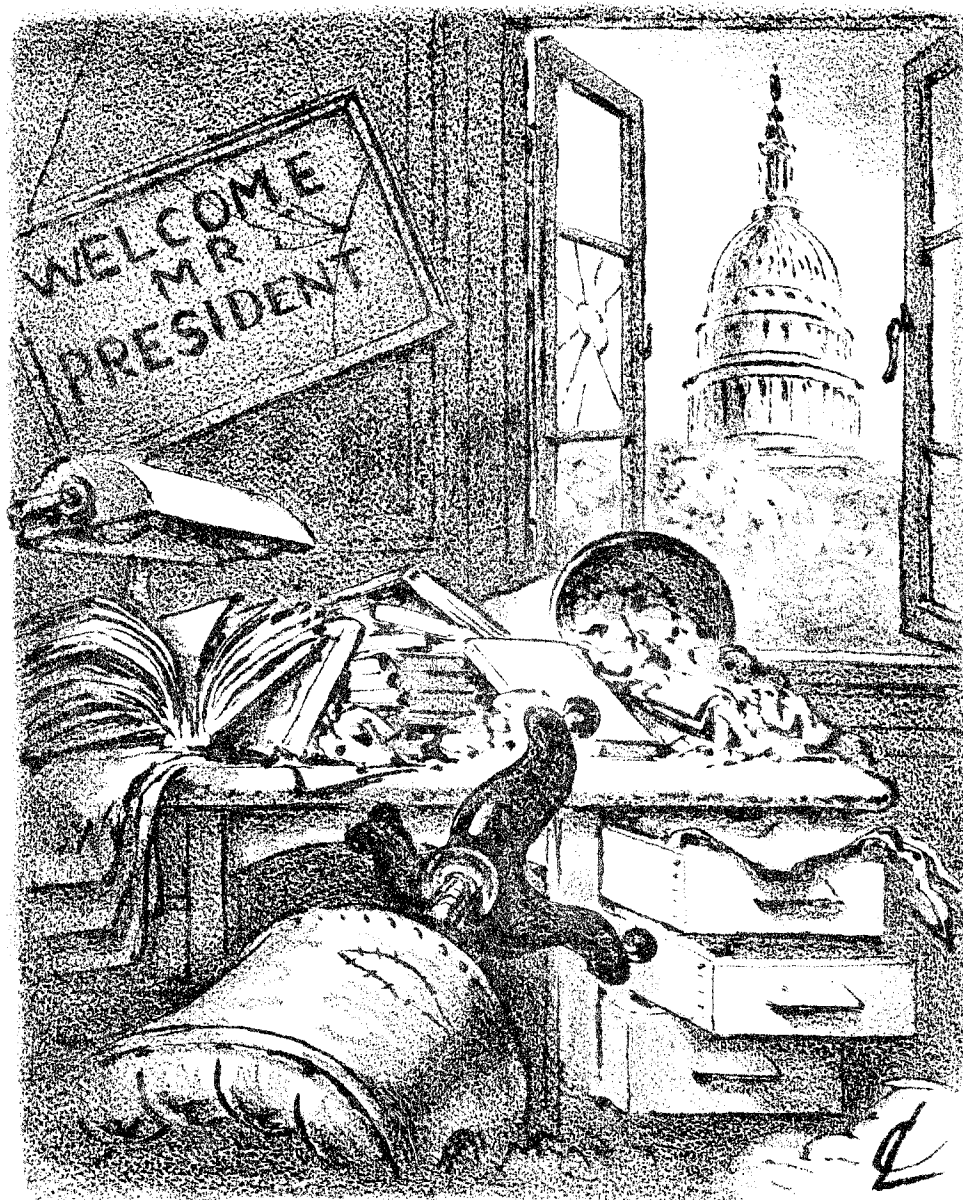


THE *Freeman*

NOVEMBER 17, 1952 25¢

Statism by Planning

S. Harcourt-Rivington



The Quarter-Billion Occupation Mark Swindle

Richard L. Stokes

Our Bloviating Journalists

Stanley Walker

Pat Gorman, Harmonizer

*Victor Riesel
and Robert Lewin*



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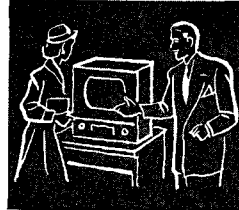
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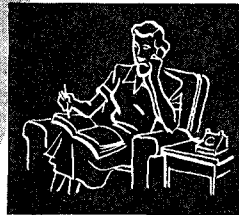
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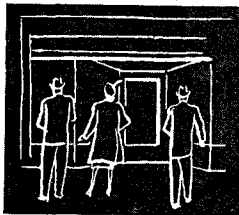
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THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

Editors JOHN CHAMBERLAIN FORREST DAVIS

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Our Contributors

RICHARD L. STOKES ("The Quarter-Billion Occupation Mark Swindle") has had a varied and distinguished career. As a longtime staff member of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, he covered the State Department, he covered the D-Day landings, marching with Patton across central Europe, and at the Nuremberg trials he obtained the secret protocols of the Russo-German non-aggression pact. He was, incidentally, the first Washington correspondent to identify George Kennan as the "X" of a famous magazine article. In addition to such front-line reporting, Mr. Stokes has been a music and drama critic and is the author of three published plays in verse. One of these, "Merry Mount," served as the libretto for the opera of that name produced at the Metropolitan several years ago.

The quality that many critical observers increasingly find absent from present-day newspapering is objectivity. The reporter tends more and more to dispensing opinion rather than digging out the facts, which are usually elusive. VICTOR RIESEL, co-author with a Chicago newspaperman, ROBERT LEWIN, of "Pat Gorman, Harmonizer," is that rarity, a columnist who is also a great reporter. His column, which deals with what is termed labor news on a comprehensive front, is syndicated coast-to-coast in many newspapers. While Mr. Riesel never hesitates to give his own opinion, that opinion is solidly based upon concrete manifestations of the labor struggle which he has himself personally investigated.

As it happens, this issue of the *Freeman* contains the work of another noted newspaperman of the old tradition, STANLEY WALKER ("Our Bloviating Journalists"). A fixture of metropolitan life during the gaudy era of prohibition and the debilitating rise of liberal-leftism that marked the 1930s, Mr. Walker retired to a ranch in his native Lampasas County, Texas, several years ago to mull things over. The author of "The Night Club Era," "City Editor," "Mrs. Astor's Horse" and "Journey Toward the Sunlight" finds the present state of American journalism sorry.

S. HARCOURT-RIVINGTON ("Statism by Planning") is a British economist who has contributed widely to European journals and to the *Freeman*. His book, "The Great Menace," effectively portrayed the evils of collectivism.

Among Ourselves

The lot of the editors of the *Freeman* is frequently agreeable if not always happy. A recent letter from a charter subscriber in Amboy, Illinois, contributed to our felicity. This gentleman, who has induced many friends and neighbors to subscribe, now wishes to know if he can "invest in a small parcel of stock in the corporation." Unfortunately, the *Freeman's* stock is not open to public subscription but we appreciate the implied compliment no end.

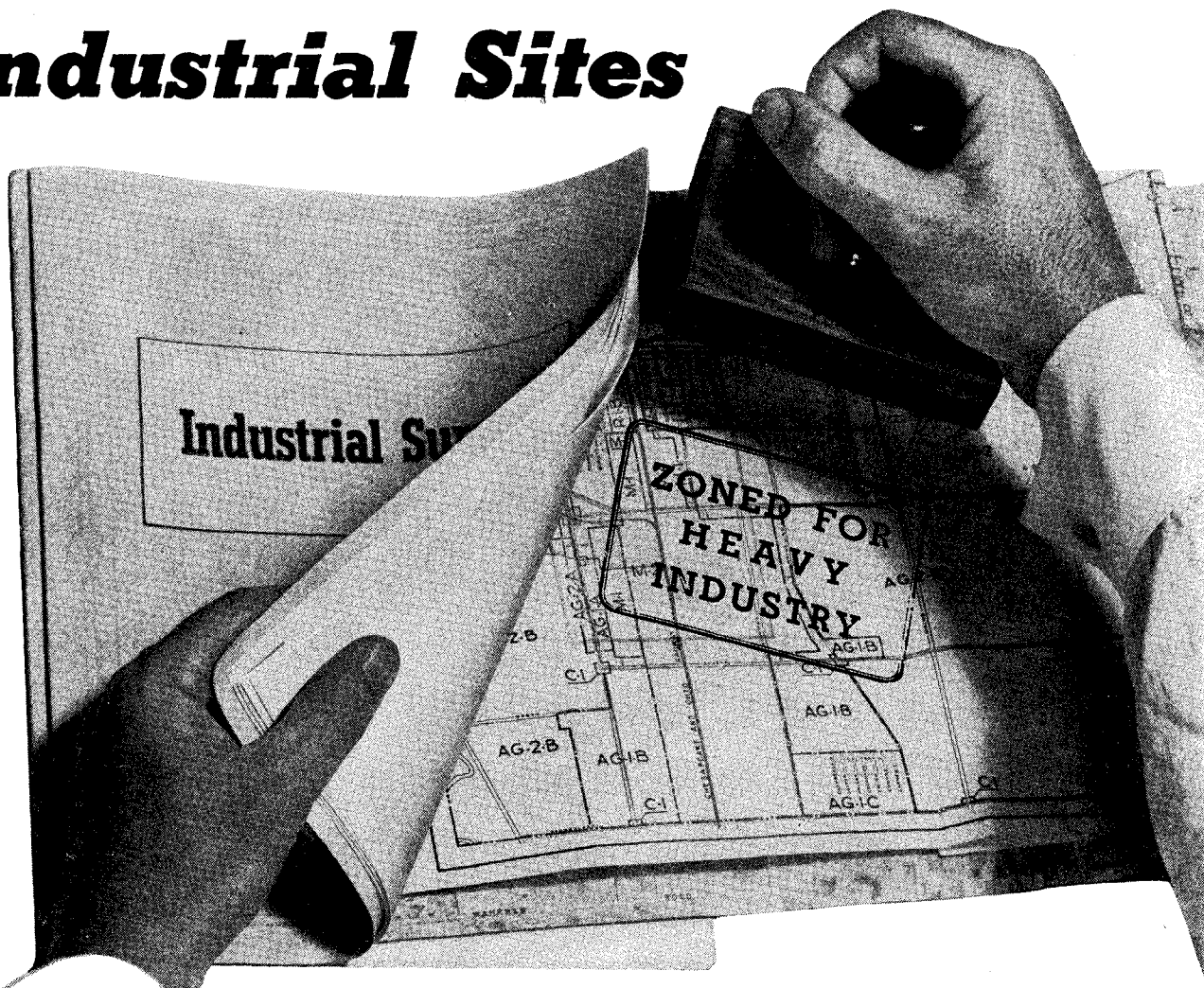
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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily represent the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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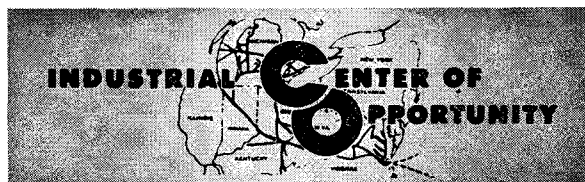
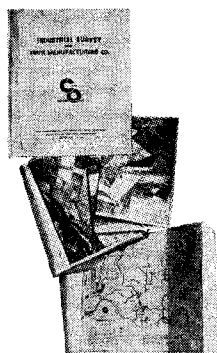


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THE *Freeman*

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1952

The Fortnight

Not so long ago our contemporary, the socialist *New Leader*, printed an article by Daniel Bell "in defense of Fabianism." In the article Mr. Bell criticized one of the editors of the *Freeman* for being anti-Fabian. Such a confusion of terms we never did see! What the editors of the *Freeman* reject is not Fabian *methods* ("the inevitability of gradualism," to use Sidney Webb's famous phrase) but the socialist economic philosophy! We object to socialism no matter how it is achieved, whether by violence or sweet persuasion. As for Fabian methods, we are *for* them; we believe in "the inevitability of gradualism" toward a completely free economy. Mr. Bell may think this "reactionary," but it is reactionary only to one who believes in socialist goals. Since the editors of the *Freeman* are reasonable enough to know that you don't transform societies by fiat, they don't expect to see a completely voluntaristic society emerge tomorrow; in fact, they doubt that complete voluntarism will be the order of the day even in the year 2052 A.D. But they do expect to see the Fabian arrows reversed in their lifetime; they expect the "inevitability of gradualism" to make a turn-about in favor of progress toward individualism and widespread private ownership of economic tools.

Note on British "austerity" in the era of the chronic "dollar gap," as taken from an Associated Press dispatch from London: "Some of the finest armor from the collection of the late William Randolph Hearst is to be lodged in the Tower of London. The Ministry of Works said it had paid \$84,000 for fifty-two items from Mr. Hearst's collection. The Ministry said the purchase would fill important gaps in Britain's National Armories collection."

Out in Cincinnati a group of Methodist laymen, entitling themselves the Circuit Riders, have established a vigorous movement to combat the socialism and crypto-communism that finds such widespread refuge under the benevolent cloak of the social gospel in Methodism and other Protestant

communions. The Circuit Riders foster research, they propagandize and upon occasion lobby in ecclesiastical and secular quarters on behalf of freedom. Their address, in case you are interested, is Court and Plum streets, Cincinnati.

The Communist government of Czechoslovakia is fighting a desperate battle against shrinking productivity. The normal means of totalitarian persuasion—such as labor camps and the whip of the Secret Police—seem to be proving inadequate and so the government, in desperation, is trying the extraordinary means of argument. The other day, the Czechoslovak Minister of Education went on the air to talk the comrades into working more and harder. And how did the learned man clinch his plea? "The eight-hour day," said he over Radio Prague, "is a remnant of capitalism." What an unspeakably beastly system, capitalism!

Having on other occasions cast a wary eye at the NATO slow quadrille, we are happy to report that at least one western European country is doing its all for defense. While France (population 50 million) swears she could not possibly contribute 20 divisions (about 300,000 men) to the NATO army, the country we have in mind is now able to mobilize 400,000 trained men within a day or two. Auxiliary services and the home guard would augment that force, within a week, to 850,000 men. This is by far the strongest military establishment west of the Iron Curtain. Unfortunately, General Ridgway can not count on that effective army. For western Europe's strongest military force belongs to a neutral power—Switzerland (population 4.3 million).

A reader, Mr. Gwinn Owens, of Riderwood, Maryland, affirming himself an admirer of Henry L. Mencken, inquires which traditional values of our society the Baltimore savant upheld during his editorship of the *American Mercury*. As you may have surmised, Mr. Owens refers to an item in the issue of September 8 recording the acquisition of the *Mercury* by Mr. Russell Maguire. Recalling, as we did, Mr. Mencken's rollicking assaults upon the Puritanism he found pervading American life, his repudiation of the English man-

nered gentry and his fondness for *buergerlich* virtues and diversions, we were for the moment stumped. We remembered just in time how, in the case of "Hatrack" and elsewhere, he upheld freedom of expression. We remembered also his inveterate distaste for Dr. Woodrow Wilson's rhetorical flights of international idealism and the New Freedom's ventures into statism.

It seemed to us, and we so reply to Mr. Owens, that underneath Mr. Mencken's scornful and un-faillingly entertaining veneer there always lurked the stout and uncompromising believer in the freedom of the individual against the overriding state, against the mindless domination of mass taste by the "booboisie" and the latent clericalism he observed in the "Bible belt." It is true that Mr. Mencken demanded freedom primarily for the exceptional man, but he was unwilling that any man be shackled. In that framework we hold that Mr. Mencken was, and is, a great individualist in a great American tradition.

