the nation and down the decades.

Even with the courageous confessions of Pace, Gitlow and others, the Communist smear on Hoover and MacArthur is not entirely washed away, and our Quaker ex-President can say sadly that "a large part of the veterans believe to this day that men who served their country in war were shot down in the streets of Washington at my orders."

The Dance: Antidote to Neurosis

By ERNESTINE STODELLE

JOYOUS growth is as essential to youth as the air it breathes. But today there is little joyousness in growing. A somber mist lies over the future our younger generation faces. The real problem lies not ahead but in this moment when fear and pressure hinder youth from healthy self-development. When subjected to tension, children find relief in secret, harmful ways. There is more nervousness, deception and mental illness today mainly because of this pressure—plus the results, now appearing, of the progressive educational system. If the freedom the progressive educationalists so ardently seek could be contained in a *disciplined* form of action, expanding the vista of the mind, then the results would be worth while socially and esthetically.

To relieve tension and pressure, emphasis should be laid on abstract studies such as science and art, and on physical activities like sports and athletics. Science teaches clear, constructive thinking; sports build strong bodies; the arts of painting, sculpture, music, literature—and dancing—require background knowledge and encourage creative expression. Dancing, physical and esthetic, athletic and artistic, scientific and social, is the perfect antidote to neuroticism in youth.

"It is not without reason that games and dancing have formed a part of the life of nations," says M. Capriol to M. Arbeau, a *soit-disant* dancing instructor in "The Orchesography," a treatise published in 1588 "in the form of a dialogue whereby all manner of persons may easily acquire and practice the honourable exercise of dancing."

The art of body mechanics and expression evolved by the Egyptians and the Greeks, developed into highly formalized religious ceremonial by the Orientals and then brought to a peak of classic perfection through the Italian theater, French Court, European opera and Russian ballet stands as a fund of knowledge to be studied profitably by our present generation, irrespective of vocational aspirations.

Technically, dancers, athletes and acrobats share a similar struggle to train the body and to keep it "in form." Tennis players and trapeze artists strive for the same split-second timing of movement in space as we see in high dancing leaps; ice skaters and tightrope walkers for the same dexterous balance through fluent motion that the dancer achieves in rapid turns and slow, sustained lifts; swimmers for the same endurance through breath control as is needed for long passages of dance choreography. Ease of movement means perfect muscular coordination.

Yet dancing is more than a technical display of

feats like acrobatics. Its training leads to higher forms where the imagination and emotions speak through the bodily instrument and transcribe action into esthetic expression. In the dance, our faculties join to control each other and to release our deeper natures.

In the nineteenth century, when children were "seen and not heard," the study of dancing along with music and drawing was considered a necessity, from a social point of view, for children of cultured families. In some instances, a dancing master was engaged to give instruction privately in the home; if the child attended a school—in Europe, a *Gymnasium* or *Lycée*—the curriculum automatically included the dance. In general, dancing at that time consisted mostly of the social graces: how to bow or curtsy, how to walk, sit or stand properly; in short, how to conduct oneself *comme il faut* in the drawing room and how to participate successfully in all the fashionable ballroom dances of the day.

The ballet school, as an institution associated with the State or Imperial Opera House (in Europe), selected its quota of students from the ranks of talented applicants who intended to make the dance their vocation. The popular dancing school, a private enterprise which catered to the many people who wished to dance as a recreation, flourished in the guise of a *Salon de Danse* or Dance Hall. There the young gentleman could escort his fiancée (under strict chaperonage, of course) to spend a pleasant evening practicing the latest steps of the polka, mazurka and waltz.

Imagine a brightly illuminated ballroom in an old building on one of the *Grands Boulevards* in Paris, on Piccadilly in London, or on lower Broadway in New York, filled to capacity with gentlemen in smart evening attire and white gloves twirling over the shiny parquet floor, with their well-corseted lady partners fancifully dressed in décolleté gowns with lace ruffles, bouncing bustles and head-dresses of ostrich feathers! And, weaving in and out, correcting mistakes and calling new quadrille figures is the dancing master, a lithe, ingratiating fellow with a swirling moustache. A charming way to combine education with entertainment!

TODAY the social or professional aspects of dance study are not the primary ones. Its psychological and physical benefits are rated higher. As an art which expresses itself through and in the human body ("And we embody thought in living as does the dance, the dancer"—May Sarton), dancing should be studied in childhood and youth when the life-force is potentially greatest. At this time, the

problems confronting the modern teacher are concerned with organizing the mind as much as training the body. In children, impulse clashes with impulse. Actions begin, and half-way through are forgotten or switched into entirely new ones. Sounds and objects distract the too-receptive mind. The child, like a player of marionettes, must learn how to "pull the strings," determining with his mind the movements he makes with his body.

Space, hitherto known as "emptiness," will be filled with rhythmic patterns coexisting with the melodic and dynamic phrases of the music. For the dancer, space is the background for movement design, as the bare canvas is the painter's background for color and form, as the blank page is the writer's for thought expression. In studying motion in space, the child will learn how to move in the six basic directions: forward, backward, sideways, turning, leaping upward, dropping downward. Gesture and bodily movement used in life for practical purposes—going somewhere, doing something, emphasizing words—will be transformed and enlarged through rhythm and emotional feeling into lyrical and dramatic dance. Besides learning fundamental rhythmic movements, the child will find that he can invent dances of his own, that he can bring imaginary characters and situations to life through music and pantomime, and, in this way, creatively enter the art.

