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the FREEMAN

THE PHANTOM AMERICAN NEGRO
George S. Schuyler

STABILIZATION OR DISPUTES?
Leo Wolman

GENERAL MACARTHUR
William R. Mathews

BETTER TEXAS THAN TAXES
Lewis Nordyke

CAN WE ESCAPE FROM VICTORY?
William Henry Chamberlin

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CONTENTS VOL. 1 – NO. 15

Editorials

Books

Theater

Poem

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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Announcement

Because of the many requests for a wider distribution of Henry Hazlitt's editorial, "The Crisis in Controls," which was published in our issue of April 9, a four-page reprint has been made available at the following prices: $3 per 100, $14 per 500, and $25 per 1000. Address your order to Reprint Department, The Freeman, 240 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

Long before he gave the signal to invade the Rhineland, long before he took over Czechoslovakia, long before he sent his panzer divisions into Poland, Adolf Hitler had told the world what he intended to do. The whole Hitlerian program was set forth in "Mein Kampf," which Neville Chamberlain and other Western statesmen neglected to read.

It so happens that the Russian Communists long ago told the Western world what they have in mind to do. It is to take over Asia as the prelude to conquering the world. In the nineteen twenties Borodin was sent from Moscow to China to set the Communist plan in motion. Largely because Chiang Kai-shek smelled a large red rat, Borodin failed. But the Communists have never given up their plan. Indeed, they have pursued it with a monomaniacal intensity that recalls Hitler to the last degree.

The United States has in Japan a great military leader who has read his history. General Douglas MacArthur knows all about Lenin's theory of the special vulnerability of Asia; he has heard of Trotsky's formulation of the "law of uneven and combined development" — which is Marxese for "hit capitalism where there ain't no big middle class." But the Western statesmen — Truman, Acheson, Attlee, Morrison, Chuter Ede — have never read Lenin, never read Trotsky. They are ignoramuses.

Being ignoramuses, they naturally ran around in tiny circles when MacArthur's letter to House Minority Leader Joseph W. Martin, Jr. was made public. General MacArthur had told Representative Martin the obvious truth: that the Communists are playing for world stakes in Asia. He had asked for help in defeating this Communist play — help from Chiang's troops, which are immobilized on Formosa by the United States Seventh Fleet. No doubt General MacArthur stands guilty of having expressed himself as a man who doesn't relish being made the instrument of carrying out a blood sacrifice of American soldiers. Generals ought not to have feelings. If it is United States and UN policy to feed a few thousand Americans each month into the jaws of a Moloch, no general should object. The Aztec blood ritual is the will of our politicians.

But is it the will of the American people? We dare the Administration to fire General MacArthur. We dare them to let him come home and speak his mind. If they do, they will soon find that they have a Winston Churchill (who had really read "Mein Kampf") on their hands.

The National City Bank monthly letter for April contains an interesting paragraph. "After this precautionary buying," says the letter, "a pause was inevitable. The industries have huge unfilled orders to work against. . . . In the markets the situation is now being appraised more calmly. Merchandise reports show that fears of shortage were overdone, for store stocks are ample and in a few lines are backing up. The dominating fact is that the country is turning out substantially more goods and services than ever before in peacetime, and more than 90 per cent of the output is for civilian use. People who underrated industry's productive power are finding that supplies are more abundant . . . than they expected a few months ago. . . . Rising inventories reflect the enormous output."

So what is Washington's response to this deflationary situation? It is to set price *ceilings*. No wonder that some people are referring to the Di Salle-Eric Johnston price control organization as the "Office of Price Stimulation."

There was once a quarterback who always called a power play off right tackle when he got in a hole. . . . He never could understand why the opposition always seemed to schmazzle that particular play. There was once a prizefighter who invariably telegraphed his right hook. . . . He never won a fight. There was once a pitcher who made it a habit to take an extra hitch in his pants every time his catcher signalled for a fast ball. . . . The other teams took to slugging the fast ball out of the lot, and the pitcher is no longer in the major leagues.

We might multiply our catalogue of athletes who never got anywhere because of their deplorable habit of tipping their hands. But what we really want to call attention to is the collection of high-level political and military dumb bunnies who believe in telegraphing every punch, every power play and every pitch to the Communists. There's Assistant Secretary of State George C. McGhee, for example, who recently announced in Tel Aviv that the

United States does not intend to do anything about Iran even though "chaos" may threaten in Teheran. There's Secretary of Defense George Marshall, who recently informed the Chinese Communists that any movement of United States troops north of the 38th Parallel in Korea would be tactical in nature. . . . Boy, that's the way to keep our opponents off-balance. Just tell 'em what we intend to do (or, better, what we don't intend to do). All we can say is that we hope Assistant Secretary of State McGhee and Secretary of Defense Marshall will shortly be hearing from outraged American sports fans. They have a sound prejudice against the fighter who telegraphs his punch.

Speaking of the telegraphed intention, the biggest botch of all has been made by the UN in collaboration with the foreign offices of Britain, France and the United States. For just after General MacArthur (who really understands the use of the deceptive feint) had informed Mao Tse-tung that he had better quit or look to be hit from any number of unspecified directions, the high-level dumb bunnies back home in London, Paris, Washington and Lake Success all combined to wigwag the signal to Peiping that MacArthur has no authority to say anything. This denial to the UN Commander of the right to use the methods of psychological warfare must have caused Mao Tse-tung to snicker up his sleeve. He knows that MacArthur has been limited to pitching soft flutterballs over the outside corner. . . . If, as the new British Foreign Minister, Herbert Morrison, hopes, our telegraphed softness will lead to successful peace conversations with Peiping, we may be sure that the peace will be made on the worst possible terms.

The European arms program becomes stranger the further it goes and the more it is pondered. As Lawrence R. Brown pointed out in our issue of March 12, Europe is in no danger unless America is in grave danger. Russian occupation of Europe means war, and the Russians will not start a general war without means at hand to injure us seriously on this continent. Furthermore, there was never any reason for Congressional discussion or public hullabaloo about sending troops to Europe. The Administration has sole and unhindered power to reenforce our garrison in Germany with all the troops it desires.

Why then the whole extraordinary performance? To get a general Congressional authority to send troops anywhere in the world. And what places has Mr. Truman in mind? Meanwhile we learn that the Administration has begun a whispering campaign in Congress that, much as it would like to do so, it unfortunately can not give serious support to the Chinese Nationalists because everything must be sent to Europe. We dislike to suppose that the sole reason for the Administration's sudden and unnecessarily public passion to arm Europe was to gain this dishonest excuse for neglecting the vital war in Asia. But what other intelligible motive is there?

The tempter is abroad in New England. He comes in the guise, not of a serpent, but of an individual named Walter H. Wheeler, Jr., President of something miscalled the New England Council. According to Mr. Wheeler, New England's industrialists have been far too conservative about accepting Federal subsidies. "Where it's warranted," says Mr. Wheeler, "we [meaning New Englanders] have got to change our attitude a bit."

Well, all we can say is that we hope New England will resist Mr. Wheeler to the uttermost. No doubt Mr. Wheeler would have the State of Connecticut, for example, accept a Federal subsidy to build a steel mill near New London. But what good would such a subsidized mill do Connecticut? Aside from ruining a lot of good landscape, it would saddle the state in perpetuity with a large new labor group dependent on Washington politicians for continuing favors. The crucial vote in Connecticut would henceforward be controlled from CIO national headquarters — and John Lodge would in all probability be the last Republican governor to sit in Hartford for a generation.

Mr. Wheeler pleads expediency as a reason for subsidies; he argues that New England is at a competitive disadvantage as compared to the rest of the country. But New England has always been at a competitive disadvantage, even in the days when it had to go to Cuba to get sugar for rum. There's never been any natural wealth in New England: its intervale farmlands are narrow and flinty, its brass mills have had to scour the ends of the earth for copper and zinc, its textile mills have had to import cotton from the South — and in the days of the clipper ships Salem business men had to go to China for goods to put in their shop windows! During the entire 300 years of its existence New England has got by on brains, ingenuity and moral stamina. When its textile mills went bust, it established local developmental corporations and discovered new uses for the old factory space. New England has needed no help from the outside, and it has continued to call its soul its own. Now comes Mr. Wheeler advocating that it rid itself of its one great commodity: its character. Just "where it's warranted," mind you. As the serpent said to Eve, "Just one little bite."

We went to see the moving picture version of Kipling's "Kim" the other night, and found it faithful to all that we remembered from several childhood readings of the book. The self-reliant hero was all boy, yet he was also a young man who could be accepted by men. No Hamlet tainted Kim; no Mom emasculated him. But what interested us most about the showing of the picture was the comment it drew from a woman who categorically stated that Hollywood had called the spies in it "Russian" in order to whip up war hysteria. She seemed utterly oblivious of the fact that Russia had not only coveted India in Kipling's day but even as long ago as 1722. In that year Peter the Great fought a war against Persia. Said a contemporary: "The hopes of his Majesty were not concerned with Persia alone; if he had been lucky in Persia and still living, he would of course have attempted to reach India or even China. This I heard from his Majesty himself."

"Truman Urges Burning Faith Against Reds" — headline in the *New York World-Telegram*. Like Joe McCarthy's, for instance?

AMERICANS ARE EXPENDABLE

ON MARCH 31 the *New York Times* published a startling dispatch from its correspondent, George Barrett, in South Korea. The South Korean Government, it stated, was being forced to release 120,000 men from its military reserve camps of 400,000, because it lacked the means to arm or even to feed them. President Syngman Rhee, it continued, "has told the United Nations that he is prepared to supply 500,000 men in addition to the 250,000 South Koreans who are now fighting and he has repeatedly asked for guns to arm at least 100,000 members of the National Guard, the first echelon of Army reserves." Mr. Barrett also said: "The propaganda perils inherent in any kind of demobilization program for the South Korean Army . . . are obvious to all Koreans when they see troop replacements continually coming into the country to fill up the ranks of fighters from thirteen foreign nations."

Quite aside from this obvious danger, there is a practical aspect of the situation which the veriest tyro in military matters could hardly help seeing. With 400,000 unarmed South Korean reserves already on the ground, it would be infinitely more economical for the UN to avail itself largely of those reserves while it used its shipping to transport tanks and guns and food instead of reinforcements. Hoping to get some light on the reasons why these South Koreans were not being equipped to fight, the *Freeman* immediately sent the following wire to General MacArthur:

> Why do we fail or refuse arms to 400,000 South Korean draftees as reported N. Y. Times March 31 dispatch from Taegu? Previous statements President Rhee reported requests for such arms.

We are in receipt of the following answer from General MacArthur, dated April 5:

> I have delayed reply to your message of the thirty-first pending receipt here of the referenced New York Times dispatch. There is nothing I can add to the information therein contained. The issue is one determined by the Republic of Korea and the United States Government, and involves basic political decisions beyond my authority.

So there, once more, you have it — the politicians hamstringing the military in the conduct of the war, and thereby adding enormously to the cost in blood and money. Not only have Washington and the UN steadily refused to allow the Free Chinese to fight their enemy, and ours; they even seem to be resolved that the South Koreans shall not be allowed to defend their own country, and thereby lessen the drain on our own manpower.

Consider, for example, the effect of the reaction in the State Department and the UN to General MacArthur's offer to discuss a cease-fire with Red China. It was one of undisguised dismay — not because the UN and the State Department don't want a cease-fire in Korea but because they want it in terms of the virtual sell-out which Mao contemptously rejected in January. Both Washington and London lost no time in repudiating MacArthur and giving Mao to understand, in effect, that he could continue to concentrate his armies against our troops in Korea without the slightest fear of a flank attack. It is not to be wondered at that Lieutenant General H. G. Martin, military correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, recently quoted General MacArthur in that paper as saying that "it was not the soldier who had encroached on the realm of the politician but the politician who had encroached on that of the soldier."

Why do the politicians in Washington and the UN give the advantage to the aggressor at the expense of the UN forces, which are 90 per cent American? Why do they constantly talk about peace and at the same time, by their actions, encourage Red China to refuse peace? Why do they refuse to equip and feed the South Korean reserves; in other words, why do they insist on fighting at the greatest possible cost instead of the least? The Russians are said to be massing troops in Manchuria. If those troops attack our Korean forces, will the virtual assurance of immunity for the Chinese mainland still hold? And wouldn't it be both politically and strategically a good idea to have armed and trained South Korean reserves ready to help fight the fresh Soviet troops? Above all, why do Washington and the UN appear to regard our army in Korea as expendable and refuse to permit General MacArthur to take the obvious measures to relieve the pressure upon them and reduce their losses?

These are questions which should be asked daily of Washington by all American fathers and mothers whose boys are in the Army, whether in Korea or anywhere else. Truman, Acheson and Marshall owe these fathers and mothers satisfactory answers.

THIS DEDUCTIBLE AGE

NOT so long ago Bernard DeVoto, in an open letter to his doctor which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, calmly announced that he was knocking twenty-five cents off his check in payment for his doctor's bill. "I will not," so Mr. DeVoto informed Dr. Jay, "I will not help pay for the $25 you sent to the AMA."

This somewhat cavalier attitude toward the tacit contractual relationship that exists between doctor and patient may seem a little astonishing at first glance. It didn't go down very well with a certain newsstand proprietor when we tried to knock a nickel off the fifty-cent price of *Harper's* on the ground that we didn't feel we should help support Mr. DeVoto's sabotage of Dr. Jay. But on deeper reflection we have decided that Mr. DeVoto's idea has real merit. We kept thinking of the DeVoto approach to commercial ethics during the sunny Sunday afternoon we wasted on our 1950 Federal income tax. Neither Mr. DeVoto nor James M. Thurber's Walter Mitty had anything on us as we concocted brave and bitter marginalia to send along with a diminished check to the U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue.

"Dear Tax Collector," we wrote on a mythical scratch pad, "we hope you have been reading Mr. DeVoto in *Harper's*. We are sure that his theory of morally justifiable *ex post facto* deductions will appeal to your well-defined ethical sense. In accordance with the DeVoto theory, which we are sure must come to have the status of good common law, we are calling to your attention certain deductions that we have made from our 1950 income tax.

"The first deduction — the one for $350 — is because of the RFC. We really can not see why we should be taxed to help support that fragrant little institution. The basis for our $350 deduction may seem a little mysterious to

you, but let us explain. For no reason at all the RFC elected to lend a quite hefty sum of money to the Lustron Corporation. Lustron, we believe, was in the business of making prefabricated steel houses. Well, during all those years the RFC was using our taxes to support Lustron while it was busy making houses for other people, our own house went without repairs. This year we decided to shoot the works and have our bathroom fixed up. The cost of the new plumbing, deferred during all those years when Lustron was collecting RFC dough, comes to $350. So we are deducting that amount from the income tax. If you feel that you must have that amount of extra dough to run the Federal Government, you might take it out of the bank account of a Lustron officer or stockholder. This would, of course, be a somewhat arbitrary application of the principle of capital levy, but if DeVoto can take money out of his doctor's till for moral reasons you can soak the Lustron boys the same way.

"Our second deduction — the one for $600 — is because of our annual food bill. We arrived at this deduction rather simply: it is the excess of our 1950 payments to the Fulton Market over what we used to pay before government-supported 'parity' came into the picture. We don't really see that it is our business to help support 'parity' for farmers as long as the Federal Government refuses to support 'parity' for magazine writers. What's sauce for a cabbage is sauce for an adjective. Let the Federal Government institute 'parity' as applied to magazine word rates and we'll go along with 'parity' for corn and hogs. But until then, not a nickel for 'parity' on our tax bill.

"Our third deduction — the one for $1000 — just covers the cost of a mink stole for the wife. If Mrs. Merl Young, the White House stenographer, can have a mink coat because of her 'influence' with the government, we don't see why the principle shouldn't be extended to every taxpayer. We are sure you will use your influence with the Treasury Department to see that our $1000 deduction is allowed.

"Adding up the deductions, we are paying you $1950 less than we might have paid if we had not providentially run across the DeVoto article. The amount may seem a little steep to you, but we feel that we are letting you off rather easy. After all, we might have deducted a lot more if we had really been in a mood to cavil. For example, we don't see why we should be called upon to pay Major General Harry Vaughan's salary; he could make plenty of dough by getting himself a deep-freeze agency for the District of Columbia. Nor do we see why we should be taxed to send grain to Prime Minister Nehru; after all, he proposes to *sell* the grain to his own citizens. The only reason why we have desisted from making deductions for these items (and many others like them) is that we are in the middle of a war with Russia. As long as Americans are being shot at in Korea, we feel that we ought to pay something to keep the war effort going. Wait until peace comes and we won't give you a nickel!"

Needless to say, we sent no such letter to the Collector of Internal Revenue. Guess we aren't as brave as Bernard DeVoto. Or maybe our timidity is only relative. Mr. DeVoto's doctor would have to go to court to collect his money, but the Federal Government could put *us* in jail.

RED—BUT NOT HERRING

THE House Committee on Un-American Activities, which has just issued a notable report on Communist "peace" fronts, can recall the old saying that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Two new investigative groups have set up shop — a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and Admiral Nimitz's Commission on Internal Security and Individual Rights.

The Nimitz Commission was created by President Truman, who not long ago slighted the House Committee by accusing it of "red herring" tactics. One possible reason why Truman has set up the Commission is that he may feel he needs it to take some of the wind out of the sails of Congressional investigators. The Nimitz group has an opportunity to do a good job, but no matter what it does its very existence proves that Truman is no longer trying to laugh off the problem of Red infiltration.

Year after year, Communists and their friends laid down a barrage of vilification and ridicule against the House Committee. Its weaknesses were exaggerated and its accomplishments ignored. Mr. Truman's famous "red herring" remark created plenty of glee in the wrong places; it did nothing to set the distorted record straight.