In our issue for October 20 we ran an editorial paragraph about 8000 Eskimos who have reportedly abandoned fish and seal spearing to live on the Welfare State bounty of the Canadian government. In our haste to get the item into print we spoke of those Eskimos as dwelling in the Canadian Antarctic. The proof room let it go by. We are pleased to note, however, that we have quick-witted readers. One of them, John Durant of New Lisbon, New York, writes to say: "If there were any Eskimos in the Antarctic (and there ain't) they'd speak with a southern accent." Another correspondent, Charles Kingsley of Bethpage, Long Island, says: "Please be advised that 8000 Eskimos in the Patagonian Arctic are considering a geographical exchange." The editors of the *Freeman* apologize for having mislaid their arctics.

Since the world press is carrying sinister news of the savage Mau Mau brotherhood which slaughters white settlers in British Kenya, we were anxious to learn what the British intelligentsia, as served by the *New Statesman and Nation*, knew about the catastrophe. And this is what we learned: "An atmosphere of hysteria is influencing many of the European settlers. . . . It can be stated beyond any doubt that the significance of Mau Mau has been fantastically exaggerated." This, we submit, is an authentic portrait of the liberal under stress: while his countrymen are murdered in Kenya, he coolly warns them, from a London office, not to get excited about noble savages.

And speaking of that illustrious leftist journal, we got a chuckle from an oversight of its literary editor. As befits a leftist British magazine, the *New Statesman and Nation* consistently presents the United States as the culturally barren

realm of a rapacious and sterile capitalism. Yet when its literary editor selected the 29 most promising fiction titles from London's book deluge announced for this winter, he picked eleven British, six Continental—and nine American authors. This seems to portray the United States literary scene as a rather fertile desert.

Assuming that even *their* sleep can be disturbed by the pangs of conscience, we recommend this bit of news to the associates of Mr. Acheson who so effectively counseled American leniency toward China's "agrarian reformers." The Chinese People's Government has officially announced that more than two million "bandits" have been liquidated in "the recent repressions." There is perhaps no way of making the Acheson coterie pay for the tears it has helped to bring over China. But let us at least hope that its nights are uneasy.

The Divided Nations

The U. S. government contributed to the United Nations for the calendar year 1952 the following sums:

Regular assessed budget	\$15,844,860
(Includes contribution to UN administration and group 1 of the specialized agencies)	
Voluntary contributions	
UN relief, emergency and specialized agencies	\$241,488,417
Other activities	\$9,538,684

The contribution of the American taxpayers comes to 36.9 per cent of the regular assessed budget of \$46,565,300, and 32.88 per cent of the over-all budget. The mighty Soviet Union is assessed only 9.85 per cent. Moreover, readers of Alice Widener's articles on the UN in these pages may be interested to learn that the Americans are digging up 60 per cent of the \$39 million allotted to the UN technical assistance program, which would appear from the record of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security to be largely administered by Communists and fellow-travelers.

Since with bureaucratic organizations increase of appetite always grows by what it feeds on, it is perhaps a sign of moderation that the regular UN budget now under consideration for 1953 is only \$47,765,200. One might even wonder why Senator Wiley, a delegate to the current session of the UN Assembly, had put in a request for economy before the UN Administrative and Budgetary Committee, if Senator Wiley had not remarked that the regular budget looked to him like a "\$47 million rabbit" that had fathered "a good big \$300 million litter of rabbits"—a figure at which he had arrived by adding to the regular UN budget those of "close relatives" and other sums that would amount to more than \$200,000,000.

If the disproportionate American share of these expenses were contributed to an organization of nations which gave signs of being united even ultimately, they would be incontestably well spent. Unfortunately that is not the case. The Korean war is there to prove it; a war in which one group of nations is pitted against the rest; a war in which the group of nations which took up arms to punish aggression by the other group refused, when it could, to push the war to a victorious conclusion and now admits that it does not know how to win an honorable peace. The billions which that war has cost the American people are not included in the UN budget; but they can not be properly excluded from the cost of the UN to the American taxpayers. And while we have paid almost the entire cost of the military action, our policy has been steadily vitiated by the fears and prejudices of our token UN allies, and our expense in blood and treasure thereby immeasurably increased.

Any realistic critic would, we think, be hard put to it to show any advantage accruing to this country from the UN which would even begin to offset the disadvantage of this "union" which is basically disunion. We have not mentioned the sorry and costly NATO adventure, made necessary by that same unrealistic attempt to unite two worlds, one of which has steadily held to the avowed purpose of destroying the other, as Alice Widener shows in quotations from Communist sources on page 128 of this issue. Add to the burden of the Korean War that of NATO and our various international WPA programs, prompted by the ineffectiveness of the UN, and it begins to appear that that organization, which has provided the USSR an invaluable forum for anti-American propaganda, has thus far been a good deal more of a liability than an asset so far as this country is concerned.

But that is not all. As Mrs. Widener has shown, this organization to which the United States grants hospitality, extraterritoriality and diplomatic privileges and immunities, has rewarded these favors by employing in its Secretariat many Americans whose loyalty to their own country is highly doubtful. To date, of the twenty American members of the Secretariat who have testified in open sessions of the McCarran Committee, seventeen have refused, on the basis of the Fifth Amendment, to state whether they are now or ever have been, members of the Communist Party; two have admitted past membership and one of those two has stated that she has never formally left the party and is still in sympathy with it; and one, while denying membership, has admitted having acted as an agent of the Communist underground.

Significantly, most of these people are employed in that section of the UN Division of Economic Affairs having to do with the allocation and administration of funds for "stabilizing" and "de-

veloping" underdeveloped countries. Money talks, and the comrades never fail to go for controlling positions in those offices making the largest and most strategic disbursements. During the war it was UNRRA; now it is the Economic Affairs Division of the UN.

The behavior of both the UN Administration and our own State Department in this situation has been, if we are to trust the press reports, confusing. There has been more than the normal amount of buckpassing, but as this is written it appears that the State Department washes its hands of all responsibility for the loyalty to this country of Americans employed by the UN. On the other hand it professes to have an informal commitment from Secretary-General Trygve Lie of the UN not to employ American citizens who are Communists—a commitment which appears to have been more honored in the breach than in the observance. As for Mr. Lie, while he has professed not to want employees in the UN whose loyalty to their own countries is questionable, he seems loath to release those who have laid themselves open to pretty convincing suspicion of Communist membership by seeking the refuge of the Fifth Amendment. On October 22, he placed ten of them on "compulsory leave" on full pay and suspended an eleventh, also on full pay. Since then he has discharged three of these employees. Moreover, in contradiction of his own earlier statements, he announced that he would call a panel of "eminent jurists" from several nations to advise him whether the UN should dismiss any employee whose own government considers him disloyal.

While Mr. Lie's jurists from other countries are making up their minds whether the UN should or should not employ American traitors to disburse funds taken from the American taxpayers, we Americans might do well to offer a nightly prayer for the good health of the McCarran Committee and its staff. In the pass to which our participation in the UN has brought us, the last hope of the American people appears to lie in Congress; and Congress will need all the information it can get. When it recessed its recent hearings in New York, the committee issued a statement which read, in part:

As was stated at the outset of these hearings there is no intention on the part of this subcommittee to investigate the activities of the United Nations as such, or to determine the functions of the United Nations. At the same time our duty and our assignment requires that we ascertain the facts as to dangers threatening the internal security of the United States.

To discharge that responsibility we must pursue the investigation wherever it leads and expose persons, whoever they are, who are engaged in subversive activities directed against the security of this nation. Testimony is offered that a full scale operation is under way participated in by American citizens presently connected with the United Nations.

The committee has stated its obligation with

scrupulous correctness. But we believe it to be the obligation of the new Congress to consider not only the activities of the UN as such but the way in which it is carrying them out. And not only that; it should reexamine the whole question of this country's relations with the UN: its disproportionate cost to the American taxpayers; the Communist-Socialist—"One World" direction in which it was launched by Alger Hiss *et al.*, and from which it has never departed; and above all the nightmarish unreality imposed upon all its deliberations and activities by the irreconcilable cleavage within it between a group of confused and irresolute free nations and a group of slave nations which know exactly what they want—and how to use the UN in their unflagging drive to get it.

We would not be at all surprised if the Congress, after such a reexamination, were to decide that the UN, as at present set up and administered, is costing this country a great deal more than it comes to.

Let the Campus Listen

Nancy Jane Fellers's "God and Woman at Vassar," the story of a conservative student's run-in with a McLiberal English Department (see the *Freeman* for November 3), drew quick retort—and even quicker blood—from our readers. One man objected that students, being children, could not be trusted to hold the objective pose when assessing their teachers. True enough for some students, but one of the things that particularly impressed the editors of the *Freeman* with Nancy Jane's story was the narrative skill with which the young author marshaled her facts. In addition to this, her syntax, choice of words, sense of drama and sheer forensic ability were manifestly of a high order. We can state from long experience that only one in a hundred college graduates can write an article as good as Nancy Jane's the first year out of college. One of the editors of the *Freeman* spent three years teaching students at the Columbia University School of Journalism; if he had had Nancy Jane as a student he would have given her a high grade.

The really interesting response to the Fellers article, however, came via a long distance telephone call from a lawyer who lives in a western city. This lawyer was willing and eager to pay out a sizeable chunk of money to the Bell Telephone system to tell us what happened to his daughter at a college in New England. "My daughter," he said, "was an A student, generally speaking. But she had a political science teacher who listed her as a C-minus. When we were talking over the grades, all A's save for this one bad mark, my daughter said, 'Daddy, I can get an A in the political science

course if you want me to. All I have to do is to throw the teacher's opinions back at him.' 'Don't you do it,' I said to the girl; 'you stick to your own opinions.'

"Fortunately," so our informant said, "the story has a happy ending. At mid-year the college shifted its political science teachers. My daughter got a new professor who allowed his students to do their own thinking. The girl wound up in June with a good mark anyway.

"But this," so our western lawyer friend went on, "wasn't what I really wanted to tell you. Back in 1913-1914 I happened to be a student at Missouri. I had Thorstein Veblen as a teacher in economics. Veblen was as wildly leftist as they come. But the point is that he was very scrupulous in his marking; he gave his conservative students every right to their own point of view. His practice was to mark his students not on their philosophical predilections, but on their ability to reason from premise to conclusion. Veblen may have been a goofy economist, though many of us thought he was mostly concerned with spoofing the Right. No matter what he thought about economics he was a great teacher."

The lawyer's reminiscences seem to us to have particular point in this day and age. In the old days of 1913-1914 the faculty club intellectuals held to certain standards of teaching rectitude. In these McLiberal times of 1952 the teacher intellectuals frequently manifest the psychology of the juvenile gang: if you aren't with us, you are against us, and, boy, will we mark you down!

Re: Certain "Liberals"

Election day is the Great Divide. The little things about the campaign that seemed so momentous, so important, on the first Monday in November have already drifted far into the past by the time the last vote is counted. There is one thing in the campaign that lingers in our mind, however, and that is Joe McCarthy's Chicago broadcast which dealt with some of the men around Adlai Stevenson. It seems worth dwelling on for a moment because our *Weltschmerz* intellectuals will be recurring to it from time to time, and drawing from it the most horrendous and inflated conclusions. To our way of thinking, the speech must be put into perspective while the average person still recalls it. The truth is that Joe McCarthy picked some likely-looking targets but failed to hit them where they were really vulnerable.

Take Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., for example. Though Schlesinger is certainly no Communist, nor even a fellow-traveler, it is useful to point out that he has been identified with the Americans for Democratic Action, a Fabian gadget designed to trap the unwary into an advocacy of creepy-

crawly, or inchworm, socialism. And it may serve a useful purpose to suggest that Professor Schlesinger is so frantically selective in his professed anti-communism that he sometimes returns from a fishing expedition with his creel full of minnows after tossing the big fish back into the brook.

The real case against Schlesinger, however, is that he is a professional historian who can't be trusted to handle historical material with the scruples that should be second nature to the professorial guild. What marks Schlesinger down in our book is that he has been guilty of spreading an innuendo that Herbert Hoover is oblivious to human suffering when it takes place on the continent of Europe. And we have never forgiven him for suggesting that those extreme libertarians, John T. Flynn and William Henry Chamberlin, would make good Fascist historians. In other words, what we hold against Schlesinger is that he has been guilty of the very type of slander which he and his ilk have been quick to call "McCarthyism."

As for Bernard De Voto, it seems to us that Joe McCarthy pulled the wrong book on him. The trouble with De Voto is not that he dislikes the FBI: that is the privilege of any cop-hating libertarian. De Voto's real tragedy is that he is an intellectual who has subtly shifted his ground over the years without realizing it. In other words, he is short on self-knowledge. When we first knew De Voto he was the great champion of the average home-loving, kid-having American family. He even defended American Legion members and Rotarians against the snooty attacks of the Paris-bound *avant gardists*. In recent years, however, he has tended to become an *avant gardist* himself. If he doesn't believe it, let him read a copy of the *American Legion Magazine* and see how far he has drifted from the world of his old buddies.

De Voto made his great reputation by pulling to pieces the fancier sort of literary psychoanalyst who specialized in making great men over into walking mother-complexes or Members of the Ancient Order of Henpecked Husbands. In a recent review of a book on Mark Twain, however, he fell victim to the special sin which he used daily to impute to Van Wyck Brooks. Following up a clue supplied by Professor Wecter, De Voto did a quick-take psychoanalysis of Twain that explained everything in terms of the harshness of Sam Clemens's father! Brooks had blamed it all on the mother, who had made her offspring go forth into the world a good boy by *force majeure*. If our Twainiana experts could only get together, it might come clear that when a man has both a father and a mother, he can sometimes grow up to be himself.

As for Jim Wechsler, another Stevenson adviser named by McCarthy, it matters little today that he belonged to the Young Communist League in the thirties. What really matters in 1952 with Jim is

that he pretends to an innocence about the Communist conspiracy that he doesn't really have. Wechsler was the first man to inform us that Lee Pressman of the CIO was a Communist. If he knew that much about Mr. Pressman in the early forties, he can hardly pretend to any special shock about some of Alger Hiss's friends in the early fifties.

It was never necessary for Joe McCarthy to try to link Wechsler and the other serious thinkers around Adlai Stevenson to the Kremlin. All he had to do was to show that they are men who are sicklied o'er by the pale cast of a thought that doubts the ability of the free man to look out for himself without being wet-nursed by a Big Government that may, in 1984, turn out to be Big Brother: Orwell Style.

Rift in Utopia

British socialism, as reflected in the Labor Party, is on the verge, it seems, of a deep ideological division of which the Attlee-Bevan struggle is merely symptomatic. Behind this difference lies the gradual realization on the part of some intellectuals, as distinguished from the trade union bureaucracy of the left, that socialism has not delivered the goods. Industries have been nationalized in the last five years, state control geared up to such a pitch that it enters into the lives of every family every day, private ownership has received staggering blows, the welfare state has been inaugurated, and a large measure of collectivism introduced, yet Utopia is still over the horizon.

Richard Crossman, an influential Labor MP, recently stated this disillusionment in surprising language. Said Crossman:

All the obvious things have been done which were fought for and argued about. And yet, mysteriously enough, though we have carried out all these things, the ideal, the pattern of values has not been achieved. We have done them, we have created the means to the good life which they all laid down and said, "if you do all these things after that there'll be a classless society." Well, there isn't.

That is a pretty forthright confession of failure. We might naturally expect these dissatisfied Socialists to follow Bevan and work to make socialism more extreme—a nearer approach to its logical end, communism. That is what one would expect Mr. Crossman to do, considering his recent election to the Party Executive under the Bevanite banner. But he is not doing so. Some of his remarks on the character of socialism are pure heresy from the Bevan approach, as witness two excerpts:

The job of the Socialists in the next ten years is not to centralize power any more—on the contrary, it is to decentralize power whenever it is possible . . . so as to ensure that in all walks of life people feel that they have power to decide something about themselves. . . .

The planned economy and the centralization of power are no longer Socialist objectives. . . . The main task of socialism today is to prevent the concentration of power in the hands of either industrial management or the State bureaucracy—in brief, to distribute responsibility and so to enlarge freedom of choice.

