the
SEPTEMBER 10, 1951 25 CENTS
FREEMAN

The Midas Touch in Reverse

JOHN HEFFERNAN

The Heritage of UNRRA

HUBERT MARTIN

Big and Little Cheaters

AN EDITORIAL

Editors: John Chamberlain • Henry Hazlitt • Suzanne La Follette

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SEPTEMBER 10, 1951

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN HEFFERNAN is assistant editor of the London financial and economic newspaper, the *City Press*, and a fellow of the Royal Economic Society.

HUBERT MARTIN is the pseudonym of a writer who has been connected with international organizations for many years, and has observed the work of UNRRA at first hand.

GEORGE TICHENOR is a novelist and editor. His "Glibson," dealing with the Wall Street crash of 1929, was a best-seller. He now has two new novels "perched," he says, with publishers—"The Iron Tongue," which deals with the making of a Communist, and "The Widow's Might."

GERALDINE FITCH was the only woman in a party of 23 journalists who went to Formosa last year. She spent 25 years in China, and two recent years in Korea, serving as part-time correspondent for the UP and INS.

CONSTANTIN FOTITCH resigned as Ambassador of Yugoslavia in July 1944 when a new Yugoslav Government-in-Exile was formed for the purpose of legitimating Tito's rule. Since that time he has been lecturing and writing. His book, "The War We Lost," was published in 1948.

DAN WICKENDEN has written five published novels, the latest of which is "The Dry Season," and he is now busy on a sixth. He has worked for CBS and for the *Grand Rapids Press.*

REP. DONALD L. JACKSON of California did not reveal the authorship of the hilarious parody on Lewis Carroll's "Father William" when he read it in the House on August 6. We are pleased to be able, with his permission, to reprint it over his byline.

The article by Bertrand de Jouvenel, announced for this issue, did not reach us in time to be included. It will appear in an early issue.

In our editorial, "The Case of Joseph Barnes," it was stated that Mr. Barnes left the *Herald Tribune* for the *Star* in December 1948. The month was April.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

As we go press the Chinese Communists have once more broken off the Korean truce talks, or at least threatened not to resume them unless we promise to behave ourselves. Their radio broadcasts are more abusive than ever, denouncing the "arrogant hoodlumism" of General Ridgway, our contemptible and savage attitude," and so on. And again there are well-authenticated reports that the Communists are using the negotiations interlude to build up a far greater attack than ever. It is now more than two months since Malik first suggested the truce, and more than a score of meetings have been held, during which we got exactly nowhere. If there were any real sincerity in the Chinese Communists' desire for peace—or if this desire had not at least been quite successfully subordinated to their propaganda drive—a cease-fire could have been arranged in a single day.

All of which once more raises the question of just how and why we got into these truce negotiations in the first place. Why did we betray this nervous anxiety to negotiate with a completely faithless foe—especially after we had dismissed General MacArthur for offering a truce based on our strength? Why did we accept Communist-controlled Kaesong as the place for the talks? Why were we so solicitous, at every stage, that the Chinese Communists should not "lose face"—which meant that the loss of face was our own?

What was wrong, in fact, with a mere public declaration on our part that we were willing to grant the Chinese Communists a cease-fire at any time on certain minimum conditions? Our first stipulated condition, of course, would have been that the truce would not be made at any point below existing battle lines. All that would have been necessary would have been a public acceptance of these conditions on the part of the Communists. If they had turned them down we would have been much better off in every other respect—and at least as near to a truce—as we are today.

Senator Taft says, "Let's cut it at least a billion." Senator Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, says to the Marshall Plan Administrator, "You think that is our business, to maintain the whole free world?" The Marshall Plan Administrator says, "I believe so." Senator Connally retorts, "You talk like you are the United States." Senator Fulbright discovers that Mr. Acheson's young men have got the idea of sending harvester combines to Iran, where farmers have no more use for combines than elephants have for satin slippers. Senator George says, "If European countries can not carry themselves now, we are kidding ourselves to think they may do it later."

These sounds do not scare the rhinoceros. He has heard them before, and besides, he has plenty of hide to lose. What if the Mutual Security Act of 1951 were cut a billion dollars? That would still leave 7.5 billions for distribution among the free countries of the world as military and economic aids. The President asked for 8.5 billions and said anything less would be a betrayal of the free world. How was that figure arrived at? Nobody knows. Perhaps by dividing three into 25 billions, which is Mr. Acheson's estimate of what it is going to cost us to hold the free world together during the next three years. How did he find his figure? That may not be a proper question. When the ancient cosmographers drew a picture of the world they saw that it had to rest on something. So they drew under it a turtle. The world rested on the back of a turtle. You were not supposed to ask what the turtle rested on. That would spoil the drawing. The American taxpayer is Mr. Acheson's turtle.

Power of control induces a strange psychosis in the minds of those who exercise it. For example, a plan to control materials, only at first to make sure that the government will get what it needs for the defense program, turns out to be a plan to control people. Why? Is it because people are unwilling to do without the materials the govern-

ment needs? No. Not for that reason at all, but for the reason that people are wilful and greedy and ought to be controlled. Take steel. The defense program calls for, roughly, one-tenth of the total steel production. Very well. All the government has to do is to ask for it. Nobody is going to make the slightest difficulty about it, or if anybody did the government could take it.

What then of the remaining nine-tenths? Shall people be free to do what they like with that? No. Why not? Because people can not be trusted to divide it fairly among themselves. The producers can not be trusted to allocate it rationally among their customers. Therefore the administrator of the Controlled Materials Plan will control the distribution of all steel, saying who shall have it and who shall not and in what quantities and what they shall do with it when they get it. There shall be no wilful free area in steel, although the government needs only ten per cent of it. And having put forth its edicts, the government, says Mr. Manley Fleischmann, will organize flying squads of enforcement officers to see that people do what they are told to do with steel. And so with copper and aluminum and other materials that might or might not become scarce after the government has taken what it wants of them.

It would make some sense in total war. The difference between a war program and a defense program is this: In war you have to determine how much of the nation's total productive power will be needed to sustain civilian life; the government will command all that remains over that, whatever it may be. In total war, that is to say, the government's demand is unlimited; it must take all that is not absolutely needed to keep the civilian population housed and clothed and fed. In contrast, the demands of a defense program are limited. The government knows beforehand what it wants, e. g., one-tenth of the steel, and when its wants are satisfied the remainder, whatever that may be, is available for civilian use. In total war, assuming the government's demand for steel to be unlimited, we should use no steel at all for private automobiles, at least not until existing motor vehicles began actually to wear out; but if it is a defense program, requiring only one-tenth of the steel output, there is no reason why the automobile makers should not compete with other private steel consumers for their share of the remaining nine-tenths—no reason except that then there would be a free market in steel, and the planner in Washington, controlled by his psychosis, reacts to a free market precisely as the mongoose reacts to the cobra.

The Administration's official confession of armament production lags: tanks about 35 per cent behind schedule, fighter planes about 25 per cent, ammunition 50 per cent, military trucks 40 per cent. Less official estimates of the procurement scandal run considerably higher. In any private enterprise, such a record of performance would mean immediate dismissal of management; in our national politics, it's practically an insurance of the derelict management's perpetuation: the greater the armament lag, the greater the "crisis"—and the greater the "crisis," the greater our purported national need to rally behind the bankrupt managers. Well, at least we haven't heard lately that "time is on our side." But the Lord had better be!

The American Federation of Labor has broken off friendly relations with the National Grange and the American Farm Bureau Federation, on the ground that they think too much like the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce. "We are not appeasing them any longer," says Mr. Green for the American Federation of Labor; and besides, "the farm workers are not in accord with the policies of these farm federations." From the point of view of organized labor, the trouble with the American farmer is that he is a capitalist. He hires labor. In Russia he would be called a kulak. The American Federation of Labor can not liquidate him; all it can do is to oppose "legislation beneficial to the farmers," and address itself hereafter to farm workers as the proletariat of American agriculture. Well then, the air is a little cleared. The idea of a farmer-labor alliance was absurd enough in this country even when agriculture was in a state of extreme and exceptional depression; it was bound to break when farming became prosperous again as a capitalist-minded industry. It was an idea that could not work well, or work at all without compulsion, even in Russia, where there was a peasant class such as never existed in this country.

In the hubbub over Mike Quill's drive to unionize "New York's Finest," nothing struck us funnier than Mr. Quill's deadpan promise that his proposed policemen's union wouldn't use the weapon of strikes. When Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother, as impersonated by the wolf, was asked what she had those big eyes for, she at least admitted it was for seeing the girl better. Notice that the wolf refrained from putting it on too thick by saying, "so that I *won't* see you, Little Red Riding Hood." That ultimate twist to the art of fooling kiddies was reserved for New York's labor politics in our more sophisticated era.

General "Wild Bill" Donovan allowed Communists and fellow-travelers to infiltrate his OSS in wartime because he felt the Communists were "on our side" and could be counted on to put in a full day's work. No doubt they were on our side—up to a point. Just where that point stood has recently been made plain by the revelations of the wartime murder in Italy of an OSS man by

his subordinates. Apparently the subordinates resented the fact that their boss was chary about distributing money to the Italian Communist partisans. Even if it be taken as a single, isolated instance, the story has its gruesome fascination. But we understand that the United States government knows of eighty or ninety comparable cases, and that news of them will be forthcoming one of these days. We hope the government proves considerably more adept in its detective work in exploring the ramifications of these cases than it was in its judgment of Communist "loyalty" to the U. S. in 1944 and 1945.

Mr. C. K. Allen, writing in an excellent English publication called *Individualism,* quotes some interesting statistics from the 1949 report of the London Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. The statistics are for police manpower days lost from work because of certain ailments before and after World War II. Says Mr. Allen:

> In some serious complaints the increase is enormous: thus, muscular rheumatism (with myalgia, lumbago and sciatica), 144.9 per cent increase; colic (with diarrhoea, enteritis, etc.), 196.9 per cent; dyspepsia, 359.3 per cent; duodenal ulcers, 510.5 per cent; neurosis, debility, etc., 180.5 per cent; varicose veins, 366.7 per cent; and, most startling of all, tuberculosis, no less than 483.5 per cent.

The conclusion from these figures could be one of two things: either the British police have taken to malingering and hypochondria under socialism, or the labor government's vaunted food controls and free medical services have made the average British Bobby a less healthy specimen than he was in the Bad Old Days of Stanley Baldwin. You pays your money and you takes your choice, but in either case it's no advertisement for the planned economy.

Whatever else may be said of the late William Randolph Hearst, he was certainly implicated in his times. He created "yellow journalism." He forced the issue of the Spanish-American War. He fought the Trusts, those "heejus monsthers," as Mr. Dooley called them. He printed the cartoons of F. Opper, which made the "little man" famous to the world. He warned us incessantly against the Yellow Peril. He was against the League of Nations and World Government. He told Hitler off on the subject of anti-Semitism. He was bitter against the Communists, and he crusaded incessantly for a stalwart Americanism.

The "intellectuals" were always against him; in fact, historian Charles A. Beard once said that no decent man would touch William Randolph Hearst with a ten-foot pole. (That was in the days before Beard had changed his mind about a number of things, including the motives of the Founding Fathers.) In the perspective of decades, however, Hearst now appears to have been a better judge of values than the intellectuals who attacked him so bitterly. The Yellow Peril suddenly materialized in 1941, when Japanese planes swooped down on Pearl Harbor. The League of Nations proved its impotence as early as the Corfu incident of the nineteen twenties. World Government is still a completely Utopian dream in a century that includes Stalin, Mao Tse-tung and Tito. And Hearst proved far more perspicacious about the danger from local Communists than any of his critics.

How to sum the man up? No doubt many of his earlier campaigns were tinged with demagogy. (We still believe, for example, that the Spanish-American War was an unnecessary piece of juvenile biceps flexing.) But demagogy or no demagogy, the Hearst papers today contain more common sense about economics and politics than can be found in a hundred more "civilized" newspapers we could name. In appraising William Randolph Hearst we recall the old story about the frontier character who was so justly esteemed by his friends. He was admittedly an s.o.b. But, as his friends said, he was "*our* s.o.b." Hearst's journalistic manners may not always have been irreproachable. But he was an American through and through.

Nineteen-year-old Traude Eisenkolb, who had been chosen by Communist Propaganda Chief Gerhart Eisler as "East Germany's ideal personification of beauty, Marxist dialectic and industry," deserted her post in the Red Youth Rally in East Berlin the moment she caught sight of an American lipstick. Crossing to the American zone in West Berlin, young Traude devoured a couple of sundaes topped with whipped cream and then proceeded to get herself done over with a bourgeois pancake makeup and blue eyeshadow. Whatever else the incident proves, it at least nails down the proposition that to call her a "personification of Marxist dialectic" is no way to treat a lady. Comrade Gerhart Eisler, who spent a long time in America, should have known that; but apparently he never visited an Atlantic City beauty contest. If he had, he would have discovered what the feminine proletariat really goes for.

Sir Willoughby Norrie, Governor of Australia, has suggested research to bring about a hormone treatment which would keep cows from giving milk on Sundays. Object: to guarantee that farmers, too, can fully honor the Sabbath. Now of course, the Lord, had He intended such a radical enforcement of His Sabbath command, could have fixed the cows accordingly from the start. But that wouldn't have helped very much, so long as He wouldn't also fix the nature of governors: the real trouble, for farmers as for everybody else, is not what cows issue on Sundays, but what governments issue every day of the week.

Big and Little Cheaters

THIS IS not a brief for the ninety boys at West Point. They cheated; they got fired. No doubt it was coming to them.

Nevertheless, we haven't met a soul in recent weeks that has managed to take the least bit of self-righteous pleasure in the comeuppance visited on the West Point cadets. Practically everyone is aware that justice, in this instance, has been considerably less than even-handed. As one correspondent of the *Freeman* puts it, "The Big Cheaters punish the Little Cheaters for cheating." When the judge and jury can scarcely be distinguished except by the enormity of their misdeeds from the criminals they are condemning, even the most implacable consciences among us must feel that justice would have better been served by suspended sentences.

Then, too, there is the inescapable feeling of arbitrariness about the whole business. When as many as ninety individuals, including most of the stars on a big football squad, are fired from an educational institution in one swoop, it is obvious that they are being punished for going along with an old, well-established *tradition* of misdoing. Ninety individuals do not break their word of honor *en masse* at any given time save by the sanction of use, wont and custom. If there were ninety cadets involved in cheating at West Point in 1951, there must have been a record of that sort of thing going back at least a decade. There must have been sixty cheaters in 1949-50, and thirty (at the very least) in 1948-49. Moreover, the authorities must have been aware of the situation long before they acted. They certainly knew that football recruitment at the Point (as at all big universities that insist on the prestige of good teams) involved some disingenuous, not to say hypocritical, definitions of scholastic worth.

The pressure on the members of a football team to "get by" in their studies while spending long hours on the practice field does not come primarily from an undergraduate body; it comes from the higher-ups. It is the pressure of the Old Grad, of the trustee, of the university hierarchy, that results in the spectacle of the cheating guard, the academically shifty halfback.

It is not a situation that can be resolved by any such minor therapy as the mere de-emphasis of football, or fine words about rededication to the ideals of an undergraduate honor system. For the fact is that we live in an almost universally cheating society, as the Reverend Dr. James W. Fifield of Los Angeles has underscored in a recent notable address called "Immorality in Government." President Truman was reportedly horrified by the West Point disclosures. But his horror must have an empty ring to those who reflect on his lack of horror over the government lady who got the $9500 mink coat for her offices in trying to promote an RFC loan for a friend. What is "honor" to a government when a Presidential administrative assistant can refuse to appear before a Senate Committee in connection with the RFC investigation? Or when a printing firm gets a Federal loan right after one of its employees—Bill Boyle—departs from its payroll to take a job as Democratic National chairman?