With competition for the Committee sprouting all over the place, its record deserves another look. If it hadn't been for the Committee on Un-American Activities, which first heard the testimony of Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, Alger Hiss and William Remington would never have been convicted of perjury. While the Truman Administration flaunted its lack of anti-Communist savvy, the House Committee went after the facts.

In the Remington case, the Committee made a thorough and effective investigation. Its latest annual report has noted that "the case of Remington, a Government employee, demonstrates the difficulty with which the committee is faced from Government files." Remington had been cleared by the President's Loyalty Review Board. So the Committee had to go out and get its own corroboration of Miss Bentley's testimony.

Last year the Committee, without publicity fanfares, investigated the shipment of atomic materials to the Soviet Union during World War II. It sent investigators to Montana, Illinois, Kansas, Georgia, Pennsylvania and New York. It examined 10,000 documents from the files of the Army, the Air Force, and the Departments of State and Commerce. To expose Communist activities in western Pennsylvania, the Committee's investigators interviewed one hundred people and studied thousands of documents. Painstaking work was done to get a picture of Communist organizations in Hawaii and Cincinnati, as well as of important front organizations.

All this was done quietly and efficiently, away from newsreel cameras, and without the air of a Grand Inquisition. The Committee long ago realized the gravity of its task. Its effectiveness has undoubtedly been diminished by the promotion to the Senate of two of its ablest members — Mundt and Nixon — and by the loss of its most experienced investigator, Benjamin Mandel, to the new McCarran Subcommittee on Internal Security. But nothing can detract from the credit it deserves for having exposed the machinations of Moscow's agents when the Administration was pasting "red herring" labels on efforts to guard the nation's security.

STABILIZATION OR DISPUTES?

By LEO WOLMAN

THE MORE the Federal Government does, the harder it is for most people to understand what it is all about. It is easy enough to accept the promises of a better and fuller life which accompany the launching of each new public policy and each new assumption of authority by the State over its citizens. But what the policies really mean and how they will in time affect the fortunes of all of us — those are unexplored questions.

In this country we had hardly begun to comprehend and digest the innumerable activities taken on by the government in the past 15 years when the resumption of military mobilization started the whole process all over again. Washington once more is being filled with functionaries who will be empowered to stop inflation, control credit, money, prices and wages, regulate the operations of industry and business, collect more taxes and borrow more money, and in ways with which no one is yet familiar regulate the conduct of everyone. This exercise in government expansion is variously estimated to end in 1953, 1960 or 1970. We know from sad experience that none of these estimates is to be taken seriously and that the longer, rather than the shorter, duration is what our political leaders have in mind. We also know that, whatever the duration, powers once granted are rarely fully surrendered.

These observations apply to the differences of opinion in Washington over labor policies which reached their climax when the representatives of organized labor walked out of the boards and advisory posts to which they had not long before accepted appointments. One of the reasons for the walk-out is perfectly clear. The leaders of the CIO, the AFL, and certain independent unions, which comprise the membership of the United Labor Policy Committee, are dissatisfied with the 10 per cent ceiling on wages voted by the public and industry members of the now-defunct Wage Stabilization Board and with everything that has been done to stabilize prices.

This is a plain issue, the pros and cons of which can be debated and understood and the merits of which are, in the judgment of this writer, not entirely obvious. But the formula of wage stabilization is only one, and perhaps not the most important, of the questions precipitated by the labor walk-out. Since the union spokesmen refused to play with the Administration and C. E. Wilson and Eric Johnston made their hurried visits to the President in Florida, wages have receded into the background and the area of disagreement has grown. Ominous and fateful words are used to describe the issues. The United Labor Policy Committee becomes "deeply concerned over Mr. Wilson's arrogant seizure of control over manpower." Or it asserts that "Mr. Wilson has demonstrated time and again that he considers the mobilization program his private preserve." There exists "a crisis in our defense program" — a crisis, moreover, which has not "lessened," but has become more "acute."

Mr. George Harrison, president of the railway clerks' union and before the walk-out special assistant to Eric Johnston, was constrained by this crisis to say: "It might be 20 years until we no longer have a fear of aggression. In that time under present policies we'll certainly be a bunch of regimented serfs." President Hayes of the machinists believes that the mobilization program of Wilson "is going on the rocks," and George Meany, secretary-treasurer of the AFL, asserts: "If I ever met a man who thinks in terms of labor as a commodity, this man Wilson is he." (Quotations from AFL *Weekly News Service*, March 23, 1951.)

It must have come as a shock to the American people to be told that the mobilization program was "going on the rocks." The evidence at their disposal seemed to show otherwise. Factory employment and industrial production have been increasing. Unemployment is low. Military production has been steadily displacing civilian production. Government spending — the supreme test — has been mounting by the month. There have been no complaints of the victimization of labor and, so far as the record shows, no one has been dragooned into a job against his will. Of course, prices have gone up, but so have wages. Not all wages have risen by the same amount, but then they never have. The shops of the country appear to be running normally, except that they are busier than last year, are offering more overtime, and are working additional shifts. There are strikes. But there always are strikes, and there were strikes during the war, when we had a National War Labor Board and a no-strike pledge. The railroad employees are having difficulty in coming to terms with the roads. But that is mainly due to the habitual interference of the Federal Government in railroad labor matters and the mess in railroad labor relations which that practice has created.

We all know that it is possible for interests that are powerful enough to do so to bring on a crisis. Their motives for behaving that way are mixed, but they are nonetheless clear. Emergency conditions, of the kind under which we have been living as the result of public policy since 1933, lend themselves naturally to the making of a succession of crises. The essence of crisis government is the invention by the government of means for dealing with the crisis. The outcome is the uninterrupted accumulation of power by the government, which has the solution of all problems. Thus, a policy of full employment requires huge public expenditures, which produce inflation, which is in turn "cured" by price and wage-fixing, and related controls. In this context, any alert and resourceful group does not find it difficult to invent new proposals which add to the power and activities of the central government and serve its own private purposes.

In large part, such considerations account for the current strategy of organized labor. Nothing else explains the walk-out and the almost hysterical and extreme statements which followed it. Experienced men do not

act and talk this way unless they are playing for large stakes and have decided not to cavil about the methods by which they gain what they are after. Knowing Washington as intimately and as thoroughly as they do, the representatives of union labor see great opportunities for jobs, augmented political power, and countless concessions which they could not otherwise win. In a sense what they are doing is also an effort to retrieve some of the loss in political influence and prestige which they suffered in the national elections of last November and in the Florida and North Carolina senatorial primaries which preceded them. This is an inexpensive means of persuading the Administration since it is carried out by threatening to withdraw labor support from the party in power, by letting it be known that unions may be forced to start an independent political party, and, if these methods fail to work, by fomenting "unauthorized" strikes.

Waging a campaign for such ends and on so magnificent a scale naturally involves devising an elaborate set of detailed and specific demands. Hence the policies of the Federal Government, in whose settlement and administration organized labor is demanding a greater voice, run the whole gamut from wages to the methods of avoiding and settling strikes. Many of the questions which it is sought in this way to bring within the orbit of Washington appear on the surface to be relatively minor and unimportant details of administration whose disposition is of little consequence to anyone. For this reason the public may be led to view with indifference decisions as to policy which are likely to have unsuspected consequences and which deserve the most careful scrutiny.

The controversy over the kind of board, if any, which should replace the original Wage Stabilization Board is an issue of this type. The authority of the original board was strictly limited to making, amending and interpreting the formula of wage stabilization. That is what the board did when it decided that the allowable wage increase should not, with certain exceptions, exceed 10 per cent. With this restriction of the board's jurisdiction organized labor is dissatisfied. It wants to convert the stabilization board into a disputes board, empowered to hear and settle any labor dispute, whether related to wage stabilization or not, which the board is willing to receive. Under this arrangement such questions as the rights of management, union security, discipline, seniority, could all be brought before the board, once they became the cause of a dispute. Some concessions have already been made to the unions. It has been agreed that the new board will have 18, in place of nine, members — a natural Washington evolution, to be followed probably by the establishment of a country-wide hierarchy of regional boards. The employers have also agreed to authorize the board to handle disputes of a "monetary and economic character . . . involving all forms of remuneration to employees." Beyond this they are unwilling to go.

To many this might seem to be a highly academic and formal issue, not worth fighting over. But it is infinitely more than that. Adopting organized labor's position would mean still greater participation by the Federal Government in labor relations. It is a long step in the direction of compulsory arbitration about which the railroad unions complain so bitterly when they are pressed to accept the recommendations of the emergency fact-finding boards of the Railway Labor Act. It is the quickest and most efficacious way of first weakening and then destroying voluntary, free collective bargaining.

It is not generally realized at what cost collective bargaining was spread over the industry of the United States since 1933. In these close to 20 years, labor has become strongly and extensively organized, and thousands of representatives of employers and employees have devoted their time and talents to negotiating countless agreements on every conceivable type of grievance, dispute or issue. In addition, there exist Federal and local conciliation and mediation services, not to speak of an army of private arbitraters, available and ready to assist these parties to compose their differences when they are unable to do so by their own unaided efforts. It is hard to think of any justification for scrapping this machinery in order to gain easily won concessions through political pressure and influence. The spokesmen for union labor have incessantly attacked the Taft-Hartley Act since that statute was adopted in 1947. But they rarely stop to consider that the restraints in the law to which they so violently object are directly due to the excesses they indulged in under the Wagner Act with government assent and encouragement. No private organizations can expect indefinitely to accumulate power, use it as they please, and still retain freedom of action.

Whatever extending the jurisdiction of a new board may do to collective bargaining and the relations of business and labor, yielding to the demands of organized labor on this point involves still greater risks and dangers. They arise out of the behavior of quasi-judicial, administrative boards of the type we have been setting up in Washington in recent years. Boards endowed with broad powers, such as labor would grant the proposed disputes board, have proved in practice impossible to keep within bounds. It is futile to attempt to determine in advance what they will do. No one can write a sufficiently detailed and precise law defining their authority and powers. They are, therefore, irresistibly tempted to do as they like. That was the history under the Wagner Act of the National Labor Relations Board, which rode rough-shod over established rights and always knew best what was good for the country and everybody in it. The National Labor Board of World War II ate deeply into the rights of management without the sanction of private agreement or law. Starting from where that board stopped, a new board charged with similarly broad and loose powers would whittle away still more of the prerogatives of management and thus threaten the productivity of our industry on which the success of the mobilization program depends.

Much has been made in the discussion of these pending labor policies of the necessity for a new Federal agency that would prevent crippling strikes. To deal with strikes which endanger the national health and welfare we already have the relevant provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. They are mild and fair provisions. It is improper to circumvent the law of the land by disregarding it and by setting up ad-hoc agencies to handle what the law was designed to handle. It is equally improper to use a national emergency to promote ulterior purposes. The citizens of this country would do well to view proposals for running our mobilization program with a critical eye to determine which of many alternatives best serves the common interest and does least damage to our way of life.

THE PHANTOM AMERICAN NEGRO

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

WHEREVER our citizens travel abroad, they are quizzed about the "oppressed and persecuted" American Negroes. Foreigners, it develops, have absorbed an amazing amount of information about how Aframericans are dehumanized but very little else. Actually, the Negro they are talking about is a phantom.

One colored collegian attending a summer seminar abroad last year was puzzled when his European fellow students gave him their places in the cafeteria line and counter girls handed him two helpings instead of one. He discovered to his surprise that they really believed American Negroes were half starved and were simply anxious that he return home well fed.

A girl from a well-to-do Negro family was astonished last summer when a kindly Dutch woman tearfully accosted her in the Amsterdam railroad station deploring the persecution suffered by American colored people.

Last fall a Danish promoter sought to interest me in a project to arrange holidays in the country for the unfortunate children of Harlem, fenced off from other New Yorkers. He must have been a little surprised to learn that public and private agencies had long been doing for all New York children without discrimination just what he proposed for Negro youngsters. As for the crowded slums, he was informed that Harlem is less crowded by 100,000 than it was in 1910 when almost exclusively inhabited by whites, and has more and better housing and schools; that most Harlem workers are unionized; that Negroes play an increasingly significant part in administering the city, and that, far from being restricted to Harlem, they live in almost every city election district.

In any European gathering the American visitor will surely be bombarded with, "What about your Negroes?" "How can you tell others about democracy when you terrorize and lynch these people?" and "Why do you deny your Negroes their civil rights?"

"How does it feel," a Norwegian asked me last December in an Oslo hotel, "to be able to stay in a nice place like this and eat in such a fine dining room?" He would not believe that I had been a guest in finer hotels in the United States. He was openly doubtful when I denied that association between colored and white Americans was non-existent.

One concludes that many Europeans are far more provincial than they accuse Americans of being. They often speak of the United States as if it were the size of Poland or Italy instead of being as large as Europe and with equal geographic, social and economic variety. When they talk about the Negro, usually in terms of 1920, they are even more uninformed.

A Uruguayan Cabinet officer who had doubtless read "Native Son" dolefully discoursed on the tragedy of the "poor Negroes" of North America until I observed that they owned several times more automobiles than the 600,000-odd cars his country boasted, and that in no city in our South were the Negroes as impoverished as those I had observed in Montevideo.

How does it happen that this phantom American Negro has so captivated the foreign mind? In the first place, foreign minds are made very receptive by envy of American prosperity and power. Then, they have been exposed to a long campaign of propaganda in newspapers, magazines, movies and books which has presented a fantastically biased picture of American race relations. In the third place, there has been no effective American counter-propaganda. On the contrary, American writers, publishers and producers are largely responsible for the spread of this false picture. Naturally the Russian Communists and their international conspiracy have done their part.

There exist a few books presenting a genuine picture of Negro-white relations in the United States, but these are not the books which have been displayed, read and discussed by literate foreigners. What they have read are "Kingsblood Royal," "Freedom Road," "Strange Fruit," "Native Son" and others ringing the same changes, all by American writers, and all stressing the hatred of whites for blacks, and vice versa.

The news services send abroad mostly the sensational and discreditable, salted with occasional mention of Marian Anderson, Jackie Robinson or Ralph Bunche. On the screen, foreigners see such rot as "Home of the Brave," "Pinky" and "No Way Out." Small wonder that they believe in this phantom Negro!

Has any nation, even Tsarist Russia, caste-ridden India or colonial exploiters like France and Belgium, been subjected to such a sustained campaign of denigration? The Soviet Union has starved and murdered many times more victims in thirty years than there are Negroes in the entire Western Hemisphere, and yet the United States has suffered far more adverse propaganda.

It is safe to say that no country has been the target of such continual attacks from within and without, and such false ones. In a continental area of three million square miles with 150,000,000 inhabitants of every imaginable diversity almost anything can and does happen, but to the anti-American propagandists every little lizard becomes a dinosaur.

Paradoxically, the average white American is as misinformed as the average European. He is helpless in the face of this effective anti-American propaganda abroad because of his ignorance. In a vague way he senses that there is something wrong about the picture presented, suspects that this American Negro assailing his guilt complexes is a phantom, but he is tongue-tied by lack of information. Indeed, his information is almost identical with that which has corrupted the European, for has he not read the same books, the same magazines, the same newspapers, and seen the same movies? He knows little more about the Negro than he does about the Navajo. Since the Comintern started its drive to foster racial con-

flict around 1928, the American's sources of information have fallen increasingly into the hands and under the direction of Communists, fellow-travelers and self-seeking race hustlers. In their various ways, these have constantly held up the treatment of Negroes here as a horrible illustration of the failure of American democracy.

Actually, the progressive improvement of interracial relations in the United States is the most flattering of the many examples of the superiority of the free American civilization over the soul-shackling reactionism of totalitarian regimes and the tradition-bound old class societies. It is to this capacity for change and adjustment inherent in the system of individual initiative and decentralized authority (which has reached its highest development in this country) that we must attribute the unprecedented economic, social and educational progress of the American Negroes. The history of capitalism having been one of continuous mass improvement, it is not surprising that this has also benefited the colored people here. The most "exploited" Negroes in Mississippi are better off than the citizens of Russia or her satellites.

During 225 years of legalized chattel slavery in the Western Hemisphere, six million Africans reached its plantations. From 1930 onward the Soviet Union has held two or three times as many of its people in a worse bondage. By contrast the prisons of America currently have less than 150,000 inmates, none political prisoners.

Although the United States fought a bloody civil war over the issue of slavery (200,000 Negroes bore arms in the conflict), and understandable sectional bitterness resulted, there is less hatred and suspicion today as a result of that struggle and its aftermath than there is, say, between the various peoples of the Balkans, eastern Europe and the Baltic area, between the Indians and Pakistanis, between the factions of Indonesia, between the natives and Chinese in Malaya, between the French and North Africans or between the Finns and the Russians.

In 1865 over 90 per cent of American Negroes were illiterate. Today there is almost no illiteracy among them. The educational systems that eliminated their illiteracy were voted and maintained by white-controlled municipalities, counties and states.

There were not more than a score of Negro college graduates when the Civil War ended. Today over 7000 are graduated each year and over 650,000 have attended college. At present there are more than 80,000 attending college (1000 in Dixie white schools), or proportionately more than the total number of college students in Great Britain. This sort of thing is not accomplished in an atmosphere of persecution.

In 1900 it was prophesied that disease would shortly exterminate the American Negroes. Today their life expectancy is 60 years, or only seven years less than that of American whites. In the thirties the Federal Government constructed 150,000 dwelling units. Negroes, who constituted only 10 per cent of the population, got 50,000 of them. This shows how far race hatred will go!