Nor is Mr. Crossman alone in holding these schismatic views. Other Socialists, regarded as Marxists, have been guilty of comments equally subversive, notably John Strachey and Charles A. R. Crosland. Of these two politicians, Mr. Strachey is better known here than is Mr. Crosland. Strachey has had a checkered political career. From being a prominent supporter of Sir Oswald Mosley when the latter was building up his British Union of Fascists, he turned to communism. Since then he has disclaimed communism and returned to the Labor Party, in which he was successively Food Minister and Secretary for War during the recent Socialist government. Here is what he wrote recently in a letter to the *Times* of London:

Socialism itself is, surely, about the restoration of means of production to those who operate them—namely, the workers by hand and brain.

And further on in the same letter:

In this debate (between the different traditions of socialist thought) the Webbs, Fabianism in general and, on the whole, Marx have represented the tradition which has stressed State ownership, while . . . Owen, Proudhon, Cole, the Guild Socialists, and the Cooperative movement have represented the other tradition, the tradition that has sought to approach a direct restoration of the means of production to the workers by means of various forms of industrial democracy—of “the self-governing workshop”—without State ownership as such. . . . Those Socialists who feel that the time has come to shift the emphasis in some degree towards this second tradition, are fully as orthodox and traditional Socialists as those who put nearly all their emphasis upon nationalization.

The wording of this is cautious, but nevertheless it does suggest that the current slogan, “State ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange,” is not universally approved by Socialists. Mr. Crosland puts the point more directly when he writes:

We can at once dismiss certain lines of policy which are sometimes put forward as constituting the essence of good socialism. (1) The continued extension of free social services. (2) More and more nationalization of whole industries. (3) The continued proliferation of controls. (4) Further redistribution of income by direct taxation.

These statements, like Mr. Crossman's, imply a rejection of Marx and a harking back to Utopian socialism. What will be the effect of such lapses? One thing seems certain. They are going to disunite the Labor Party. You can not have a united party in which some of the members are calling out for more and more State control, more and more nationalization, while others are saying just

the reverse. But that has always been the plight of socialism until it hardens into the iron tyranny of communism. Someone has likened it to a hat that has been worn by so many different people that it has lost its shape, but even that simile falls short of the reality. It would be truer to say that several hats of quite different materials and shape have all been given the same label—socialism.

When Robert Owen and Louis Blanc were developing their theories of cooperative, self-governing units of industry under the title of socialism, the idea of an omnipotent, all-planning State was to them, as much as it was to the rest of the civilized world, a synonym for tyranny. Their schemes for a measure of self-government in industry may have seemed subversive to many of their contemporaries, but they were as far from “State ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange” as they were from capitalist regimentation of the wage-earners. They had no desire to substitute one kind of tyranny for another. That substitution had its origin as a social-political ideal in the doctrines of Karl Marx.

What Messrs. Crossman, Strachey and Co. have been advocating is a development much more akin to Robert Owen's theories than to those of Marx, but what makes their pronouncements significant is that they are being made at the same time, and by leaders of the same political party, as other statements of policy which flatly contradict them. Socialism may be able to change its shape to suit the times and the opportunities they offer, but it can hardly remain intact if it tries to assume two different shapes at the same time.

That is perhaps the first lesson to be learned from the present quarrels in the Labor Party. The party is disintegrating ideologically. But that is not the only lesson. We suspect that the deeper lesson arises out of a realization that organized labor is not satisfied with the results of nationalization and State control.

There is plenty of evidence that this is so, for after the first flush of victory, when nationalization seemed to assure all that organized labor had been seeking, there soon came complaints that all that had happened was that one set of bosses had been ousted in favor of another set, and that these new ones were even more remote from the rank and file than the old ones had been. There were calls for participation in management by the workers.

There are, it seems to us, two parties in England calling themselves Socialist. The one, of which Mr. Bevan is at the moment the moving spirit, is set on the way to communism without knowing it.

The other Socialist Party (perhaps it can hardly be called a party yet, but it has all the elements necessary to make it one) is ostensibly moving in the direction of private cooperative effort and away from the imposed collectivism of the State Leviathan.

The Quarter-Billion Occupation

Mark Swindle

By RICHARD L. STOKES

Stung by wholesale forgeries of occupation lire in Italy, the Treasury Department's Bureau of Engraving and Printing lavished all its science on creating an invulnerable issue of military marks for Germany. Experts invented a secret new paper with a distinctive watermark, a color scheme of nine different hues of ink and designs so complex that 23 plates were required for printing eight denominations of currency. The inks were manufactured inside the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and guarded day and night. Operatives of the U. S. Secret Service watched over the Forbes Lithograph Engraving Company plant in Boston, where the plates were kept and the marks were printed.

Against this citadel a campaign was opened quietly during January 1944, with a luncheon to which Miss Elizabeth Bentley¹ was invited by one of her Soviet taskmasters, known to her only as "Bill." He was a personable Russian, tall and slim, with brown hair and eyes. He was always smartly dressed. They met in a Schrafft restaurant at Fifth Avenue and 46th Street, New York.

To his companion "Bill" relayed an order from Moscow to deliver samples of all denominations of occupation marks being prepared by the Treasury. Casually he mentioned that the purpose was forgery. The idea was not one to ruffle a good Communist. It is routine practice at the Kremlin to counterfeit every type of money in the world. According to the late General Walter Krivitsky, the Soviet government in 1928 printed and tried to circulate \$10,000,000 in spurious American banknotes.

Miss Bentley was in charge of two groups of about forty Communists and fellow-travelers in every "sensitive" Federal department and agency except the Navy and FBI. Her "elite contact" at the Treasury was an economist, the late Harry Dexter White. He had been an instructor for six years at Harvard, where he took a doctor's degree, and then full professor at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin. By 1944 he was Assistant to Secretary Morgenthau. A year later he moved up

Mr. Stokes collaborated with Major George Racey Jordan on the current book, "Major Jordan's Diaries" (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50). From a substantial part of the manuscript which was crowded out of the book, Mr. Stokes has chosen for the Freeman the shocking episode of the money plate scandal. In this fiasco of weakness manipulated by treachery, the Roosevelt Administration allowed itself to be bullied by the Kremlin into a transaction which cost American taxpayers at least a quarter of a billion.

to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. In February 1946, he was appointed by President Truman as U. S. Director of the International Monetary Fund.

Dr. White had appeared at the Treasury during 1934, and was soon designated as a Soviet informer to Whittaker Chambers, a charter member with Alger

Hiss of Washington's pioneer Communist cell, organized by Harold Ware. So far as has been learned, White was never a Communist in the sense that he bore a party card. "I can't say positively that he was a registered member of the Communist Party," Chambers declared under oath in 1948. "But he certainly was a fellow-traveler so far within the fold that his not being a Communist would be a mistake on both sides."

In the capital's Red underground, Miss Bentley relates, Dr. White was admired as "the man who makes up Morgenthau's mind." In these circles the Secretary was described as a personage of inordinate vanity, irresolute will and modest intelligence. Dr. White murmured to intimates that "Henry the Morgue" was to be handled best with flattery, and in the last resort could always be brought round by maneuvering a complimentary cable from one or another dignitary in Moscow.

Miss Bentley was told that White spent his existence in a nightmare of panic. He refused to meet her. "If he had ever seen me," she comments, "he would have died of fright on the Treasury steps." A go-between was found in an Army Air Forces staff officer, with a desk in the Pentagon, who was on military leave from the Treasury and was able to come and go in its precincts without question. He was Major William Ludwig Ullman, whom White had appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury's Monetary Research Division.

Major Ullman lived at the home of Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, 5515 Thirtieth Street, N.W., in Washington. For years the Russian-born Silvermaster led a charmed life as a Federal jobholder, despite a Civil Service finding that he was not only a Communist but a "probable" agent of the Soviet secret police. His "protection" was alleged to be one of Mr. Roosevelt's administrative aides at the White House, Lauchlin Currie.

Through Ullman Miss Bentley transmitted to

¹ Miss Bentley was generous enough to drop work on a book of her own in order to prepare for Major Jordan's book the first correlation of the official record on the money plate operation with the Soviet espionage intrigue which secretly guided it.

Dr. White "Bill's" demand for samples of occupation marks. An answer came back that the task was impossible. Only a few such marks were in existence, for large-scale printing had not begun. It was too dangerous, and anyhow the Assistant to the Treasurer was busy trying to push up a proposed Russian loan from two to ten billion dollars. Miss Bentley sent word that this was an order from "above" and had to be obeyed.

The marks, wrapped in a newspaper, were given to her by Ullman at Silvermaster's house. With them White sent a prayer for their return as soon as possible, "before they are missed." Feeling as if she carried a bomb in her handbag, Miss Bentley hastened to unload the perilous samples on "Bill." By the first plane they were sped to Moscow, via Great Falls, in the custody of a diplomatic courier. Major George Racey Jordan was Lend-Lease expeditor at the big Montana airbase.

The time schedule for a round-trip flight between Washington and Moscow averaged fourteen days. Apparently the Soviet staff of expert forgers took one look at the notes and threw up their hands. After a fortnight "Bill" returned the marks to Miss Bentley in disgust and reported that Moscow had found the Treasury's masterpieces to be counterfeit-proof.

But he had a second dictate for Dr. White, which seemed more formidable than the other. Demanded now were plates, ingredients, directions and samples of paper and ink — in short, everything necessary for manufacturing precise replicas of the Treasury's output. To the astonishment of Miss Bentley and Major Ullman, White took this new commission in his stride.

The Treasury Yields to Moscow

However it came to pass, Morgenthau appointed White to represent the Treasury in negotiations with the Departments of State and War. His opposites were James Clement Dunn, director of European Affairs at the State Department, and Major General John H. Hilldring, director of the War Department's Civil Affairs Division.

Moscow's demand for currency plates and models of ink and paper split Morgenthau's domain in two. Dr. White insisted that Russian pride would be angered dangerously if the Kremlin got an impression that we believed it could not be trusted with the M-mark plates. The Under Secretary of the Treasury, Daniel W. Bell, retorted that "the Treasury had never made currency plates available to anybody." Director Alvin W. Hall of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing condemned the proposed arrangement as "unprecedented" and bound to produce "serious complications." He predicted accurately that it would "make accountability impossible."

The Administration was dreaming blissfully of German economic unity, without a thought that

Russia would never permit it save on Communist terms. Early in April Foreign Commissar Molotov burst upon Ambassador Harriman with an ultimatum. Unless Treasury plates and materials were delivered forthwith, the Soviet Union would start printing its own brand of occupation marks. The effect was that of a torpedo in the boilers of an ocean liner. What would happen to economic unity, Dr. White lamented, and what would the Germans think of Allied solidarity, if occupation began with separate monetary systems? Director Dunn pronounced, for the State Department, that a uniform currency was most desirable and would have "a very nice effect" upon the Germans.

The distracted Secretary of the Treasury shouldered the decision upon the Combined Chiefs of Staff. The weight of that body was thrown into the Soviet scale by General Marshall. In a letter dated April 13, the Army Chief of Staff counseled that the materials requested by the Soviet Union should be made available—unless it interfered with General Eisenhower's occupation supply.

The question then rose of finding planes with which to hurry the materials to Moscow. They were in addition to the regular Soviet allotment of 15 C-47 cargo ships each month. This was no small problem, because D-Day was less than two months off. Normally it would have been a chore for Harry Hopkins, but the Lend-Lease chieftain had gone to the Mayo Clinic for an operation. It appears that Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, was conscripted to beat down any resistance ventured by the Air Command. If so, he undertook the job with aversion. Mr. Hull detested Morgenthau, whom he accused of meddling in diplomatic affairs. There is doubt whether Hull could have been induced to act except on direct order from the White House.

In June 1947 a joint hearing on occupation currency transactions was held before the Senate Committees on Appropriations, Armed Services and Banking and Currency. The chairman, Senator Styles Bridges, and some of his colleagues, were curious to learn whether the monetary blunder in Germany had had the blessing of Franklin D. Roosevelt. A query was put repeatedly as to clearance or endorsement of the Treasury program by the President. Witnesses replied that their records showed no evidence under that head.

On the second day appeared the Hon. John J. McCloy, who had been Assistant Secretary of War and chairman of the Combined Civil Affairs Committee, a subsidiary of the Combined Chiefs of Staff. Later he was president of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and U. S. High Commissioner to Germany.

Senator Wayne Morse, a member of the Committee on Armed Services, apparently felt that in order to vindicate the operation it would be necessary only to establish that the surrender of Treasury plates and currency materials had been authorized by the Combined Chiefs of Staff and the

White House. He pressed McCloy to admit that "the then President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, put his stamp of approval on the transfer."

"I have an impression," stated McCloy, "That he was consulted. Where I got that impression I do not know. I cannot think back. I do not have enough recollection, specifically, but I have it in the back of my head that it was a matter of such importance that either the Secretary of State or the Secretary of the Treasury did go to the President about it."

At any rate, a C-47 transport left Washington for Moscow on May 13, 1944, carrying master plates from the U. S. Treasury and a small quantity of currency paper and ink. The routing was by way of Edmonton instead of Great Falls. The materials had been delivered by the Treasury to the Soviet Embassy. The first large consignment, of 16,500 pounds, packed in 27 shipping cases and seven 50-gallon drums, was hauled on May 24, at 5:30 A.M., to the Washington Airport in Treasury trucks and loaded by Treasury workmen on five C-47s, which passed through Great Falls May 25.

Another shipment, of 9000 pounds, also in five C-47s, was cleared from Washington to Great Falls on June 13. A twelfth C-47, with 3800 pounds of currency components, was sent through Great Falls to replace one of the previous eleven which was alleged to have perished in a Siberian crash. A final order was dispatched by sea on November 2, 1945.

Official records prove that the Treasury delivered to Moscow, chiefly by way of Great Falls, 46 master plates, negative and positive, etched on glass; samples of paper deliberately chosen to display its watermark, with specimens of glue, rag cuttings and fibers, and directions for manufacturing the sheets; 21 tons of pigments, oils and varnishes, with specifications for their blending and use; examples of the nine finished products of ink; and pattern books of the Treasury's own output, in denominations up to 1000 marks.

Fiscal Disaster in Germany

Duplicates of the U. S. Treasury's issue of German occupation marks were poured by the Russians from the presses of a former Nazi mint in Leipzig without a vestige of accountability, though they were accepted at par for conversion into dollars. Before the operation could be halted, after eighteen months, it had cost American taxpayers, at a minimum estimate, a quarter of a billion.

By way of contrast, our other Allies in Germany's occupation, Britain and France, whose military marks were printed by the U. S. Treasury, were kept on a Spartan fiscal diet.

Estimates of the total deficit set in train by Miss Bentley's unidentified "Bill" range from \$250 to \$300 million. The U. S. Military Government in Germany naturally hesitated about asking an ap-

propriation from Congress to reimburse it for the black market winnings of its officers and men, and finally bailed itself out by dumping the loss on the West German economy.

After Germany's surrender, gifts in dollar credits had begun to pour into that country from American private sources—individuals and charities. Also Congress had made an appropriation in dollars for Polish refugees employed in the Western occupation zones as laborers. The Military Government took possession of the dollar credits in both instances, and paid German recipients as well as Polish workers in Leipzig marks. For the American taxpayer, this meant only a shift in bookkeeping.

One of the ways in which the Russians put their marks in circulation among Germans in the West was in the form of pay for materials and labor in rehabilitating their section of Berlin. The Russians thus obtained such labor and materials without cost to themselves, but the marks were redeemed in dollars through the black market or deposited in banks, where they were turned into sound money when the Military Government exchanged for new Westmarks all currency, whether occupation marks or Reichsmarks, turned in by the Germans.

The dead give-away came from the issue of 1000-mark bills of occupation money. The U. S. printed a quantity of these, but never put them in circulation and forbade their redemption. Yet there turned up in German banks 194,922 of the 1000-mark bills in the Western zones, and 1,600,000 of the notes in East Germany. With a face value of \$100 each, they totaled \$179,492,200. Their only possible source was the Leipzig mint. German banks seem to have done considerable business in discounting these notes, which they changed into smaller and negotiable denominations.

