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FREEMAN

The Failure of American Education

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MORTIMER SMITH is a frequent contributor to magazines and the author of several books. His "And Madly Teach," a layman's critical study of current public education, continues to attract widespread attention. His most recent book, "William Jay Gaynor, Mayor of New York," was published a few weeks ago.

FELIX WITTMER, after seventeen years of teaching at the State Teachers College, Montclair, N. J., recently resigned as Associate Professor of the Social Studies. "After fighting Reds, Pinks and Progressives on the faculty for years," he writes, "I finally admitted defeat."

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FREDA UTLEY's recent best-seller, "The China Story," traces the disastrous record of our State Department's China policy. Her other books on the Far East, where she spent considerable time, include "Japan's Feet of Clay" and "Last Chance in China."

DAVID HINSHAW, well-known public relations counsel, has written a number of books, including biographies of Herbert Hoover and William Allen White.

LEONARD WICKENDEN is the author of "Make Friends With Your Land" and of articles on gardening.

We regret that for reasons of space we were obliged to omit from this issue our popular column, "This Is What They Said." It will be resumed.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

In the last two weeks our incredible fumbling of the Korean truce negotiations has not only continued but increased. After more than four months of such negotiations, and at a moment when we appeared to be nearing an agreement, Colonel James M. Hanley, Judge Advocate General of the Eighth Army, announced that the Chinese and North Korean Communists had between them murdered 6270 American prisoners of war. At the moment we write this, that statement has neither been explicitly confirmed nor denied by the colonel's superiors. But the timing of the announcement raises baffling questions. If the facts are as Colonel Hanley stated them, how long have our military officials known them? Why had they previously been withheld? If the reasons for withholding them were valid, when and why did they cease to be so? If the statement was factually substantiated, why did Colonel Hanley's superiors publicly question his authority to make it?

The net effect of the timing of the statement was to permit doubt to be thrown on the sincerity of our truce negotiations, especially because it came immediately after another strange bit of timing. For months, after early vacillation, our negotiators had been insisting that the truce must be made either along the existing line of battle, or along defensible lines close to it. Our negotiators had treated this as if it were virtually the sole important issue. But just when the Chinese Communists began to show real signs of accepting the line, it suddenly occurred to our negotiators that this might be a trap, and that after we agreed to this the Communists might drag out the conversations while building up reinforcements under immunity from attack. This distrust on our part was of course completely justified. But why did it take four months to occur to our negotiators? They would have started with it, if somebody had given five minutes of real thought to the matter.

The present situation reinforces the suggestion in our previous issue. All that was necessary from the

first was for our commanders to broadcast an announcement that the Chinese Communists could have a cease-fire at any time they wanted it on a few general terms. After four months of needless delay and costly wrangling, our negotiators have at long last in effect stated these terms in broad outline. They are: 1. The truce is to be made along the line of battle existing at the time the truce is signed. (We have already compromised this, however, and in doing so have reduced, not increased, the incentive for the Chinese Communists to make an early truce.) 2. An exchange of prisoners is to be made. (A little difficult if most of the Communists' American prisoners have already been murdered.) 3. Guarantees are to be given by both sides against any further build-up of forces, and mutual inspection is to insure this. (Even assuming that inspection by us will be worth much against totalitarian concealment and deceit, this last provision will work heavily in the enemy's favor—especially if Manchuria remains a "privileged sanctuary"—because of our tremendous and the enemy's negligible logistic problem.)

We return once more to the question we raised in our last issue. If our negotiators know what truce terms they want or are willing to concede, why don't they write them down in detail, in the form of a full armistice agreement? And why don't they publish them? Why, in fact, didn't they do this four months ago? If they do it now, they will immensely hasten an agreement. If they fail, they will at least prove to the world that their terms are reasonable, and that it is the Communists alone who are responsible for prolonging the conflict.

Looking through the annual reports of a few of our large manufacturing companies the other day, we came upon a juxtaposition of items that seemed extraordinarily significant. During the twelve years of its life the McDonnell Aircraft Corporation of St. Louis has paid out \$1,253,000 in dividends. The ratio of dividends paid to sales amounts to a mere fifty-five one-hundredths of 1 per cent. During the same twelve years the company plowed back into the business \$9,159,000 of

earnings. The ratio of earnings reinvested for growth to sales was 4.02 per cent.

In the light of such comparative figures, the notion entertained by many Europeans, and not a few American labor leaders, that capitalism is a way of sweating labor for the benefit of a few grasping stockholders, falls flat on its face. Indeed, the whole push of modern American capitalism is toward creating more and more new jobs under better conditions at higher pay. According to a recent article in the magazine *Steelways*, the United States Steel Corporation reports that the investment in its new Delaware Valley integrated mill means a capital outlay of \$90,000 for each worker that the mill will eventually employ. It used to be said that \$10,000 of investment capital was sufficient to put a man to work in industry. Now, for steel, it takes \$90,000! But American industry is willing to pony up that whopping sum, and the stockholder, who relinquishes dividends to enable his corporation to make huge outlays of reinvestment funds, seems willing enough to take it. In other words, despite its European critics, American capitalism might be called a system of "sweating" the security holders to provide more and more workers with the most expensive and efficient tools. Of course the common stockholder benefits from this, for it increases his equity in American business. But the equity is dependent on giving more workers a chance to work.

Have you ever heard of the Collective Measures Committee of the UN? Do you know what it has been up to? If you are curious about the subject, we would advise you to read Item 18 of the Agenda of the Sixth Regular Session of the UN General Assembly. Item 18 would set up an Executive Military Authority under the UN, with responsibility vested in this Authority to handle the "strategic direction and control" of all military operations undertaken by UN decision. In other words, an international army and an international high command. It might be argued that collective action by the UN implies the creation of an international high command. But the Soviet Union is a member of UN. Can you see the Soviet member of the Executive Military Authority of the UN supporting UN warfare on a Soviet stooge power in the event of further Koreas?

What the peoples of the world have not reckoned with is that "collective measures" can not be taken by a body whose sovereignty is made inoperative by the veto of any one of its members. Not that we would wish to see the United States surrender any part of its sovereignty to such a moral monstrosity as even a veto-less UN. We are all for promoting a European federation, provided it could be based on a guaranteed recognition of the inalienable rights of the individual, plus a specified enumeration of the reserved rights and powers of the constitutive states. But no organiza-

tion set up on the UN model could possibly be transformed into such a federation. Its supporters simply do not believe that human beings have rights that are superior and antecedent to government. A successful UN would be the Statist capstone of a Statist world, and individuals everywhere would be mulcted of the few remaining rights that they have managed in the face of Leviathan to maintain.

Note on Soviet Charity: President Auriol of France, in opening the UN assembly, called for the use of all media of information to publicize such humanitarian UN works as that of the International Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF), which has given help to some 20,000,000 children in the last five years. On the Executive Board of UNICEF sits a representative of the Soviet Union, participating in the allocation of its funds, about nine-tenths of which are provided by the American taxpayers. The USSR does not contribute a plugged ruble, and neither does any of its puppets. How about using some of those media of information to tell the parents of ill and needy children that the USSR, for all its humanitarian pretensions, is willing to do nothing for them beyond playing a strictly political role in the distribution of other people's money? This is an old Soviet custom, and the U. S. Congress should take note of it. When President Truman puts in his promised request for \$12,000,000 for UNICEF, Congress should make its grant conditional on the exclusion of the USSR from the UNICEF Executive Board.

They call it news: A recent UP dispatch from London quoted a Netherlands newspaper as authority for the story that Stalin is suffering from hardening of the heart. Just an occupational disease—and what's news is that he has managed to survive for seventy-two years.

All over the land there is a ferment brewing. It springs from the natural concern of parents over the education of their children. A group in Pasadena objects to the "*l'école, c'est moi*" attitude of a school administrator. A Citizens Committee in Scarsdale takes issue with local PTAs for their apparent bias in favor of speakers with leftist records. The panjandrums of the National Education Association growl back that ignorant people are laying rude hands on mysteries they should not be permitted to defile. To the NEA we say: "Pish and tush. The parent has every right to be interested in what teachers are doing. And critics, whether laymen or not, have every right to criticize."

All of which brings us to this issue of the *Freeman* and its relation to the ferment that is brewing in the land. We have assembled what we think are some excellent articles on contemporary education. They may be useful to those involved in other controversies than the ones that have come to a head in Pasadena and Scarsdale.

“Welfare” to Socialism to Communism

IN HER column in the *New York World-Telegram* of November 1, under the head “Mis-labeled Facts,” Eleanor Roosevelt quoted from a pamphlet published by the Foundation for Economic Education (of which the present writer happens to be a trustee). The quotation was: “The welfare state is a name that has been substituted as a more acceptable one for communism-socialism wherever, as in the United States, these names are in general disrepute.”

“Much that appears in this pamphlet,” comments Mrs. Roosevelt, “is dishonest in its thinking. In the first place, the mere tying together of communism and socialism is dishonest. They are two quite different things. . . . We can have opinions as to whether all the things that have been done . . . under the name of ‘welfare state’ are wise economic measures. However, that does not make us Communist or Socialist.”

Mrs. Roosevelt frequently affects to deplore the “smear” technique. Yet she begins her criticism of an idea with which she disagrees by calling it dishonest. This is what logicians have known for centuries as the *argumentum ad hominem*. It is an attack, not on the merits of an idea, but on the character and motives of those who advance it. Such an attack not only lowers the level of debate, but is irrelevant to the real question, which is whether or not the idea is true.

If there is any charge of dishonesty or deliberate mislabeling to be brought, in fact, it might much more justifiably be lodged against those who deny that there is any connection between the welfare state and socialism, or between socialism and communism. But I prefer to believe that their denial springs in most cases from simple lack of knowledge and confusion of thought.

So far as I have been able to determine, the notion of the “welfare state” had its origin in Germany. In 1881 Bismarck, in introducing his first social security bill, declared that the task of government “is to further, positively, by means of government funds, the welfare of all its citizens.” There soon sprang up among the German Socialists the concept of the *Wohlfahrtstaat*—the Welfare State.

Let us skip now to February 19, 1949, when Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, in a speech at Occidental College, Los Angeles, according to next day’s *New York Times* lumped “laissez-faire economics with communism and fascism in essential denial of human rights.” (No hesitation here, you will notice, in lumping together exact opposites—the espousal of economic liberty and the espousal of economic serfdom—as if they came to the same thing.) “The sound direction of the counter-movement to communism in the democracies,” continued Justice Douglas triumphantly, “has already been marked. It is the creation of a

human welfare state—the great political invention of the twentieth century.”

Then on March 20, 1949, in the leading article in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, Britain’s Barbara Ward developed the thesis that “In the last four years, the most important single feature on the British scene has been the creation not of the Socialist State but of the Welfare State. So far,” she argued, “nationalization has touched only a tiny fragment of the economy.” Tiny indeed. All that had been nationalized was coal, the railroads, civil aviation, telephone, telegraph, gas and electricity service, the Bank of England and new housing! Through practically any one of these major industries (not to speak of its exchange control) the Labor government could control the whole economy of England. To argue that nationalization is unimportant in Britain because it exists only in the strategic industries is like arguing that Stalin is unimportant in Russia because he constitutes so small a percentage of its total population.

To continue our history, a curious thing happened. The seductive phrase “the welfare state” was taken up by its advocates as a substitute for “socialism,” which was falling into disrepute. But the new phrase itself fell so quickly into disrepute that in a few months it began to be used as a term of derision. And this led Governor Dewey, who was completely unacquainted with its origin, to say in a lecture at Princeton on February 9, 1950 that “it must have been some very clumsy Republican” who tried to pin the label “welfare state” on the Truman Administration.

The “welfare state,” in short, has come to mean in practice the socialist state plus the handout state plus the controlist state.

And “government planning” also means socialism. As Lionel Robbins pointed out succinctly seventeen years ago in “The Great Depression,” planning, “if it were to be true to its name, could not acknowledge the substance of ownership, the right of individual disposal of the actual instruments of production. For ‘Planning’ involves central control. And central control excludes the right of individual disposal. Nothing but intellectual confusion can result from a failure to realize that Planning and Socialism are fundamentally the same.”

At this point, also, it may be just as well to point out that interventionism, semi-planning, or what is popularly known as a middle-of-the-road policy, also leads by a series of steps and consequences to socialism. But I will not trace the logical economic and political progression here, because it has already been so well done in a pamphlet by Ludwig von Mises.¹

¹ “Middle-of-the-Road Policy Leads to Socialism,” Consumers-Producers Economic Service, 99 West 163 St., South Holland, Illinois, 25 cents.

And finally, we must go on to point out that socialism and communism are fundamentally the same. Karl Marx, from whom both Socialists and Communists claim spiritual descent, used the terms interchangeably. Hitler called his party the National *Socialists*. The Russian Communists constantly boast today of the achievements of their "socialism." They call their country, in fact, the USSR—the Union of Soviet *Socialist Republics*.

Russia is the ghastly symbol of what happens to human liberty when socialism becomes complete, and not merely partial as it is in England, France, Norway and Sweden. The results shock naive "democratic" Socialists, and ex-Communists like Arthur Koestler, who repudiate the Russian brand of socialism and deny that it is socialism at all. They label it "state capitalism," forgetting that, on their own definitions, "state capitalism" is a contradiction in terms, like speaking of a triangular circle. "Capitalism" means *private* ownership of the means of production, and socialism means government ownership of the means of production.

What has happened in Russia, China and Yugoslavia is not some hideous betrayal of socialism; it is its consummation and inevitable end-product.

Government ownership of all industries means government control of all jobs. And "control over a man's subsistence," as Alexander Hamilton recognized long ago, "amounts to a control over his will." To deprive men of economic freedom is to deprive them of all freedom whatever.

In short, the differences between the welfare state and socialism, and between socialism and communism, are not differences of kind but merely of extent and degree. They grow inevitably out of each other as the frog grows out of the tadpole and the tadpole out of the egg.

HENRY HAZLITT

Means to No Ends

IN OUR lifetime we have witnessed the rise of two educational "revolutions." They may be described, respectively, as "learning by doing" and learning by recourse to "the great books." The name of John Dewey is indelibly associated with the first concept; the name of Robert Maynard Hutchins with the second.

Gallons of ink have been spilled in the war between partisans of the Deweyite, or "progressive," educational system and the promoters of the Hutchins idea, which goes back to an honors course once taught by John Erskine at Columbia University. But the very fact that there has been war between the two schools of thought is testimony to the shortcomings and the final failure of each. Why, indeed, should Dewey and Hutchins be opposed to each other? Isn't "learning by doing" part of any good educational process? Isn't it the mark of the well-educated man, even of the well-educated "doer," that he have more than a nodding acquaint-

ance with at least some of the "great books"? Learning, it has always seemed to us, is a double process; it proceeds by a mixed recourse to both theory and practice. Thoreau once complained that one could learn more about sailing a boat by going out on Boston Harbor than by taking courses in navigation at Harvard College. But the good helmsman is one who knows both the feeling of the tiller and the general theories of winds and tides.

This issue of the *Freeman* is mainly devoted to the failure of American education. One of the things that leap from a consideration of the issue as a whole is that American education has been ruined by those who have tried to make techniques serve for systems. We have forever been seeking to answer the "how" of things, not the "why." Method has been substituted for substance, means have all but obliterated any consideration of ends. This criticism applies to the Hutchins faction as well as the Dewey faction, for the mere reading of a list of "great books" does not guarantee that the wheat in the classics shall be separated from the chaff.

Far from being men of broad generalizing power, our educational theorists have on the whole tended to be rather narrow fanatics. They have mistaken the part for the whole; they have held a distorted and incredibly one-sided view of man. And, simply because they have not been "whole men" in themselves, they have weakened the American school system to the point where it can be easily infiltrated by political revolutionists who know what they want and are not queasy about the methods they use to achieve their ends. The vacuum of faith is always filled by those who have the strongest will to believe and to preach.