In 1900, Negroes owned only 17 per cent of the nonfarm homes in which they dwelt. Despite "violent persecution," by 1947 they owned 34 per cent. In 1940 city-dwelling Negroes (presumably slum dwellers) owned 500,000 homes with a median value of $6377. More than 2500 of these homes in New York, Chicago and Washington were valued at $10,000 to $15,000, while 850 were worth up to $20,000. Altogether American Negroes own nearly 800,000 homes, or proportionately about the same number as white people. In the past few years Negroes have themselves financed, planned and erected 25,000 new housing units. This is quite an achievement for a "terrorized" populace.

In 1867 the Freedmen's Bureau set up 623 little schools with 15,248 Negro pupils. By 1900 there were 1,539,507 colored pupils in public elementary schools, or 51.4 per cent of the total Negro population of school age. By 1920 the enrollment was two million and today it is more than a quarter million greater. The number of high school pupils jumped from 5000 in 1910 to 300,000 in 1950, and more than 40,000 are graduated annually. There were 42 public high schools for Negroes in the South in 1910. By 1950 the number had soared to 2500. Fifty years ago daily attendance was 33 per cent; today it is 80 per cent. In 1947, 13 per cent of all Negroes had completed high school. In eight years, from 1940 to 1948, the total value of Negro school property in the South rose from $79,250,000 to $129,000,000. In 1904, for each educational dollar Southern whites received, Negroes got fifty cents. In 1948 the ratio was one dollar to 79 cents. Thus does Negrophobia take its toll!

Naturally, white American capitalists have continued to grind down the Negro. Julius Rosenwald of Chicago established his Fund in 1912 to aid the education of Negroes. By 1932 it had expended $28,500,000 and helped erect 5000 schools in the South. To this Negroes themselves contributed $4,725,871.

The Slater Fund, established by capitalists, contributed $250,000 to the salaries of teachers in county training schools between 1910 and 1930. From 1908 onward the capitalist-endowed Jeannes Fund provided an example to Southern communities by paying the salaries of Negro rural teachers — a total of 12,407 in 803 counties. In 1912 the percentage of such teachers thus supported was ninety-two. Today 95 per cent are being paid from public funds. The General Education Board, set up by Rockefeller in 1902, has expended 40 per cent of its money to advance the education of Negroes; and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. has just given $5,000,000 to aid privately owned Negro colleges. Then in 1915 came the Phelps-Stokes Fund. Later the Carnegie Corporation provided libraries.

For the past fifty years the educational, cultural and economic gulfs between Negroes and whites have been narrowing. White Americans still have the greater income; but it is worth noting that 12.9 per cent of the whites and 14 per cent of the Negroes earn from $1000 to $1500 yearly; that 1.1 per cent of whites and 0.2 per cent of Negroes earn from $5000 to $6000, while 0.8 per cent of whites and 0.2 per cent of Negroes earn from $6000 to $10,000 a year. Compared with the economic well-being of so-called minorities on other continents, that of the American Negroes is enviable. There is no such income gap here between the races as one finds, for instance, between Communist Party members and non-members in the Soviet Union.

More than 1,250,000 U. S. Negroes are members of labor unions with the same protection, privileges, security and seniority as white workers, depending upon capa-

bility and length of service. Of the score of unions that still barred Negro workers in 1945, six have lowered the bars in the past four years. Today many predominantly white unions have Negro officers, even in the South.

Despite the widely-reported terror and proscription to which the Negroes are allegedly subjected, they own 13 banks, 74 credit unions, scores of cooperative societies, 60,000 retail businesses, 20 savings and loan associations and 204 insurance companies. Fifty-two of the latter have assets of over $100,000,000, with a billion dollars worth of insurance in force in 27 states and the District of Columbia. They own 19,000 square miles of farm land (an area half the size of Ohio), and there are 189,215 Negro farm owners with farms averaging 78.3 acres.

Segregation in the armed services has been rapidly broken down since 1944. It has been eliminated in the Navy and the Air Force, and is gradually being ousted from the Army. Twenty years ago the prospect of any such change seemed very remote, and high officers denied that it was possible. Today training schools for all Services are fully integrated racially, and there are thousands of Negro commissioned officers.

A further commentary on the freedom of the Negro is his 200 newspapers with their own printing plants and combined circulation of 3,000,000. Not a single one has been suppressed, South or North, although they are unsparing in their criticism of racial proscription.

There are also the 40,000 Negro churches serving one-half their population, valued at $250,000,000, and spending $30,000,000 annually. Nowhere have these people been denied the right to worship as they choose. Some of their churches have the largest congregations in the nation, many with budgets ranging from $25,000 to $60,000 yearly. Clearly no organization so extensive could exist except in a free and tolerant country.

By 1910 the Negro in the South had been almost completely deprived of the right to vote. Today Negroes are voting by the tens of thousands in almost every Southern state. Ten of the fifteen Southern states have abolished the poll tax of their own volition. Indications are that the remaining five will do so. A Negro policeman was once a rarity in Southern cities. Today they are to be seen in more than forty.

Lynching, rightly stigmatized as the Great American Crime, has declined from 115 in 1900 to one or two a year, sometimes none. In the past fifteen years the total has been fewer than in the single year of 1900.

In essence the so-called Negro problem has been one of integrating a previously enslaved and ostracized group of divergent color and culture into the national social structure with due respect for, and with the acquiesence of, the white majority and in accordance with the principles of American federalism, local sovereignty and majority rule. The process has been faster in some states than in others, due to deep-seated fears, tensions and resentments in some places arising from slavery and its aftermath. The record of the inhumanities attending the process in many areas has been deplorable; but in spite of all this there has been amazing and unprecedented adjustment within the memory of living men. The improvement in the relations between whites and Negroes has been in geometrical progression, the gains in the past ten years surpassing those of the past forty.

Here, then, is the *real* Negro in American society, not the phantom Negro of the anti-American propagandists, native and foreign. Admittedly we have a long way to go before we reach Utopia and all Americans in truth become brothers and sisters. But considering all of the factors involved, the facts of human nature and the brief span of years since most Negroes were property and men shed their blood over whether they should be admitted to the national family, where can the record be equalled? Certainly not in India, China, Russia or the British, French and Belgian empires.

Instead of being apologetic about it, Americans should be proud that their free system has been capable of such elasticity and that within the lifetime of our grandparents this nation has moved so close to solving so difficult a problem. Only those who are blind to human experience elsewhere in the world will deny America the credit which is her due.

WORTH HEARING AGAIN

The Ethics of War

Unquestionably war is immoral. But so likewise is the violence used in the execution of justice; so is all coercion. There is, in principle, no difference whatever between the blow of a policeman's baton and the thrust of a soldier's bayonet. Policemen are soldiers who act alone: soldiers are policemen who act in unison. Government employs the first to attack in detail ten thousand criminals who separately make war upon society; and it calls in the last when threatened by a like number of criminals in the shape of drilled troops. Resistance to foreign foes and resistance to native ones having consequently the same object — the maintenance of men's rights, and being effected by the same means — force, are in their nature identical, and no greater condemnation can be passed upon the one than upon the other.

Defensive warfare (and of course it is solely to this that the foregoing argument applies) must therefore be tolerated as the least of two evils. There are indeed some who unconditionally condemn it, and would meet invasion with non-resistance. To such there are several replies.

First, consistency requires them to behave in like fashion to their fellow citizens. They must not only allow themselves to be cheated, assaulted, robbed, wounded, without offering active opposition, but must refuse help from the civil power; seeing that they who employ force by proxy, are as much responsible for that force as though they employed it themselves.

Again, such a theory makes pacific relationships between men and nations look needlessly Utopian. If all agree not to aggress, they must as certainly be at peace with each other as though they had all agreed not to resist. So that, whilst it sets up so difficult a standard of behavior, the rule of non-resistance is not one whit more efficient as a preventive of war, than the rule of non-aggression.

Lastly, it can be shown that non-resistance is also absolutely wrong. We may not carelessly abandon our rights. We may not give away our birthright for the sake of peace. If it be a duty to respect other men's claims, so also is it a duty to maintain our own.

HERBERT SPENCER, 1850

GENERAL MacARTHUR

By WILLIAM R. MATHEWS

EVENTS in Korea have made General Douglas MacArthur a highly controversial figure. His many friends defend him loyally; his numerous enemies denounce him. His reputation hangs in the balance after a long and noteworthy career. In these circumstances a calm appraisal from one who admires him but who looks upon no human being as too perfect to criticize may have a timely interest.

Four times in the past five years I have enjoyed long talks with General MacArthur. The first was in Manila on July 20, 1945 when Dave Stern of the *Philadelphia Record*, Mark Watson of the *Baltimore Sun* and I spent an hour and a half with him. The second time was at lunch the next day, when we three were guests in his Manila home where Mrs. MacArthur presided with her distinguished grace. The third was on August 5, 1949 when, after I had spent an hour with him in his office in Tokyo, he escorted me through the front doors of the big Dai Ichi building, past throngs of Japanese admirers lined on either side of the entrance, and across the street to his automobile. We drove to his home at the American Embassy where again I lunched with him and Mrs. MacArthur. We had a long talk at the table, before he retired for his afternoon nap.

The fourth time was in his office in Tokyo in the evening of June 25, 1950, the day the Korean war broke out. We talked for an hour, immediately following his conference with John Foster Dulles.

The loyalty and zeal with which General MacArthur inspires all ranks under his command was strikingly apparent in Manila in 1945 in the midst of the war. It was equally conspicuous in Tokyo in 1949 and again in 1950, when some of the same subordinates were working just as hard to bring the occupation to an end and make formal peace with Japan. The General gives his subordinates wide leeway and autonomy, and holds them responsible for what they do.

Douglas MacArthur is a great man and a great military leader. His campaign in the Pacific proves that. Clothed with dictatorial authority in Japan, he has been a wise political leader; an ideal American pro-consul where an official with such authority was desperately needed.

One of his great services for mankind has been to restore and rehabilitate the country he so nearly destroyed. This he has done to a great extent by winning the zealous cooperation of the Japanese people. He has got the best out of them, too. This achievement merits more recognition than it has received.

Back in Washington in those ambitious days of 1945 and 1946 there was a plan to use democracy and labor reform to justify the transformation of Japan into a socialist state. The Communist Party has been legal from the beginning of the occupation. If a coalition government had been forced upon Japan, we would have repeated the mistake we made in China, and in Czechoslovakia and other countries in eastern Europe.

Soviet representatives have been and still are present in Japan. They wanted Japan divided into zones, like Germany. They have made their protests, but they have not been able to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. MacArthur has blocked them at every turn.

The General told me that Washington so persistently sent fellow-travelers and Communist sympathizers to Tokyo that he had to set up his own screening of incoming personnel.

One of his wisest procedures has been the recruiting, mostly from the United States, of professors, technical experts and experienced administrators. These men, advising MacArthur's generals, have literally made possible a government of the best.

Various industrialists in our own and allied countries have complained about new competition from restored Japanese productivity. Among the Japanese people there have been rebellious leaders and opposing minorities, but progress under law and order has prevailed. The occupation authorities have shown considerable skill in dealing with these conflicting forces.

This great work has been done in a country with 40 of its large cities heavily damaged, all of its shipping sunk and most of its industry destroyed. Also it has been done under the handicap of using many inexperienced Japanese, because so many of the former governmental and industrial leaders were on the purge list and could not participate. The recovery is particularly remarkable in a country so lacking in natural resources and arable land. It has been possible because the man at the top has exercised his undivided authority wisely.

This record of political ability should not be taken to mean that it would qualify General MacArthur as President of the United States. He has exercised vastly more power over Japan than is given the President of the United States. He has not had a Congress sitting a few blocks away that could defy and harass him. He is in the unique position of being able, at any critical time, to order things done. The Japanese Diet and Japanese officials must obey. In contrast, our President can only plead.

After my talks with General MacArthur in Manila in July 1945, I remarked that when he speaks of his military campaigns, he is at his best. He believes in "hitting them where they ain't," as he did at Inchon. In Manila he deplored costly frontal assaults of the very kind he unleashed in Korea in November 1950! I wrote (and it got by the Manila censor):

> When MacArthur talks about politics he is at his worst. He is a fish out of water.
>
> He is an ambitious man and is not going to retire to a quiet rocking chair after the war is over. . . . He is too good a soldier to make a successful politician, particularly in times of peace, when political leaders have to plead to get things done, rather than order them done, as they can in times of war. His political demagoguery is that of an amateur and is too clumsy to "take" with the voters.

My evaluation of General MacArthur then has been confirmed in my subsequent meetings with him. He was made to order for the job that had to be done in Japan. He is a man of strong convictions. To those whom he trusts he expresses his opinions frankly and in picturesque language that rivals that of Winston Churchill. During my last two visits with him, he spent nearly half the time quizzing me about political developments at home.

He is a Republican, but he is a two-party man. He expressed abhorrence of any prospect of a one-party government. He scorns the idea of Republicans failing to develop a set of political principles around which the people of our country could rally. He expresses disgust with the way the Republicans have temporized in their anxiety to win elections. If their principles are true, he pleads, the loss of an election in 1952 or 1956 is a small matter as compared with the value of ultimate victory that might come in 1960.

Whereas in 1945 I said that he had political ambitions, on that historic night of June 25, 1950 in Tokyo, all evidence of such ambitions had vanished. Yet he was avidly interested in the campaign of 1952. He expressed great admiration for Senator Taft because, he said:

> He is a man of principle. I don't agree with all that he favors, but I do insist that our country needs men of principle like Taft.

One of the most startling aspects of General MacArthur's personality which has never received publicity but which reveals a possible basic weakness, is that he was a vigorous champion of "outlawing war." When Dave Stern, Mark Watson and I sat down in the General's office in Manila in 1945, the first thing he said, after greeting us cordially, was:

> Gentlemen, we have learned to split the atom. Gentlemen, that discovery makes all modern armies, navies and air forces obsolete. Gentlemen, we must outlaw war.

He spoke in just such pompous language, and went on to explain the possibilities of destruction with the release of atomic energy. He did not speak of an atomic bomb, though this conversation was just four days after the first atomic explosion in New Mexico. It was then that I first diagnosed him as being politically ambitious. Only a man with political aspirations would have spoken thus in an attempt to make a favorable impression upon newspaper publishers.

Since I knew at that time something about the atomic development, and also knew a little of the history of a serious attempt to "outlaw war" that had failed, I had the temerity to tangle with the General and remind him of the failure. But he was not bothered and seemed to enjoy a discussion where contrary views were expressed. He is delightful company and likes to talk.

As late as June 25, 1950 the far-reaching destruction of modern war preyed upon his mind. He remarked to my friend, Carl McCardle of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, "Here I am in Japan, restoring a country I had to destroy," and philosophized that modern warfare is so destructive for both sides that war can no longer gain the ends it used to accomplish. "It is an outmoded method for settling disputes," he said. Yet, at the moment he spoke those words, he was planning support of South Korea!

On that historic evening he called the North Korean attack "an act of international banditry; inexcusable, unprovoked aggression," and added:

> I hope the American people have the guts to rise to meet the situation. I know they have it in them. I can't believe they will condone this felonious assault. It would be contrary to all of our history. If we do not meet this one, there will be another and another.

He explained how the attack was a complete surprise and had gained all the advantages that go therewith. He remarked that the next 48 hours would tell the story of what action we Americans would have to take. He joined me in hoping that the South Koreans, if supplied with munitions, might meet the attack, but expressed anxiety about their lack of tanks and aviation. He had no authority over Korea until President Truman gave it to him after war broke out.

When I asked him whether he still thought as he did in 1949 when he had told me that Chinese Communist strength was greatly overrated, he replied emphatically in the affirmative. At that time he had ridiculed in eloquent terms the idea that the Chinese Communists could maintain themselves for long. He looked upon Chiang Kai-shek as the one person millions of Chinese knew as a symbol of opposition to communism.

If I were to point out General MacArthur's greatest weakness, I would repeat what I said in 1945: It is political. Events since last June 25 show how he and others underrated the Korean Communists and then the Chinese Communists. In scorning the strength of the Chinese Communists, he made what he once told me was the greatest mistake that all political and military leaders make; and that is, to overestimate or underestimate their foes.

Like most Americans, he seriously underestimated what human beings can be made to do under stern discipline, enthusiastic leadership and crusading zeal, plus the unrelenting application of the terroristic police methods of a Communist state. By actual extermination of all opposition leaders and the total regimentation of the masses, Communist leaders can sacrifice the lives of civilians as well as soldiers in a way that no democratic state can dare to do. The vastly increased militant power that an effective dictatorship can create by such means is something beyond the understanding of most Americans. Neither did General MacArthur fully appreciate it.

On the other hand, his warning of November 6, 1950 (Tokyo time) still stands. So serious did he consider the entry of Chinese divisions into Korea at that time that he made public his alarm, suggesting fear of exactly what happened two weeks later.

The entry of "alien Communist forces — without notice of any belligerency — was one of the most offensive acts of international lawlessness of historic record," he said in that emergency statement. He added that there was "a great concentration of possible reinforcing divisions with adequate supply, behind the privileged sanctuary of the adjacent Manchurian border."

The date changes to November 24. The General was on hand to witness the beginning of the final offensive which he said would "end the war and restore the peace and

unity in Korea." And he optimistically joshed some of his generals by telling them that the boys would be home for Christmas.

There is a contrast that needs some explaining. Why was he so concerned on November 6 and so optimistic on November 24? I can not believe he would have changed his mind without good reason. Someone had made a tragic mistake in estimating the intentions and the strength of the Chinese. Someone had mistakenly calmed his fears.

At this time, when the American people are still confused over what our policy should be in the Orient, the gist of a conversation I had with General MacArthur in August 1949 may be helpful. He explained:

> From the line we hold, beginning in Alaska and running from the Aleutians through Okinawa and the Philippines, we can with our air and sea power break up any amphibious operation of a predatory power embarking from the Asiatic mainland. With the atomic bomb we can destroy the cities from which such an operation would have to be based.