The amount of the U. S. money plate loss is buried today in a gross figure of upward of \$3.5 billion, representing grants and credits voted by Congress for German aid during the postwar years. There is reason to believe that the official debit statement may be too low. According to a reliable quotation, the late Colonel William A. Julian, Treasurer of the United States, once affirmed that the money plate transaction brought upon the American people a loss that no American will ever be able to compute.

Berlin's black market carnival, financed with Russian-made marks, was in its heyday one night in October 1945, when Anatoli B. Gromov, First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy and chief of the NKVD in the United States, asked Miss Bentley to join him at their favorite rendezvous, a sidewalk at Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, New York. They strolled to the Hudson waterfront and back to the corner of Fourth and Tenth Streets, in Greenwich Village. There he pressed upon her \$2000 in \$20 bills. It was a bonus for her part in bringing about the Leipzig scheme.

The Soviet diplomat was in soaring spirits. Well

advanced was a program through which his countrymen were to bag a quarter of a billion in solid American goods, including Army equipment and PX, Quartermaster and Red Cross stores. They were being paid for—that was the humor of it—with unbacked money put at Communist disposal by what Gromov called “American imbeciles.”

More diverting yet was the prospect of billions in American taxes for extricating West Germany from ruin—a ruin artfully enhanced with deluges of printing press currency made feasible by the U. S. Treasury. What a jolly way of helping along the great Lenin's prophecy that Bolshevism would force America to spend itself into bankruptcy!

The thought furthest from the dapper Gromov's mind was that Miss Bentley, two months earlier, had told all to the FBI; that every one of their steps together had been followed and observed; and that his \$2000 was soon to repose as evidence in J. Edgar Hoover's archives.

Foreign Trends

Deutschland gegen Alles

Europe has spent a fortnight on evaluating the Moscow Party Conference, and here is the consensus: once more the fate of the Western world is in the hands of Germany. To Europeans, and especially Frenchmen, that thought is no more pleasant to contemplate than multiple sclerosis. But few doubt that the Kremlin's decisions have moved the center of European gravity to Bonn.

And the horse on which the Russians are betting to win their European race is the same creature the Comintern has been shooting at for thirty years—the German Social Democracy. Knowing Europeans can not help smiling at those naive U. S. policy advisers who are unable to grasp the paradox that Stalin can expect a sworn public enemy of his to do his job. No one denies the sincerity of the German Social Democrats' anti-communism. Yet no intelligent observer in Europe doubts that Stalin's calculation is realistic.

The dead Dr. Schumacher is in unchallenged control of his party: his successor, the rather nondescript Herr Ollenhauer, depends for his authority on the appeal of Schumacher's sizzling nationalism. The one lesson the German Social Democracy seems to have learned from the Nazi convulsions is that Germany will trust no party whose nationalism is in the slightest suspect. The Social Democrats know also that their chances of winning the next parliamentary election are excellent. And with a will to power which on the surface looks hard-bitten, but at the core is pure German romanticism, they want this time to win for keeps. Their conclusion: the manifest destiny of the German Social Democrats is to be the unquestionable guarantor of national integrity.

This was the mandate their recent party congress at Dortmund gave Ollenhauer with a vote of 357 to six. And it is exactly what Stalin anticipated when he switched his own party line from frontal aggression to a cool bet on “strife within the imperialist camp.” For when the Social Democracy chose the unification of Germany as its supreme commitment, it all but sank NATO.

A clear and clean rejection of “Little Europe, so dear to the French and Italian reactionaries,” or “Vatican Europe” (both Herr Ollenhauer's phrases) is the sole campaign issue between the Adenauer government and its Social Democratic opposition. If elected (as it most likely will be) to national leadership, Ollenhauer's party has promised Germany splendid isolation. And having severed all NATO ties with the West, Ollenhauer's Germany will be committed to direct bilateral negotiations with the Soviets.

The price Ollenhauer's party is willing to pay for a return of eastern Germany into the Reich is a stringent limitation of armament and a binding commitment of Germany not to enter any alliance. For this price (amounting to statutory neutrality) the Kremlin ought to be perfectly willing to let eastern Germany go. Even more, Russia would then get paid for something Stalin fiercely desires to do *anyway*: the return of “socialist” eastern Germany into a Reich governed by neutralist Social Democrats constitutes the ideal condition for a final change of guard *à la* Czechoslovakia. Herr Ollenhauer's private disgust with communism would be in that case as relevant as Dr. Benes's.

As there can be no defense of western Europe without German participation, a German government which accepted unification plus neutrality would mean the forcing of Europe. A few years from now, few may doubt that the historically decisive election of the fifties took place, not in the U. S., but in Germany.

Not-So-Innocents Abroad

The stages of Europe are crowded with plays by American authors who, for reasons of their own, prefer European audiences. At the moment, London is privileged to enjoy “The Troublemakers” by one George Bellak. The picture which that American playwright gives Europeans of life in the U. S. emerges from a London *Spectator* review:

When it came to the scene in George Bellak's play in which four drunken bravos of the campus kick to death the earnest young man, Torin Gerity, who writes liberal articles in the college magazine, questions of plausibility were still troubling me. Was it possible, even for the sake of melodrama, to believe that American undergraduates could behave as Mr. Bellak makes them behave? Later I was told that the play was based on fact.

Of such dramatic gossamer, spun by Americans abroad, is woven Europe's idea of the United States.

CANDIDE

Pat Gorman, Harmonizer

By VICTOR RIESEL
and ROBERT LEWIN

Now and then organized labor produces a leader who understands that the worker can prosper only through a prospering industry. This is a story about such a leader, and the effect of his philosophy on his union.

Patrick Emmet Gorman is a labor leader with an unusual passion in life. He is devoted to harmony. Labor's gift to Tin Pan Alley, he has composed more than 700 musical numbers, ranging from symphonies to ballads. Two albums of his lighter songs have been recorded and widely distributed.

Gorman might well have made a name in the musical world, but he has kept his love for musical harmony as a hobby. His ruling passion is for harmony in industrial relations. He is secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, AFL, and he carries his love of harmony into his job.

One of his union meetings is seldom opened without a song; most of them close with music, too. If Gorman is present and there is a piano in the room, Gorman plays the accompaniment. In negotiations with meat-packers, Gorman frequently gets company and labor representatives to start off the meeting with a song. "Nobody was ever hurt by a little harmony," he says.

Gorman's union will always conciliate before it will fight. It will never walk away from a bargaining table while there's hope of avoiding a fight. And if a strike is finally called, it is disciplined and under firm control.

Four years ago Pat Gorman wrote his credo into the union's convention proceedings: "Perhaps there will never be a time when industry will be entirely free of strikes. But as long as employers within our industry meet with our representatives with an open mind, we feel that a solution to our problems can always be found."

Democracy works both ways in Gorman's philosophy. He wants the nation to afford labor its full rights under law — including the right of economic battle. But he insists that labor never tamper with the democratic rights of the employer or the nation.

Wildcat strikes, for example, are anathema to Gorman. In a letter to his people not long ago, he warned: "The labor leader who suggests wildcat strikes is irresponsible, and the membership that follows such orders is disloyal to its trade-union obligations. No union is better than the agreement which it signed with management giving its membership employment. No union is worth its salt that does not fulfill its contracts to the letter."

So great is Gorman's reputation for objectivity

that industrialists often agree to use him as the impartial arbitrator in disputes with local unions. Recently the Oscar Mayer Company picked Gorman as its arbiter in disputes covering the 7000 employees who pack its frankfurters and hams. Gorman was able to persuade the union and management to settle all but one of the disagreements by themselves. Then he listened to both sides — and ruled against his own local union because he believed it was wrong.

Gorman's respect for management's rights is written into the contracts his union signs. "Our contracts," he said recently, "give management full protection in the matter of employment, discharge, the right to arrange working forces, time schedules and productivity. The need to represent and protect the working man need not prevent management from running its own business as it sees fit."

In the years ahead, this question of management rights will be one of the chief issues in the struggle between big labor and big industry. If Gorman is heeded, he will be setting a precedent which may save the nation industrial warfare.

A Butchertown Success Story

At 60, Pat Gorman is a rugged 214-pounder with pink cheeks and wiry gray hair that is usually mussed. For 19 years he served as president of the international Amalgamated Meat Cutters, which now has 460 locals in the 48 states and in three Canadian provinces. Then in 1942, to make way for new blood, he voluntarily stepped down to become secretary-treasurer, a job equal in importance to the presidency. From this position he continues to watch over the interests of his 225,000 union members, and to work out the principles which have made him one of the most enlightened labor leaders of our time.

Trade unionism has been Gorman's life almost as long as he can remember. In Louisville, Ky., where Pat was born, his father was a butcher at the Cudahy Packing Company, and a staunch member of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters. Five older brothers followed this pattern, going to work for Cudahy as soon as they had finished eighth grade.

Pat was a gangling, skinny boy with a hacking cough, and to protect him from the neighborhood

rough-and-tumble, his mother allowed him to stay in school until the janitor closed it for the night. There Pat learned to play the piano and cultivate his interest in music.

Not long after he had finished eighth grade, Pat, too, applied at Cudahy's for a job. He started as a hand trucker, moving beef and hog carcasses for 21 cents an hour, 55 hours a week. Like his father and brothers, he joined the union.

Pushed by a driving ambition to better himself, Pat studied economics and politics in his spare time, and adopted as his hero the fiery labor leader, Eugene V. Debs, who helped found the Socialist Party of America. On the second and fourth Wednesdays of every month he attended union meetings in Beck's Hall, Louisville's labor temple. Occasionally he led discussions on grievances. "I always said what I thought was right," he recalls. "Employers who heard about what I said would tell the fellows, 'He's not altogether offensive.'"

In 1913, not long after he became 21, Pat was elected one of Local 227's full-time business agents. That ended his career as a packing-house worker. Henceforth his job was in the trade union movement. To meet his new responsibilities, Pat became a high school student at night. In two years, working four nights a week, he earned his diploma. Then he enrolled in the law school of the University of Louisville, won his degree in three years and was admitted to the bar.

In 1920 he was elected a delegate to the international union's convention in St. Louis, where his eloquence so impressed his fellow delegates that he was promptly made general vice-president. In effect, since the president, John F. Hart, was aged and ailing, Gorman became "assistant president," with power to act when the president couldn't. It was the beginning of a period of bitter tribulation, and it was in this period that Gorman learned the lesson of his life: the strike is a weapon to be used as a last resort, but *only* as a last resort.

The depression of 1920-21 was on. Workers lost their jobs as factories curtailed production or shut down. The pay of the packing-house workers was cut twice. When a third reduction was ordered, the union's executive board ordered a referendum vote by the membership: "Will you accept a third pay cut or strike?"

The answer was overwhelming: Strike!

The walkout began on bitter cold December 5, 1920, with a strike of some 15,000 packing-house workers in the Chicago stockyards. It spread to 105,000 workers across the country. Gorman went from packing center to packing center, encouraging the strikers, pleading with them to keep up the fight.

Weeks passed without a sign of settlement. One by one plants began to open, employing non-union men to replace the strikers. Riots and violence broke out on the picket lines.

At Sioux City, Iowa, the union was denied a

permit for a night meeting at which Gorman was to speak. The frostbitten faithful gathered on the outskirts of the city to hear him. While Gorman was speaking, a shot rang out. The crowd screamed and milled about in confusion. Another shot was fired. Another and another. A striker, shot, died. A deputy sheriff was killed.

Gorman never finished his speech. He knew that the strike was hopelessly lost.

Thirty-one persons had died in the 13-week-long strike. The union was a shambles. The membership had dwindled to fewer than 7500. The costly failure marked a profound change in Gorman's life. He remained militant, but his militancy now was on behalf of peace. At the age of 30, he began to rebuild the shattered union. With the memory of the disastrous strike fresh in his mind, he based the organization on principles of reasonableness and conciliation. It is these principles which guide him and his union today.

Gorman is keenly aware that the first interest of a labor union must be the sound economic health of the company its members work for. When Kingan and Company of Indianapolis was hard-pressed and needed \$300,000 to stay in business, Gorman called the company's 2000 workers together and persuaded them to take a ten-per-cent pay cut until Kingan could accumulate \$300,000. "We saved Kingan," Gorman says. "We saved the jobs of our people. And after a year the company paid back the ten per cent and gave the workers a raise to boot."

War on Union Mobsters

To keep the mobsters out of the meat-cutters, Gorman and his colleagues police their own union. Twice a year a special auditing squad swoops down on local union affiliates and examines every book of every local. Last year the flying squad nailed just six thieves, a good record for a union the size of the Amalgamated.

Once the treasury snatcher is detected, Gorman's international union headquarters is merciless. When it found that a leader in Cleveland had lifted \$40,000 from the union, the international office kicked him out and put in a new set of officials. Then headquarters seized his home, his car and his bank account and reclaimed as much lost money as possible. Action of this sort helps to make Amalgamated a poor target for the mobsters.

This policy of self-policing has spread to the industry as well. The union recently cracked down hard on horsemeat racketeers who were selling 14-cent horsemeat as beef for a dollar a pound and cheating the public out of millions of dollars.

When the Amalgamated learned of the racket, all union butchers were warned: "Give the public a square shake." The Joliet, Ill., local, representing 42 markets, voted to expel any member selling horsemeat as beef and warned that it would pull

its union card from any market guilty of the practice.

Just as vital to the public as honest dealing is the good health of the men who handle the food for America's kitchens. To protect the public, the union maintains a small hospital on a street just off New York's waterfront. There a staff of physicians, surgeons and specialists keep sharp eyes on the union men who daily handle the tons of meat pouring through New York. Union members receive regular check-ups for early signs of communicable diseases. All services are free, including expensive operations, prolonged diagnostic work-ups, vaccinations and medicines.

This medical service is another of the forward-looking moves characteristic of the Amalgamated. As Gorman's aide, Louis Block, explains it, "Our members enjoy the highest rate of pay in the industry. Sooner or later we must reach the end of the wage spiral, the maximum in pay. Therefore we have started to compensate for those increases

we soon won't be able to win. With our medical plan, we have begun to give our people the equivalent of wage increases by cutting the cost of getting sick." Meanwhile, the public benefits from the high standard of health assured by this union service.

Recently Gorman decided the time had come to move out of the old union headquarters in a grim part of Chicago and into a building on the city's lake-front that would match the headquarters of the businessmen with whom he dealt. He believed this would give the union a physical dignity his workers had long ago won for themselves. Pat Gorman is proud of the new building, and proud of the achievements it represents. For it is the fruit, not of bitter labor warfare, but of cooperation and understanding between labor and management — two groups of men who are partners in a joint enterprise. Apparently Pat Gorman's formula — peace with a square deal for both sides — has been a good thing for everyone concerned.

Hiss Led the Way

By ALICE WIDENER

In this third article of a series on the UN, Mrs. Widener traces the influence of Alger Hiss and other Communists in molding that organization.

American participation in the United Nations started off on a left foot set down along a wrong path by Alger Hiss. As Secretary-General of the United Nations Conference on International Organization at San Francisco, April-June 1945, and as principal adviser to the U. S. Delegation at the first session of the UN General Assembly in London, January-February 1946, the Acheson-backed Mr. Hiss accomplished an astonishing feat of subversive leadership.

"Many Americans don't yet appreciate the real nature of Hiss's political talents," a Latin American member of the UN Secretariat recently told this writer. "I met him when he was Director of the U. S. State Department's Office of Special Political Affairs; and I had a chance to observe him closely at San Francisco. Hiss knew how to do two things: how to convince his departmental superiors that his own ideas were theirs; and how to persuade his subordinates that they themselves could become superior through faithful execution of his ideas. It's evident that many of the important and also of the inconspicuous American personnel who worked with Hiss in drawing up international treaties and setting up the UN organization got along well with him and agreed with his ideas.

Today, a most regrettable fact is that a large number of this American personnel are located in high and low posts in the UN Secretariat, in the U. S. Mission to the UN, in many of the UN's specialized agencies, and in departments of the U. S. government itself."

