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FREEMAN

Did Marshall Prolong the Pacific War?

FORREST DAVIS

On Forecasting Inflations

L. ALBERT HAHN

Government Pie in the Sky

DON KNOWLTON

Oscar Ewing's Surprise Package

BURTON RASCOE

Yale in Turmoil

AN EDITORIAL

Editors: John Chamberlain • Henry Hazlitt • Suzanne La Follette

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NOVEMBER 5, 1951

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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FRED T. MARSH is a New York writer, critic and editor. He has been associated with a dozen publishing houses on a staff or a free-lance basis.

HARRY SMITH has published reviews and has just completed a novelette.

JEROME MELLQUIST, art critic, is devoting a European sojourn to preparation of his fourth book, a study of Jacques Villon, the winner of last year's Carnegie Prize.

Forthcoming

In our next issue look for an article by Hoffman Nickerson on Spain as an ally. The issue of December 3 will feature articles on education by Mortimer Smith, Felix Wittmer, Frank Hughes, Thomas F. Hunt and others.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

Senator Robert A. Taft has tossed his hat into the 1952 Presidential ring, and the pressure on General Eisenhower to declare himself a candidate for the Republican nomination has now become almost inexorable. If and when he does declare himself available (it could happen before these words are in print), Eisenhower will have to do something about his letter of January 22, 1948, in which he said: "It is my conviction that the necessary and wise subordination of the military to civil power will be best sustained, and our people will have greater confidence that it is so sustained, when lifelong professional soldiers, in the absence of some obvious and overriding reasons, abstain from seeking high political office."

The only way Ike Eisenhower can divest himself of the millstone of his 1948 letter is to say that the past four years have produced "obvious and overriding reasons" which make it imperative for a general to seek the Presidency. But if those reasons do indeed exist, why Eisenhower for President in preference to General Douglas MacArthur? That is the question that will confront—and haunt—the still uncommitted Republican Party politicians the very moment the Eisenhower boom ceases to be fantasy and becomes reality.

We choose to believe that General MacArthur has no intention of seeking delegates to the 1952 Republican Convention. But that does not mean that MacArthur will play no political role in the months ahead. His Miami speech to the American Legion, which assailed the "petty level" of U. S. leadership, was a double warning. First, MacArthur was putting himself on record as opposing the Truman-Acheson motives and methods. Secondly, he was uttering a warning to the Republicans that they must rise to the point of statecraft both in their selection of a 1952 candidate and a 1952 platform. "Me-tooism," whether in foreign or domestic affairs, is not going to satisfy Douglas MacArthur, and if MacArthur is not sat-

isfied the politicians of both parties are going to have to reckon with some disturbing and incalculable political-year phenomena.

This brings us back to Senator Taft. His speech announcing his Presidential aspirations was sound and substantial—just the thing to appeal to those who are concerned over progress "within the principles of liberty of the individual, of state and local self-government, and of economic freedom," to quote his good words. The trouble with all such sober speeches, however, is that they fail utterly to touch the man in the street where he is most troubled. What most Americans are primarily concerned with these days is the menace sparked by the Communists. It is the Communist international conspiracy that is responsible for the huge burden of armaments, the colossal Federal budgets, the debilitating taxes, the necessity of dispatching the resources of America to the ends of the earth, the casualties in Korea. If Taft does not cry havoc against the Administration for its record in permitting the Kremlin to expand its operations virtually without check, it is extremely doubtful that he can win.

Bill Boyle has quit as head of the Democratic National Committee for reasons of "health." Well, it is an unhealthy state of affairs when a Big Shot politico of the "in" party seems to be exercising his influence for friends at such government lending agencies as the RFC. But why blame a mere groundling for acquiescence in political *mores* of long standing? After all, greater men than Bill Boyle have sought to pressure the RFC. If you don't believe it, get yourself a copy of Jesse H. Jones's new book, "Fifty Billion Dollars: My Thirteen Years With the RFC (1932-1945)."

It seems that in 1942 the Empire State Building in New York City was in serious financial trouble. Al Smith, part owner of the building, came a-visit-ing at the White House. A couple of days later Jesse Jones got a note from Franklin D. Roosevelt suggesting that it might be a good thing if

the government bought the Empire State Building. Jesse, as boss of the RFC, studied the Empire State operations and debt figures and decided that government purchase could not be economically justified. He so informed the President. "Yes, Jess," Mr. Roosevelt replied, "all that is probably true, but I would like to do something for Al Smith. He is broke and has an expensive family." Comment on our part would seem to be superfluous.

As a postscript to the preceding paragraph, we should add that we don't like it when Gabrielson, head of the Republican National Committee, goes begging for his pals at the RFC. Even an "out" politician is not above suspicion of exercising undue influence with RFC personnel. After all, administrations *can* change, and an RFC man who had befriended Gabrielson would be sitting pretty in case the Republicans won in 1952.

If the Senate investigation lasts a little while longer, the State Department will yet deny that they ever heard of China. They have denied practically everything else. The school for boys that Mr. Acheson is running stubbornly sticks to an honor system characteristic of pre-adolescence—the code of a juvenile gang which measures the value and fortitude of a member by his defiance vis-à-vis the uninitiated and, especially, the adult. That Mr. Jessup, in particular, is unfit for office has been shown, not so much by Senator McCarthy's and Mr. Stassen's accusations, as by Mr. Jessup's defense. It consisted mainly of making faces at teacher, with an occasional "you-can't-prove-a-thing" thrown in. Mr. Jessup may be innocent of disloyal acts, but he is certainly guilty of immature arrogance. By his sneering insistence that he was incapable of *ever* making a mistake, he has merely proved that he is incapable, period.

Government payrolls have reached an annual rate of \$30 billion, and this is not an ugly subversive rumor but an official announcement of the Commerce Department. Thus, the average family income being in the neighborhood of \$3500, almost nine million families seem to be supported by the rest of us. Now nine million families command about 20 million votes; and it can be safely assumed that, contrary to the privately preoccupied voter, the beneficiaries of public payrolls vote early and sometimes often. Thus, of the 50 million citizens who cast their ballots in a Presidential election, 20 million have a high private stake in the central issue of our era—statism. This does not necessarily mean that all is lost. But anybody who wants to bet on the survival of a free society is surely entitled to ask for handsome odds.

In a reminiscent mood, Paul G. Hoffman stated the other day: "Once it was necessary to build up our military might to thwart the plans of the Kremlin for world conquest." Once? No longer?

"Now that this is accomplished," continued the Director of the Ford Foundation, "we can with a new effort launch a drive for universal disarmament." *What* is accomplished? The build-up of our military might? The thwarting of the Kremlin? But Charlie Wilson, Mr. Hoffman's very good friend, has just reported to the nation that we won't have any military might to speak of before 1953. Furthermore, argued Mr. Wilson quite persuasively, we would be in mortal danger if we didn't multiply our armament efforts. There you are. Two industrialists, two friends, two Republicans—and which one are you to trust? As a gentleman of Mr. Hoffman's caliber couldn't possibly talk through his hat, the only explanation is that from the cosmic perspective a pile of 500 million dollars of Foundation money provides, a hundred years are but a day. Oh, to sit that pretty!

The greatest anti-climax in the English language ("For God, for Country, and for Yale") will have to move over to make place for Drew Pearson. This breaker of many a tradition recently returned from Europe the winner with:

Now the Marshall Plan and various gestures from the American people such as democracy letters and the American Legion's Tide of Toys, and a new European army is camped alongside the Iron Curtain, has generated new hope.

Grammar and syntax are strictly Pearson's, but the thought is a common property of what the Russians love to call "America's ruling circles." Those "public relations" manipulators, advertising wizards, and slick lawyers who master-mind the incumbent Administration, are indeed satisfied that promotional stunts such as Balloons-to-Czechoslovakia and Tides-of-Toys will suffice as an American foreign policy. In the end, the "ism" that really ruined America may well turn out to have been infantilism.

A 22-year-old mother, Mrs. James Thorsen of Albuquerque, New Mexico, asks a plaintive question on our letter page (see p. 88). Commenting on Stanley High's recent revelation of judicial corruption, "Government by Lawlessness" (*Freeman*, August 27), Mrs. Thorsen writes: "Please tell me . . . what I can do as a citizen." All we can say to Mrs. Thorsen is that she is not alone in this world. If a 22-year-old mother of an eight-months-old son is growing angry in Albuquerque, she may be fairly certain that other mothers are feeling the same way in Lockport, New York, and Orono, Maine. Multiply this anger and you have a social portent to make our defaulting leaders tremble.

All Mrs. Thorsen has to do to have her way is to keep on talking, voting and acting as a shining example on her own. Individualism is contagious. Everything good in this world started with some individual somewhere: no "mass" has ever moved except upon formulations that have come out of a single separate person's mind.

A Dubious New Era

IT HAS got so that each generation has its new era. The 1920s had theirs and we have had ours since 1940. Much as these periods differ in detail, they have a great deal in common. They are marked by high levels of economic activity and by pervasive optimism as to their future. Each of them is believed to contain within itself the seeds of its own perpetuation. Past difficulties are deemed to have been met and solved by new policies and new ways of doing things. The lessons of history, while interesting, have become irrelevant and need no longer cause concern. In each successive period of this kind interpreters of the contemporary scene behave as if they are hypnotized by what is going on and conclude that the events they are witnessing are unique in recorded human history.

One of the distinguishing features of the current new era are the stupendous numbers which are employed to measure and describe the performance of our economic system. Gross national product and national income, leading indexes of the state of business, have moved up from 70-80 billions of dollars in the 1920s to 250-300 billions in 1951. The budget of the Federal government which was three-quarters of a billion in 1914 became 40 billions in the period of uneasy peace following World War II and is rising to 80 billions or more in these years of cold war. The national debt which on the eve of World War I was no more than one billion dollars has multiplied itself 250-fold in 35 years. A review of the amount the Federal government takes from taxpayers would show changes of the same order of magnitude.

It is inevitable that the circulation of figures of this size would color most people's thinking and, besides, leave them with a grossly misleading view of what has been happening. For these measures of economic activity are the product of two elements—the aggregate national output of goods and services and the prices at which these goods and services are bought and paid for. Everyone knows that when national product or national income increases because of rising prices, while at the same time the output of goods and services has failed to increase, the population of a country will not be better off.

What we need, therefore, are the measures of product or income which are corrected for changes in prices, or, as the technicians put it, measures of product or income in constant dollars. Such measures appear in a recent publication of the U.S. Department of Commerce called, "National Income, 1951 Edition." This document is of great interest and importance, is full of data about the American economy, and is reported on the way to becoming a best-seller.

Among its voluminous contents are estimates, for the years 1929 to 1950, of the gross national prod-

uct in constant dollars. When this series is compared with the national product, uncorrected for price movements, it can be easily seen how big the difference is. Thus from 1939 to 1949 the uncorrected product increased 182 per cent, or nearly tripled. But allowing for the large rise in prices since 1939, a period in which the value of the dollar was almost halved, the increase in the product is found to be 57 per cent.

Now 57 per cent, as an estimate of ten years growth in the nation's economic activity, is evidence of a good record in supplying the country's population with an increasing volume of goods and services. But it is not a strikingly unusual record. It is not substantially better than what was accomplished in similar terms from 1919 to 1929—an earlier new era, to be sure, but not in the current view nearly as good a new era as the present one.

Comparison of 1949 with 1939 is also deeply affected by the fact that 1939 was far from being a good year in American business history, for in 1939 the gross national product in constant dollars was only 6 per cent greater than in 1929. Hence 1949 looks much better than it would have if its performance had been measured against a year of relatively good business. It might even be said that part of the activity of the 1940s was devoted to compensating for the deficiencies of the 1930s—a decade in which confusion in domestic policy paralleled the confusion in foreign policy of the 1940s.

A still more interesting and meaningful comparison would be between the 20-year periods, 1909 to 1929 and 1929 to 1949. This is, of course, a long stretch of time and there can be no assurance that the complex estimates that go to make up the gross national product in constant dollars are strictly comparable. But the figures, such as they are, record a greater increase from 1909 to 1929 than from 1929 to 1949.

The startling discrepancies between the present and the past which widely used estimates of national income and gross national product suggest are not supported by data that more accurately measure the true performance of American business. These data make the case for a new era a highly dubious one. Nor can they be legitimately used to reinforce the contention that what is now going on will continue in perpetuity if we only continue to apply the economic and political policies which have been in favor since 1933.

Few commentators have taken the trouble to estimate what everything that has been done for seventeen years amounts to. There is first the unemployment that lasted well into 1941. Then there is the staggering cost of the war. The dollar has meanwhile lost half its value. These are stiff costs to pay for what we got.

Yale in Turmoil

WE ENVY the boys who are studying at Yale this year. Before they get through they are going to get the education that comes from heated argument about fundamentals.

It's all because of William F. Buckley, Jr.'s book, "God and Man at Yale," which was reviewed by Professor Felix Wittmer in the last issue of the *Freeman*. Mr. Buckley's thesis, that the unconscious or semi-conscious Yale "orthodoxy" consists of a bias in favor of materialism and economic collectivism, has provoked anger on the campus and in the columns of the *Yale Daily News*. The professors have more or less ganged up on Mr. Buckley: only one out of four speaks even tepidly in favor of anything he says. The others are violently opposed.

There is plenty of room for argument about the substance and scope of Mr. Buckley's charges. Since he tends to limit his investigations to the departments which teach economics, philosophy and the social sciences, Mr. Buckley no doubt makes Yale College seem less staunchly humanistic than it actually is. He is concerned with the Christian West as a concept, an entity and a way of life; he deplores the fact that the Yale economics faculty takes no firm stand for the Western individualist economic tradition stemming from Locke, the physiocrats and Adam Smith. But the Western Hebraic-Graeco-Roman view of the nature of man is upheld in the Yale courses in literature, as any visit to the classrooms and offices of Professors DeVane, Mack and Sewall (to pick some examples that come to mind) would show. Mr. Buckley is open to the criticism that he has not given the faculty a break as a whole.

The criticisms of Buckley which the *Yale Daily News* has chosen to print, however, do not specifically allege that Buckley has erred by arbitrary limitation of his target personalities. Instead, the *News* critics speak of Mr. Buckley's "intolerant dogmatism," of his "scurrilous and boorish" references to individuals, and of a desire to promote a "monolithic society" that would "regiment its members according to an orthodox party line." Buckley is condemned as a man whose ideas on education would result in "pure unadulterated fascism."

Well, well. We have read Mr. Buckley's book, and we can say with absolute certainty (in fact, quite dogmatically and boorishly) that Mr. Buckley believes in the right of customer's choice in education. We can say with equal certainty that he is against the aggrandizement and deification of the State that is the essence of fascism. His sole argument in "God and Man at Yale" is that a private university can have a corporate purpose, as provided for in its charter. There is not one word in "God and Man at Yale" that denies the right of Socialists to found Socialist universities, or of anarchists to subsidize anarchist foundations, or of Communists to teach their hokum in the numerous "Jefferson," "Lincoln" and "Samuel Adams" schools.

In a democracy there is room for a whole host of jostling and conflicting voluntary corporate purposes. Indeed, Mr. Buckley says he has no case against Yale's teaching in economics if the alumni and trustees of the university sincerely want what is now being provided the students. But if the corporate purpose of Yale is to prepare students for life in an individualist society, then (so Mr. Buckley alleges) the alumni and trustees have the right to speak up for a non-collectivist, or non-interventionist, type of economics teaching. It would be pure stultification to insist that "academic freedom" means a university must set up chairs for men who are dedicated to cutting the throats of those who believe in its fundamental reason for existence.