The Deweyite who concentrates solely on learning as a "process" fails to comprehend that "process" has no meaning apart from the question of direction. Process toward what? "Experience" for its own sake may pay dividends in the immediate enjoyment of sensation. But concentration on the "experimental" nature of education is apt to plunge the unwary student into a Sargasso Sea of the emotions. To be of value, the repetition of any set of experiences must yield a body of pertinent generalizations. Naturally, all generalizations are subject to correction and change, but that is no reason to dispense with them as starting points in education.

The "great books" are, of course, the repositories of many funded generalizations. But, in justice to the Deweyite, certain "great books" contain their own share of palpable nonsense. Plato, for instance, must be listed in any curriculum of "greats." But the reader who trusts Plato's generalizations about human nature and the State will end up as a Nazi. The ideas in the "great books" most assuredly must be put to the test of historical experience, or of the market place.

It is not by accident that the capstone article of this issue of the *Freeman* is called "Natural Law and the Campus." The end of education should be the discovery of truth — i.e., the discovery of the

laws that govern action, including human action. If we are not subject to natural law, then there can be no guideposts and no real reason to pursue knowledge. It does not require an education to live in a universe where all things go by chance or whim. If "anything goes," why waste time listening to professors? Their opinion, in such case, is no better than that of the meanest illiterate.

What we would like to see is an end to the warfare over educational methods. All the methods are useful. The textbook should be supplemented with the field trip; the ukase from the platform should be tested by the experiment in the laboratory, or in the "work period" away from school; the lecture should be balanced by the Socratic discussion. But of what import are the various methods of learning if learning itself has no substance, no corpus of laws, no end? The business of American educators is to seek to establish the nature of man and the universe, and to make a valiant try at formulating the laws that govern each. This means that the campus can not be satisfied with the easy idea that all things are "relative," or that there are no final answers in ethics, morals, economics and philosophy. Certainty may elude us, but if we do not try eternally for certainty there is no point to education, and no need to spend money in sending our boys and girls to school.

Truman Deals Four Aces

THE DEVIL, as all the better theologians have always maintained, is essentially stupid—which might explain why Mr. Vishinsky laughed off Mr. Truman's "Arms-Cut Proposal." But alas, the Devil is also clever enough to recover from his stupidities; and so Vishinsky might yet return to Truman's astonishing offer.

That Stalin momentarily refused to play the tremendous trumps which the State Department so clumsily dealt him, may indeed have been an ordinary blunder. But there may have been a much more cunning calculation behind Vishinsky's thumbs-down than our heartbroken diplomats are willing to credit him with. And Mr. Eden's pathetically begging response to Vishinsky's Caliban act may provide the clue: Encouraged by that irrepressible Western yen for a conciliatory Soviet gesture, Stalin may have resolved to let us first pay an extra fee for his gracious willingness to do us in.

It is, in fact, impossible that Vishinsky's giggle at Truman's preposterous plan should remain Stalin's last word on the subject. The offer is too tempting. Truman has submitted an approximately perfect plot for an international con game in the grandest style and Stalin, were he to buy it, could throw the armament race.

Nothing, ever, has more frighteningly indicated the creeping paralysis of this nation's articulate intelligence than the unanimously good press the

State Department's latest Micawberism has received. Not a single newspaper has dared to question the essential premise of Mr. Truman's plan—that "international armament inspectors" can be trusted with the protection of our national interest.

For this is the nub of Truman's proposal: If all participants in the race were to agree on international census and control of national armaments, the United States would agree to gradual disarmament. And this uncommon nonsense can nowadays be sold to the country as good old Common Sense.

Now the idea of inspection has a long history of unmitigated failure. After the first World War, the Central Powers were subject to precisely the sort of international control Mr. Truman now prescribes as the newest cure-all. And the world's literature contains no chapter of more ribald fraud than the story of how Germany not just outsmarted but downright hamstrung the Allied Control Commissions. What qualified the Germans for such stunning deceit was not their particular shrewdness but their particular political system.

The crux of the matter was even then, many years before Hitler took power, that no effective opposition party existed in "controlled" Germany. But without an indigenous opposition, effectively observing and disclosing the most hidden motions in the national structure, international inspectors may just as well drink their tea at home. One *Chicago Tribune*, raising hell with the most innocuous Administration scheme and not giving a damn if this be called "treason," is a greater safeguard against possible American armament tricks than whole battalions of foreign inspectors. Contrariwise, semi-democratic Germany could hoodwink the smart Allied Commissioners for the simple reason that German public opinion was terrorized by the mere idea of airing secret armament.

If this was true for the Germany of the twenties (and the story has been told in innumerable books, some of them elementary enough to be understood in the White House), it is a thousand times more true of the Soviet police state. Suppose tens of thousands of competent American, British and French "inspectors" could be dispatched to Comrade Beria's realm; suppose, furthermore, the Soviet veto in the supervising UN would not interfere with their assignment; and suppose, finally, Beria granted those "inspectors" unimpeded freedom of movement; the poor beggars would still die of frustration.

For international inspection just can not work on the territory of a big country if its inhabitants live in fear of their own government. The target of international inspection is, by definition, the possible trickery of a national government itself. By the same definition, the only conceivable source of revealing information is the watchful private citizen. But unless he were put in hypnotic trance, even Mr. Micawber would not expect people under NKVD jurisdiction to supply foreigners with data on secret Soviet armament.

Mutual armament inspection, in other words, presupposes comparable political systems in the nations concerned. To imply that in a totalitarian police state "international inspectors" could unearth, let alone conclusively prove, illegal tricks of the monolithic government itself, is to lie brazenly. Where there is no national opposition, operating in unrestricted freedom, there can be no international armament control—and not even his most ruthless opponents would deem Mr. Truman incapable of such elementary reasoning. Why, then, has he advanced his amazing plan?

Was he (reportedly a mean poker player) betting on the other guy's stupidity? In that case, his General Vaughan (another poker whiz) should have reminded him of one of the basic rules of the game as it is played in Missouri: To win with a pair of nines, make awfully sure that you have not dealt the other guy four aces. And unless Stalin has lost his eyesight he will soon realize that this is just the hand Truman has dealt him.

From here on, the bidding becomes pretty predictable. First, Stalin coyly passes. Then Eden raises moderately, just to egg the reluctant Georgian into biting at all. Then Truman adds a few chips—say, admitting Mao into the supervising UN agencies. And then Stalin graciously permits Truman to show his hand. It's still a pair of nines. Whereupon Stalin uncovers these four aces:

1. While America is an open book to foreign armament inspectors, Soviet Russia is safe from their scrutiny even if they were treated, to quote Gilbert & Sullivan, "most politely, most politely."

2. The supervised census of ready arms is to be followed by proportionately equal cuts of all military establishments. But a reduction of, say, 50 per cent in the armed forces of the West would mean total impotence, while one-half of the present Soviet forces would still be more than sufficient to crush a practically disarmed West.

3. If, after substantial cut-backs had been realized, the formal control agreements were to cave in, Russia's militarized economy could resume full-speed armament production many times faster than the civilian American economy (which needs two years just for tooling up).

4. Once both sides have effectively scrapped their atomic bombs, even the strongest non-atomic mobilization effort of the West could not begin to match the mobilized impact of 800 million ruthlessly herded people in the Soviet bloc. As Mr. Churchill so convincingly proved while his wisdom was not yet curbed by the somewhat shabby considerations of governmental tactics, the atom bomb in American hands is the sole protection of the West.

It is precisely this stupendous combination of trumps that makes Stalin monopolize the "peace" slogan. The failure of all Western "peace" campaigns is by no means due to the West's alleged lack of propagandistic savvy. Given the tragic dilemma of the epoch—a burning fanaticism for con-

quest on the one side, and a desperate desire for nothing but quiet on the other—any disarmament talk must of necessity benefit the aggressor. In our mouth, it is bound to sound either insincere or, if we really mean it, so suicidal that it passes all comprehension. In either case, our "peace" propaganda must flop.

In the face of these decisive facts, the Truman Administration has atrophied to a stammering imitation of Father Divine. But in all fairness to this astute Harlem businessman, he knows much better than the State Department. Lately, while still mumbling his "Peace, It's Wonderful!" Father Divine, we are informed, admitted having inspired the development of the H-Bomb. Surely, a person of Father Divine's acumen would not even talk disarmament so long as half of the world's manpower is in Stalin's service. And, as a resourceful poker player, he would not have dealt Stalin all four aces.

Unfortunately, the present fountainhead of American policy is not altogether like Father Divine. Rather, it is a cross-breed of Father Divine and Mr. Micawber—half "Peace, It's Wonderful!" and half "Uncle Joe Is A Nice Guy!" No weirder mixture has been known in history. Whether America—even America—is healthy enough to gulp that eccentric concoction and stay alive, is increasingly doubtful.

Pushing the Sphinx

AT THE Republican Convention of 1948 Senator (then Governor) James H. Duff of Pennsylvania and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts worked arduously to make Arthur Vandenberg the Republican standard bearer. They were licked by the forces of Tom Dewey, who subsequently lost the election. Now Dewey has joined forces with Duff and Lodge to support Ike Eisenhower. Whether a coalition of losers can produce a winning combination in the 1952 convention is conjectural; all that can positively be said at the moment is that Robert A. Taft is running strong, and it will be difficult for a group of chronic losers to head him off.

We don't know enough about Eisenhower's philosophy on domestic matters, or about his stand on the Far East, to be for him or against him on these points. But there is one disquieting thing about General Ike as a candidate, aside from his identification with certain phases of the Truman foreign policy. That one thing is the passionate will of certain Republicans to draft a man whose opinions on all the important questions of State Welfarism—or Illfarism—are virtually unknown. A professional Sphinx might turn out to be a good President, once he has had a chance to get some ideas. But it is hardly a reassuring phenomenon that Sphinxes should be preferred to known quantities at a Presidential convention.

The Failure of American Education

By MORTIMER SMITH

In the following article the author of "And Madly Teach" examines organized education in the United States and explains why it is found wanting.

AS Horace Mann's optimistic dream of the boon of universal education turns out to be slightly nightmarish, and as the reforms of the great experimentalists who followed in the wake of John Dewey seem to bear somewhat less than beneficent fruits in individual and social action, a lot of intrepid Americans are plunging into the miasmal swamp of educational discussion. The going is sticky but necessity often inspires fortitude, and necessity is upon us. We are faced with the need for a reexamination of the premises and accomplishments of American education.

When the discussion takes the form of criticism the professional pedagogues are apt to scoff at the critics as middle-aged fogies with nostalgic yearnings for the supposedly better days, reactionaries who think the way they were taught in the third grade by old Miss Phillpots represents an educational technique never since surpassed. I am inclined to think the pedagogues are misreading the signs of the times, wilfully or wishfully. It seems to me that the current discontent comes largely from people who are not philosophical Victorians; it comes from worried, even frightened, parents; it comes from employers, teachers in the field, even from some of the professional pedagogues themselves, who are beginning to suspect that modern education is not entirely successful in its task of producing individuals prepared to live in the world and fit to live with themselves.

Complaints are heard on every side that our schools are doing a poor job of transmitting to pupils Pestalozzi's disciplines of "word, number and form," a complaint that seems amply borne out by the startling number of "remedial" courses in reading, spelling and grammar which are now cropping up in the curricula of high schools and even colleges. The so-called social studies seem to be so emasculating geography and history that many students are ignorant of the fundamental factual knowledge of the physical world and the origin of political ideas that is necessary for an understanding of their society. The moral tone of organized education doesn't seem to be too high, either, to judge from such evidence as the present athletic scandals which affect not only proletarian city colleges but mossy, hallowed institutions like West Point and William and Mary.

The schools, of course, exist in a particular cultural climate and trim their sails to the prevailing

winds. The pragmatist viewpoint which has colored American life and thought for the past fifty years is the dominant philosophy among schoolmen today and must be held accountable for many of the conditions which the critics are deploring. The early experimentalist-instrumentalist-pragmatist reformers made useful contributions to pedagogical theory. They introduced, or rather rediscovered, the idea of humaneness in education, that is, the idea that children should be treated with kindness and consideration, that cuffing them around and smacking them over the knuckles with rulers isn't a sure-fire method of imparting knowledge; they insisted on the child's need to live a happy and expressive life in the present as well as in some remote future; and they emphasized action, the attempt to relate thinking and doing, the mental and the physical. But these happy incidental insights were unaccompanied by any clear-cut conception of the ends of education. Under the impact of pragmatist thought American education is concerned largely with means and has only the foggiest notion of ends; it has become, in Sir Richard Livingstone's phrase, "an ample body with a meager soul."

Pragmatism—and Chaos

Pragmatism assumes that the truth of an idea is to be judged by its effectiveness, that what works satisfactorily is "true value." But how can anything be described as "effective" or "satisfactory" except in terms of value-judgments—which the pragmatist is loath to make? If we are going to agree with Dewey's contention that the process of experience is more important than any special results obtained, that the essence of education is undefined "growth"—"vital energy seeking opportunity for effective exercise"—then why shouldn't Stalin's desire for effective exercise of his will to power be counted as satisfactory and desirable? One does not have to be an absolutist to see that an education which relies solely on method and ignores values is bound to be indiscriminate and miscellaneous, even trivial. Unless the school curriculum is based on values (which may very well be subject to modification) we shall fall into the error, as Robert Hutchins has said, of holding "that nothing is any more important than anything else, that there can be no order of goods and no order in the intellectual realm."

Traditional education had its faults but it was based on a clear concept of man as a rational being and it did believe that all men have need of a liberalizing and humanizing education. The pragmatists seem to be saying that all activity is of equal value,

that courses in cooking or embalming are as important as courses in history or philosophy, or in other words, that training in skills and education are the same thing. The current slogan, "the democratic right of all to education," expresses a pretty ideal but all too often it is interpreted to mean the right to *some* kind of education. But if we believe that education must deal with ideas and form ideals, if we believe that standards and values for today's world are evolved from knowledge of the whole of man's progress through history—if we believe this, then education is the need of everyone. The obvious circumstance that everyone does not have the same capacities for learning and judgment poses, of course, a difficult problem in teaching techniques, but the issue will not be met by shoving those not easily educable into courses in training. As long as American education continues this we shall continue to produce individuals who find their own minds unpleasant places in which to spend their leisure.

If the pragmatic bias has produced chaos in the school curriculum it has created equal confusion about the social purpose of education. If social purpose can be defined in the words of T. S. Eliot as "something discernible in the mind and temperament of the people as a whole, something arising out of its common *ethos*," what can we say have been the discernible social aims of the American people, what social purpose can we say they expect their schools to advance? I think it is not too great a generalization to say that the larger part of conscious social thought in nineteenth-century America, based on general principles arising from the Judaic-Graeco-Christian conception of the nature of man, felt that the good society was evolved from the association of free men making conscious moral choices; the social purpose of education, therefore, was to prepare and guide individuals for making right choices in the light of general principles.

The great revolution of the past fifty years has consisted in a turning away from unifying principles and ideals; the pragmatic-scientific view of life and social purpose says there are no general principles which can guide us in making right choices. In this view there are no such things as right choices, for they would involve fixed standards which the pragmatist rejects. As such a view more and more colors our educational system, vast numbers of young people approach social questions not as problems to be solved by reference to principles, but by pragmatic testing, to determine not what is right but what is expedient. The result inevitably is that moral neutrality which, like a noxious gas, today pervades every corner of American life.

Schools for Robots

There is another way in which education reflects the spirit of the times. We are living in a time when a liberalism based on the widest possible free exercise of individual energy is increasingly out of favor. Many educators subscribe to the theory that this kind of traditional American liberalism is anti-

social; according to them the "democratic way of life" can not be realized by voluntary cooperation but only through coercive state planning.