WHEN one speaks of the art of dancing, one thinks of the pure forms of dance which stem today from the Classic and Romantic Ballet and the Expressive Schools started by the great revolutionary American dancer, Isadora Duncan. The first is a traditional form of stylized movement based on an established vocabulary of steps and positions, each labeled and predetermined, all of which convey a sense of architectural beauty and ethereal delicacy; the second, a rhythmic dance, essentially lyrical, using dynamic movement for dramatic effect, sometimes harmonizing in mood and style with the music and sometimes relinquishing music or using it for color, emphasis and background.

The Modern Dance, a foster-child of Isadora Duncan's ideas, has delved into the psychological depths of human action (and reaction), attempting to bring its findings to the surface of bodily expression. On a much more simple scale, in a much more simple way, Isadora Duncan's aim was to renounce the "school of affected grace and toe-walking" and to supplant it with an heroic type of life-expression portraying human emotions and dramatic ideas mainly through music.

As a dancer, Isadora succeeded admirably in achieving her aim by means of her intellectual intensity, extraordinary personality and individual style of movement which was erroneously considered "Greek" by many. "She used her momentous power, as the giants of mankind have always done, not only to entertain the world, but to move it," says Max Eastman in his foreword to the book of photographs of Isadora Duncan by Arnold Genthe. As

a founder of a new trend in the art, she bequeathed an influence rather than a system. It was, perhaps, inevitable that an imagination concerned exclusively with the sublime aspects of art and life, a temperament of passionate romanticism inherited from her Irish ancestors, plus an American disregard of tradition, should be unconcerned with a diagnosis of methods of work. In truth, her methods were mostly inspirational. But the great wonder is that she came at a propitious moment in the history of this art and undoubtedly affected its course. Modern dancers like Doris Humphrey and Martha Graham in America and Mary Wigman and Laban in Germany (the latter a kind of dance-scientist analyzing space and gesture for the purposes of dance instruction and connotation), and others all over the world, have been working out systems of their own, the essence of which has been inspired to a great extent by Isadora's ideology, though the technique is entirely different.

In spite of the variety of its twentieth-century theatrical forms—in recital, opera, musical comedy revue, dancing on skates—the dance remains an illusive art, defying definition when perfectly performed. A beautiful dance is a thing of transient loveliness, gossamer in its ever-changing sequences and breathtaking in its dynamic tensions. The patterns of movement pass without interruption before our eyes, fascinating us by their complexity and dexterity. The unique harmonization of physical, spiritual and emotional qualities within the human form blending rhythmically with music gratifies our senses and our need to externalize our own emotions. Just as one absorbs the music one hears and sings silently with it, the spectator responds kinesthetically to the dancer's movement, in an imaginary participation. Breathlessly we watch, and in watching, experience what we see. We seem to leap as the dancer leaps, to turn, twist, rise, fall as he does, and together we share the realm of Time and Space which Carlyle calls "The Dream-Canvas upon which Life is imaged."

Springes to Catch Woodcocks

Our life is a series of decoys and traps.
Escape from the first one and, brother,
You've hardly crawled out when a steel wire snaps
And click! there you are in another.

Your right eye offends you; you pluck the eye out;
But next thing your tooth begins aching.
You've just healed your soul of a hard bout with
doubt
When crash! it's your heart now that's breaking.

Ambitious, we tear ourselves free of each pin
(The snares up ahead look so rosy!)
When we might as well stay in the trap we are in
And make ourselves snug there and cosy.

CORINNA MARSH

From Our Readers

Defending Senator McCarthy

Not the least discouraging aspect of the public life of these deteriorating times is the barren superficiality of its public debate. Everyone who gives a moment's thought to the matter knows that the United States, and the West with it, has sunk in prestige, power and will to its lowest estate. Why? If anyone seeks to decipher the causes he is at once set upon by the whole "liberal" pack. And if he ventures to relate the behavior of General Marshall, a prime mover in the tragic tale, to our plight, he is doubly scorned not only by the "liberals" but by the educated and the fastidious on our side. I give you the case of your contributor, Towner Phelan (the *Freeman*, September 24). It is too bad that Mr. Phelan, who brought a great deal of thought to his subject and documented it admirably, could not have read and studied Joe McCarthy's speech of June 14 before he smeared McCarthy.

In a way Phelan is symptomatic of the evil he decries. To what pass have things come when one public man can not analyze and dissect the public career of another without subjecting himself to Phelan's absurd conclusion that it was "utterly despicable to attack his patriotism." Who is Marshall or any other public servant that his patriotism can not be brought into question? I suspect that Phelan's failure was one of nerve rather than intelligence. He lacked the will to understand McCarthyism, he needed a whipping boy to make the particular points he wished to make in the particular article he wished to write, and he dared not stand up to the popular fable amongst the educated regarding McCarthy.

I am myself a little unhappy over the preoccupation of so many these days with smearing. The "liberals," having experienced the pitch brush, are growing neurotic over the matter. Nothing could have been more idiotic than the solemn investigation of the Maryland election. Behind it, of course, was the desperate fight to protect enemy agents in the government. That was the only issue involved in that spectacle.

The "liberal" outcry over senatorial immunity is another symptom of this development which, outwardly neurotic, underneath is designed for only one purpose: to keep the Soviet apparatus at the heart of our government intact and unmolested. Our ancestors fought for centuries to gain parliamentary immunity for their representatives. The "liberals," by and large unaware of any history since 1917, would dump that liberty overnight to silence Joe McCarthy's blasts at enemy agents. The degradation of liberalism has little further to go than that. And then we have the degrading spectacle of Lehman seeking to have the Senate investigate itself in the shape of its own subcommittee on the pretentious falsehood of the bombastic Al-

sop, and the fluttery Benton seeking to have the Senate determine whether McCarthy is fit to sit alongside Morse, Lehman, Humphrey and himself.