The most flagrant examples of a cheating society involve outright corruption in government. But the real corruption in our society has a perfectly legal sanction; indeed, it is created by the law. By any rational definition of the word, it is robbery when one takes the product of another person's energy by force. But when a farmer or a businessman or a labor group gets a subsidy by government edict, it is supposed to be all right. Well, why is it all right? Since when has it been honorable for a majority to mulct a minority by use of the vote? The only good reason that we have ever heard offered for agricultural support prices is the old *tu quoque* that Big Business began the process of legalized stealing by exacting the protective tariff from a compliant legislature. But this is an argument that two wrongs, when added together by politicians, can make a right.

Beyond the multifarious criss-cross of expropriations involved in the extortion of subsidies at the political gunpoint of the various pressure groups, there is the over-all cheating involved in the Administration's money policies. The thievery known as "inflation" has in the space of two decades stolen about half the wealth of the American people. Insurance policies are worth only half what they used to be worth; savings accounts, ditto. Then there are the intangible spiritual values of which Americans have been cheated—the values of freedom which have been more and more obliterated by government controls.

The West Point cadets were trying to get something (a passing grade) without putting forth the energy required to earn it. But in an inflationary and subsidy economy that is what everybody does. In a society almost universally devoid of honor, why should one expect boys of college age to think very highly of the concept? We are just asking *pro forma,* as it were; we already know the answer.

Life Magazine recently polled its correspondents around the country on the subject of popular attitudes toward recent news of government corruption. It reports "a specific disgust with the institutions and processes of government as such." This is undoubtedly the beginning of wisdom, for government, whenever it departs from its proper po-

lice and defense functions to mingle in the economic process, always degenerates into a disgusting thing. But we won't really believe that the American people are on the way back to true morality until we see the farmer, the businessman and the laborer refusing, as a matter of honor, to take tangible, material things from politicians even when sanctioned by law. After all, the politician has nothing to give except what he can extort from citizens who are not in the government. The politician can give only by becoming a hold-up man.

Along with the ninety West Point cadets, the whole of America needs to recover its integrity. But it will never do so in the atmosphere of socialism, subsidy and what is falsely described as the Welfare State.

The Slick Truth

TO BE slick with the truth now is an approved technique of executive government—approved, we say, because those who practice the technique are never rebuked and continue to be exalted by the President.

Do you recall the intense debate that took place last spring over the constitutional power of the President to commit American troops to an international army in Europe without the consent of Congress? The debate was embittered by the fact that when in 1949 the Senate ratified the North Atlantic Treaty it did so upon positive assurances from both the State Department and the President, first, that nothing would be done to implement the treaty without the approval of Congress, and, second, that in any case the treaty did not obligate the United States to provide troops. Then in January, this year, the President announced that he was sending four divisions, by no leave of Congress, acting solely upon his power as Commander-in-Chief. The troops were already going and Congress could not stop them, and yet it felt obliged to do something about it.

The Senate Committee on the Armed Services sent for Defense Secretary Marshall and General Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to appear and testify. One question was: how many troops? What did four divisions mean? The following exchange took place and stands upon the printed record:

> SENATOR JOHNSON OF TEXAS: So when we are talking about four divisions, roughly we are talking about 100,000 men?
> SECRETARY MARSHALL: Yes, sir.

And this:

> SENATOR JOHNSON: In your opinion will 100,000 men be sufficient to support the four divisions planned and the support necessary?
> GENERAL BRADLEY: It will be an approximate figure.

After this testimony the Armed Services Committee reported to the Senate as follows:

> It is estimated that these four additional divisions, plus the required additional supporting troops, will increase the number of United States troops in Europe by about 100,000.

There were already 100,000 United States troops in Europe under the American flag, principally in Germany. Therefore, sending these four divisions to General Eisenhower's international army would make the total number of troops in Europe 200,000. So Congress understood. So the people understood. And Congress then voted a resolution saying it approved of sending the four divisions already on their way—but no more without its consent.

Now observe the haggard truth emerge. On July 27, Secretary Marshall appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in support of an appropriation of $6300 million for military assistance to Europe, and said the plan was to have in Europe, not 200,000 American troops, as everybody supposed, but 400,000.

Into the news of this hearing the Associated Press introduced a paragraph to appear in brackets, which the *New York Times* printed as follows:

> Defense authorities at the Pentagon told reporters, after hours of frantic checking and double-checking, that they were unable to explain or clarify the basis for General Marshall's statement. There was some belief that the Secretary might have made a slip of the tongue.

The next day Secretary Marshall sent a letter to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, saying 400,000 was the right figure. If there was any misunderstanding, it arose from the fact that the Senators did not realize how many auxiliary and supporting troops it would take to keep four combat divisions in a state of readiness. Nor did he tell them. He let them go on thinking that four divisions meant 100,000 men. When Senator Johnson said, *"So when we are talking about four divisions, roughly we are talking about 100,000 men?"* and Secretary Marshall said, *"Yes, sir,"* was it the lie subtle? Or was it merely slick technique to conceal the truth in Senator Johnson's innocent word *roughly?* Ask the young men who have been dismissed from West Point for cribbing.

If the Secretary had said to Senator Johnson, "No, sir; it will be many more," that might have been bad for the international army, since Congress just then was in an ugly mood. The *New York Times* said:

> The conclusion is inescapable that the administration spokesmen either were not entirely frank or did not take full account of the auxiliary troops that would inevitably have to be sent. This is not a satisfactory way of dealing with Congress, and it is unfortunate that the misunderstanding should have occurred.

For this barely perceptible wiggle of the moral sense, wee thanks. Shall one say that where there is wiggle there is life, and where there is life there is hope?

The cynicism with which the word of government now is regarded is almost complete. Several members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate recently visited seven European countries to see for themselves what they could see. Among them was Senator Wiley of Wisconsin. He reported his conclusions, and one of them was that

> certain of our diplomatic and military officials were still trying to spoon-feed Congress and the American people. Time after time we received hints that we weren't being told the full picture as to the expected amounts of men and money that would ultimately be required of us. Again and again we would inquire as to whether we had been told about all—I repeat, all—the foreseeable requests which would be presented to the Congress. But we were left with the vague feeling that we were still getting the requests piecemeal.

The Senator seems to want a prospectus. But he is looking at one and can not believe it. The title is: Government Plans, Unlimited.

Battle of the Billions

WE BUY figures. And this is how we do it. The bill appropriating $56 billion for the military establishment originated in the House of Representatives, as the law requires. The Appropriations Committee worked on it for eleven weeks. The axe it used against the official estimates got very dull, and when it would cut no more all that had been chipped off was 1¼ per cent. The committee heard 500 witnesses. The printed record of the hearings was a document of three million words. A copy of this record was placed on each member's desk. If you did 300 words a minute, it would take you 166 hours to read it.

But the bill had to be passed in two days. The committee's digest of the record was a document of 158 pages, and yet even a member who had been able to get that through his eyes while attending to the debate with his ears would still have been figure-stunned when the vote came.

The committee itself did not know. Representative Mahon, speaking for the majority, said: "There is no easy way to find out what you are going to do with 56 billions." Representative Wigglesworth, speaking for the minority, said the testimony of the military people had been highly unsatisfactory. Fundamental information was not forthcoming. Again and again the committee was told, "This figure represents the best estimate of what we need," or, when it asked for simple and essential facts, "We shall have to submit that later for the record." On the record the following exchange took place:

> MR. WIGGLESWORTH: I would like to ask the admiral, if he were sitting on this side of the table, on the basis of that statement how would he determine whether you needed $1,350,000 or $500,000 or $5,000,000?
> THE ADMIRAL: Sir, I would be at a loss.

Mr. Wigglesworth said: "The truth is that your committee and the Congress have been asked in many instances to proceed in the dark. We have been given some tables, some unsatisfactory testimony, some warnings, and are asked to vote the money." Mr. Crawford said: "We have substantially lost control of the affairs of this country. We are forced to accept this bill as it is or vote against all the appropriations. And who wants to vote against all the appropriations with the commitments of the country as great as they are?"

He voted the money, and so did Mr. Wigglesworth and 346 others. There were only two votes in the negative. This $56 billion bill did not include the cost of the Korean war, which was still to be provided for; nor an item of nearly $6 billion for permanent military construction for which the original estimate was $12 billion; nor the atomic bomb, nor the bill for military assistance to Europe and for creating situations of strength in the rest of the free world. The total military appropriations for the year might very easily be $70 billion—or more. The Pentagon now is leaking out the news that the Department of Defense is raising its sights.

A House Divided

ONE OF the inhabitants of the "House of Labor," which is what William Green likes to call the establishment of organized labor, is on the rampage again. This time it is the AFL, which has decided to terminate existing "harmonious" relations with the CIO. At its recent meeting in Montreal, the executive council of the AFL voted 11 to 2 to end its formal ties with the CIO, which means dissolving the powerful United Labor Policy Committee and resuming the fight for supremacy in the labor movement which began fifteen years ago with the forming of the CIO.

The reasons for this sudden and unexpected action, which certainly caught the CIO by surprise, are obscure. But they are probably the same old reasons which have dominated AFL policy from its beginning. The AFL dislikes and distrusts rivals, and when any appear it does its best to do away with them. The great foe of monopoly in business believes in monopoly in unionism.

In this case, the Federation complains that the CIO has gained and the AFL lost from their recent collaboration in the economic and political fields. Besides, the AFL believes in "organic" as against "functional" unity. Organic unity will be achieved when one federation of labor swallows the other lock, stock and barrel, and if there is any swallowing to be done it must naturally be by the older and larger federation, the parent, so to speak, of all present and future labor movements in the United States, the AFL. The CIO can not be expected to enjoy the experience of mastication

and digestion, which achieving organic unity requires, particularly in an era of full employment when jobs in the union are manifestly to be preferred to openings in other gainful employment.

Laymen, unfamiliar with the workings of a labor movement, should have much to learn from this latest outbreak in the ranks of organized labor. Here is a collection of unions dedicated, so they constantly say, to the elevation of the lot of mankind. Their motives are of the purest. No one dares challenge their wisdom. To object to their programs and policies marks a critic as selfish and inhuman. If there is anything they are unquestioned masters of, it is the business of collective bargaining—which is nothing more than a series of conversations between rational men for settling differences of opinion and arriving at an accommodation of conflicting views. Spokesmen for organized labor spend a good deal of their time belaboring businessmen for their unwillingness or inability to bargain collectively. But, when the differences are internal—conflicts within and between unions—then bargaining goes out of the window and the parties engage in tests of strength through raids, picketing and various and sundry forms of intimidation.

In a country whose federal government goes all out for ever stronger combinations of labor unions, there ought to be some food for thought in the incapacity of the leaders of union labor to manage their own affairs fairly, peacefully, and rationally.

Mr. Harriman Explains Yalta

WHETHER and when Dean Acheson (whose thirst for punishment, his own and ours, seems to be unquenchable) will make room for W. Averell Harriman is still uncertain. But any possible doubt that Mr. Harriman would be a worthy successor to America's most unfortunate Secretary of State has now been dispelled: his recently released *apologia pro Yalta sua,* filed on July 13 with the Senate Joint Committee which investigated the MacArthur dismissal, proves Mr. Harriman a past master in Achesonian self-destruction.

Harriman returned to the scene of the crime (he was Roosevelt's most intimate consultant during the Yalta butchery) with one of the most astonishing alibis ever produced in the extended history of obfuscation. Shorn of verbiage, this is the alibi's gist:

1. Up to the time of Yalta (February 1945), the foremost objective of Rooseveltian grand strategy was to keep Stalin from quitting the war against Germany; at Yalta, to draw him into the war against Japan;

2. Stalin had lived up to certain obligations he had contracted in Teheran (late 1943), and that surprised Roosevelt so much that he felt entitled to trust him completely at Yalta;

3. The villain ever since has been not Roosevelt who offered the Yalta agreements, but Stalin who subsequently broke them.

There once was an old woman who, when her neighbor sued her for returning a borrowed pitcher in a sadly chipped state, argued thus before the court: first, she had never borrowed a pitcher from anybody; second, she had returned it to the other woman in absolutely perfect condition; and third, the pitcher was already badly chipped when she borrowed it. Now Mr. Harriman has considerably improved on the old woman's legal argument. And he added, for good measure, the prettiest *non sequitur* since the Democratic National Committee contended that their Mr. Boyle was an impeccable gentleman because Senator McCarthy purportedly likes to shoot craps for relaxation.

In the first place—what does it mean to say that, at *any* time during the last war, America's prime objective was to keep Stalin in the fighting? It means, of course, to confess openly to an obsession with the ever-present possibility that Stalin might make a deal with Hitler.

Consequently (always following Mr. Harriman's logic) Roosevelt's bids at Teheran and Yalta were dictated by his overpowering suspicion that Stalin, unless bribed by better offers from our side, would flagrantly violate his solemn treaty obligation (of December 1941) to abstain from any bilateral negotiations with the United Nations' common enemy.

Therefore (and this is *Mr. Harriman's* conclusion), the Teheran and Yalta agreements of 1943 and 1945 were necessary to prevent Stalin from breaking the Treaty of 1941—agreements, mind you, entirely built on the axiomatic assumption that Stalin's word is his bond.

Suppose you are riding in a taxi and have reason to fear that the cab driver is a hold-up man. What do you do? According to Mr. Harriman, you humor the suspect by throwing your wallet and your gun onto the seat beside him—on the theory that the guy won't take them. Then, if he *does* take them, you must never blame Mr. Harriman for your property loss, as the crime, don't you know, has been perpetrated by a notorious hold-up man.

So this is the best Yalta rationale the Roosevelt Brotherhood was able to produce after six years of profound contemplation! In submitting it to the Senate over his signature, Mr. Harriman has appropriately reduced himself to cabinet stature in Mr. Truman's era. That he found, on page after page of his righteous argument, nothing—literally nothing—reprehensible in the entire Yalta story, may be merely a measure of his personal pride. That he hadn't enough sense to notice the ludicrous logical holes in his petulant brief, reflects on his competence. And on his competence, God help us all, depends at the moment the salvation of peace in the Near East.

The Midas Touch in Reverse

By JOHN HEFFERNAN

A British economic writer explains—with figures—why socialism has become "the right to exploit at a loss monopolies which were previously profitable."

LONDON

A MEETING of a new Socialist International was held at Frankfurt this summer. At this meeting a strange trend in Socialist thought emerged: A declaration stated that "Socialist Planning does not presuppose the ownership of all the means of production."

This is diametrically opposed to one of the principal tenets of the Marxian philosophy. It is a trend which at first sight seems hard to explain.

There has of course been a curious development which has accompanied state ownership of industries in European countries. It is a development of which Americans are well aware, since it has contributed to the financial difficulties of European countries which have caused the ever generous American nation to supply that Marshall aid which the Iron Curtain countries so suspiciously regard as martial aid.

This development is described by a French economist in the following words:

> *Les temps ont évidemment changé, et personne ne voudra contester aujourd'hui que la collectivité est en droit d'exploiter a perte des monopoles autrefois fructueux.*

Only a French economist could put the matter quite so delicately. English economists—from Roy Harrod, arch-planner of the Tory Party, to Hugh Gaitskell, arch-shortage-organizer of the Labor Party—are still wrapped up in the idea that anything businessmen can do they can do better. The sarcasm contained in the French suggestion—"Times have apparently changed, and no one would deny today that socialism is the right to exploit at a loss monopolies which were previously profitable"—would probably pass way above their heads.