To mislead Americans along a United Nations road toward world communism, Hiss and the other Marxists and fellow-travelers camouflaged it by setting up slanted signposts purporting to guide innocent and ignorant wayfarers to a destination called "One World at Peace." Three main signposts are marked "Great Power Unanimity," "Peaceful Co-existence" and "Scientific Political, Social and Economic Planning." The many service stations along both sides of the wrong road bear such signs as "Technical Assistance Mission," "Students' and Teachers' Grants-in-Aid" and "Relief and Rehabilitation." Finally, to prevent Americans from quitting the wrong path, the misleaders put up phoney danger signals at all exits, flashing: Isolationism! — Fascist Reaction! — War-mongering! — China Lobby! — Wall Street Interests!

This was long ago planned by the Kremlin elite whose real policy toward international cooperation

and peace is to promote anything and everything leading to "world proletarian civil war." Stalin epitomized his own point of view in his declaration: "The path of 'reconciliation' must therefore be discarded as Utopian and pernicious" ("Marxism and the National and Colonial Question," p. 61). The Communist International summed up Kremlin policy in a pamphlet, "The Struggle Against Imperialist War and the Tasks of the Communists":

The international policy of the USSR is a *peace policy* which conforms to the interests of the ruling class in Soviet Russia. . . .

Concerning the proposals for general and complete disarmament submitted by the Soviet Government: . . . The aim of the Soviet proposals is . . . to propagate the fundamental Marxian postulate that disarmament and the abolition of war are possible only with the fall of capitalism. . . . The disarmament policy of the Soviet Government must be utilized for purposes of agitation; . . . for recruiting sympathizers for the Soviet Union; . . . for carrying on propaganda among the masses in support of arming the proletariat.

The proletariat in the Soviet Union harbors no illusions as to the possibility of a durable peace. . . . Revolutionary war of the proletariat [sic] dictatorship is but a continuation of revolutionary peace policy "by other means!"

Evidently working at a Communist task, a Rumanian with the alias Louis Dolivet, who has been identified in sworn testimony as "an agent of the Comintern" and who is now barred from the United States, wrote a book about the United Nations almost before the signatures on the Charter were dry. Dolivet's book contains a preface dated June 26, 1946, by Secretary-General Trygve Lie himself. Lie called for personal support of the United Nations by individual men and women throughout the world, and wrote: "This handbook on the United Nations . . . seems to me to capture the spirit of what we are doing and are going to do."

Dolivet's subversive capturing of the UN spirit was expressed in the startling statement on page 26: "*to integrate the economic concepts of Russia and America would be a tremendous step in the direction of permanent peace.*" (Italics added.) On page 29, Dolivet wrote about the UN Department of Security Council Affairs: "Arkadi Sobolev, a Russian [Communist] is in charge of this department. . . . There is no territorial, military, or judicial dispute in the world that would not come to Sobolev's department for documentation."

Today Sobolev is gone from the UN Secretariat, but he has a successor, Mr. Constantine Zinchenko of the Soviet Union, to whom most of the vital problems concerning the United Nations and other nations come for documentation, *including military matters concerning the United Nations Forces fighting in Korea.*

Despite the Korean War, however, UN Delegate Eleanor Roosevelt sees little need for UN security measures against Communist espionage in the Secretariat. "The truth is, under-cover investigators

are unnecessary there," Delegate Roosevelt wrote in *See* magazine, November 1952.

One purpose of the UN is to gather and distribute information, on practically every subject and for the free use of practically anybody. A spy would feel professionally foolish, when people are so eager to tell things.

The State Department might do well to instruct all American members of the UN Secretariat and the U. S. Mission to the UN about the basic fact of espionage: Spies learn secrets from people eager to tell things.

As a matter of fact, Delegate Roosevelt's naive statement proves a cardinal point made by alleged Soviet agent Dolivet in 1946. On the last page of his book "The United Nations" there is a statement pregnant with sinister implications:

Up to now many governments—and, for that matter, their peoples too—have not yet realized the full impact of the documents they have signed and ratified and of the organization of which they have become members. . . .

The Schemers Moved in Early

A bitter truth which we Americans must now grasp is that when the United Nations was organized during World War II, only a few key people in our government — such as the powerful Alger Hiss — knew about the provisions and realized the full impact of the documents signed at Bretton Woods, Yalta, Potsdam and San Francisco. As a result, all phases of American participation in the United Nations appear to have been largely controlled or perverted by a hard core of schemers who worked their way via the Red-infiltrated U. S. State Department into the U. S. Mission to the UN and into the UN Secretariat.

Even before the very first session of the UN General Assembly in London, 1946, a few members of the U. S. government were apprehensive about the quality of American participation. Thus, the *New York Times* reported on December 21, 1945, that Senator William Fulbright, author of one of the first resolutions favoring that participation, had challenged the appointments of several of the U. S. Delegates to the UN. Fulbright disclosed that the nominations "had been rushed through the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in a few minutes in the presence of only three senators." He charged:

The President is using this delegation as a means of rewarding several worthy individuals who have no special qualifications for the appointments and might give the impression to the other nations that we don't have any better men or don't take the UN very seriously.

Obviously, Senator Fulbright — a Democrat — sensed that something was amiss. Had he pursued the matter more vigorously, he might have found that though Truman appointed some worthy in-

dividuals to the U. S. Delegation to the UN, the real affairs of the delegation were mostly in the hands of Principal Adviser Alger Hiss.

Even Adlai Stevenson was closely affiliated with Hiss, as is shown in his deposition of May 24, 1949 in Hiss's defense. Stevenson stated that he saw Hiss when Hiss came to London in January of 1946; that during the first UN General Assembly there in January and February "we had offices nearby each other and met frequently at delegation meetings and staff conferences."¹

Ever since Hiss went to prison, top Democratic Administration leaders have tried desperately to show that U. S. policy toward the UN was strictly bi-partisan and that Hiss occupied a wholly subordinate position in determining that policy. But on that point many apologists for the Administration have been forced to bear witness against it. Thus, on July 8, 1952, at the beginning of the UN press correspondents' radio program "United or Not," Congressman Mike Mansfield of Montana stated: "... by and large the feeling in this country is united behind the United Nations and I think that so far the policy has been on the whole on a bi-partisan basis." But at the end of that same broadcast Mansfield directly contradicted himself by blurting out: "... by and large, the foreign policy of this country has been dictated largely by the Democrats. . . ."

The facts concerning Alger Hiss's dominant position in the Kremlin scheme for control over the UN were most accurately revealed by the State Department itself. As most Americans now know, Hiss was Deputy Director in 1944, and Director from 1945 to 1947, of the State Department's Office of Special Political Affairs. This Office is described in the State Department's official publication 4031, released December 1950, as "the point of coordination — the clearing house — within the Department, under the Secretary and President, through which our policies and activities were channeled for expression in the United Nations."

Some UN Administration officials have tried to deny that the U. S. Department of State influences the appointment of American personnel to the UN Secretariat. And for reasons unknown, the State Department, too, has often tried to deny its responsibility for recommending American personnel to the UN. Nevertheless, the real situation was explained to the *New York Daily Mirror*, June 7, 1952, by an official UN Bureau of Personnel spokesman, who said: "The usual custom is to employ persons recommended by a delegation or government." Because all members of the U. S. Mission to the UN hold appointments from the State Department, it bears full responsibility for the quality of American participation in the United Nations.

There's no mystery about this. What now needs

to be cleared away is the mystery of how a scad of State Department-sponsored American subversives played during 1933-1952 a game of leapfrog over the prostrate body of United States security. Evidently the game was fixed so that many of these subversives were able to jump into and out of U. S. government agencies, into and out of the State Department, into and out of the U. S. Mission to the UN, and to make a final safe landing in jobs at U. S. tax-exempt salaries in the palatial UN headquarters on New York's East River.

On the Witness Stand

In October 1952, during only three days of hearings conducted in New York City by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee with Senators Homer Ferguson, Willis Smith and Herbert O'Connor present, a dozen American members of the UN Secretariat refused to say on privilege of not incriminating themselves whether they were or are members of the Communist Party. A thirteenth witness, Miss Ruth Crawford, was the exception. Chief writer for the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund at a salary of more than \$9000 a year, Miss Crawford stated under oath that she was a card-carrying member of the Communist Party in 1935; that she never had taken steps to sever her connection with it; that she is now in sympathy with some Communist Party aims; that "I never apologized for joining the Communist Party. I never intend to."

Though Miss Crawford calls herself "an information specialist," she refused to give the Senate subcommittee any information about who helped her over the jumps when she played leapfrog from the U. S. Department of Labor over to the U. S. Children's Bureau and over to the UN Secretariat.

Testimony given to the Senate subcommittee by Mr. Frank C. Bancroft and Mrs. Julia Older Bazer showed they are Americans employed in the UN Documents Control Division. This unit — part of which "pre-edits" extremely important UN documents — was partly organized, headed and partly staffed by a Pole named Adam Tarn who performed a remarkable series of political leaps within and away from our country. During World War II, Mr. Tarn was employed by the U. S. Office of War Information. On February 10, 1947, he joined the UN Secretariat, and remained in it long enough to set up the Documents Control unit. On May 21, 1949, he left the Secretariat in order to jump over into the Communist Polish Delegation to the UN, of which he was a member for nearly two years. Adam Tarn then went to Soviet Poland, where he recently wrote a play about the UN Secretariat with a hate-America theme.

Six months after Tarn went to the UN Documents control, Mr. Frank C. Bancroft became one of its editors. Mr. Bancroft is a self-styled "inactive" Episcopal minister who on February 12,

¹"Adlai Stevenson," by John Bartlow Martin, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1952, pp. 141-143.

1941, sponsored the People's Institute of Applied Religion which the House Committee on Un-American Activities called "one of the most vicious Communist organizations ever set up in this country." In 1938, Frank C. Bancroft was editor of *Social Work Today*, concerning which the Committee on Un-American Activities declared: "A study of the contents and policies of this magazine indicates that it is primarily a vehicle whereby the line of the Communist Party is promulgated among social workers." On October 13, 1952, however, UN editor Bancroft refused on privilege of the Fifth Amendment to answer any questions about his association with *Social Work Today*.

Mrs. Julia Older Bazer — a colleague of Tarn's and Bancroft's in the UN Documents Control Division — is another American member of the leapfrog team. Some of the jumps she made during 1938-1945 in U. S. Government agencies were from the Department of Agriculture over to the Coordinator of Information and then over to the Office of War Information. While she was with the COI, Mrs. Older (as she prefers to be called) was suspended "on suspicions and charges" which had "something to do with taking documents home or out of the files or something like that." In 1943, according to her sworn testimony, Mrs. Older was "cleared and reinstated with the Office of War Information." Employed in the UN Secretariat at approximately \$9100 a year, Mrs. Older testified that she had "pre-edited" UN material under Mr. Tarn's directorship; but she refused under privilege of the Fifth Amendment to say whether or not she ever was or is now a member of the Communist Party.

One of the most aggressive witnesses at the Senate subcommittee hearings in October was Mr. Herbert Schimmel, a UN Economic Affairs officer working at \$9100 a year under the directorship of Mr. David Weintraub.² During the period 1936-1941, Mr. Schimmel jumped into and out of such U. S. government agencies as the National Research Project of the WPA and the House Committee Investigating Defense Migration. In 1946, he was administrative assistant to Senator Harley Martin Kilgore, who is — according to the *American Mercury* of October 1952 — "the favorite senator of the *Daily Worker*."

The refusal of Mr. Schimmel and other American members of the UN Secretariat to answer questions on privilege of the Fifth Amendment at the Senate Internal Security subcommittee hearings of October 14, apparently prompted acting chairman Senator O'Connor's charge that "American traitors are actively identified with the United Nations." Senator O'Connor declared that confidence in the international organization is being destroyed because "It is very evident to this committee that the United Nations is honeycombed with individuals who are afraid to testify unequivocally whether

or not they are members of the Communist Party which is dedicated to the overthrow of this government."

According to an article by Judith Crist in the *New York Herald Tribune*, October 15, 1952, Senator O'Connor declared that the American public is going to learn about "the shocking UN situation through their legislative representatives" and that "unquestionably the matter will be presented to the Senate for proper legislative action." When Mr. Schimmel left the witness stand, Senator O'Connor said: "We're not through with you by a long sight, Mr. Schimmel. I can assure you of that."

This Is What They Said

It has appeared to me that there is a definite liberal group among the [Chinese] Communists . . . men who would put the interest of the Chinese people above ruthless measures to establish a Communist ideology in the immediate future.

GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL, January 7, 1947

Russia's first aim is to free her own territory, and the second aim is to free the enslaved peoples of Europe and then allow them to decide their own fate without any outside interference in their internal affairs.

JOSEPH STALIN, November 6, 1941

Communism is more of an economic than a political system really.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, radio program, February 20, 1951

If Senator McCarthy's information is so fragile, so shot full of hearsay and suspicion because of association that it falls apart, then it will be a boomerang that will hit him pretty hard at a time when he is running hard for reelection this fall [1950].

BERT ANDREWS, *New York Herald Tribune*, February 26, 1950

The Shifting Sands

Show me the kind of steps a man made in the sand five years ago and I will show you the kind of steps he is likely to make in the same sand five years hence.

HUGO L. BLACK, when Senator, February 19, 1930

I did join the [Ku Klux] Klan. I later resigned. I never rejoined. . . . Before becoming a Senator I dropped the Klan.

HUGO L. BLACK, when Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, October 1, 1937

²See the *Freeman*, October 20 and November 3.

Our Bloviating Journalists

By STANLEY WALKER

A Journalistic Gentleman of the old school, now tending his beeves on his Texas ranch, expresses a lively distaste for the public garrulities of today's breed of pressmen.

Thirty years ago I worked with a quiet, well-behaved group of gentlemen on the second floor of the old A. T. Stewart Building at 280 Broadway, New York City, helping produce a newspaper that was owned by Frank Andrew Munsey, a whimsical glacier of a man who loved to merge publications. Our paper was a combination of the *New York Herald* and the *Morning Sun*, with a few vestigial remnants of the *Press*, which Mr. Munsey had knocked on the head before I reached New York.

We kept our traps shut, watched our deportment (we weren't even allowed to smoke in the office), and carried on in an old and, I think, not entirely ignoble tradition. In 1924 Mr. Munsey suddenly sold his morning paper to the owners of the *New York Tribune*, who formed what became the powerful *New York Herald Tribune*, and some of us went uptown to a considerably more informal and livelier atmosphere.

A year or so before the 1924 sale the *Herald* had taken onto the staff a prematurely gray-haired young man from Worcester, Massachusetts, named Leland Stowe. Mr. Stowe, who did not wear a hat, had beautiful white teeth, a ready smile, and a curiously pleasant earnestness of manner that combined the presumably ingratiating qualities of the family physician and the campus religious leader. One day soon after Stowe's arrival, I met a friend of mine, Charles Hambidge, a reporter on the *New York Times*, walking along Forty-fourth Street. He hailed me, and by his manner I knew he was worried. He asked if we had a new man named Stowe on the paper, and I said yes, though I knew little about him.

"Well," said the perturbed Hambidge, "the damndest thing happened last night. I'll tell you about it."

Hambidge then related how, on the night before, he had been assigned to cover some discussion group, of no great importance, in a small midtown hall. With him at the press table was Stowe, who introduced himself pleasantly. So far, so good. However, as Hambidge told it, the meeting stepped up its tempo a bit, and the discussion became heated. (What it was about, I can't recall; it doesn't matter much.) Anyhow, the point came where Stowe could stand it no longer. He jumped up and put in his ten cents' worth.

"I never saw anything like it," said Hambidge.

"If this sort of thing is allowed, it bodes no good for journalism."

It was the straw in the wind, the cloud no larger than a man's hand, the first premonitory gust of a great oncoming whoosh which was to envelop us poor reticent ones in a bewildering haze of gas. Hambidge is long since forgotten except by old friends, though he was an excellent reporter and a charming man; and I also slide quietly into oblivion. But Stowe, in whose psyche was the urge to oral self-expression, went onward and upward—war correspondent, lecturer, terrestrial diagnostician, and what not. As he aged he became more glib, more earnest, more assured of manner, and he even seemed to take on a certain strange spiritual sheen which is the hallmark of the gabby sage, the man of vision and insight.