I say, with what I suspect is more originality than precision, the smearer the merrier. The lifeblood of a free society is freedom of debate, of discussion and insult, and the extent to which the non-smearing faction gains its ends is one measure of the decline of our freedoms.

Washington, D. C.

FORREST DAVIS

Mr. Towner Phelan states that Senator McCarthy "has hurt—not helped—the many sincere and patriotic people who are fully justified in being alarmed and deeply concerned. . . ." As one of the many who are alarmed I feel that I was helped—not hurt—by Senator McCarthy's exposures, nor have I encountered many ordinary mortals who take Mr. Phelan's view. I can recall that it was not long ago when it was considered "utterly despicable" to attack the patriotism of Alger Hiss. Would Mr. Phelan be specific and give us some examples of the "vicious smearing" of Senator McCarthy? . . . Glenwood Landing, New York

LEO R. O'BRIEN

Towner Phelan's dissertation on character assassination renders a distinct injustice to the valiant efforts of Senator McCarthy in his self-effacing campaign of patriotism. Senator Jenner has the same qualifications, but was not mentioned. . . . What better means could any honest statesman use to focus the nation's attention on a sordid ulcer that was eroding the foundations of our constitutional government? . . .

Washington, Indiana

A. G. BLAZEY

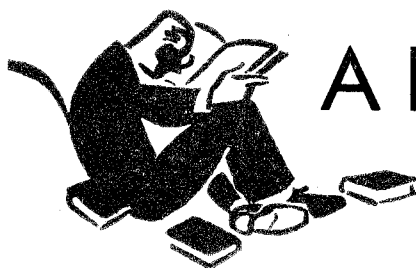
Who is smearing whom? And in the *Freeman*, of all places! I refer to the article "Modern School for Scandal" by Towner Phelan. In this article Mr. Phelan claims to be "against smearing itself," no matter whether it be done by a Senator McCarthy or an Owen Lattimore.

Mr. Phelan's point would be well taken were it not that he himself indulges in the very same smearing he professes to deplore. For instance, he says, ". . . we are in no way defending the reprehensible tactics of McCarthy." What makes McCarthy's tactics "reprehensible"? I want more evidence than Mr. Phelan's, or anybody's, say-so. . . .

To sum up Mr. Phelan's smearing of Senator McCarthy: The Senator's tactics, according to Mr. Phelan, are reprehensible; he has hurt many sincere and patriotic people; his attack on Marshall's patriotism is despicable; his smearing is vicious, crude, clumsy, self-defeating, and on a low moral plane. I don't see how Mr. Phelan could have gone much farther in "smearing" Senator McCarthy. Certainly he went far enough to brand as pure sophistry his statement that "The real test of a person's sincerity is whether he is against smearing itself, or merely against particular cases of smearing."

Edmond, Oklahoma

FRANCES BECK



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The most interesting thing about John P. Marquand's "Melville Goodwin, USA" (Little, Brown, \$3.75), which is a story of a military hero's attempt to cope with the baffling exigencies of a postwar world, is its plentiful evidence that the U. S. possesses at least one novelist who is capable of incorporating new and mature experiences into his work. This hasn't often happened with American novelists in late years: our Hemingways and Faulkners, our Caldwells and Farrells, have had very little success with anything outside of their earliest impressions and experiences, their earliest environments, acquaintances and friends. But with Marquand it has been different: he has retained the qualities of plasticity, receptivity and curiosity. He has not subsided into a purely personal lyricism; he has not cut himself off from the nourishing experience that can only come from living in a society that includes somebody besides other writers and artists. In brief, he has continued to grow.

What Marquand knew in his bones at the beginning was the narrow environment of the late George Apley. Like the mind of Cabot Lodge, friend of Theodore Roosevelt and grandfather of the infinitely more flexible present-day Lodges, the Apley terrain was highly cultivated but barren. The Apley world made for good satire; and if Marquand had been a stay-at-home he would have shaped his own small niche as the delightful social recorder of Boston and North Shore foibles. But a wider world beckoned to Marquand when he discovered that the psychological conflict between Boston and New York could produce exquisite tragicomedy. Marquand has exploited the Boston-New York polarization in two contrasting ways. His H. M. Pulham, Esquire, made an effort to escape into the freedom and fluidity of Manhattan, where careers are open to talents and ideas and patterns are shaped and stamped for sale to a nation. But Pulham couldn't stand the strain of freedom and so he fell back into the Apley groove. In "Point of No Return" Marquand played it the other way: his banker character from the North Shore did succeed in making the vital transition. It cost the banker something, but all choices mean a deliberate closing out of certain possibilities. One can hardly go two ways at once.

In exploring the Boston-New York polarization Marquand naturally met up with characters who have not come out of Apley's world. Proving his emancipation, Marquand did one memorable job in his portrait of the tycoon's daughter who married

a New Deal bureaucrat. Now he has done another memorable job with General Melville Goodwin, product of West Point and the regular army. "Melville Goodwin, USA" may not be as interesting as some of the earlier Marquand stories: its protagonist is too specialized and too simple an individual to give Marquand full scope for the social by-play which is his particular forte. But it is a triumph nonetheless that Marquand has managed to wring so much out of such a fundamentally simple theme.