He did not mention Korea. He remarked that this line is the new American frontier in the Pacific.

"And," he added, "nations have a way of growing up to their frontiers."

WHAT IS RUSSIA WAITING FOR?

By MELCHIOR PALYI

IN THE current armament-hysteria, the crucial question is scarcely even discussed. It is this:

If it is true, as we are told, that Russia has 175 fully equipped divisions ready to move, while the West could not muster more than twelve — why do the Soviets not sweep over to the Channel and the Pyrenees? Obviously, as our armaments progress, their chances of conquest should be fading. Surely the Kremlin is not inhibited by international law or by Christian considerations. What, then, is it waiting for? The answer is very simple.

A modern war, a world war, makes no sense for the aggressor unless he can win it in a knockout fashion. Lightning war is the only kind that "pays" (if it succeeds). That was the idea of Wilhelm's generals — the Schliefen plan — and of Hitler's *Blitzkrieg*. Both based their strategy on the assumption of a knockout, to be administered in a matter of weeks. In neither case was the U. S. expected to enter the war in time, if at all. As a matter of fact, the Germans each time miscalculated the political equation by assuming that even Britain would not enter the contest. In each case a war of attrition followed, with disastrous consequences. [1]

The masters of the Kremlin may be crazy, but they are no fools. In thirty years they have proved themselves expert poker players in the diplomatic and military fields. They could not possibly miss the two fundamentals of the global situation: 1) that America can not be subdued in a jiffy (unless by a deluge of A-bombs; if they had them, and the means to deliver them, we would be wiped out already), and 2) that a protracted war with America is likely to end in Soviet defeat, given our vast industrial supremacy, given also the fact that the Western Hemisphere could not be at present successfully invaded, nor subdued by blockade or by sabotage and revolution.

Actually, in a long war, the odds are against Russia even if she occupies most of the Continent. Her major centers and her communications are exposed to devastating air attacks; our bases and carriers can do far more damage than she can do to us, to say nothing of the A-bomb threat. The destruction of her oil resources, largely in most vulnerable locations, might suffice to stop her war machine. The overwhelming majority of the 100 million European satellites, together with Ukrainians and other minorities, constitute a dagger at her back — as do Chiang Kai-shek's army and the nationalist guerrillas at Mao's.

Indeed, the cards of a long war are not stacked in favor of Russia — even if we discount our allies, though Turkey, the British Empire and others are likely to give her trouble, too. It would be sheer folly on the Soviets' part to risk everything they possess, including the Communist Utopia they treasure, and to break with the well-established traditions of the Bolshevist "elastic" strategy, all for an adventure that has no prospect of a rapid success, but a very good chance of winding up in a Nuremberg trial.

That is why Russia avoids open war (short of being attacked herself): because a short war is out of the question and a long one is extremely hazardous, if not suicidal. Therefore, we need not fear being attacked; nor will any other country be overrun if we make it clear that it will mean an all-out fight. That is why the Soviets moved out of Iran and gave up the Berlin blockade when we called their bluff. Russia tries, of course, but takes every slap when faced with the prospect of real shooting. That is why she refrains from swallowing the Dardanelles or Finland, and swallows instead the bitter pill named Tito, though it would be easy for her to finish that nuisance. But Uncle Sam holds his hand over Tito, and that is that.

However, she will harass us wherever and whenever we are willing to take it on the chin without fighting Russia herself. Such is the case of Korea and of Red China. We left Korea, loudly proclaiming that it was indefensible and not worth defending. Small wonder that the power-vacuum attracted the power-minded. When Mao stepped in, we assured him that we would do no harm to Manchuria, not to speak of China, thus figuratively tying MacArthur's hands behind his back — out of fear of offending the Muscovites, who apparently fear nothing but a war with us. We are faced with the logical consequences.

The lesson should be clear. What we need is not all-out armaments — other than to support an all-out attack from the air — nor a Maginot Line around the globe that is bound to ruin our economy and our way of life, and Europe's, too.

What we need is an all-out diplomacy that knows what it stands for and is ready to use the supreme power of the nation — not for theoretically "containing" Russia but for ruthlessly extinguishing any evil force that dares to overstep the limits, once they are set.

[1] The point has been further developed in the author's article, "Are We Falling into History's Greatest Trap?" in the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* of January 11, 1951.

THE STILL, HUGE "VOICE"

By WILLIAM F. HEIMLICH

"THE OBJECTIVE of war," wrote the German classicist, Clausewitz, "is to destroy the enemy's will to resist." The objective of propaganda, most observers believe, is to destroy the enemy's will to resist *before hostilities begin!*

In the third decade of the twentieth century, a diabolical master of propaganda, Paul Joseph Goebbels, a pupil of the great French psychologist Gustave LeBon, put to practical use the theories of the scientist. LeBon's book, "The Crowd," is required reading for all who would understand the handling of mass minds. Goebbels was an apt student and his results astonished the world.

In the United States the art or science of advertising has reached its highest stage of development. But in the fields of applied propaganda where we have attempted to influence the mass political thinking of foreign peoples, the United States has failed. Why is this so? Obviously the American genius for applying scientific discoveries to all fields of human endeavor has not extended to the field of human thought. Before 1943 the government of the United States had no permanent medium through which it could explain its thoughts and aims to the peoples of foreign lands. Both world wars showed the need for such a medium, and at the close of the second the Office of War Information was taken over by the Department of State and made the permanent public information office of the Department. The OWI, a creature of emergency born during hostilities, proved itself costly and unwieldy during the war but had accomplished its mission despite colossal blunders.

Now, no major power in the world has charged the department responsible for the conduct of its foreign affairs with the additional task of being also responsible for propaganda. In the judgment of most statesmen the two functions are not compatible. And at the time OWI was incorporated in the State Department there were voices raised in protest — those of the present United States Senator from Connecticut, William Benton, of J. Anthony Panuch, himself a former Assistant Secretary of State (as was Mr. Benton later) and others.

Mr. Benton pointed out with vigor and logic the reasons why the British Government had decided to make the British Broadcasting Corporation a state corporation. He argued tirelessly on the Hill that even Hitler had not made the error of conducting foreign affairs and propaganda from the same office and that Russia also kept them in separate agencies. It was all too clear even then that a propaganda machine in a strong State Department would reflect only the Department's views, and a strong propaganda machine in a weak State Department could be extremely dangerous. None the less, the Voice of America moved to Washington's Foggy Bottom and became the voice of the Department of State. There is still time to rectify the error.

Like so many governmental offices born in war, the Voice of America has grown to colossal proportions and costs. Yet, like the mountain, it labors mightily and brings forth . . . a mouse. A glance at the last budget for its maintenance is sufficient to show a need for streamlining and flexibility. Among its thousands of employees you will find few expert propagandists. In an article written for the *New Leader*, the Director of International Broadcasting, Mr. Foy Kohler, says:

> . . . the Voice has what is, in fact, the only collection of trained, experienced, professional international broadcasters in the United States except for a small group working with the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation in Boston.

For all Mr. Kohler's well-intended loyalty to his staff, that statement is simply not true. In general, the staff members of the Voice are experienced only in the fact that they have never worked for any other broadcasting or propaganda medium! This is true in Mr. Kohler's case. It is true in the majority of cases on the working level. Further, there are in the United States men with broad professional radio experience, fluency in languages and political know-how who, because they *are* well-informed *and* intelligently militant, are not wanted by the State Department.

The Supplementary Appropriation Bill, approved by the 81st Congress, gave the Voice and the other information media of the State Department well over one hundred million dollars in addition to its original budget. What is being done with these funds, admittedly needed for propaganda?

First came the usual bureaucratic consideration — more personnel — with the result that there are actually more persons in this work than there are in the entire Foreign Service of the United States! We are confronted, therefore, with the assumption that all we need for effective propaganda is more and more people.

Second, there were items in that budget for broadcasting transmitters of fantastic cost designed for shortwave transmission from sites thousands of miles from the Soviet Union and the Soviet satellites, in spite of the fact that we know that there are practically no shortwave receivers in those countries. There were items in that supplemental budget which showed clearly the uninformed, wishful thinking and guesswork upon which the Voice of America operations and plans are predicated. The testimony given before the House and Senate Appropriations Committees was based largely upon hearsay and opinions. In no instance was a professional observer called in. It is easy for the State Department to use the opinions of Embassy staffs; they have access to powerful radio receivers and listen proudly to the Voice. But what about the man who might listen clandestinely, in fear of his life? Those who have escaped are unanimous in calling the Voice weak and ineffectual.

This is in no way meant as a reflection on the two men of the State Department most closely concerned with

operations of the Voice. The Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, Mr. E. W. Barrett, is an able, efficient administrator. His time is full to capacity and beyond with his administrative duties. When questioned by Congressman John Taber, he freely admitted that he had no idea of program content. That is not his job, for despite his years of experience in psychological warfare at home and abroad, he is today on an executive level where his time is devoted to managing — not monitoring the Voice. Nor is it a reflection on the Director of the Voice, Mr. Foy Kohler, that he has himself had no professional training in broadcasting or propaganda. Mr. Kohler's record is that of a capable, loyal and energetic Foreign Service Officer with many years' experience abroad and great knowledge of the Soviet system gained from his years in Moscow.

Both of these able men are confronted with a problem so complex and so chaotic that it can be solved only by professional assistants all the way down the line in an organization unfettered by its position in the State Department. It is a situation which can be corrected only by the establishment of an independent agency, responsible to the President, with full Congressional cooperation.

There are many reasons for this. As early as 1946, Senator Benton argued for a separate status for the Voice of America. He was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Public Information. In that capacity, he became more than ever convinced of the logic of his point of view and finally resigned rather than continue responsible for a department which could only fail in its mission. In the present Congress Senator Benton again brought up the issue and forcefully pressed home the urgent need for change. His arguments are authoritative and are supported by Washington observers. Mr. David Lawrence, publisher and columnist, wrote recently:

> The Voice of America . . . must be made into an independent agency responsible directly to the President. This was the way the information branch of the Government functioned during World Wars I and II respectively and the crisis today on the psychological warfare side is no less important than it was during both war periods. . . . If there were no crisis it would not matter in what department the Voice of America was placed. But there is a crisis and it takes the imaginative counsel of men who cannot allow themselves to think as bureaucrats if they are really to do an effective piece of psychological warfare.

In stating the problem so succinctly, Mr. Lawrence has touched the heart of the matter. We are no longer engaged in a job of selling the American Idea to the peoples of the world. We are confronted with a problem which can be resolved only by treating it for what it is — that of warfare on the psychological side. The mission of the Voice of America is, of course, to reflect the thinking and the spirit of the United States. But in this and in all times of crisis the Voice must be prepared so to affect the thinking of other peoples as to cause them to act *as we want them to act.* Any other view of a propaganda mission is unrealistic and pointless. Twice in recent history that mission has been carried out successfully. Once, in controlling resistance groups before the Allied landings in France and again, in Berlin during the airlift.

No single agency of government can or should be responsible for propaganda policy. That policy should be formulated on the highest level by a policy committee representing the Department of State, the Department of Defense, the Central Intelligence Agency and the Congress. There should be representatives of both the Senate and the House on such a policy committee in order that those bodies might be informed constantly on the progress and needs of the propaganda agency.

In 1950 the Supplemental Appropriation for the Voice of America and other information media at the disposal of the Department of State was in excess of one hundred million dollars, a sum designed to cover the cost of employing vast numbers of personnel, for the purchase of an expensive building in New York — the most expensive real estate area in the world — and for transmitters. This sum was in addition to the regular appropriation passed by the 81st Congress. The 82nd Congress, now in session, will shortly be asked to provide nearly sixty million dollars more for the Voice of America. In all, this will represent well over two hundred million dollars for propaganda. A large part of this money will be for transmitters which are likely never to be heard behind the Iron Curtain because they are either too far from their target or broadcasting on a wave length which can not be received by the peoples behind the Iron Curtain.

In no case have we shown a desire to broadcast on the frequencies which can be heard from relatively short distances on any kind of primitive receiver. We have not tried to do any of the militant, aggressive kind of indoctrination which experience has taught us will be effective. We will not try it so long as the American foreign office, the State Department, is in a position where it would have to apologize for its own actions. And our propaganda, if it is at all effective, must be the kind that compels the Department constantly to apologize and disclaim responsibility. Moreover, more American voices must be heard in the Voice of America. Foreigners and naturalized citizens should be employed to the fullest extent as performers and advisers, but policy making and implementation should be totally home-grown. Experience has shown us time and again the willingness of foreigners to listen to what an American has to say even if his French, Polish, German or Chinese carries a flavor of baked beans.

This is a plea for militant public support of the Voice once it is given independence. Once the Congress has created this independent status and approved the funds necessary for such dynamic operation, our propaganda will be vastly improved in content and volume. Then and only then shall we have a voice which truly reflects America. And in the words of Senator Benton, "With proper leadership, it could become a magnet for the best talent in the country."

For nearly five years I have had occasion to observe the Voice in action from the vantage point of Europe. I am convinced, after seeing the effects of American and Soviet propaganda side by side, that in propaganda, as in warfare, no defense can match a dynamic, well-organized offense. This has been proved. It is being proved again today by the effectiveness of the Soviet propaganda on the peoples of the Middle East and the Atlantic Pact countries. Such propaganda is having its full measure of impact and is daily costing us time and money, neither of which can be spared if we are to overcome the current crisis. In this field, as well as in the fields of politics and power, we must be strong or we shall lose.

CAN WE ESCAPE FROM VICTORY?

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

IT IS a fact of tremendous historical irony that America's survival as an independent world power depends on the speed with which it can escape from the consequences of its victory in the late war. This victory has become a trap deadlier than the one which the Chinese Communist troops almost closed around the Marines in the wild hills of North Korea.

Never in history has a great war been fought for so many demonstrable illusions. Never has retribution for succumbing to illusions been so swift and so terrible.

It was an illusion that Chiang Kai-shek was worth backing to the limit against Japan — and not worth raising a finger for when he was threatened by the Kremlin-sponsored Chinese Communists. It was an illusion that these Communists were nice agrarian reformers, Jeffersonian democrats who scarcely knew there was such a place as Moscow. It was an illusion that the totalitarian threat to America could be banished by helping the oldest and largest totaliitarian power in the world swell far beyond its legitimate ethnic and historical frontiers.

It was an illusion that a combination of appeasement and personal charm could melt away designs of conquest and domination that were deeply rooted in Russian history and communist philosophy. It was an illusion to believe that a powerful Soviet Union would play the role of cooperative do-gooder in a shattered and impoverished Eurasia. It was an illusion that a curtain of dollars would be a counterweight to a curtain of iron. It was an illusion to believe that the balance of power could be destroyed in Europe and Asia without setting the stage for World War III.

The fruit that is harvested from seeds of illusion is always bitter. How bitter may be judged by one startling, simple, incontrovertible fact. Only if we succeed in reversing virtually every major aim and decision of Franklin D. Roosevelt, only if we make a rubbish heap of the assumptions of Teheran and Yalta, Cairo and Potsdam, is there a prospect that we may breathe free from the nightmare atmosphere of terror that has descended on us since the Korean debacle.

It has now become a commonplace for men in the highest and most responsible official positions to say that we are in a far more dangerous situation than we were at any time during the Second World War. Winston Churchill recognized this almost three years ago, when he wrote, in the introduction to his memoirs of the war: "We lie in the grip of even worse perils than those we have surmounted." (What a commentary on the hollowness of the victory that was celebrated in 1945!)

During the intervening three years the situation of the free world has deteriorated catastrophically. China has been lost to implacably hostile Communist rulers. The Soviet Union has broken the American monopoly of the atomic bomb. The Kremlin has felt strong enough to heat up the cold war appreciably. Until 1950 no army, in the postwar period, had marched across a clearly defined frontier. Soviet methods of aggression had been indirect: the support of an exhausting civil war in Greece, the blockade of the western sectors of Berlin. Along with these active steps went the methodical consolidation of communist police-state terrorist methods of rule in the East European satellite states and the routine incitation to internal strife, sabotage and treason in all non-communist countries.

The Politburo in 1950 felt sufficiently confident to throw first its North Korean satellite, then its Chinese satellite, into open large-scale warfare. No one can know how long it will be before armadas of Soviet airplanes take off on missions of destruction, before Soviet tanks begin to roll into western Europe, Yugoslavia, Turkey or Iran. But the breathing space may be uncomfortably short, far shorter than the span of several years which has been comfortably reckoned with by our military and diplomatic planners.

The Korean crisis in a swift blinding flash showed a picture of appalling American national weakness. The greater part of the United States combat army suffered defeat, not at the hands of the Red Army, but from a Soviet dependency with a fraction of Soviet war potential.

By one of the ironies of the calendar the Red Chinese attack on American and other UN forces in Korea closely coincided with the ninth anniversary of Pearl Harbor. The toll of casualties was much heavier in Korea than at Pearl Harbor. The speech which Wu Hsiu-chuan delivered at the United Nations simultaneously with the unleashing of the offensive in Korea was more abusive, threatening and truculent than the Japanese note which was delivered in Washington at the time when Pearl Harbor was bombed. But no Cordell Hull arose to tell him off.

After Pearl Harbor the most severe critics of Roosevelt's foreign policy recognized that there was no alternative except to fight back. The war service of such prominent isolationists as Charles A. Lindbergh, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Hanford MacNider and Philip La Follette was outstanding.

But the reaction to Red China's Pearl Harbor was pitiful in its weakness. The United Nations, instead of promptly branding the Peiping regime as an aggressor and a war criminal, devoted all its energy to thinking up schemes of appeasement that could be passed off as something else.