The distressing thing about Professor Theodore Greene's *Daily News* review of Mr. Buckley's book is that it displays a complete lack of logic. Because Buckley argues for a faculty steeped in the values of "Christian individualism," Professor Greene (who is himself a Christian and an individualist) accuses him of "narrow orthodoxy." Just what is "narrow" in Mr. Buckley's "orthodoxy"? Mr. Buckley happens to be a Roman Catholic, but he nowhere proposes that Yale should become a Catholic seminary. His "orthodoxy" would certainly allow a Quaker, or a Jesuit, or a Baptist, or a believer in the eighteenth-century God of Thomas Jefferson ("Nature's God") to teach at Yale. It would even allow a Spenserian devotee of God as the Unknowable to teach, provided that the Unknowable did not mask a contempt for the Western ethics that are founded on the natural law of human society as summed up in the Decalogue. If Mr. Buckley's "orthodoxy" is "narrow," then all men with faith are "narrow" men.

Professor Greene's idea of "narrow" is bad enough, but his theory of "fascism" is what disturbs us most. As we have said, Mr. Buckley is *against* the deification of the State. He is *against* government price fixing, *against* centralized economic planning by a bureaucracy in Washington. (Interestingly enough, he is even against such ancient Catholic concepts as the State-supported "just price," or the guild system of limiting the number of jobs in a given trade, a curiously free and independent attitude for one whom Professor Greene has accused of "authoritarian" or "paternalistic" tendencies.) Being against all the aims and methods of fascism, Mr. Buckley can not by the wildest stretch of logic be legitimately called a "fascist." Yet Professor Greene, a teacher of philosophy, so stretches and mangles his categories as to make "fascism" out of fascism's polar opposites.

This is the really disastrous thing about modern education: that it has no respect for the criteria of logical argument. If Yale is "materialist" and "collectivist," as Mr. Buckley alleges, it can still be saved. But a Yale whose philosophy teachers can equate individualism with "fascism" (i.e., with a view of society that regards people as push-pins with no inalienable rights) would seem to be past

redemption. There can be no health in a university whose teachers can not think.

We do not agree, personally, with all of Mr. Buckley's proposals for strengthening the Yale faculty. There is something to be said for the theory that a student should not be too sharply "inculcated" with any particular set of values. In our opinion, the student should be taught the principles of reason and of logic: if he is well grounded in these he can be counted on to discover for himself the individualistic nature of man. (Only an unreasonable and illogical man can believe that a collectivist society leads to fulfillment of the human being.) But Mr. Buckley's criticisms stand quite apart from his proposed cures.

What bothers us is that the Yale teachers (or at least the majority of those who are chosen to write for the *Daily News*) seem only dimly aware that the society of the West is in a state of moral crisis. Does it mean nothing to Professor Greene that American universities have been turning out a product with no faith in the West as an entity or concept? Does it mean nothing that we have produced an intellectual class in the past generation that seems ashamed of and apologetic for our Western society? If our university economics departments are truly individualist, then how come we have created a generation of young economics students who believe in the consistent encroachments of the State on the philosophy of free customer's choice? Mr. Buckley may have overstated his case against the Yale economics faculty, but can it in truth be said that a follower of von Mises, or Roepke, or Hayek, or Frank Knight, would stand just as much of a chance of getting a job at Yale as any Keynesian? Can it truthfully be said that the tradition represented by Professors Fairchild, Saxon and Buck has been permitted to reproduce itself in New Haven? We do not believe that either Fairchild or Saxon would agree that the Yale economics department is even fifty-fifty divided between the individualist and the Keynesian traditions.

Mr. Buckley wants to reform the Yale economics faculty in its entirety. We would be satisfied, as a starter, if a good individualist were accorded an equal chance at a job. If the individualist and the interventionist points of view were equally represented at Yale, we could trust the students to follow their noses to common-sensical philosophic destinations. The real trouble in our universities is not that collectivists have infiltrated our departments of economics and social science; it is that they have largely taken over, and blanketed the individualist opposition. To get a hearing, a forum or a job in so-called "intellectual" circles today a man *must* be a Statist and an economic interventionist of some kind or other. If he believes in the philosophy of free customer's choice in the market, he is regarded as an eccentric fellow, or a "reactionary." And it is easy to dispose of him by name-calling, which becomes the approved method of argument whenever a fashion is in the saddle, brutally riding mankind.

Brands From the Burning

EVERY MONTH about three thousand Europeans leap or wriggle through the Iron Curtain into freedom. And then what happens? "If a person has the nerve, stamina and luck to escape across the Czechoslovak border into United States occupied Germany," recently reported Mr. Michael L. Hoffman in the *New York Times*, "he stands a better than two-to-one chance of being jailed promptly like a common criminal."

Congress, on the other hand, has just authorized a foreign aid program of more than five billion dollars for Europe alone, to uphold freedom. This juxtaposition—a five-billion-dollar handout to European governments, and the michievous degradation of individual Europeans who take freedom seriously—may well constitute one of the darkest scandals of our scandalous decade.

The official excuse for herding Europe's perhaps most courageous and certainly most dedicated foes of Red fascism in squalid indignity and revolting frustration, is lack of funds. To sustain the 40,000 refugees from the Soviet hell who would gather in one year, would cost about fifty million dollars a year—one per cent of our annual subsidy to free Europe. Actually, however, no dollars are needed to feed, house and train 40,000 future anti-Soviet soldiers in Europe: European currencies can buy there all that is needed.

European governments claim that their balance of payments with the United States will never allow them to repay the five billion dollars. Whatever the merits of this argument, Congress has accepted it. And so we are making a straight gift. But there is surely no reason why Congress shouldn't ask those governments to raise one per cent of what we are donating—not to repay us, but to support 40,000 potential soldiers of the proposed European Army; and not with scarce dollars, but with amply available European currencies.

We suggest that Congress amend its Foreign Aid Bill by directing the new Mutual Security Agency to subsidize only such European governments as agree to contribute, in their own national currency, one per cent of funds received toward the adequate support of refugees from behind the Iron Curtain. The fund thus collected should be administered by a special agency of the NATO nations, under American chairmanship.

Such a measure would not only restore worthy people to a dignified existence; it would also accomplish more in our propaganda battle behind the Iron Curtain than all the costly gadgetry of the much-heralded "Voice of America." To prove, with deeds, that the free nations truly welcome volunteers from the other side, would quite likely be tantamount to acquiring several additional divisions for the defense of Europe.

There is here a splendid opportunity for Congress to test the fiber of our European alliances. Moreover, the step we propose would, in our opinion, do

more for the recovery of violated Congressional prerogatives than all those stale laments over their encroachment by the executive branch.

The Press and Pavlov's Dog

WE ARE still unconvinced, but evidence accrues that the "respectable" metropolitan press is going insane. A young man with a scorn, pushing Paul Bunyan into oblivion, has succeeded single-handed in making the editorial pages of metropolitan America look as if they were all written by one person, and a mad person at that. It's a macabre sight, and it may yet drive the junior Senator from Wisconsin into raving megalomania. That no politician since Goliath ever had such a uniformly bad press is only half the frightful story; the truly appalling phenomenon is the irrationality of the college-educated mob that has descended upon Joseph R. McCarthy.

In a desperate attempt to restore some true proportions, we would like to remind the nobles of the Fifth Estate, before they are irreversibly committed, that Mr. McCarthy is just one Senator among ninety-six; that his annual audience is demonstrably smaller than Drew Pearson's weekly crowd; and that he wields about as much influence with the government and the courts of the land as, say, the Stork Club bouncer. Why, then, those thunderbolts from the steepest thrones of American journalism?

Suppose Mr. McCarthy were indeed the cad the "respectable" press makes him out to be; would this, in the name of Horace Greeley, justify the cataclysmic eruptions that, for almost a year now, have emanated from all the better-appointed editorial offices of Manhattan and Washington, D.C.? You would think it had never happened before in American politics that U. S. Senators (or editors, for that matter) had exercised their prowess of hyperbolic damnation on private citizens.

What are the facts of the national tradition? The number of private reputations the founder of the *New York Herald Tribune* used to slaughter in a day's work, divided by the number of quite innocent throats Teddy Roosevelt used to cut in a single speech, would still be larger than McCarthy's monthly quota of alleged character assassinations. Famous head-hunting Senators such as Nye, Norris, Borah (and a great many other titans of American "liberalism") devoured whole social groups for an oratorical breakfast ("Merchants of Death," "Predatory Wall Street," "Beasts of Privilege," etc.)—names named without even a claim to possession of verifiable evidence, and the "wild" Senator never divesting himself of Congressional immunity. The vituperations of a Harold Ickes, to mention just one of F.D.R.'s many official knifers of private reputations, came almost with the regularity of tax increases. Yet the "respectable" editorial writers used to smile at such exuberance, charge it to the lusty American mores, write an occasional causerie about

our frontier heritage of exaggeration, and turn to more authentic editorial topics—a Crisis in Patagonia, or Britain's Trade Balance with Zululand.

Why is it that the studied Olympianism of the "respectable" editorial writers has changed with the emergence of Senator McCarthy? How come that the *New York Times*, for instance, which had kept majestically quiet when F.D.R. spited an opposing American newspaperman by awarding him a Nazi medal, now loses its head to the extent of cynically endorsing a suspect candidate for public office on the sole ground that he has been attacked by McCarthy?

It must be something in Mr. McCarthy's personal makeup. He possesses, it seems, a sort of animal negative-pole magnetism which repels alumni of Harvard, Princeton and Yale. And we think we know what it is: This young man is constitutionally incapable of deference to social status.

When Messrs. Impellitteri, Sharkey, Latham, *et al.* accuse one another, without a shred of evidence offered, of pimping for the foulest crime syndicates, those alumni of Yale and Harvard who editorialize in our "respectable" press smile condescendingly: Just ordinary politicians, you know, and such is a politician's grimy risk. But woe to a McCarthy who gets reckless with a veritable member of Scroll and Key! No conspiracy is tighter than the comradeship of the well-connected; and their wrath will explode over anybody who applies to a certified Gentleman rules of the game designed exclusively for political *hoi polloi*.

There is something else. Though few learned treatises have as yet been written on the subject, there will be general agreement, we trust, that the modern intelligentsia suffers from the peculiar idiosyncrasy of word fetishism: At regular intervals a word is coined which, literally overnight, casts a magic spell over the group. Such word fetishes come and go—"Isolationist," "Wall Street," "One-Third of a Nation," "Munition Makers." Each time our intelligentsia gets it bad, and perorates the magic word with an ecstasy comparable only to that of illiterate Tibetan monks exorcising evil spirits. Those word fetishes change rather frequently, but our intelligentsia's need for a pagan exercise is unchangeable. Currently it's "McCarthyism."

Frantically chewing that word, the afflicted intellectual resembles nothing so much as Professor Pavlov's unfortunate dog. This pathetic creature, it will be recalled, was first impressed that a bell would ring whenever food appeared; and after a while, Fido (or whatever they call a dog in Russia) would secrete saliva whenever a bell rang. Poor Fido had acquired a "conditioned reflex."

And so the irrepressible young man with a scorn goes on with his job—a politician's job, mind you, which means that he sometimes has evidence and sometimes none. But the bell rings each time, and each time saliva forms in the mouths of the conditioned men who write the "respectable" editorials. So they foam.

Did Marshall Prolong the Pacific War?

By FORREST DAVIS



This is the first of two articles in which Mr. Davis reveals, from official records, the American decisions which delayed Japan's surrender for two fatal months, and shows that the man responsible for the delay was General George C. Marshall.

THE SECRET history of the crimes, blunders and ineptitudes producing our disasters in the Far East emerges piecemeal from the shadow of Administration reticence and censorship. First the MacArthur episode, currently the McCarran inquiry and now the Forrestal diaries afford fragmentary insights which, when put in place, exhibit some of the still concealed forces, the often superficial, frequently malignant decisions that failed during and after World War II to confront Soviet Russia's imperialism in that quarter of the globe.

The testimony of Eugene H. Dooman, scarcely noticed and as yet unevaluated in the daily press, is directly in point. An impassioned, outraged but concise witness (he was the first victim of Under Secretary Dean Acheson's purge of the Far Eastern division in August of 1945), Dooman informed Senator Pat McCarran's subcommittee on internal security that on May 29, 1945, General George C. Marshall single-handedly blocked a peace ultimatum to Japan. This occurred at a high level conference at the Pentagon. Substantially the same terms, when levied upon Tokyo two months later from Potsdam, brought about the V-J Day of August 15.

The decision imputed to Marshall by Dooman, displaying, as it did, another facet in the General's enigmatic public record, may have had, as is instantly obvious, the most fateful consequences. Historians may well conclude that the war in the Pacific was thereby protracted for two months. In the interval between May 29 and July 26, when the door finally was opened to Japan's surrender, the order was issued to drop A-bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki; a deed which, given the supposed willingness of Japan to capitulate, comes little short of being a high crime and one that may return unmercifully to plague us. Also during that hiatus, President Truman, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes and Ben Cohen connived at Potsdam to give the Soviet Union a legal pretext for violating its 1941 non-aggression treaty with Japan (an instrument, it should be recalled, aimed solely at the United States) so that the Red Army might invade Manchuria before hostilities ceased in Asia.¹

The long-range consequences were, as we shall see, utterly damaging.

Dooman testified on September 14. Two weeks later the diaries of the late Secretary of Defense, James V. Forrestal, appearing in the press, inferentially confirmed Dooman. Forrestal's entries further suggested that during the final weeks of World War II there existed two parties in the Administration: one earnestly seeking an early peace, the other bent upon delaying the end of the war until some ulterior purpose could be achieved. We find a clue to that purpose in a Forrestal entry dated July 6, 1945, recounting a talk he had that evening with Under Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew. That day the President, Secretary Byrnes and their advisers had departed for Potsdam on the cruiser Augusta.

Innocent Conspiracy

As they appear in the Forrestal journals, Grew and Forrestal, then Secretary of the Navy, figured as innocent but ineffectual conspirators for the earliest possible peace. Dooman placed them in the peace party on May 29 alongside Mr. Truman, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy. In the opposing faction, as disclosed by Dooman, were Acheson, then an Assistant Secretary of State; his colleague Archibald MacLeish; Elmer Davis, chief of the OWI, and Army Chief of Staff Marshall.

The ultimate document rejected by Marshall had, meantime, been redrafted under Secretary Stimson's supervision without material change, and by him handed to the President on July 2 for consideration at Potsdam. To Forrestal on July 6 Grew expressed his lively apprehension that the peace overture:

... would be ditched on the way over by people who accompany the President—Bohlen² among others—who reflect the view that we can not afford to hold out any clarification of terms to Japan which could be construed as a desire to get the Japanese war over before Russia has an opportunity to enter.

What Grew voiced, of course, was a suspicion that persons high in the Administration were holding a view that Bohlen could reflect; a view that placed Russia's interests in the Far East above the need and desire of the United States for an immediate

¹ "Speaking Frankly" by James F. Byrnes. Harper's. pp. 207, 8, 9

² Charles E. (Chip) Bohlen, Russian expert, now State Department Counsellor.

peace. So actively did Forrestal share Grew's forebodings that, as we are told by the editors of his journals, Walter Millis and Eugene Duffield, he "took off, uninvited, for the conference, no doubt to urge his own views on the surrender demands." His mission was redundant. On the day Forrestal arrived the Potsdam Ultimatum, usually described as the Declaration of Potsdam, went forward to the Japanese.

The objective suggested by Grew, a delay in opening peace negotiations to suit the convenience of the Kremlin, should be borne in mind as we circumstantially scan this provocative passage in the policy-making of World War II.