The reason why "Melville Goodwin, USA" holds the reader's interest so continually is that it is a satire within a satire, a story of many values even though the main character is a trifle dull. Mel Goodwin grew up in a small town near Nashua, New Hampshire, the youngest son of the local druggist. (This is fairly close to Apley's world in space, but just about as far away from Brahmin territory as is Idaho or Arkansas if it is social likeness that you are seeking.) A "glory boy" from the word go, Mel thrills to the music of a martial band on Memorial Day and spends hours in the local library reading stories about the Civil War and books like "A Plebe at West Point." He is a "one girl" kid who marries the daughter of a Hallowell, New Hampshire, manufacturer the day he graduates from the Point. Shaped by the routines and the disciplines of Military Academy life and by his sojourns in various army schools and posts between World War I and World War II, Mel becomes a specialist in throwing mechanized armor at an enemy. He knows armor and fire power, he knows how to estimate a situation, and he is able to reach an almost instantaneous decision in a moment of stress. To all of this he adds an instinct for terrain and a good understanding of the GI mind. What he does not know is the world of the civilian, particularly the civilian woman in her more predatory guise. His mix-up with the clever, beautiful and dissatisfied Dottie Peale, on which the story turns, leaves him floundering like a fish in the scuppers of a sloop. Fortunately he is close enough to the water to flop back with one gigantic heave over the rail.

The history of Melville Goodwin enables Marquand to satirize the world of the twenties and the thirties, when all the patriotic values were being discounted and laughed at. Goodwin may have had a one-track mind and an adolescent's attitude toward glory, but the point made by Marquand is that the sophisticated civilian world must depend

on characters like Mel Goodwin when the politicians and the diplomats have made a fatal miscalculation. Marquand doesn't fall for the baloney that there is only one type of military mind: his Mel Goodwin differs from the other military characters who wander in and out of the story. (Some generals are evidently made for combat, some for staff work, some for planning, some for negotiation.) But military men must at least be all alike in their dedication and in their respect for orders if an army is to be saved from degenerating into a mob or a horde in the midst of crisis. Marquand, the satirist, is perfectly willing to kid the military mind for certain things, but he stands in awe of Mel Goodwin's capabilities whenever the Silver Leaf's tanks are swinging into action at St. Lo or in the Bulge. Mel knows how to deliver the punch, which is all that counts.

The satire within the satire is revealed when Marquand makes Mel Goodwin almost pathetically dependent on the friendship of Sid Skelton, a radio commentator whose voice drips with synthetic integrity. Sid was in army public relations in World War II, and it was through him that Mel Goodwin met Dottie Peale. Mel had no personal use or admiration for the world of publicity and radio, but, like the rest of the brass, he had to make his compromises. An army lives by Congressional appropriations, and in the modern world it must have a good press to get the funds it needs. In order to achieve a good press the modern army must cultivate the slippery art of public relations. This means cooperation with characters who live by insincerity, by their ability to achieve the fake "build-up," the adroitly arranged pay-off line. Marquand has a wonderful time with his broadcasting company fakers such as the oleaginous Gilbert Frary, discoverer of Sid Skelton's voice. He has almost as much fun with a magazine writer and his Girl Friday researcher. Nor does he let Sid Skelton, the radio commentator, off the hook, even though Sid is cynical about the whole business of pretending to "inside information" every night on the air.

Like all of Marquand's novels, "Melville Goodwin, USA" is filled with detail that captures the social atmosphere of time and place. The Marquand eye is fresh, the ear is good, no matter where the Marquand legs choose to stray. The characters in "Melville Goodwin, USA" are all Very Important Persons, and they racket around from the Pentagon in Virginia to the European Theater of Operations, and from Fairfield County, Connecticut, to the Ritz Hotel in Paris. The reader knows in "Melville Goodwin, USA" that he is in the modern world of planes, of television, of high-pressure publishing, a world of insomnia tempered by nembutal tablets discreetly used. But through it all Marquand seems to be saying that civilizations depend for their continuity on values as old as the time of the Greek Ulysses, when planes, radio, television, news magazines and nembutal were unknown.

Since Marquand is virtually our only novelist who can explore new and strange social juxtapositions and *contretemps*, he is able to achieve a variegated output from book to book. His publishers, Little, Brown and Co., have recently had a lot of unfavorable publicity because of alleged "Communist trouble" in the office. Knowing something of the Little, Brown story, which is tragicomedy of the most ludicrous and at the same time heartbreaking sort, Marquand ought to realize that he has a vein of pure gold to work right close to home. The editors of Little, Brown could achieve greatness of character—and also have a best-seller on their hands—if they would only encourage Marquand to tell the story of what happened to an old Boston publishing company in the age of the fellow-traveler and the infiltrator *par excellence*. It would take courage for Little, Brown to set Marquand to work on such a theme, and no one seems to have much courage these days. But there is always a chance that courage will come back into its own. We live in hopes that Marquand won't muffle a story that is made to his hand.

COLLECTIVISM AT YALE

God and Man at Yale, by William F. Buckley, Jr.
Chicago: Regnery. \$3.50

When William F. Buckley, Jr., writing in *Human Events* for May 16, 1951, unmasked the collectivist teaching which has been rampant in the Yale economics department, Yale's administration immediately reacted by mailing a mimeographed rebuttal to numerous alumni who seemed on the verge of going sour on continuing their private donations of funds. For financial if for no other reasons, the administration was more than eager to prove that Yale has had no part in the widespread educational corrosion of free civilization. Thus it is already evident what course of defense the administration and economics faculty of Yale are likely to choose against Mr. Buckley's "God and Man at Yale." The Yale claim is that Buckley, who had taken only two courses in economics before his graduation in 1950, is not an "expert," and that his quotations are viciously selected out of context.

After reading both Buckley's and the Yale administration's quotations in the perspective of the entire textbooks of economics which Buckley has criticized, I dare say that it is the Yale administration which is guilty of slanting the facts, and that Mr. Buckley has rendered a service to Yale, to education, to America, and to the civilization of the West. Being, I suppose, about twice as old as Mr. Buckley, and having taught at American colleges and universities for more than twenty years, I can only congratulate the author upon his perspicacity and his wholesome desire to serve the truly modern way—the one which is open to all of us under the free speech guarantee of our Constitution.