But this trend has set Socialists thinking. In New Zealand, a Socialist country for years, a Conservative government is back in power. Contributing greatly to the Conservative success has been the inefficiency and the burden on government finances of the nationalized enterprises. The Conservatives are trying to sell these enterprises. Now, most significantly, the New Zealand Labor Party has dropped all plans for state ownership from its program.

The same attitude among Socialists is beginning to appear in France. France has a larger part of its national economy under state control than any other nation in the world—apart from the Communist countries and Great Britain. The wide range of state industries in France is astonishing considered in relation to the limitations of the apparent advantage of state direction. Profitable enterprises include potash mines, shipping and banks. In these, management is largely independent of the government. But against these profit-making enterprises are the following: The railways have lost 226 billion francs in five periods. Electricity has lost seven billion francs since 1946. Gas lost 37 billion francs in 1948 and 1949. Coal mines lost 7.5 billion francs between 1946 and 1948. And the airplane industry lost 3.5 billion francs by the end of 1949. The two government organizations concerned with the cinema business lost 53 million francs by the end of 1948; the radio system nine million; the press organization 1200 million, and Agence France Presse lost a billion francs in 1949.

Air France did announce a profit of 73,000 francs at the end of 1949. But it appears that even accountants succumb to the peculiar diseases which flourish in state organizations. For it has since transpired that the actual position of Air France is somewhere between a 73,000-franc profit and a two-billion-franc loss.

A rough estimate for 1950 gives the total losses on state enterprises at 200 billion francs at least, or around 570 million dollars.

In Great Britain, where nationalization is more recent, the nationalized civil airlines lost 112 million dollars between 1946 and March 1950. And the nationalized transport industry has lost another 112 million dollars since 1948. Other nationalized industries have made profits—but only as a result, in every case, of steep rises in selling prices.

Why Nationalization Creates Deficits

What is the basic explanation of this situation? In theory, large organizations should be more easily able to work at the optimum level of efficiency. In theory, for example, British Road Services, controlling all long-distance road transport, can cut out wasteful journeys which would arise when small ten-lorry firms are unable to get return loads.

Why is it that in spite of this the nationalized British Road Services has turned one of the most profitable industries out of the black and is now running it well in the red? Why is it that in the United States huge corporations like General Motors, which are at least as big as some nationalized undertakings in Europe, are yet able to make big profits in the face of fierce competition? What is

the missing factor? What is to blame for the failure of government undertakings where private enterprise for profit has succeeded?

The answer is, poor management. It has been truly said that all bottlenecks are found at the top of the bottle. That is the basis of the difficulties of nationalized enterprises. To begin with, no Socialist government can politically afford to pay big salaries so as to obtain the high-quality management needed for large organizations. For example, Britain's most important industry, now nationalized, is coal. Top man in the industry is the Chairman of the National Coal Board. His salary: $22,500 a year. This salary is not sufficient to attract the best man for the job of running one of the biggest organizations in the world. And high taxation makes the salary look really silly. After tax, only $9000 a year is left.

The salary is too low to get the right man. But it may be too high for the man that gets the job. In the United States big corporations pay high salaries. These salaries are justified in the open market place. Only free competition can justify high salaries. But there is no free market place in which the salaries of managers of nationalized industries can be justified.

This lack of good management comes back to the elimination of the profit motive. Only with a profit motive in the form of high salaries can the best managers be secured. Only the owner interest in the profit motive will be interested in securing the best managers. Eliminate the profit motive, give the job of appointment to the government, and the need to get the best man for the job is eliminated. The appointment becomes a political question. And from the top the disease spreads right down through all levels of the organization. "The best man for the job" becomes a thing of the past.

In France the situation is particularly interesting. There, it has become a question of the management of government enterprises in the interests of their employees, who constitute a disciplined electoral force, instead of in the interests of the consumer. The constitution of the administrative councils of nationalized French industries provides for equal representation of state, customers and employed personnel. This, in effect, insures the predominance of the employed personnel. Much the same, it is true, applies in the British nationalized industries. But since our nationalization is more recent, this trend is only beginning to appear. Nevertheless already, as in France, nationalization has been followed by a growth in personnel, a fall in working hours, growing absenteeism and a tendency for the more highly graded workers to swell in numbers.

The profit motive goes, and the consumer pays for its burial.

Now that they find nationalization has this Midas-touch-in-reverse, Socialist economists are beginning to look around for a new thought with which to mesmerize the public. The disappearance of profits and the appearance of losses almost immediately on nationalization has thoroughly discredited the nationalization policy.

The "new" thought that is most likely to succeed in replacing nationalization is the idea of equality of incomes. This would, unfortunately, receive much support from the masses. The fact that it partly explains the failure of nationalized industries is not appreciated. Doubtless it will be tried and it will fail. And slowly Socialist nations will "progress" toward the Communist state—where the impoverished masses find that the high salaries of corporation executives have been replaced, after a period of "equality," by the high salaries of Communist commissars.

Retreat to Freedom?

The trend of Socialist thought away from state ownership of industries must cause thinking people to consider the possibility of denationalization of state enterprises.

Many British economists maintain it to be impossible to denationalize road transport, railways and coal. However, in recent weeks there has been a big change in the Conservative Party attitude toward this question. The most important development is that R. A. Butler, policy-maker of the Conservative Party and one of its most powerful men, has come out for the denationalization of railways. Butler's recommendation is important in view of the fact that hitherto he has been considered by some a "left-wing" Conservative.

Behind his call for denationalization of railways is the fact that Socialist "planning" is eating up capital resources with unparalleled rapidity. The capital shortage, resulting from years of ill-treatment of capitalists, is shortly going to dominate the economic picture not only in Britain but also throughout Europe. Only inflation has hitherto prevented interest rates from rising to crisis levels. When interest rates are in the 7 to 10 per cent region, governments may find that their nationalized industries are their only real assets, and that only by selling them will they be able to restore the national finances.

And we may be sure that, curiously enough, there will be businessmen ready to pay hard cash for these loss-making undertakings.

Definition

"Teacher, what's a Liberal?"
"Well, my little scholar,
He's a man who likes to spend
The other fellow's dollar."

"Can he spend it better, then?
Get more for it, Master?"
"Well, it may not go so far,
But it will go much faster."

HERBERT M. RICHMOND

Eisenhower Loses Prague

By **PETER LAWRENCE**

ONE by one the deep secrets of the war are coming out. It has always puzzled the American people that, in May 1945, General George S. Patton's fast-moving Third Army unexpectedly stopped before Prague and thereby delivered Czechoslovakia into Russian hands. Bismarck once said that Bohemia is the key to Europe. It is safe to say that without Czechoslovakia, the Russian position in central Europe would be far less imposing than it is. Specifically, an American seizure of Prague might have deprived the Soviets of Jachymov, site of Europe's most important uranium mine. If so, the Russians would not have been able to produce their first atomic bomb as early as 1949.

Why then did General Patton stop when the going still was good? Why did he not dash forward to Prague, scene of a bloodbath of terrifying dimensions? In his book "War As I Know It" (p. 325 ff.), the colorful general—who, incidentally, was an earlier victim of Communist character assassination than General MacArthur—related that he asked General Bradley for permission to seize Prague. This permission was denied, for reasons which the Third Army commander ignored at the time. General Patton later ascertained what these reasons were. In his book he described them as "sound," but omitted to reveal why he was forbidden to capture the Czech capital. On his part, General Dwight D. Eisenhower merely stated that the American forces were directed, "by agreement," to advance to the line Karlsbad-Pilsen-Budweis ("Crusade in Europe," p. 417).

It took a German historian to fill in the gaps of information. In his book, *"Das Ende an der Elbe,"* Juergen Thorwald reports the following sequence of events: On May 4, 1945, General Eisenhower radioed to Moscow that the Third Army stood ready to advance to the Elbe and Moldau rivers and that American forces were preparing to occupy the entire western part of Czechoslovakia. On the very same day, General Antonov, Stalin's chief of staff, hurriedly requested the American mission in Moscow to instruct Eisenhower not to advance beyond the Karlsbad-Pilsen line, and to avoid a mêlée of American and Russian troops. The American units could have advanced more than 100 miles, and certainly to Prague and the Elbe River, without encountering large numbers of Russians. Yet Eisenhower at once complied with Antonov's request, whose true purpose he failed to comprehend.

Thorwald's knowledge of the Russo-American messages apparently was based on radio intelligence which was available to the German Fuehrer of the moment, Admiral Karl Doenitz.

It is thus established that (a) there was *no* Washington-Moscow governmental agreement concerning the seizure of Prague; (b) the American Army was able to seize the Czech capital; (c) the leading American generals wanted to take the city; and (d) the fateful decision to abandon Prague was made by General Eisenhower himself and by nobody else.

The record speaks for itself. It shows that Eisenhower was an easy victim of Soviet psychological warfare. The tantalizing question remains: Has the NATO commander and Presidential hopeful lost his erstwhile "innocence"? Let us pray that he never again will lose a battle to Soviet radio messages.

Worth Hearing Again

"You are old, Father Big," the West Pointer said.
"There are crooks in the tail of your kite:
But when we peer over a shoulder or two,
We are 'sacked'; do you think that is right?"

"In my youth," the politico answered the boy,
"The truth was a blade, sharp and clean.
But that was before I entered the door
Of a Midwest city machine."

"You're the boss," said the boy, "you could fill us with joy
If discharge from the Point you would foil.
We're guilty a bit, but less, I submit,
Than Vaughan and Dawson and Boyle."

"In my youth," said the Man, with aplomb and élan,
"I kept all my ethics quite supple.
Now I don't even blink when a friend gets a mink,
Much less if she gets her a couple."

"You are smart," said the youth, "but your morals are slack,
And your conscience reduces like suet.
Through thick and through thin, you smile upon sin.
Pray, how do you manage to do it?"

"A scoundrel, my boy," said the great man with joy,
"Is successful until he is caught.
Then he's a fool, an untrustworthy tool,
And a deficit out on the yacht."

"You are old," said the boy, "one would hardly suppose,
That your skill was as steady as ever.
Yet you buffet the gale, keeping pals out of jail,
What makes you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions and that is enough,"
Said the boss with an unpleasant laugh.
"Go learn how to parrot the words of the wise.
You may land on the Joint Chiefs of Staff."

REP. DONALD L. JACKSON
Congressional Record, August 6, 1951

The Heritage of UNRRA

By HUBERT MARTIN

BETWEEN June 1944 and July 1946 the United States Congress appropriated close on two and three-quarter billion dollars to be spent on relief and rehabilitation in the countries liberated from enemy occupation. The spending was entrusted to UNRRA, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, a temporary organization specially created for this purpose. During four years of existence UNRRA managed to collect a staff of 25,000 people—including fourteen official historians—and to dispose of almost four billion dollars in cash and kind.

Despite the staggering volume of its operations and despite the fact that UNRRA succeeded in collecting an additional hundred and sixty million dollars' worth of goods and money from the American people by direct appeals, very few Americans are aware of the crucial role which it played in shaping the postwar world. While our soldiers were liberating Europe from the Nazi yoke UNRRA was —consciously or unconsciously—making the countries of central and eastern Europe ripe for Communist domination.

The story of how this was done has never been told, and even now, with the official history of UNRRA in print and for sale,[1] it is not easily apprehended. For the official history is designed to hide the significance of the facts it relates and to divert attention from the fundamental issues. The official historians use a very simple device: Instead of trying to justify the unforgivable role which UNRRA has played, they concentrate upon charges, such as inefficiency and dishonesty, which though grave in themselves are of only minor consequence in the whole pattern of UNRRA operations. These they pretend to refute by quoting instances and by putting forward arguments which go far to substantiate and even to enlarge the original charges. The reader remains unconvinced, but by the time he has ploughed through about a thousand pages he is far too weary and exhausted to wonder whether he has heard all the charges or even whether he has heard the most serious ones. He may think little of UNRRA, but he will think of it as an isolated historical freak.

That he should persevere in this view is a matter of great practical consequence, for UNRRA was not only the precursor but also the testing ground of other United Nations organizations into which UNRRA methods and UNRRA personnel have since infiltrated. UNRRA taught the Communists that if only their demands were insolent and extravagant enough, they could count upon finding "enlightened liberal" advocates to think up justifications for them. Not only would those "liberals" tell the world how reasonable, humane and generous the Communists really were whenever they appeared willing to content themselves with the immediate delivery of fifteen ounces of flesh instead of insisting on getting the whole pound at once; the "liberals" could also be counted on to see to it that, whatever delays there might be in the fulfilment of Communist promises, there should be none in the fulfilment of Communist demands. The characteristic techniques of postwar diplomacy, by which the United States and other Western governments exchanged their solid performance against Communist promises which could not and perhaps were not even meant to be controlled, were developed there and disguised by a vocabulary which seemed to have been inspired by Alice in Wonderland.

Acheson Edits Churchill

UNRRA owes its origin to the generous impulse and the foresight of Winston Churchill who during the darkest hours of the war, in August 1940, promised the speedy dispatch of food into territories as and when they were liberated. Churchill began immediately arrangements to collect and store supplies, and thirteen months later he proposed the creation of an Inter-Allied Committee on Postwar Requirements, assisted by a Postwar Requirements Bureau staffed with British officials, to coordinate the estimated needs of the areas under Nazi occupation. Of the fifteen governments then at war with Hitler one, and only one, refused to cooperate—that of Soviet Russia, which was not content with its proposed share of influence.

Ten weeks later the United States had been drawn into the war, and soon the State Department took a hand and presented the "Acheson Plan" which introduced the idea of "a strong, policy-making, but small committee" composed of the representatives of China, Great Britain, the United States, and Soviet Russia. This had the effect of giving to the voice of Russia many times more weight than it could have had in the far larger assembly of the nations fighting Germany and Japan, and of excluding potential dissenting voices. Russia's contribution was the attempt to introduce

[1] "UNRRA, the History of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration," prepared by a Special Staff under the Direction of George Woodbridge. New York: Columbia University Press. Three volumes, $15. The compilation of this history has given full-time employment to a senior staff of fourteen official historians during an aggregate of 239 working months, in addition to employing six secretaries, and has called for more than 600 monographs from other members of the UNRRA staff. (One of these monographs ran to 697 single-spaced typewritten foolscap pages.) At a modest estimate the production of the three volumes must have cost around one million dollars—more than any of the world's great historians had to spend in a lifetime.

the "unanimity rule"—which has since become the Security Council veto—but this rule was then restricted to a limited range of matters.

The influence of Russia was further augmented by the fact that although in theory the Director General had unlimited freedom in the choice of his staff—in practice he preferred to depend on governmental endorsement—he had no freedom at all when it came to the appointment of Soviet citizens. Thus loyal Communists were appointed to the key positions of Deputy Director General of the Bureau of Areas, Chief of the Mission to Czechoslovakia, Chief of the Mission to Yugoslavia, and, during the initial stage, Chief of the Mission to Poland. They were of course not the only Communists or Communist sympathizers among the staff; neither American nor foreign fellow-travelers were lacking.

The effect of such appointments was magnified out of all proportion by the operating policies which UNRRA adopted. After the first World War assistance was given to sufferers in Europe by the American Relief Administration under Herbert Hoover. Hoover's work brought tens of thousands into direct personal contact with America, earned their gratitude, and left them with a sympathetic appreciation of America's practical idealism. This type of "soup-kitchen relief" was now disdained, and instead of giving direct assistance to the people themselves UNRRA decided to give assistance only to governments. That this practice might clash with UNRRA's catch-phrase of "helping people to help themselves," especially in countries with traditions of dictatorship such as Poland or Yugoslavia, seems to have escaped the policy-makers' notice. But it added tremendously to the power of governments and weakened opposition to the point of extinction.