If Stowe were alone in his addiction, he would be important only as a curiosity. The tragedy is that as he went along, there arose a vast company of reporters afflicted with what, essentially, appears to be the same type of itch. The late H. R. Knickerbocker, who as a younger man was a plain newspaper employee, took to the lecture platform and developed many of the occupational affectations of the professional windbag. Allen Raymond, an old colleague of mine, has of recent years done considerable lecturing, and the last time I saw him (one night four or five years ago in Jack Bleek's Artists' and Writers' Restaurant) he had clearly taken on the Platform Manner. Walter Duranty, long a correspondent in Russia, has had several periods of lecturing, and is a very smooth article indeed. Then there is a bearded young man named Ray Brock, once on the staff of the *New York Times*, who, on request, will give an audience the lowdown on the situation in the area bounded roughly by Gibraltar, Belgrade, Yemen and the Golden Horn.

There are many others. Any lecture bureau can deliver to your group, for a fee, any one of a long list of newspapermen and ex-newspapermen who not only tell you what's what but can answer questions from the floor with aplomb and urbanity. Then there is the minor league, the many newspapermen, including some columnists and other experts who are local celebrities, who are in demand by suburban organizations which can't pay much—

but even \$20 is not always to be sneered at. I was astonished a few years back to learn that several newspapermen in Philadelphia and Chicago picked up a fair amount of small change in this manner. Those with whom I talked were without exception apologetic; this would indicate, it seems to me, that in some way which they have not been able quite to define they are ashamed of themselves. Maybe they ought to be.

Among the hollow apologies, particularly among the smalltimers, is: "Well, I hate to do it, but it does help out the budget. And it's a bore, but, you know, a lot of fine people seem to like it, and who am I to deprive them? Also, I'm told that the paper regards it as good promotion."

Good promotion? I wonder. I suspect that a good argument could be made for the point of view that the bloviating reporter (the word "bloviating" was a favorite of President Warren G. Harding's, used by him to describe his own glittering and fundamentally meaningless speeches), far from being good for his paper, actually hurts it among thinking people—whatever they are. But it is a fact that in the last decade or two many publishers, who in the old days would have been shocked by the idea of a reporter making a speech of any sort, actually point with pride to those members of their staff who can wow the members of the Wednesday Study Club.

Some newspapers, unusually promotion-conscious, actually have on their payrolls men whose sole job is to serve as a mouthpiece for the paper at all sorts of meetings. The job is often as definite as that of the retained libel lawyer, or the house dick in a big hotel. Such a mouthpiece is an effervescent gentleman named William E. Haskell, Jr., for many years the official bloviator of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Although Mr. Haskell is by no means a sap, he is never tapped as speaker by organizations such as the New York Academy of Medicine or the American Bar Association; no, his effectiveness is supposed to be among the smaller and younger groups, where he delivers his somewhat cliché-laden Messages with tremendous energy and solemnity.

Even the *New York Times*, usually slow to fall for innovations of the more vulgar sort, once had a Mouthpiece. And what a Mouthpiece he was! He was Dr. John Huston Finley (1863-1940), who had the title of associate editor during most of his windy period; however, ludicrously enough, he actually held the title of editor-in-chief for a short time before his death. The old Doc had been a sometime professor of politics, and for a time he had been president of the College of the City of New York. He was one of the world's great pedestrians, and would often arrive at functions where he was to speak a little out of breath.

He had a neat assortment of gestures; with his facial expressions he would run as much of the

gamut as anyone could ask. However, it was his erudition that set him apart. He dripped quotations. With his left he would strew a few thoughts from Plato; with his right he would come up with an apposite remark supposedly made by Epictetus; in reserve he had Confucius and Li-Po; he could dazzle you with a fragment of the Latin of Cicero, and then soothe you with an accurate rendition of a passage from Shakespeare—or Martial, or Heine, or Emerson, or name your man. The doctor was so wonderful, in fact, that before he finally gave up he had come to be regarded as one of the most monumental bores ever turned loose before a New York audience. And the newspapers themselves supplied the final cruel touch: that is, they got into the habit of ending their accounts of meetings at which he had appeared with the line "Dr. John H. Finley also spoke." Too bad. He was in many ways a delightful old boy. If he had only learned to keep his mouth shut!

Most ordinary, sensible newspapermen shy away from making speeches because they have been effectively inoculated against the habit by listening to so many—mostly inept. A reporter who has had to listen to a thousand speakers is not inclined, unless he has the virus somewhere deep in his system, to have a yen to mount the podium. It is not that a reporter can't make a good speech. Many of them can; moreover, many of them are just as personable as the standard lecturers on Cambodian lizards, the Mayan ruins, falconry, Bantu customs, and the behavior of the deadly bushmaster.

Henry L. Mencken, who was a whale of a reporter, once called oratory the lowest of the arts, and most of the usual run of newspapermen will agree with him. Mencken himself, however, was extremely articulate, even voluble, and wonderful to talk to. On the platform he was not so effective, but that may be attributed to his lack of experience. So far as I know, he made few public appearances—occasionally before the young ladies of Goucher College in Baltimore, where the atmosphere was easy and informal. I once heard him make a speech at a Gridiron Dinner in Washington in which he attacked the Roosevelt Administration. The content of his speech was excellent, but he made the mistake of reading it, and most of its effect was lost, so that the smiling, unctuous, tricky Franklin D. Roosevelt was able to get up and smear poor Henry. It was a mistake for Mencken to try to make a speech, as he realized bitterly when it was all over.

I am aware, of course, that there have been newspapermen, particularly foreign correspondents, who went on the lecture platform before the modern era. Henry M. Stanley, after his expedition to find Livingstone, lectured, but he most certainly had something to say; and he was a strong man, quite possibly a great man, in his own right. And everyone is familiar with the fact that at various periods Winston Churchill, an old war correspondent, has turned to lecturing. But the example of

such a man as the many-sided Churchill is hardly an excuse for the droves of lesser men who crowd the lecterns of America.

It may be unfortunate, or unfair, but generally it is exceedingly difficult for one newspaperman to take another one seriously—seriously, that is, as a paid seer and expounder of deep and powerful ideas. Thus it is wholly impossible for me to hear of Mr. Vincent Sheean dilating upon the meaning of Ghandi and the soul of the East without smiling. I may be doing a grievous wrong to Mr. Sheean, but that's how it is. Likewise, it is utterly beyond me why anyone should pay to hear Mr. Drew Pearson's ideas on democracy; these ideas, if that's the word for them, have already been spread on the printed page for anyone to see and wonder at. Mr. John Mason Brown and Mr. Howard Barnes, neither of whom is without merit, have been known to lecture on the drama—but not to me; there are at least a half dozen good books on dramatic criticism which seem to me preferable to anything these men could say.

It is my contention that the best men don't lecture. The best reporter I ever knew, the late Alva Johnston, would never do it, and I doubt that anyone ever had the temerity to suggest it to him. This man—able, superbly educated, incisive and logical in his mental processes, and inherently decent—would have been shocked by the suggestion that he make a display of himself on a lecture platform for a fee. Another example: Old-timers will tell you that perhaps the greatest night city editor who ever lived was Selah Merrill Clarke (Boss Clarke) of the old *Sun*, who lived from 1852 to 1931. He had wit, learning and experience, but he remained anonymous, even though he was famous. When he decided to retire the staff wanted to give him a farewell dinner; Mr. Clarke turned down the idea in horror. He was not only a non-bloviator; he wouldn't even accept what is sometimes known as the homage of his fellow craftsmen. Again, can anyone imagine the late Ring W. Lardner, a man of great character and ingrained reticence, delivering a lecture on "The Nature of Humor" or anything else? Unthinkable.

But, some skeptical customer may ask, haven't the newspaper reporters and correspondents as much "right" to lecture as anyone else? And isn't it possible that sometimes they may have something to say that is worth listening to? And don't they bring a sense of being "in the know" to many an audience which might otherwise be uninformed? The answer is yes, or at any rate, perhaps. And someone may think he has a point by accusing me of having been caught listening, with pleasure, to Stephen Leacock, William Beebe and the early Bertrand Russell. Guilty, but I submit this is a wholly different matter, and has no effect whatever upon my prejudice against lecturing reporters and correspondents.

Of course it is a prejudice. But it is somehow instinctive, and deep-rooted. I can't help regarding the entrance of so many journalists into the lecturing racket as a senseless and soul-corroding business. Let the boys stick to their typewriters and eschew the gab; if they have anything to say let them put it on paper, and if it is any good the gist will penetrate, even to me, sooner or later.

It may be, after all, that I have not made the reasons for my antipathy to lecturing newsmen clear enough, but that is the way with prejudices. To put it more concisely, I think, as grandmother used to say about so many practices, that it is "unbecoming." And if you don't know when something is "unbecoming" without having it explained in detail, then there is no use in argument.

Statism by Planning

By S. HARCOURT-RIVINGTON

In my last *Freeman* article¹ I tabulated the consequences of the inauguration of a "planned economy" and showed that the main evil of the system is that it impinges inevitably upon that personal liberty which is the *sine qua non* of a true democracy.

Many people think that there is little need to worry about this issue. It can happen, they say, in backward countries and to peoples who do not know the meaning or the value of liberty, but not in a perfect democracy like the United States.

Never was there a more delusive dictum. A "planned economy" can be inaugurated anywhere. It can ensnare even the most liberty-loving peoples because it can come insidiously and imperceptibly without any obvious revolutionary measures. If a nation is not wide awake and able from the first to detect the symptoms of the coming "planning," then its fate is sealed. Let no one who values his freedom doubt this fact.

The future is fraught with risk because most people have the impression that the planning of the national economy must begin with the transfer to the State of the ownership of private properties: that is to say, by an over-all program of "nationalization" of the country's resources—land, materials, factories, etc.—effected either by a revolutionary process of confiscation as in Russia, or by purchase as has been effected by Socialist government in respect to mines, steel, transport, electricity, etc. in Britain. In consequence they believe that so long as the principle of private ownership is conceded, so long will the traditional liberties of a democratic regime remain.

Such a belief is erroneous because the facts belie it. Planning, with all the evils that are inherent in the system, can come into effect without

¹"Community in Bonds," May 5, 1952

the transfer of a single private property being made to the state.

Ferdinand Zweig makes this point very clear in his "The Planning of Free Societies." He writes:

A Planned Economy may operate under private as well as under collective ownership of the means of production. In "planning" the system of *control* is of much greater importance than the system of *ownership*. The essential condition of planning is central control. An economy composed of private enterprises may be a "planned economy" if it is centrally controlled, while an economy composed of socialized enterprises may be an unplanned economy if not so controlled. If the shares of all industrial companies, for instance, were transferred to the State, while the companies remained separate units, independent of any central control whatever, merely transferring their profits or losses to the national exchequer, there would be an unplanned economy, though there existed national ownership of production.

It is therefore not the nature of the ownership which decides whether the economy is or is not "planned," but the nature of the control which operates over the various properties however they may be owned.

State Control Without State Ownership

Proof of this fact is afforded by a study of the consequences of the British "Agricultural Marketing Acts" which came into operation in 1931 and were the first measures of socialization in England.² These Acts set up (*inter alia*) a Milk Board to control the production and sale of milk throughout the country. The Board was empowered to register milk producers, and no one who was not so registered could produce or sell milk. All milk produced had to be sold to the Board who resold it to official distributors and controlled all prices. Imports of milk were also controlled through the agency of the Milk Board acting under the Minister of Agriculture.

The Agricultural Marketing Acts in fact gave power to the government to restrict food imports, restrict or augment home production of food and to control all conditions of sale.

The following were the consequences of the administration of the Acts between 1933 and the outbreak of war in 1939, when the Acts were suspended and all food produced in, or coming into Britain, was placed under the jurisdiction of the Minister of Food.

1. At the end of two years the operations of the Milk Board had proved so costly that milk prices to the public had to be twice raised: from 5 to 6 pence, and later to 7 pence. Even then the Board could not pay its way and had to be subsidized heavily by the government out of taxation.

2. Farmers resented the rising prices and began

all over the country to disobey the Board by selling privately at the price ruling before the "nationalization" of the milk took place.

3. The Board took action against thousands of farmers for infringement of its decrees. Many farmers had their cows confiscated and sold to pay fines. In two years some 3000 offenders were struck off the Board's register, thus losing their livelihood and capital.

4. To deal with such offenders, the Ministry of Agriculture set up a special Tribunal, supplanting the ordinary Courts of Justice. The ordinary court "rules of evidence" were set aside and the Board acted as prosecutor and judge, accepting the biased and uncorroborated statements of their own inspectors, thus violating the first principles of justice.

5. The Board had the sole right to convict. It benefited from the fines imposed and so could not be impartial in imposing them. Moreover, there was no appeal from the Board's decision, except to the Minister of Agriculture himself, whose powers were therefore absolute and necessarily despotic.

6. Judges of the High Courts were obliged by the Agricultural Marketing Acts to sign the warrants of the Board. Many of them condemned the Milk Board's unorthodox procedure. On one occasion a Judge castigated its methods saying they were reminiscent of the notorious Star Chamber of medieval days.

Total state planning of the milk industry, with obnoxious consequences, thus came about without the State owning a single acre of land or a single cow! It should be specially noted that the farmers did not foresee the consequences of the operation of the Agricultural Marketing Acts because when the project of the Milk Board monopoly was first mooted to them by a referendum, over two-thirds of their number supported the proposal. Moreover, the members of the British Parliament were apparently equally in the dark as to the consequences of setting up such a Board, otherwise the Marketing Acts would never have reached the Statute Book.

It will, I am sure, appear astonishing that such things could happen in a country where the maximum safeguards are thought to exist for the protection of the individual and the maintenance of the public welfare. However, the above facts show indubitably that a "planned economy," no matter how limited in scope the planning may be, of necessity interferes with the rights of private owners because it limits their control of their properties and simultaneously confines the activities of their administration within the limits imposed by the State.

Planning, in fact, develops a new form of limited ownership which "divorces the substance of property from its control and enjoyment." Under planning an owner becomes, in respect both to expenditure and income, constantly under the su-

²Passed by the Socialist Government in 1931 and confirmed and amplified by the National Government under Ramsay MacDonald with Conservative support in 1933.

pervision of officials of the State. His choice of action progressively diminishes as the control tightens. If the planning authorities intend to abolish all freedom of choice—as is usually their covert if not avowed purpose—*then, in the end, the stranglehold of control becomes all-embracing and absolute.*

Under such circumstances the principle of private ownership becomes a mockery because the functions of the private owner no longer exist. Obviously when such a situation arises the disappearance of private properties can not be long delayed, for it is inconceivable that any community would indefinitely tolerate the paying out of profits or stipends to “owners” of properties where no actual functions concerning them were left to the discretion or initiative of such owners. “Planning” is thus a subtle and devious way of achieving the socialization of a country’s enterprises and resources. In the long run it produces the same basic conditions as result from the overt policy of nationalization by communism or socialism.

The only difference between planning by State ownership and planning without it is the time factor. Hence the danger of planning without State ownership is that it is the beginning of a process of which communism is the end. Controls have the quality of the octopus: they are interrelated, they interpenetrate one another, and spread out in all directions, finally covering the whole of human effort with paralyzing effect.

The Nazi Scheme

If we wish to study the developments of planning without State ownership, and the manner in which they cumulatively destroy the traditional rights of man, we need only dissect the ingenious scheme of Schacht, director of the Reichsbank under the Hitler regime. Beginning with the control of foreign exchanges and external trade, his scheme ended with the complete domination of all production and manpower.