This point of view among our educators is more widespread than you might think. The American Association of School Administrators, a department of the National Education Association, is probably the most important and representative group of public schoolmen in this country. They have some amazing things to say in their "Twenty-Fifth Year-book" (1947). The unavoidable choice in education, they tell us, "is between the primacy of the individual and the society of which he is a part." The primacy of the individual is not something they find desirable; it seems that the community "is a primary and an ultimate functional entity—an end in itself," therefore the education of the individual must be a preparation "for the realization of his best self in the higher loyalty of serving the basic ideals and aims of our society." The schoolmen realize that such a conception of education calls for "a vast stepping up of the functions of government on all levels." Do they also realize what a fine Hegelian deification of the State they are advocating?

On a less official level there has long been in this country an influential group of educators who advocate using the schools for indoctrination on behalf of "the planned democratic society." The leaders in this movement, men like George S. Counts, Harold Rugg and William H. Kilpatrick, may be a little vague in their prescriptions for the new Utopia but they all face up to the fact that it involves the coercive power of government. One would hesitate to quote the following statement of Kilpatrick's, made as long ago as 1934, if there were any indication that his subsequent position had changed:

A fundamental remaking of our economic system seems necessary so that men shall no longer be compelled to work against each other but may rather be permitted and encouraged—and if a recalcitrant minority requires it, be compelled—to cooperate for the common good.

The current mistrust of freedom and individual action is already worrying the leaders of private schools and colleges who can't help feeling that their institutions have a precarious, permissive existence. The public statements of these leaders begin to take on a defensive tone; like a lot of other Americans these days they are uncertain of what their government may do to them. As in England, there is present in this country a feeling that education for the planned democratic society is too important to be left to the whims of independent institutions. No matter how good-willed the planners, they realize that no over-all plan can succeed if dissidents are allowed to function freely.

A third contemporary bias affecting education is the fetish of professionalism. We live surrounded by experts—political, economic, educational—who have erected their specialties into esoteric sciences whose mysteries can be penetrated only by trained practitioners. I want to speak here of this profes-

sionalism particularly as it affects the public school system, for it is in public education that it is most rampant and most dangerous.

Innumerable well-intentioned laymen, impressed by fervid pleas for citizens' participation in school matters, have got themselves elected to school boards and have imagined, innocently, that now they would have a chance to make some small contribution to the improvement of educational standards. Invariably such persons are rudely awakened to the facts of life in the educational world. They soon learn that their principal function is to be that of business managers of a plant, not judges of educational philosophy. Our old friends of the American Association of School Administrators, quoted above, say that a member of a board of education is no more competent to pass judgment on curriculum planning or efficiency of teaching "than the patient's family can pass on the scientific details of the doctor's treatment." The NEA says a school board should rely upon the superintendent and his staff "for information and guidance as to the desirable purposes and scope of education."

The Superprofessional Racket

The schools of education and the teachers' colleges, aided and abetted by the NEA, constitute a closed union in public school education. They have lobbied their point of view in every state legislature in the country so that now it is almost impossible for a teacher to be certified who has not been through their educational mill. State departments of education (manned exclusively by these brethren) have persuaded and coerced local boards into basing advancement in the system on further study in the schools of education. These people put out by far the greatest number of textbooks used in the schools. Thus is the educational bureaucracy established *in perpetuum*. The sad truth is that in most cities and towns in the United States the philosophy of education is determined not by the citizens who own and support the schools but by a close-knit union of superprofessionals over whom the citizens have not even indirect control.

In view of the almost universal dominance of these superprofessionals one may well ask: are their institutions any good? Of course one can find in these schools professors of ability, occasionally even scholars who are teaching solid subject matter, but by far the major part of the curriculum is devoted to methods, that is, *how* to teach, and to labored sociological and educational "research" into problems that aren't worth investigation or are easily solved by the application of a little common sense. Over twenty years ago Abraham Flexner painted a vivid picture of the anti-cultural basis of instruction in these schools and the trivialities of their course matter; and recent commentators such as Harold L. Clapp, Francis Hayes and Albert Lynd have shown that the quality and content of this instruction has gone from bad to worse. The result is that graduates of decent liberal arts col-

leges refuse to go into public school teaching if the only avenue to such work is through the intellectually disreputable schools of education. As Professor Isabel Stephens of Wellesley has said, many of these young people believe that "they must qualify for public school jobs in a way that seems to them absurd."

The professionals react to criticism in the way threatened monopolists always react; they make almost no attempts at rational defense of their system but call their critics names, in this case reactionaries, crackpots, and enemies of the schools. Let any group of laymen whose interest in education goes beyond a docile acceptance of the official line venture criticism of the schools, and the pandrums of the NEA and the teachers' colleges descend on them with shrill cries of outrage. Nothing annoys the educators more than the assumption that the educational system belongs to the people who support it.

To sum up, these are the most widespread current complaints about American education: 1) Its concern with means and techniques and its neglect of values and ends defeats both the personal and social aims of true education. 2) It tends, as our society moves from an individualistic to a collectivist philosophy, to lay less stress on producing the good individual and more on producing the citizen-robot. 3) It suffers from the fetish of professionalism, the attempt to transform the art of schooling into a pseudo-science.

What can the ordinary citizen who is disturbed by these trends do about it? For one thing, he can despair and mumble vaguely about the inevitability of change being writ large in the affairs of men and that not all our piety and wit will cancel half a line. But there is also an American tradition of flying in the face of the inevitable. Although it may have a corrosive effect on his temperament the ordinary citizen can become a gadfly; and a lot of stinging gadflies together could raise some large welts on the hide of American education.

Eastward, Ho!

A touching incident was reported by the *Daily Worker* in a dispatch of October 8 from Moscow. It seems that a reception was given to an American "progressive" youth group by the people of Stalin-grad. A six-year-old girl named Lena ran over to Charles White, the group's chairman, and asked why Paul Robeson had not come along. Little Lena was disturbed about the persecution of "progressive" elements in the United States and our government's refusal to grant Robeson a passport.

Quite advanced, these Soviet youngsters! At the age of four, they sign the Stockholm petition. At five, they sign resolutions in support of the Chinese volunteer fighters in Korea. At six, they worry about Robeson's fate in capitalist America. At seven, they are sent to Siberia on charges of anti-Marxist deviation.

ARGUS

Foundations and Superstructure

A Comment on the British Elections

By F. A. VOIGT

LONDON

THE "less than vermin" who are not worth "a tinker's cuss" have driven the Socialist administration out of office. They have, in the space of little more than six years, reduced the Socialist majority of 186 to a minority of 36 and have themselves achieved a majority of 18 over all other parties.

This majority is small, but it does not follow that the new government will be unstable or that its life will be short. In any case, the oncoming financial crisis and the immediate menace to our security in the Near and Middle East demand swift and drastic action. It will be better to risk unpopularity by doing what must be done than to court popularity by leaving it undone. Better a good government with a short life than a bad government with a long life. Unpopular measures may, if justified by results, lead to greater popularity in the end.

What were our elections really about? They were not a fight between "progressives" and "reactionaries," for there are no "reactionaries" in this country. Both parties wanted to *conserve*—the Conservatives the foundations of our greatness, the Socialists the superstructure.

The Welfare State is a superstructure. Under the Socialist government it was enlarged until it became too heavy for foundations weakened by two world wars; by the decline of faith in country, Empire, and the glory of individual enterprise; by the spread of superstitious belief in the potency of cosmopolitan abstractions to provide easy solutions for intractable problems; by the decline in the art of statecraft of which the English were once the greatest masters; by the loss of overseas investments, and, finally, by the reckless overspending which the Welfare State itself exacted at a time when the severest economies were the primary need.

Instead of living well within our means so as to build up reserves for the future, we borrowed and we lived far beyond our means because our government cared more for the superstructure than for the foundations. It accepted American aid not for the purpose of consolidating the foundations but for the illicit purpose of enlarging the superstructure.

This is what the elections were about. Half the country wanted to save the superstructure, the other half the foundations.

The atmosphere was charged with hatred. I have witnessed many elections in many countries and have voted many times in my own. I have witnessed electoral campaigns that were stigmatized by official terrorism and private violence, both organized

and unorganized. But I have never witnessed deeper feeling—a feeling which, as a voter, I shared to the full though I live in a village where, as a rule, placidity prevails.

There was hatred on both sides. It was not, of course, felt by all, or even by most—it never is. But it was felt by millions.

The hatred felt for the Conservatives was largely traditional and conventional. There was little if any hatred for Mr. Churchill and none for Mr. Eden. The Conservatives were hated for what they stood for, or were believed to stand for. It was a class hatred, exacerbated by verbal and graphic caricature and by reminders and memories of vast unemployment before the war.

The hatred on the other side was not a matter of *class*, not at all! It was antipathy for a certain administration and for certain people, for their words and deeds, even for their faces, antipathy that spread steadily during the six years and gathered weight from the concern which in many hearts reached the point of anguish for the country's future. This emotion it was that imparted the impetus which carried the Conservatives to victory.

IT SEEMS to me that the achievement, not so much of the Conservative Party, but of half the nation has been underrated overseas.

Let us consider the odds. The Socialist Party and the trade unions make up by far the biggest, the wealthiest, and the most powerful political combination in the country. It may be that in the end this combination will destroy itself, though that end, if it comes at all, is a long way off. Ultimately, the despotic power which is inseparable from full socialism is incompatible with the existence of an independent trade union movement. The combination was clinched by the Webbs during the first World War (it passed almost unobserved at the time). It may be that the Webbs did the trade unions, which until then had not been specifically socialistic, irreparable injury (these two molelike theorists who burrowed so assiduously to entomb the British Empire were, in the end, rewarded by a grateful nation which entombed them in Westminster Abbey). Even our own experience during the last six years began to show that organized labor is best served when the trade unions are independent of fixed political affiliations, as in the United States.¹

The means at the disposal of the Conservative

¹ It would seem that our unions are aware of this, for the Trade Union Congress has just declared its willingness to work amicably with the Conservative government (London Times, November 1, 1951)

Party enable it to conduct an intense campaign only during the few weeks that precede an election. The Socialist Party and the trade unions conduct a permanent political, amounting to an electoral, campaign through the power, the wealth and the comprehensiveness of their organization.

The Socialists offered the electorate tangible advantages. They could say, and not untruthfully, that the benefits of the Welfare State are in danger. In no circumstances can the Welfare State continue in its present form. But the Socialists could argue that these benefits would be more likely to endure under a Socialist than under a Conservative administration—as indeed they might, for a time and at rapidly growing peril.

Not that there is any question of abolishing the Welfare State as such, even if there are a few Conservatives—and, for that matter, a few Liberals as well as a few belonging to no party—who have grown extremely critical of the very conception that underlies the Welfare State.

The Conservatives did not, and could not, promise “better times.” They had to recognize, and Mr. Churchill did so publicly, that “hard times” were ahead. The Socialists promised that “good times” would continue if the Conservatives were defeated.

This was the primary and the most effective Socialist contention. In a country which has become skeptical about everything said, written, or broadcast by anybody, present and tangible benefits will always appear preferable to the uncertainties of a problematic future.

SECONDARY, but by no means ineffective, was the charge of “warmongering” made by the Socialists. There are no “warmongers” in this country and, even if there were, they would be less dangerous than the “peacemongers.” It was the “peacemongers” who made the second World War certain when it could easily have been averted by timely action against the Third Reich. No one familiar with the facts can honestly doubt that if the advice of Mr. Churchill had been taken in the early thirties, there would have been no second World War. Now, as then, it is the “peacemongers” who are increasing the danger of war by their campaign against rearmament.

Perhaps the Conservatives could have made the countercharge of “peacemongering,” but it is not one that lends itself to slogans. It demands a certain amount of explanation unsuited to the atmosphere of an electoral campaign. It is not obvious enough—though true enough!

The charge of “warmongering” had been pressed silently and persistently for months beforehand, and not only by the Communists (their motives are, of course, different from those of the Socialists: they are not interested in our Welfare State but only in the Russian Welfare State; they are against war only as long as they believe Russia might lose; they will be for it as soon as they believe that Russia can win). The charge was pressed home during the campaign.

If, in making any comparisons, I except Fascists, National Socialists and Communists who, as we know, are professional liars, I must admit that I never, in any country, knew a great and responsible party that lied as our Socialist Party did on this theme of “warmongering.”

NOR HAVE I ever, in any country, known a great and responsible party display such vulgarity as our Socialist Party displayed. And I do not except the leaders. On the contrary, I place them first on my list of those to whom I offer the Order of Demerit for vulgarian proficiency. It was Mr. Bevan, when he was still a member of the government, who referred to the Conservatives, who even then represented a third of the nation, as “less than vermin.” It was Mr. Shinwell who said that they were not worth “a tinker’s cuss.” It was Mr. Stokes who referred to the splendid Anglo-Persian oil industry which has been so ignominiously surrendered, as “swag.” It was Mr. Morrison who referred to Marshal Stalin as a “bloke.”

We search the public utterances of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden, or any Conservative, whether of ministerial rank or not, for vulgarisms comparable with these.

Did they injure the Socialist cause? Not, I believe, among the Socialist mass—it is a mass (whether for good or ill), a most formidable and exceedingly solid mass (and it would be unjust not to recognize the fact that it owes much of its solidity to a certain traditional partisan loyalty). But there can be no doubt that they exacerbated the hatred they aroused among their opponents.

Socialism as such was hardly mentioned during the campaign. There was almost no talk of further nationalization. The Conservative pledge to denationalize iron and steel caused no perceptible perturbation in the ranks of organized labor. The campaign gave further proof that socialism as a doctrine is obsolete in this country.

Toward the end of my last article in the *Freeman* [June 4] I wrote that if the Conservatives “form the next government,” there will be “a new tone.” This “new tone” was struck by the first unofficial utterance I heard after the polling. I was in the village tavern when the wireless announced the Conservative victory. A farm laborer said to me, “The beer’s begun to taste better!”

On the Birth of a Son

Families when a child is born
Hope it will turn out intelligent.
I, through intelligence
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope that the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he’ll be happy all his days
And grow into a cabinet minister!

SU TUNG-PO, 1036-1101 A. D.

Slow Poison for the Young Idea

Two Educators Report on Pro-Soviet Texts

I. By FELIX WITTMER

THE OTHER day I looked at a pamphlet on "Our Stake in the Far East," which is being used in the senior class of a high school rather close to where I live, in a conservative New Jersey community. The 68-page pamphlet has appeared in the series of Oxford Social Studies Pamphlets, of the Oxford Book Company. Its author is Dr. Howard L. Hurwitz of Seward Park High School, N.Y.C.

One glance at the books and brochures which, at the end of each chapter, the author recommends for additional study, convinced me that here is another slow-poison text. Far from defending the Soviet Union openly—which would exclude the booklet from our schools these days—Dr. Hurwitz assumes the supposedly objective attitude.

Besides a number of sound works, Dr. Hurwitz recommends "The Situation in Asia," by Owen D. Lattimore and the meekly apologetic "The United States and China," by John K. Fairbank. He instructs the pupils that Jack Belden's "China Shakes the World" is "informative and stimulating," and calls "The United States and Russia," by the smooth apologist for dozens of Soviet foibles, Vera Micheles Dean, a "balanced study."

Eleanor Lattimore's "Decline of Empire in the Pacific" (American Institute of Pacific Relations, 1947), according to Dr. Hurwitz is a "useful" pamphlet (useful for whom and what?), and "India Without Fable," by Kate L. Mitchell of *Amerasia* spy case notoriety is "well worth reading." On page 36 he recommends five publications of the Institute of Pacific Relations, including the work of such "progressive" experts on Far Eastern questions as Thomas A. Bisson and Andrew Roth.