How to Lose Friends—

The UNRRA Council laid down in various resolutions that "in general the responsibility for the distribution within an area, of relief and rehabilitation supplies should be borne by the government or recognized national authority which exercises administrative authority in the area"; that relief and rehabilitation "shall be distributed or dispensed fairly on the basis of relative needs"; and that "at no time shall relief and rehabilitation supplies be used as a political weapon, and no discrimination shall be made in the distribution of relief supplies because of race, creed or political belief." The record does not tell whether anyone laughed when the vote was taken, or whether anyone wept. The tears were to come later, for by that vote the choice was made between the governments-in-exile that had sided with us and the Soviet-backed local authorities who were now given the means of consolidating their usurped powers.

How UNRRA helped the Communists to establish their grip on Czechoslovakia can be learned from two articles which Ivo Duchacek wrote as the result of his personal experience and published last year in *World Politics*:[2] As the Germans retreated, local administration was taken over by "Partisans" who—unlike the French Resistance—had spent the war years in unobtrusive obscurity, unnoticed by either Czechs or Germans, and who now, backed by the Red Army, began to browbeat the people and, aided by UNRRA gifts, to court their favor. Such Czechs as adhered to the traditions of democracy and freedom were physically helpless and mentally bewildered; they felt that once again—as earlier at Munich—they were being handed over to a conqueror and, profiting from their last lesson, they submitted quietly.

Should a Mission headed by Comrade Alekseev (USSR) find anything wrong with that? Indeed, it is surprising that, when charges of corruption, mismanagement, and discriminations were made in Slovakia, the UNRRA Mission should have gone so far as to admit that "mistakes had been made and the distribution system . . . was far from perfect." Of course they found that "there was no significant amount of deliberate discrimination," for a good Communist knows instinctively when and how to discriminate. The idea that the UNRRA staff could adequately observe the distribution of relief goods was of course childish.

The UNRRA staff in Poland numbered 422 people at its peak; 260 of them had been recruited in the country and could hardly afford to displease the local powers. The remainder included medical officers and other specialists whose work was sharply circumscribed. But even if they had all known the language and been free to use their time, there would still have been only one observer to about 150,000 people. Moreover, to speak freely to UNRRA officials or to complain where Communists abounded might entail considerable risks. In Albania, for instance, the history states:

> No Albanian was likely to hazard a complaint in the presence of the government escort who always accompanied staff members on their observation tours, and in Tirana the staff found themselves carefully avoided by most of the populace.

But even if unfairly divided, the gifts might still have earned the good will of the fortunate recipients for the donors. They did not even do that. When the first UNRRA goods arrived in Warsaw in 1945 "there was little understanding that the goods were actually gifts from an international organization." Could Comrade Menshikov (USSR) who then headed the Mission, be expected to tell the people of Poland that about 95 per cent of these goods had been contributed by the people of the United States and of the British Commonwealth of Nations? Still, the officials learned at last that what UNRRA sent were gifts.

But they were not gifts to the men and women who had to pay their government for the food and the clothes they received. In Czechoslovakia the government earnings from the sale of UNRRA

[2]Ivo Duchacek acted as liaison officer between General Patton's army and the Czechoslovak government and was chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Czechoslovak Parliament from the liberation to the Communist coup of 1948.

goods accounted for 27 per cent of the government revenue.

The gravest consequence of the UNRRA policy lay, however, in the social and political transformation which it encouraged in the receiving countries. In its anxiety to protect governments against the need of assuming "the burden of an enduring foreign exchange debt," UNRRA made it unnecessary for them to consider the interest of investors and encouraged them to go ahead with their schemes of expropriation and nationalization by which non-Communists were eliminated as an economic factor and were made ripe for political surrender.

Were they grateful to UNRRA? Far from it. As early as February 1946 Gomulka, Vice-Premier of Poland, complained to the United States Ambassador, Arthur Bliss Lane,[3] that UNRRA food was being used as a political weapon, and on the occasion of the May Day celebrations he declared publicly that the reduction in the food program for Poland —which in fact was the result of the food shortage which then affected the entire world—was "mainly due to propaganda by the reaction." Thus started one of the most successful Communist propaganda lines, and, although the Polish government retracted the charge, Communists and fellow-travelers have continued to exploit it ever since. Why it should be immoral to use food as a political inducement but not immoral to use the threat of violence for the same purpose is a mystery which none of those "liberals" has thought worth explaining.

The people outside official circles of course hardly ever realized that the UNRRA supplies were gifts. How could they? They had to pay cash for what they received, and very considerable amounts of cash, too.

—and Subsidize Communists

UNRRA gifts constituted a twofold subsidy to the governments that received them. First, they acted as a subsidy in kind at a time when goods were almost unobtainable. Second, they enabled the governments to levy from among their citizens an amount of money equal to the value of the goods received without having to resort to the normal democratic procedure of asking the elected legislatures for it. According to the agreements concluded with UNRRA the governments were expected to expend most of this money on relief and rehabilitation projects, but of course, whichever way they spent it, the effect was always a strengthening of the governments' hold over the peoples and a weakening of popular criticism and of potential opposition.

It is instructive to consider what would have happened if UNRRA had adopted a different policy or if there had been no UNRRA at all. If UNRRA had imitated Mr. Hoover's practice, good will would have been created among the recipients of assistance, and the prestige of the United Nations would have been established in precisely those areas in which it is least in evidence today. If there had been no UNRRA at all, the governments of eastern and central Europe would have had to buy their own supplies as those of western and northern Europe were doing. This they could not have done without foreign credits and the need of obtaining such credits would have influenced their choice of economic and social policies. They would have had to consider the interest of investors and been obliged to refrain from the large-scale confiscations upon which they were about to embark. For they could hardly have expected to raise loans in countries whose nationals they were proposing to expropriate.

Prudence would also have prevented them from tampering with the lawful property of their own nationals, since they very likely would have had to rely upon the credit enjoyed abroad by their private citizens and firms in order to raise the large sums that were needed. Or does anyone believe that, for instance, Tito's government could have borrowed four hundred million dollars abroad at that or any other time?

By freeing governments from such considerations UNRRA set the seal of approval upon the policies which doomed the old order and condemned non-Communists and potential opponents of communism first to economic and finally to political extinction. UNRRA tried to justify this course by invoking the principle that "a government shall not be required to assume the burden of an enduring foreign exchange debt." Granted the soundness of this principle, less noxious ways of putting it into practice could have been found without overmuch mental exertion.

It is hard to believe that the people who planned and carried out UNRRA's work could all have been unaware of the probable consequences of the chosen course. Some of the men were certainly ignorant and others were devoid of imagination—of that there is no lack of evidence in the official history. But surely, not all the twenty-five thousand?

The question is of more than purely historical interest. After all, Dean Acheson who acted as godfather to UNRRA is now directing our foreign policy as Secretary of State, and whether he connived at what he understood or whether he merely failed to understand what was happening has some bearing on his fitness for the office to which it has pleased Mr. Truman to call him. And apart from Mr. Acheson there are the numerous UNRRA officials—2131 according to the official history—who have since found positions with other United Nations agencies. Many of these wield considerable influence, and it is a profoundly disquieting thought that they may now be engaged—under the Point Four Program, perhaps—in planning and shaping the future course of the world.

[3]It will be remembered that Mr. Lane's subsequent advice against the granting of unconditional loans to Poland was disregarded by the State Department, which is now repeating this improvident attitude in our relations with Tito.

This We Own

By GEORGE TICHENOR

THE PLANE thrumming over the Catskills looks down upon an architect's model of an expensive country club community. The spongelike little trees are clumped as neatly, the hills roll as beguilingly, as in a Grant Wood painting. Here and there are stuccoed or half-timbered Swiss chalets, with graveled parking areas for shiny toy cars. The aluminum roads wind past stables, baseball diamonds and tennis courts as neatly lined as a draftsman's blueprint. There is the emerald green of a swimming pool, or "natatorium" as one proprietor fancifully calls his own.

As we swing low, the face of Utopia shows pimples, but not too many. We are coming, with only the slightest bump, into the heart of the "Borscht Circuit," a playground, the vacationland for thousands of New Yorkers, where everyone is "Having Wonderful Time"—elders "schmoosing" and playing cards under gaudy umbrellas, watchful of the not-too-convincing lethargy of their young, for whom life begins at 8:40 with dancing, and vaudeville skits "right from Broadway," with a pell-mell getaway of the *aficionados* to the basketball game at which the young Adonis serving your table by daylight will give his all. . . . So if the service is more friendly than formal, who cares? The meals are something sumptuous with all the extra servings you want ("Who's counting?"). . . . All in all, an experience (including the bill) that will provide a topic of conversation for months to come and a social gambit second only to a trip to Florida.

Even the small, sometimes drab, houses along the roadside have their quota of bright metal chairs in the yard, previewing the not-impossible miracle. For this whole panorama, all these populous verdant hills, is a miracle of the rarest sort—common sense; a community that lifted itself by its own bootstraps.

The first Jews who came to Ulster and Sullivan counties—about 45 years ago—didn't come for a vacation. They were refugees from the pogroms of eastern Europe, shunted from the sweatshops of New York. Wilted, but not broken, they came in bewildered groups to a land which smart Yankee farmers had abandoned in disgust. Tanners had stripped off all the hemlock on the hills. After a hard winter, the only sure crop in the spring would be the rocks, which would come out of the ground like popcorn.

To eke out a miserable existence, these settlers—many of whom had never farmed before—attempted to take in boarders during the summer months—friends or relatives from the hot city, attracted by the bright clear air—the closest many of them would ever get to champagne.

This matter of boarders threatened to be an overwhelming problem to these marginal farmers. Nearly all had mortgages on their homes, and the mortgagees naturally insisted on fire protection. Stock company fire insurance rates were high to begin with, but if a farmer took in a single boarder, his rates were more than tripled—if he could get the insurance at all! Discrimination is hard to prove. Perhaps it is only a coincidence that nearly all of the Jewish farmers found themselves with cancelled policies at about the same time, desperately looking for protection even at exorbitant rates.

There is a semi-legendary character you hear about in the Catskills, called Philip Thomas, who used to ride around on a white horse, preaching cooperation, brotherly helpfulness, and the verities that people try as a last resort. And there was his friend, a sort of Jeremiah named Victor Kogan, who traveled less dramatically in a sleigh, coming into a house, shaking off the snow and waving his whip at the confounded stupidities of mankind. Between the friendliness and fury of those two men, and initial help of Jewish organizations, the settlers came together for the first tug at their bootstraps.

IT WAS Cooperate or Perish—and by their choice, the "Associated Cooperative Fire Insurance Companies of Sullivan and Adjoining Counties" was born. Scrawled signatures attested the close and wincing calculations of thirty property holders, who no less than the dry-throated signers of the Declaration of Independence, felt they were pledging "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor" in a foolhardy venture. Well, it was a winter's work, bespeaking frostbitten fingers, and conferences by smoky lamps out on farms where even the dog howls seemed far apart. In December 1912, a committee took the precious application to Albany; got into a discussion—and lost the papers en route. But the papers turned up (by a miracle?) on the desk of the proper official of the Insurance Department, who, looking over the sheepish contingent, exclaimed in pardonable amazement: "What are fellows like you doing in this business?"

As you cross the railroad track into Woodbridge you can get a pretty good idea how the town looked in 1913. There is the same wide space between the Sunday-weary railroad station and the frontage of small stores, doing a rushing business every day in summer, with customers carrying loaded parcels to their cars. Levine's Drug Store is now cluttered with small fry in halters and shorts, buying cosmetics, film, bathing caps or a coke, waiting for the bus to come in with a pneumatic wheeze. You can

work your way up the stairs to the room where the insurance company used to meet. It's a small room, bare now, with a row of grimy windows and a low ceiling of pressed tin. Over there was the safe that never properly closed, the kitchen table with black oil cloth that served for the "directors" and the pot-bellied stove for which Rose Hecht hauled fuel —not much needed by the sad-eyed young men sweating out plans for another assessment. They were learning by trial and terror.

Very early they innovated certain practices that saved the organization and made it grow: uniform assessments at a stipulated rate that made dividends possible; a flat fee for every policy written, regardless of size (which discouraged overwriting, the object being to write good risks, not larger risks). And for the same reason, the company did not hire agents, permitting policies to be written only by directors who knew and were known by policy-holding neighbors. No full coverage was ever written on a property, so that in case of a loss, both policy holder and company had reason to commiserate each other. Settlements were made not by the director who wrote the policy, but by two others from other districts, subject to approval of the board. Knowing one another, they were far better judges of character than Big Company executives of a distant city. Living side by side, they knew one another's costs and had the ready sympathy which pushes through just claims.

Three principles were stated in the faded early minute books of the insurance company: (1) to provide the best protection at lowest costs; (2) to support activities of benefit to the community; and (3) to educate constantly against fire hazard. In pursuance of the second objective, the company moved vigorously against the mortgage "bonus" racket. The helpless plight of the settlers had encouraged mortgagers to chisel from hundreds to thousands of dollars as bribes on second and third mortgages. Only two years after they started, the company succeeded in getting a state law passed creating Farmers' Savings and Loan Banks, the very first one opening in Woodbridge—that sturdy brown building over there.

So they survived, and Rose Hecht claimed she could feel it in her back. She was *the* staff in early days, going along with directors who couldn't write English, to help them fill out forms, lucky if she didn't also push the buggy, when the horses would be belly-deep in snow or mud, depending on the season.

As YOU drive up the hill, you may conclude that Woodbridge shops and small homes will not get architectural prizes; but you will be struck by the air of prosperity and sturdy independence of the community. They even like their *bank*—and should. Near the top of the hill are the two finest buildings in town—a large three-story brick building, which is the school; and across the road another sort of school, which is the insurance company, housed in its new light stone-faced building, efficient-looking and restfully appealing on a lawn boxed with hedges and shrubbery.

To the right, off the marbled lobby, is the large leather-upholstered office whose privacy no one observes, occupied by Boris Fogelson, one of the company's most important acquisitions (in 1919). Mr. Fogelson later claimed he was harmlessly vacationing in one of the boarding houses when a car whirled up, full of men in derby hats, with the kind of moustaches that went with detectives or anarchists. They had come to persuade him, by appealing to his idealism, to become secretary of their company.

He is a small man, of misleading frailty, rueful humor, and frequently uplifted eyebrows at the way so many things, well planned, turn out right. Two facts strike you about Mr. Fogelson: his worried concern about every detail of management (even as he talks he seems to be listening to something cooking in the stove), and a really religious zeal about community helpfulness. The word he uses more than other is "Cooperation." He makes it sound like fife and drum. A youthful immigrant, a scholar of social theories, Mr. Fogelson came under the spell of Dr. James Peter Warbasse, founder of the Cooperative League of USA, a reason why the symbol of the twin pines is set into the masonry of the building, a reason why he couldn't say No when the young men resembling banditti jumped out of the car and twisted his conscience.