Schacht began with exchange control because that is the shrewdest way of giving effect to national planning. It does not engender suspicion as to what is ultimately intended and thus avoids public resistance. His scheme of control of foreign exchange operations comprised five separate but correlated sections: (1) The artificial regulation of the rate of exchange for other currencies by fixing a hypothetical value for the national currency. (2) The limitation of the import and export of gold, coins, bank notes, bank credits and securities, (3) the licensing of transactions in foreign exchanges, (4) the prohibition of capital movements externally with restrictions on external debt payments and the limitation of demands for foreign monies by importers, and (5) the strict control of holdings by nationals of foreign assets.

By means of the above controls the whole sphere

of money and credit operations with foreign countries passed into the hands of the central Nazi authority. But that was only a beginning. The control of the international flow of capital, money and credits necessitated a correlated control of the national external trade. Further, supervision and restrictions in foreign trade operations made necessary also a control over national services on the seas and abroad, such as transport, banking and insurance. They rendered imperative, moreover, control of migration and even foreign travel. But even so, Schacht saw that there might be loopholes in the postal, telegraph and telephone services with other countries. There came into being in such ways a complete control of the whole sphere of the foreign relations of the entire nation.

Upon that foundation Schacht planned to control internal affairs. Obviously, if the foreign affairs of a country are under strict control, then its domestic commerce and production automatically become subjected to State intervention since all foreign trade, import and export, generates within a country. Just as planning in external affairs produces control of internal affairs, so vice versa, the planning of home production necessarily reacts upon foreign trade. The two are interrelated and indivisible.

Once “planning” is embarked upon, it rapidly becomes an epidemic. Governments, however innocent their intentions, become forced either to introduce irksome and liberty-destroying restrictions or to abandon their plans. This is so, even though not a single enterprise in the whole country belongs to the State.

The most perfect example of national planning ever conceived was the Nazi plan. Yet the Nazi State owned nothing. It merely controlled everything with totalitarian thoroughness. Under the Nazi system, as all the world knows, liberty, both political and economic, disappeared. That should serve as an effective warning to those who believe that their freedom of economic action will not be at stake so long as private properties are sacrosanct. Experiences in Europe show the folly of such optimism.

O Temporary Mores!

The thing in life I miss the most
Is a date with Judy in the *New York Post*.
In the *New Republic* what I sorely miss
Is the sad ordeal of Alger Hiss.
I’ve pored through the *Nation* without having
seen a
Sober arraignment of Harold Medina.
One thing, though, I have observed—
Here evidence is far from scanty—
How recent anti-Communists
Keep doubling the anti.

FELIX



Arts and Entertainments

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM



Edmund Wilson, whose deplorably infrequent essays remain the highlights of a *New Yorker* season, has just taken a penetrating look at what he calls "the vogue of the Marquis de Sade." The choice of subject proves again the superior reportorial quality of Mr. Wilson's criticism. Few observers of our devastated cultural scenery could have missed noticing this generation's obsession with the obscene joys of wickedness. But Mr. Wilson, with the true curiosity of a scholar and his characteristic directness of inquiry, took the matter at last literally. He dug into the case history—and struck pay dirt.

For his study Mr. Wilson has read painstakingly in English and French literature. Had he been able also to audit some relevant German writing of the last thirty years, he would have collected even more conclusive evidence to buttress his contentions. What his findings prove is that our last two intellectual generations have indulged a knowing and pervading fascination with that prophet of torture for the hell of it, the wretched Marquis de Sade (1740-1814).

The frank and undiluted Sade cult has, of course, been confined to clandestine circles of *cognoscenti* who knew better than to identify publicly the vile source of the infection their cultural mass product has carried throughout society. And the private licentiousness of the literati, it seems to me, is really of little importance to their contemporaries. An actual dabbling in wickedness is usually not a sign of satanism but merely the stupid play of self-important adolescents who, jaded before they eat, crave "unknown sensations." Their chase after the kick or the big bang can easily be discounted—unless it matches up with the *Zeitgeist*. The trouble is that it has merged with the *Zeitgeist*, with staggering consequences for our time.

This is how Mr. Wilson explains "the fascination at present exerted by Sade":

Since the Second World War, the professional intellectual has found himself under a frightening pressure: he had to try in some way to accommodate—morally, intellectually—to the world, as the educated man has conceived it, the murderous devices for large-scale murder, for suffocating, burning or blowing up one's enemies, that the professedly Christian countries have lately been going for as heartily as the Odin-worshipping Nazis, the Emperor-worshipping Japanese, or the officially atheist Russians; and here is a writer, the Marquis de Sade, of whom one knows that he always insisted that such things were perfectly normal and who tried to reason about them.

But with this reasoning and rather charitable

explanation Mr. Wilson, it seems to me, contradicts his own evidence on two grounds. One, his diligently assembled material leaves no doubt that the modern intellectuals' obsession with the pseudo-diabolism of the Marquis *preceded*, by many years, Mr. Wilson's "explaining" events. Two, and even more important, it was undeniably the modern intellectual who invented, propagated and extolled the very same ideologies which have bred those vicious eruptions. Nazism, Fascism, Nipponism, atheism, racialism, Bolshevism (as indeed, throughout human history, *all* the arrogant ideological schemes which have been bleeding man) were begotten, not by the "masses," but by the cruel and tortured moods of intellectuals.

The truth, I am afraid, is that the intellectual's obsession with tantalizing wickedness comes not from the social outside but from the intellectual inside. It is, I think, a consequence of his abnormal human situation.

The intellectual, a rather recent mutation of *homo sapiens*, is the first working man in history who, *in his work*, is totally removed from the laborious and yet infinitely satisfying processes of transforming *things*. But matter, physical matter, denies and at the same time lovingly receives man's formative powers. Remove man so totally from soil, plow and anvil, from grass and timber and ores, as the modern intellectual is removed—and his need for a reassuring physical experience of his life powers will go begging.

This essential void in the intellectual's human household is, I think, what prepares him for his characteristic vice—his morbid fascination with *social* power. The man denied mastery over matter will crave mastery over men. One aspect of this craving is the modern intellectual's typical affinity for all conceivable schemes of "social engineering," reform and regimentation. Another aspect of the same craving is his sensual enjoyment of one person's domination over another.

I do not mean to say that a peasant, a blacksmith, a carpenter, could not be either a sadist or a Communist, or both. What I mean is that neither sadism nor totalitarianism is a *typical* affliction of peasants, blacksmiths and carpenters. But *both* are typical afflictions of the modern intelligentsia.

Of course, the proximity of masochism to sadism is too well known for me to dwell on the seeming paradox that the modern intellectual, craving domination, also craves submission. In either disease he is a man alienated from the natural order of things and greedily reaching for substitute orders. For no one is obsessed with torturing who is not himself tortured.

Some of the sweetest and saintliest people of our generation are intellectuals. But we are looking at the *type*. And it is from the type, cursed with a frailty that cries for domination, that the body politic has suffered its most terrible trauma of modern times.



A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Frederick Lewis Allen's "The Big Change: America Transforms Itself, 1900-1950" (Harper, \$3.50) is a good book for several reasons. To begin with, it accepts the broad purposes of American life, knowing that, no matter what happens, very few Americans will submit for very long to being kicked around by anybody, whether that "anybody" comes in the guise of tycoon, labor leader, bureaucrat or Hitler. Secondly, the book is written with ease and graciousness and charm—it bears the indisputable stamp of a man who is used as an editor of *Harper's Magazine* to letting air into dense prose and light into opaque prose. Thirdly, Mr. Allen is willing to take a fresh view of practically everything. He observes, very shrewdly, that America is not evolving "toward socialism but past socialism." Because Mr. Allen has the innocent eye, he can look at such phenomena as the modern corporation or contemporary living standards and come up with descriptions that are at least approximately close to reality. The innocence of Mr. Allen's approach serves him in excellent stead when he is looking at large phenomena that disport in the open, so to speak. He can handle statistics (which appear in reports), or material from articles and books, or anything that gets on to the front pages of the newspapers, or anything that is consummated in market place or forum. Where Mr. Allen falls down, it seems to me, is in the more recondite realms. One: he is temperamentally unable to cope with the fact that in an age provoked, animated and bedeviled by the Great Conspiracy of communism everything is not always as it seems on the surface. And two: he is so pragmatic in his attitude that he often misses the point where a plethora of small adjustments add up, not to progress, but to a maladjustment bigger than the one the small adjustments set out to correct.

Mr. Allen notes with approval that the instinct of most Americans is to let private business remain in private hands—but to permit government supervision and regulation to *some* extent when trouble arises. In other words (though he will probably not like to be told this) Mr. Allen stands just about where Herbert Hoover stands (see Mr. Hoover's recent book). Unlike Herbert Hoover, however, Mr. Allen seems inclined to lump all kinds of State intervention together, as if there were no qualitative differences between, let us say, a banking law that disqualifies investment affiliates and a tax law

that prevents the accumulation of capital in the hands of people willing to take a chance on investment. By inference, at least, Mr. Allen gives a great amount of credit to the progressive income tax for having diffused riches downward. But if it were true that the relative rise of the lower middle classes to affluence in America had any *necessary* dependence on the prevention or restriction of large fortunes, then the general run of the population in Texas (where oil capitalists can keep more of their gains) would at this moment be worse off than the general run of the population in Maryland or New York. Such, of course, is not the case in Houston or Dallas. Contrary to Mr. Allen's implications, the case of rich Texas might, indeed, be cited to prove that the general standard of living in America would be considerably higher today if there had never been a progressive income tax.

Mr. Allen is far more hopeful for the future than are nine-tenths of the lit'ry men who must besiege his office, or the offices of his publishers, and this is all to the good in an age whose authors have wallowed in a pathological *Weltschmerz*. But, contrariwise, Mr. Allen is entirely too respectful toward some of the more gloomy prophets of the nineteenth century. He takes the theoreticians of the "iron law of wages" entirely too seriously. In his chapter on "The Other Side of the Tracks" he refers to Ricardo's "grim principle" that "all wages tend to fall to the level which the most unskillful or the most desperate men will accept." Even in America, says Mr. Allen, "the Iron Law" ruled.

Well, it may have ruled to a rubbery, unferrous extent in the nineteenth century, but Mr. Allen neglects to point out that the Iron Law of Wages and the Malthusian Law of Population were supposed to be complementary things, and that if the first were true, then the second must be true, also. In the nineteenth century it was assumed that a "desperate" man could not afford to reproduce himself in quantity and still eat adequate meals. But the "desperate" men of Ricardo's and Marx's England did reproduce themselves phenomenally. The population of England quadrupled in the "desperate" nineteenth century, and the empty United States, which took some of England's overflow beyond that increase, really burgeoned with people. If there was an Iron Law of Wages at work in the

world in those days, who fed all the extra mouths that came into being? The answer is that the free capitalism of Adam Smith fed them where the controlled, mercantilist capitalism of the eighteenth century had been unable to feed the more static populations of the pre-Iron Law times.

The basic trouble with Mr. Allen's view of riches in relation to poverty, I suspect, is that he fails to reckon with the fluidity or the dynamism of money. He seems to think that Carnegie's annual income of 1900 somehow kept the lower middle classes of that day from eating well. But Mr. Carnegie did not keep his money in a sock or under the mattress; he spent it for buildings, he paid it out for personal service, he invested it in business expansion, and he gave it away. His income was inevitably multiplied into incomes for other people. I would not, personally, care to live in a brownstone mansion or a limestone castle, but no mansion or castle was ever built without paying quarrymen, truckers, masons and carpenters; and if the inhabitants of Newport in 1900 were rich, the "proletariat" that built the Newport houses earned money that it would not otherwise have earned. As for the stock subscriptions that make it possible for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to expand its services, it matters not a whit for the job-creating purposes at hand whether they come from a few people or many. (In saying this, I do not mean to imply that it is a good thing for a few people to own the productive equipment of a nation. For moral reasons, if not for economic, I would much rather live in a country of many small capitalists than in one of a few big ones.)

Mr. Allen seems to imply that the America of the Ford Foundation is somehow superior to the America of Henry Ford. So it is. But it is superior, not because of the Foundation, but because Henry Ford lived and brought forth the first \$5-day and the mass-produced car. And the America of the Ford Foundation would be a still better place than it is if we could trade the Foundation for a new Henry Ford, a capitalist "uninfected by higher education" and able and willing to do adventurous things with his money. The trouble with Foundations is that they make capital sluggish. Most of them labor mightily to bring forth mice, and not a few of them have provided some extremely cushy jobs for people whose main aim in life is to subvert the very freedom that made the Foundations possible.

In concentrating on a few critical points I may have made Mr. Allen's book sound less exciting and interesting than it is. As narrative prose "The Big Change" is always surcharged and alive. Mr. Allen is continually evocative, he has the eye and the ear for the significant detail that opens the sluice gates of memory. If I have been overly criti-

cal, it is because I hate to see a good man succumbing to the bleats of those very intellectuals who believe in the pessimism which "The Big Change" opposes. Mr. Allen even gives ground to those vociferous idiots who keep saying that there is a "reign of terror" abroad in the land. Terror of what? Aside from a few people who have been Communists and won't admit it, the only people I know who are terrorized these days are a few stuffed shirts who can't bear to have their shirt fronts pricked. When Mr. Allen defends their "adventurous" thought he isn't being true to himself.

The Facts about Melville

Billy Budd: A Play in Three Acts, adapted from Herman Melville's novel by Louis Coxe and Robert Chapman. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.50

The Melville Log: A Documentary Life of Herman Melville, by Jay Leyda. New York: Harcourt, Brace. Two volumes, boxed. \$12.50

Despite its finely articulated moods, Melville's "Billy Budd" has always struck me as a discursive and platitudinous work. Hence I am impressed by the skill with which dramatists Coxe and Chapman have tapped the novel's intellectual content while stripping the story down. The plot, which might easily have been broadened into theatrical melodrama, is presented here for the stage in as simplified a form as in the book. Three men are trapped by fate in a situation which brings two of them to violent ends and forces the third to put law and duty above mercy.

"Billy Budd" was undoubtedly Melville's "last word upon the strange mystery of himself and human destiny." Written toward the end of his life, it was his final protest against the obscene nature of things. It was also, perhaps, a conclusive statement of his own abhorrence of "the triumph of the insincere, unanimous mediocrity" which he saw around him. Melville obviously believed in the virtues of aristocracy—otherwise he would not have insisted that Captain Vere and "welkin-eyed" Budd were both of noble descent. No doubt Melville felt he was rewriting the epic of the fall of man when he set his romantic vision of innocence, Budd, against the devil's advocate, Claggart, Master-at-Arms on "HMS Indomitable."

The major flaw in the Coxe-Chapman adaptation is in the curtain speech. Though this may be Melville's *Nunc Dimittis*, at least the novelist showed the good sense not to conclude his tale with it. "God bless Captain Vere," shouts Billy Budd as he goes quickly up the rope to hang himself. The audience—or the reader—does not know whether to gasp or boo at this. For dramatic purposes, the authors may have had to get the execution over with fast. But somehow it all falls very flat.

The novel ends with the ballad of the sailors:
 Fathoms down, fathoms down, how I'll dream
 fast asleep
 I feel it stealing now. Sentry, are you there?
 Just ease these darbies at the wrist,
 And roll me over fair.
 I am sleepy, and the oozy weeds about me twist.

It would hardly be feasible to have any male chorus chanting these lines at the end of the play. There is an author's note, however, that has been crossed out of the original manuscript of the novel. It reads:

Here ends a story not unwarranted by what happens in this incongruous world of ours—innocence and infirmity, mutual depravity and fair respite.

Maybe, as in the morality plays of old, a narrator should have been introduced at the curtain to echo this gloomy conclusion. For whose commentary could be more pertinent today than Melville's: That good and evil can not survive in this world together; that each must inevitably destroy the other, since human life is but a compromise?

Herman Melville has been dead sixty years. It is about time that the general public learned that he was "more than the author of *"Moby-Dick,"* as Jay Leyda says in his introduction to *"The Complete Short Stories of Herman Melville"* (Random House, \$4). Melville actually wrote and published nine novels within twelve years, yet it is the vast, ponderous, overpowering, phantasmagorical *"Moby-Dick,"* with its archetypal figures, its allegorical drama on the omnipotence of evil, for which most readers remember him, if they remember him at all.