Through unpardonable omissions, Dr. Hurwitz offers to the high school youth of the nation a weirdly distorted picture of China since the Revolution. He tells his prospective pupil-readers that Sun Yat-sen accepted aid from the Soviets, but does not even refer to the Joffe-Sun agreement which emphasizes that communism is not suited to China. There is not a word about the systematic efforts of such Russian Communists as Michael Borodin and General (Galen) Bluecher to undermine, bribe and seize by force Kuomintang China.

Dr. Hurwitz tells us that Chiang was "strongly anti-Communist," but fails to explain why the rightful heir to Sun's leadership switched from pro to anti. There is no reference to Stalin's documented advice to Communists (as early as 1927) on infiltration and corruption, or to Mao's early dependence on Moscow. There is not a single word on such Russian training schools as Sun Yat-sen University, the Far Eastern University and the Training

School for Asian Revolutionaries in Vladivostok.

The author in no way even hints that there was anything peculiar in Russia's entering the war with Japan for the last six days of the world struggle; nor does he register any criticism of her taking so much loot. He merely reports that "Russia felt that these claims were no more than due compensation for the losses which she had suffered to Japan and for sacrifices made in maintaining large military forces on the Siberian border."

Dr. Hurwitz dishes up the old fantastic story (reported in the *New York Times* of December 19, 1948), according to which Nationalist China received two billion dollars in aid after V-J Day; but he does not bother to let his student-readers know that six hundred million dollars alone was charged for transporting Chiang's troops to take Japanese surrenders. He does not tell that aid in arms and ammunition amounted to only \$257,000,000, and that half a billion dollars worth of Lend-Lease arms and ammunition, charged to China, was destroyed in India after V-J Day.

There is not a word on the Marshall mission of 1946 to make the pupils understand that, by threat of economic reprisals, Chiang was forced into a truce with the beleaguered Communist armies, which permitted the Moscow stooge forces to slip out of the trap. Dr. Hurwitz writes as if there had been no *Amerasia* spy case, nor any infiltration of our State Department by the IPR clique. There is no indication in this perilously fuzzy booklet that Moscow's policy was cleverly supported by such "American" outfits as the Institute of Pacific Relations, American Friends of the Chinese People, Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy, Committee to Aid Chinese Trade Unions, and Committee to Save Spain and China.

The author does not inform his youthful readers that David J. Dallin has written the enlightening "Soviet Russia and the Far East"; nor does he seem to hold it necessary to let them know that the militant ex-Communist Freda Utley has given us a most revealing picture of China's danger of seizure by the USSR, in "Last Chance in China."

EVER eager to let the high school students "argue both sides" (while the Kremlin prepares to "liberate" us from our heritage), Dr. Hurwitz, under the frankly suggestive heading "What To Do," recommends that the students organize a round-table discussion on the question: "Were the best interests of the United States in the Far East served by our recognition of Bao Dai rather than Ho Chi Minh?" No one but a gold digger on the French Riviera is enthusiastic about the playboy, Bao Dai; but any informed person (particularly a

man who wants to instruct America's youth on world affairs) ought to know and say that Ho Chi Minh has been a member of the Communist Party since the Congress of Tours in France in 1920, and that, as a graduate of the Lenin Institute, he has fulfilled missions for Russia's secret police under several different names in many parts of the globe, to the detriment of democracy. It seems incredible that any educator could pose a question about Ho Chi Minh's "serving our best interests."

In a final "What To Do?" section Dr. Hurwitz recommends that pupils write two editorials: one "which might have appeared in an American newspaper supporting President Truman's decision to send our armed forces to the aid of South Korea"; and one "which might have appeared in a Russian newspaper the day after the President's decision." Let that one sink into your mind. At the time we are preparing for the supreme effort in defending our liberties, American youngsters are to practice the art of writing Communist editorials! Why not send them to the offices of the *Daily Worker* to obtain authentic stuff?

If such "objectivity" explains "our stake in the Far East," I'll eat my hat. Yet, if our teachers don't wake up and deposit such trash in the ash can, America will face an ever-increasing peril. Is it possible that the Oxford Book Company contracted Red measles when it was housed in the same building as International Publishers, the Communist outfit?

II. By THOMAS F. HUNT

EDUCATORS resent criticism from the outside. They are accustomed to situations in which they are the judges of matters educational. The leading educators have access to powerful associations and through them to their publications. Almost of necessity, nearly all teachers are members of those societies and receive and read the literature they put out. Few groups possess audiences of comparable size and influence ready-made for their propaganda, or propaganda appearing under their names which they have failed to analyze before approving it for use by classroom teachers and their students.

Among our educational societies, the most influential is the National Education Association (NEA). One of the publications of this society for use in schools is entitled *Building America*. It has behind it all the prestige of the Association's Curriculum Division, which has great influence in determining what shall be taught in our schools. Students in teachers' training institutions are often taught to regard it as a guide to the very latest thing in content, even the latest thing in words. Its editors, whose chairman is Paul Hanna, read like a "Who's Who" of our institutions engaged in the training of teachers.

Let us examine some of the material from this

publication that may or must be taught if the teacher is to be considered abreast of the times.

"Probably no nation ever made such rapid strides [as Russia] in extending educational opportunities to its people." "It is said that in the twenty years between 1917 and 1937, about 40 million adults learned to read and write." This information does not come from the *Daily Worker*; it may be found in *Building America*, Volume 10, Number 3, page 80 of a special issue with the modest title, "What Is the Truth About Russia?". On page 67 of the same issue the reader is told, "It is not easy to get the facts about Russia [a mild understatement], but in the following pages a story will be told that comes from the best sources." The material is thus, supposedly, perfectly safe for use.

The statements are impressive, but are they accurate? The only clue to their origin is contained in the set of figures accompanying the graph illustrating the alleged facts. This graph is credited to the Scientific Institute of Pictorial Statistics, Moscow. Most certainly neither the authors of the work nor its editors knew that the figures were true. Were they hard to get? One can find them in any store distributing Red literature, or any library.

The reader will learn from pages 82 and 83 how machines have transformed Russia:

Smooth-running collective farms did not come all at once. . . . But by 1937, with only 65 per cent of the people in agriculture, a bumper crop was produced that beat all records. More than 90 per cent of the farm land was being cultivated by machines. By 1940 a half million tractors were in use in Russia and, even more amazing, 182,000 combines, more than twice the number in all the rest of the world.

Can we believe that Russia has more combines than the U. S., Canada, Australia and Argentina put together? If this be true, we can only conclude that they are incredibly inefficient. The only source cited as authority for the statement is a "Sovfoto" (i.e., a picture) of a threshing scene which, excepting the tractor, would have been ancient to the American farmer of 1890. It shows a contraption that might be called a crude separator, without a blower or self-feeder, or, as far as can be seen, even a straw-carrier. It appears that the straw is being removed bit by bit by the women as it comes from the separator. Certainly no combine, in our sense of the term, had anything to do with this grain. It is being threshed from the stack. At best, it was cut by a binder, more probably by a reaper or even a cradle.

Possibly to the Russian any machine, binder, reaper, or even the lowly cradle, is a combine. Not so to the informed American; and these figures were intended for Americans. When a combine is used, the grain is not bound; it is not stacked; it is not threshed by a stationary thresher. Surely the evidence given would not convince any critical person that the Russians have more than two-thirds of the world's combines or even that they have a single one.

But more information is given on Soviet farms:

The size of the collective farms averaged 1200 acres and from 70 to 80 families lived on each one. It was practical to use airplanes on farms of this size. They were used to fight insect pests, to sow seed, and to transport perishable goods to and from the collectives.

Note the appeal to our idea of things modern. According to these figures, there would be about fifteen acres per family. If they used big machinery, they ought to have leisure time in plenty.

A Sovfoto illustrating this information shows a member of the collective together with his family, four in all, receiving his share of the year's crop, presumably after all deductions have been made—32,000 kilograms of grain (wheat or rye). This would amount to 71,680 pounds, or not quite 1200 bushels if the grain is wheat.

Assuming that this family is receiving a standard share, then the following observations might be in order: 1) 32,000 kilograms (or about 1200 bushels) of grain represent one-seventieth or one-eighthieth of the members' share of the grain. 2) Thus it is implied that an average farm of 1200 acres produces 84,000 to 96,000 bushels. 3) If this be true, then the average yield per acre is 80 bushels. 4) In addition, it must be borne in mind that these figures deal only with the members' share, an absurd figure. Even Russian statistics (Gregory and Shave, "The USSR," page 190) give the Russian average for wheat as 7.8 cwt per acre; for rye, somewhat less. If the cwt is taken as 100 pounds, this would be 780 pounds, or 13 bushels. If the larger cwt is taken, one-twentieth the long ton, it would be 873.6 pounds, or 14.6 bushels per acre, a probable figure somewhat below that of the U. S. Surely these figures were not checked by any competent authority, yet they are given to teachers and students as accurate and authoritative.

This type of material is particularly dangerous because it is used by people who have neither the time nor the facilities to examine it critically. The wary reader would be repelled by the title of the piece: not some truths, but *the* truth about Russia—all in a few short pages. But the usual reader is not wary.

LET US now turn to a work intended for use in American and English universities and colleges, "The USSR: A Geographical Survey," by J. S. Gregory and D. W. Shave.

"The era of backward races [in Russia] has become a matter of interest only to historians" (page 15). The authors can hardly know that this is so. But English and American readers are prepared early in this text to find the material that will lead them to the same conclusion. Good teaching requires that the lesson be frequently repeated in different forms, and so we find this on page 186:

Today the Russian village is no longer a collection of dirty huts so common in the past. Neat houses surrounded by gardens line the village street. Well planned buildings cluster together at the end of the

street. He [the Russian] no longer regards the electric light with a feeling of awe. It is in almost every home.

The same volume states that the electric output for Russia at that time was a little over 39 billion kilowatt hours a year. The output of American distributors for one week, as reported by the *Wall Street Journal*, was five billion, or more than one-eighth of Russia's entire annual production. Yet not even every American home has electric light.

It would require unending travel to assure one that the villages are now neat and clean—outside. About the interiors one may be fairly sure. We of the Pacific Coast remember the thousands of barrels of lard shipped to Russia during the war to be used in cooking or on bread. Fats and oils have always been scarce in those sections and are therefore not likely to be used for soap.

ON PAGES 302 and 303 the reader will learn what may be accomplished in seemingly impossible places:

Igarka was established as the chief port on the northern sea route in 1927. By 1939 the population was 20,000, a remarkable achievement for a town within the Arctic Circle.

This town is almost as far north as the northern tip of Alaska; a land of harsh climate and poor soil which never thaws more than a few inches and is frozen to a depth of more than a hundred feet.

According to the author,

The people are supplied with food from a state farm just outside the town. This farm occupies a few hundred acres in the wooded tundra zone. Oats, vegetables and hothouse tomatoes are grown. There are 350 cattle, 250 pigs, 250 rabbits and a large number of hens. The animals are fed partly on seaweed [four days from the sea in summer] and fish. The hens are encouraged to lay by electric light.

It would take many hundreds of acres of Iowa prairie land to support so large a town. Even the Japanese, with their garden plots in much better soils, could not do it. Some of our own propaganda about Alaska is bad, but none so bad as this.

The use of electric lights in egg production has been practiced on Puget Sound for more than thirty years. Perhaps our hens are as thoroughly regimented as any in the world, but I fear they might find the Soviet diet somewhat austere. As for the animals, even though all the cattle were milk producers, the ratio of one cow to 60 people is low, and so is the ratio of one pig to 80 people. So few animals would help only slightly in the attainment of the more abundant life.

On page 251 we are told: "The Ulan Ude combine (Buryat Mongolia) produced 25 million tons of canned meat in 1940." This would be enough meat to give every person on earth 25 pounds. It would give each resident of Russia 250 pounds. Evidently, when it comes to statistics, the authors or the translators do not know how much is "much." On page 506 it is stated that the electrical capacity of

the Ukraine is 1750 kilowatts. Here the figure is much too low.

Page 236, on water power projects, says:

Not only do these stations provide large quantities for industrial and domestic use, but they are constructed as part of a vast scheme for the improvement of the navigation of inland waterways and the opening up of great irrigation projects as that on the lower Volga.

To Americans, especially Westerners, this has a most familiar ring. The Russians have everything we have; cheap power, irrigation—not quite; they do not have flood control, fish ladders, or revolving

funds that make a half-turn. They can learn from our government agencies.

This is the type of material that will mold the attitudes of our students. It is popular. The authors of such material give an appearance of courage and fairness by seeming to stand up for truth in the face of opposition. Students are naturally a little rebellious and are looking for the man who knows and is not afraid to speak out. Whether consciously or not, the authors have used a method that will enhance their reputations as liberals. They may later change. Leaders often change, but followers are not so agile.

How to Fire a Professor

A Case History in "Academic Freedom"

By FRANK HUGHES

ONE DAY in November 1950, while Robert M. Hutchins was still Chancellor, The University of Chicago set off an academic bomb second in intensity only to the original nuclear fission blast, for which Mr. Hutchins and the University claim exclusive credit, along with the right to direct the world's future. A professor was fired!

A full professor at the University of Chicago, as at most institutions of the higher learning, has "academic tenure." He is a man who can't be fired—at least for anything short of rape or murder. This has been the stock excuse at Chicago and elsewhere for sheltering Communist professors, and for welcoming professors who have been fired as Communists from other faculties and championing their reinstatement.

But on this drab November day in 1950, a full professor at the University of Chicago was summarily fired. Such drastic administrative action indicates that the victim must have been guilty of a horrible crime. But William Terry Couch had committed no crime. A highly intellectual person with a spotless record over 25 years, it is doubtful that Professor Couch had ever committed a misdemeanor more serious than overparking.

What was the excuse for this drastic action? Why, there wasn't any. The University told the newspapers he was "fired"; no reason given. A lot of rumors, none of them damaging to Couch, got around. Among them was the one given confidentially to the professor, that Chancellor Hutchins considered him "contentious and disputatious."

What had Professor Couch done? First, he had criticized Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins, his administrators, and his favorite toadies. Second, he had shown himself to be thoroughly anti-Communist, anti-Socialist—anti-anybody who had a closed mind. Third, he had insisted that freedom of the press, a topic upon which Chancellor Hutchins pretends great intellectual authority, really ought to

mean *freedom of the press*, even to the extent of publishing devastating indictments of the late President Roosevelt, the New Deal and its works.

William T. Couch was fired from the job of Director of the University of Chicago Press, the University's book-publishing adjunct: a job which carried full professorial status. For twenty years Couch had worked at the University of North Carolina Press. In that job, first as assistant, then as director, he earned a reputation which nobody in academic, professional or liberal circles has ever challenged. Nor did the prejudices of the Deep South stop him. "I have, in my time, published a good many books criticizing lynching in the South," he said. "It is not easy to get communities that permit lynchings also to permit the publishing of books that criticize lynchings."

One of Professor Couch's most bitter fights with the Communists occurred in March 1940, when he was still director of the University of North Carolina Press. It took place at a meeting in Chattanooga of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, which has been cited by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a Communist front.

The conference [said Professor Couch] had gone on record unanimously in favor of collective security at its first meeting in November 1939. When the Communazi Pact came, I couldn't help becoming aware of the fact that individual members of the Conference were following the Communist line. I became convinced that the Conference would, too, if its leaders were not on the alert. I found the leaders not only on the alert, but quite willing to follow the Communist line.

I got myself nearly mobbed and beautifully smeared in the newspapers in the March 1940 meeting. . . . I was charged with having tried to break up the meeting. I didn't break it up—I merely started a discussion against what, for an hour and a half, appeared to be unanimous opposition. It was a discussion that, with around 2500 people present, lasted from a little before 9 p. m. to midnight. Before it was finished, the chairman

—my boss, Frank Graham, who had opposed me in a heated discussion in the hotel lobby and who did his best to keep me from getting the floor, ruling me out of order and telling me to sit down and be quiet—had come over to my side. And the audience had split, part coming on my side.