The United States refrained from the most obvious effective measures of self defense: bombing of Chinese military, industrial and communication centers, acceptance of Chinese Nationalist troops as full allies, prompt rearming of the Japanese. If the fiction of Chinese "volunteers" could be maintained, why not Japanese "volunteers" on the other side? And Korea is far more essential to the security of Japan than it is to the security of the United States.

Senator Tom Connally, leading the fight to beat down Senator Knowland's proposal to appropriate funds to aid Chiang Kai-shek, posed the strange question: "Do the Senators want an all-out war with Red China?"

Some of the hard-pressed men on the Hungnam beachhead might be pardoned for asking what the Senator's idea of an all-out war is. If throwing hundreds of thousands of men into a concerted offensive designed to destroy the UN forces is not all-out war, words would seem to have lost their meaning.

To appreciate the full measure of United States humiliation, imagine that, after Pearl Harbor, we had pleaded through an intermediary for a cease-fire with Japan. Or suppose that Great Britain and France, after the fall of Poland, had asked Hitler for a cease-fire. The French had a word for this last suggestion. They called it "*le Munich sanglant*", the bloody Munich. It is the immense political and moral disaster of a bloody Munich that the United States and the United Nations assumed when they failed to react promptly and decisively to the challenge of the Chinese Communist attack.

The most respectable excuse for this bloody Munich is an ominous confession of weakness in the face of dire peril. It is argued that the bombing of Chinese bases would provoke the intervention of Soviet air and naval forces and perhaps touch off undisguised war with the Soviet Union. Because our battered forces in Korea represent the greater part of our combat army, so the argument runs, we should try to buy time at almost any price. But there is a double edge to this argument.

If we must refrain from normal measures of self-defense in the face of Chinese Communist aggression, for fear of provoking Soviet attack, is not any move calculated to build up American national power likely to provoke such an attack? We have been blackmailed in the Far East. We are being blackmailed in Europe with the threat that the Soviet Union will not "tolerate" the long overdue rearmament of free Germany. Tomorrow this method of blackmail may be extended to the point of suggesting that any strengthening of our own armed forces will be regarded as "provocative" in the Kremlin and will not be "tolerated." Once a nation starts down on the slippery slope of appeasement, or surrender to blackmail, it is hard to know where the process will stop.

The tragic irony of our present plight is that it stems directly from measures which the Roosevelt Administration held up as goals of victory, to be achieved by the sacrifice of American blood and treasure. Eight of the more important of these measures, and their consequences, may be summarized briefly as follows:

1. The two chief characteristics of Roosevelt's policy toward Germany were the "unconditional surrender" slogan and the Morgenthau Plan. Design of the first was annihilation of Germany as an independent power. Purpose of the second, even as watered down in the Potsdam Declaration and the early occupation regulations, was the economic strangulation of Germany by the destruction or drastic limitation of many of its important industries. It was assumed also that Germany would be completely and permanently disarmed.

But the conditions of 1950, only five years after the Carthaginian peace that was sketched in outline at Potsdam, forced the United States to plead with the Germans to consent to be rearmed, with some restrictions. I have never talked with a military expert who considered western Europe defensible without the use of German ground forces.

However, after they have seen their military leaders indiscriminately branded as criminals, their war potential systematically destroyed, their country left defenseless, except for a thin screen of occupation troops, the Germans are understandably cool toward the idea of assuming the risks and burdens of rearmament except on a basis of full political and economic equality.

2. Another total victory that has worked out badly is the destruction of the Japanese Empire and of all Japanese armed force. The new Japanese Constitution, written in General MacArthur's headquarters and translated back into Japanese, solemnly renounces the use of force in international relations. But so long as this admirable idea is not shared by the masters of the Soviet Union, and of Communist China, East Asia is as indefensible without the participation of Japan as western Europe is without the full association of Germany.

A Japanese army, keeping the historic watch against Russia on the Yalu or, better yet, on the Amur, would be a godsend to the harassed military planners in the Pentagon today. Had Korea and Formosa been left in some form of association with Japan, with provision for more liberal administration, Japan, checked in its extravagant design of ruling all East Asia, could have resumed its useful role as an element of check and balance against Russian imperialism and Chinese communism. And the United States need never have been sucked into Korea at all.

Our peace plans, in Europe and in Asia, were sadly deficient in the cool horse sense of old-fashioned diplomats like Castlereagh and Metternich and Talleyrand. How these men would have laughed at the naive assumption that nations could be divided into aggressor goats and peace-loving sheep!

3. We are now trying to escape from one of the fundamental principles of the United Nations Charter: the right of any of the Big Five powers to veto enforcement action. It soon became evident that the UN was condemned to futile impotence, because the Soviet veto could be and was used to mask aggression not only by Moscow, but by any of Moscow's satellites.

The most serious move toward checkmating Soviet aggression, the North Atlantic Pact, was made possible only by stretching to the limit elastic Article 51 of the Charter, which affirms "the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense." Action by the UN in the first phase of the Korean conflict was only possible because of the Soviet boycott of the Security Council at that time. This tactical error probably will not be repeated.

So an escape route from the rigid rules of the Charter was provided by the Acheson Plan. This permits the Assembly to make recommendations for action against aggression, in the event that the Council is unable to function because of the veto. Here again there is an attempt to get away from a false assumption of Dumbarton Oaks, Yalta and San Francisco: that the Soviet Union would be a reliable cooperator for peace.

4. The tangled confusion about the disposition of Formosa represents another attempt to escape from an ill-advised wartime decision. Roosevelt, Churchill and

Chiang Kai-shek at Cairo in 1943 signed their names to a moralistic declaration that "all the territories Japan has stolen from the Chinese, such as Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores, shall be restored to the Republic of China."

Despite the immense strategic and economic value of Formosa, Truman and Acheson, up to the outbreak of the Korean fighting, professed to feel bound, in the light of the Cairo Declaration, to let the Chinese Reds take over Formosa, if they could launch a successful invasion. This gave Wu Hsiu-chuan one of his best talking points, as one could judge from the amount of space devoted to this subject in his speech before the UN.

How much better, from the standpoint of American interests, if the Cairo statement had never been made and the disposition of Formosa left over to the conclusion of a peace treaty with Japan! Here again there has been an attempt, although a rather clumsy and halfhearted one, to back away from victory and toss Formosa into the lap of the United Nations.

5. A decision of Yalta and Potsdam which we certainly would wish undone was the arbitrary mutilation of the normal ethnic frontiers both of Poland and of Germany. By annexing the eastern half of Poland and then assigning German territory east of the Oder-Neisse frontier to Poland Stalin acquired several trump cards.

He gave the Polish people, oppressed and pillaged as they are in other respects, a stake in the maintenance of the status quo, for fear of losing the ethnically German lands which were assigned to Poland. And by thrusting some eight million destitute German refugees into bomb-wrecked, overcrowded West Germany the Soviet dictator created an enormous source of chronic social unrest and discontent, a serious handicap for the reconstruction of West Germany.

6. One of the many evil deeds of Yalta, the consequences of which are still plaguing us, was the agreement to hand over to Soviet vengeance Soviet citizens in western zones of occupation. General Vlasov, leader of the strongest anti-Communist movement which developed during the war, was the most conspicuous of many victims of this inhuman policy.

Some students of the Russian problem believe that the best hope of averting a third World War lies in a revolt of the Soviet peoples against their Communist rulers. This hope would be considerably brighter if from the beginning the Western powers had given asylum and encouragement to anti-Communist refugees, instead of sending them back to death or concentration camps.

7. Inept negotiating by the late John G. Winant and General Eisenhower's failure to accept Churchill's suggestion and push on to Berlin in the last days of the war led to a most disadvantageous situation for the Western powers in Berlin. The western sectors of the former German capital are an island in the sea of the surrounding Soviet zone. Both the occupation troops and the German population of West Berlin, which ranged itself courageously on the side of the West during the blockade, could be submerged overnight by a Soviet surprise attack.

8. Spain from the beginning was excluded from the United Nations and a Soviet-sponsored resolution in 1946 called for the withdrawal of ambassadors from Madrid. For this discriminatory attitude there was never any basis in morals or expediency.

A United Nations comprehensive enough to include Stalin's Soviet Union could scarcely exclude Franco's dictatorship, which is certainly preferable to a "people's democracy" on the Polish, Czechoslovak, Bulgarian, Rumanian, Hungarian, or Chinese model. It represents no threat to American security. It has been resolutely and consistently anti-Communist. It disposes of a substantial, if poorly equipped army. It controls one of the most strategic positions on the continent of Europe.

Yet it is only very recently that the inescapable logic of the cold war has been recognized and that some hesitant, tentative steps have been taken toward including Spain in a European defense picture.

So virtually every assumption on which the war was fought and the peace was shaped has been proved a fraud and a hoax. Almost every major decision taken during and after the war has turned out to be an extremely bad security risk. America's overriding problem today is to escape from the reckless misuse of victory.

One can not reasonably attribute our present plight to any exceptional cunning of our enemies. The Communist design of world conquest is one of the most open conspiracies in history. How much better our position would be today if the men responsible for guiding our foreign policy during the last decade had believed Lenin when he wrote:

> It is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialist states. Ultimately one or the other must conquer. Meanwhile a number of terrible clashes between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states are inevitable.

Or Stalin, when he pronounced the dogma:

> It is therefore the essential task of the victorious revolution in one country to develop and support the revolution in others.

Or William Z. Foster, when he told a Congressional committee:

> When a Communist heads the government of the United States (and that day will come just as surely as the sun rises) that government will be not a capitalistic government, but a Soviet government, and behind this government will stand the Red Army to enforce the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Or Mao Tse-tung, when he declared as recently as July 1, 1949:

> To sit on the fence is impossible; a third road does not exist. . . . Not only in China, but also in the world, without exception, one either leans to the side of imperialism or to the side of socialism. Neutrality is a mere camouflage and a third road does not exist.

But during the war and for some time after the war the men in high places in Washington, with a very few honorable exceptions, preferred to hug illusions that were based on a compound of ignorance and wishful thinking. Maybe Lenin and Stalin didn't really mean what they said. Maybe Stalin was at heart an amiable character, handicapped by a somewhat unreasonable Politburo. Maybe the Chinese Communists were not really Communists at all. Maybe . . .

Then came the brutal shock of Korea. Now we are desperately trying to retreat, to escape from a victory that was so appallingly misused that it was becoming a deadly trap. But will we have time to repair the abysmal

follies of Teheran and Cairo, Yalta and Potsdam? Can we accomplish what the wise old Greeks said was impossible: to make the past as if it had never been?

No one can answer these questions with absolute assurance. But it is an imperative of American national survival to escape as fast as possible from this trap of an abused victory and a bungled peace, to get rid of the evil consequences of Roosevelt's foreign policy as fast as we can.

Toward the end of the Civil War a Northern soldier, viewing the tomb of John C. Calhoun in Charleston, observed: "The whole South is the grave of Calhoun."

Perhaps a time will come when historians will write: "The whole free world, including the United States, became the grave of the disastrous illusions of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

FROM OUR READERS

The Welfare State in Action

Since we have all been busy with tax-forms, some of your readers may be interested in the following breakdown of what happened to an elderly college professor's salary in 1950. I am married, but with no other tax exemptions. I own my home, a summer cottage, and a car, all free of debt; otherwise have now no capital left.

The salary was $6000, embodying an increase of 20 per cent over prewar; additional earnings from writings and lectures brought it up to $6492.68

Federal and State income tax	1714.69
Real estate taxes	478.04
Professional expenses (no secretary)	627.27
Contributions to pension fund	889.68
Hospital and medical (inc. Blue Cross) ...	433.02
Insurance (lives and property)	305.36
Utilities	310.00
Cost of car (ex. deprec.)	250.00
Charities (about)	100.00
	$5108.06

This leaves two aging people an average net income of $26.63 per week on which to eat, dress, entertain, travel and enjoy life. That is the net reward of over forty years of teaching, with a prospect of the most stringent poverty on retirement.

No doubt some of my colleagues have managed better than I have. On the other hand, there are many good college professors whose salaries are less than mine. Many manual workers are now earning considerably more, with fewer liabilities. Under these circumstances I can not, and do not, advise young people to enter my profession, much as I love it; especially if they hope to raise a family.

For the like of us, there is no way out. Taxes, wages, and prices are still on the increase, and the annuity dollar is on the skids. No state has yet been devised that could subsidize everybody. We can not all live by taking in each other's washing. But it was the ruin and despair of the middle class in Europe, especially Germany, that opened the door to radical youth movements which would never otherwise have been tolerated.

PROFESSOR

Was It Clairvoyance?

What seems to be a failure to judge accurately one phase of the character of Franklin D. Roosevelt is found in Forrest Davis's article on "The Treason of Liberalism" (the *Freeman*, February 12). He quotes Roosevelt as saying in 1944, as reported by Robert Sherwood, that "we may be headed before very long for the pinnacle of our weakness." Then he mentions Roosevelt's "deep intuition" and asks whether he did not "at the moment possess second sight. . . . Was he being clairvoyant about the inability of the 'liberal' mentality to contain the Soviet menace?"

In the next column, in speaking of Roosevelt's attitude toward Stalin, Mr. Davis with obvious regretfulness comes to this conclusion:

> If only Roosevelt the strategical thinker, not Roosevelt the suitor for the bloodstained Stalin's good opinion, had prevailed at Teheran and Yalta!

One wonders what in 1945 had become of that second sight and clairvoyance which Mr. Davis supposedly credits Roosevelt with having had in 1944.

The simple truth is that thousands of intelligent people in this country, without claiming to have second sight, were openly saying that the elevation of Stalin as a great democrat, or something almost sublime, was nothing more than delusion induced by official propaganda put out under the auspices of the Roosevelt Administration. I remember distinctly that on several occasions when I expressed doubt of the purely humanitarian motives of Stalin and his Communist mouthpieces in this country I was denounced for spreading "Hitler propaganda."

One also wonders where Roosevelt's "deep intuition" was when he wrote that letter to Churchill in March 1942 (quoted by you in your issue of February 26), boasting that "I can personally handle Stalin better than either your Foreign Office or my State Department."

We now know that neither could conceivably have done worse than Roosevelt himself eventually did.

Portland, Oregon HERMAN DEKKER

Koestler's Dramatic Irony

I wish to make the following addendum to John Chamberlain's otherwise excellent review of Arthur Koestler's "The Age of Longing" in the *Freeman* of March 12. The novel contains a tour de force. The plight of the Soviet writer Leontiev, the "Hero of Culture," is almost unmatched for dramatic irony. After spending his whole life grinding out propaganda for the Stalinist regime, Leontiev finds himself in Paris and for the first time free to say what he likes and to express his true sentiments concerning life under communism. Then he discovers that the creative paralysis which he had undergone during the years in which he had slavishly followed the party line has left its mark upon his very soul, and that he is unable to set down on paper even a single line.

As far as I know, no other novel contains a situation like this. When we consider how many novels contain nothing but stale repetitions of stereotyped plots, the significance of "The Age of Longing" as a literary achievement is enhanced.

Brooklyn, New York HARRY FELDMAN

BETTER TEXAS THAN TAXES

By LEWIS NORDYKE

IT IS said that around a Texas oil field city it is easy to spot a poor man; he's the fellow who has to wash his own Cadillac.

Now it may be that Texans, who delight in laying it on thick about possessing the biggest, best and most of everything, especially oil, have done too much boasting this time, for they find themselves in the position of having to scream for continued income tax relief for their vast oil and gas industry. When an oil man figures his earnings on petroleum production for income tax purposes, he first whacks off 27½ per cent, and on this he pays no taxes; this is known as depletion allowance because the operator's reserve of oil in the ground is depleted exactly to the extent of production, and the only way he can replace it is to find more oil.

This situation has grown into a fascinating controversy. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury are demanding a cut to 15 per cent in the depletion allowance, claiming that it would bring in an additional half billion dollars and therefore tend to lighten the growing tax load of all other citizens. The oil and gas business, in the national conscience at least, is a luxuriously rich thing, and it is difficult to explain to a burdened taxpayer who has no oil just why such an industry should have tax relief running into the hundreds of millions. But the oil and gas people, even though having to admit that their business is big and wealthy, claim that a cut in the depletion allowance would ruin the industry and endanger national defense by creating a shortage of oil. Quite a state of affairs this is.

The depletion allowance applies to all oil and gas production in the nation, and in a lesser percentage to all mining, but it is largely a Texas thing because Texas, with 40 per cent of the oil and gas activity and 55 per cent of the known underground reserve, has so much more oil and gas than any other state. And nearly every exciting tale of vast riches from black gold has a Texas drawl.

There's no two ways about it — the oil business in Texas is fabulous. The state has had one boom after the other since 1901, when the famed Spindletop Field was tapped on the Gulf Coast. If you were to go out in the backyard and dig a hole 15,888,000 feet deep you would find yourself 3,009 miles down, but you could get a good look at the footage of oil and gas wells bored in big Texas in 1950. Even more staggering Texas figures can be racked up: the state ended 1950 with 123,245 producing wells, and during 12 months there came gurgling from their throats a total of 831,780,850 barrels of oil — and crude is selling at an average of $2.50 a barrel.

This business, starting fifty years ago, has contributed more than anything else — more even than beef cattle — to the state's financial well-being, and it is on a spread-out, reach-everybody basis. Texas has 1941 proven oil fields, and there is oil and gas production in 175 of the state's 254 counties. Almost 200,000 Texans work in the industry and draw around $700,000,000 a year in pay. But a Texan doesn't have to have an oil well, or labor in the industry, to enjoy the prosperity spread of oil and gas. One-third of the cost of state government, less aid from Washington, comes from oil and gas production; almost 50 per cent of the cost of public education in the state is borne by the petroleum industry. There's an age-old political thinking custom in the Texas Legislature: when new taxes must be levied, the first thought is of oil and gas because the great majority of voters have no direct ownership of oil and gas, and in state taxation it pays to hurt as few voters as possible.