MR. FOGELSON'S reports are a heady mixture of utilitarian and Utopian appeal. Like this one for 1950:

> We have gained 304 members and $8,139,710 in insurance, so that the insurance in force has reached the imposing figure of $55,200,365, distributed among 3044 members. We have maintained, for the 11th consecutive year, the same low assessment rates. . . . We secured permission from the Insurance Department to declare a 20 per cent dividend on the 1948 assessment. . . . For eight consecutive years, we have continued to pay patronage dividends to our members, adding up to . . . $349,191.30. . . . We have increased our surplus to members by $26,096.52 to a total of $714,687.49. . . . We could not have achieved the excellent results . . . without your active support and efforts in eliminating all possible causes of fire . . . your attendance at annual meetings . . . your realization that you own and control the companies on a democratic, cooperative basis.

All of which infuriates no one but the outcompeted competitive stock companies, who in the course of 37 years have seen the community insure itself at a savings of about $7,000,000—not counting about a million in reserves and real estate. They have seen, too, the creation of a *friendly* local business, a significant fact which one report explained: "Consumers have paid for many businesses—this one they own."

The first and most obvious result is the vacation playland which could never have been started by these immigrants without mutual reliance within the framework of the small community.

The Cooperative Insurance Company has fostered and inspired a plethora of other co-ops, many in the feed and poultry businesses; it has brought lecturers to its lyceums and made awards to the schools; it has loaned money to nearby villages at lower rates than obtainable "outside," thus benefiting all taxpayers, regardless of whether they are policyholders; in the same manner, it has benefited non-members by forcing competing companies to lower their rates by 20 per cent; and, needless to say, the co-op company does not discriminate.

IF YOU'RE expecting a constellation of geniuses as the secret of success, you will be refreshingly disappointed in a typical committee come in to work with Mr. Fogelson on plans for the annual meeting—which everyone can attend since it's in the neighborhood (no proxy voting). Max Levine, Jacob Benenson and Isadore Tennenbaum are kindly older men with hard hands and character-creased faces. They wear sport shirts (an idea of their wives), they smoke good cigars (their own idea) and they've sent their children to college (a joint project).

The fourth member of the committee is Benjamin Cosor, of the younger generation. He is heavy-set, shrewd, attorney for the company—technically, companies, because four additional companies since the first have been added (with the same management) to take care of extra coverage needed by resorts which have grown beyond the limits envisaged when the law originated. Mr. Cosor and Mr. Fogelson are chiefly responsible for starting the company's credit union, an outgrowth of Mr. Cosor's indignation at the humiliation he once witnessed when he was co-signer for a member's bank loan. "And it was either that or pay 10 per cent to the local usurer for a six-months loan."

You'll not want to miss an inspection trip through the light, airy building where, free from dust and grime, clerks look out on green fields and distant blue mountains. One stop will be the credit union office, where Rose Hecht, now a pleasant gray-haired woman (with a daughter in the office) will show you the books she keeps—about a million and a half loaned in the past fourteen years, without the loss of a penny!

Last stop is the directors' room with its long polished table and another visitor there, completely at his ease. An old farmer wearing a *yazmolka* is rubbing a calloused thumb lovingly over the smooth finish. He looks up. With a smile, he says: "This we own."

Lines and Points

The Chinese Reds' idea of a cease-fire is one that gives them the freedom of the cease.

Impression of Stalin's discomfiture at the progress of Allied rearmament: "Can't we doubletalk this over?" EDMUND J. KIEFER

This Is What They Said

SO ALL over the East nationalism struggles to find expression, and in some places it is mixed with a little communism. There is little in common between the two except the common hatred of imperialism. Soviet Russia's wise and generous policy towards all Eastern countries, within her Union as well as outside, has found many friends for her even in non-Communist countries.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU in 1933, quoted in "Glimpses of World History"

Together with our Allies we shall have to . . . grant the liberated peoples of Europe the full right and freedom to decide for themselves the question of their form of government.

JOSEPH STALIN, December 1943

Soviet imperialism, if the phrase may be used at all, is no less urgent and remorseless than its Romanov prototype, but it is intensive instead of extensive, it seeks not new lands but new uses for old lands, and in its machines and men it carries with it the roots of a new civilization.

JOSEPH BARNES, "Soviet Siberia" in "Empire in the East," 1934

The Communists have survived, and have even expanded the territory they control, not because they subdue the people by armed force, but because the people support them.

OWEN LATTIMORE, "Solution in Asia," 1945

Eureka!

I know what I'm talking about this time.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, quoted by UP September 27, 1946, in insisting that price controls on meat must stay

Foreign Policy in a Cracked Nutshell

Secretary of State Dean Acheson . . . told the House Foreign Affairs Committee today that the United States military objectives in Korea would be satisfied if the Communists withdrew behind the Thirty-Eighth Parallel and gave satisfactory guarantees against a revival of aggression.

New York Times, June 27, 1951

Secretary Acheson said at a news conference that the Thirty-Eighth Parallel was unacceptable as a line of demarcation because it was militarily indefensible. *New York Times,* August 2, 1951

The Freeman *invites contributions to this column, and will pay $2 for each quotation published. If an item is sent in by more than one person, the one from whom it is first received will be paid. To facilitate verification, the sender should give the title of the periodical or book from which the item is taken, with the exact date if the source is a periodical and the publication year and page number if it is a book. Quotations should be brief. They can not be returned or acknowledged.* THE EDITORS

Formosa, Last Hope of Asia

By **GERALDINE FITCH**

WHETHER or not we temporize with the Chinese Communists concerning a line of demarcation, there is only one way to end Chinese Communist aggression. That is to help Free China overthrow the Peiping regime. If that is not possible in the near future, National China with a minimum of supplies could create a diversion south of the Yangtze by airlifts and commando raids, making other Tibets and Koreas impossible.

But this means taking the wraps off Chiang Kai-shek. President Truman, in one of his decisions-on-impulse, put Chiang in mothballs, thus informing the Chinese Reds that they could stop worrying about South China and concentrate all their forces on killing American boys in Korea.

To all the world President Truman announced in January 1950 that we would give no military aid or even advice to Nationalist China on Formosa. Six months later he ordered the Seventh Fleet to Formosan waters to prevent any assault on the National stronghold by Chinese Communists. A year later the inexorable march of events compelled him to send a U. S. Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) to Formosa.

Similarly, Secretary of State Dean Acheson for too long a time followed a policy no more dynamic than "waiting for the dust to settle." His letter of transmittal accompanying the White Paper of August 1949 wrote off all further military aid to China with the high-sounding alibi:

> Nothing that this country did . . . nothing that was left undone by this country has contributed to [China's downfall].

Holding post-mortems over the demise of the Nationalist Government has been a favorite indoor sport of the State Department from 1944, when Vice President Henry Wallace predicted the fall of Chiang's government "in ninety days," to the White Paper and the secret directive of December 1949, warning all American officials in the Far East to be prepared for the imminent fall of Formosa. Rationalize it as Mr. Acheson does now, it had its intended effect at the time of pulling wives and children of State Department personnel out of Formosa, and with them the entire engineering firm of Marsmen employed by the National Government.

In May of this year, at a dinner celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the non-political China Institute in America, a trial balloon was sent up from the State Department. Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk announced that our government would recognize only "the National Government of the Republic of China even though the territory under its control is severely restricted," and that we would give "important aid and assistance to that government."

Soon the trial balloon was pricked from all sides. Arthur Krock suggested in his *New York Times* column that Mr. Rusk works under such heavy pressure that he may have improvised what he had to say or was unaware of its implications. Walter Lippmann in the *New York Herald Tribune* took even sharper exception to the speech, and tried to write it off as "a careless piece of after-dinner oratory."

Of course Dean Rusk's speech was nothing of the kind, for the State Department had been consulted as soon as the dinner was contemplated two months earlier, and the speech was reinforced by that of Ambassador John Foster Dulles (also a responsible government spokesman) and by Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, who speaks not without authority in a Democratic Administration. Mr. Dulles, indeed, went one step beyond Dean Rusk in calling for "quick aid to friends of the United States, while they yet exist, both in Formosa and on the mainland of China."

SECRETARY Acheson tried to save face, to mollify Britain, and possibly to backtrack, by stating immediately after the dinner that the speeches indicated "no change in foreign policy." Promising quick aid and important assistance to the National Government of China meant a considerable change in policy, or it meant nothing. Hope soared high on Formosa one day, only to be dashed the next. And within a month after what had promised to be the turning of the tide in our Far Eastern affairs, the Administration had nothing more constructive to suggest than an investigation of the "China lobby."

While Senator Douglas made a strong plea for more aid to National China at the China Institute dinner, he also said:

> I do not care particularly whether or not a man honestly advocated a coalition government in China in 1946 or 1947 and wanted to "let the dust settle" in 1948 and 1949. . . . My concern is instead about the future . . . rather than about the past which has gone beyond repair.

If the policies referred to were advocated "honestly" by sincere men in government it would be bad enough. If, on the other hand, they were insincere and designed to hasten the fall of the Chinese National Government, it would be a more serious matter. Especially since the same officials—with the exception of one Alger Hiss—are formulating policy today.

We can not ignore the tragic decade behind us, any more than the dangers before us. Half a million

Chinese Communists have been battling against us in Korea because we failed to help Chiang subdue them in China. Truman's Marshall Mission made Chiang withdraw his troops from vital points such as the Kalgan Pass while the Communists, ignoring truce agreements, poured through into Manchuria and other strategic areas. General Marshall's four-times "cease-fire" in China gave the Communists their great advantage over the Nationalist armies.

Instead of stipulating last July that Chiang was "to cease all naval and air operations against the mainland," Truman should have moved quietly to aid Chiang in supplying the guerrillas on the mainland with arms enough to create trouble at home. Why immobilize the very forces which could have kept the Chinese Communists from moving out of South China to deploy their troops along the Korean border, on the road to Indo-China, and on the long trail to Tibet?

IT IS true that National China, on which the Administration turned its back in 1949, is now confined to Formosa, Quemoy and some islands in the Pescadores—but National China still lives. Formosa is Free China, and therefore the hope of the mainland. Indeed, of all Asia.

Time is now of the essence. A "cease-fire" in Korea would mean that the Chinese Communists could hasten the elimination of resistance back home. And if we fail to funnel arms and ammunition through Formosa to the Chinese on our side before the Communists execute all the guerrilla leaders, hope will be ended.

From a military point of view, the Joint Chiefs of Staff agree with General MacArthur on the importance of Formosa in our Pacific arc of defense, and the danger to the Philippines and Japan "if Formosa fell into unfriendly hands."

From the standpoint of National China's ability to reorganize, reform and revitalize its government and army, Formosa has provided a successful demonstration. Freed from the complexity of mainland problems due to long years of war, economic chaos, Japanese destruction, Communist sabotage, Russian aid, American desertion and postwar inflation—perhaps, most of all, inflation—the Nationalists have made Formosa a comparatively model democracy. No other area of similar size in the Far East is free of Communist infiltration. There is no fifth column on Formosa. Its armed forces outnumber those of Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Siam and Burma all put together. Its administration is in the hands of the youngest, ablest, best-educated government of all Asia.

Upon his return from seven weeks in the Far East, Dr. Daniel A. Poling said recently:

> I believe if we were to give supplies to the Nationalist Army on Formosa, give them the implements and then land them on the shore of South China, they would sweep right through. . . . I am not advocating divisions to aid Chiang, because here is a man who asks for no divisions. He wants supplies, not our sons. Where in all the Far East is another opportunity like that?

Dr. Poling stated on the basis of what he had seen:

> Under Chiang Kai-shek, Formosa is now the freest and best-governed community in Asia, with Asia's highest living standard. Finally free to purge his government, the Generalissimo has here demonstrated his spirit and ability. I believe that a plebiscite today would show him with 90 per cent of Formosa's eight million people solidly behind him. And have no doubt about this: all China knows what is happening on Formosa. Chiang Kai-shek is more popular than at any time since he succeeded Sun Yat-sen.

Hearty applause in Chinese movie houses whenever the Nationalist flag appears or the Generalissimo is shown; absence of Red China's flags on October 1 (anniversary of the Peiping regime); overseas delegations of Chinese from Manila, Singapore and Bangkok to Formosa this year; guerrilla battles in Sinkiang requiring two Soviet armored divisions and more than fifty Russian planes to quell them; uprisings in Kwangtung against Communist requisitioning of grain; mass executions, and conscripting for Korea—these all substantiate Dr. Poling's observation.

WHEN China holds out, those who would destroy her are in time themselves destroyed. In 1937 Tojo boasted that he would "bring China to her knees in three months." In a defense that astounded the world, Chiang's troops held Shanghai itself for three months, and when within six months Japan had taken China's capital with bestial violence, Chiang began his famous strategy of trading space for time. In the hinterland he took his stand with the double slogan: "Resist the enemy; rebuild the nation." And Tojo was broken on the rock of Chungking's resistance. Chiang Kai-shek was awarded both the Legion of Merit and the Distinguished Service Medal by President Roosevelt, with a citation of highest tribute which Roosevelt's successor seems to have forgotten.

So one may safely predict that Stalin can not complete his conquest of Asia while Chiang, his Number One target for more than twenty years, still lives on free soil. That Stalin should be so foiled is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But Formosa has more than this passive role to play.

The first step is to untie Chiang's hands. The next is to channel arms and ammunition through Formosa to the guerrillas. The third (already started) is adequate military and technical help. The fourth is psychological: moral support, news, and encouragement to the disaffected to join the resistance movement. MAAG is there to work out the details.

Red China's intervention in Korea made a change in American policy inevitable. If with a straight face Mr. Acheson can claim the aid and assistance promised by State Department officials at the China dinner is the same as his do-nothing and "wait till the dust settles" policies, let us indulge him in this obvious face-saving. But now that our State Department has labeled the Peiping regime "a colonial

Russian government," has announced that the United States "will not acquiesce in the degradation being forced upon [China]" and has promised "important aid and assistance from the United States," we must hold the Administration to that course.

If the bridges over which the Red Dust has settled have been burned, let no one—not even Truman or Acheson or Marshall—turn back. Free Formosa is the hope of China. A liberated China means a free Asia. No conquest of Asia, no war in Europe. Our children may yet inherit a free world.

Open Secret

By **BURTON RASCOE**

INASMUCH as Frederick Vanderbilt Field and others connected with the Civil Rights Congress have declined to tell a Federal judge or anybody else anything about the organization, I hereby supply the *Freeman's* readers with such official information about it as is generally available through the Government Printing Office, Washington, in the reports of the House of Representatives' Subcommittee on Un-American Activities and in the Fourth Report of the Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Communist Front Organizations to the 1948 Regular California Legislature. Public libraries have these reports for the use of anyone, citizen or alien, who wishes to read them.

Although some of the names officially connected with the CRC (at least up until three years ago) may surprise a few readers, publication of these names should have a salutary and sobering effect upon all "liberal" innocents who so willingly, eagerly and persistently got their fingers burnt, over and over again, when, as Eugene Lyons has said, "it was highly popular and profitable to be known as a Red." Many of these "innocents" were (and are) active participants in a tacit cabal to blacklist and black out all known anti-Communists and all writers, editors, musicians, composers, teachers and artists who do not approve of every ideological whisker in the Marxian beard of Jo Davidson and his Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions.

The Civil Rights Congress was created April 27-28, 1946 at a meeting in Detroit of "fronters" and Communist organizers who had been connected with the National Federation for Constitutional Rights, the Metropolitan Interfaith and Interracial Coordinating Council of New York and the International Labor Defense, which both Earl Browder and Francis Biddle (when he was Attorney General and before he became the flaming fund-raising chairman of Americans for Democratic Action) described as "the legal arm of the Communist Party." (Mind you, *I* don't say that; I have no personal or documentary evidence that the ILD is a Communist outfit: it was Francis Biddle who so branded it when he was Attorney General of the USA. Earl Browder so branded it, as one who presumably knows something about the Communist Party, in sworn testimony before a House committee.)