It was on this record of achievement or, perhaps, the part of it not concerned with “disputation” and fighting the Communists, that Professor Couch was called to the University of Chicago. In the summer of 1945, on invitation from Chancellor Hutchins himself, Couch broke his North Carolina connections, and with the rank of full professor and a long-term contract, went to Chicago as Director of the University of Chicago Press.

If he made a mistake, it seems to have been in taking the University’s reputation as a free institution at its face value. Chancellor Hutchins undoubtedly made an equally grave mistake. He did not know the manner of man he had hired. Yet Couch’s record at the University of North Carolina was there for anyone to read.

Conflict between Couch and the dictatorial Hutchins was inevitable. Yet Couch accomplished a great deal during his five-year tenure. He published a lot of controversial books that never would have seen the light of day if it had not been for his efforts. This pattern did not fit the formula of University of Chicago “liberalism.” On top of it all, Professor Couch presumed to criticize universities themselves, and even the university press which employed him!

I do not know for what purpose universities and university presses exist [he wrote] unless one of these purposes is to enable the people generally to engage in criticism of themselves in the hope that by self-criticism they may avoid colossal blunders of the kind the United States has committed in its national policies during the last ten years or so.

I do not know of one university or of one university press in the United States that, during the period while the national policies of the war and postwar periods were being formed, did anything to raise seriously any questions concerning the soundness of these policies.

No universities threw any light on the question whether the Communists were any more trustworthy than the Nazis. None raised the question whether mass brutalities and murders such as those committed by the Nazis were any less mass brutalities and murders when they were committed by the Communists.

What a horrible, brutal, “illiberal” thing to say about American universities! Couch was already on the way out of the faculty when this statement was printed, February 3, 1950. He had been warned before about maintaining “inter-university comity,” and that “academic freedom” had its limits.

ANOTHER issue leading to Professor Couch’s sudden dismissal was a controversial book he wanted to publish, “Americans Betrayed” by Morton Grodzins, a member of the University of Chicago faculty. It dealt very critically with the methods the Roosevelt Administration had used to evacuate Japanese Americans on the West Coast to

concentration camps. It showed how the New Dealers had violated the Constitutional liberties of American citizens, following the exact ethnic pattern laid down by the Nazis in their persecutions of German Jews. Grodzins had been working at the University of California when he gathered the material.

Chancellor Hutchins received a request from the University of California that the book be withheld from publication. Professor Couch learned of this from Ernest C. Colwell, then President of the University of Chicago and Chancellor Hutchins’s straw-boss. “Inter-university comity,” said President Colwell to Couch, was more important than freedom of the press, therefore the book must be suppressed.

Couch made a thorough investigation of the objections. California first contended it had allowed Grodzins to have the material he used only upon his written agreement not to publish it. Grodzins denied this categorically. Couch three times called upon California to produce a copy of this agreement. California answered all of his letters, but it never sent a copy of the agreement or one fact in support of its charge.

The Chicago Board of University Publications, under which Professor Couch worked, had ordered publication of the Grodzins book. Couch insisted that this order be carried out. “The question at issue,” he said, “is the freedom and integrity of scholarly publishing at the University of Chicago.”

Buried in the minutes of the board’s meeting of November 29, 1948, is this revealing statement:

He [Professor Couch] had discussed the case with Mr. Hutchins at a dean’s luncheon and he was deeply disturbed over the position that Mr. Hutchins had taken in this discussion. He felt sure he must be mistaken in the impression Mr. Hutchins gave. The statements Mr. Hutchins made seemed to imply that in a controversy between two parties, one little and the other big, the wishes of the big party had to be granted. The little party had no rights, or at any rate, if the University of Chicago was involved, it did not have to pay any attention to the rights of the little party. This position seemed incomprehensible to the Director [Couch] and he felt sure Mr. Hutchins did not intend to take it. Mr. Hutchins also had stated flatly that the case did not involve freedom of opinion.

Professor Couch had taken the position that Author Grodzins was a “little fellow,” who seemed to have considerable truth, as well as scholarship, on his side. The “big fellows”—the universities—were trying to suppress his book. As Couch reported to the University of Chicago Senate:

Any person in his senses normally would not want it to be possible for anyone to say truthfully of him that he had been in “open conflict” with his seniors in authority. But this was not a normal occasion. It was necessary for me either to criticize Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Colwell or abandon the ethics of my profession. The “open conflict” was the consequence.

In this disturbed state Professor Couch’s affairs at the University of Chicago remained for nearly two years. As Couch explained it:

. . . Men before me in printing and publishing had been willing to pay for freedom with their lives. I had been living for a long time on the capital they had created and ought to be willing to risk at least my job. But I didn't spend much time on such considerations.

I had no idea until early November, 1950, that my criticisms had aroused resentment. . . . The Press was in excellent condition, the net income on the four months ending October 31, 1950, being over \$67,000 on an investment of \$750,000, and the staff getting to where it was beginning to know what it was doing. The sales were strong and promising to be stronger. The list for the spring of 1951 was the best since I had been in Chicago.

But Chancellor Hutchins was planning to leave the University for the Ford Foundation, and there was some "unfinished business" to attend to. The University Administration attempted to get the goods on Professor Couch for mismanagement. Vice President James A. Cunningham, in charge of university business affairs, called in an efficiency expert to inspect the press. The expert turned in a documented report highly favorable to Couch's management. The "unfinished business" could wait no longer. On November 20, 1950, Vice President Cunningham summoned Couch to his office.

He asked me for my resignation [said Couch]. He gave me only so long as to say yes or no to consider my reply. When I said "no," he notified me of immediate dismissal and ordered me to get out of the Press Building, with my personal things, by 5 p.m. that day.

THINGS as brutal as this usually don't happen to full professors at universities. Or, when they do, they are cause for great alarms and excursions among the rest of the faculty and the student body, particularly if the professor happens to have been fired for a reason—such as being a Communist. There were no alarms and excursions at Chicago over Professor Couch's unexplained exit.

The University Senate, which theoretically is a ruling body of the faculty before which the Chancellor is supposed to bend his will, did make a routine investigation. Composed of all full professors on the faculty, this body claims to have great power, but at Chicago the power is mostly imaginary. Despite determined opposition from the University Administration, the Senate appointed a subcommittee which spent weeks hearing Couch and Administration officers. It brought in a report completely favorable to Couch. But Chancellor Hutchins chose the very moment this report was submitted to make a speech to the Senate announcing his resignation from the University to join the Ford Foundation. In the stir this created the report on Professor Couch was virtually forgotten.

About the firing of Couch, the report said:

Mr. Couch had been in communication with the committee spokesman who then transmitted an urgent appeal to the central Administration pleading for a delay so that the committee might have an opportunity to consider the matter. This message did not reach the Vice President in charge of business affairs, nor was he informed that the Chair-

man of the Board of University Publications had protested the proposed action. The Vice President later assured the subcommittee that, had the appeal of the spokesman reached him, he would unquestionably have granted it, though the eventual outcome, he added, would have been the same.

What this means, of course, is that while University of Chicago professors live under a fictional "democracy," the Administration hires and fires whom it pleases in total disregard of the professors who are best qualified to judge educational issues. In proof of this, the report continued:

The subcommittee therefore concludes that the action of November 20 took place without due consideration of the interest of the Board of University Publications, the academic ruling body most closely concerned.

Apart from any consideration of the rights and authority of an academic ruling body or of the Administration, there has been a gross violation of the rights normally accorded to members of the University community. The manner of the dismissal clearly implied that the action was being taken on statutory grounds of "inadequate performance of duties or misconduct." We who have had access to the documents and testimony bearing on the case know that there has been no slightest suggestion of misconduct. . . . No hearings were held prior to the dismissal nor did Mr. Couch have any opportunity to defend himself on charges of inadequate performance of his duties.

Then the Board of University Publications, composed of seven top-ranking professors who had, in effect, been Professor Couch's bosses, gave its unanimous opinion that he had "done a distinguished job as editor, and that he has administrated [*sic*] the editorial affairs of the Press in accordance with the best academic traditions of the University of Chicago." And they added:

We are embarrassed to be in an institution where a respected officer of professorial rank can be dismissed with only a few hours to vacate his office.

Simultaneously, fifteen professors who had worked closely with Couch, including five members of the Board of University Publications, issued a statement—formal, though kept under wraps and never given to the newspapers—which declared:

We are astounded at the reasons given for your dismissal—inability to get along with your subordinates or superiors. We have not found you hard to get along with, in any sense, but an esteemed colleague, co-worker, and friend. We do recognize that you have persisted in standing for the "integrity of scholarly publication" in a way which might well arouse opposition. But we think this clearly a virtue, not a fault, and a qualification for the position you have held, and, in particular, in harmony with our university tradition, of which we have been proud.

It is interesting to note that while these scholarly protests against Professor Couch's summary dismissal, reported here textually for the first time, are buried in university records, they were never published or given to the press by anyone.

Faculty resentment was sufficient, however, to impel the Administration into some kind of action.

This was chiefly financial. Professor Couch had been taken off the payroll the day he was fired. Under pressure, the Administration modified this order to the extent of placing him on terminal leave of absence with pay, with the privilege of resigning. But this was never publicly announced.

Professor Couch rightly claims that the original announcement that he had been summarily "dismissed" with no explanation of reasons except that they were "private," constitutes an attack on his professional reputation, to say nothing of violation of his self-renewing contract. His refusal to remain quiet under this treatment eventually provoked Laird Bell, chairman of the University of Chicago Board of Trustees.

Last January 24, Chairman Bell offered to pay Couch eighteen months salary "in full settlement of all claims" against the University. This was two full months after Couch had been summarily fired. Bell added that the "University having made no public statement heretofore will issue no statement now, but you are at liberty to make such statement as you wish." Part of this was false. The University had "heretofore" announced Professor Couch's dismissal for "private" reasons.

Couch accepted the financial settlement, but told Bell that in "the interests of both parties" a factual statement should be made concerning his dismissal. Bell replied in a telegram: "Regret can not accede to request about statement."

Couch refused to endorse the check the University sent him in "full settlement of all claims." He maintained that he had moral claims—among them the right to a decent clearing of his professional record—which the University certainly had not satisfied. He finally accepted the check when permitted to alter the endorsement to read "in full settlement of all *monetary* claims."

But none of the basic issues was resolved. The University of Chicago, as an institution of higher learning supposedly devoted to scholarship and unbiased search for truth, stands in an impossible position. It can not admit that Couch was fired because he steadfastly defended freedom of the press, thought independently, insisted on exercising the right of criticism, and was anti-Communist.

THE UNIVERSITY has consistently followed a double standard. It has preached "academic freedom" and "civil liberties" every time a Communist has been named as subversive, or a Socialist as being a propagandist instead of a scholar. But on the campus it has practiced a curiously totalitarian kind of "freedom." Mr. Couch belatedly came to recognize this. In the minutes of the Board of University Publications one finds the telling statement:

[Couch] said that in his opinion the University ought not to follow a policy of always siding with the more powerful party in a controversy, but that if this was the policy of the University it should be acknowledged openly. [Couch] said he was not willing to practice this policy while an opposite policy was proclaimed to the public by the Uni-

versity. Mr. Colwell [the President] said this was an insult to the Central Administration.

"Insult" is a word the University of Chicago Administration frequently uses to describe that which is true. Chancellor Hutchins was twice "insulted" by the Illinois Legislature which presumed to find open encouragement of communism on his campus. Altogether, the University has been investigated five times in 15 years for subversive or immoral activities. When the last two investigations, in 1949, condemned the University Administration, and the majority report of the Legislative Commission conducting one of them added that any university condoning the practices followed there ought to be denied tax-exemption by the state, not only was Mr. Hutchins insulted—he cried that "academic freedom" was being infringed.

"Academic freedom" for whom? For the professors? The professors, including Mr. Couch, tell a far different story. Four years ago, the 119 full professors who formed the University of Chicago Senate signed individually and filed with the Board of Trustees a protest which began:

The Senate . . . is moved to deep concern for the well-being of the University, and especially the maintenance of its character as a free institution of higher learning, by various recent acts and declarations of the President [Mr. Hutchins]. [My italics.]

An alumni committee which investigated its alma mater in 1949 filed another protest with the Board of Trustees declaring that "dissatisfaction has become so great because of fear of retaliation which dominates the campus that several distinguished professors have left."

"One of my friends in the Chicago faculty," Couch reported, "said I couldn't expect any help from the people in the University who usually made a big noise about such matters because I was not a Communist or even suspected of being a Communist or Communist sympathizer." He added:

I can not blame anybody for refusing to believe that the Administration of a great American university would deliberately put a member of its staff in this position without just cause. I can hardly believe it myself. . . .

I have been convinced for a long time that I was making handicaps for myself when I gave hell to the Communists and left-wingers. You can be sure that they know enough of my record to see that any efforts that innocent liberals make to help me are sidetracked. I suppose there still are some innocent liberals left in the world. I don't know any of them.

It is interesting to speculate on the ultimate liberal judgment of the case of Professor Couch. Surely, on the basis of all the facts now at hand, the verdict can only be that it is a tragedy for a good man and for a rich, important and potentially great university—a tragedy which could never have happened if the University of Chicago had not departed from the traditional liberal principles of honesty, decency, truth and humility, and their end-product, justice.

Natural Law and the Campus

By JACK SCHWARTZMAN

"THANK God," said my friend, "that we still have our colleges to ward off this dread disease of Social Ignorance." He is a highly cultured man—himself a product of American collegiate education—and the disease he was referring to is known as communism. As he spoke, a mental shiver ran through me. Who are the guiltiest in the perpetuation of this "disease": those who purposely spread it; those who bring it about through ignorance of causes or boomeranging of "counter-measures"; those who teach it or absorb it unconsciously in *all* our modern colleges; or those who, like my friend, are blind enough to call the tendencies to the disease a "cure"?

Alas for all misguided fools like my friend! They are naive, and will pay for their ignorance in due time. The "counter-measure" men will perish in the warfare, as will the Communist instigators—who have no place in the coming socialization of America. Only the college men will remain; they will destroy the world.

There are still some people in this country who, unaware of "modern, sophisticated negation," keep talking of eternal values, innate principles, absolute truth, and that buffoon of collegiate conversations, Natural Law. Any bright, wide awake collegian, disdainful of "Old-Guard" phraseology, will learnedly knock them down with Hegelian sentences, and make them deeply ashamed of their inability to keep pace with the Upward Trend of Dynamic Democracy.

There are also those who, failing to see any importance in supposedly innocuous collegiate debates, wonder why current burning issues should brush shoulders with some apparently irrelevant academic topic.

It is to all these people, who can not see the wood for the trees, that this essay is dedicated.

THE TREND toward destruction and decay is apparent at the very base of all human thinking. It is in our "pragmatic" philosophy, in the abnegation of absolute values of human life and thought, in the sneering denial of Natural Law, that one will find the paradoxical beginning of the absolute value and power of the State.

Our universities are the training grounds for the barbarians of the future, those who, in the guise of learning, shall come forth loaded with pitchforks of ignorance and cynicism, and stab and destroy the remnants of human civilization. It will not be the subway peasants who will tear down the walls; they will merely do the bidding of our learned brethren—those who, finding sustenance in their Dynamic Philosophy, will erase Individ-

ual Freedom from the ledgers of human thought.

What is the raging debate of collegiate philosophy?

Resolved: That there is no Natural Law.

Well then, what *is* Natural Law, and how does it concern us?