The testimony of Dooman, a fairly obscure, retired foreign service officer, had wider consequences than lifting a curtain on the peace with Japan. Among other things, it brought the McCarran committee's audit of our Far Eastern policies face to face with the big brass. Until Dooman spoke, the committee's staid, unemphatic, methodical probings into the intimacies existing between the Department of State and the Institute of Pacific Relations (a fraternization that seemed always conducive to Moscow's ambitions in eastern Asia) involved what might be called the road company, the Jessups, Lattimores, Vincents, Hisses, Rosingers *et alia*, as they enacted the tragedy of our decline since 1945. With Dooman, a witness who did not scruple to hide his disapproval of certain of the characters and events he was obliged to discuss, the McCarran committee went on the big time. It can now scarcely avoid, even if it wishes, questioning Marshall and Acheson about our diplomatic defeats in the western Pacific during these last frightening years.

The Communist Demands

What of Dooman's competence and to what specifically did he testify?

The answers to these questions bear directly upon the attitudes of the American Communist Party, then styled the Communist Political Association, toward peace with Japan in the spring of 1945. Those attitudes may be abbreviated into three stipulations publicly adopted by the CPA in June: (1) the "Mikado" must be dethroned (2) no compromise peace and (3) the "reactionary, fascistic" officials in the State Department must go. Number Two was a parody of the Casablanca dogma of unconditional surrender.

Standing by themselves, these exigent, not to say impudent, demands would have made only a superficial impression on the broad flow of American opinion. But by a coincidence that merits thoughtful scrutiny these slogans were enthusiastically embraced by large, vocal and influential leftist-liberal blocs in the Administration, the press, the universities and the nation. The usual complement of uninstructed, well-meaning citizens climbed aboard. There was a vast and insincere pother about the undemocratic nature of the Japanese dy-

nasty. A clutch of fire-eating military men, *vide* Admiral Halsey's utterances, contended for a hard peace. And so it came about that "liberals," dupes and Communists fought furiously, shoulder to shoulder, that spring against Hirohito, a "compromise peace" that would reserve his throne to him, and the "fascists" who, in the State Department and elsewhere in the government, wanted merely a sensible, immediate peace in line with the national interest.

The campaign did not gain directives One and Two in the end (the Potsdam Ultimatum left the decision on Hirohito to the Japanese people, being thus a compromise peace). On Number Three the campaign scored a bull's-eye. By the middle of August Under Secretary Grew, who had vigorously urged the prosecution of the *Amerasia* culprits, was out of office, succeeded by Acheson.

Dooman fell more directly under the Communist interdict. A highly competent foreign service officer who had passed the larger part of his duty in Japan, dating back to 1912, Dooman was entrapped in Tokyo by Pearl Harbor as Counsellor of Embassy under Ambassador Grew. Upon his repatriation in 1942 Dooman served as chairman of the Far Eastern branch of SWINK, the State, War and Navy policy coordinating committee. In this capacity, he presided over the drafting of a postwar plan for the administration of Japan (a program converted upon his dismissal into an egregiously socialistic formula using a steep capital levy and other devices gravely to inhibit capitalism in that country) and himself drafted the peace paper of May 29 at the instance of Mr. Grew.

On August 25, when Acheson succeeded Grew, he made it the first order of business to oust Dooman. Soon thereafter the Far Eastern personnel of the State Department was under Acheson's purge, new men being put on guard who have to this day engaged the solicitude of loyalty boards and Congressional committees.

Japan on the Ropes

The time seemed ripe for peace in the Pacific at the end of May. The prime enemy, Germany, had capitulated. The country, while not war-weary, found its martial ardors slackened. Saipan, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, the latter a major engagement, had been bloody enough, and the combat forces massed throughout the western Pacific looked with understandable dread upon General Marshall's announced determination to carry the Japanese home islands by assault. As early as December of 1944, moreover, intimations had begun to trickle in that

A reprint of Forrest Davis's two articles on General Marshall will be available about November 15 at ten cents per copy or twelve copies for one dollar. Orders may be placed with the *Freeman*, Dept. R3, 240 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

powerful interests in Japan were ready to sue for peace provided—and this proviso came from all quarters—that the Emperor remain on his throne.

In March, and this was noted in Dooman's testimony, Colonel Dana Johnson, Army chief of psychological warfare in the Pacific, flew to Washington to confide to the highest circles his conviction, based on exchanges with ranking prisoners of war, that the Japanese Army was ready to quit if only the Emperor was spared. Early in April a cabinet change brought Admiral Suzuki, an imperial favorite supposed to be for peace, to the prime ministership. The MAGIC device for breaking Japanese codes delivered steady information of the declining Japanese will to resist and the stirrings for peace in the government. It is true that no actual tenders had come forth but the evidence was mounting that, assured concerning the Emperor, the Japanese, thoroughly beaten, their navy and merchant marine beneath the sea, their industry demoralized, wanted to toss in the sponge.

Finally, as Dooman recapitulated it on the stand, Henry Luce, *Time-Life* publisher, back from the Pacific in the middle of May, reported himself to Acting Secretary Grew "very much aroused" over this government's failure to procure the surrender of an enemy already on the ropes. That failure, Luce advised Grew, was "doing great damage to the morale of the American forces" who were "anticipating the losses that would have to be paid" in a full-scale invasion of the Japanese homeland. Dooman already was at work on the peace paper of May 29, a draft guaranteeing the Japanese people a government of their own choice, including, if they so elected, "a constitutional monarchy under the present dynasty if the peace-loving nations can be convinced of the genuine determination of such a government to follow policies of peace which will render impossible the future development of aggressive militarism in Japan." Spurred by Luce's remonstrance, Grew ordered the paper finished at once.

Grew thereupon laid the proposal before the State Department policy board, consisting of the assistant secretaries, where it met its first obstacle. The clause respecting the Emperor provoked, as Dooman testified, "a violent reaction" from Acheson and MacLeish. Assuming full responsibility, Grew hurried the paper to the White House, submitting it to President Truman in the presence of Judge Samuel I. Rosenman. The President quickly gave his approval, subject only to the endorsement of the military. Why he referred an issue so overwhelmingly political in character to the military is somewhat inconceivable. The Joint Chiefs might appropriately have been consulted; according them the final word was another matter. The President was not then under the full ascendancy of Acheson and Marshall which has been evident in recent years. It would be interesting to know if his decision of May 28 was prompted by a third person.

The conference, meeting the next day in Secre-

tary Stimson's office at the Pentagon, was assembled at the President's call. Also present were Grew, Forrestal, McCloy, Elmer Davis, Dooman and joint staff officers, headed by General Marshall. The conference opened auspiciously. The venerable Stimson, announcing his full agreement, added that we had not given "sufficient allowance to the Japanese for their capacity to produce, as they had in the past, such progressive men as Baron Shidehara, Hamaguchi and Wakatsuki." These were former prime ministers. Forrestal and McCloy noted their assent but Davis "reacted," as Dooman put it, "very violently and would have none of it," pitching his objection on the Casablanca rubric. It is unlikely that the propaganda chief's objections could have overruled the others. In any case, it was not Davis who prevailed.

Marshall Rejects Peace

"The thing was pigeonholed," Dooman testified, "because of the view among the military people that the publication of the document at this time would be premature." Then ensued this colloquy:

Q. [by Robert Morris, subcommittee counsel] What military people?

A. Well, principally General Marshall.

Q. Did not General Marshall express disagreement?

A. No, he went along with the paper but his statement was that the publication of the document at this time would be, and this word I remember textually, premature.

There Mr. Morris allowed the matter to rest but Senator McCarran twice pressed the witness to specify whether it had been Marshall who "rejected" the peace venture. Each time Dooman answered in the affirmative.

(to be concluded)

Eastward, Ho!

We are inclined to accept Prof. Owen Lattimore's assertion that he did not influence the State Department's attitude toward the Red regime of China. It is quite possible that the State Department influenced Prof. Lattimore's attitude.

When Stalin says that he would welcome the reestablishment of pacific relations with the United States, he probably has in mind the Institute of Pacific Relations.

"Travelers reaching New York from Hollywood," writes the Stalinoid *National Guardian*, "painted a picture of unprecedented political jitters in the movie capital." Don't they mean fellow-travelers?

The Moscow Art Theater has opened its season with two plays that characterize the fate of every Soviet family. Matinees: "The Three Sisters"; evenings: "Dead Souls." ARGUS

On Forecasting Inflation

By L. ALBERT HAHN

THE MOST recent public utterances on the merits of inflation show a remarkable change compared with those only a short time ago. True, inflation is still described as an evil by a government eager for power to impose direct controls, but unwilling to use the only effective weapon—a tight money policy. On the other hand, however, economists in prominent positions now declare that everybody should reckon with slow but permanent future inflation. They explain why inflation is unavoidable. They even calculate in advance by what percentage the price level will go up every year. Nor do they seem to regard this outlook as bad. In other words, inflation is on the way to becoming respectable.

Inflation is not respectable, it is a crime—if for no other reason than because it changes the distribution of wealth and income in a clandestine, illegal and very unjust way. Those who know what is happening and are able to react to it profiteer. Those who do not know or are not able to react, lose. And small *rentiers*, widows, orphans and other economically and politically helpless members of the community are ruined.

It is no new discovery that under certain circumstances and for certain periods of time inflation can produce miraculous improvements in an economy. John Law, as early as 1705, described the process masterfully; the application of his idea, however, ended in disaster. Since the days of the classicists, however, no serious economist has doubted that the beneficial effects of inflation are transitory: they last only as long as the compensation of the factors of production is not adjusted to the declining purchasing power of money. They can therefore never materialize if inflation is recognized as such right at the start. An inflation planned in advance and expected by everybody can have no beneficial effects whatsoever. If allowed to continue long enough, it can only lead to total destruction of the currency.

First Stage of Illusion: Keynes

The classicists did not stress the effects of inflation on employment and prosperity because they assumed that the “money illusion” could not persist for any length of time. Contrary to this, the late Lord Keynes in his “General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money” developed a theory of employment and prosperity resting chiefly on the assumption that people do not react—or react only with a substantial lag—to changes in the purchasing power of money. He states explicitly that it is not the workers’ “practice to withdraw their labor

whenever there is a change in the price of wage-goods” (p. 9); so that “it will be possible to increase employment by increasing expenditure in terms of money” (p. 284).

These statements read more like a joke than a description of reality. In a period of escalator clauses—emulating the well-known *Gleitloehne* (sliding wages) of the German inflation—there is no need to dwell on this. But in spite of its being so totally unrealistic, Keynes’s theory of employment has been accepted by the vast majority of the younger economists. Older economists will be more inclined to share Frank Knight’s view that the theory has thrown economic thought back to the black Middle Ages. For Keynes has attacked the very view that the classicists fought for, the view that monetary falsification—“increasing expenditures in terms of money”—can lead *not* to a new and higher “equilibrium” of employment but at best to an unstable and quite transitory situation: the “full employment” of inflation can not be created or maintained for any dependable length of time.

What inflation—if unexpected—can still achieve is this. Entrepreneurs will make windfall profits on goods produced at lower costs in the past. Those who, because of inefficiency or errors in judging future demand, would have been eliminated under normal conditions, can now stay in business. Their life becomes easy because of the sellers’ markets created by inflation. Their methods become wasteful. Eventually they become demoralized. Meanwhile the savers who have lent money to others “in terms of money” suffer as their claims are settled in depreciated money.

Another Illusion

Nevertheless the system can go on functioning for quite a while—as long as future prices appear uncertain, that is, as long as only the past and not any future inflation is taken into account. But what will happen once it is stated publicly and universally accepted that the government will not be able to take any steps against a future inflation; that it is certain to come? Is it not the summit of unreality—and of bad theory as well—to assume that the system will go on working smoothly?

Under such circumstances inflation will obviously not remain “slow” for very long. Future inflation will be discounted on the market immediately. It will thus produce quick, sudden, strong and possibly cumulative effects on the price level.

An even more destructive feature of “predicted inflation” will be a strike of creditors. Why should

anybody buy government or other bonds, or otherwise save money, if he knows in advance that the loss in purchasing power of the bonds or money—alleged to be 2 per cent annually—will be higher than interests after taxes? It is true that saving often seems to be a sort of natural instinct like the sex instinct, and that the saver is a remarkably goodnatured and patient human being. Nevertheless, the saving instinct is not indestructible. Notice the situation in France, where hoarding of gold and foreign exchange has definitely replaced saving in bonds, saving accounts and so on, among vast sectors of the population. Notice also the situation in Germany, which is suffering just now from a real capital crisis because most people after their recent experience prefer consumption to saving.

The inflation-planners, of course, believe they have an easy remedy for a creditors' strike. They propose the creation of bonds with a guaranteed purchasing power—the old "*wertbestaendige Anleihen*" (value-keeping loans) of the German hyperinflation. But before they make such proposals they should consider the consequences. Obviously, after introduction of "value-keeping" bonds nobody will any longer accept "value-losing" bonds or other such means of saving. Soon every agreement for deferred payments, whether for goods or services, will contain an "escalator clause." The economy will be transformed into an accounting-house chiefly occupied with calculating losses of purchasing power from the day of the contract to the day of payment.

Reaction of the Money-Owners

But, quite apart from technical difficulties, a system in which inflation is universally expected can not work. One can invent devices to protect people against changes in purchasing power that occur between the making of a contract—for wages or a loan—and actual payments. But one can not protect people against losses incurred between payment and spending of the money received. This is not only technically but also logically impossible.

Inflation works as a falsifier of formerly agreed on monetary contracts. It works also, however, as a sort of tax during and through the process of increasing the price level. This tax is levied on those who own cash at this moment; and it inures to the benefit of whoever has received and now spends the new "inflation" money. This may be the government which has turned to the printing press to cover its deficit. Or it may be the banks which grant "inflationary" credits to entrepreneurs wishing or forced to pay higher wages than they could under non-inflationary conditions. If it were not for these benefits there would be no need or pressure to resort to inflation.

Obviously there can not be any protection against this inflation tax. If you increase the circulation of money by, say 10 per cent, this inflation will raise the price level theoretically by 10 per cent. If you want to protect every owner of cash against the

"real" loss he thus suffers, you will have to increase all money incomes. As this can be done only by new inflation, the money-circulation has to be increased again by 10 per cent; with the result that the price level will increase now by roughly 20 per cent; with the further result that now the money-circulation has to be increased by 20 per cent, and so on ad infinitum. In other words, every endeavor to protect people against the effects of simultaneous inflation sets in motion a vicious cycle that must ruin the currency not slowly but right at the beginning. One simply can not protect through inflation against the effects of inflation.

There is, however, one way out for the man who pays an inflation tax, whether he is a worker, an entrepreneur or a receiver of rents, interests or dividends. He can try to protect himself by shortening his holding period. This is what happened during the European inflations, when people hurried by bicycle or automobile from the place of payment to the grocer in order not to lose purchasing power between payment and spending. The tremendous increase thus created in the turnover of money was one of the chief reasons for the subsequent total destruction of the currency.

Alternative to "Fashionable Inflation"

This will be the result of inflation once it becomes fashionable, and its progression in the future generally accepted. But is there no alternative to the prospect of ruining the *rentier* class, demoralizing enterprise, undermining the monetary system by universal escalator clauses, and in the end totally ruining the currency?

There is; simply because inflation, in the United States at least, is by no means unavoidable. It is, in fact, very easily avoidable. For the hindrances to sound money policy are purely political, not economic.