The initiators of the National Congress on Civil Rights are officially given as: the late Col. Evans Carlson, Norman Corwin, Dr. Kirtley F. Mather, Carey McWilliams, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Robeson, Clark Foreman, George (not General) Marshall, James G. Patton and Congressman Vito Marcantonio. The officers in Detroit were: George Marshall, national chairman; Dr. Benjamin E. Mays and Harry F. Ward, honorary chairmen; Raymond C. Ingersoll, treasurer; Milton Kaufman, executive director; Milton N. Kemnitz, field director; George F. Addes, Mary Bethune, the Rev. Charles A. Hill, Ira Latimer, Stanley Nowak, Lawrence Rivkin and Vincent Sheean, national vice chairmen; Benjamin Goldring, secretary of the legal committee.

Sponsors of the Civil Rights Congress are officially named as: Susan B. Anthony II, Louis E. Burnham, D. A. Cameron, Prof. Emmanuel Chapman, Rabbi Ferdinand M. Isserman, Ellis E. Patterson, Michael J. Quill, Dorothy K. Roosevelt, Senator Glen H. Taylor, Max Weber, Louis Adamic, Elmer Benson, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Philip M. Connelly, Bishop J. A. Gregg and Francis J. McConnell.

Speakers at the national Congress, according to the official government reports, were: Anna M. Kross, Gene Weltfish, Saul Mills, Adam Clayton Powell, Vito Marcantonio, Johannes Steel, Lisa Sergio, Joseph Curran, Joseph P. Selly and Hulan E. Jack. Milton Kaufman, Louis Coleman and Milton Kemnitz were elected to the continuation committee.

The sponsors of the Los Angeles division of the Civil Rights Congress, according to the official California legislative report, were: Prof. Thomas Addis, Sam Balter, Carlotta A. Bass, Michael Blankfort, George Campbell, Morris Carnovsky, the Rev. Don M. Chase, Philip M. Connelly, Jaime Gonzales, E. Y. Harburg, Dr. J. H. Hayes, Ellis J. Hill, Dr. Harry Hotjer, Lena Horne, Dr. H. Claude Lawrence, Kenneth MacGowan, Thomas Mann (if there ever were an alleged Communist front organization consisting of two members, one would get you ten that Thomas Mann would be one of them), Hugh McBeth, Jr., Judge Stanley Moffatt, Seniel Ostrow, Anne Revere, Frank Scully, Artie Shaw, Ruth Marrow Slade, Herbert K. Sorrell and Virginia Wright.

The Civil Rights Congress has been active in fighting deportation proceedings against Gerhart Eisler, Irving Potash, Ferdinand C. Smith, Hanns Eisler, John Williamson, Charles Doyle, Peter Harisiades, Mrs. Theresa Horvath, Refugio Ramon Martinez, David Balint, Harry Bersin, Joe Weber, Kondo Dimitroff and Claudia Jones, all of them confessed Communists and/or guilty of passport frauds and irregularities, and/or fomenters of strikes, riots and racial dissension.

Artists on All Fours

By **ERNST F. CURTZ**

THE DESPERATE search for originality at all costs has evolved, among other monstrosities, a movement which has permeated all art forms and in not a few instances has combined with the scientific delusion—for very good reasons. I am speaking of the "return to nature"—not by any means the nature of Breughel or even of Manet, but the shapeless, formless and chaotic nature of the primitives, or what the perennially innocent nowadays call the primitives.

As M. Jacques Madaule somewhat maliciously observed in *"Notre Péché d'Orgeuil,"* originality is a gift one discovers, but does not search for. And on the return to nature, no better or more acidulous comment exists than that which Voltaire wrote to Rousseau, in 1755: "One is tempted," he said, "to walk on all fours when reading your work." A great deal of present-day art looks exactly as if it had been executed on all fours.

The appeal which genuine primitive art has for us lies in the moving contrast between the passionate will of the artist to express a profound emotion and the childlike insufficiency of his technical means. The artist of our day, however, is not a primitive, but a highly complex individual, dependent upon the amenities and conventions of civilized living to a degree of which he is not always sufficiently aware. His education, his environment, his status in the world, force him *nolens volens* into intricacies of thought and conduct which remove him irrevocably from any possibility of emulating, or even understanding, the early artists of the race. Flight to Taos, the South Sea Islands, the Côte d'Azur or even to Connecticut can not help him. He always has to take himself along. What he can learn from the primitives is scarcely worth learning. Integrity can not be learned late in life, and the emotional drive which is the mainspring of primitive art is in essence the same as that which begets the art of all the ages. What remains are the outward and material manifestations, the ungainly, clumsy and grotesque forms, the shaping of which exhausts the technical capabilities of primitive people.

The present adulation of the so-called "modern primitives" thus rests on a profound misunderstanding. Their admirers read into their canvases something that simply is not there.

Closely linked to this glorification of the primitive is what the Freudians would doubtless call a not-yet-resolved Oedipus aggression against the nineteenth century whose sons or grandsons we all are, although we may not like it. It is amusing to observe how the admiration of many modern esthetes for the art of the past varies almost as the square of the time distance between them and the object of their affection. They adore the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Toward the fifteenth and sixteenth, they are markedly cooler. The greatness of the seventeenth they concede with somewhat ungracious reservations; the eighteenth leaves them cold. For the nineteenth they have nothing but disgust and contempt.

More important, however, is the deep-seated urge of artists to compete with the astounding scientific advances which culminated in the seminal decade from 1895 to 1905. Within this short space of time occurred the greatest revolution which science in all its history has ever experienced. Roentgen, the Curies, Planck, Nernst, Boltzmann, Einstein, Rutherford, Driesch, De Vries, Ehrlich, Noguchi—these are only a few of the giants who rudely upset the thinking of the world and literally changed its way of life. The artist stood by resentfully, pushed into the background by the public recognition of the brilliant discoveries of the thinkers (even in France!); ignorant, for the most part, of what was going on; sensing though not comprehending the enormous importance of these developments, and vaguely attracted by the method which science uses as a matter of course. In this method there is no room for true creative imagination (Henri Poincaré's spirited defense notwithstanding) but only for facts; none for the sense of proportion, but only for precise measurements; none for intuitive certainty but only for mathematical and empirical proof; none for eager and grateful receptiveness to emotional impressions, but only for concentrated, unwavering, cold, logical thinking.

IT IS worth remembering here that for the scientist a complete and integrated knowledge of the body of learning in his own field is a simple necessity. For the artist it is not merely unnecessary. It may be disastrous because artists, in the nature of their calling, are more richly endowed with the gift of imitation than other people. The act of creation centers in the personality of the creator. But every scientific achievement—a surgical operation no less than a chemical or physical experiment—is an impersonal and relatively objective critique on something already existing.

The formal language of mathematics (and that of course means all the precise sciences) consists of pure symbols. E-KT is not merely part of a

thermodynamic equation. It is also a sentence in which each symbol, as well as its linear or exponential position, stands for a complicated yet clearly defined concept. This concept, incomprehensible to the laity, is instantly understood by scientists of all nations and languages. Now it is a salient fact that symbolization is, if not the first, then certainly the most important development of primitive art. For a long while, far into the springtime of awakening cultures, it holds undisputed sway. It never disappears altogether, but with the maturing of civilization it begins to fade into the background.

It is an interesting and not at all difficult job to follow its gradual weakening in all art forms, as techniques and tools grow up to their responsibilities, become more and more refined and hence more and more capable of dealing with their functions. In the end, the great masters of form have no need for recourse to the simple and crude symbols of the brute ages—Renoir no more than César Franck. The oversimplification, the recurrence of heavy-footed, stumbling, uncouth symbolism in the arts of our time is thus not original, much less primitive: it is simply decadent. It is the inevitable result of the synthesis of the would-be primitive and the mathematical.

This synthesis is merely a poor copy of an ancient original. The urge to go back to the beginnings is no more than the footless nostalgia of the neurotics of late civilizations for what they think of as the uncomplicated simplicity, the springlike freshness of the youth of the race. They choose to disregard the melancholy fact that this youth is as irrevocably gone as their own. They might have noted that the anthropologists have shown the Rousseau-inspired notions about the life of early man to be roseate illusions. More often than not primitive people are the victims of a dull, oppressive and debilitating anxiety and fear of the unreal and the unknown, and their art seeks to compensate for it—by a desperate flight into the quieting order of geometric forms.

THE BUSINESS of the artist is creation, of which scientific synthesis is merely a caricature or at most a clumsy imitation. The creation of a work of art does not rest upon the labor or the findings of past generations. The artist always starts from scratch. His raw materials do not change; there are no new emotions. The techniques through which he expresses himself are inherited and learned, to be sure. But the actual concept of the work is not only an individual, but a unique phenomenon. It is an experience, vouchsafed to few men, in which the artist, for a few concentrated and furious hours, borrows the creative faculty from God. These hours are not a matter of his choice. While they last, he works as a man possessed, separated not only from the ordinary concerns of the day, but also from any possibility of causal thinking.

In a letter to his brother Van Gogh wrote:

> . . . for moments I have a terrible clarity, and then I am not conscious any more and the painting comes to me as in a dream—often I do not know what I am doing—I am working almost in a state of somnambulism . . .

The statements of many other artists, especially musicians, bear out Van Gogh's description. Beethoven, for example, spoke of what he called his "raptus" during which he did work which afterwards he scarcely remembered doing. Anyone who has ever observed an artist at creative, as distinguished from merely technical, work, can confirm it.

Something must be said about the possibilities which assiduous flirting with primitive techniques has opened to the frauds who infest the contemporary art scene. That they are far more common in painting than in music is of course due to the ostensible facility with which children (and morons, senile psychotics and fakers) can learn to handle the tools of the trade. That a painter ought to have a sharp, unerring, fine sense of color, that he should know at least the rudiments of composition, that he should be aware of rhythm in design, would seem to be obvious. That he should be able to draw—fluently, acutely, rapidly, with a technique so completely integrated that he need not think about it—would seem to be equally apparent, although this has been vehemently denied by some artists, for painfully evident reasons. When contemporary paintings are examined in respect of these requirements, one is (depending on one's temperament) either annoyed or amused to discover that in many current offerings they are simply not in evidence. Behind the imposing façade of neo-primitivism there often hides no more than abject incompetence; not merely a lack of solid learning, but of any authentic ability.

THE SELF-DECEPTION into which the intense preoccupation with primitivism and mathematics has plunged many sincere artists, is profoundly tragic—far more tragic for them than for their public which, when all is said and done, can take their work or leave it alone. Painters and composers have forgotten the trite and simple truth which is at the very core of their calling: painting is the art of and for the eye; music is the art of and for the ear. Add to this for good measure St. Thomas Aquinas's sober observation: *Pulchrae sunt quae visa placent*—the beautiful is what pleases the senses—and you have a very substantial structure of artistic standards.

But where a painting addresses itself to the viewer's puzzled brain, instead of directly and immediately to his emotions by way of his eyes; where a work of music operates on the principle of a calculating machine instead of singing its song; there the artist has wholly failed of his purpose. Worse, he has betrayed the function with which Providence has entrusted him by sacrificing it, futilely and fruitlessly and blasphemously, at a barren and desolate heathen altar.

From Our Readers

Pierre van Paassen's Record

The description of Pierre van Paassen as an "anti-Communist" in your review of his book (August 13) would appear to be in error.

The recent report of the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities on the subject of the "Communist 'Peace' Offensive," released in April 1951, lists Pierre van Paassen as a party to this blatant Stalinist maneuver. (See page 151.)

During the past year, Pierre van Paassen has been a sponsor of the Mid-Century Conference for Peace and also of the Conference on Peaceful Alternatives to the Atlantic Pact. Both organizations are part of the Communist "peace" offensive.

In its issue of May 12, 1950, the *Daily Worker* reported that Pierre van Paassen had joined a group in petitioning the Supreme Court to rehear the case of the "Hollywood Ten." In this group were such fellow-traveling stalwarts as Thomas Mann (see recent issues of the *Freeman*), Clifford Odets, Garson Kanin, and Robert Morss Lovett.

For many years, Pierre van Paassen was one of the editors of that Stalinist magazine, the *Protestant,* second only in editorial rank to Kenneth Leslie. The following is typical of the editorial comment which appeared in the *Protestant* during van Paassen's incumbency: "If there is a heart of justice in the universe it is beating now in the Red Army. I believe in that heart. I call it God. And what I believe in is not an idea but a fact, and I see that fact expressed now in the Russian Revolution," and so on *ad nauseam.* And the *Freeman's* reviewer thinks that van Paassen is "deeply religious."

Pierre van Paassen was a supporter of Henry Wallace's candidacy in 1948. His Communist affiliations of earlier days were numerous, and included the following organizations cited as subversive and Communist by the Attorney General: American Committee for Spanish Freedom; American League Against War and Fascism; American Russian Institute; International Workers Order; Schappes Defense Committee.

New York City J. B. MATTHEWS

Socialism and the Churches

Orchids to you and to Stewart Robinson for "Clergymen and Socialism" in your issue of August 13.

Most Protestants are implacable in their plush-pewed religious serenity. . . . When the suggestion of socialist infiltration of their churches is mentioned, they scoff at irrefutable evidence as a "crackpot idea," and ease back to enjoy life.

Dr. Robinson has presented a factual analysis of this critical situation, with the exception of his omission of the February letter of the Secretary of the World Council of Churches, from its meeting in France this year. That letter endorsed the Marxian creed, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need," as having it roots in the teachings of Jesus. The National Council of Churches is a powerful component of that group. Acceptance of that socialist creed at the present time can not justify Dr. Robinson's hope that the NCC may see the light and change its tactics.

His plea for the economic education of the clergy in order to change their trend is a just one. I agree with him, and hope that it will materialize soon, so that Christians' faith in their spiritual leaders will not be forsaken.

Washington, Indiana ARTHUR G. BLAZEY

Another "Man of the Half Century"

Julien Steinberg, in his "Man of the Half Century" (August 13 and 27), is utterly wrong in nominating Lenin. The profoundest event of the half century has been the resurgence of the Empire of the Great Khans. Lenin contributed mightily to make this possible, but not so tellingly as Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Empire of the Great Khans could only have lain dormant had it not been united with arms by Roosevelt.

Arlington, Virginia ARTHUR HALSTEAD

A Double Dissent

I'd like to advise readers of H. S. Tigner's observations on Bertrand Russell (July 16) that no consistent agnostic can make any "unreserved commitments." Neither can anybody who realizes that a finite mind can not probe infinity. Those antinomies of Kant and Spencer are just as sound now as they ever were. Although in the light of modern astronomy we may expect our sun to "rise" trillions of times more, Hume, who declared that one couldn't be sure of a sunrise tomorrow morning, was logically correct when speaking in absolute terms. Cavils which condemn Russell or anybody else for "unreserved commitments" simply won't stick. Such "commitments" are the basis of dogma.

Referring to the Donald R. Richberg contribution in your special issue, "establishing a union closed shop monopoly" is indeed possible, but it's not "inevitable." When all the employed of this, or any country, have become members of labor and trade unions, industrial democracy is just as likely as what Richberg denominates "labor fascism." As a trade union official, I am perfectly well aware that when every employee is organized within our present sort of industrial order, getting a wage or salary increase will cease to mean anything, seeing that every increase will be charged back to the consumer. However, in that event labor will be able to improve its working conditions immeasurably, including the institution of a thirty-hour week.