By describing Yale professors and courses from

first-hand experience—which appears more credible than mere statistics—Buckley shows convincingly the extensive and perilous trends of materialism and statism in a presumably individualistic and Christian university. He keenly lays bare the tricks by which popular professors have ridiculed the faith in which most of Yale's undergraduates believed when they entered college. To lend immediacy to his critique, Mr. Buckley draws upon controversial material which he and others contributed to the *Yale Daily News* under his chairmanship in 1949-50.

The best part of Buckley's analysis is devoted to the more out-and-out interventionist textbooks in Basic Economics which have been used during the last five years. Though not openly socialistic, the majority of these texts abound in special pleading for the social welfare, or Robin Hood, state. By heaping quotation upon quotation of theories on virtually confiscatory income taxes, leveling inheritance taxes, deficit spending, etc., Mr. Buckley proves his point. By appending partial lists of the colleges which have been using the same texts, he makes it clear that the poison of creeping collectivism has already penetrated scores of our universities.

Mr. Buckley does not even touch upon Soviet sympathizing among the Yale faculty. He might, for instance, have documented the fact (upon which he does not dwell) that 35 Yale faculty members have had a record of 157 affiliations with 82 Communist fronts. He might have shown that even during the last few years some members of the Yale Law School faculty have aided Stalin's "peace" offensive by sponsoring such recently mushrooming "fronts" as the Waldorf-Astoria Peace Conference, the first and second World Peace Congresses, and the Mid-Century Conference for Peace.

Mr. Buckley contents himself with showing that the concept of centralized economic planning, which is given such a large place in the teaching at Yale, has crowded out the older belief that government controls inevitably kill the spirit of private enterprise and lead to mediocrity, fearfulness, sterility, and the end of that great civilization which has blossomed in the West since the decline of the Middle Ages. By hammering relentlessly and powerfully at the wall of socialist superstition which has beclouded the vision of thousands of well-meaning intellectuals for the past two decades, Buckley, the self-proclaimed conservative, has established himself as a solid pioneer of a new radicalism (penetrating to *radix*, the root, the core of the matter).

Recognizing that there can not be any valid research without freedom, Buckley wants to separate teaching from research. On this question I can not go along with him. Granted that many a scholar does not know how to teach, I believe that we would be deprived of some of our best instructors if we made a practice of appointing as teachers men who do not feel the urge for constant and untrammelled research. We would also be all too likely to breed

the very teachers Buckley would not care to meet—the yes men.

Mr. Buckley is right, however, when he shows us to what extent education has been captured by a "progressive" clique which has made a ridiculous hoax of academic freedom. In many a large university nowadays you just won't get a job unless you string along with the social welfare boys. If the Keynesians and other assorted collectivists have made certain that you teach the blessings of the security state, you stand a fair chance of being recognized as an "expert" and being appointed. Then you can spread the new gospel under the protection of our often misused academic freedom. If, on the other hand, you believe in an individualist economics, you will stand little chance of getting a pulpit.

In his righteous anger at the materialists and collectivists who so largely dominate education at Yale—as they do at Harvard, Columbia and other big universities—Mr. Buckley demands that many of the famous "authorities" be dismissed. This is his boldest proposal; it is one for which he is likely to incur the undying hostility of such power groups as the American Association of University Professors and the National Education Association.

Mr. Buckley wishes to encourage the alumni and the trustees of Yale to use their influence with regard to future appointments and dismissals. I for one, in opposition to the dominant current trend, agree with him that private universities—and may the Lord preserve them—have the right to fire men who in the course of years have proved themselves inimical to the particular purpose outlined in the university charter. Dismissals, however, would have to be carried out sparingly, and with the utmost care; for a precedent for the tyrannization of any faculty might easily be set, and soon we might have a herd of human sheep in our teaching profession.

It would be difficult for the alumni to discover the right type of professor. They are too busy to learn how to screen candidates for positions unless they hire experts as advisers. Even the men who are elected to the average Board of Trustees are but superficially known to the body of alumni. Mr. Buckley is on the right track when he suggests that the religious, social, economic and political views of candidates for a Board of Trustees be revealed and discussed in public before any election takes place. Such, in fact, is the procedure that should be followed in any orderly election.

Mr. Buckley himself, though he has already keenly seen that truth does not prevail unaided, admits that he does not know just how the alumni ought to go about mending Yale's spiritual and moral fences. One obvious way would be to help build a lively anti-collectivist press in which men of Mr. Buckley's alertness, caliber and integrity can show up the disease and degeneracy of modern social and economic "science." Rather than donate unrestricted money to college administrations which

protect professors who ridicule the fear of God and dig the grave of freedom and creativeness, alumni ought to set up chairs for men who desire to teach the greatness of our American and Western traditions.

Some of our hundreds of petty conspirators will try to ignore Mr. Buckley's documented charges. Some will want to minimize the author's importance. Some will try to smear him. But his book will have its effect. Yale's administration should be grateful to the clear-sighted Mr. Buckley, who has dedicated his lively and thought-provoking book to God, country and Yale in the order named.

While Mr. Buckley does not have the cure for all our evils, I think that Yale and other universities need a good many vigorous Buckley injections. In all too many instances our so-called liberals are not liberal at all. They have perverted liberty and, in their conceit, are guiding us toward the slave state. It is time that our educators return to the sanity of the past and to a reassertion of our faith in simple truths. For that job we need more men of Mr. Buckley's fundamental quality.