The wage policy of the unions, for example, is regarded as one of the conditions enforcing inflation. Wage increases, it is true, are tolerable only if productivity has increased or if prices are allowed to move up. Otherwise they create unemployment. But must inflation to avoid such unemployment therefore be accepted fatalistically, with the result that union leaders instead of the Federal Reserve authorities become the controllers of money value? Would it not be more logical to fight for the avoidance of unemployment by a more reasonable wage policy rather than by an all-pardoning inflationary easy-money policy? But once the first step to correct maladjustments through monetary manipulation has been taken, there seems to be no halt on this route. Keynes advocated inflation to achieve a reduction of real wages, in his opinion not attainable otherwise because of the rigidity downwards of money wages. It is only a further and natural step to sanction it to support an unwarranted flexibility of wages upwards.

The battle against inflation is, however, lost right at the beginning if economists of reputation ac-

quiesce in its unavoidability and even calculate its extent in advance. No social phenomenon is unavoidable. The laws governing the actions of men are not immutable in the same sense as those governing the physical world. But forecasts on social developments are not only theoretically unsound, they are also politically dangerous. Marx knew that he could deal no more serious blow to capitalism than to declare its downfall inevitable. And in our generation more harm has been done by the fatalistic forecasts of the late Professor J. Schumpeter, an anti-Socialist, in his otherwise great book, "Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy," than by many utterances of ardent Socialists.

There is always a great temptation to forecast the coming of what one does not like. There is something paradoxical about it; and paradoxes

paradoxically always attract more attention than expected statements. Such forecasts give, furthermore, an air of detachment and objectivity. And if one is proven to have been right, one can say: I knew it from the start. But—if anywhere—this temptation must be resisted in monetary matters. To forecast the decline of money value is to hasten it, without doing anybody any good—not even if one combines the prediction with proposals as to how some groups or all people can be protected against it. To protect merely a few groups is immoral; to protect all groups is unfortunately impossible.

So there are only two things an economist can and should do about inflation: He can fight it or, if he believes the fight really to be hopeless, he can at least keep quiet.

Government Pie in the Sky

By DON KNOWLTON

I SPENT the month of June this year attending the International Labor Conference in Geneva as a member of the United States Employer Delegation. I used to envy Alice in Wonderland. I don't any more. She never knew the half of it.

Delegations from sixty nations were there—more than six hundred men representing government, labor and employers. To an idealist, it was marvelous to hear all these people prattling theoretically about advancing the cause of the workingman throughout the whole world.

For that is supposed to be the reason for the existence of the International Labor Organization. The ILO originated with the League of Nations; it survived the League's demise, and emerged as an arm of the United Nations. It has a large permanent staff in Geneva, housed in a building of its own. Upon the occasion of its annual Conference, however, it decamps into the countless corridors and conference rooms of the old League of Nations Palace.

In the early days the ILO endeavored to get countries to agree on proper working conditions and safety measures for employees the world over. It still does; but a strange new twig has been grafted on the old stock, and in recent years has overshadowed it. Today the ILO has become the soundingboard for the International Welfare State, and the interests of labor are subordinated to the interests of government. The main business of the ILO has become the drafting of socialistic laws which a Socialist government-labor coalition hopes will be enacted by most countries of the world.

The ILO is supposed to be set up on a tripartite basis—that is, for each country, government has two votes, labor has one vote, and employers have one vote. There were issues in the past on which

some employer and government delegates voted alike, and some labor and employer delegates voted alike. But as ILO proposals have tended more and more to pass from the field of labor proper into the broad area of government control and regimentation, voting has become well-nigh a formality whereby employers as a group register their protest against a practically solid three-to-one government-labor majority.

When the ILO passes a "convention," each member country is supposed to ratify that convention and to enforce it with implementing legislation. For example, when the ILO enacts a convention concerning employment agencies—as it did in 1948, stating that each country's employment service "shall consist of a national system of employment offices under the direction of a national authority"—the United States is supposed to pass a law enforcing such provisions here. Would that mean the outlawing of private employment agencies? It is interesting that President Truman, on March 13 of this year, submitted that convention to the Senate for ratification.

How many Americans realize that when the United States Senate ratifies an ILO convention, that convention becomes the law of the land, superseding all Federal and state laws previously enacted? And without even being referred to the House of Representatives. Thus the device of convention ratification might easily be used to put something over on the unsuspecting American public.

THE FIRST thing that struck me was how little understanding people of other countries seem to have of the basic principles underlying the economy and the philosophy of the United States.

Charles P. McCormick, President of McCormick & Co., Inc., Baltimore, who was the United States voting employer delegate, emphasized competition as the main factor which in the long run advances the standard of living. He stressed the principle of quantity production and the objective of better things for more people at lower cost. He said, for example, speaking before the ILO Conference, "We do not believe that only the rich should own washing machines. We believe that every family desires a washing machine."

But as far as people from other parts of the world were concerned, that fell largely on deaf ears. Many Europeans can't seem to understand the American doctrine that competition helps make the conveniences of life available to everybody; nor the desirability of reducing the cost of a product in order to reach a larger market. Some of them apparently did not want to understand.

The attitude of the Socialist-Labor majority appeared to be that the United States was a rather naive country, not sufficiently educated to the nuances of modern civilization.

What we were told, at least by implication, was that there are two great forces abroad in the world today—communism and socialism. The great conflict is between these two systems. The so-called competitive system still lingering in the United States is a rather interesting vestige of a past age—but of course it is on its way out, and no really intelligent person would give it any recognition.

Mr. Jouhaux, the Workers' Delegate from France, said to the Conference, "I would like to say a few words in reply to Mr. McCormick, who strove to give to economic liberalism a place which it perhaps held in the past, but which it no longer holds today." This in reference to the system that is helping to keep his own socialistic government alive on ECA money!

WHAT most amazed me, out of all the things I saw and heard at the Conference, was that men officially representing our United States Government could lend their support to some of the proposals of the ILO. Let me give you a specific example.

This year the ILO approved a draft of an *international law*, for discussion and action at next year's Conference, providing that everybody in the world should be given social security benefits by government. These benefits would include medical benefits, sickness and unemployment allowances, old age pensions, survivors' pensions, employment-injury benefits, hospital care, special maternity benefits, and a 5 per cent increase in family income for every child after the first. Nothing was said about where the money could come from. The proposed convention was in effect a description of how governments might give away money they didn't have and couldn't possibly get.

Of course the employers from the United States sounded off on this proposition. A. D. Marshall of General Electric said to the Conference:

This supposition is so obviously ridiculous, and the document to which it gave birth is so obviously unworkable, as to cast doubt upon the sincerity of those supporting this convention. The United States, for example—where, incidentally, the average worker owns only one automobile—could not ratify most of the "branches." We could not meet many of the so-called minimum requirements.

I happen to know, from figures with which I am familiar, that five years ago 96 per cent of the babies born in my state, which has the largest industrial population of any state in the Union, were born in hospitals. But there was no compulsory governmental system of maternity benefits. Under this proposed convention, a country so prosperous that all workers can afford to send their wives to the hospital does not come up to ILO standards. But can other countries satisfy its requirements? Do you think Pakistan, India, Indonesia, and Burma could provide free doctors and hospitalization; free medicines, dental care, nursing homes, surgical appliances, etc.? Do you think India and Liberia can provide a family allowance and increase it by 5 per cent every time another baby is born?

But do not get the impression that the minimum standards are set so high in this convention that none of the so-called underdeveloped countries could ratify it. The drafters of this document took care of this contingency.

To solve this difficulty a strange and wonderful device was invented called "temporary exceptions." Under this device a Member "whose economy and medical facilities are insufficiently developed" may ratify the convention although it continues to have standards of social security substantially lower than the minimums prescribed in the convention. This concept of something lower than the minimum is indeed unique. We doubt whether countries will relish telling their people that they have undertaken to establish social security standards that are below the minimum.

Of course this "temporary exception" device was for the purpose of permitting the government and labor men from the "underdeveloped" countries to tell the folks back home how they had championed another international give-away law—without being bound by any obligation to do anything about it.

But that was by no means the most significant angle in connection with this draft of an international law. It follows the theory that insurance is beneficial only if it is "compulsory" and subsidized by government; and frowns upon insurance as we know it in the United States, which it terms "voluntary."

The pertinent paragraphs of the convention draft are as follows:

A voluntary insurance scheme supervised and subsidized by the public authorities to be regarded as a compulsory insurance scheme on the following conditions:

That insured persons contribute, in the aggregate, not more than three-quarters of the expected cost of the benefits and administration of the scheme.

On that subject Mr. Marshall said to the Conference:

In this document an attempt is made to establish one main principle, which is that no system of so-

cial security nor method of insurance against the hazards of life can meet international standards unless it is compulsory, or subsidized and its solvency guaranteed by the government.

An important delegate to the Social Security Committee stated quite frankly that the establishment of the principle of Government subsidy and control was a major objective of the proposed convention. He said it did not provide for the immediate destruction of the voluntary insurance system but would prevent its further extension. He was referring to the system which we have in the United States.

Do the Workers' and Government delegates here present realize the responsibility they will assume if they vote to curtail and eventually destroy that system?

Nevertheless, Philip M. Kaiser, Assistant Secretary of Labor, and Senator James E. Murray of Montana, the voting U. S. Government delegates, voted in favor of the draft of this international law. They voted in favor of destroying the type of insurance system which we have in operation in the United States. These were the same gentlemen who only a few days before had praised to the Conference the American "free enterprise system"!

Not only were they put on notice publicly on this issue; they were asked in person why they might vote in this way. Mr. Kaiser's answer was, in substance, "I know how you feel about it—but we can't let our friends down."

To what "friends" did Mr. Kaiser refer? I am assuming he meant the leading lights among government delegations from socialistic countries, chiefly European—the group which is providing, as nearly as I can see, the leadership in the drive toward uniform international socialization. Government men seeking more power for government have a natural instinct of cohesion. I give Mr. Kaiser credit for loyalty to the group to which he belongs; but what about loyalty to the principles and the people of the United States?

MUCH more about the Geneva Conference was incomprehensible to me. For example, I could not understand the spectacle of unions trying desperately to surrender their rights and prerogatives to government. I saw union men from sixty countries of the world, including the labor delegation from the United States, supporting proposals to take away the freedom of the individual and lodge control in the State, apparently under the illusion than in so doing they were promoting the interests of the members of their unions.

Can not these union men understand that as they keep on asking the State to assume more and more authority and responsibility, they are signing the death warrants of free, independent unions? Don't they realize that as government gets more and more power, some day they will be next on the list for government control?

My over-all impression of the Conference—and I speak purely for myself, as a neophyte—was a feeling of utter futility. But as I watched the other U. S. employer delegates make their protests

and speak their pieces, that was supplanted by a sense of hope and determination.

The world appears to be committed to international conferences. The United States is founded upon certain basic principles of freedom and opportunity. It is vital that these principles be reiterated at international conferences. In the ILO their forceful reiteration, while currently ineffective as to votes, serves definitely to temper the extremity of some of the measures proposed, and in my opinion will eventually gather a growing nucleus of support as more people from more countries comprehend them.

And one of these days governments may feel strong enough to step on the toes of Labor. If that happens, we may find U. S. unions and employers, both imbued with the traditional background and spirit of free Americans, lining up together to protect the rights and freedom of men and of organizations against the encroachments of government.

New Deal—Fair Deal, 140 B. C.

By BEN RAY REDMAN

WU TI, the greatest emperor of the Han dynasty, ruled in China for more than fifty years—from 140 to 87 B. C. He was a mighty military conqueror, but he was even more remarkable as an administrator and economic experimenter. Wu Ti believed that his country stood in need of a new deal, and he dealt accordingly.

An extensive bureaucracy and complete centralization of power were his prime objectives. Since the old aristocrats were a constant threat to the central government, he treated them as enemies. Accumulations of private wealth, such as had been acquired in the manufacture of iron and salt, were abhorrent to him; so he established a government monopoly in these industries. Distressed by the fluctuations of commerce and the rise and fall of commodity prices, he sought to achieve stability by appointing a board whose business it was to buy staple goods when they were plentiful and cheap, and sell them when they were scarce and dear. He went in for public works—irrigation, flood control, canal and road building—on a huge scale, with the result that his people groaned under taxation. But he was careful to reduce the farmers' burden while imposing additional taxes on the merchant class.

During periods of drought he moved whole sections of the population from one part of the country to another. As his need for funds grew he debased the currency and placed a high excise tax on liquor. Those who opposed his program—and the opposition was led by the old Confucian scholars—were dealt with contemptuously and harshly. Wu Ti was also a firm believer in the possibility of transmuting base metal into gold, and in the existence of an elixir of immortality.

In Hitler's Footsteps

By ERNESTO SANMARTINO

How Perón, only real candidate for President in Argentina's elections on November 11, has followed the Nazi example is told by a distinguished Argentine exile. Dr. Sanmartino was expelled from his country's Chamber of Deputies in 1948 for criticizing the Perón regime.

MONTEVIDEO

IN MARCH 1946 Juan Domingo Perón, President of Argentina, sent a private letter in his own handwriting to Dr. Luis Alberto de Herrera, leader of the Nationalist (conservative) Party of Uruguay. Recently I saw a photostatic copy of this letter in a file of rare documents collected by the journalist Vicente de Pascale, who died tragically last winter in Montevideo, where he had been living since his expulsion from Argentina by the military dictatorship.

The contents of Perón's letter are no surprise to those who have followed his career and the political developments in Argentina. In messages, speeches and conversations he has expressed the same ideas, though in a more veiled fashion and not all at the same time. In a secret circular distributed before June 4, 1943 to the officer corps, and ascribed to Perón, almost identical plans were outlined.

Perón's whole political and international philosophy, his Nazi-fascist ideas and imperialist plans were outlined in his letter to Herrera. He pointed out the mistakes which unfortunately (from his point of view) the Nazis had made, and the need to avoid repeating them.

In the historical period in which we live, Perón pointed out, the only form of government that is warranted is that of the great international community. Single nations, however powerful, can not determine the course of events. These great communities, he wrote, should be Latin America, the United States of North America, the United States of Europe, the British Commonwealth and the Asiatic Sector. These communities should solve international problems, but that solution could not be attained by peaceful means.

Concerning the Latin American commonwealths, Perón declared that they should be led by Argentina and Uruguay, as the only nations having no racial problems since the Negroes, Indians and *mestizos* represent only a minute proportion of their populations. Total power in Uruguay would have to be seized by insurrection, he wrote.

He added that all this could not be made public because the people would not understand it. And as though he feared possible indiscretion on the

part of the recipient of the letter, he concluded by stating that if its contents should become known, he would know how to defend himself.

THE TOTALITARIAN virus was implanted in the armed forces of Argentina by Prussian professors. It was they who imparted their militaristic and dictatorial teachings to Perón during the time he was in the Military Academy and on the General Staff. Before the Presidential term of Dr. Alvear (1922-1928) had expired, a cabal was formed in the army to prevent the reelection of Hipolito Irigoyen. This group, with chauvinist and ultra-conservative tendencies, was the nucleus of the movement of September 6, 1930, which overthrew Irigoyen and got a stranglehold on the GOU (Group of United Officers). The GOU later fomented the insurrection of June 4, 1943, which resulted in the suppression of all civil liberties.

The conviction that Germany would win the war induced the officers of the GOU to enter into a conspiracy. German gold strengthened their inclination. Newspapers and unscrupulous politicians were bribed and became tools of Nazis operating in Argentina, with whom Perón, then a colonel, maintained close relations. Among them was Ludwig Freude, an intimate friend of Perón, who employed Freude's son as one of his private secretaries; Friedrich Mandl, the munitions merchant; Siegfried Becker, chief of German espionage in Argentina, and Hans Harnisch, Nazi agent.

In a confidential report sent to the Government of the Reich on August 30, 1944, the German general Friedrich Wolff, who was the former military adviser of the Argentine Army and military attaché at the Germany Embassy, asserted that Argentina was being organized according to Nazi-Fascist principles, but that the country's isolation forced the government to feign adhesion to democratic formulas and to the Allied nations.