Natural Law, for over four thousand years, has been the backbone of the anatomy of thought. No great thinker of former ages could proceed on his mental journey without anchoring his beginnings to the concept of Natural Law. Our mathematics and other sciences bear practical truth because there was the assumption of laws which were eternal, unchangeable, and (as the Socialists sneeringly say today) static. Because of these assumptions our pyramids and skyscrapers, chariots and automobiles, harps and saxophones, geometry and calculus, magic carpets and trips to the moon—all were born. Material and mental achievement, reality and dreams, followed upon the supposition that certain immutable principles existed in the universe, and if one could only discover them, and live and plan within them, great benefit would result.

Likewise it was assumed that all man-made relationships (government, laws, economic behavior) were governed by certain rules, summarized as Natural Law. It was true that men fought about what Natural Law was, and sought to perpetuate many an injustice in its name. But as long as the premise was there, clear-headed thinkers always steered discrepancies back to Origins, and all "civilized" values owe their fruit to this recognition.

But whatever were the discrepancies of past thinking concerning Natural Law, no great thinker denied its existence. To say that there was no Natural Law was to negate the certainty of conversation itself, to deny the validity of humans as they discussed the merits of anything. There was the hot dispute between the *a priori* and empiricist thinkers as to the identity of Truth. But both Descartes, the *a priorist*, and Locke, the empiricist, assumed the existence of Natural Law, and each based his thinking directly upon this common assumption. There were as yet no Hegelians.

But we, of an age which "discovered" Historical Materialism, Dynamic Democracy and Statistical Society, know better. We proudly believe in nothing. We call ourselves pragmatists, and test everything by the taste-killer known as Semantics. We know that going downhill is really going uphill, that black is white, that white is black, that nothing is constant except Change, and that no eternal values bear the test of Time. We know that whatever is legislated is automatically "good," that the "majority" of voters of any given country at any given

moment will create their own Truth, and that whatever is done, is done properly. We sneer at the concept of "static" society, and glory in "evolutionary" synthesis. The only "science" which has any value today is Sociology, which speaks of the "social cake" of present values; of historical customs; of inductive, statistical fact-finding; and which dismisses old-fashioned theorists as "ivy-tower escapists" who do not delve into modern charts and figures. No more, say we, shall we fall into the error of making unproved statements. We will think cautiously, deny generalities, scoff at Absolute Truth—and build an Absolute State!

This is the Dynamic Democracy of today. Even the physical and biological sciences have foresworn Natural Law. There was a time when anatomy was the science of the human body in its "perfect" state, deviations from which would be labeled sicknesses, and cured. Today, we no longer take that "all-things-being equal" approach. We say learnedly, in the light of our "evolutionary" science, that since there is no such thing as "all-things-being-equal," and since health and illness are merely "relative" terms—both to be found in any given body—we must really study the evolutionary "change" that is found in all of us. Imperceptibly, this gives rise to the Problem of the Elimination of the Laggards, those who fall behind the great Evolutionary Trend Upward, and our no-formula scientists set up (how they would deny it!) a Statist Standard to which all must conform.

This is even more apparent in the idea of "Society." Since there are no longer (we say) any such *laissez-faire* symbols as unlimited competition, freedom of the market, mobility of labor, inalienable human rights, and a Natural Law above and beyond transitory human laws, we can not depict unchangeable human concepts, which are merely artificial. We must take life "as is," statistically compute everything in terms of deviations, not from eternal norms, but the norms of "growing." Those who fall behind in this new measurement of valueless values are called "reactionary," and must be liquidated. A day will come when all who stand in the way of "Progress" will be swept aside. The New World will move forward to a Newer World which will move further forward to a Newer-Newer World.

WHEN did all this learned claptrap begin? In an article as limited as this, one can not trace the historical background of modern negation of Natural Law. But three villains may be chosen for a quick survey.

Said Heraclitus (who paradoxically did believe in some sort of Natural Law): "You can not step into the same river twice." That was said more than 2500 years ago, and was meant to demonstrate the validity of Change only. (Only Change exists in the world, and nothing but Change.) A static society is impossible to contemplate. A modern disciple (unconscious, perhaps, of the relationship) is the learned and able Judge Jerome Frank, who, in his "Courts on Trial," states:

If we look for a constant in all mature human societies, we will discover the constancy of the inconstancy in judicial fact-finding, which inconstancy, if we wish, could be described as a natural law.

Along came Hegel (villain Number Two), more than a century ago, and grasped at this concept. He drew an enchanting picture of the history of the world in terms of human ideas. Everything is Change, he said, and called it Dialectic. First, we have the concept of the existing thought of the present, which we shall call Thesis. Opposition to this develops, known as Antithesis. A clash takes place, and a final merger occurs, known as Synthesis. This Synthesis, in turn, is the new Thesis for another set of ideas which will again be opposed. Thus the history of mankind shows these constant clashes and syntheses, and thus it will continue until a Super-State (of Prussian origin) will subdue all future clashes, and Human Happiness (via the German State) will rule the earth.

Superimposing his economic "flesh" on this fascinating skeleton, Marx pictured the history of the world as an evolutionary struggle "upward" and "forward," until, after all the materialistic Class Struggles (he rejected ideas as subjective) have spent themselves, the Final Conflict of the Proletariat against the Capitalists will take place—and then, by some magic formula, no more clashes will occur, and eternal (communistic, classless) peace will prevail. (In a peculiar way Marx, too, portrayed his own version of a "Natural Law," that of constancy of inconstancy in "History.")

BUT American Socialism (Dynamic Democracy) will not come through alien channels. It will find support in utterances of local gods. Men like Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., a man of unquestioned integrity and charm, will be the apostles of modern philosophy of decentralization of ideas and centralization of the State. Not only in legal circles, where he is worshipped, but in every field of social endeavor, Holmes heads the pioneers of Dynamic Democracy.

Before Holmes, political, philosophic, and legal thinkers, especially those who framed our Constitution, worked on the assumption of *jus naturale*, which Black's Law Dictionary (third edition, p.1044) defines as follows:

Jus Naturale. The natural law, or law of nature; law, or legal principles, supposed to be discoverable by the light of nature or abstract reasoning, or to be taught by nature to all nations and men alike; or law supposed to govern men and peoples in a state of nature, *i.e.*, in advance of organized governments or enacted laws.

This assumption of Natural Law—proclaimed by Cicero, Ulpian, Gaius, Bracton, Fortescue, Coke, Locke, Blackstone—was responsible, after the assertions of Otis, John Adams, Paine and Jefferson, for the drafting of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Recognition of innate principles and idealism continued

in the judicial opinions of Samuel Chase, Marshall, Story, Taney, Miller and Field. With Justice Holmes, the Great Dissenter, began the new thought of the modern Supreme Court. Holmes stands as the symbol of the twentieth century, not only in legal thought, but in the feelings of every newspaper reader, and every "man in the street."

What are some of the utterances of Justice Holmes?

If you want to know the law and nothing else, you must look at it as a bad man . . . You will find some text writers telling you . . . that it is a system of reason, that it is a deduction from principles of ethics . . . But . . . the bad man does not care two straws for the axioms or deductions, but . . . what the . . . courts are likely to do in fact. I am much of his mind. The prophecies of what the courts will do in fact, and nothing more pretentious, are what I mean by law. ("The Path of Law," 10 *Harvard Law Review* 461, 1897)

The common law is not a brooding omnipresence in the sky, but the articulate voice of some sovereign that can be identified. (*Southern Pacific Company v. Jensen*, 244 US 205, 1917)

There is in all men a demand for the superlative, so much so that the poor devil who has no other way of reaching it attains it by getting drunk. It seems to me that this demand is at the bottom of the philosopher's effort to prove that truth is absolute and of the jurist's search for criteria of universal validity which he collects under the head of natural law . . . The jurists who believe in natural law seem to me to be in that naive state of mind that accepts what has been familiar and accepted by them and their neighbors as something that must be accepted by all men everywhere. ("Natural Law," 32 *Harvard Law Review* 40, 1918)

The character of every act depends upon the circumstances in which it is done. The most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting fire in a theatre and causing a panic . . . When a nation is at war many things that might be said in time of peace are such a hindrance to its effort that their utterance will not be endured so long as men fight and that no court could regard them as protected by any Constitutional right. (*Schenck v. United States*, 249 US 47, 1919)

Contract . . . is merely an example of doing what you want to do, embodied in the word liberty. But pretty much all law consists in forbidding man to do some things that they want to do, and contract is no more exempt from law than other acts. (*Adkins v. Children's Hospital*, 261 US 525, 1923)

The truth seems to me to be that . . . the legislature may forbid or restrict any business when it has a sufficient force of public opinion behind it. (*Tyson v. Banton*, 273 US 445, 1927)

Thus begins the new trend of "modern thought." No longer do we strive for the Universal, no more do we proclaim principles of idealism, for nothing exists today except isolated, disconnected, statistical facts. But whereas man no longer has any basic Truth to lean on, a clever substitution has taken place. The State has replaced "reeds of Truth" with the certainty of Old Age Security, Old Age Pensions, Unemployment Insurance, Wage Regulation,

Price Controls, Savings Bonds, increased taxes, and —this above all!—Dynamic Democracy.

Our colleges today reflect this glorious trend to individual perdition. They stress "practical" courses. Our "social sciences" have come into their own, and feature courses based upon inductive breakdown. Theory is discouraged as non-essential.

A short time ago, I attended a meeting to which students from four prominent local universities were invited. The purpose was to discover modern "trends." The boys were all seniors, and highly intelligent. What they (and other collegians whom I have the misfortune to meet in classes) thought was startling—to say the least. In the following summary, we see the tendencies of their views:

1. Democracy is a living, vital thing, constantly growing.
2. Truth is impossible of realization; is merely relative and statistical; and is never absolute.
3. Society is based upon social customs, and each group differs from the other, depending upon its historical growth.
4. Regulations are necessary because we can not go back to the dog-eat-dog days of the Hoover soup-kitchens.
5. Roosevelt was the greatest President because he "legislated" social reforms.
6. Adam Smith may have been "all right" in his day, but today we must solve our problems in the light of modern economic strife between Capitalists and Laborers.
7. Unions raise wages generally.
8. Whatever is, is better than whatever was.
9. Laws must not be strait-jacketed by the Constitution or Nine Old Men.
10. There is no such thing as basic morality, for morals are merely the customs of the moment.
11. Whatever is good for the mass is automatically good for the individual.
12. Self-interest must be replaced by Social Welfare.
13. Some wars are socially necessary.
14. The individual is only a "cog" in the total machine.
15. There is no Natural Law.

These summaries could be extended indefinitely, but to no purpose since the very negation of the concept of Natural Law includes these manifestations of inner chaos.

WHAT is the character of the modern collegian? He is subdued, cynical, distrustful, and totally lacking in values. He has been taught to be skeptical of spiritual norms (witness the basketball scandals), and sarcastic of professions of idealism. He detests generalizations and is resigned to the fact that nothing can ever be proved, and that only through the omnipotent State can social (and individual) welfare be promoted. He recognizes the "old line" of "capitalistic apologists." He has been taught that the "coming conflict" is between communism (or socialism) and fascism (representing decaying Capitalism). He is suspicious of prolonged youth, and wishes to bridge the gap between infancy and manhood. He is a unit of totality, and despises freedom as a bourgeois concept.

This youth is a little Statist. He will be the pro-

fessor and the businessman of tomorrow; he will fit into the totalitarian pattern of the Coming Order; he will be one of the little antlike executioners who will destroy the individual. And he will do this in the name of the American Way of Life. The modern collegian is the servant of the coming Super-State.

If you wish to teach the principles of freedom, generate enthusiasm for the old doctrine of equality of opportunity, or talk in terms of reason, you must seek your listeners among the youngest high school students, the bright public school students, all the youngsters who have not yet been exposed to the disease of socialism. Seek them out soon, or they too will betray you, and bring about the egalitarian society of serfs and slaves. Take a lesson from the colleges of Europe, where the drivers of the new regime were the college students of the last generation.

If you send your son to the colleges of today, you will create the Executioner of tomorrow. The rebirth of idealism must come from the scattered monasteries of non-collegiate thought.

From Our Readers

Biography as Education

Might it not be wise—as well as possible—to urge all educators in this misguided country to suggest the use of more biography in our schools?

In these materialistic days, many of us are shy about admitting the tremendous psychological impact that great biographies have had upon our lives. Most of us can name several that have so influenced us, and it is surprising to note that today's young people have never even heard of them. Special stress should be laid on great Americans who have had the silent treatment (if not worse) for the last twenty years.

First on the list is Herbert Hoover. You very kindly published a note of mine about Hinshaw's "Herbert Hoover." I think that Eugene Lyons's "Our Unknown Ex-President" is more suitable for high-school seniors and college freshmen.

This one easily read volume would create a revolution in the soggy characters of Fabian-bred American youth. There is much fertile ground eager to receive this dynamic seed.

Greensboro, Vermont

ISABELLE LANDON

By Their Fruits . . .

Emerging from reading your "Yale in Turmoil" editorial (November 5), I wonder if your magazine could perform a service for the older Eastern universities which so largely train our leaders? (They could perform it for themselves but apparently haven't.) It could be a pattern for self-assaying. The reactions of undergraduates or of

faculties are no basis for valuing—they are too close to the subject. The actions of graduates in the open world, in positions of leadership, are the real evidence of the worth of a university.

A clear, well-grounded, objective researcher could take the Ninteen Years of the Gamblers (alas, still with us)—the New Deal, the New New Deal, the Fair Deal, etc.—and place after the name of each ecstatic economic manipulator, each statist, each welfare-statist, each spender, each centralist, each Stalinist, the name of the college that bred his mind. It would be interesting, and helpful (one would think) to the trustees and faculties of the schools involved, especially to their law, political science, economic, business school and sociologic groups. "By their fruits . . ."

Palo Alto, California

D. S. McMULLIN

Academic Sophistry

I've just had a bout with a college professor who thought he had said something profound when he declared "Even the Constitution of the U. S. A. is not above the law of evolution," and went on to include the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. Then he finally wound up with "Nothing is. All is in process of becoming." All I can say is that he isn't in "process of becoming." He has achieved Absolute Sophistry and that goes for a large segment of the academic world.

Datil, New Mexico

AGNES M. CLEVELAND

Always A Fighter

You may be interested to know that Harold McKinley, the hero of Stanley High's "Rebellion in the Potato Fields," was a star football player at Iowa State College at Ames in his day, possibly the best tackle in the Middle West. He was always a great fighter.

Long Eddy, New York

OTIS MOORE

"Letting in Light"

Hearty congratulations on the *Freeman*—an ably edited magazine which is supplying a long-felt need in letting in light on governmental activities. More power to you. The *Freeman* should be on the reading table of every public library.

Flemington, New Jersey

FRANK W. SIMMONDS

The Weapon of Ridicule

Thanks for the many good laughs I have had at the salty humor I have enjoyed in the *Freeman*. Aside from the information obtained from its pages, I find it enlivening and diverting.

The one thing the Missouri mob and the bureaucrats fear is the barbs of wit and ridicule that tear asunder their pompous and arrogant statements and show them up for the cheap counterfeits and the false alarms that they are. More power to you.

Waukegan, Illinois

CLARENCE W. DIVER



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Virginia colony was founded more than a decade before Plymouth, and there was an evanescent settlement in Maine at the mouth of the Kennebec as early as 1607. Yet America instinctively looks back to the Plymouth colony as its spiritual progenitor. It does so officially each Thanksgiving Day; it does so unofficially every day of the year.

Why should this be so? The answer can not be found in strict logic, for the Virginia colony established the first representative assembly in America at Jamestown in 1619, a full year before the Pilgrims set out from Leyden in Holland and from Southampton and Plymouth in England to sail for the New World. On the face of it, this would make Virginia the fountainhead of New World democracy. Yet, stubbornly and persistently, the year 1620 tends to take precedence over all other years in the minds of Americans who go looking for their national origins.

