THE
Freeman

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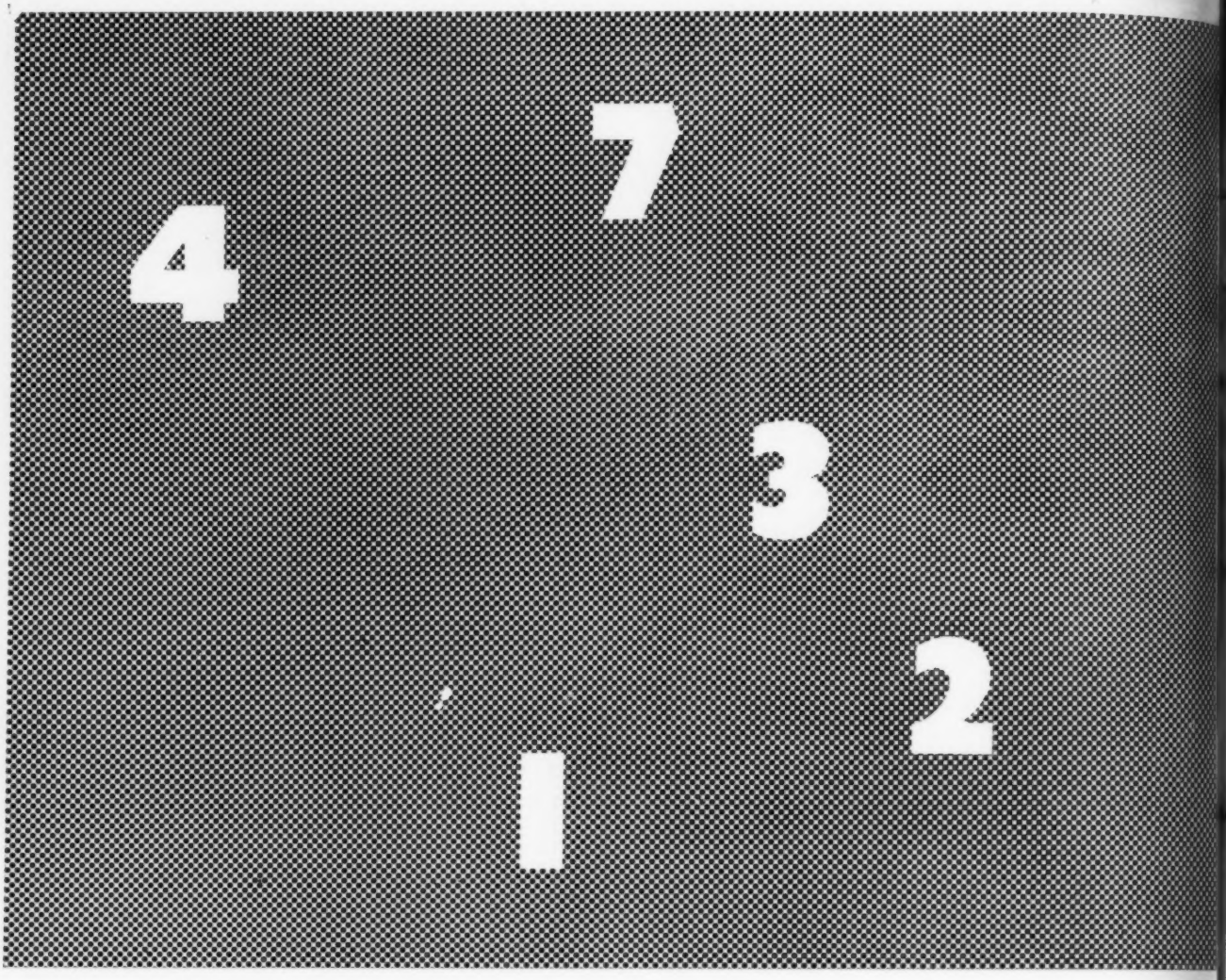