True, for some years now, the exegesis boys have been busily explaining Melville. However, they have all but explained him out of reach of either the interest or comprehension of the general reader. Armed with their Freudian lexicons, they have built up a myth about the man that is dramatic but too pat. They have produced a story of guilt and shame wrought out of Melville's family misfortunes. To these amateur psychologists, Melville was a "vulture-torn Prometheus," a wandering Ishmael. They could not separate the man from his writings.

The current appearance of Jay Leyda's *"The Melville Log"* may not completely undo the damage or erase the glaring errors of past exegeses, but it should go far toward encouraging caution and discernment among future Melville biographers. The *"Log"* is a tremendous achievement. It is also an agreeable change to find a biographical work that is non-interpretative, that does not take sides or distort the evidence.

Scholars who should know better have persisted in portraying Herman Melville as a lonely, brooding, disconsolate "Samson among the Philistines." This myth all but vanishes after Jay Leyda has marshaled his documentary evidence. Melville emerges as a human being. Meeting Melville in the *"Log,"* we not only see him as Ahab with his humanities but as the noble, high-spirited man who

believed in "democratic dignity" and who expressed concern to Hawthorne over the myth posterity would make of him and his writings.

One can not help wondering, for example, what Melville's reaction would have been to a recent decoding of a bit from *"Moby-Dick"* where Ishmael wakes up one morning to find the Polynesian Queequeg's arm thrown over him "in the most loving and affectionate manner." According to the prevailing fashionable interpretation, this is "a singular mingling of the elements of fear, resentment, a protective humor, and an obscure, unrecognized sexuality." To pursue this psychiatric matter further, what would Melville have thought of the statement that "with Melville then, as with Kleist or Leopardi, one has to reckon with the psychology, the tormented psychology of the decayed patrician."

The facts may be found in *"The Melville Log."* They are often trivial—the monotone recordings of daily life—but they prove that Melville was not a psychiatric case; he was merely a first-rate imaginative writer.

RICHARD MC LAUGHLIN

Good Comic Strip

Don Camillo and His Flock, by Giovanni Guareschi. Translated by Frances Frenaye. New York: Pellegrini and Cudahy. \$3.00

Those who do not know Don Camillo's "little world"—if there be any such—will learn in the author's brief introduction that it has its existence in the Po Valley, full of hard-headed provincials who take their politics and their religion seriously, not to say dourly. Don Camillo, the priest who hates communism but can not bring himself to hate Peppone, the Red mayor with whom he shared the dark days of the Resistance, is the central figure of a series of amusing and fast-paced episodes. Our sturdy hero, alternately encouraged and rebuked by an understanding Christ, wages an active and successful campaign against the dogged Peppone and the machinations of his sinister allies. It all makes for a light-hearted book, though it can hardly be called profound.

For all the geographical precision, this is not the real Po Valley but the world of the comic strip, and Don Camillo and his entourage are of the same stamp as Joe Palooka and his stream of challengers, each of whom invariably turns out to be just as good a fellow as Joe if not quite so efficient with the uppercut. In the actual Po Valley of these grim times there are few if any Communist mayors as innocent and appealing as Peppone, and for that matter not many priests as highly esteemed by their enemies as Don Camillo. Still, there is a lot to be said for a good comic strip and, politics aside, many readers will be delighted by the stories in this book. The characterization is much too facile, but the bold outlines suffice to carry the narrative,

and as a narrator Guareschi is first-rate. One should not try to read the book at one sitting, but taken in small doses it can not fail to please.

THOMAS G. BERGIN

Out of the Night

The Abyss, by Manès Sperber. Translated from the German by Constantine Fitzgibbon. New York: Doubleday. \$3.75

If there is a modern theme for high tragedy, then certainly the impact of the Communist movement upon the individual is such a theme. Manès Sperber's projected trilogy, of which "The Burned Bramble" was the first part and "The Abyss" is the second, is one of the most ambitious efforts yet made to write that tragedy. How successful the work will be as a formed whole, one can not say until it is finished. But in these first two volumes Mr. Sperber again and again evokes the pity and terror his subject demands.

Like "Darkness at Noon" and "Witness," Mr. Sperber's books deal with the dilemma of the Communist awakening from the certainties of the Communist faith. In terms of the life and emotion of individual human beings, they show both the deeply anti-human essence of communism and the equally deep appeal it can have for troubled souls.

Doino Faber became a Communist and a leader of the International because he could not find anything to live for in the world he knew. His education had cauterized the complacency and dishonesty of the conventional nineteenth-century attitudes without exposing the truths that lay beneath them. It left him open to the burning hopes, the call to act and sacrifice, which communism offered. For communism is—in the words Karl Marx once applied, ironically enough, to its polar opposite, religion—"the heart of a heartless world, the soul of a soulless universe, the opiate . . .," not "of the people," but of the homeless seeker of the twentieth century.

"The Abyss" is the story of Faber's "dark night of the soul"—the time when he has "already broken with the Party but . . . was still its accomplice, still involved in the conspiracy of silence." His values are still grounded in the same "enlightened" worship of man acting in history from which Marxism takes its start. By these values in their pre-Marxist form, Faber's teacher, the large-souled Stetten, dies a lonely death in a French provincial hostel—a death ironically counterpointed by the sermons of his host, who believes that mushroom-culture can solve all the problems of man and bring him to perfection on earth.

For Faber also these values lead to the edge of death. After the occupation of Vienna by Hitler and a few years of the ineffective life of a backward-looking exile in Paris, and after the effort to

act (the will o' the wisp of all ex-Communists) and his pathetic part in the pathetic French army of 1940, he blankly faces life as his values allow him to see it. There is nothing left but death—and death will not come, it must be sought.

The book ends when his suicide is thwarted by the desperate appeal of a small boy in bitter need. "The certainty that he was now no longer at liberty to die was as painful as a final act of renunciation." In that recognition of the call of a single soul utterly without historical or political significance, it would seem that the climb out of the abyss has begun.

"The Abyss" is a harsh and truthful book. It is not likely to be pleasant reading for those who think that "understanding" is possible between the Kremlin and the West. Nor is it likely to be very well received by our *avant-garde* critics, who try to reduce every prose narrative to the dimension of their definition of the novel as the interplay of character on character.

Actually it is unfortunate that Mr. Sperber has felt it necessary to try to fit his story into the conventions of the novel. When he tries to write of the human relationships that are not directly germane to his theme, and particularly when he writes about women, he is rather feeble. But these are minor weaknesses in the grand attempt to paint the impact of ideas and forces on character: to show modern man, struggling in the coils of the modern monster, communism, still erect, still vindicating the human fate.

FRANK MEYER

From War Communism to NEP

The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923, Volume Two, by Edward Hallett Carr. New York: Macmillan. \$6.00

The second volume of Professor Carr's history of Soviet Russia closely follows the pattern of the first and reveals the same merits and defects. Instead of describing the events of the Revolution and the subsequent civil war chronologically, the author has chosen to divide his history into watertight compartments.

The first volume dealt with communist theory, Soviet early constitutional enactments and the vicissitudes of the Soviet nationalities. The second volume, under review, is devoted to the economics of the "war communism" which prevailed during the years of civil strife and of the "New Economic Policy" which was introduced when war communism broke down. A third volume, in prospect, will discuss Soviet foreign policy.

There are advantages, from the standpoint of specialized research, in this topical arrangement. But, because foreign and domestic policy and economics are parts of an integrated whole, many connecting threads are lost and the work tends to

assume a desiccated character, especially as the element of personality is reduced to a minimum.

The research that has gone into the preparation of this volume is impressive. The author has evidently plowed through endless volumes of Communist Party, Soviet and trade-union reports and much material in Soviet newspapers, books and pamphlets. As a consequence, he misses few, if any, of the important decisions and trends in Soviet economic policy from 1917 until 1923.

Two drastically contrasted systems were in force during this period, with the proclamation of the New Economic Policy, or NEP, in the spring of 1921 as the watershed between them. The political seizure of power by the Bolsheviks in November 1917 was followed by months of virtual economic chaos. The peasants pillaged the big estates and divided up the land; the industrial workers, in many cases, took over the factories in the sense of driving away the old owners and managers. Their attempts to run the factories themselves, along syndicalist lines, met little practical success. Every local Soviet was a law unto itself and Lenin's cries for socialist order, discipline and accounting met little response.

Bit by bit this chaos subsided, and from the summer of 1918, when civil war began on a fairly large scale, Russia lived under so-called war communism. Main characteristics of this system, explained in much elaborate detail by Mr. Carr, were state ownership and operation of all industries, disappearance of money as a medium of exchange and introduction of a system of payment of wages and salaries in kind, compulsory labor and prohibition of private trade.

The peasants were required to deliver up their surplus grain and other food products, nominally in exchange for textiles and other city products. But, as these products were usually non-existent, what actually occurred was a one-sided extraction, at the point of the gun. As Lenin himself once recognized in what might be called a masterpiece of understatement, "By no means all the peasants understand that free trade in grain is a state crime."

So long as the civil war was in progress the Soviet regime could make this fantastic system work, after a fashion, by a mixture of terror and propaganda and by constantly holding up to the workers and peasants the specter of the class revenge which the dispossessed "landlords and capitalists" would wreak in the event of a "White" victory.

With the end of the civil war discontent became overwhelming. The mutiny of sailors in the former Bolshevik stronghold of Kronstadt and the peasant revolts which broke out convinced Lenin that it was time to beat a retreat. He salvaged political dictatorship by scrapping all the principal features of war communism.

Under the New Economic Policy the toleration

and even encouragement of the most primitive forms of speculative capitalism saved Russia from the utter prostration and paralysis of its economy under war communism. Taxes were substituted for requisitions; stable money was reintroduced; compulsory labor was abolished; internal trade was made free. The effect was almost magical, similar in some respects to what happened in Germany after stable money and free economic practices were reintroduced in 1948.

But the Communist rulers had retreated only to spring more effectively when the country had recovered from the dismal starvation and utter economic collapse of war communism. The comment of a Soviet Communist historian, L. Kritzman, on that system is worth quoting:

Such a decline in the productive forces not of a little community, but of an enormous society of a hundred million people . . . is unprecedented in the history of humanity.

Many features of war communism returned in the late twenties and early thirties as the New Economic Policy was discarded. Forced labor and the prohibition of private trade and industry, even on a small scale, and what amounts to heavy requisitioning of the peasants' produce are now regular features of the Soviet economy. That there has not been a breakdown of productive effort comparable with what occurred in 1918-1920 was due to the greater development of the dictatorship, the retention of differential wages and salaries, the training of a new managerial and technical elite, or governing class, and the atrophy of the very memory, among the people, of the freedom that is associated with private property.

Because war communism was in many ways a dress rehearsal for later developments in the Soviet economy, its origins and history are of great political and economic significance. Mr. Carr has traced the main outlines of the story with diligent industry and shows how both the absolute compulsion of war communism and the limited freedom of the NEP brought a whole train of economic and social consequences in their wake. Conclusions which may be drawn from the book, although the author is not inclined to stress them, are that an economy can not be half slave and half free, and that state economic planning is incompatible with the workings of a free economy.

The author seems to fall short of bringing home the complete desolation of life under war communism. And he falls into a serious contradiction, indicating a lack of grasp of Russian agrarian realities, when he speaks of the Russian peasantry on page 12 as divided into "a minority of landowning peasants and a majority of landless peasants" and states on page 160 that 50 per cent of the peasants were "middle peasants" and that not even all the 40 per cent who were "poor" were landless.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Second Harvest

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

Selected Prose, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Translation by Mary Hottinger and Tania and James Stern. New York: Pantheon Books Bollingen Series. \$4.50

The Western Gate: A San Francisco Reader. Edited by Joseph Henry Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus and Young. \$4.75

1000 Years of Irish Prose, edited with introduction by Vivian Mercier and David H. Greene. New York: Devin-Adair. \$6.00

The first book listed above is the selected prose of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Austrian poet and philosopher of esthetics. Hofmannsthal had a kind of gifted lassitude, for his was not an active nature. The writings of many men of his rank have been printed in the last few years: there were Paul Valéry and the Dadaist, Guillaume Appollinaire—good men but not good enough to republish. Hofmannsthal owes an abundant debt to the ancients, but whereas it is profitable to reprint Longinus, or even Demetrius, or Lessing, it is a waste to bring out an edition of Hofmannsthal. Commercial publishing has dropped so far down in dignity that it is almost wicked for the Bollingen Foundation to reprint such a sensitive mediocrity is Hofmannsthal at a time when it is almost impossible for talented Americans to be published. By this action the Bollingen people show themselves hostile to the native muse. They claim a great interest in religion and ritual; were this true they would make available to American readers Jane Harrison's "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion," Lord Kingsborough's "Mexican Antiquities," Gavin Douglas's "Æneid," or Grote's learned books on Plato. I mention these books because they are remarkable and out of print, and also because Hofmannsthal is a debile Parnassian whose writings are the flimsiest copies of the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil.

There is a lengthy introduction by the late Hermann Broch who also did a very long dithyrambic on Virgil which was no addition to the knowledge of Virgil. Hermann Broch writes that Hofmannsthal was influenced by the philosophers of India and by Heraclitus, which is very good except that I would rather read the *Rig-Veda* or reread the cryptic fragments of the thinker of Ephesus. All styles are good save those one can not understand. Be plain, Falstaff advises Pistol. What the esthetes so copiously lack is sense, which Horace said was the origin of a good style.

The first of the selected writings in Hofmannsthal's volume is a long short story called "Andreas" which contains a plethora of wind, stars, rustic goats and swains. The moral scenery is beneficial,

and I have no fault to find with neatherds on the slopes of the Tyrol. Besides, Austrian scenery quiets the modern, restive reader. However, Andreas is a species of Kafka sensitive. Andreas is an Austrian Galahad who hates cats and dogs, regarding them as figures of the vilest sensualism. As a child he had broken the back of a cat and the spine of a dog, which is what a boy of weak and febrile nerves might do. There might be a modern excuse for such cruelty, for cats and dogs are taking the place of children, and we are making so much progress as a civilized people that soon we shall be a national feline and dog pound without any children to break their vertebrae. In the Hofmannsthal book there is also an apocryphal letter written by Lord Chandos, a novitiate in esthetics, to Lord Francis Bacon. There are some nice, dolorous aphorisms of Hippocrates, and the writing all around is sonorous, if emasculate. Lord Chandos is a young, delicate Lord Alfred Douglas who writes:

When in my hunting lodge I drank the warm foaming milk which an unkempt wench had drained into a wooden pail from the udder of a beautiful gentle-eyed cow, the sensation was no different from that which I experienced when, seated on a bench, built into the window of my study, my mind absorbed the sweet and foaming nourishment from a book.

This is nard and honey which I can take or leave without harm or advantage. There is also a random revulsion of Lord Chandos which is likely to spoil any man's dinner without sharpening his faculties: "I had given the order for a copious supply of rat-poison to be scattered in the milk-cellars of one of my dairy-farms."

Do American Foundations always have to be wrong? Are they being forced to support the blind, the halt and the lepers of Hippocrene? Can they not make one single mistake for the good—and for literature—by helping some American Seneca or Hercules of letters instead of nourishing the academic booby?

Of the two other books listed above one is a manual on San Francisco, the other an Irish prose anthology. Both are rapid transit college survey courses. The first is clogged with poor, shaggy annals on Spanish missions and the misery of the Indians under Spanish Catholicism along with a bit of Bret Harte and Rudyard Kipling doggerel. The Irish volume is a crazy melange of Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, Joyce, Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Casey, with at least twenty-five other Gaelic authors of the last seventy years. The editors propose to cover 930 years of Gael and Saxon prose in a second volume. A millenium is a long time for that most feeble and reedy faculty, human memory. The oak, the elephant and the whale live scores of years longer than human beings, yet they read nothing, whereas man reads all the time but has not the sense of the fungus to know that it is folly to cast a thousand years at the brain in one bundle.

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