FELIX WITTMER

MR. YOUNG'S SHADY PAVILION

The Pavilion, by Stark Young. New York: Scribner's. \$2.50

Beflagged with reminiscences, Stark Young's "Pavilion" furnishes a shady place for our contemplation. It does not resemble that martial tent where Marcus Aurelius nightly scanned his thoughts before putting them in a grave Roman order. Nor does it relate to that icy portico where George Santayana treads among his statues as he reconsiders his experience. Mr. Young comes to his past with an American difference, this structure of his meditation being reared with humor as well as with philosophic marble, and endearing itself the further because of this more accessible material.

Yet its lines are sparing, as if premeditation had been the condition of its establishment. Though its author has long been identified as one of our most genial Southerners, the book opens with no plaint for a past of ambling verandas. Rather, it begins directly in New York, where, when the author was twenty, he had met, at Columbia, a busy young instructor who would engulf every latest platter, whether half-baked or not. Though new to New York, the Southern young man quickly contrasted the hot, but thin, satisfactions of this would-be mentor with the past of his Mississippi boyhood. Such contrasts enable the memoirist slowly to create the mood and purpose of his book, thus permitting the flavor of his experiences to seep through like a distilment. He recalls the faithful father, a doctor, who would sally out in horse-and-buggy to tend the hapless Negro field-hands; his mother he remembers from his fifth year, when she had baked no less than seventeen Christmas cakes, all dif-

ferent; and the relatives parade in such numbers that one might be attending a family reunion. But an underlying pattern has cunningly interknit these neighborhood recollections with some unbroken line of personal discovery, their portraits almost serving as a pretext for the revelation of a spiritual autobiography.

After the mother's death, when the boy was eight, he lives with his Uncle Hugh McGehee, a fabled character who would sit on the front porch looking at the stars and recalling his long porings over Darwin, Huxley and other such authorities of the modern world. This Uncle Hugh had attended the state university at Oxford, where he had lingered over courses in the liberal arts, and then, returning to the family acres, he had prepared to live the life of a country gentleman. Once, traveling north to Holly Springs for a ball, he had met a local belle, Miss Julia Valette Little, and had given her a black enamel watch with diamond harps and grape-leaves embellished upon it. They had married and she had then superintended the McGehee mansion where Stark and his sister briefly lived. The boy would attend the elementary schools and considerably later, through his father's influence, enter the university at fifteen. He followed there his courses in Latin and Greek, observing the rather papery and tight comments of his instructors, and barely escaping execution in his mathematics and chemistry examinations. Graduated at nineteen, he then would depart for New York, where, shepherded by Prof. W. P. Trent, in the Department of English at Columbia University, he would avoid more seductive courses which offered less.

Still later, having obtained his Master of Arts at Columbia (though much of his reading had been independent, thanks to Professor Trent), the student retired to North Carolina, where, living among simple natives, he arrived at ultimate decisions concerning his life. These pages glow with some strange, almost neo-Platonic idealism, as if all the reading—particularly in the Greek and late-Roman philosophers—had here been crystalized into disinterested modes of action. And the man was complete. Even so, this inner book-within-the-book does not communicate the full of the present volume's savor. Interlarded are many seemingly casual incidents, his noted letter from Henry James, for instance, where the novelist sets forth two lists, arranged according to their order of difficulty, for properly reading his novels. Also instructive are the recollections of Edmund Gosse, who greatly befriended him in England, and his long interview with Eleonora Duse, at the very end of the book. Here is precipitated the very mood, the mixed lights and compulsions, suggested by the book at its outset.

Such a volume almost escapes definition. Sometimes it suggests a meander with Masters among the moonlit gravestones in his Spoon River. It also predicates some Southern Thoreau, but a Thoreau all social and supple, even while upstanding and observant. It supplies a certain number of "charac-

ters," or rather "encaustics," as Mr. Young termed them in previous writings. But it seems like a letter of intimacy from some realm of high and constant conduct. It should have a long life in American literature.

JEROME MELLQUIST

WORDS ARE ALIVE

No Idle Words, and Having the Last Word, by Ivor Brown. New York: Dutton. \$3.00

As I was taking a walk in Athens one morning, I was stopped near the University by a cordon of police.

"What's the matter?" I asked, "another revolution?"

"No," grinned a policeman, "It's the students. They are rioting again."

They were indulging in one of their periodic battles over the language. And well they might, for the language situation in Greece is complicated. They have two languages: *katharevousa*, a purist hangover from ancient times, which nobody speaks but which everybody reads because textbooks, newspapers, official documents and even restaurant menus are compiled in it, and *demotiki*, the language everybody speaks, including the professors. A crusade has been going on for decades to do away with *katharevousa* entirely. This was what the rioting was about. As I skirted the seething campus I applauded. These young men were throwing textbooks at each other and bloodying one another's noses because they cared enough about words to do battle over them.

Now, Ivor Brown also cares enough about words to do battle for them. This is his third double volume on the subject. He approaches words, even dead ones, as if they were alive and what's more, they emerge from his resurrection without a scintilla of mold or a shred of cerecloth clinging to them. He even dignifies an ornery little word like "bug" with a page and a half of biography.

"Words," he says in one of his prefaces, "are our closest companions and most frequent tools in the pleasures and business of life. They have their own music and their own colours; they have, too, shapes and forms which may enhance their meanings and emphasize their qualities. Words can look well in addition to sounding well."

Furthermore, he believes that a writer's choice of words is a guide to his personality. Shakespeare, for instance, can be understood and his personality illumined simply by studying his use of metaphor, for it is through figures of speech that a writer reveals his passions, his predilections and even his habits.

Mr. Brown's love of words is comprehensive. He does not despise them because they happen to be short nor shy at them because they are long. Take "rodomontade." This word, he feels, should be used more often. It should also be used with care, for even a language expert like Belloc used it to mean

a fantastic fabrication, whereas it means uproarious boasting. Rodomont was the bombastic Saracen in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso."