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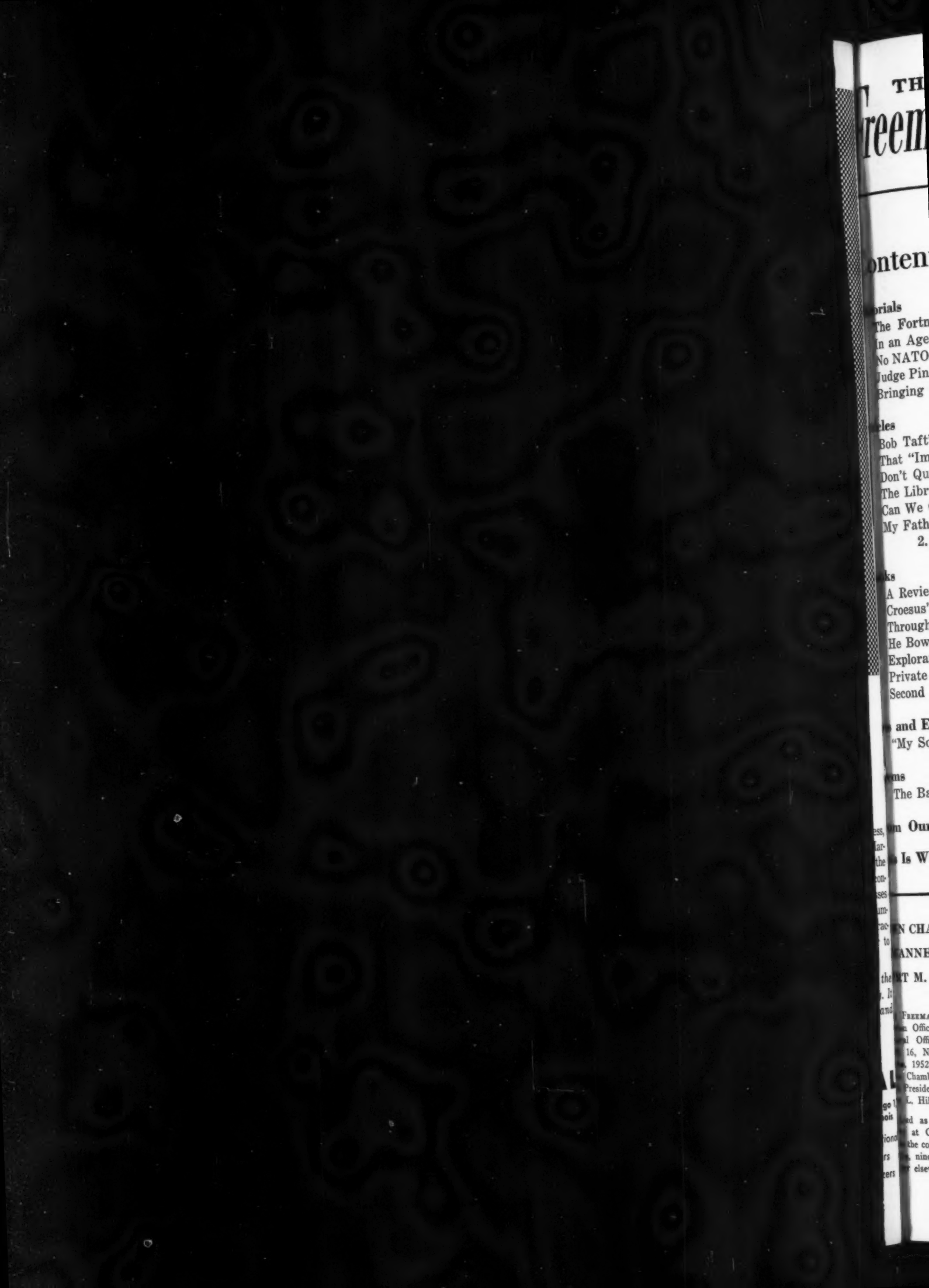

THE
Freeman

A FORTNIGHTLY FOR INDIVIDUALISTS

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 17 MAY 19, 1952

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A Word About Our Contributors

FORREST DAVIS, who has just become an editor of the *Freeman*, was Washington editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* from 1941 to 1946. Formerly he edited the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* and was with the general management of Scripps-Howard. In 1946 and 1947 he was in Europe as representative of the Secretary of War on a special mission.

JOSEPH H. BALL was U. S. Senator from Minnesota from 1940 to 1948. He now edits the *Joe Ball Washington Letter*. A former newspaperman, he is an authority on labor relations and labor legislation. Mr. Ball wrote "The Union Drive for Power" for the *Freeman* of February 11, 1952.

GOMER BATH is Editor of the *Peoria Star*. For the last eight years he has been doing a daily column which often crusades on local issues.

L. D. MC DONALD, a consulting engineer in Kansas City, has had experience not only in planning flood-control structures but in fighting floods and doing rescue work. During eighteen years with the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, he supervised the construction of important military and flood-control projects, serving as Chief of the Kansas City District of the Corps from 1941 to 1951.

HELEN WOODWARD, widow of the well-known author, the late William E. Woodward, is distinguished in her own right as a novelist, newspaperwoman and advertising executive. Her books include "Through Many Windows," "Queen's in the Parlor," and "Money to Burn."