Confounding the "closed shop" with socialism is a colossal joke. As a matter of fact, the trade unionists strongest for that "closed shop" are the very ones who are most opposed to socialist ideology.

Schenectady, New York HERBERT M. MERRILL

THE STRATEGY OF DEFEAT

By SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Senator Joe McCarthy has been frequently and not always fairly attacked for his commando tactics in the rough and tumble of debate on the issue of Communist influence in our Federal government. But when he makes a full-dress speech in the Senate it is likely to be well documented and worth reading. That was true of his speech of March 30, 1950, which, if the *Congressional Record* were as widely read as it should be, might have spared him a great deal of unmerited abuse. It is even more so of the recent 70,000-word speech on General George C. Marshall (*Record,* June 14, 1951) in which he dared to lay iconoclastic hands on one of the most revered idols of the Administration and the press, a man who, as William Hard once remarked of President Wilson, is "suffering from premature canonization." To be sure, the gilt was cracking, thanks to Marshall's dubious role in the MacArthur affair; yet the aura of sainthood was still blinding enough that the speech was contemptuously dismissed by most of the ambassadors of the press in Washington. It is perhaps the most widely condemned and least read speech of recent years. But it will find readers. Not long after these words appear in print it will be published in book form by Devin-Adair. Line forms on the *right.*

The task McCarthy set himself was to find out if possible who had been responsible for Marshall's influence on the conduct of World War II, his role at Yalta, and his disastrous policy in China. That he did not succeed in doing; but he came up with an analysis of Marshall's record, documented from sources in the main not unfriendly—Churchill, Stimson, Leahy, Deane, Chennault, Hull, Mark Clark, Sherwood and Hanson Baldwin, to name a few—which makes the question one of vital interest in view of Marshall's present powerful position. For this array of evidence reveals a frightening thing: that the political and military policy stubbornly pursued by the man who was Chief of Staff throughout the war, who was able to impose his iron will on the aged Stimson, who had the willing support of the mercurial, irresponsible Roosevelt (eager propitiator of Stalin) and later of the ignorant and incompetent Truman, the man chiefly responsible for the betrayal of China—this man's policy has consistently ignored the interests of the United States and paralleled those of Stalin.

One must bear in mind that Marshall acted against the background of a powerful pro-Soviet propaganda in which almost the whole American press (and the Administration itself) participated. When he echoed the Soviet demand for a second front in Europe as early as 1942, he was expressing a sentiment shared not only by our Communists and fellow-travelers but by many eager and ill-informed Americans. Yet this hardly explains or excuses his insistence on a cross-channel invasion —"the only way," said Churchill, "in which we could possibly lose this war"—even after the British and Mark Clark (at that time commanding American forces in Britain) had persuaded Roosevelt and Admiral King that it could end only in disaster. Neither does it excuse his wanting Roosevelt to threaten the British that if they refused his demand, this country would withdraw from Europe and busy itself with the Far Eastern war, or his cabling Churchill shortly before the North African invasion that the American Joint Chiefs considered that operation too hazardous—this after he had insisted upon throwing unseasoned troops against Hitler's formidable channel fortifications and a German army of more than a million men. It must be remarked here that Stalin, for obvious reasons, was opposed to any Allied action in the Mediterranean.

Churchill and Stalin, says General Deane, were thinking at Teheran of their relative positions in the postwar world, whereas Roosevelt was thinking only of winning the war. But McCarthy cites an American estimate of the postwar world. It had appeared at the First Quebec Conference in the custody of Harry Hopkins; and Sherwood in "Roosevelt and Hopkins," describes it as "a very high-level United States military strategic estimate" which had an important influence on American policy. In brief it declared that, with Germany crushed, Russia would dominate Europe after the war, with "tremendous military forces." To be sure, Britain was building up a position in the Mediterranean, but might not be able to oppose Russia there "unless she is otherwise supported." (McCarthy shows that Marshall was so stubbornly opposed to any action in the Mediterranean that at Malta he threatened to resign if the British continued to press for any further undertaking in that theater. Unfortunately his bluff was not called.)

What conclusions would you think were drawn from this "estimate"? That the United States and Great Britain should employ their decisive military

might to prevent Stalin from getting a foothold in the Mediterranean, the Balkans, Central Europe? That the United States should confine Soviet lend-lease—without which, as Stalin once admitted, Russia could not have won its war—to the minimum requirements for victory? That instead of creating a power vacuum in Germany through the fatal policy of unconditional surrender, the Western Allies should attempt to drive a wedge between the Nazis and the German people and encourage Hitler's overthrow by elements with which they could treat? You would be wrong. The "obvious" conclusion was that policy of appeasement which to this day vitiates our resistance to Soviet imperialism:

> Since Russia is the decisive factor in the war [*sic*], she must be given every assistance and every effort must be made to obtain her friendship. Likewise, since without question she will dominate Europe on the defeat of the Axis, it is even more essential to develop and maintain the most friendly relations with Russia.

The final recommendation urges the importance of persuading Russia to enter the Far Eastern war.

Do you recognize the documentation of Roosevelt's calamitous "Great Design"? Do you see why Mark Clark's Italian campaign, designed to lead into the Balkans, was rendered meaningless because Stalin for obvious reasons insisted at Teheran (with the support of Marshall and Roosevelt) that Clark's best troops be used for an invasion of Southern France—as if the pursuit of Kesselring's retreating army into the Balkans and the heart of Europe would not have provided an offensive from "two converging directions"? Do you see why Eisenhower halted the victorious armies of Montgomery and Patton, thus permitting Russia to take Berlin and Prague? Do you see the betrayal of Mihailovich and the Polish patriots and the grim forecast of Chiang's betrayal at Yalta? Do you see why the proposal of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in January of this year, that we really fight the Chinese Communists, died on Marshall's desk? It is all there in that incredible document which only five months ago guided Marshall and Acheson in the unprecedented action of removing General MacArthur because he wanted to win the Korean War.

Chiang Kai-shek was not invited to Yalta, and we need hardly wonder in view of what was in preparation. Stalin, McCarthy shows, had three times expressed his intention to enter the Far Eastern war—to Harriman, Hurley and Hull. It would probably have taken force to keep him out, for the war involved his designs on China. Yet Harriman and Deane had been sent to sound him out on terms, and naturally he made them steep—the recognition of all the old Tsarist imperialist claims. It was not hard to persuade Roosevelt; the "liberals" around him had convinced him that old-fashioned imperialism such as that of Britain in Hong Kong and India was bad, but the new Communist imperialism good—McCarthy brings out that he had offered Dairen to Stalin even as early as Teheran.

But it is Marshall's behavior at Yalta which was most remarkable. So bent was he on having Russia in the Japanese war that he presented Roosevelt with false intelligence estimates of Japanese strength and concealed the peace feelers which Japan was already sending out. The "master of global strategy" was planning another invasion, this time of the Japanese Islands, in spite of the opinions of Leahy, MacArthur and Nimitz that Japan had already been defeated by sea and air power and no invasion would be necessary. He even insisted at Potsdam on bribing Russia into the war, after the atom bomb had been successfully tested at Alamogordo.

McCarthy suggests that Marshall went to China in the winter of 1945 to see that the Yalta agreement was carried out. If so an excess of zeal must have overtaken him, for his services to the Communists went far beyond the terms of Yalta. Both before he went and after his return he told Admiral Leahy, who "thought he was wrong both times," that he was going to force Chiang to come to terms with the Communists, who had resumed their operations against the Chinese Republic, or get along without American aid. Marshall's tough attitude was in all probability conditioned by the pro-Communist stand of General Joseph Stilwell, whom he had recalled on Chiang's demand but only after "direct and positive orders" from Roosevelt. And here the whole pro-Communist State Department crowd enters the picture—the men who surrounded and influenced Stilwell in China, as they influenced Acheson in America—beginning with Stilwell's adviser John Paton Davies, devoted friend of the Soviet agent Agnes Smedley.

Marshall's "deadly blows" at free China during this mission were four, according to McCarthy. He pressured Chiang, as the price of a truce with the Communists, into ceding them the vitally important cities of Chihfeng and Dolun, gateways from North China to Soviet-held Manchuria. The Communists broke the truce and captured the important city of Changchun. When the free Chinese forces drove them out, Marshall forced a second truce upon Chiang. Then he imposed an embargo on American military aid to free China and persuaded the British to do likewise—an action which, as McCarthy rightly says, more than anything else "made the victory of Russian imperialism in China inevitable," for Stalin of course continued to supply the Chinese Communists, largely with material provided by the United States for his six-day "conquest" of Manchuria. The final blow was Marshall's insistence, on threat of his own recall, that Chiang accept yet another cease-fire just as his victorious troops had taken Kalgan, described in the White Paper as "one of the political and military centers of the Communist Party," and commanding the Kalgan Pass into Manchuria.

There is much more to Marshall's "China story" as McCarthy relates it. Part of it has already been publicized; for example, Marshall's suppression (when Secretary of State) of General Wedemeyer's 1947 report proposing measures to check Chinese Communist aggression—Marshall deceived Senator Vandenberg about the reasons for this action. Space does not permit me to cite further instances from McCarthy's wealth of material. Suffice it to say that Marshall's actions and attitude toward the Chinese Republic were consistently tough and inimical, while he as consistently befriended the Chinese Communists and served their interests, in total disregard of America's vital interest in a free and friendly China. The conclusion is inexorably dictated by the evidence which McCarthy adduces.

Is there an American interest? More Americans than Marshall and Acheson would like to believe are asking today whether their government knows or cares just what it is. They are asking why, in the face of the "tremendous" Soviet military power predicted in that "strategic estimate," the greatest military machine in history was destroyed—not demobilized but destroyed—after the war. They are asking why their sons are fighting in Korea a costly and needless war which the Administration confesses it is afraid to win because winning might annoy Stalin. They are asking why it is that for all the Administration's tub-thumping against Soviet aggression, its actions invariably have the effect of serving Soviet interest. If the American people had been allowed to learn the substance of this important speech, they could never doubt that the Great Conspiracy, as McCarthy maintains, has its dupes and agents inside the Administration—and very near the top. And they would understand why the Administration's heaviest guns have lately been trained against its author. The general unawareness of this heartbreaking record of betrayal is startling proof of the abyss which the press has created between the people and their representatives in Congress.

HE WAS TO DIE

He was to die.
He knew it kneeling.
He was to die he knew. Kneeling
by the side of the road
while dust rose and rubble fell
and splintered metal bounced
against the stone wall
and the jeep shuddered once
and was sidewise, silent and suddenly
funny as hell to see the jeep looking
like that on its side
leaning against the tree.
He was to die. He knew it kneeling
and fell as the medics came.

CAPTAIN R. D. CONNOLLY

THOREAU AT HIS EASE

Cape Cod, by Henry David Thoreau. Introduction by Henry Beston. Arranged with notes by Dudley C. Lunt. Illustrated by Henry Bugbee Kane. *New York: Norton. $4.00*

An Island Summer, by Walter Magnes Teller. Illustrated by Donald McKay. *New York: Knopf. $3.00*

The other day, while on a vacation excursion, I chanced to drive by Walden Pond on the outskirts of Concord. It was an oppressively hot afternoon, and there must have been a thousand sprawling, shouting modern Massachusetts folk crowding the shores where Thoreau once meditated alone. Pop bottles and beer cans littered the beach; torn paper was strewn everywhere. The snob's instinct would have been to avert the eye and drive on, and I must confess that the contrast between the rusty beer cans and my memory of Thoreau's delight in his bean rows caused my gorge to rise. But on second thought I decided that Thoreau would look with amusement, and even with approval, upon the Walden of a 1951 August day. What he would *not* approve would be the lives, citified and routinized, from which the thousand 1951 vacationists had fled to seek out the hot beneficence of a Walden sun. The modern Waldensians were being faithful to nature in their fashion, and Thoreau could hardly censure them for obscurely endorsing his own insights.

Thoreau believed in the goodness of any impulse that broke the tyranny of the clock. Because of his loafing habits my good Emersonian friend Mrs. Katherine Murdoch complains that he was a "bum." (Emerson himself was more polite about it: he called Thoreau the "captain of a huckleberry party.") But the strictures that set Thoreau down as little better than a tramp miss the true import and vocation of the man. If you think he was nothing more than a cosmic *flaneur*, read the new Norton edition of his "Cape Cod" and be disabused.

"Cape Cod" represents Thoreau at his best. There is much good meat in "Walden," but there is also a stiff self-consciousness in it. In "Walden" Thoreau was defying the routinized prejudices of his Concord neighbors—and the defiance stiffens the prose. But "Cape Cod" gives us Thoreau at his ease. Here, even more than in "Walden," one discovers the origins of the modern American prose style; as Henry Beston indicates in a pertinent introduction, Thoreau broke cleanly with the orotund and somewhat mechanical balances of eighteenth-century writing, substituting for them a leaner, swifter, sharper sentence. Moralism there is in "Cape Cod," but it is not the unctuous moralism of the Victorian evangelistic tradition. A truly religious man, Thoreau had a difficult time in church of a Sunday; he couldn't help thinking of the things the congregation did the other six days of the week. But the week-day sins of the congregation did not weigh too much on Thoreau's mind as

he watched the terns on the Backside beach of Cape Cod and made notes on the nocturnal habits of the Provincetown cats.

"It is all here," says the Norton dust-jacket blurb writer—meaning by "all" the beach, the dunes, the cliffs, the volutes of the breakers, the seagulls. But there is far more to "Cape Cod" than mere observation of beach plums and salt water, which are apt to be boring matters in prose recital. Thoreau was a botanist and a naturalist, but try as he might he could not keep his eye from straying from the vegetable and animal kingdoms to the works of man. The "all" of this book includes the human scene of a century and more ago. We see the corpses of the Irish immigrants strewing the beach after the wreck of the brig *St. John*. We have Thoreau's notes on architecture: walking through the Cape town of Brewster, home of retired sea captains, he contrasted the clean functional austerity of the Yankee ships with the gimcrackery of the new houses which the sea captains were building for themselves in the eighteen forties. The houses, said Thoreau, might have been built in Cambridgeport out of stuff "little removed from lumber" and floated down the Charles River and across Massachusetts Bay.

The way the Cape Codders made their living was always on Thoreau's mind. He wrote of the salt works (disappearing in his day), the sheep runs (almost wholly obsolete by the mid-nineteenth century), the stunted Cape apple orchards, the cattail flags that were used for caulking barrels, the pine trees planted for soil conservation purposes, the piscatorial-cum-agrarian know-how of the old Wellfleet oysterman, the curing of fish (it revolted Thoreau to see workers casually spitting on the dried cod), the cranberry bogs and the diseases of cranberries, the workaday movements of the mackerel fleet, the processes of stripping the blubber from the "blackfish" (a small sea mammal which yielded good oil to its pursuers). He speculated on such things as the edibility of seaweed and he learned that beach peas are good if cooked (they can also be eaten green). In short, Thoreau confronted the world of the mid-nineteenth century industry (such as it was) very much as if he were a writer for the *Fortune Magazine* of the nineteen thirties; the *processes* of manufacturing and husbandry were eternally fascinating objects of his curiosity.

Other things about man interested him, too. He wrote in "Cape Cod" about the revivalist camp meetings at the Millenium Grove in Nauset. He inspected the "charity houses" (shacks put up for shipwrecked sailors) on the Outer Beach. And, though respectful of their spiritual integrity, he was provoked to crude mirth by the failure of the Plymouth Pilgrims as pioneers and explorers. The Frenchman Champlain, who made marvellously accurate charts of New England coastal waters, was far more to Thoreau's taste than the blundering Pilgrim and Puritan fathers, who refused to climb a hill or a tree to learn what was on the other side.