The subtler reasons for Plymouth's preeminence are all to be found in Bradford Smith's "Bradford of Plymouth" (Lippincott, \$5.) A descendant of the great Plymouth governor on his mother's side, Bradford Smith has taken William Bradford's own "Of Plimouth Plantation" (soon to be brought out in a new edition by Samuel Eliot Morison) and built out from it the first full biography of our earliest representative American. Some bits of this biography are necessarily conjectural, the result of the best possible deduction or inference from the available facts. William Bradford was no gossip, no Pepys, and he kept a Puritan's reserve about his own more intimate feelings. We do not know how his first wife Dorothy came to drown off Provincetown Harbor in 1620, before Plymouth had even been settled. It may have been a suicide, or it may have been an accident. We do not know much of a personal nature about Bradford's years in Leyden, that beautiful city in the Netherlands where the Pilgrims (or the Separatists) sojourned from 1609 to 1620. Mr. Smith has had to build up William Bradford's earlier Yorkshire background (Bradford was the orphaned descendant of land-hungry, freedom-loving North Country English yeomen) from a few sparse genealogical facts and dates. But Bradford left his own full record as a public man, and if Mr. Smith's book has its bare spots as a personal biography it remains an excellent history of the first colony to take root in New England.

The picture that one carries away from this book might, by magnification and extension, be called a picture of traditional America. Virginia had the first representative assembly, but it was in Plymouth that the American idea of the individual as a person with natural rights antecedent to government was first established. In the seventeenth century this idea, which breathes through the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution, could only come out of a community which insisted on the direct communion of the individual with his God. The Separatists had quit Yorkshire and Lincolnshire for Holland because they could not abide the identification of the powers of the religious community with the powers of civil government. To establish his right to religious freedom, the Englishman of the seventeenth century had first to insist that there were areas of life which neither king nor politician nor parliamentary majority could touch. It was the Pilgrim attitude, multiplied and extended by later theoreticians such as John Locke, that finally flowered in the Bill of Rights. And, nearly two hundred years before the Rousseauistic "social contract" of the American Constitution was drawn up, there was a Mayflower Compact signed by the Pilgrims aboard ship. The Mayflower Compact was a republican delegation of powers by individuals who retained their individual natural rights. The Pilgrims were not State-worshippers; though they left England before the Cromwellian revolution was well under way, they were still an integral part of a movement that dared eventually to behead a presumptuous king.

Mr. Smith insists upon the superior libertarianism of the Plymouth colony: Bradford, Brewster and the rest were far more tolerant of individual foibles than were the dour founders of neighboring Boston. The political, religious and commercial freedoms of Plymouth undoubtedly owed much to the eleven-year span which the Separatists spent in the free Dutch city of Leyden. When Bradford and Brewster came to Leyden, the Netherlanders had just finished throwing off the oppressive yoke of Spain. Freedom was in the air—and it was a freedom to trade, to enter into contracts, to make the freest possible use of one's individual energy, as well as a freedom to worship and to choose one's own civil government. The reason why Plymouth, after an initial experiment with communism, went over to a distinctly non-feudal ownership of land and to individual rights

to the fruits of one's labors undoubtedly goes back to the Pilgrim sojourn in commercial Holland.

We tend to think of the Pilgrim Fathers as being elderly men. Actually, they were extremely young men when they sailed for the New World. Of the 104 passengers on the *Mayflower* only four had reached their fifties. Brewster—the famous “Elder” Brewster—was fifty-two. Bradford, Fuller, Miles Standish and Hopkins were all in their thirties. And thirty-three of the Pilgrim band—almost a third of the passenger list—were children under fifteen years of age. The “great sickness” of 1621, which carried off about half the colony, hit young and old alike. When it was over, the young men who lived through it felt themselves steeled and tempered to proceed with full reliance on their own youthful powers. As Mr. Smith insists, Bradford, who certainly did not derive from a coat-of-arms noble lineage, was America's first self-made man. And he was the chosen governor of other self-made men.

Mr. Smith looks back with nostalgia upon the day when men banded themselves together in a “beloved community” to pursue a “good life” that depended on common brotherly aspirations. He is no anarchist, no devotee of the “dissidence of dissent.” But one of the most significant things about Plymouth, as he sees it, is its dramatic demonstration that communism in economics does not foster brotherly sentiments. During its first years Plymouth tried to live by the Marxian formula—“from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.” What the individual produced went into the common store; what the individual consumed came out of the common store in equal shares. The land was held by the community. The result of all this was apathy—and actual starvation. Bradford, a profound student of natural law, finally took it upon himself to break the agreement with the London Adventurers who had financed the Plymouth Colony; he assigned individual acres to each family, and he announced that henceforward every man would raise his own corn. The communal system of production had proved to Bradford “the vanitie of that conceite of Plato's and other ancients, applauded by some of later times, that the taking away of propertie, and bringing in communitie into a comone wealth, would make them happy and flourishing; *as if they were wiser than God.*” (The words are Bradford's; the italics are mine.)

Plymouth is an instance of a political community that succeeded in throwing off the stunting burden of communism without bloody insurrection. The reason it could do this was that Bradford, Brewster and the other elected officials of the colony were men whose prime ends in life were of a moral and spiritual nature. They were justice-loving men, not mere power lovers. Their example proves that there is a way out of the cul de sac

of communism in a spiritual community. But in a community that denies the spirit, such as Stalinist Russia, how can “the vanitie of that conceite of Plato's” be overcome? History gives us no easy answer. But the lesson is obvious: trust no man to rule over you whose prime interest is in the act of ruling.

In concentrating on a few central topics, this review has failed to do justice to the richness of Mr. Smith's book. There is a wealth of material in Mr. Smith's pages bearing on fascinating minor matters. Incidentally, Mr. Smith does something to rescue the Pilgrims from the strictures of Henry David Thoreau. In his “Cape Cod” Thoreau laughs at the Pilgrims as pioneers and explorers. But the truth would seem to be that those Pilgrims whose antecedents went back to Yorkshire were fairly expert farmers and stock-raisers. The Pilgrims never could master the arts of fishing; they were not good men of the sea. But Bradford did manage to do a good bit of exploring by sea, and he traded as far up the coast as Monhegan in Maine. He was not an accurate map-maker in the tradition of the Frenchman Champlain. But his interest was to found a community, not to chart the bays and shallows of a coast.

TRUTH WILL OUT

The Forrestal Diaries, edited by Walter Millis with the collaboration of E. S. Duffield. *New York: Viking. \$5.00*

The Forrestal Diaries were censored by the Department of Defense for “security,” and mulcted of all “rumor or comment reflecting on the honesty or loyalty of an individual” which was not Forrestal's own judgment but “something he has heard from others.” Finally, a large portion of the Diaries was admittedly “condensed, paraphrased, or omitted on the ground that it might embarrass the current conduct of foreign relations.” The wonder is that after all this expurgation and devitalization they still reveal so much concerning that enigma wrapped in a smoke screen which is American foreign policy. Not that the editors have not done their best to shield the Administration from the impact of the Forrestal narrative. Mr. Walter Millis's perfumed “editorial comment” is designed to obscure the unpleasant odor which finally asphyxiated James Forrestal, and which no amount of purification can expunge from the record.

Mr. Millis succeeds to some degree in misleading the reader, or at least confusing him, by constantly interrupting Forrestal to insert an *apologia* for the Administration. For instance, after Forrestal has cited George Kennan's prediction that the Russians would leave the UN should it frustrate their pursuit of “power expansion,” Millis interjects that this was not obvious in February 1946. The fact, of course, is that it was abundantly clear long be-

fore that date to anyone aware of Soviet Russia's record.

One should, perhaps, hardly be astonished to read that Forrestal discovered as late as January 1946 that "there is no place in government" where a study of "the nature of the Russian state philosophy" had been made. It is rather more surprising that Forrestal himself was evidently unaware that a good many books were available on the subject. Instead of consulting the published works of Max Eastman, Eugene Lyons, Sidney Hook, W. H. Chamberlin and other experts on communism and Soviet Russia, he enlisted the aid of a certain Professor Willett of Smith College who presumably had to start from scratch. And one could smile, were it not so tragic, when one reads that Forrestal advised Truman to enlist the aid of Johannes Steel, Raymond Gram Swing, and John Vandercook, as well as that of some non-pinko radio commentators, to help him bring home to the country the reality of the Soviet menace! However, Forrestal learned fast. Rather than blame him for having originally been as politically ignorant as other businessmen and bureaucrats, one must honor him for his early appreciation of the fact that "there was no way in which democracy and communism could live together," and for his courage in opposing the unscrupulous politicians who were directing American foreign policy.

As in a Greek tragedy, where the hero struggles in vain against inexorable fate—or, in modern terms, against his environment and the consequences of his own acts or those of others—Forrestal battled to save America inside an Administration whose overmastering interest was the retention of its own power. His Diaries provide abundant evidence that United States foreign policy was determined and directed by men who lacked the capacity and knowledge to foresee the consequences of their actions, or were simply indifferent to anything but their own political advantage.

We find Forrestal opposing what he calls the "morgenthauing" of Germany and Japan: the deliberate design to destroy the economies of the defeated peoples and to "encourage a state of impoverishment and disorder." This representative of "Wall Street" foresaw more clearly than any "liberal" college professor the fatal consequences which would flow from jettisoning the Atlantic Charter, and from destroying the counterweights to Soviet imperialism in both Europe and Asia. He realized, at least from the date when the Diaries begin, that it was the height of folly to believe that Stalin could be converted into an ever-loving friend of the Western democracies by unlimited concessions to him at the expense of our Allies, our enemies and ourselves. He also knew, as he wrote on September 2, 1944:

that whenever any American suggests that we act in accordance with the needs of our own security he is apt to be called a god-damned fascist or imperialist, while if Uncle Joe suggests that he needs

the Baltic Provinces, half of Poland, . . . all hands agree that he is a fine, frank, candid and generally delightful fellow who is very easy to deal with because he is so explicit in what he wants.

Forrestal also advocated aid to Chiang Kai-shek, in opposition to General Marshall whom he reports as so "frustrated" by his failure in China that he refused to face up to the problem. It is, however, astonishing to find that Forrestal, while Secretary of the Navy, was unaware that General Marshall had embargoed arms to China for the whole year July 1946-1947, for Forrestal records how on June 26, 1947, "I gave it as my view that we should *continue* to supply support and ammunition to the central government troops."

All Forrestal's efforts to induce the Administration to follow a realistic and principled foreign policy were unavailing. This was not only due to the influence of the appeasers and wishful thinkers and Communist sympathizers. The Diaries make it clear that United States foreign policy under President Truman has been determined mainly by domestic politics. The touchstone was always: Which policy is likely to produce most votes for the Democratic Party?

Feeling and thinking as he did, one can not but wonder why James Forrestal stayed on in the service of the Administration long after he had evidently come to the conclusion that it was weakening America and leading us to World War III. Reading his Diaries, I was reminded of the case of Baron von Weizsacker, the German Foreign Office official who stayed on under the Nazi government in the hope that he would be able to modify its cruelties and prevent it from leading Germany to destruction. Von Weizsacker was condemned at Nuremberg as a "war criminal" in spite of the witnesses who appeared in his defense from among the Jews and members of the Underground in the countries which Germany had occupied, and despite the testimony of British and other foreign office officials that he had striven to dissuade Hitler from starting the war. James Forrestal was driven to suicide by the scurrilous attacks of those who could not forgive his preoccupation with American security rather than with getting votes for the Democratic Party; and by those who smeared him because of his refusal to go along with the Zionists who placed *their* "national" interest above all other considerations; or who hated him for his opposition to communism. Both Forrestal and von Weizsacker, in very different circumstances, were faced with the same problem: whether it is better to fight against a government you disapprove of from outside, or stay in and endeavor to steer it along the path which you believe will save your country and the world.

The final act in the tragedy of James Forrestal was the Palestine issue. He had striven in vain to lift this issue "out of politics," because he foresaw the disastrous effect on the whole Moslem world, from India and Afghanistan to the Middle East and

North Africa, of our unconditional support of the Zionists. There was no more trace of anti-Semitism in this Irishman than of Anglophobia. He simply maintained that "the Palestine Jewish question was similar to the Irish-Eire question forty years ago, and that neither should be permitted to influence American policy." He clung to the hope that he could persuade both Democratic and Republican leaders to take the issue out of politics for the sake of our security and that of the whole free world. But Senator McGrath said that "the Democratic Party would be bound to lose and the Republicans gain" by an agreement to keep the Palestine issue out of politics. Finally, after lunching with Bernard Baruch, and being advised by this non-Zionist Elder Statesman "not to be active in this particular matter" since "it was not in my own interests" and because "the Democratic Party could only lose by trying to get our government's policy reversed," Forrestal gave up the struggle.

"The Forrestal Diaries" contains a great deal of new information, as well as substantiation of old charges against the Administration, which it is impossible to summarize in a review. The reader should not allow himself to be put out by the inclusion in its 555 pages of a great deal of repetitious, and at times boring, detail concerning the problem of unification of the Armed Forces—a subject of primary interest to Forrestal, not only because he was fighting to preserve the Navy and the Marine Corps, but also, it would seem, because he had resigned himself to the prospect of a Third World War on account of the stupidity of our war and postwar policies. Stripped though it has been by Administration apologists who have had prior right of entry, the gleaner in the field of United States foreign policy can still garner many ears of the precious corn of truth in this book. He will learn that the Administration knew that Japan was ready to surrender before we dropped the atomic bomb, provided only that we modified our demand for "unconditional surrender" to the extent of promising that their Emperor should not be deposed. He will be left in no doubt that General Marshall was largely responsible for our disastrous China policy and that there were not wanting farsighted military and naval men who vainly opposed it. He may be surprised to find that Byrnes, influenced by Ben Cohen, was the greatest appeaser of them all in the first Truman Administration, and appears, together with General Marshall, to have exerted a very harmful influence on the new President who had started out with the conviction that America should not allow herself to be pushed around by Stalin. He may also be surprised to learn that Averell Harriman was among the first who warned against trusting Stalin, reporting as early as April 1945 from Moscow that Russia considered our "generous and considerate attitude" as evidence of our weakness, and recommending the adoption of a "tough" policy.

Among the many illuminating incidents reported in "The Forrestal Diaries" and hitherto unknown,

is the fact that in May 1946, Acheson opposed General McNarney's proposal that he be permitted to send American troops from Germany to France in the event of an expected Communist *coup d'état*, in order to protect the 30,000 Americans guarding property there. The State Department recommended instead that we "interpose no resistance." No wonder that Stalin is reported by Bedell Smith to have said: "We do not want war but the Americans want it even less than we do, and that makes our position stronger."

Like Oliver Twist, who dared to ask for more than the meager diet provided in the workhouse, one lays down "The Forrestal Diaries" with one's appetite sharpened by the fare provided. Again and again a remark is included which, illuminating in itself, arouses one's curiosity concerning the subsequent passages which must have been deleted by the editors. Perhaps some day the American people will be permitted to know the whole truth. In the meantime we can be grateful for even this expurgated edition.

FREDA UTLEY

AMERICAN SAGA

The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover: Years of Adventure, 1874-1920. *New York: Macmillan. \$4.00*

After his return from a European trip in 1910, Theodore Roosevelt spoke of finding everywhere among the common people of Europe a "wistfulness about America." To them he said, "Here was freedom to live their own lives and make the most of themselves."

That phrase describes this reviewer's feeling when he had finished reading ex-President Hoover's memoirs. The book is permeated with a "wistfulness about America," the American people, institutions and way of life; a warm, human, kind, generous story that is full of activity and fabulous accomplishments. It is the record of a man who was able to make the most of himself because of his luck in having been born under the flag of freedom.