FRANK MEYER, writer and lecturer and graduate of Oxford, is at present working on a book on the philosophy of history. A one-time Communist leader, he appeared as a government witness in the trial of the eleven Communists before Judge Medina.

JOHN S. KENNEDY does a syndicated weekly column reviewing new books. His book, "Pleased to Meet You," has just been published.

FROM OUR READERS

Eisenhower as Candidate

Having read both Lawrence Brown's and John H. Crider's essays on Eisenhower, I still do not feel that either of these gentlemen has put his finger on the real issues at stake. . . . To me, the following questions are the ones that need frank and forthright answers:

1. Are the American people ready to admit that we made a terrible mistake in destroying the balance of power in Europe and Asia, thereby setting Stalin up in business, and that Eisenhower was one of the architects and the principal executor of that program?

2. Do we wish to spend the next four important years of our lives following national policies designed to justify past and present errors? Attempted self-justification is inevitable in human nature; it is doubtful if the General is an exception.

3. Do we want the Republican Party tied to a candidate who will be accused by the Democrats of deserting his post of duty if NATO fails this summer to reach its intended objectives?

Pasadena, Cal. HERBERT SPENCER

An Appraisal of Earl Warren

Concerning the Presidential aspirations of Governor Warren, who hopes to profit by a deadlock between Taft and Eisenhower: It is surely as important to judge a man by the enemies he makes as the friends he has, for this forthcoming election simply must not resolve itself into another contest between a little and a big New Deal. Certainly we do not need a politician who has acquired the art of being "all things to all men."

This is a struggle between two concepts of government—that of people who ask no special privilege of government, and the concept of government by, and answerable to, organized pressure groups. These groups are, to name a few of many, the farmers who demand parity prices, certain religious and racial groups who persist in regarding themselves not as part of the body politic but as "minority groups," the career reliefers, the Federal political jobholders and the unions.

Some time back the State of California voted on what is known as the Hot Cargo Act, aimed at preventing the secondary boycott. Governor Warren permitted this measure to become law by failing to veto it. In so doing he unquestionably hoped to preserve the good will of both unions and public. It is the same Warren who voted against the Loyalty Oath for our state colleges and universities. Such a man seems to me to be much too careful of making enemies to be a safe President in these troubled times.

Los Angeles, Cal. LESLIE A. SHAW

Peter Dunne's Beliefs

Mr. Harry Serwer's article, "Mr. Dooley, Spalpeen Philosopher" (April 5) presents a picture of my father's thinking which I find strange indeed. There is nothing in the article to indicate that Peter Dunne was anything but a staunch Republican, a foe of progress and a cynical disbeliever in the free ballot.

It is easy to make any writer over into one's own image by quoting him in part and out of context, or even by reversing the meaning of the quotation, as Mr. Serwer does twice. . . .

Peter Dunne was a Democrat all his life. He believed in our free system, and when he had to, he fought for it. And while his stock-in-trade as "Mr. Dooley" was a genial contempt of all politicians, there were some he liked personally and supported publicly. Among these were Al Smith and both Roosevelts. He was also a strong internationalist in 1914-17 and again after the rise of the Nazis until his death in 1936. He even watched two of his grandchildren through modern schools without visible anguish.

Malibu, Cal. PHILIP DUNNE

I have read practically everything Peter Dunne had published, and at the time it appeared. I therefore could never imply that he was a "staunch Republican." Most of his political jibes were aimed at the Republican Party only because—with the interruption of Cleveland —it had been in power for [illegible] years. He couldn't have bee[n] "foe to progress" after acutely serving the encrusture on the cumbent. While I never said or ferred that he was "a cynical believer in the free ballot," must admit that whenever he w[as] about the ballot the imp in rode high.

Far be it from me to make P[eter] Dunne over in my own image, cause he was that too rare vidual—the civilized man—who jected crackpots and false messi[ahs] That is why I did not write the ticle to comfort myself, but to the type of clear and canny thi[nking] so badly missing today. . . .

As for watching his grand[children] dren through modern schools signifies only that Grandpa had quality so rare in men: the deli[cacy] to let his children bring up broods as they saw fit. He w[as] much too sharply about the [lit]ble-bum methodology of the schools" to be doing it solely the moola.

Perhaps a prophet is also wit[hout] honor in his own family?

New York City HARRY [illegible]

Congratulations from the We[st]

This is to congratulate the *Free* on the various improvements—[in] type dress, advertising, and [in] newsstand outlets. We note, [also] that Mr. Forrest Davis is to bec[ome] one of the editors. Another [sign] that you are expanding and [are] ing stronger. Please extend our [con]gratulations, too, to Mr. Lassen, his part in all the foregoing.