There is no doubt that Texas's prosperity is supported largely by petroleum products, and it's no wonder that Texans are ready to oil whatever shooting irons may be necessary to fight off any attack on that depletion allowance; it adds prosperity to all of Texas, even if the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington does call it an unfair loophole favoring the rich.

It is a difficult and delicate undertaking for Texans, and the oil industry, to cite the fabulous figures of oil in the Lone Star State and then turn around and attempt to prove that the business is so perilously close to the ragged edge that it has to have tax relief or blow up — but that's what they have set out to do. Oil and gas operators, from the smallest wildcatting independent to the biggest major company, claim that the depletion allowance is the difference between prosperity and poverty in the industry and the one thing that stimulates production so that there can be adequate oil for domestic consumption and national defense.

Texans face an uphill fight in proving this, because of the national notion of petroleum riches. A sufficient number of men — wildcatters and landowners — have struck it spectacularly rich to give credibility to the idea that anyone who has an oil well is rolling in wealth. You hear of the roustabout who got hold of a little lease and woke up one happy morning with a gusher. You hear about Bing Crosby and Bob Hope; they bought a lease in the new Snyder Field in western Texas and immediately struck oil. Hope visited Snyder, watched the oil spurt out and sniffed the good smell with his noted nose; and this, as described in the daily press and Sunday supplements, makes oil look like a rich gamble. Glenn McCarthy, once a "roughneck" in the oil fields around Houston, struck it rich and is rated a multi-millionaire; he makes motion pictures, runs a string of suburban newspapers and operates a swank Houston hotel. But oil men, and Texans talking against any tampering with that "prosperity allowance," claim that there is another side — that the cost of finding new oil and gas is so great that there has to be an incentive to the wildcatter to go out and risk his money in unproved territory.

In 1950 there were 3443 wildcat wells drilled in Texas. (A wildcat is a more or less blind effort to hit pay dirt in

the deep unknown.) Well, 80 per cent of the 1950 wildcats turned out to be dry holes. There was oil in only 16.7 per cent and gas in 3.3 per cent of the prospectors. That's about the average it has run for years — 20 to 80 odds against the wildcatter.

The cost of boring a wildcat varies, depending upon depth, structure, location and a good many other things, but the average for a well deeper than 4000 feet is figured at a minimum of $10 a foot, and just one dry hole at that rate would run into a nice loss. Wildcatting includes exploratory work, such as calculations by seismograph. In the Texas Panhandle, the Gulf Company set out to find deep oil; the exploratory work and actual drilling of half a dozen wells cost the company some $10,000,000, and then no oil was found.

In recent months the Shamrock Oil and Gas Company, an independent operator and small when compared with the majors like Gulf, Texas and Standard, started drilling wildcats in western Texas and in New Mexico at a cost of $140,000 per well. It is getting increasingly difficult to find oil, even in Texas; all the easy ones have been located, and the surface has been practically perforated in the inexpensive search for shallow oil; now the operators are going deeper, looking for production nearer the center of the earth. It costs about a dollar a barrel to lift oil out of the deep ones.

The depletion allowance was put in Federal revenue laws to cover the cost of discovering more oil and gas. Unlike factory machinery, cotton spindles, linotypes and automobiles, an oil reserve doesn't depreciate; it depletes. A farmer can grow another crop of cotton, tobacco or wheat; steel and rubber and wood can be replaced from known sources, but the only way to replace produced and consumed oil and gas is to find more of it under the ground.

Prospecting for oil is the most expensive, and, of course, the most risky, thing in the business. Geology is helpful, but no man can study the surface of the earth or a seismograph reading and say for sure whether there is oil at any given location. The only way to find out is to drill a hole, and a wildcat well tests an area very little larger than the circumference of the bottom of the hole; there may be a pool of oil ten yards in any direction from a dry one.

The biggest part of this hazardous business of searching for oil and gas is the work of the little man, the independent who, with something of the hopeful spirit of the desert rat who is positive that one more grub-stake will lead to that glittering strike, feels in his bones that one day he'll have the luck of Dad Joiner. In the early 1930s, Dad was punching around in East Texas, although geological surveys indicated that there was a poor chance for oil under the pine thickets and cotton patches. He "poor-boyed" a final well, using equipment that he had borrowed and begged and a little money lent him by sympathetic friends. One day Dad's bit tapped pay, and the biggest oil field the world had known up to that time was discovered. But Dad's luck didn't hold. The field he found produced so much oil that the market was flooded past saturation, and Dad or anybody else could buy a barrel of oil for a dime. Dad died a year ago, obscure and his fortune gone.

In the past twenty years at least 80 per cent of the new oil and gas has been discovered by independents, who were urged on and on by the knowledge of that 27½ per cent depletion allowance. A strike now and then, with the allowance permitting the laying up of a cash reserve, kept the wildcatters far out in unproved territory. Of course, the expense of drilling and other losses from operation are deductible for tax purposes. The Treasury Department claims that this represents double deductions. But losses sustained in operations also reduce the income.

Wildcatting is a business of heartbreaks. Twenty-one years ago E. I. Thompson, an independent, was out wildcatting, and he drilled a hole at Snyder. It was a weak producer and caused no excitement because at the time there was too much oil anyhow. Thompson abandoned the project. Years later the Humble Company (a part of Standard) tried some wildcatting there on vast leases it had bought at low cost, and failed; naturally, Humble abandoned the leases. An independent, with the characteristic never-say-quit attitude, tried his luck at Snyder three years ago (about 18 years after Thompson's failure) and hit a gusher which brought in the biggest field since East Texas. Thompson and Humble had lost millions by failure to detect the peculiar Snyder production formation; it was something new — what is known as a reef formation because it is a buried reef formed in an ancient sea.

Go to Snyder or to any other oil field and study the pattern of the derricks and pumps; they crook and bend like a creek; there are long skips; maybe there's one producer far out by itself. Production formations are not found in big, square areas, but in all shapes. In Callahan County, which is near the central part of Texas, an independent hit a good producer; he then drilled in every direction, seeking to find an extension, and he missed every time. He had himself a one-well oil field, and if he had pin-pointed his wildcat at any other spot in the vicinity, he would have missed in the first place.

Why will a man go out and risk everything on a wildcat instead of putting his money in proved territory? Well, the man who has been able to accumulate a few thousand dollars simply can't compete in proved territory with the big companies — no more than a tin shop in Dime Box, Texas, can compete with U. S. Steel. His only chance is to go wildcatting; if he hits, he's in luck; if he misses, he isn't heard of again.

The protection of the little man, the independent, the prospecting wildcatter will be a main argument against any trimming of that 27½ per cent allowance. Without his persistent, hopeful punching, oil discoveries will decrease, and the known reserve will dwindle. National defense will be gravely endangered. That's the argument.

Harold Dunn, president of the Shamrock Company, an independent operating in Texas, New Mexico and Colorado, contends that the depletion allowance is the thing that keeps the industry going and investing in wildcatting. "If it weren't for the allowance, my company couldn't risk $140,000 on a wildcat," he said. "The result would be that when we produce the oil we have already discovered, we would go out of business. Cutting the allowance would break nearly every independent and would be a staggering blow to the majors. Oil production would almost certainly fall below the need for national safety, and then there would be a howl for government

socialization of the industry. And we might find ourselves in the position of the Republic of Mexico. Before the government took over the oil business there, Mexico was a heavy exporter of oil; since that time it imports much of its oil."

Perhaps it should be pointed out that in Texas the owner of an oil well can't "turn 'er loose and let 'er roar." The daily production of each well is determined by the Texas Railroad Commission, which estimates the amount of crude needed for a given period and then prorates that production among all the fields and the wells within each field. A well capable of belching out 300 barrels a day may be held down to twenty. When a wildcatter finds a new pool, this means that the older fields will have to produce less oil because the new one figures in the statewide proration.

This control is not a matter of keeping production down and the demand and market price up; it is a conservation measure. A well allowed to produce to capacity is likely to be ruined; pressure is lost or water comes gushing in, and the rest of the oil thereabouts is gone forever. Scores of fields in Texas were ruined in this way before the conservation methods were developed and made into law.

The depletion allowance becomes more complex and important when viewed on a scale larger even than Texas. For defense preparation and for war, if it comes, the government needs money in staggering amounts, and it must come from taxation that hits everybody, but here is the oil and gas industry battling full force against any regulation that would reduce its tax relief. On the other hand, for defense preparation and for war, if it comes, the nation needs oil in amounts never used before, and a lot of this must come from fields yet undiscovered — perhaps out where some hopeful wildcatter is taking his long chance today. The government can't afford to reduce oil reserves, for the machinery of domestic commerce and of war won't run or fly without oil. Would a reduction in the depletion allowance, such as the national Administration demands, take away incentive and stop the wildcatter's rig? That's the question.

But, meanwhile, the depletion allowance has proved a point in Texas: relief from heavy Federal taxation is a definite stimulus to prosperity and to business enterprise; there are signs of prosperity everywhere, although very few of the state's more than 7,000,000 citizens own oil wells, even dry wildcats. Houston, which is surrounded by the rich oil fields of the Gulf Coast, is one of the fastest growing cities in the nation and has become the largest city in the South, finally passing the Queen City of New Orleans in population.

Every city in Texas — San Antonio, Dallas, Fort Worth, Corpus Christi, to name only a few — is enjoying a boom, and it must be that oil and gas have a lot to do with it. In the last part of 1950 and early in 1951, Texas suffered from the worst drought in thirty years, and the countryside was so parched and tinder-dry that innumerable brush and prairie fires blackened vast areas. But there have been no noticeable signs of economic distress. Maybe we could have more prosperity and therefore more money with which to pay taxes and prospect for new business if there was more Federal tax relief everywhere. Maybe such a thing would be effective in all business and industrial enterprises. Better Texas than taxes!

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

We shall approve no territorial changes in any friendly part of the world unless they accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, January 21, 1946

Until the death of Roosevelt, I had not the slightest difficulty with the American authorities.

GERHART EISLER, as reported by UP from Berlin, June 1949

The Soviets have the good sense to foreswear any attempt to impose their ideology aggressively on other countries. MARSHALL FIELD III, "Freedom is More Than a Word," 1945

Stalin is the leader of world revolution. Stalin's emergence in the history of mankind was a momentous event; thanks to Stalin, the cause of the revolution has progressed successfully. You know that Marx has died, that Engels has died, and Lenin as well, and who could have shouldered the leadership if it had not been for Stalin? The fact that Stalin has come into the world is indeed fortunate. Today, when we have the Soviet Union, the Communist Party, and Stalin — all's right with the world. MAO TSE-TUNG, 1939

However one point is clear. Should the [Chinese] Communist regime lend itself to the aims of Soviet Russian imperialism and attempt to engage in aggression against China's neighbors, we and the other members of the United Nations would be confronted with a situation violative of the principles of the United Nations' Charter . . .

DEAN ACHESON, letter of transmittal to President Truman of the White Paper, 1950

On the Moscow Frame-ups

The real point, of course, for those who live in democratic countries, is whether the discovery of the conspiracies was a triumph for democracy or not. I think that this can easily be determined. The accounts of the most widely read Moscow correspondents all emphasize that since the close scrutiny of every person in a responsible position, following the trials, a great many abuses have been discovered *and rectified.* A lot depends on whether you emphasize the discovery of the abuse or the rectification of it; but habitual rectification can hardly do anything but give the ordinary citizen more courage to protest, loudly, whenever in future he finds himself being victimized by "someone in the Party" or "someone in the Government." That sounds to me like democracy.

OWEN LATTIMORE, *Pacific Affairs,* September 1938

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

REVIVALS GALORE

By RICHARD McLAUGHLIN

SHAW'S "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" was to my mind the most artistically successful revival of this season. Presented as the first of three old plays under the supervision of Maurice Evans at the New York City Center of music and drama, this is one of Shaw's deftest conversation pieces. It playfully satirizes British colonial policy while it humanizes the good works of Christian missionaries abroad. Dominated by the lovely incandescent performance of Edna Best as Lady Cicely, a soft-tongued, strong-willed Egeria, with an able supporting performance by John Archer as Captain Brassbound, who becomes as putty in Lady Cicely's hands, this production set a pace that neither "The Royal Family" nor even "King Richard II," with Maurice Evans, could attain.

The Kaufman-Ferber play is something of a chestnut, and though it acts well and some of its lines were still amusing as delivered by capable actors like Ruth Hussey, Ethel Griffies, Peggy Ann Garner and J. Edward Bromberg, I thought they were all having a much merrier time on stage than we were having in the audience.

Shakespeare's "King Richard II" is Maurice Evans's triumph, even though his voice seems to have gone up an octave since he last played this strenuous role. The rest of the cast are overshadowed by his elocutionary perfection and never seem to assemble enough force to become the working unit which a repertory company should be. Bruce Gordon as Mowbray was the only one beside Evans who spoke his lines as though they really moved him.

Speaking of Shakespearean revivals, Louis Calhern's King Lear and Olivia de Havilland's Juliet are not to be ignored, although "King Lear" has long since shut down. "Romeo and Juliet" is still at the Broadhurst Theater. Whether "King Lear" *is* or is *not* actable continues to be argued; and its performances by Louis Calhern and Arnold Moss, and an otherwise negligible company, inclined one to the pessimistic view. Few actors can master the role of Lear. Calhern made him very human but seldom kingly. Donald Wolfit is perhaps the only actor I have ever seen who could overtop the wind and sound effects in the mad storm scene and make Lear's moral plight felt and his magnificent lines heard.

From the standpoint of scenery, lighting and finished production, "Romeo and Juliet" is charming to behold. The acting is also exceptionally fine, especially John Hawkins's Mercutio and Douglas Watson's Romeo. Miss de Havilland as Juliet is often touching and does remarkably well in her scene with the nurse. But the balcony scene, perhaps the most poetic and enchanting moment in the play, was spoiled at times by a sing-song cadence in her reading of the famous lines. The picture of Juliet that she leaves with us is one of fragility and sweetness but very little depth.

There are occasions when the discriminating theatergoer must wonder why managements revive the plays they do. For example, why revive "The Green Bay Tree"? It is a neat, well-constructed problem play with a small cast and one set. But has it anything to say that the Kinsey Report and the flood of novels on homosexuality haven't already overstressed? It may have shocked audiences 17 years ago. Today it appears rather silly and pretentious. Joseph Schildkraut gave an intelligent impersonation of a fussy sybarite who has morally enslaved a rather weak, pleasure-seeking young man, effectively played by Denholm Elliott. But real sabotage was performed on this venture by the hideous setting designed by Raymond Sovey, whose idea of a rich Londoner's drawing room was a suburban bed-sitting room.

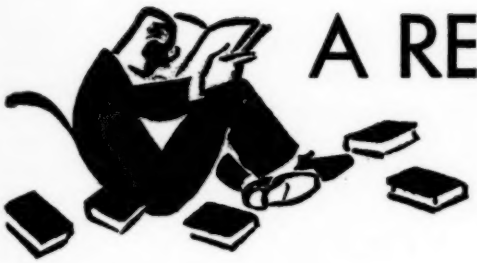
The revival of "The Green Pastures" (Broadway Theater) emphasizes how quickly our social ideas change. This folksy fable on the Negro seems downright patronizing today. And William Marshall's Lawd has none of the grandeur or inspiration of Harrison's Lawd in the original production.

"Twentieth Century," the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur comedy at the Fulton Theater, is beginning to show wear and tear. Only the virtuosity of Gloria Swanson and José Ferrer saves it from splitting all its seams. Yet to this playgoer all the antics on stage appeared to be more deliberate than spontaneous. I had the uncomfortable feeling that Hollywood had used this play as a model for all its Grade B farces, and perhaps it has in the past decade at any rate.

The reappearance of Benn W. Levy's "Springtime For Henry" (Golden Theater), last revived in May 1933, is a pleasant surprise. This light, expertly devised comedy is still immensely funny. Edward Everett Horton has been barnstorming as Mr. Dewlip for 18 years. His facial expressions are still his stock in trade and he makes the best of them in this insouciant brand of fun.

No season is complete without Ibsen or Barrie on the boards. Unfortunately, the two Ibsen productions I had to witness were hardly complimentary to the "Old Man of Norway." Arthur Miller adapted "An Enemy of the People" and read into it a Biblical parable of Christ and the Pharisees that was moving but somehow never quite pointed up the personal drama of the individual *vs.* society. Despite the modern-sounding idiom, there was something bloodless and over-intellectualized about the entire production. Less excusable was the ANTA's "Peer Gynt," a sort of apology for Ibsen concocted by Paul Green and starring John Garfield. Such pageantry and jarring colors I never saw the like of and hope never to see again! Mr. Garfield's casual playing of the braggart in the midst of this confusion would surely have made Papa Ibsen go home and write a polemic against actors overnight.

ANTA's revival of Barrie's "Mary Rose" was not much more successful. Bethel Leslie's Mary Rose was far too strident for these ears. John Stix, who directed the play, must have been conscious every minute that he had a museum piece on his hands, for the cast were like first-class waxworks. Only Miss Leslie's flitting about on the stage suggested that this was an airy-fairy piece, and even she played the tomboy more convincingly than the sprite. Re-viewing the piece convinced me that the London wag who wondered what would happen if Mary Rose got lost in the wings one night and didn't return apparently had a much better play up his sleeve.



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Both the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution have their origins in the Natural Law philosophy of the eighteenth century. This philosophy presupposes that the phenomena of Nature — and of man, as part of the natural order — can be described in orderly terms, in principles, in *generalities*. The business of the scientist is to seek for the generality that explains the fall of the apple and the motions of the planets; the business of the constitution-maker is to determine and proclaim the political generalities that are best calculated to guarantee the individual "rights" that are deducible from the nature of man.