The victory of the democracies compelled the military camarilla which had seized the government to change its tactics overnight. The true face of the Nazi doctrines was hidden under a mask of democratic protestations and support of continental solidarity. By mouthing phrases about liberty, social justice, sovereignty, etc., the totalitarians found it easier to secure the enslavement of the individual, the control of the masses, and the Nazification of the republic. By gradually infiltrating other countries, fostering demagogic or anti-imperialist campaigns and reawakening old grievances, they attracted ignorant people and despotic governments to their attitude; all of which fitted in with the Nazi plans for revenge.

The Argentine situation did not develop suddenly, but has deep roots. Among the direct causes was the corruption, venality and political and religious intolerance of the governments which followed one another from 1930 to 1943, and the inability of the leaders of the democratic political parties to remedy the injustices and foresee what was to happen. Perón found the field prepared for his demagogic preaching of electoral liberty, social justice and economic sovereignty. He himself did not believe in any of these principles and betrayed them all as soon as he had the power; but he wanted to seize power by any means, and so he raised the banner which the democratic forces had allowed to slip from their hands. Thus he won over the impoverished masses of workers, the political adventurers, the captains of industry, and the blind and venal sections of the population, who saw in him a Messiah. When the country awoke, it was too late. All the vital organizations of the nation were in Perón's hands. By brute force, bribery, intimidation, corruption and lies, he had become the master of the republic.

Finances, economy, public education, judicial power, political parties, private life, honor, fortunes — all are now in the grip of Perón and Evita. The judges and legislators are their docile instruments. The labor leaders are a claue of privileged parasites whose only job is to fawn upon the ruling couple. Farmers, manufacturers, merchants, professionals, students—all must submit or incur wrath and persecution. In many respects the regime described by Orwell in his "1984" is already established in Argentina.

UNFORTUNATELY, it took the spectacular spoliation of the great daily, *La Prensa*, to make the world aware of the real situation. Before that, striking workers had been machine-gunned in the province of Salta; deputies to the national and provincial parliament and assemblies had been expelled from the councils for having exercised their elementary right of criticizing the government. In Tucuman the trade union leader had been assassinated right next to the office of the governor by policemen who are now at liberty. More than a hundred newspapers had been suppressed; women, workers, students, professionals, employees, had been tortured barbarously; the railroad workers had been mobilized into the army, and thousands of workers had been imprisoned for exercising their right to strike. Repressive laws equaled only by those of Russia had been decreed; judges and magistrates had been deposed *en masse*. A brazen policy of infiltration and bossism had been established. None of these facts aroused the indignation of the world before the assault on *La Prensa*. But then it became impossible to ignore what was happening in Argentina, which is today the refuge,

the preferred nest of the surviving Nazi vipers.

La Prensa was a symbol of independent opinion and of the common sense of a democratic and intelligent political community. It was a daily for a civilized country and for a people with a sense of responsibility and moral equilibrium. It transmitted to our young republic England's civic culture with its standards of justice, its tolerance of foreign ideas. Even those who often disagreed with *La Prensa's* opinions could not deny its deep love of country, its attachment to the public weal and its integrity, proved for almost a century during the long, troubled national life. No previous regime had succeeded in breaking its independence or swerving it from its will to serve the republic.

Had *La Prensa* been able to continue its influence and its work, it would have been of extraordinary importance during this eclipse of the human spirit and its institutions. But that was exactly what did not suit the regime which had changed Argentina into a prison. *La Prensa* would not compromise with tyranny; a life-and-death struggle ensued. In maintaining its inflexible attitude in the face of despotism, the newspaper honored its past and served more bravely and effectively than ever the cause of Argentine dignity.

In particular, the dictator's entourage could not forget *La Prensa's* denunciation of foreign espionage during the war. This had ruined the Nazis' plans and prevented Hitler from extending his tentacles over the country. The publication of the "Blue Book," which revealed authoritatively the complicity and cooperation of the Nazis with the military camarilla that seized the government on June 4, 1943, was one reason for the confiscation of the daily. Another was the vital need of the Perón regime to silence the voice of truth. The honest and impartial information service of *La Prensa* unmasked the farce of social justice, prosperity and continental solidarity proclaimed by Perón.

THE DARK Argentine panorama should not blind us to the possibility of the citizens' regaining their liberties. The country has vigorous reserve forces which one day, I believe, will rise and clean out the Augean stables. Wide sections of the people, of the Army and even of the Church remain uncorrupted and have succeeded in freeing themselves from the influence of the dictators. The traditional political parties maintain their ranks intact and persist in their resistance. More and more workers desert the Peronist ranks.

In spite of its monstrous and spectacular propaganda machinery, the dictatorship has built on swampy ground. Only one thing is needed to overthrow it—initiative. The Army and the people have in their hands sufficient power to put an end to this disgrace. They are waiting for leadership to tell them when to begin the fight.

Prime Minister Nehru, now strong for neutrality, may wish some day that his country could be given back to the Indians.

EDMUND J. KIEFER

Oscar Ewing's Surprise Package

By BURTON RASCOE

MY SENIOR Director of Research, Dr. John Foster Spelvin-Doakes¹, carrying a package eighteen inches square, an inch and a half thick and weighing six and one-half pounds, marked "Fragile: Handle With Care," came into my office unannounced, laid the package gently upon some sheets of manuscript I was correcting, mopped his brow, lighted a cigarette, settled back in a chair, pulled the latest issue of *L'étude paléontologique* out of his pocket, turned to an inside page where he had obviously left off and resumed his reading.

"What's all this?" I asked.

"Oh," said Dr. Spelvin-Doakes, continuing to read while he talked—an annoying habit, if you ask me, even if it is an unusual trick of tandem concen-

¹Once I asked Dr. Spelvin-Doakes if that "Doctor" in front of his name was the Owen Lattimore kind or the McCoy. "Both were earned, as we say in academic circles," he replied, "and more's the pity. Even a horse-doctor's degree would give me better academic rating than I could get with the two degrees I have. One is a D.H.L., Doctor of Humane Letters, from a little college where they still gave advanced courses in Latin and Greek, which was an entrance requirement, and where it had never occurred to them that a man who had spent two years writing a thesis on *Racial Behavior Variables in Propaganda Analysis* could be called a Doctor of Philosophy.

"I began my career as one of the world's most frequently Displaced Persons when the Progressive Education superintendent of schools, a NEA high muckety-muck of the Willard Goslin, "*l'école c'est moi*" type, decided to eliminate Latin, American history, English composition and advanced grammar to make way for courses in "social science," "life, work and play in the USSR" and "training for international citizenship" in the high school curriculum. I was teaching classes in all four years of Latin, so I got the bounce.

"I went back to the same backward little college and came out with a degree of Doctor of Constitutional Law, of all useless tags! A survey by the American Bar Association revealed about that time that only eight out of 25 of the leading universities required any knowledge whatever of the Constitution on the part of their law-school graduates. Only one justice of the present U. S. Supreme Court ever took a course in Constitutional Law, and Mr. Justice Jackson, believe it or not, was never even graduated from grade school; he studied enough law in an Albany law college to pass his bar exams and he has an honorary LL.D. from the Universities of Warsaw, Brussels and Syracuse, but if he had known anything about the Constitution he never would have got where he is—or anywhere at all in the New Deal, wherefrom we derive all our present Utopian blessings. I wear my Doctor on my name in hope somebody will mistake me for a graduate of the Walter Hines Page School of Advanced International Studies and recommend me for a job as an analyst in the Area Surveys Division of the War Manpower Commission."

tration. "If you would like to give the missus a delightful surprise at the cost of only one penny for a postcard, I'll tell you how. I got my landlady a set and she is pleased as punch. Of course I am sort of artistic, you know, so I stopped in the dime store and got two small cans of blue and orange enamel and covered the recorded surface of mine in alternating color rings, and when the enamel was dried they made the cutest doodads you ever saw for setting hot plates or the coffee pot on. Don't have to, though; some of the salesgirls up at the dime store say they aren't going to bother. They think the doodads look swell just as they are, and the recording ridges prevent plates and dishes from sliding better than if you enamel them."

"What the devil are you talking about?" I asked.

IF YOU open up that package, sir, you will see that Mr. Oscar Ewing of the Federal Security Agency has reached into your pocket and into the pocket of every taxpayer in the country (and who isn't a Federal, state and municipal taxpayer; when you buy a loaf of bread you pay a Federal processing tax?) and spent several hundreds of thousands of dollars (just how much I haven't found out) to make you a present. Generous old Oscar! Only he won't give you your present if you don't write to him and ask for it. Probably he is sulking right now because you and a lot of other people haven't written to him."

"Where do I write to him and what do I ask him for?"

"You don't even have to bother, except to sign your name. I got a dozen penny postcards and addressed them all properly and wrote the request on the writing side of the card. I distributed eight of them to the salesgirls up at the dime store and told them they had already paid for these gifts Mr. Ewing is ready to send to them, so they might as well get theirs. The salesladies are very nice to me up at the dime store where I am generally regarded as the foremost gadget fancier and connoisseur of gimmicks that comes into the place. They all admire the way I buy. If I see three ten-cent items on the same counter, I buy one and walk as far as the door and then come back as though I had forgotten something and buy another item. I repeat the process. If I bought all three at once I would have to pay a penny city sales tax—a tax, which, as you remember, was set up as a temporary measure for the relief of the unemployed during the early days of the LaGuardia administration and instead of being removed when everybody was prosperous under the New Deal, has not only been kept but increased under the Fair Deal when every-

body is even more prosperous. That penny tax on everything amounting to two bits or over up to fifty cents, two cents on a fifty-cent purchase, and so on, is an unholy gyp of the poor, of which I am one, which I profoundly resent."

"I STILL don't get what gadgets and relief tax and Oscar Ewing have to do with this package," I said.

"You will, you will," said Dr. Spelvin-Doakes. "Just put your monicker and address on this card and drop it in a mail box. In five days or less, you'll get a six-and-a-half pound package, franked under Permit No. 238, just like the one before you. Inside there are five beautiful phonograph discs. Fortunately, you can't play them on your phonograph unless you are General David Sarnoff or somebody; for the discs are a foot and a quarter in diameter, have four holes instead of one to hold them steady on the platter and can be used only on radio-studio-type machines."

"Why do you say 'fortunately'?"

"Because, sir," said Dr. Spelvin-Doakes, tossing me a postcard addressed to: Federal Security Agency, Office of Education, Washington, D. C. I turned it over and read: "Please send me a recording of Norman Corwin's radio drama, 'Could Be.'" Dr. Spelvin-Doakes had already typed my name and address below the request.

"How did you learn about this?" I asked.

"From a clipping Adolphe Menjou sent me from a Left Wing (to put it mildly) sheet on the Pacific Coast. An ecstatic admirer of Mr. Corwin's named Carroll Richardson had described it as the Great Genius's most ambitious production to date, where he lets himself go in a masterful blending of hope, reality, dream and achievement in a 50-minute transcription. Mr. Richardson tells how the Federal Security Agency has now made this priceless masterpiece available to the masses free of charge."

Dr. Spelvin-Doakes handed me the clipping with these passages marked:

"Could Be" is the lifelike word-and-sound picture of the Peace Blitz, in which hundreds and thousands of men, women and machines move into one of the world's major undeveloped areas (Tigris-Euphrates Valley) and begin the task of turning the waste land into a giant garden spot. Technologically the record takes off in 1948, with the end of the war and a meeting of the most famous living scientists under UN sponsorship. A comprehensive survey of all the earth's resources has been drawn up, with seemingly incredible accomplishments, such as locating a fish by radar . . . based upon actual successful experiments.

Especially noteworthy is Corwin's use of symbols, presenting all humanity creatively living and working together. Illustrative of this is the joyous voice of tractor drivers, moving forward in a mass to build dams and seed fields . . . "Before the dust blotted them out, I could see the flags of 42 nations on the tractors around me."

"The pay-off, in case you don't know," said Dr. Spelvin-Doakes, "is in the first sentence about the Peace Blitz and in the year, 1948. As soon as the

war's end in Europe was assured, the Commies and Commie fronters started a Win the Peace (for Russia) campaign. The first National Committee to Win the Peace was organized April 5, 1946 in Washington, with Jo Davidson inevitably the leader, the late Evans Carlson and Paul Robeson co-chairmen, and 712 delegates representing 29 Commie fronts from 27 states in attendance.

"Then there was a union of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions—of which the Great Corwin was a shining star—with the Scientific and Cultural Conference for World Peace. They had that big full-dress blow-out at the Waldorf-Astoria, March 25-27, 1949, with the Great Corwin competing for attention with Alexander Trachtenberg, John Gates, Howard Fast and Claudia Jones of the top brass of the CP, and the never-say-die veterans of the Commie fronters' brigade such as Harlow Shapley, Frederick L. Schuman, Henry Pratt Fairchild, Erwin Panofsky, Hugh Bryson, Walter Rautenstrauch, Clifford Odets, Gene Weltfish, Garson Kanin, Lillian Hellman and Dirk J. Struik—the last named was most unfortunately thrown into the pokey the other day by the FBI on charges of conspiring to advocate the overthrow of the government by violence, on the very day that his publishers, Little, Brown and Co., issued a statement that the very idea that Prof. Struik is or ever was, a Communist or even an associate of Communists was false, libelous, ridiculous and absurd.

"Then there was the Continental Congress for World Peace in which Thomas Mann competed for attention with John Abt, Bella Dodd, Linus Pauling, Hugh Bryson, Uta Hagen and John Howard Lawson; and the Committee for Peaceful Alternatives featuring Ben Gold, Albert Maltz, Dalton Trumbo, Albert Kahn and the usual intellectuals; and the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy with Henry Wallace, Victor Perlo, Hugh Bryson and Agnes Smedley, writing for the committee's *Far Eastern Spotlight* echoes of the kick-out-Chiang-Kai-shek-recognize-Mao-withdraw-all-American-troops-from-Asia chant of Jessup, Lattimore and the Institute of Pacific Relations bulletins and the Foreign Policy Association's Far Eastern 'experts.'

"IF YOU will look closely at the labels on the discs you will see that the original recording of the great Corwin drama was cut on October 19, 1949 for the United Nations, of which Mr. Corwin is Director of Special Projects. Corwin's record of Commie front citations, including fronts declared by Francis Biddle to be 'subversive,' is as long as your arm. I have listened to parts of this drama and to a eulogy-interview with Corwin by a radio commentator who used to work for the Costello-Luciano gambling and narcotics ring in Miami and who once said in defense of his bosses, over the radio: 'What's wrong with marijuana? I smoke it myself.' I will not pollute the air by mentioning his name."

"What have these records got to do with Federal Security?" I asked.

"What's that program called 'Living Today: 1951,' put on for half an hour every Saturday at tremendous expense to the taxpayers, got to do with Federal Security? Both have got this to do with it: it is Oscar Ewing's new dodge to sell the people on the idea of Federal Aid to Education when, as a matter of fact, they have already got it in millions and in more millions to come, as the radio drama each week shows. When construction starts on some new atomic energy plant and 16,000 workers and their families swarm into a town of 500 population, the Federal Security Agency rushes in and offers to build modern schools to accommodate a town of 18,000. The gimmick is that the town has to raise dollar for dollar with the Federal government, with a bonded indebtedness equal to the amount 'given' by the government. When the construction gangs move away leaving a stable population of, say, 2500 at most, including the new plant's permanent employees, the town has a vacant modern schoolhouse and increased taxes to meet interest on the bonds. Communities stopped erecting granite and chromium skyscrapers for county courthouses, Taj Mahal post offices and municipal wading pools in 1937, when they realized they had to pay half of the cost of all these things in addition to their pro rata share of the 'gifts' from the Federal government. When communities refused any more government money the depression of 1937 started and the only thing that could keep the New Dealers in power was to spend money abroad in Lend-Lease and finally to get into a war as the immemorial last resort from Pericles, or earlier, on down."