The Cape today is a busy place when compared with the Cape of a century ago. Thoreau might scoff at the thronging summer people of the mid-twentieth century, but you may be certain that he would take a huge delight in writing about the garage mechanics in Chatham, the backgrounds of the summer waitresses, the economics of providing twenty-eight flavors of ice cream in the Howard Johnson restaurants, the palettes of the Provincetown painters, and the squabbles of the Wellfleet intellectuals who have taken over the home of the Wellfleet oysterman. And he would add his blessing to a book like Walter Magnes Teller's "An Island Summer" (about the nearby island of Martha's Vineyard, which is only five or six miles off the Cape at Woods Hole) in so far as it succeeded in achieving a Thoreauvian flavor. Mr. Teller tries very hard to live up to the Thoreau standard in his book, and on some pages he succeeds. He, too, is interested in the works of man along the foreshore as well as in the works of nature. He writes very warmly of his own family of boys. But Mr. Teller is less of a realist than is Thoreau. He writes a paean to the quahog, or round clam, that some might call Thoreauvian. But Thoreau adds an extra detail to his own words on the sea clam—a detail about how it once made him sick. No mere Arcadian, Thoreau.

As an old summer goer-to-Menemsha of ten years' standing, I liked Mr. Teller's book. But there is one inexcusable mistake in it made by the illustrator Donald McKay. His picture of Menemsha jetty (page 174) shows young Joey Teller catching an eel from a *wooden* pier. Actually, Menemsha jetty is built of solid, jagged rock. This may be a footling matter, but it shows what has happened to observation since Thoreau's day.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THE TYRANT TITO

Balkan Caesar, by Leigh White. *New York: Scribner's. $2.75*

Because of his training and background Leigh White is unquestionably qualified to write on Yugoslavia and the paradoxical changes that have occurred in Tito's relations with his former masters in the Kremlin on the one side and with the Western democracies, particularly the United States, on the other. Although he exhibited "radical tendencies" in his early youth, White, a former member of the International Brigade in the Civil War in Spain, did not join the Communist Party because he was "constitutionally incapable of being a Communist" —an incapacity that he recognized when his naive request to write "as he saw fit" from Spain was scornfully turned down by the organizer of the American Communist Party. Nevertheless, his experience in Spain gave him the opportunity to establish personal relations with Communist leaders

of several countries, especially leaders—many of whom he has met in recent years in high positions in their Soviet supported regimes—in those countries that are today behind the iron curtain.

Having traveled extensively throughout eastern and central Europe as well as in Soviet Russia, the author has an intimate, first-hand knowledge of those troubled parts of the world. He was in Yugoslavia at the time of Hitler's attack in the spring of 1941, and he revisited that country after the war in order to study on the spot the pattern of the Communist "people's democracy."

From his inside knowledge of communism Leigh White has presented a comprehensive analysis of Soviet policy and the intrigues that were already preparing during World War II for the imposition of Communist regimes in central and eastern Europe, which were to be the Soviet prelude to spreading communism throughout Europe and the world. He tells of the effects of Soviet propaganda in Western countries by "British and American Communists and fellow-travelers who were specially influential in our wartime propaganda and intelligence services" and who succeeded in securing for Tito and his "progressive" partisans the support of the Western Allies and their consequent abandonment of Drazha Mihailovich and his "reactionary patriotism."

White convincingly denounces Roosevelt's "greatest wartime blunder," his Teheran decision to abandon the Balkans to the Soviets in order to refrain from antagonizing Stalin and thus to prevent him from doing what the author calls an utter impossibility, making a separate peace with Hitler. White credits Churchill, who vainly sought the invasion of the Balkans in order to save central and eastern Europe from falling under Soviet domination, with greater political wisdom. Frustrated in his efforts on behalf of the Balkans, the wartime British Prime Minister then tried to bargain with Tito "as he bargained in 1941 with Stalin to save western Europe from Hitler." At the Naples Conference, which Leigh White considers an important link in the chain of dereliction leading from Teheran to Yalta, Churchill, with Roosevelt's prior consent, agreed to recognize the Tito provisional Government as soon as it was broadened to include several mutually acceptable members of the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile. Under Churchill's pressure the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile had been previously purged of all Serbs and other "reactionary elements" who refused to capitulate to the Communists. Roosevelt and Churchill hoped that Yugoslavia would somehow be the bridge between the antipodes of despotism and democracy, even if the price had to be the loss of all human and political freedoms for the Yugoslav peoples.

After being grossly misled by Tito and Soviet propaganda, the President and the British Prime Minister soon realized that Tito was an agent for the Soviets in their drive for world domination and that his regime—in spite of all his solemn promises—was a brutal dictatorship that maintained itself in power only through methods of unprecedented violence and a ruthless secret police.

The spectacular conflict between Tito and the Cominform that has puzzled the Western world has given rise to many speculations and a great deal of wishful thinking coupled with sometimes naive and sometimes utterly unscrupulous propaganda. Leigh White's analysis of the schism throws new light on the real reasons which led the Kremlin to jettison its erstwhile pupil and take an irrevocably hostile stand against him. The analysis also enables one to appraise correctly the true significance of the break between the Kremlin and Tito and its effects on the present world situation, for the writer dispels many misleading expectations by demonstrating how little chance Titoism has of spreading among other Communist national parties and how this conflict has even served the Soviets as a means of tightening their grip over other satellites. Leigh White deflates the fallacious hopes that have been pinned on Tito's potential value in a possible conflict between the East and the West.

In opposition to the official policy of giving Tito unconditional assistance, Mr. White suggests that the United States—without asking for any material concession—should exact the utmost in spiritual concessions that would lead to the restoration of freedom and democracy in Yugoslavia. The Western Allies may rely only on a free and democratic Yugoslavia, since its peoples would fight only for their liberation from both forms of communism. To pretend that they will fight to defend a dictatorial regime that has deprived them of all freedoms and wrecked the economy of the country to the point of starvation is to succumb to a dangerous fallacy that can lead only to a bitter realization of having been deceived. Moreover, to encourage Titoism may demoralize the West as well as the East and lead to the acceptance of totalitarianism everywhere.

With particular emphasis Leigh White denounces communism as the greatest enemy of the Western world. He points out as another dangerous fallacy the idea that National Communism can impede the advance of Imperial Communism. He asks: would a Titoist Europe be a lesser threat to American security than a Stalinist Europe? Or, would a Maoist Asia be less a threat than a Stalinist Asia? If the policy of this country is to save free institutions, then the author proposes that "we must extend the Truman Doctrine—by degrees—throughout the Balkan Peninsula and eventually throughout eastern Europe."

Leigh White's book is an impassioned appeal for the defense of Western civilization and the high principles that America has repeatedly proclaimed and pledged herself to defend. The author does not try to present a scientific documentary contribution to the history of recent events. But in sounding the alarm against new blunders that might be fatal for the future and the survival of the free

world, Mr. White has rendered an outstanding public service to his country. He will also encourage the enslaved peoples in their resistance to communism by sustaining their confidence that America will remain faithful to the noble principles of freedom and democracy.

CONSTANTIN FOTITCH

CLEAR-SIGHTED BOY

The Catcher in the Rye, by J. D. Salinger. *Boston: Little, Brown. $3.00*

He was sixteen when he ran away from prep school and had all those strange experiences in New York. Now at seventeen he tells you how it happened and what it felt like, but not as though he were writing it down. You forget you're reading a novel: you seem to be actually listening to this boy, Holden Caulfield. Offhand you might think you'd get bored, hearing a boy talk that long, but in fact the Ancient Mariner couldn't have been more hypnotic.

It may seem at first that Holden's story is meant to be funny, and even toward the end there are things that make you laugh. But when he says, for instance, that he hates the movies, he's in dead earnest. Holden hates a lot of things, and he hates some of the people he meets, too. But he usually winds up, to his own bewilderment, by feeling sorry for them instead. About the only people he doesn't hate ever—if you leave out two nuns he makes friends with in Grand Central—are children.

The trouble is that Holden sees too clearly and feels too deeply, which may be a way of saying he's more alive than most of us. But "The Catcher in the Rye" isn't another of those books about a sensitive adolescent. It's a sort of picaresque novel about New York, and if you told Holden it was sometimes heartbreaking and sometimes horrifying, and full of insights which actually do seem like his and not this man Salinger's, he'd probably come back at you with his favorite four-letter word. The heartbreak and horror and insights are there, though—the book cuts deep enough to draw blood.

In a strange way it makes you think of another picaresque novel told by the boy hero in his own idiom, only about the Mississippi. You have to be good to write a book that way and bring it off, but if you're really good the book can become a classic. Salinger isn't at all like Sam Clemens, of course, and his book is not for the young and guileless, but anybody who's read his *New Yorker* stories knows how good he is. So if "The Catcher in the Rye" turns out to be a classic too, fifty or sixty years from now, it will be odd, perhaps, but not altogether surprising.

Meanwhile here it is to be read and enjoyed, a brilliant performance and in its own way just about flawless.

DAN WICKENDEN

THE INCREDIBLE TOSCANINI

The Maestro: The Life of Arturo Toscanini, by Howard Taubman. *New York: Simon & Schuster. $5.00*

The Story of Arturo Toscanini, by David Ewen. *New York: Holt. $2.50*

Signs are mounting that Arturo Toscanini may soon take leave of the baton. He is 84. During the past season some of his broadcasts with the NBC Symphony were interrupted for reasons of health. Others were conducted with the usual incredible vigor, but left an impression on close observers that the maestro was driving himself by sheer will power. Recently he called off a series of opera performances in Italy, so that he might have a chance for a well-earned rest.

When Toscanini does make his final exit from the world of international concert and opera performances the occasion will be an historic one. He has not only been known—and I think on the whole with justice—as the greatest conductor of his generation. He has also enjoyed a peculiar position as a musical personality. He has stood high among those few virtuosos—one thinks of Paderewski and Caruso—who capped great European reputations with almost unbelievable American success, and came as a result to occupy a special status—that of a sort of "world's champion musician."

The time, then, is ripe for the appearance of a definitive biography of the maestro, and Howard Taubman, the indefatigable newsman and anecdotist of the *New York Times* music staff, seems to have provided it. His book is painstakingly done. He has checked and rechecked the outward details of Toscanini's life, carefully winnowed the facts from the accumulated legends, and presented the sort of documentary account that readers of the lives of the great musicians seem to expect.

If the book is not exactly breathtaking as a personal study, this is a fault it has in common with much musical biography. It is a curious but undeniable fact that, with a few exceptions, musicians are more interesting as musicians than they are as people, and Toscanini is not one of the exceptions. As a personality, Toscanini has led an estimable and busy life. He was born in impoverished circumstances, and rose the hard way to become conductor of a great many of the world's finest orchestras and opera companies. He has been widely applauded for his anti-Fascist and anti-Nazi views, admirable enough ones which were by no means exclusively his own, and which cost him no important sacrifices where his career was concerned. He has shown throughout this career a prima donna's Olympian self-assurance and a prima donna's hostility toward competitors, quite a number of whom were nearly as good conductors as he. Even in the extremely sympathetic pages of Taubman's book, belittling opinions about such eminent colleagues as Gustav Mahler, Willem Mengelberg, Alfred Hertz and Vic-

tor da Sabata come to light, and those who have conversed with the maestro himself on the subject know that he has seldom had a good word to say about any other conductor of prominence.

I do not, personally, find in Toscanini the man of heroic stature that Taubman seems bent on portraying. But that, after all, is not the important thing about Toscanini. The important thing is what happens to a symphony or an opera when the maestro raises his baton. And what has happened in this respect during the past quarter of a century has certainly made Toscanini a phenomenon worth reading about.

"The Story of Arturo Toscanini" by David Ewen is a short, earnest, unpretentious and somewhat naive book which, unlike Taubman's, contains practically nothing that is not already well known.

WINTHROP SARGEANT

STRONGER THAN GIBRALTAR

The Prudential, by Earl Chapin May and Will Oursler. *New York: Doubleday. $5.00*

Little attention has been paid to the requirements of business history, outside the graduate faculties of a few of the larger universities; and speaking generally, the academic idea of a proper job is too ornate (and, as it usually turns out, too dull) to suit the taste of corporation executives whose firms have a 50th or a 100th anniversary to celebrate. An academic job also takes much too long to write. It takes a couple of years at least; it can't be ordered just ahead of the date for the party. Consequently, it seems to be the common practice to call in professional article-writers with a background of publication in mass-circulation magazines, and to give them a commission to work up a history. The result is a book-length souvenir.

"The Prudential" is the most ambitious and perhaps the most successful effort of the souvenir kind that has appeared this season. It features a solid underpinning of facts. The firm was founded in 1875 by John Fairfield Dryden to provide insurance for workers who could not pay for it out of savings; Dryden's idea was, essentially, a weekly premium payment scheme. The notion was extremely novel at the time, and it is doubtful whether Dryden could have made any headway at all if an insurance enterprise of that kind had not been founded in England (The Prudential Assurance Company of London) a quarter century before. Prudential of London was then issuing policies at the rate of more than 300,000 a year, and with this figure for a talking-point Dryden managed to round up a few backers.

There were hard times at first, and Messrs. May and Oursler make the most of them. The chief difficulty seems to have been the recruitment of agents who were vigorous enough to combine the selling of new policies with the collection of weekly payments, a sort of double-handed job; and another source of trouble arose from faulty actuarial practice. However, the basic proposition on which Dryden established the Prudential was sound. Brute persistence and some timely advice from London Prudential saw it through, and within five years the firm was doing enough business to tempt the Metropolitan Insurance Company of New York to enter its field. A lengthy struggle followed in which Dryden's corporate David managed to hold its own against the corporate Goliath. In 1885, when the fight was called off, Prudential of Newark wrote its millionth policy.

Today the Prudential has grown big enough to forget its old slogan. It is even stronger than the rock of Gibraltar. The question is whether it is stronger than what Prudential's President Carrol M. Shanks calls the Welfare State. In a somewhat over-novelized final chapter the authors report a conversation with President Shanks which reveals that insurance men still must do a double-handed job in order to survive. He said:

> In our system of economy, insurance has to provide the answer to certain basic human needs. . . . Because a few people have been able to identify the Welfare State with these honest needs, too many of us have been frightened into denying the needs themselves. We've got to stop that. . . . Americans are asking for widened security. They have a right to it and will get it. The only question . . . is how.

Mr. Shanks went on to say that whether these security services come through government or through private insurance they will have to be paid for, and "no one seriously questions that providing benefits through government bureaucracy is the most expensive way. Beyond that, there's the question of a man's initiative and self-respect. I am an ardent advocate of welfare plans. But the loss of freedom is too high a price to pay." The authors then asked Mr. Shanks the big insurance question of our time. How about a man's old age? Suppose we adopted a comprehensive system of old-age pensions, where would he find the investments for the billions of dollars collected to fund pension payments in the future?

Mr. Shanks discussed various suggestions:

> Partial funding is one. Or some kind of pay-as-you-go method might be evolved. Certainly here's one of the places government could cooperate with private industry . . . such a program would relieve industry of the burden of funding the entire pension needs of a nation. Frankly, I don't know what the answer is today. I don't even know the extent of the problem. The mechanizations of the future will call for huge accretions of capital, and capital means investments. I know there will be an answer.

With this show of candor the chronicle comes to an end. Readers who can appreciate the difference between a politician's promise and a businessman's simple statement that he will do his best should find much to enjoy in this sprightly rendering of one long episode in the great American success story.

ASHER BRYNES

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