In all of this I have never been able to see anything "mystical" or "absolutistic." Yet I am constantly being assailed by friends who accuse me of "selling out" to obscurantism, or to Saint Thomas Aquinas, or to a "brooding Omnipresence in the Sky," when I say I believe in a Natural Law for human beings in society, and in the Natural Rights that may be deduced from the workings of Natural Law. These friends would not argue that it is possible to jump off a thousand-foot precipice and arrive at the bottom without dashing one's self to pieces. Yet they can and do argue, for example, that human freedom is possible in a society in which the State owns or controls the means of livelihood. What they fail to see in the latter instance is the *physical* connection between human freedom and the "right" to possess one's own physical base — i.e., property owned privately, or in voluntary mutual association. There are laws governing this physical connection just as there are laws to explain the fall of the apple. And the penalty exacted if a human society ignores the laws governing the natural right to property is just as inexorable as the penalty exacted by jumping off a cliff or by overindulgence in alcohol. The man who jumps off a cliff will get fractured bones, the man who drinks too much will get delirium tremens — and the society that allows its politicians to seize the economic machine from private individuals will get purges, slave camps, starvation and totalitarian war. Thus the workings of Natural Law.

The makers of the American State either knew all about the idea of Natural Law or else they breathed it in along with the air of their times. Today, however, most of us have forgotten the origins of our Constitution, with its theory of checks and balances, its distinction between individual and states' rights and Federal powers, and its individualistic "absolutes" as laid down in the Bill of Rights. All the more reason, then, for proclaiming the contemporary worth of two recent books, "The Key to Peace," by Clarence Manion (The Heritage Foundation, $2), and "The Way to Security," by Henry C. Link (Doubleday, $2.50). These books are quite dissimilar in substance, in tone, in purpose and in vocabulary. Yet they are both based on Natural Law thinking — and the God that they exalt is a God that any good eighteenth-century philosopher would recognize as "Nature's God," even though Manion is a Catholic and Link a Congregationalist.

Clarence Manion is Dean of Notre Dame University's College of Law and a founder of the Natural Law Institute. His book is an excellent presentation of the spiritual origins of the American Constitution and the American System of Free Individual Opportunity. It was Peter Drucker, I believe, who first pointed to the fact that the American Revolution was, in reality, a Conservative counter-revolution against King George III's revolutionary despotism. The American colonists were fighting for ancient English rights which were a legacy of Christian Natural Law doctrines — and when our constitution-makers assembled at Philadelphia they took with them an old, deeply-rooted Christian theory of the nature of man. The result was an American State founded on respect for the individual and his Natural Rights. It was the first great State to be founded *consciously* on the individual. A few years later the generation of the French Revolution had an opportunity to imitate the Americans in this matter of building a State on the theory of Natural Law and the reserved "inalienable" rights of the person. Unfortunately, the French got themselves boggled in Rousseau's theory of the supremacy of the *general* will over individual rights — and when this general will, as interpreted by Robespierre, Napoleon and Fouché, had had its way a lot of people had disappeared from the surface of the earth. The Natural Law of a republic, or a democracy, founded on a fundamental disregard for the individual's inalienable rights had worked itself out through the inevitable cycle of terror, bloodshed, dictatorship, war and collapse.

Dean Manion is an excellent pamphleteer; he is simple, clear and graphic; he sticks to bold strokes. Moreover, although he is a Roman Catholic himself, he has done his best to state his propositions in terms that can be easily grasped by Catholics and Protestants alike. Following Jefferson, he argues that government is, even at best, a necessary evil. This claim seems to have involved him in an argument with Roman Catholics who insist that the State should be considered in the light of a positive good. According to Wilfrid Parsons, for example, there is a difference between the "*coercive* State" (which Dean Manion rightly holds to be an evil, even though necessary) and the "*directive* State" (or the State that is set up to guide everyone, even the saints, to the common good). Well, let us admit that there might be a difference between the idea of the coercive State and the idea of

the directive State. (The distinction would be fine-spun, at best.) But a directive State implies a theocracy and a State church — and it was the specific intention of our Founding Fathers that there should be no State church in America. In the light of the stated opinions of the American constitution-makers, it is hard for a non-Catholic to see how Dean Manion could have explained the making of the American system in a manner that would be entirely satisfactory to those who believe in a theocratic organization of society. Wilfrid Parsons argues that Dean Manion's philosophy must end in anarchy and the consequent destruction of liberty. But Dean Manion specifically states that "personal rights must be exercised consistently with the equal rights of others." It is by protecting the rights of each and every individual citizen that the State prevents anarchy, preserves liberty — and promotes the general welfare in the only way it can be promoted without subverting the principles of a free society.

Henry Link is not primarily concerned with high constitutional matters in "The Way to Security." A practicing psychologist, Dr. Link is writing for individuals whose problems arise out of the everyday give-and-take of life, not out of philosophical embroilment in high politics. Nevertheless, the political climate of opinion plays a large background role in Dr. Link's thinking about the personal relationships of his clients. It is the dominant opinion of our time that security is only to be had through State guarantees — through social security payments, minimum wage legislation, politically directed union-management bargaining, and so forth and so on. This accent on security *as a gift from the outside* is breeding a race that is rapidly becoming deficient in inner resourcefulness. Dr. Link has observed the connection between the spread of our dominant modern political theory and the growth of personal insecurity at a thousand-and-one points. So his useful little book becomes, in the final analysis, a book on politics. It may seem a little far-fetched to allege a direct correspondence between the rise of the Welfare State and the growth of the sleeping-pill habit. But Americans never bought three billion sleeping pills a year in the days when they relied on their own efforts to gain them their own social security.

Dr. Link believes that the insights of the good psychologist must often prove the case for the insights of the Scriptures, and vice versa. When he first began pointing out the indubitable fact that human wisdom existed long before the birth of Freud, Dr. Link was something of a maverick among psychologists. Now the more pretentious of his professional brethren (see the recent works of Erich Fromm) are catching up with him. We doubt that the academic panjandrums will give credit where credit is due, but Dr. Link can take high personal satisfaction in having been the prophet of a salutary trend.

RHODODENDRON

This was the burning bush we saw —
The dripping mink, the newt, and I —
Deep in the crypt of the brook ravine,
Heatless, and still, and white, and holy.

JAMES RORTY

VOICES FROM HELL

Pour la Vérite sur les Camps Concentrationnaires. *Paris: Éditions du Pavois.*

Among the forty million Frenchmen some are indeed right — for instance David Rousset, former teacher, former inmate of Nazi concentration camps, former associate of Jean-Paul Sartre, former fellow-traveler, but not at all satisfied to rest on the laurels of such a heterogeneous past. To emerge alive from the torments of Nazi camps was not enough for Rousset — he had to *comprehend* what he had gone through. And so he wrote, in 1945, *"L'Univers Concentrationnaire"* — the best book on that infernal subject in any language, and one that will be read until Leviathan ultimately swallows man.

When Rousset produced his monumental report on torture as a means of systematized totalitarian education, he sensed that he was dealing with much more than just a German degeneracy. *"L'Univers Concentrationnaire"* (and this gave the book its uncanny impact) was potentially the whole world. But for a few subsequent years, perhaps because he was too exhausted to face all implications of his experience, Rousset drifted along, rather prominently, with those certified French highbrows who are pre-cooking France for Stalin's palate. Yet he could not for ever resist the powers of his own book — its painful insight, its grasp of truth, its unpurchasable concern for tortured man. To have any meaning at all, Rousset finally realized, his own experience forced him to inquire into the universe of concentration camps that survived (and, in fact, had preceded) Hitler — the Soviet Union.

In 1949, Rousset publicly called on his French fellow-graduates from Nazi camps, especially those who had written books on that subject, to form with him a committee of inquiry into concentration and forced-labor camps wherever such may still exist — in Spain, in Greece and, yes, in the Soviet Union. Whereupon the roof blew off in the offices of the Communist and crypto-Communist press of Paris.

Now in France, as most everywhere else in the realm of leniently liberal tradition, Communist journalists are past masters in the fine art of a slander that remains scot-free because of impotent libel laws. The trick is to make the slander just sufficiently vague to rob the damaged party of effective recourse. However, one of the Parisian journals, the Stalinist *Lettres Françaises*, made a mistake. Its editor, one Pierre Daix, accused Rousset specifically of having falsified the official Soviet documents he had quoted in his appeal — a provable, or disprovable, attack on Rousset's professional honor as a writer. So Rousset could sue. The present volume offers the virtually unedited minutes of the resulting trial which opened on November 20, 1950, and ended on January 12, 1951, with a crushing verdict against Pierre Daix and his co-defendant, one Claude Morgan.

It's a gripping story. It is also, to the shame of the American press, a story completely unreported in this country save for three dispatches by the indefatigable Dr. David Dallin to the *New Leader*, the *Freeman's* gallant but by no means widely read contemporary.

To me, I confess in bewilderment, this silence is a first-rate riddle. I refuse to believe that all our wire services, all the Paris correspondents and all the foreign-news

editors of all United States newspapers had entered a conspiracy with the malicious intent of killing that particular story. This is 1951, and whatever its sins may have been in the past, the American press is no longer the dupe of effectively planted Commie operators — certainly not to the extent of such a concerted silence on an essential news development. No, it wasn't, it couldn't have been, a conspiracy. But what *was* it?

That all United States correspondents in Paris and all editors at home, in an unprecedented *unisono* of misjudgment, deemed the trial so totally bare of "newsworthy" aspects is just about as improbable as the conspiratorial hypothesis. There are trials which, for reasons unknown and perhaps unfathomable, unmistakably hit the public's solar plexus — and the Rousset trial, at least in France, was manifestly one of them. While it lasted, it was shaking French public opinion not much less than the Hiss trial had shaken ours a year before. American newsmen may have doubted whether their audience would quite understand the French emotion; but surely that emotion itself was a genuine news story! Crawling as it is with American correspondents, Europe is, if anything, over-reported in America: No Titoist sparrow can fall off the Stalinist roof, no diplomatic rumor can spread through a Parisian cafe, no duke look at a floozie, without our press wires burning up — and the illuminating effect the Rousset trial had on Paris, the city of cynical darkness, didn't merit even a cursory treatment? Now *there's* a puzzle that ought to evoke the inquiring zeal of Robert Hutchins's Committee on the Freedom of the Press!

The trial minutes, presented in this small French volume, are partly tormenting and partly hilarious reading matter. The hilarious part is, of course, played by the Communist defendants who perform, with true Latin dexterity, one of the most intricate ballet steps known to the trade: One, you deny that there are, or ever have been, forced-labor camps in the Soviet Union; two, you praise their immaculate comforts, philanthropic purpose and unparalleled educational achievements; three, you face your partner again and declare that only a diversionist Wall Street Trotskyite would spread the lie that any such camps exist in Stalin's orbit. It's a zany act that would dependably stop even an Olson and Johnson show.

Such belly laughs, however, are smothered by the human agony that was audible throughout the Rousset trial. Rousset and his attorneys did some hard pre-trial work. In court they produced, not only official Soviet documents which bluntly discuss the administrative practice of imposing forced-labor penalties without judicial findings on alleged guilt, but also an overwhelming procession of witnesses — fifteen people who had served years in Stalin's purgatories. They marched onto the stage in the tortured flesh — Russian peasants, Polish officers, an Austrian nuclear physicist, a Czech lawyer, Jewish Socialists, widows of purged German Communists, Spanish Republicans — indeed, Workers-of-the-World-United-in-Soviet-Dungeons. They told their stories, one after another, with the fierce power that comes from exposure to authentic pain. You see — *they had been there!* They had returned, by miracle or merely by stupid accident, to our world of the living, and the dirty shadow of Stalinesque death was still all over them. They just told their stories, without much dramatic artistry; but their mere presence erased the clownish defendants. With every session the scales sank more heavily into the conscience of a not easily shockable Paris. So that on judgment day (the preliminary sort of judgment day that takes place in ancient Parisian courthouses) the devastating formal sentence against Comrades Daix and Morgan came as a feeble anticlimax.

David Rousset, who continues his magnificent private crusade with Gallic temperament and a better than Gallic courage, emerges from this trial report as a true and faithful curator of Europe's finest values. And if anybody knows an American publisher in search of a deeply disturbing book — here's his chance!

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

THE SIN OF PARADOX

De Profundis, by Oscar Wilde. *New York: Philosophical Library. $3.00*

Oscar Wilde, by André Gide. *New York: Philosophical Library. $2.75*

Two Legends: Oedipus and Theseus, by André Gide. *New York: Knopf. $3.00*

Oscar Wilde was a Greek boy, and we should look at his life as an Athenian fable. He was punished for a vice that was as much part of the habit and dress of Attica as were the wallet and the holes in the cloak of the Cynic philosophers. What doomed Wilde long before his imprisonment in Reading Gaol was his pursuit of pleasure, a plague and snare for everybody. There was one pupil of Socrates who said that he would rather go mad than feel pleasure. Wilde's real weakness was that he did not fear what so attracted him. Well, Pascal said that no man can fear himself.

"De Profundis" was first published in 1905 which was a few years after the death of Wilde. This was an incomplete text consisting of letters written by Wilde in Reading Gaol to Lord Alfred Douglas. The republication of the complete volume of epistles creates some doubts in the reader. One wonders whether these letters, far from hindering appetite, may not kindle it. The early pages of the book are a vexsome and lachrymal account of Wilde's financial misfortunes. Wilde writes that he spent more than five thousand pounds in two years on Lord Douglas's dinners, travels, flowers; and these letters read like a debauched supper described by Petronius. Douglas was a wastrel with a mean poetaster's talent, and though Wilde's acrimonious judgments of him are true, they are not judgments that come out of wisdom. Wilde had no palate for morals.

Wilde tells us in the letters how the scandal was started. As long as the Irish wit was the idolized *flaneur* of London he made no account of his evil reputation. When the father of Douglas accused Wilde of having seduced his son, Wilde brought charges against the elder. It was Wilde's most puerile error. Wilde should never have gone to the law; he should have left for Paris instead. He committed also another folly; he should have hidden his vice. Everyone has some skulking disgrace that has cindered his soul, as we know from the hinted shames in the Sonnets. What man can least bear of all his miseries is the ruin of his name, which is something to which Wilde paid little heed until he was broken by the public tongue. Douglas's father had boasted at his club that nothing in

his life had given him such satisfaction as putting Wilde in prison. The father was the type of rough, mediocre Philistine so often delineated by Shaw. The Douglas family had considered placing him in a lunatic asylum. As for the young, flowerlike Douglas, he was a seasoned artist in a debauchery in which Wilde was just the ingenue.

Wilde relates how the crowds at the railroad station jeered at him; he was standing between two policemen, handcuffed and with bowed head. The propensity to jeer is an unlovely and almost universal human failing, and from this moment "De Profundis" is our own yoke. We watch as Oscar Wilde turns to the Gospels; each day he reads the New Testament in Greek. His mother has died and the law, as he writes, has taken from him his two children. When he hears this he falls to his knees and cries out with some obscure pain in him that the body of the Lord is the body of a child. After many months in Reading Gaol the doctor allows Wilde to have white bread instead of the ordinary brown prison loaf. For the first time in his life he has tasted bread of the poor and the hungry. He gathers up all of the white crumbs, adding with the naive trembling which comes over men who have had some terrible suffering that he ate the remaining crumbs because he did not wish to waste them. This was possibly one of Wilde's few chaste remarks, but it is a lie.

Wilde was by nature and mind perverse; he thought that beautiful lies are art. This is wit, but not the truth, and paradox is a sin because the man that utters it is more interested in pleasing and amusing than in writing what is good or just. Cicero was very acute when he wrote that in Epicurus, the philosopher of pleasure, such words as good and evil and justice are not to be found. It is important to emphasize the sin of paradox in Wilde because we are likely to believe that he received some benefits from Reading Gaol. True, he sat in shame. He was also penitent; but it is a paradox that a perverse man shall repent but remain steadfast in his errors.

Gide writes of Wilde after his release from Reading Gaol; Wilde took the name of Sebastian Melmoth and he resided in an obscure village in the neighborhood of Dieppe. Wilde had left prison with a high motive; he wanted to write one beautiful book to "rob malice of its venom, and cowardice of its sneer . . ." But he was broken; he looked like a bloated Nero with his rotten stumps of teeth and corrupt skin, and he wore on one of his fingers a ring with the setting of an Egyptian scarab in lapis lazuli. He was a fallen dandy, a rouged fop, with the prayers of Golgotha on his lips.

Wilde has always been in some ways Gide's teacher. What did he teach? In this little book Gide writes that Wilde told him that art does not hurt people. Gide then retells one of Wilde's New Testament fairy tales . . . Jesus returns to Nazareth which is no longer a humble village of fishers, but a Greek town of nard, honey, white roses and slaves. He sees a familiar man in long, disheveled tresses, smelling of wantonness, and sorrowfully asks him why he led such a dissolute life and the man replies: "I was a leper — Thou hast healed me." Wilde also said, "To regret one's own experience is to arrest one's own development." It is a clever remark and one has to give it very close thought to see how wrong it is.

Wilde perverted the New Testament no less than Gide, his disciple, garbles old Greek fables. Gide says that Wilde told him that his lips were too straight to be artistic and that he would teach him how to lie. Evidently Gide accepted the words of his master, for his "Theseus" is a piece of intellectual perversion. In his froward rendering of the ancient legend, Theseus's infamy is his shallowness; Theseus's hatred of his father is the malice of a modiste, and Pasiphae's passion for the bull, tragic to the ancient poets, is vaudeville lechery.