Dr. Spelvin-Doakes had finished the treatise he was reading. "Here's a guy writing on Umbrian inscriptions who calls himself a 'paleographer.' Nearly all of them do, from the late Thompson of the British museum on down. Paleography is a fairly recent science and about the only one that is any good at it is Cappelli in Milan but that is no reason for a fellow's calling himself a paleographer, which means he writes in ancient script, when he is only able to decipher it—and very little of it, at that."

China Hobby-Lobby Exhibit

Communist China Set*—Agrarian Peasant Dynasty. Intricate Communist futuristic design in shades of blood red. Collected with unremitting industry—price no object—and highly prized by Marshall-Acheson school.

Nationalist China Set**—Few rare pieces in Friendship pattern. "China Lobby" collection.

*Hallmark Lattimore

**U.S.A., UN registered

CASMI STEFFIN

This Is What They Said

IF Mr. Stassen has been reported correctly, he is seriously in error. . . . To speak of the existence of "groups" or of myself as one of the "leaders" of a group is an easy way to attack ideas by smearing people.

LAWRENCE K. ROSINGER, before the McCarran subcommittee, October 2, 1951

The Soviet prestige in Asia today has little to do with propaganda. It is noteworthy that Soviet prestige is highest among those nearest the Soviet frontier and influenced primarily by what they know, and by practical comparisons which they are able to make. Among such people the Soviets are rated highly not because of promises of what they might do for others, but because of the impressive evidence of what they have already done in raising their own standards.

OWEN LATTIMORE, in *Far Eastern Survey*, August 23, 1944

The bill [Taft-Hartley Act] taken as a whole would . . . inject the government into private economic affairs on an unprecedented scale, and conflict with important principles of our democratic society. . . . It would be a dangerous stride in the direction of a totally managed economy.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, 1947

Convenient Lapse Department

Other important groups favor the same program as that espoused by the so-called Communists—agrarian reform, civil rights, the establishment of democratic institutions—but the Communists are the only group at present having the organization and strength openly to foster such "revolutionary" ideas.

JOHN STEWART SERVICE and RAYMOND LUDDEN, Foreign Service Report from China, February 14, 1945, quoted in White Paper

Q. Did you ever regard or indicate the Chinese Communist Party to be mere agrarian reformers?
A. [by Service] I never did. I never used the phrase "agrarian reformers." . . . I always considered them as a Marxist Communist Party and I never used "Communist" in quotes nor said "so-called Communists."

JOHN STEWART SERVICE, transcript of Loyalty Security Board Hearings, May 26, 1950

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



Belgian Painter-Prophet

By JEROME MELLQUIST

Because of a new appreciation of the nineteenth-century Belgian painter James Ensor, museums in New York, Boston, Cleveland and St. Louis are presenting an exhibition of his work this season.

HOUGH Belgium has produced no fulminating Ruskins in its literature, its painters have been furnishing an oblique commentary upon industrialism ever since smokestacks began to multiply against its skyline. Starting no further back than 1860, one encounters the miner's spade and sooty clogs of Constantin Meunier, who worked both as sculptor and painter. Here the inarticulate workman at last found a voice, though he spoke in no tones of proletarian woe. Rather—and the point may be reinforced by examining his "Miner" on the campus of Columbia University—his figures seem to predicate a consciousness of their lot, as if the workman artist who created the gargoyles and imps on medieval cathedrals had emerged from his anonymity. Yet they derive unmistakably from the land where slag-heaps stand out like huge chocolate-drops and where today the factories are busier than ever. It might be said that Meunier, like Rodin, elaborated his subjects all too readily, and worked sometimes more through heat than light. Yet these defects do not blunt his nineteenth-century earnestness or diminish his steady determination that the meek of the earth shall be heard.

Almost contemporary with Meunier there flowered that exquisite of Belgian-English stock, Alfred Stevens. Treading daintily like a Whistler, he inspected ladies in their parlors and lacquered many a fan. Yet he eyed his subjects with a fresh, if minor, truthfulness and supplied a painting perfectly consonant with a time of increasing realism.

Simultaneously there developed, even as in England and France, a flight to nature. Escaping to the sunny reaches of Tervueren, painters like Boulenger tried to forget the industrial blight and to heal their minds by beholding uncontaminated acres. Or an Henri de Braekeleer might retire to shadowy interiors and there inspect the wainscoting with all the scrupulosity of a Pieter de Hooch. If to these be added Felicien Rops, who despite his sensuality invariably recalls an inverted monk, then the generation of 1860 has been sufficiently indicated to provide the *ambiance* for that more central painter who this season will get his first real introduction to America.

Though he has been variously regarded as a child of the dunes, a missionary of the devil, a trouble-

bringer from the French, and an unsettling prophet who flared up and was too quickly extinguished, James Ensor can be trapped in no such classifications. A lifelong resident of Ostend, he did, to be sure, explore the beaches and note the gradations of pearl in the atmosphere; but he might also have arisen, as did the diabolist Hieronymus Bosch, from a smoky pit of perdition. Torn between two such compulsions, he did nevertheless briefly attain his equilibrium, and it was then that he produced his aching but magical work.

ENSOR was born at Ostend in 1860. His family lived without financial care, the returns from their antiques business enabling them to maintain a large home so stuffed with mementoes that it, too, might have been a shop. Cut-glass chandeliers dangled from the ceilings, shells and bric-a-brac hid each mantlepiece, old vases and enamels abounded, and a polished organ stood like some protective guardian within the shadows of the living room. These appurtenances figured so often in Ensor's paintings, drawings and etchings as to constitute him a supreme memorialist of all such *impedimenta*.

He painted early and never encountered any substantial family objections to his art. His parents, indeed, generously supplied him with his necessary training at the École des Beaux-Arts in Brussels, and there he quickly blossomed. Yet he did not resemble the others. Even as early as 1877—before he had begun this schooling—his "Cabin on the Beach" had been compounded of the misty grays of the Channel region. And if he did adopt the clotted pigment then identified with the so-called Brussels school, he possibly did so chiefly because it furnished a somber integument perfectly corresponding to many an introspective day in his past. Those lumps and broken lights surely befitted one accustomed to the long winter gloom of the Ostend mansion. His was a nature reaching back through the centuries to those derailed mystics like Bosch and Breughel—or even to Rubens when his agitation broke through his fluency—those men who knew the darkness as some vast wallow they could never penetrate. Thus this clotted Brussels pigment did not repel Ensor, but rather provided him with a first means towards esthetic self-delivery.

And yet, prodigiously mature though he had become at 20—his boy "Lampist" had all the hot paste and gleaming lights of a Frans Hals—still he had not shed that denser tissue. Only upon re-

turning to his Ostend subjects—"Russian Music," a parlor courtship attuned to the organ where a woman treadles away, or "Bourgeois Salon," an intimate view over the teacups—would the paste begin to thin. Even then the sentiment, if not the sediment (so to speak) still remained rather heavy.

These, his pressure-laden but masterly family interiors, Ensor would gradually quit as he proceeded towards some aperture where the light was greater. But new threats were appearing. In his "Vagabond at a Stove," of 1883, he leered quite as much as the wastrel toasting his clogs, and intimated a wink of cynicism. In that same year he produced a magnificent canvas, "Oyster-eater," where the light bestows a subdued radiance upon a medley of wine-carafes, silverware, oysters and the lifted fork of the woman who confronts them. Compact and loaded as some table-celebration by a Fyt or Jordaens, this picture was ridiculed by the would-be connoisseurs of the period. Ensor, they said, had plunged to madness. Even as in France, such amateurs could not understand that he, like Manet, had merely put daily life under a new light. But their ridicule so wounded Ensor that years later he would still scrawl upon some of his drawings or etchings the caption, "*Ensor est fou!*" Worse yet, it accelerated his tendency to withdrawal, and that even his detractors could not afford.

Yet he had dropped his habiliments of darkness. His "Christ Stilling the Waters" took him out among rainbow particles and a positive downpour of light, and in his "Roofs of Ostend," dated 1884, he seems to have winged to the very sun, the source of all color.

Two years later, in his huge "Christ Entering Brussels," he confected a modern parable somehow mingling the bead-telling of the Middle Ages with the bustle of a clanging metropolis in 1886. Here, by the inexplicable mystery of art, he seized the Brussels of the guild-halls—almost diamond-cut, and still reminiscent of the feudal age—and fused it with the hard modern town. It is a picture that, like Whitman, contains multitudes, and its details have been handled with an admirable edge. And always it flickers with subterranean smiles, overflows with a tumult of color, betrays a strain amidst its joy, and miraculously affirms some persistent gusto of living that even a commercial urge can not extinguish. Here surely his forefathers had stood by him as he resisted the modern tide.

ONLY a short effective period remained. From 1888 to 1892 Ensor produced a series of still-lives as enchanting as a visit to the *halles* in a North European city. Cabbages stood garden-green, shells glistened with the pearly tint of some far-distant Venice, and skates oddly eyed the spectator as they lay, fresh-caught, on the fishing-platform. There were also festival-scenes as dainty and wondrous as if recollected from Watteau. Then his gift had departed. Intermittently, it is true, Ensor would still aim his darts at the multitude, as in his rather scabrous satires. He would give pictorial in-

vestiture to Hans Christian Andersen's "Hop-frog," and depict goblin-like creatures spilling down into a hellish cauldron within a cathedral. He would even intimate untold social decimation in "Death and the Human Herd" (an etching); but otherwise he remained a memory. His light had been strong between 1880 and 1892; thereafter it dimmed. It would seem that his ever-latent proclivity for withdrawal, mockery and self-torment had quenched his artistic faculties. Possibly, too, he lived too much apart from the main currents, in a city virtually unaware of Van Gogh, Seurat and Cezanne, his true contemporaries among the Post-Impressionists.

Even so, he has had his offspring among the Belgian painters. Rik Wouters, a jubilant colorist born in the years of Ensor's first emergence (1882) would jet forth a perfect plethora of subjects until his early death in 1916. Unlike the fitful Ensor, women—or rather, a single woman—animated his endeavors, whether ironing clothes, gazing out from under tumbled bangs, undressing for bed, or standing like a tulip in the sunlight. Originally, at least, these works sprang direct from the transparent canvases of Ensor, though eventually they had some of the unbroken fire of the early Matisse. The trudging Constant Permeke, though only six years younger than Wouters, would not arise from his fields until the 1920s, when he associated with a virtual conventicle of fellow-Expressionists in the moody country community of Laethem St.-Martin. A giant somehow recalling Tyl Eulenspiegel in his earthy grunts and rollings, he particularly sensed Ensor while living in a nearby community. Today perhaps Belgium's most distinguished artist since Ensor's death in 1949, he remains the best spokesman for those peasants who stalk out to cast their seed by hand, as if thus to express their defiance of industrialism.

Still younger men, too, have taken heart from the first valiant excursions of Baron James Ensor (who received his title from King Albert in 1913). Joining together in *La Jeune Peinture Belge*, they forged a common purpose while still under subjection to an invader. They found a competent spokesman, but also a goad and guide, in Robert Delavoy, who has shown them in his gallery and done an effective book in their behalf. Numbering many others besides Louis Van Lint, Gaston Bertrand, Antoine Mortier and Anne Bonnet, they show, especially in the early jibes and forays of Van Lint, an unmistakable tie to the Master of Ostend.

Some impulsive commentators have even discerned his influence among such surrealists as Paul Delvaux and René Magritte. If these men stemmed from the spectral imaginings of Ensor, this indicates merely that even his sickly and illustrative side could forecast a future. But the man who rose above the industrial rooftops and sang the sun as the central painter of Belgium, has other sources of glory. And his current revival may well demonstrate that he, like his country, can muster still further powers of renewal.

From Our Readers

What Is to Be Done?

I have just read Stanley High's article "Government by Lawlessness" (August 27). I was horrified at such a revelation of the Judicial Branch of our government. Please tell me what can be done to remedy the situation, and what I can do as a citizen. I am 22 years of age and have an eight-months-old son. Somehow I can't sit back and let the world go by with complete disregard for the kind of government my son will live under when he is old enough to tell a dictatorship from government by the people.

Your magazine has opened my eyes to a lot of things, and I want to thank you for it.

Albuquerque, New Mexico MRS. JAMES THORSEN

Hollywood Still Pro-Communist

I have just spent three weeks in California. While there, I talked with a great many people interested in the subject of communism and in battling the many things the Administration has bungled. I found that some Hollywood producers started blackballing people fighting communism several years ago. I talked with some of those who were affected. I found that while some try to say that the situation has greatly improved, most agree that this is not true. And I found a great deal about the subtle ways in which Communist propaganda is injected into apparently innocent movies. In short, I found that the movies, as well as the press and radio, are still being used to propagate Communist propaganda.

Lansing, Michigan

KIT CLARDY

The Catholic Teaching

While Rev. Stewart M. Robinson's article "Clergymen and Socialism" (August 13) was intrinsically worth reading it was fallacious in its interpretation of the social teaching of the Catholic Church as applied to American economic life. The Catholic Church, while making room for government responsibility, definitely rejects the idea that government should make the chief economic decisions—as implied by Dr. Robinson.

Rockford, Illinois

ROBERT A. BENNICK

The Malady of Modern Art

To Mr. Curtz ("Artists on All Fours," September 10) and his readers: There is at present only one powerful modern school of painting, the non-objective, and it is not cognate with primitivism. Primitive painters possess the limited, naive observation of children, but paint, or attempt to paint as meticulously as do sophisticated members of the craft. Good examples are Grandma Moses and William Kane, the Pennsylvania house painter.

The modern school of painting represents the overthrow of traditional "bourgeois" values as we

know them. I grant the incapacity of most "modernists" to paint at all, much less paint in the classic way; I grant their envy of competent painters, but there is more to it than that.

We have seen in our time a revolution, a universal destruction of the old standards. In the political sphere Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill are hardly acceptable; in the moral sphere anything goes. Would it be reasonable to expect humanistic values to retain their integrity? Socialistically speaking, all men are equal; everyone is a potential genius; let the doors be opened wide to all; nitwits, charlatans and dupes not excluded. This is what has happened to painting; it has succumbed to the same *bouleversement* of values which we observe in our economic life.

Naperville, Illinois

MILDRED BALDWIN

I should like to write you in appreciation of Mr. Curtz's article on the modern artists. It is timely and much needed. . . . Somewhere in this wilderness of intellectual debauch a clear and reasonable voice should be raised in defense of God's truth, which still stands unaffected by the mouthings of our so-called intellectuals and the inane expressions in art that are infecting the youth of today.

New York City

HARRIET H. DALLAS

Father William's Valedictory

If you can stand any more of Father William, his last recorded utterance may have a certain pathetic interest. He has been trying to make sense of the foreign policy of the *Freeman*, especially your laudatory comments on Hearst ("He warned us incessantly against the Yellow Peril" which "suddenly materialized in 1941. . . ." etc.).

You are old, Father William, the young man said,
And your hair has become very brittle;
And yet you perpetually stand on your head.
Don't you think you should bend, just a little?

In your youth, said his father, a smashup occurred
That affected your mental condition;
Your sense of direction is really absurd:
I adhere to the normal position.

Round Pond, Maine

WILLIAM A. ORTON

Growing and Spreading

As one subscriber to the *Freeman*, let me add my testimonial to the many that I am sure keep coming in, to the effect that I find it almost indispensable, and a source of constant delight and stimulation. More than anything else, I like its integrity. Goodness knows, that has become a scarce commodity in the current American scene.