Then there is "struthionine," an invaluable, mouth-filling adjective, especially if you go in for political lambasting. It comes from the Greek word "struthio," meaning ostrich. Struthionine antics, therefore, are those of a person who refuses to face facts by burying his head in the sand. An excellent word to apply to some of the Congressmen milling about Washington and the bright boys in the State Department.

"Tintamarre" is another neglected word which can be applied with aptness to certain phases of contemporary life. Its source is unidentified although it sounds French. It means clatter—the kind complicated by the stridency of voices and the tinkle of glass. An ideal word to apply to the modern cocktail party. Anyway, this is no time to lose such a word, living as we do in a world dominated by noise.

And how many people know that "balderdash" is a verb as well as a noun and that in the beginning it meant mixing your drinks and was not, as it is now, a synonym for nonsense? It began as beer mixed with buttermilk. All cocktails, then, are balderdash.

The terminology of intoxication, says Mr. Brown, is an almost illimitable topic. There is "brandle," which means to fuddle with brandy, but which can also be used to describe the condition caused by an overindulgence in martinis. For example, you may come away from a cocktail party where the "tintamarre" was terrific, feeling well "branded." Another word which describes a hangover is "amort" which originally meant out of spirits and out of health. In "The Taming of the Shrew" there is the line: "How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?" Then in the same play the sot, Sly, is all "amort with his drinking." The neatest term for it, though, is "cup-shot." Mr. Brown quotes Herrick on this:

She smil'd: he kist: and kissing cull'd her too
And, being cup-shot, more he could not do.

There are words, however, which Mr. Brown is dubious about. One of these is "amber." The worst writing is full of it. "Forever Amber," he maintains, was a novel which lived on its name as well as its sins.

He has a weakness for words from the Scotch. There is "drumlie," which means dark, turbid, muddled. This can be applied to the minds and methods of those he calls "pudderers" (people who make confused noises)—dealers in cultural or metaphysical or theological jargon. Speaking of jargon, there is also "tushery," which is employed by the medievalists—the devotees of the "Tush, fool!" and "By my troth" school.

Mr. Brown is friendly to foreign words because they often express a nuance which can be expressed no other way. There is "tirravee" (once more from the Scotch) which means tantrum. He recommends

it as a friendly reproof. It would, he says, come well from a theater manager's appeasing lips: "Now, please, no tirravee. I can fix everything to suit you both. No tirravee. . . ."

Another foreign word which fascinates him is "tamasha." It is of Oriental origin and means walking about for recreation and amusement. Later it settled down to signify "fun and games" but the really nice thing about it is its linking walking with enjoyment. In this connection I would like to suggest to Mr. Brown a favorite word of my own—"phasaria" which is Greek for a kind of three-dimensional turmoil; physical fuss with mental and emotional overtones.

This book is not only for the person who loves words for their own sake. It would make a handy little Bible for the writer of advertising copy and for the speechmaker, as well as for the writer of fiction. It also proves that erudition has its practical and amusing side.

ALIX DU POY

FOR A UNITED EUROPE

Unite or Perish, by Paul Reynaud. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$3.00

The free nations of western Europe had better make up their minds to hang together—or they will hang separately. Reaching for the classic Franklin maxim is Paul Reynaud who, in a small volume crammed with cogency and candor, puts the case for a united Europe.

M. Reynaud, the last premier of the Third French Republic, is perhaps especially well qualified to preach the gospel of European union. Deeply etched in his memory must be the recollection of how a disunited Europe once before fell prey to totalitarian aggression. Because of the disunity, M. Reynaud was fated to spend five years in Vichy and Nazi prisons.

Imprisonment has obviously enlarged Reynaud's political vision; he has emerged from his ordeal a "European." His "Unite or Perish" is a declaration of faith in a United States of Europe. Together with Churchill and Spaak, Reynaud leads the movement for a united Europe.

The case for a unified Europe is undeniably compelling. The region represents 260,000,000 people in an extensive economic area, superlatively equipped with a network of railroads, motor roads and canals, blessed with coal and iron and with an abundance of skilled technicians and labor—a region which traditionally has been the focal point of Western civilization. M. Reynaud contends that only by fusing the rich human and material resources into the powerful amalgam of United Europe can the region repel the moral and physical threat of communism and once again become a world force.

Free Europe has already made some shadowy efforts toward unity—in the Brussels Pact, Euro-

pean Payments Union, Schuman Plan and Council of Europe. But Reynaud laments the slow and laborious pace when compared to the magnitude of the menace. "Compare the Cominform with the Council of Europe," he says. "What speed and efficiency on one side! What slowness and inefficiency on the other!"

Why has the road to unity been so tough? Because of the range of opposition—from Communists dedicated to smoothing the advance of a Soviet march to the Atlantic; from European neutralists who have been made ideologically myopic by despair; and from American isolationists whose atavistic thinking, so Reynaud asserts, encourages the aggressive designs of communism.

What is even more bedeviling to Reynaud are the European anti-Communist opponents of European unity. These opponents include Britain and the continental Socialists. Understanding Britain's reluctance, Reynaud is nevertheless vexed enough to write: ". . . in the eyes [of the British government] there is nothing above the House of Commons except God, and to insert some authority between God and the House of Commons would be sheer sacrilege."

The opposition of European Socialists stems from their suspicion of the economic philosophies of leaders like Reynaud, a man who could write: "We must return to the Europe that existed before the economic crisis of 1929." But whatever one may think of his economic ideas (Europe, it must be remembered, had its troubles before 1929), M. Reynaud has performed a valuable service for the West. The days of free Europe as a mosaic of individual states in the traditional sense are numbered; the choice, in effect, is European union now, or totalitarian overlordship.