Gide writes with such artless simplicity that the reader is likely to forget that he is not reading Matthew's but Caligula's Gospel. Gide says that Wilde had told him after he had left prison that he had given his genius to his life and his talent to his writing. It is a pathetic epigram — something like the gargoyles on great cathedrals, which do not represent terrible sins any more than Wilde's remark indicates insight. Wilde thought he had to be clever to the last. Christ, as Wilde writes in "De Profundis," compares the soul to the smallest cummin seed. Man's folly is that he does not know that his brain is much smaller than his soul; for how few have enough judgment to know that the mind is absolutely helpless and wicked without the spirit.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

WHERE MAN IS DWARFED

Sheep Rock, by George R. Stewart. *New York: Random. $3.00.*

Good writing comes partly from love and partly from calculation; too much or too little of either may spoil it. Mr. Stewart has kept a nice balance through the series of somewhat cosmological romances that began several years ago with "Storm"; he has written with an eager and loving curiosity about all created things, and with the shrewd skill of a professional man of letters. His heart and mind have soundly collaborated. But in "Sheep Rock," the newest of the series, the balance is tipped a little; there may be too much heart in it, too much "grim fascination," to use the author's own phrase. Though he intended a novel, and so named it, it turns out in the end to be a sort of amorphous poem.

The motive of it is a place in the western mountains — in Utah, perhaps — where there is a boiling hot spring, a tall rock pinnacle, and a vast salt lake-bottom thirty miles across. Except for the strangely boiling spring, the region is arid and desolate. But to Mr. Stewart it is a focal point of wondrous significance and fabulous revelation; he perceives its geological evolution, its eons of natural history, its ages of rich vegetation and lake water, its slow change to salt desert and dry heat; he chronicles the phases of life, the coming of the big-horn sheep from which the pinnacle got its name, the coming of Indians and scouts and wagon trains and soldiers, and finally an infrequent assortment of squatters, campers, geologists, poets, and in the end the author himself.

It makes a tremendous panorama in time and space; Mr. Stewart's imaginative grasp of the cosmic and microcosmic material is really astonishing, and he pursues his clues and uncovers his evidence with contagious eagerness. In an enterprise where sentimentality and false analogies would trap the inexperienced and unwary, he maintains his perspective wisely. Yet, after all, the book is not quite successful; with all its richness, it doesn't

fully emerge from the confines of its author's personal enthusiasm.

Henry James protested that Kipling seemed to be moving steadily from the less simple in subject matter to the more simple, from Anglo-Indians to natives, and thence to quadrupeds, fish, engines and screws. There is certainly a Kiplingesque quality in Mr. Stewart's work, and in "Sheep Rock" we have arrived at a point where the human problem is rudimentary. The chief actor in the story — protagonist is too positive a word — is a poet who comes with his wife and two children to live for a year in a cabin near the hot spring under the shadow of Sheep Rock. He there struggles to write a great poem about the place and records his labors and failure in a series of letters to a friend; but the poet is hardly more than an abstraction, and his poetic efforts are theoretical and unconvincing. Mr. Stewart, recognizing the inadequacy of his poet, implicitly confesses his own inadequacy to create either a true poet or a true poem.

There are minor actors, however, and one has glimpses of the same sort of human activity that made "Storm" and "Fire" so attractive: two episodes could stand as memorable short stories, especially the account of a wagon train in '49 and how it came to Sheep Rock. But such dramatic interludes are almost lost among the explorations of time and change and the enormous geological and paleolithic enthusiasms. All that is left of humanity in the end is the imagination that so bravely tried to grasp it all — an imagination filled with zeal and knowledge and, in a sense, love ("I took it all into my mind as a furnace takes lumps of ore," Mr. Stewart says *in propria persona*), but lacking in the sort of calculation that might have shaped a work of art.

GERALD WARNER BRACE

THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL

Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod, by Kenneth Roberts.
New York: Doubleday. $3.00

This book, which from its title might be a bucolic novel, deals with the same subject as the simultaneously issued Report of the President's Committee on Water Resources, and may turn out to be vastly more important. It assembles impressive evidence that the best way to find water is to ignore what the geologists and the professional well-diggers tell you, and instead consult an experienced and reputable dowser, or water witch.

The evidence is good enough to convince Kenneth Roberts, a distinguished historical novelist and a capable farmer, Dr. Horace Levinson of the National Research Council, and many other persons of solid repute, some of them trained in the sciences. Similar evidence was good enough to convince the French physiologist and Nobel prize winner Charles Richet who wrote, in his "*Traite de Metapsychique*," published in 1923:

> The fact of the turning down of the dowsing stick when above water veins or metals is uncontestably true.

Perhaps it has to be seen to be believed. During the mid-thirties this reviewer built a new house on a dry hilltop in Fairfield County, Connecticut. When I expressed dismay at the prices charged by the professional well-drillers, a farmer friend introduced me to a local worthy who undertook to dig and stone up an adequate shallow well — provided his dowser could find a dependable water vein within a reasonable distance of the house. The dowser was a grizzled countryman who went about his business with a quiet, scholarly air, contemptuous of the gibes of the workmen who were laying the foundation of the house. About a hundred feet from the house his peach fork dipped as suddenly as if it had been shot. When I held it at the dowser's suggestion, it did the same thing for me; and I am contemptuous of people who tell me that *I* did it by a conscious or unconscious movement of the hands. The well-digger then signed the contract — it came to about $150 as I remember it — and hit a strong vein at 18 feet, exactly where the dowser said he would. The water was excellent, and the well never went dry while I owned the house.

My neighbors took a matter-of-fact view of dowsers. Like veterinarians and doctors, they were good, bad and indifferent. It was a gift, like the Cogswell kid's ability to draw horses that looked like horses. My dowser was a good one, they said; more reliable on the whole than some of the local medicos!

Henry Gross, the principal hero of Mr. Roberts's account, is evidently an exceptional dowser. Sitting in Mr. Roberts's home in Kennebunkport, Maine, Henry dowsed the island of Bermuda, where supposedly the only source of potable water was the cistern. At the time of Henry's dowsing, Bermuda was suffering from an acute drought and importing fresh water from Canada. From 800 miles away Henry located on the map of Bermuda three water domes. Later he confirmed his long-distance dowsing on the ground. Wells were dug and water struck at the depths indicated by Henry's rod; one of them flowed 44 gallons of pure, fresh water a minute. Test holes dug elsewhere yielded only brackish water.

Henry Gross's talents are exceptional but not unique. There is also Evelyn M. Penrose, the celebrated English dowser who in 1931 was successfully employed by the government of British Columbia as official water-diviner, to locate water veins and well sites in the drought-stricken Okanagan and Peace River valleys. From the other side of the world, in Perth, Australia, Miss Penrose also dowsed Bermuda by passing her hands over a large scale map. She roughly confirmed the findings of Henry's maple dowsing rod. Miss Penrose reports that about 5 per cent of modern dowsers now use map-divining. Just before World War II there was a Society of Map-diviners in France.

Henry's rod will answer practically any question he asks of it: how many water veins there are on a given property, their precise location, direction, depth and rate of flow, and the answers have been proved accurate — invariably, according to Mr. Roberts. Henry successfully dowsed the estates of Kenneth A. Phillips at Higganum, Connecticut, and Raymond Harper at Princeton, New Jersey. Sometimes Henry's rod, to the faint disapproval of his novelist sponsor, indulges in frivolities. If he touches the tip of his rod to a bottle of bourbon, it will then point to caches of bourbon anywhere in the house but will ignore scotch, not having had any instructions about scotch. The rod will also locate missing people, silver quarters tossed in bushes, and outboard motors dropped in lakes. But after his Bermuda success, Henry properly

aspires to Something Big. When asked, in Kennebunkport, about the Island of Capri, which has always been considered worse off for water than Bermuda, Henry's rod replied that it has two water domes, one flowing 58 gallons per minute and one 87 gallons per minute. Henry has also dowsed the Sahara from this side of the Atlantic. His rod says there is a vast water dome in the Atlas Mountains. He has charted the course of a huge vein or underground river that flows all the way beneath Africa's western hump and empties into the Gulf of Guinea.

All this, of course, is stuff and nonsense, as any reputable geologist will tell you. There isn't and can't be any such animal as an authentic water-diviner. Water Supply Paper 416, published by the United States Government, states flatly that water witching is "thoroughly discredited." In his foreword to this official pamphlet, Professor O. E. Meinzer of the United States Geological Survey writes that

> further tests [of water dowsing] would be a misuse of public funds . . . To all inquirers the United States Geological Survey therefore gives the advice not to expend any money for the services of any "water witch" . . . for locating underground water . . .

What Horace Levinson of the National Research Council says about people like Professor Meinzer is also interesting. Scientists, suggested Mr. Roberts, ought to be tickled to death when something new comes along to let them revise their views and necessarily make them more valuable. "They're not," replied Mr. Levinson, "probably because science suffers from recurrent attacks of a disease that resembles hardening of the arteries — a sort of false senility . . ."

Water dowsing, Mr. Levinson continues,

> is done outdoors in broad daylight — not in a dark room with mystery and hocus pocus. The conclusions reached are childishly simple. For example, there is running water at a depth of x feet directly below a certain point. Let's make it even simpler by leaving out direction of flow and the other facts Henry claims to know. Since Henry is usually able to find water within 10 to 20 feet of the surface, at least in New England, it is not difficult to verify Henry's statements as to location and depth. Then it is also easy to control the experiment by digging a number of holes to the same depth at nearby points where Henry claims there is no running water.
>
> If this experiment is successfully repeated a reasonable number of times, the probability that Henry is finding water by sheer luck becomes exceedingly small, even though it can not be exactly computed. Assuming the success of such experiments, it is difficult for the most skeptical person — if he has even a faint understanding of science — to avoid the conclusion that Henry somehow has possession of information that does not reach most of us, at least through the ordinary sense channels.

We shall await with interest the response of the United States Geological Survey to this challenge. We ought also to hear more from Professor J. B. Rhine of the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University. Dr. Rhine visited the Roberts farm at Kennebunkport and performed some experiments, but not along the lines suggested by Mr. Levinson. Dr. Rhine at least has an open mind about dowsing, as he has about ghosts, concerning which this reviewer has provided him with some data personally observed.

Meanwhile anybody who wants to employ Henry's talents can do so. The State of Maine game warden with the garrulous divining rod is now a corporation, which presumably will dowse your land for you for a price, either at a distance or on the spot.

JAMES RORTY

WIND BLOW, GRASS BEND

The Yellow Storm, by Lau Shaw. Translated from the Chinese by Ida Pruitt. *New York: Harcourt, Brace. $4.00*

Readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* who happen to turn to Lau Shaw's "The Yellow Storm" will have to change their sights quickly to identify the heroes and villains. The *Post* has recently run a sober, factual report of a valiant ally in the making — the American-trained Japanese National Police Reserve, one of the most gifted members of which went up a hill a few years ago and singlehanded came down with 250 Chinese prisoners and the ammunition and guns to go with them. In Lau Shaw's novel of Peiping during the eight years of the Japanese occupation all the Japanese save one, a lady born in Canada, are returned to their war-criminal picture frames in the melancholy company of the anti-Communist, anti-Kuomintang, and neutrally inclined Chinese who collaborated with them. The heroes are the Chinese of the underground, the bomb-throwers, the killers of Japanese. The novel therefore presents among its many fascinations an opportunity to inquire into the relationship between art and history and the durability of the one when founded solidly on the other.

Lau Shaw is a fine novelist by any standard, Eastern or Western, and he has been finely translated by Ida Pruitt with strengthening admixtures of literal translations where needed. The title of the book in Chinese is "Wind Blow, Grass Bend," and that tells the story in miniature, a story that has been told for many countries (also with a continually changing cast of foreign villains). Here is an ancient imperial city, and here are the lives of people in a section of it, and this is what happened to them when the invaders came and while they stayed. Lau Shaw writes in the vernacular, which is much more unusual in Chinese than in American fiction, and his rickshaw boys, his scholars, poets, time-servers, the women in compounds and out, have none of the stiffness that so often keeps characters in Oriental fiction from moving easily for Americans.

It is a bustling and crowded story of the varied fortunes of the people who lived in the respectable but slightly down-at-the-heels quarter. The reader must be prepared for a mild effort to keep the unfamiliar Chinese identities separate; in this he is aided by a dramatis personae and end papers showing just where the main characters live. There is an old gentleman who has also seen the time of troubles when the Boxers fought the West and Japan, who again props his broken storage jar filled with stones against the gate and the invader, as he had when the successions of warlords rode into the city. There are his grandsons, one a collaborator and two who work with the Chinese underground, his great-grandchildren, one of whom dies as the result of malnutrition. This family is the center of the story, and its fate is interconnected with that of the scholar next door (wrongfully denounced to the Japanese by a man who wants a job with them) and

with that of the big and little people, the successful traitors and the ones who fail even at betrayal, and the staunch sons and daughters of the burgeoning China who mean to set the country on a new path of independence and virtue. A cross section as deep as this enables Lau Shaw to comment indirectly on issues greater than the isolated events and people, on the splittings and changing shapes of the society where children for the first time in hundreds of years deny their elders' authority, on the impossibility under certain exigencies of taking the middle way, when a choice between extremes must be made and when even the practitioners of the least partisan of the arts, the musicians, must make political decisions and live or die as a consequence. Lau Shaw treats with great skill the psychology of the traitors who in their total rejection of all norms of conduct destroy themselves, having finally no one at all ready to rely on them or to be relied on.

The book, written under the impulses of the war years, has its sharp blacks and whites, its too-noble peasants, its characters of evil with green complexions worn as conspicuously as were the masks in the old plays. Had it been published five years ago it would have been met with a surge of generous emotion by Western reviewers who were also righteously armed against the Japanese. But Lau Shaw is now in Peiping, the Chinese are blowing their mysterious bugles, drumming their drums, and shooting their guns in Korea while the Japanese dutifully ferry American troops to and from the battleground and drill in aid of the West. What wind is blowing now; what grass bending?

EUGENE DAVIDSON

CROCE AS SYMBOL

Croce, the King and the Allies. Extracts from a Diary by Benedetto Croce. July 1943–June 1944. Translated by Sylvia Sprigge. *New York: Norton. $3.00*

The extracts here presented cover the period from the fall of Mussolini to the Allied occupation of Rome. From the military point of view it was a period not without its triumphs but mainly, looking back, one of frustration, for neither Salerno nor Anzio yielded the immediate triumph that one might have hoped for. Politically it was a time of uneasiness, ambiguity and mistrust, and full of paradoxes. The Italians did not know what we meant by co-belligerency (nor did we, for sure), they did not know what our intentions were toward the King, they were never clear as to how far they had a right to free action under the terms of the armistice nor how eager the Allies were to revive democracy while the war was by no means decided.

And the crowning paradox lay perhaps in the fact that all the essential preliminaries (discussions, explorations, negotiations) had to be carried out in and by the South — poverty-stricken, politically inexperienced and long regarded as an economic liability even in peace time. Even if all the other ambiguities were resolved, the ultimate doubt would always remain: how far could the South act not only "for" Italy but necessarily "as" Italy? Retrospectively one must admit, I think, that they did very well. The factions were kept together, eventually the cooperation of the parties of liberation with Badoglio was arranged, the war effort was pressed, and the groundwork was laid for the approach to the later issues which could be solved only on a national scale.

During these trying months Croce was a symbol to many — Italians and non-Italians alike and perhaps more so to the latter — of the liberal Italy which had once existed and of the new democratic Italy that might emerge. But he was more than a symbol. He was an active proponent of his own views and a kind of catalytic agent for those of others. It is easy to get the impression from reading these pages that he directed the events of those difficult days. We shall have to wait for more information and other equally frank diaries before we can assess the true effect of his influence. Yet even if we concede that the intervention of De Nicola with the King and the return of Togliatti with the avowed intent of bringing the Communists into the Badoglio government were crucial and not Crocean, we must also add that within the framework of events — and surely no man can shape all events — the counsels of this great scholar were of enormous importance. These pages are good reading for their revelations of the aspirations and anxieties not only of the author but of all well-intentioned, if baffled, Italian democrats and for the frankness with which Croce discloses his own attitudes: his concept of liberalism (which may seem old-fashioned to some), his hopes of saving the monarchy at the cost of the King, his mistrust of the Action Party, his uneasiness as to the true intentions of the Allies.

The diary, however, is more than a political record; it is a human document. The strongest impression one gets is that of the enormous energy of the author, nearing 80 as he wrote these lines. Everyone came to see him and everyone was received: party leaders, refugees, American and British officers, young people with problems and, inevitably, journalists. He admits he got a little tired of repeating himself to newspapermen — and who could blame him? — yet, save in moments of rare exhaustion, he received them gladly and spoke to them freely. And in the midst of it all he never ceased to be the scholar. His reading and writing go on almost uninterruptedly, though it must have seemed otherwise to him, and in fields uncontaminated by immediate urgencies; he rereads a play of Lope de Vega or a work of Goethe; he writes an essay on the esthetics of Winckelmann or revises some of his older works for republication. Such activities, he tells us, "make me feel stronger, almost cheerful, more able to carry burdens and be annoyed." (This particular comment is made in the midst of discussions of the very difficult matter of epuration and "defascistization," a word, he comments, which has itself a fascistic sound.) Croce carried many burdens during those uncertain months, and it is surprising that he was not more frequently annoyed.

The translation is by Sylvia Sprigge, reporter for the *Manchester Guardian* and long familiar with Italy and its politics. The word "deem" appears rather more often than it would have if the translation had been made by an American, but this is a British book. Perhaps by way of compensation she makes Croce speak of the Action Party as "trying to pull a fast one." I don't know what the original is; if it is un-Crocean it is at least vigorous and certainly represents the author's feelings.

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