I can discern, by noting the names of contributors and the letters that are published, that its influence is growing and spreading. References to it, in the most diverse places, are surprisingly abundant. I think that's a very good sign. In particular, I applaud the *Freeman's* espousal of an honest gold standard.

Brooklyn, New York

ABRAHAM GLICKSMAN

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Louis Bromfield's "Mr. Smith" (Harper, \$3) poses a problem for the reader who knows something of Mr. Bromfield. It is a novel of considerable bite, drive and power, written far less slickly than some of Mr. Bromfield's middle period fiction. The story of a well-meaning upper middle class insurance salesman, Wolcott Ferris of Crescent City, U. S. A., it breathes a profound antipathy to Mr. Ferris's Middle West suburban culture. In fact, "Mr. Smith" might almost be called a novel in the expatriate mood. Yet, as everybody knows, Mr. Bromfield himself is no nay-sayer to American life. Indeed, he writes a weekly newspaper column under the general heading of "Your Country" which hymns the virtues of the American tradition. Why, then, this novel, with its bleak and bitter excoriation of the culture which envelops practically everyone in America?

The answer is not an easy one. Mr. Bromfield is a profound believer in the traditional American political and economic systems. He doesn't believe in British socialism, Keynesian interventionism, or the Marxian State. He is for local action and the inalienable rights view of the individual. But if we are to take "Mr. Smith" at face value, what Mr. Bromfield seems to be saying is that an excellent political and economic tradition has produced in America one of the world's least satisfying cultures. Can this be true? Or, if it is not true, how do we reconcile the two apparently unreconcilable halves of Mr. Bromfield's work?

Mr. Bromfield is on record as believing that our political life has been corrupted by the importation of English Fabian and continental Marxist ideas into the American university world. Yet this would hardly account for the corruption of Wolcott Ferris's middle western home town of Crescent City, or the terrible superficiality of his suburban bailiwick called Oakdale. Wolcott Ferris is no New Dealer, no graduate of the Harvard Law School. He is just a simple businessman who is feeling rather tired and let-down in his late thirties. He has a good business, a nice-looking wife, and two normal children. Yet his life is savorless. The twin beds are the symbols of his marital existence. His home—a "lovely home"—is opulent in the Oakdale manner, yet it is completely unoriginal in its decorations and furnishings. He has evidently never tried to reach down into the play world of his children, and they are relative strangers to him.

In brief, here is a man who is ready for a good middle-aged revolt. Yet he lacks the courage to revolt. The most he achieves is a clandestine affair with the visiting granddaughter of one of Crescent City's founding pioneers and tycoons. Mary Raeburn comes back to Crescent City out of a wider world, and for a time she means beauty and release to Wolcott Ferris. But Mary Raeburn turns out to be a dope addict, and the romance sputters out. Eventually Wolcott Ferris "escapes" into World War II. But even here he finds no adventure. Stuck on a back-area island in the South Pacific, he spends his military time guarding some forgotten stores. His companions on the island are a tough extrovert sergeant, a Kansas farm boy, a Jewish kid from Brooklyn, and an ignorant, vindictive, nigger-hating wool-hat from the back country of Georgia. While on the island he writes the dismal chronicle of his Oakdale and Crescent City life. He does this partly to relieve the tedium, partly to find a justification in his existence. But there is no justification for Wolcott Ferris's life, for it has been juiceless, mediocre and lacking in all the ancient qualities of honor, skill, taste, sensitivity, ardor, humor and love.

It would be an easy out to say that Wolcott Ferris is merely one individual. But Mr. Bromfield makes him a representative character. That is why the novel is called "Mr. Smith" instead of "Mr. Ferris." Moreover, the whole Oakdale tribe consists of Mr. and Mrs. Smiths. Nobody reads good books in Oakdale. The only game that is played is golf, which is not a bad game except where it is pursued as a rite. The wives have their garden clubs, but they do singularly little gardening—and when they do raise anything they hire a gardener to do it for them. As for the husbands, they do a little extra-marital necking in parked cars down by the Country Club, and occasionally they go off on a bender at a convention. They all live in houses that have been decorated by the same interior decorator; one mud-toned wall in Oakdale is very like another. Mr. Bromfield very definitely is out to excoriate the whole milieu of Crescent City and Oakdale, not merely Wolcott Ferris's own part of it.

How could the strivings of the Founding Fathers, the bravery of the early pioneers and the energy of Crescent City's original tycoons have eventuated in the flat world of Oakdale? Mr. Bromfield does not offer any answer. Maybe there is no

answer if we are looking for one in political or economic terms. For the fact of the matter is that the same America that produced the gutless, desiccated world of Oakdale has also produced Louis Bromfield, a fellow of infinite variety, humor, honor and gusto. Mr. Bromfield is everything that his Wolcott Ferris is not. He has gone and done the things he wanted to do, written the books he wanted to write, earned the money he needed for his family and for the gratification of his tastes—and, where Mr. Ferris merely raised backyard roses, Mr. Bromfield operates one of the most meaningful farms in all of America.

The point of the contrast between Wolcott Ferris and Louis Bromfield would seem to be this: that no political or economic system can save anyone if the spiritual origins of freedom and morality are forgotten. Wolcott Ferris lives in a comparatively free society; his Oakdale suburb, his business, have not yet been taken over by the State. But Wolcott Ferris has lost contact with the morality that moved his Grandfather Weber, who came to America from the German Palatinate in the Eighteen Forties when independence was a cherished thing. Grand-

father Weber was an artist in wrought-iron and he loved music. He didn't mind being called an eccentric. Neither did Wolcott Ferris's paternal grandfather, a great horseman who had been an Indian fighter, a trapper, a settler and a merchant. These men knew that the desire for freedom, justice and creativeness precedes and *causes* political and economic adjustments. They acted as free men and everything else followed.

Since the American system has produced both the wilful Mr. Bromfield and the will-less characters of "Mr. Smith," it follows that neither type is fated by the circumstances of American life. An American can be what he wills; an act of courage, a dedicated life, a willingness to be called an eccentric, are just as possible today in America as they were a century ago. If they seem much more rare today than in former times, that is because the modern American has tended to forget the sources of his spiritual being. The West began by being Christian, and because it was Christian it became individualist, capitalist—and free. Mr. Bromfield, who knows this, has written a powerful novel about a man who has forgotten it and lost his way.

THE FITZGERALD REVIVAL: A DISSENT

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

WHAT is most appalling in an F. Scott Fitzgerald book is that it is *peopleless* fiction: Fitzgerald writes about spectral, muscled suits, dresses, hats and sleeves which have some sort of vague, libidinous throb. These are plainly the product of sickness. Praising Fitzgerald, the modern critic forgets that the real important distinction to make about novels is whether they are sick or have health. Without such knowledge, all critical judgments are foolish. As for the matter of style, there are many good ones: the only bad prose is an enervated one, for forceless writing is a great fault and even a disastrous moral evil. As far as I can understand it, sincerity in literature is nothing but a strong writing animal, and this is what Fitzgerald was not.

It does not matter whether words are the wild honey and locusts of St. John, or are as goatish as Rabelais'. What is important is that they should be hardy. A farm road, a glebe, a plain and an elm breed charity and pity, which the fiction of groundless city surfeit and nausea lacks. There is nothing left in the urban, peopleless novel but the national smirk, and that is what the billboard eye of the oculist in "The Great Gatsby" really is. It is the closest that Fitzgerald ever came to seeing the human eye.

I realize that judgments about books are very perilous, and that he who has written a book should

not cast the first stone. But what I am most troubled by is not in being right or wrong about the small talent of this deceased author. I am troubled by the almost gaping admiration of our contemporaries for his books. This is a baleful sign of a sickly American volition; also, alas, of a great deal of lying about writing reputations by people who can not write but who want above all to be known as authors.

We have had many subhuman journalese novels acclaimed because they are true "facts," although they are without moral reflection, learning or compassion. The newspaper has debauched the American until he is a slavish, smirking and angerless citizen; it has taught him to be a lump mass-man toward fraud, simony, murder, and lunacies more vile than those of Commodus or Caracalla. Our torpid, prurient annals of brutish evils do not lead ordinary people to meditation or moral indignation. Has either Hitler or Stalin done more to injure human ideals and volition than the reflectionless chronicles of our front-page crimes?

"The Great Gatsby" is newspaper realism about a Long Island hamlet called West Egg. West Egg is one of many thousands of automat Sunday towns, lawned, bungalowed, but untenanted save by ectoplasm. Gatsby has a large, ectoplasmic mansion, a swimming-pool, a Rolls Royce, all of which are utterly spectral except for week-ends when they are

filled with dancing, gyrating suits and gowns.

Everybody in a Fitzgerald book is denatured, without parents or family, for the mortuary home has taken the place of the old frame house with porch, weedy steps, and the clothesline yard. Tom Buchanan, athlete with polo ponies and a big automobile, is married to Daisy, the perennial vestal spinster. They have a modern utility relationship based on the most subhuman inertia; their marriage reminds us of our novelty conveniences in comfort, fruits, and self-service. Seedless grapes, seedless oranges, seedless wedlock all go together; in a cafeteria marriage like Tom Buchanan's a dreary, enervated husband casually helps himself to his wife, for nobody wants to bother about anything any longer. The more inventions we have, the more apathetic we are toward others.

In the peopleless realism of Fitzgerald the author appears to have no role in the narrative. For the sake of a sham objectivity the novelist becomes as dingy, as depleted and as seedless as the objects and the subhuman persons in the book. This is what should be known as the novel without ideas. The Fitzgerald men are effete male ingenues, brutish and shrewd, like Stahr in "The Last Tycoon." Tom Buchanan breaks his wife's nose because he is an athlete and has to do something with his body. Fitzgerald, Tom's creator, was a dreamy swami who revered money when we wrote about yachts, a snub-nosed launch or a plane.

We have today a novel that is very weak in locality, wisdom and sex. The amorous novels of Dreiser and Anderson have been replaced by a very tired fiction. The old Don Juan blood is graveled, the eye no longer riots, the ear is torpid. The Byronic petard has given way to simpering, senile lewdness. When a book is implacably dull we are told that this was the intention of the author, and when the hero is a great bore or a colossus of idiocy we are advised that this is the representative American.

Fitzgerald's fiction is filled with sloven writing. Such loose slopping of prose is considered good simply because it is done in the vernacular. Let me quote some of Fitzgerald: "complexion powdered milky white," "Mrs. Wilson . . . looked at us with a brilliant smile," "My heart was fire, and smoke was in my eyes and everything," "something gorgeous" about Gatsby, "friendly trees," "dried-up little blond," "her glowing beauty and her unexplored novelty," "a twinkling blur for Santa Monica," "the California moon was out, huge and orange over the Pacific," "the padded hush of tires, the quiet tick of a motor," "my stomach dipped a little at the proximity to Stahr," "the stewardess . . . tall, handsome, and flashing dark." These are just meager samples of the grim banalities in "Gatsby," "Tender is the Night," "The Last Tycoon." Whitman, Norris, Crane, Hamlin Garland and Dreiser wrote a bluff barbaric vulgate which is sometimes very nimble and very manly. Their words, deriving from the old, manual occupations,

are far more masculine and energetic than the lymphatic ones that come from advertising and from inventions that are emasculating the human faculties. A word that arouses some sort of contemplative or physical activity is good, and one that does not is base. I trust a book that is close to potatoes and honest poverty, and I don't care for forceless platitudes (even though they are employed by most of the people) any more than I do for cheating, stealing, lying or murder. Dreiser's definition of virtue in "Sister Carrie," humble and plain, caring for others, is a sane credo for writing; a book weak in human affections and which nourishes effeminacy and apathy, not caring for other people, is a great evil. I like also to see men in love with women in a novel; I have scant patience with the senile Fitzgerald athlete, the "blond, spiritless man," or a "gorgeous" Gatsby.

It is perhaps a tragedy for a writer to have come from—or even to—the Eastern cities. New York is the big placeless Acheron, where locality, entirely portable, is always being mangled, and where nothing comes to rest. Everything rolls in the rubber tire cities; indeed, the whole motor car country is rapidly becoming East—and that is a dismal carnage for our literature and people. Hamlin Garland quit Boston to return to Wisconsin; Sherwood Anderson is insubstantial whenever he departs from the cornfields, the harness shop, and the asparagus beds of Ohio. What would have become of the genius of Dreiser had he not been a Hoosier? We are a wild beast people given to the dingiest rootless violences when we live in the slag cities; we have no way then of comprehending the Sierras, the vast inland sea-prairies or the Rockies in us. Our faculties are at their best when they are not subtle or shrewd, for we are only brothers to one another on the scathed Dakota plains, or in the old middle border region. We have become sick animals, devouring others because we are rootless. I doubt that we will ever be an intellectual nation: we are so miserable in times of peace that we are always going to war as the substitute for the vanishing mesa, the distant buttes, the great Rockies which are as remote in our lives as sunken Atlantis. The American is never at rest, and his literature is prairie and river geography, unsocial and nomadic, like Melville's leviathan, Twain's Mississippi, the Mesa of Crane, Norris's Mojave and Hamlin Garland's Middle Border. Our literature lacks maxims and proverbs; cartography takes the place of the intellectual faculty.

I have the scantiest regard for our nineteenth-century grammar sextons, Woodberry, Higginson, Stoddard, Stedman and Rufus Griswold. But far worse than these foes of American genius are the Dr. Ha'penny Knowledges who call Fitzgerald a Goethean nature. Such a remark (see Lionel Trilling) is likely to leave even a man of wit either senseless or dead, or at least unfit for combat. It is best, then, to let Dr. Ha'penny Knowledge kick his own head by just telling what he writes. The

new academic refers to Fitzgerald's notebook, "The Crack-Up," as a memorabilia, foxily drawing the reader's mind to Xenophon's account of Socrates. One would imagine that this is the end of the funeral praise, but the modern pesty grasshopper of the muses informs us that Fitzgerald had abundant puberty modesties. To prove this, he tells us that when Fitzgerald was criticized, he bashfully defended himself by comparing "Gatsby" with "The Brothers Karamazov." The new academic also says that Fitzgerald was bitter and a moralist. But he was nothing of the sort. He had only bile.

When everybody wants to paint or write, the arts are very bad. If Mr. Sieve-Mind really loved literature he would stop writing. When a critic admires so bad a writer as Fitzgerald, he is simply confessing that he himself can not write. Dr. Ha'penny Knowledge is too ambitious: as Dr. Emil G. Conason says, what ails him is literacy, which is fast becoming a national malady.

MISS BENTLEY'S STORY

Out of Bondage, by Elizabeth Bentley. New York: Devin-Adair. \$3.50

During any war—and this was especially true during World War II—the difficult question is, "What are we fighting for?" Not until the returns are all in, and the passion of the times is quenched by a new madness, does the answer reveal itself. The demonstrable consequences leave no doubt as to the historical accomplishment of the war. When we eventually learn what our fathers and forefathers wrought, it invariably turns out to be something quite different from what they believed to be the goal of their effort.

As the evidence keeps pouring in, the answer to the question that bothered Americans during World War II begins to take shape. More and more it looks as if we fought that war to make the world safe for communism. More and more, too, we are learning that though most of us were ignorant of the fact at that time, there was a segment of the population that was quite conscious of the ultimate goal of the war. These people, at least, knew what it was all about.