(Special note to public school officials who are concerned with the task of imbuing students in their care with inspiring and lofty principles of America: Make the first third of Mr. Hoover's book a part of the school curriculum. Similar advice is offered to Voice of America officials whose duty it is to interpret the American story at its best to the enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain.)

Mr. Hoover states in his preface that "These memoirs are not a diary but a topical relation of some events and incidents in a roughly chronological order." The book is based, he writes, on notes he was in the habit of keeping and documents rather than on daily entries. He wrote the first of the book's five parts in 1915-1916 as a record for his two sons during the interminable delays and boat trips as he shuttled back and forth to the Continent while serving as chairman of the Commission for Relief of Belgium.

This section of the book is crowded with nostalgia and with typical Quaker humor which is based on whimsical thought and usually begets moist eyes and a smile—never a belly laugh.

Part One of the book is the Hoover that his close friends have been privileged to know. It is informal, humorous, intensely human and, with remembered incidents, amazingly revealing of the urges which have motivated his life and the principles which have guided it. Significant details about his and Mrs. Hoover's marriage and relationship, told always with good taste, are moving and beautiful. Theirs, as everyone sensed who saw them together *en famille*, was as nearly a perfect husband and wife relationship as human beings can hope to have. He does not elaborate on it, but here and there with reserve and good taste he lifts the curtain shyly and gives the reader a glimpse of their complete togetherness as companions and partners.

It is in Part One of the memoirs that the reader will find the key to the answer of why Mr. Hoover is the kind of man he is, and why he has done and does the things with which he has busied himself over the years from childhood to the present moment.

The quiet, reticent Quaker qualities, combined with those Quaker practices of kindness, helpfulness, love of outdoors, and ideals of service to others, were the determining influences on his purpose and faith, his thoughts and actions. He was born in a Quaker home and his mother was a recorded Quaker minister—but not for pay as was and still in many places is the Quaker practice. He lived in Quaker homes and Quaker communities and attended Quaker schools until he was seventeen years old. These Quaker influences and experiences left their indelible marks upon him. The indelible Quaker marks which he carries are reticence, modesty, quick sympathy for the oppressed or needy, great strength, instinctive gentleness and an astounding audacity of the spirit that is pliable but unbreakable.

As a small boy in a little Iowa village he went fishing in the stream by the railroad bridge with

willow poles with a butcher-string line and hooks ten for a dime. And the dime was hard to come by. Our compelling lure was a segment of an angle-worm and our incantation was to spit on the bait. We lived in a time when a fish used to bite instead of strike and we knew it when the cork bobbed. And moreover we ate the fish.

His love of fishing is another of the carry-overs from his youthful years just as are his qualities of character and record of selfless service.

Another of his carry-overs from his youth is his industry, for he is always at work. Even before his father died when he was six years old he was helping around the home, and during the next two years before his mother's death he was given additional duties. From his eighth to his seventeenth year he lived with relatives, first on an Iowa farm and later with a doctor uncle in Oregon. In both places he

was kept busy out of school hours with duties.

A chance acquaintanceship with a mining engineer turned his thinking toward mining engineering. Another chance meeting with a member of the new Stanford University faculty decided him to enter that institution. From that point forward for twenty-three years, not chance, but determination, industry, unflagging interest in his profession, coupled with remarkable gifts, made him the highest paid mining engineer in the world. He shuttled back and forth across the world, to Australia, where he traveled across dry areas on camels that "do not fulfil all the anticipations of romantic literature"; to inner China on ponies, and to other inaccessible portions of the world by every known means of transportation. Between 1901 and 1908 he alone or with Mrs. Hoover spent some time in forty-one countries including places as far apart as Australia, South Africa, Canada, Egypt and Burma.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover always kept their home base in California, but they also set up homes in other places, a practice that served them well when together they undertook to translate Agricola's "*De Res Metallica*," a folio published in Latin in 1556, which was the first attempt to assemble systematically in print the world's knowledge of mining, metallurgy and industrial chemistry. No one before ever had succeeded in translating it into English. But he and Mrs. Hoover worked it out by language studies and by research in little laboratories he set up in their homes over the world. His account of how they did it together makes one of the highlights of the book because it so remarkably reveals the fullness and the quality of their relationship.

Chance again entered his life when it took Mr. Hoover and his family to Europe in the summer of 1914, and chance involved him in helping to take care of helpless American tourists who had hurried to London when war broke out on the Continent. His efforts to help them ended his business career when chance again enlisted him in the task of helping to feed ten million war-entrapped, starving Belgians and Frenchmen. What he did, how he did it, where he found the food and the money to pay for it, makes one of the most inspiring and thrilling pages of history.

Chance had again disappeared from his life when America entered the war in 1917, for he now was a world figure, respected, trusted and admired. His amazing accomplishments as Food Administrator, in which he led rather than regulated, and his work behind the scenes at Versailles prompted John Maynard Keynes to write later that "Mr. Hoover was the only man who emerged from the ordeal of Paris with an enhanced reputation." Then came his titanic effort to rehabilitate and feed broken and starving Europe with the American Relief Administration—a fabulous story in itself.

One paragraph in the chapter titled "There Was Idealism," which concludes Mr. Hoover's account of his work as American Relief Administrator, states:

... our major job was economic reconstruction, a part of which was food supply to their people as a whole. But parallel to it ran an operation quite minor in volume, but far greater in sentiment—our free-feeding of millions of undernourished children. And that was America. We ran it. European governments had nothing to do with it. This special work constituted but a small part of our effort but comprises a wholly undue proportion of the papers . . . [which] still breathe the awakening of the kids from lethargy to chatter . . . thousands of little items daily giving evidence that we were succeeding, that starving people had not held out their hands in vain.

No one ever has demonstrated the practical ability and the idealism of America better than did Mr. Hoover during his busy years from 1914 to 1920. He was America at its best, and he tells his amazingly useful story modestly, forthrightly and at times movingly. The years, in addition to mellowing him, have had a beneficent influence on his writing style, giving it a flow and a smoothness that makes the entire book easy and pleasant reading; a great story of a great man.

DAVID HINSHAW

COWS HAVE PERSONALITIES

Twelve Cows—and We're in Clover, by George Rehm. *New York: Morrow. \$3.00.*

In his preface to this book, Louis Bromfield reminds us that more and more people are becoming discontented with the emptiness, futility, noise and complexity of city life and are making for the country. When George Rehm made for the country after thirty feverish years as a newspaperman in Europe, including service of one kind and another in the two world wars, he was fifty-three years old. City life had neither soured him on humanity nor given him ulcers. He was not driven from the city by its horrors; he was lured to the farm by its irresistible charm. In September 1947, he and his sixteen-year-old son climbed into their car and set forth on a long search—to find not a farm but *the* farm.

After many disappointments they at last found what they wanted in northeastern Pennsylvania—a “compact group of house, barn, sheds and poultry houses” in a setting of fields, wooded slopes and distant hills. It was a dairy farm, and while the author had a clear idea as to what part of a cow yielded milk the process of extraction, even after close study of written instructions, baffled him. His book tells how he learned not only to milk his cows but to love them. To quote his own words, he found that “the cow is a wonderful animal, a loving and lovable triumph of evolution that has achieved the ultimate in the social scheme. Provide her with a living and she provides you with a living.”

He might easily have written his story in farcical vein, playing up the absurdity of mistakes made by a city worker when faced with country problems. But, while he writes with a light touch and gives

us many passages which make us smile or even laugh, George Rehm is in dead earnest about his cows. From four years of crowded experience he has gathered much practical knowledge of feeding, veterinary medicine and bovine midwifery, and he shares his knowledge with engaging enthusiasm.

There are no doubts in his mind that he was a wise man when he succumbed to the lure of the country. And he almost convinces us that rising at 5 a.m. in mid-winter, and hacking ice from the barn door in order to get inside to feed his horses and milk his cows, is much more fun than gulping coffee and toast and sprinting for the 8:10 to the city. “Breakfast,” he writes, “is an occasion with me.” He faces “with enthusiasm” a breakfast of fruit, cereal, meat, potatoes, eggs and coffee, topped off with pie or cookies. Such a meal, he tells us, fortifies him throughout the morning, which sounds credible. The cost is trifling, for country prices are low and the local butcher makes him a present of veal and beef kidneys because no one will buy them!

He has made a success of his farm—he has even made it pay—and any city man who thinks he wants to farm might well start his education by reading this book. Among other things that may surprise him, the city man will learn that cows have personalities, almost always likeable ones. The chances are he will find himself wanting to meet Maggie and Gaby and Toots and the rest of the herd as well as the three calves, Topsy, Windy and Pixie. There's no doubt at all that he'll want to meet George Rehm, who seems to be even more likeable than his cows.

LEONARD WICKENDEN

GENERAL KENNEY'S MACARTHUR

The MacArthur I Know, by General George C. Kenney. *New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.75*

Here is a close associate's warm-hearted tribute to a great soldier, statesman and man: a contemporary world-figure belonging to the roster of our own national heroes. General Kenney opens his memoir with the warning: “Before the reader gets too far along in this book, I believe I should warn him that I am a MacArthur man.” Well, so is this reviewer; though I have never seen the General or heard his voice, I am ashamed and resentful of the rude treatment accorded him. No traducer of the man whom many of us delight to honor—not as a “standard-bearer,” but, as a *Freeman* correspondent has acutely remarked, as a “standard”—will care either to read the Kenney book or to go further in this review.

The spirit of General Kenney's memoir is not only a high credit to its author, but also a precious piece of evidence to a comrade that not all of his colleagues are afflicted with timidity.

The verdict of history concerning both the superseded Commander and his detractors is plainly discernible, and General Kenney's citation of cold facts is going to enter weightily into that verdict. It dis-

pels any doubt about the petty, nonsensical, often purely malicious nature of the various manufactured charges that any enviable national or world figure must expect. Of those to whom history has accorded a high place, few or none have not been ticketed to the doghouse by Lilliputian contemporaries.

The Kenney account is not a biography; it is fine stuff for an outstanding "Life." It is exactly what its title indicates and what its jacket says. The author is no indiscriminating layman; he has won his four stars by solid service, and was in "command of all Allied air forces in the southwest Pacific from 1942 to 1945, during which period he became Douglas MacArthur's implicitly trusted deputy and intimate friend." No lengthy inference is needed to make out what General Kenney thinks of the MacArthur dismissal. Of that much might be, and will be, said long prior to the rendering of history's verdict. And that inconsiderate dismissal can not be said to have met universal applause.

A young man once remarked in my presence: "Lindbergh and several military men have had grand and well-deserved receptions; but just wait till Mac comes home!"

This reviewer has followed "Mac's" career (it is no small honor to become a "Mac," an "Abe" or a "Winnie") since he was appointed, in 1919, Commandant at West Point. Like most laymen, I had centered upon such figures as Foch, Pershing, and Clemenceau, and came only later to know of MacArthur's conspicuous gallantry as a Commander in World War I. What called my attention to him was what I learned about his attitude toward the enlightened alterations at the Academy begun by General Hugh L. Scott and his associates. And since then I have become a progressively convinced "MacArthur man," along with General Kenney.

I have come to think of MacArthur as of a sturdy moral force in an era of degenerate morality.

It may be added that General Kenney believes, as I do, that MacArthur harbors no political yearnings whatever, any more than did General Sherman.

"Don't worry," he said, in 1944, "I have no desire to get mixed up in politics. The first mission that I want to carry out is to liberate the Philippines and fulfill America's pledge to that people. Then I want to defeat Japan" (p. 250). In 1946, asked when he expected, after many years in the East, to go home, he replied: "When I have finished here, or they fire me. This is my last job for my country. . . . I expect to settle down in Milwaukee." And Kenney comments (p. 249): "I don't believe that MacArthur was ever really interested in running for any public office, even for the Presidency."

In any case, he listened to no suggestions that he should hurry home to show himself. As for his "firing," he accepted it without humiliation and with unruffled dignity. The Old Soldier is bound to die some time, but will not fade out of his country's history.

A. G. KELLER

STRANDED WAYFARERS

The Farmers Hotel, by John O'Hara. New York: Random House. \$2.00.

When "A Rage to Live" was published a few years ago, it provoked the liveliest kind of critical dissension. Even its opponents, however, were willing to concede that it was the most substantial and ambitious of John O'Hara's books, while those of us who have always admired O'Hara, despite his limitations, felt that he had, at last, achieved authentic stature.

Now, somewhat bewilderingly, comes a very different book—a brief, stylized tale, hardly a real novel, which will certainly not arouse the antagonism that greeted "A Rage to Live," but which is unlikely, also, to win the same plaudits. Temporarily, at least, Mr. O'Hara has diverged from the path which he seemed about to take. In comparison to its full-bodied predecessor, "The Farmers Hotel" is a pretty minor affair, adroitly written but relatively insignificant.

The scene of O'Hara's new story is a small village, Rockbottom, in eastern Pennsylvania, where a mellow and kindly ex-businessman—one Ira Studebaker—has elected to open a farmers' hotel. The opening occurs on the night of a blizzard, and the storm brings more stranded wayfarers to the charming little hostelry than Ira and his Negro helper, Charles, had anticipated. Among them are a wealthy pair of illicit lovers, neither of whom is young; a seedy little character from show business, accompanied by the two girls in his act; and a big, blustering, drunken truck driver, whom everyone dislikes, and who eventually precipitates tragedy. Isolated together by the storm, these people achieve for a time a close, precarious intimacy, and bare their hearts in a fashion which in less unusual circumstances would have been unthinkable, of course, to any one of them.

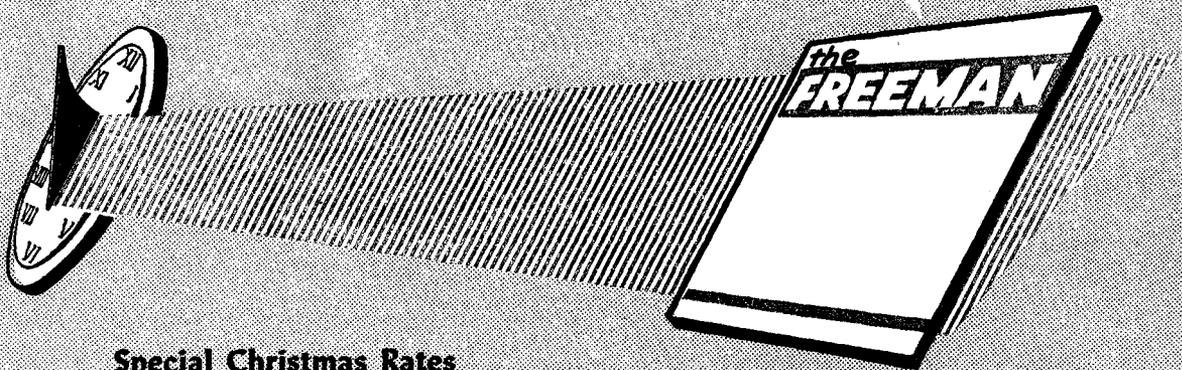
This is as much as I care to say about the plot structure of "The Farmers Hotel"—whose quite shocking denouement I also prefer not to divulge. Obviously the pattern of the story is a hackneyed and an almost artlessly simple one, and in hands less expert than those of John O'Hara the results might well have been lamentable. As it is, and even with his alchemy to help matters, I was not wholly satisfied. For all the brilliance of its writing and the crackle of its dialogue, and for all the surprising warmth and tenderness in the story, "The Farmers Hotel," in my opinion, is an artificial job, a suave but rather meaningless *tour de force*. I kept feeling, perhaps unfairly, that it must have been a very easy book for John O'Hara to write—too easy for one of his talents.

As "A Rage to Live" proved, O'Hara has it in him to do major work, and to offer a genuine commentary on his times. "The Farmers Hotel" is all very well, but I wish that he would get on with his proper business.

EDITH H. WALTON

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