MILTON EDELMAN

THE ENGLISH SOCIALISTS

Philosophical Foundations of English Socialism, by Adam B. Ulam. Cambridge: Harvard. \$3.75

The purpose of Mr. Ulam's book, as the title indicates, is to examine the philosophical forerunners of present day English socialism. As Mr. Ulam points out, the bulk of modern English thought is non-Marxist, drawing for the most part from the works of non-Marxian Socialists and even non-Socialists. The chief contributors to the present English system, according to Mr. Ulam, are Green, Bradley and Bosanquet of the nineteenth century idealist school; the Fabians, who pictured themselves as followers of John Stuart Mill and Jeremy Bentham; Lindsay, Laski, Marx to some extent, and Keynes in greater measure. Lord Beveridge, the liberal, is given credit for being the author of the platform that gained victory for the Labor Party in 1945.

Mr. Ulam accepts as inevitable the necessity of state intervention, the overwhelming growth of the

state in the twentieth century, and the waning of the traditional liberalism of the nineteenth century which placed so much emphasis on individual freedom. He agrees, however, that improvement of living standards and material security do not of themselves make a better man or a better citizen. Economic and social reforms will be largely frustrated if their ends are purely economic. "The Marxist errs in seeing the economic relationship as the one and only basis for man's behavior and ethics." Ulam holds that "a philosophy which advocates a wider sphere of activity for the state ought to offer a greater variety of concrete proposals."

The idealist philosophy of the latter nineteenth century is credited with conquering the *laissez-faire* philosophy, and preparing the minds of the people for the enlarged sphere of state action. Mr. Ulam concedes here that a valid objection to the above is "that a country losing its industrial domination needed a renewal of the capitalist and individualist spirit, instead of theories which in effect prepared the way for a collectivist state."

The author is generally fair in his objectivity, which is the book's strongest point. But there are times when the pertinent comment is not made. Take, for example, the passage about Sidney Webb:

Nothing can be more democratic and cautious than this precept for reform, and by the same token nothing can be more exasperating to a Marxist. But while pointing out the "inevitability of gradualness," Webb formulates his postulates sharply and uncompromisingly: the receivers of rent and interest are eventually to be abolished as a class through such means as progressive taxation, the differentiation between earned and unearned income, and greatly increased death duties.

Mr. Ulam could have pointed out here that the Fabians use democratic means to destroy democracy while they hypocritically insist that their type of socialism is democracy. Quoting from "Fabian Essays in Socialism," he mentions that capitalism is becoming impersonal and cosmopolitan. With reference to this an individualist might ask: Is there anything more impersonal than an all encompassing socialist bureaucracy?

Nationalization of English coal is accepted as inevitable and necessary, yet no comment is made on the poor productivity of the industry since it has become nationalized.

Aside from the lack of sharpness, the involved and unclear style and the fact that Mr. Ulam is resigned to the increased intervention of the state, the book is generally sound in its presentation. The following quotation sums up the author's general views:

Economic and social equality presented in a static form holds very little attraction for most people, and implicit in the new program, along with a great deal of socialist thinking (in a not too literal sense), is the faith that the new social system will prove more efficient economically than the old one. If that assumption is disproved one may expect not a return to economic liberalism,

for the new orientations and aspirations are too deeply ingrained in people, but a new and basic challenge to the political system; because when the possibilities of democratic reforms are exhausted, the remaining dissatisfaction can still be channeled against democracy itself.

BRAD LEE

ORDEAL BY HITLER

The Slave Ship, by Bruno E. Werner. Translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser. New York: Pantheon. \$4.00

Here is a unique book whose novelty is retrospection. It is the strangely poignant revelation of the ordeal of the "good" German during Hitler's captivity of the "slave ship" of the German State.

The first of its kind, this book merely by its sincerity and unbiased appeal helps to clear up the delusion that a whole people docilely accepted the Nazi regime. Hitler's election, though heralded with giant searchlights, elicited a procession of jibes—and throughout the subsequent slavery a cynical, hysterical humor continued to flicker.

Bruno Werner has isolated the individual's struggle against the vitiation of his ideals under Nazism. He writes well, portraying in sharply painted miniatures the situations of daily life, the frustrated revolutions, the quest for survival and the despair that befell most people of good intentions.

Such retrospection is apt at a time when another false creed and another war threaten. The fatal question the reader might ask himself is: What would I do under similar circumstances? Georg Forster, the hero of the story, dissembled and found himself a job which he thought would dissociate him from political and philosophical implication with the Nazis. He retired into the "freedom of the mind," which gradually turned into intellectual imprisonment. His is a representative case of the transformation from a happy gregarious life to forced exile and solitude in a dictatorship country.

Curiously, the Nazis, especially those who committed the atrocities, are kept on the outskirts of the novel. It would seem that multitudes of Germans were only half-conscious of the worst Nazi crimes. These intruded when one's acquaintances were spirited away never to be seen again.

The book comes into sharp focus during the bombing of Berlin and the razing of Dresden, once the refuge for evacuees. We see this last devastation as through the lens of a slow-motion camera when Georg enters Dresden and finds the burning buildings pouring out white, black and yellow smoke against a vermillion sky. The whole panorama of the Dresden holocaust, painted in nightmarish colors, is heartbreaking and unforgettable.

The book is seldom shocking; it merely reveals the unmitigable inertia in which the dominated unbelievers find themselves. "The Slave Ship" presents a thoughtful challenge at the present time.

HELEN ZAMPIELLO

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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The FREEMAN has now begun 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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