It will take the careful historians the better part of a century to come to that conclusion, but in the meantime we are being led to it by accumulating evidence from most unexpected sources. Just off the press is a bit of revealing information, a book called "Out of Bondage," the story of Elizabeth Bentley. No, Miss Bentley makes no pretension of providing a definitive answer to the question of the war's purpose; she merely tells the story of ten years of her life during which she took a leading part in the American Communist underground, and she tells it with the engaging detail and directness of a lady describing her appendectomy. Nevertheless, the evidence is clear: a spy apparatus of proportions, operating in the interests of the USSR, seems to have had unlimited, if not easy,

access to the "inner chambers of the United States government, up to and including the White House." They got whatever information the Kremlin wanted, apparently, and if what the Kremlin wanted was in some department not under the surveillance of one of their agents, they had little difficulty in placing an operative there. It was that simple.

One passage in the book will serve to summarize its theme:

. . . the Silvermaster group [government employees in the apparatus] managed to collect a fabulous amount of confidential material which they photographed and passed on to the Russian Secret Police. . . . Our most fruitful source of material had by then become the Pentagon . . . every conceivable piece of data on aircraft—production figure charts showing allocation of planes to combat areas and foreign countries, performance data, new and secret developments in numberless fields. I remember when I returned to New York from one trip, loaded down with miscellaneous material. "What have you got this time?" Yasha [her lover and contact man with the NKVD] asked. "I think I've brought you the entire Pentagon."

It is this sort of stuff that sticks to the reader's ribs, although, to be sure, Miss Bentley seems intent only on telling all about her exciting life as a member of the Communist spy ring. She came to her ideology and her career by way of the depression of the thirties. Like many an idealist of that era, this staid New England product, out of Vassar, had been hit hard by the hard times, both financially and intellectually; she was easy prey for the promises of communism, as relayed to her at Columbia University where she was then studying. Her immersion in the Party was followed by an *affaire d'amour*, the other half of which was the notorious Yasha Golos, liaison between the American Communist Party and the Russian secret police. This episode, so closely interwoven with her work as an underground agent, is the motif of the book. In the end Yasha dies, of natural causes, and she is thrown into close contact with the agents from Moscow; she had been carefully shielded from these personalities by her lover, partly for security reasons, partly to protect her from disillusionment. In short order, she learns that Communists in power are even more sordid than the general run of "capitalistic" politicians, that the ideology they affect serves only as justification for their inhumanities and indecencies. That realization turns her career inside out: she becomes an agent for the FBI.

It is a story not easily put down once you start reading it, and its lively and simple style is no handicap. Interest in the narrative is heightened by the reader's acquaintance, through the newspapers, with many of the characters mentioned; some are still in the public eye, a few are in the present government. The suggestion is clear that though Miss Bentley was an important cog in the spy ring, the extent and the nature of the work was such that she could be acquainted with only her particular part in it—that it had ramifications

beyond her ken. The reader can not escape the thought that there were others even higher in the conspiracy to make the world safe for communism, and that the conspiracy is still operating. Our children will know.

FRANK CHODOROV

THE NEGRO AND COMMUNISM

The Negro and the Communist Party, by Wilson Record. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. \$3.50

An account of the efforts of the Communists and their dupes to corrupt, subvert and capture the American colored people and to use them as an expendable spearhead in their reactionary drive to dictatorship over this nation has long been needed. For this reason Wilson Record's book is more than welcome. The outlines of the Red conspiracy to reenslave the freedmen have been sketched in several articles over the past twenty years but it is valuable to have the whole story between two covers.

A white Texan, a former CIO organizer and one-time Federal employee who now professes sociology at San Francisco State College, the author has been diligent in his research but has far from exhausted all of the available sources. For all his elaborate documentation, Mr. Record's book seems curiously one-sided, perhaps because he knows more about the Communists than he does about the Negroes. Thus, many of his judgments and conclusions are, to say the least, questionable. All through the book there are statements with which an informed reader can quarrel.

We read that "the Negro has tended to remain isolated from the main stream of American life," which is nonsense. Again, "The Negro quickly lost whatever economic foothold he had gained during the Reconstruction period," which is even more false. The economic status of Negroes has steadily improved since the Civil War. The Negro church is said to have "held fast the valves of Negro protest and piped the stream of revolt harmlessly into the clouds . . . it preached salvation after death." This ignores the fact that the postbellum Negro church built and staffed scores of schools and colleges during the time when there were few existing to instruct the illiterate Negroes, and that Negro preachers were prominent in forming Reconstruction governments and in stimulating their followers to be thrifty and acquire land and houses.

According to the author, "From the close of the Reconstruction period until after the turn of the century there were no significant race movements among Negroes." This grossly ignores the vast socio-economic efforts of the fraternal organizations of which all sound students of the subject are aware, to say nothing of the movement launched by Booker T. Washington.

The author chides the post-Reconstruction Negroes for not making common cause with "the

lower-class southern whites," who hated them, donned white robes and murdered them, passed the laws that segregated them and formed the labor unions that barred them!

Mr. Record, in relating the early efforts of the Communists to capture the colored brethren, takes time out to rap the Socialist Party because it did not make the special racial effort that the Reds later made, although he admits that "The Party did make headway among some Negro intellectuals." We are told that "the mass of Negroes remained indifferent to, even unaware of, socialism," which, he later admits, was also the reception they gave communism.

The latter failed, he asserts, "because it slavishly followed the line laid down by the Comintern." But socialism laid down no such line, yet also failed! Recognizing that the colored folk were just like the whites in their social structure, "The Communists came to believe their only chance of building a Negro following was through focusing on the lower class." They would corrupt the Negro industrial worker and unite him with the white workers "for the decisive struggle against capitalism."

But ironically, as the author does *not* stress, there then were precious few Negro industrial workers in areas outside the South (and few there) chiefly because of the prejudice and discrimination against Negroes by white workers. Not without reason the Negro worker had traditionally regarded the white worker as his enemy. So Commie-front organizations like the American Negro Labor Congress had no more success than did the African Blood Brotherhood, a Red-front Garveyistic miniscule outfit which had preceded it, nor the League of Struggle for Negro Rights, headed by Langston Hughes, which followed it.

Since the demise of these early Red-front "organizations" (which could have convened in a telephone booth), there have been many others equally unsuccessful, except in propagandizing the increasingly infrequent instances of lynching, race riots and general "terrorism." Best-known in the late twenties and early thirties was the International Labor Defense which fell upon the bonanza of the Scottsboro Case, netted a half-million dollars for salaries, carfare and caviar (since lawyers served without fee), and helped finance the Party through the period of "No Collaboration With the Bourgeoisie" to the "United Front Against War and Fascism" days which did not die until Hitler rudely broke his peace pact with Stalin. Its place was taken by the still-active Civil Rights Congress which swallowed the National Negro Congress (in which there were more whites than Negroes).

Before, during and right after World War II the Party laid such eggs as the Southern Negro Youth Congress, the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, the Negro Labor Victory Committee and the United Negro and Allied Veterans of America. Ever and anon it revived or buried the

Self-Determination for the Black Belt "program" which even the Uncle Tom Negroes in the Party privately regarded as insane.

Mr. Record devotes far too much space to these changing handfuls of the designing, the disgruntled, the maladjusted and disappointed. They were chiefly sound and fury signifying nothing but the ambition, ignorance and ineptitude of the Reds and their dupes. Mr. Record thinks they had much effect on colored folk although snaring but 8000 memberships in thirty years among 15,000,000 people; but here he is misinformed. True, there are a few Negro fellow-travelers and crypto-Communists on college faculties, in social work, among NAACP executives and in newspaper offices, but otherwise *Homo Africanus* has been unaffected by the Kremlin claptrap, except indirectly through Red-controlled CIO unions, and then only to the extent of trying to improve his immediate lot. Even when Henry Wallace did his Charlie McCarthy act for the Red-dominated Progressive (?) Party, the mass of Negroes voted overwhelmingly for Truman and Dewey.

The author dimly suspects and somewhat timidly mentions the probable reason for the "degree of loyalty which the Negro has given to the conservative society," but reveals his own bias by stating that "this loyalty is often undeserved." The Negroes en masse do not think so, as attested by their sacrifice for the nation in every crisis.

The fact is that the American colored people are 100 per cent American, (the oldest and largest native group without any alien ties or loyalties), completely nationalistic, and saturated with the principles upon which this nation is founded. Like the native whites, they reject all European class theories, are thorough individualists and regard dictatorship and collectivism with abhorrence. They want only the rights vouchsafed by the Constitution and the enjoyment of the duties and privileges of U. S. citizens. They do not want to be "Negro people" or a "racial minority" but simply Americans. Only the failures among them want government handouts or the abolition of private property. The vast majority is mostly suspicious of expanding government (which would be controlled, doubtless, by cheap Cracker politicians) and is striving for more private property.

If Mr. Record had studied the Negro press (which sells nearly 3,000,000 copies weekly) as closely as he did the Communist and "liberal" press, he would have noted this. Instead, he sneers at these group newspapers as being in a "precarious position" with "shortage of competent reporting" and guilelessly accepting press handouts from Communist fronts because "largely dependent for news items on the contributions of voluntary reporters." He does not quote from one of them once, and implies that they lack influence. It would help straighten him out if he would acquaint himself with the facts from the Newspaper Guild and the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

When the author asserts that "Negroes would

constitute a valuable resource for any authentic third party movement built around organized labor," he falls into the same error as the Reds and other theorists who look upon these Americans as an undifferentiated mass. Some Negroes will be in *all* movements because there are as many different kinds of Negroes as there are whites, but nobody can ever win the allegiance of all of them except Uncle Sam.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

The Cruel Sea, by Nicholas Monsarrat. New York: Knopf. \$4.00

"The Cruel Sea" is unquestionably a superior novel; it deserves its current popularity. I think it has its faults and one might elaborate on them in the space of a quarterly article. It tends also to minimize the efforts of the American Navy, and other allied efforts, in the long drawn out, terrible battle of the Atlantic—whence spring most of the adverse comments in our press. It remains, however, one of the best war novels and one of the finest modern sea novels of recent vintage, one of the top-flight works of fictional realism to come out of the war.

Mr. Monsarrat, a British novelist and journalist before the war, served with the British Navy throughout the struggle, first on one of the brand new corvettes, then on frigates, rising to the rank of lieutenant commander. During the six years of Atlantic warfare, Mr. Monsarrat found time to write four books of non-fiction describing for the layman naval operations and tactics in the convoy service. One of these, "H. M. Corvette," was widely commented on over here both for its subject matter and its fine lucid style and story-telling method. A great deal of the matter of these four works of war journalism is reflected, sometimes pretty closely, in the background of "The Cruel Sea"—as has been pointed out. But I should say that that was all to the good, and in the novel it has been possible to make a more flexible use of some of the most interesting material in the war books without prejudice to either form.

The author calls his novel "the long and true story of one ocean, two ships, and about a hundred and fifty men. It is a long story because it deals with a long and brutal battle, the worst of any war. It has two ships because one was sunk and had to be replaced. It has a hundred and fifty men because that is a manageable number of people to tell a story about." At the core of the novel, however, is the story of the growing but unuttered devotion between a ship's commander, growing short of temper through mounting nervous tension, and his first lieutenant—once a very green sub. It is a story so English in its reticence, so universal, however, wherever two men working under strain happen to click.

Many of the hundred and fifty or so other men are represented by no more than thumbnail sketches

and fragments of speech; others are drawn more subtly and some are memorable. There are also women as they enter the story during brief shore leaves or become known to us as part of the background—"at least one hundred and fifty women, loving them, or tied to them, or glad to see the last of them." But the one love story in the conventional sense seems, somehow, gossamer thin, unreal when placed besides the stories of action in their atmosphere of high tension that take place at sea—for example, that of the sinking of H. M. Corvette, "Compass Rose," torpedoed and swiftly sunk at night without warning.

Above all, I think, is the wealth of detail as observed and talked about among officers and men; the intimate knowledge we seem to gain of the ways and workings of corvette and frigate (names harking back to Nelson's day but now brand-new ships designed for swift production and economy, for the emergency rather than permanency); the ways and methods of convoy escort, especially of trapping U-Boats; of the kind of life men lived, ninety of them at one time on a cockleshell like "Compass Rose" over a raging Atlantic, subject to attack from air and sea and, worst of all, the waters under the sea. None of this is difficult for the layman to follow. "The Cruel Sea" is worth your while.

FRED T. MARSH

A FROST ANTHOLOGY

The Road Not Taken: A Selection of Robert Frost's Poems with a Biographical Preface and Running Commentary by Louis Untermeyer.
New York: Holt. \$3.50

Robert Frost's reputation is a strange one: with exceptions, his greatest admirers hold him the poet of the century, his work refutation sufficient to more complicated kinds of "modern" poetry—Eliot, Pound, Auden, Thomas—while the "modernists" act for the most part as if Frost did not exist or, if his existence is acknowledged, it is as the author of a few sentimental anthology pieces like "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." This is particularly sad, for it results in one of our best poets being applauded for his weaker aspects, and remaining largely unread by an audience who might find more in him than the fact that he is homey.

As a matter of fact, though Frost may not be as unapproachable as, say, Dylan Thomas, he is not an easy poet—his syntax is quite involved and, more, his meaning lies so near the surface that it is all too easy to ignore it in the manner of the eulogists who prefer to indulge in outbursts of platitudes rather than to study the poetry. Frost's language is deceptive: he has achieved a degree of technical skill whereby his best effects seem merely to have happened by chance as his words flow calmly and flatly along. The kind of surface he presents makes one tend to take him at less than face value, but what he does in his best work ("After

Apple-Picking," for instance) is to bring depths of experience up to one level and to trace on this level parallel and conflicting lines, clashes and convergences, as he draws the tensions between opposing ideas and emotions, between what he expresses and the language he chooses to express it with. Moreover, he has a certain disarming intellectual quality, somewhat akin to that of Auden or MacNeice, which, though more apparent in his later work, nevertheless underlies the best of the earlier poems and stands as a kind of backbone even in his most tender lyrics. When he succeeds, he is capable of reaching an impassioned grandeur, all the more eloquent for its apparent ease.

This volume is a selection of Frost's verse with running commentary by Louis Untermeyer and illustrations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II, published in honor of Frost's seventy-sixth birthday. There is a useful if uninspired biographical introduction, which is followed by 131 poems, arranged in six arbitrary sections, each poem or group of poems prefaced by a few well-chosen clichés. Every few pages there appears an illustration, straight from the Boy Scout Handbook, which takes the reader far from the poetry if the commentary has not already served this purpose. Untermeyer does no more than point out the obvious and, sometimes, in his desire to wrest a pat meaning from each of the poems, makes up flat statements out of his own head. (Why, for instance, is he so sure that the heroine of "The Fear" has left her husband and not rejected a suitor?) As soon as the reader gets into one poem and is ready for another, Untermeyer, like the announcer reading the commercials between symphonies, interjects a few squibs which prevent him from seeing anything more in the verse than the anthologist sees.

It is hard to say for whom this book was intended; it is the kind someone bored with poetry probably gives someone else with similar tastes. The best introduction to Frost is Frost himself, either in his "Collected Poems" published also by Holt, or in the selection which the poet has made for the Modern Library. Had Untermeyer at least collected his comments and made them part of a longer introduction, one might perhaps have a good selection here; but this is hard to tell for, as it is, he is omnipresent and Frost tends to disappear.

There is something in Frost's manner which accounts for a good deal of the kind of admiration he has received: at his worst, he is sentimental or smart alecky in his pose as the New England cracker-barrel philosopher and, taking on a narrow provincialism, he attains a false simplicity. (It is to Untermeyer's credit, though, that he nowhere holds Frost's comparative accessibility over the heads of other modern poets.) But as Frost points out, some poets are hard and some are easy—what matters is the quality of the verse; and he has written an impressive amount of very fine poetry. So good a poet deserves a better birthday tribute.

HARRY SMITH

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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