N. H. PARTRIDGE
Associate Editor, *Al*

Los Angeles Cal.

Those Soviet Inventions

In order for Russian Commun[ists] to claim invention of the spin[ning] jenny, steam engine, telegraph, they must place the date that Russian inventors introduced products into bygone eras u[nder] the reign of the Czars. If world-shaking things occurred der Czarist Russia, could we logically assume that Comm[unist] Russia "ain't doin' as good" as Czar's governments?

San Antonio, Texas J. G. [illegible]

THE
Freeman

MONDAY, MAY 19, 1952

The Fortnight

The Constitution provides that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court," but it nowhere grants that court the sole and exclusive power of deciding the respective powers and duties of each of the three branches of the Federal Government. This means that Congress is not impotent against acts of executive usurpation. It has the responsibility of maintaining the clear prerogatives granted to it by the Constitution, which even assigns to it certain judicial functions, such as "constituting tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court," and the "sole power" of impeachment and trying impeachments. It can be worthy of its Constitutional powers only if it manifests its own determination to assert them. This means that, regardless of the courts' decisions, Congress should declare President Truman's steel seizure to be the executive usurpation that it is.

Of course the duty of Congress, underlined by the steel crisis, only begins here. It must present its own remedy or preventive for this kind of crisis. Judge Pine rested his decision, among other grounds, on his refusal to accept Mr. Truman's tacit assumption that "Congress will fail in its duties, under the Constitution, to legislate immediately and appropriately to protect the nation from this threatened disaster." The worst thing Congress could do now would be to grant Mr. Truman *ex-post-facto* powers to seize industries that are being struck against. Its real duty is to re-examine its own labor legislation of the last twenty years, by which is has seemed to make itself and the whole government subordinate to the orders of union leaders. Among the things it must re-examine are: (1) the sweeping immunities granted to unions under the anti-trust acts; (2) the paralyzing restrictions put on the use of injunctions by the Norris-LaGuardia Act, and (3) the compulsion put upon employers to "bargain with" industrywide unions, no matter how unreasonable, adamant, or ruinous the demands of the latter may be.

In repudiating his initial Stuart-like contention that the President is above the law, Harry Truman chose to insert a somewhat disturbing qualification. The chief executive, said Mr. Truman, is bound by the Constitution. But he added that the President is bound especially in the matter of law relating to the individual's rights, which would seem to imply that he is *not* particularly bound by other kinds of law. The upshot of Mr. Truman's fine-spun distinction would seem to be that he does not regard steel company stockholders as individuals—they are just nameless and featureless adjuncts of non-individual corporations. With union members, of course, it's different. They may be segments of that corporate entity known as the United Steelworkers of America, but they have individual rights which the steel company stockholder hath not. Widows, orphans and Irving Olds take note.

We snickered audibly the other day when we heard that up in Connecticut Senator Bill Benton had denounced the leadership of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers for fellow-traveling or worse. What is this, we asked *sotto voce,* if it is not "McCarthyism"? Some of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' bosses have a dubious record, but just what distinguishes their didoes from those of the Institute of Pacific Relations pundits who have refused to answer questions on the ground of feared self-incrimination? If Bill Benton would take the trouble to read some of the McCarran Committee hearings, or if he would dip into Owen *(toujours de l'audace)* Lattimore's books, he might discover that what is wrong with the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers is also wrong with a good deal of the rest of our culture.

The embattled Institute of Pacific Relations continues to protest fervently that there's nobody here but us patriots—while past and present staff members, associates, and IPR writers refuse to testify before the McCarran Committee for fear of self-incrimination. In a Preliminary Edition for March 1952 of its Annual Report, IPR repeats its charge that the whole investigation is a know-nothing plot aimed at destroying intellectual freedom—or anyway, intellectual freedom *à la* IPR. The Report reiterates certain charges by which IPR spokesmen have been trying to prove a Committee bias. Although "the Subcommittee began its public

hearings in July," runs the plaint, *"It was not until October 10 that any officer* of the Institute was permitted to testify." [Italics added.]

This is a charge which should be given far wider publicity than it has yet received throughout the nation's press. The first witness when the McCarran Committee began its public hearings in July was Edward C. Carter. Mr. Carter, who had served the Institute for twenty-odd years, did his best for IPR. But it was manifestly biased of Senator McCarran to call Mr. Carter as his first witness. Faced with documentary evidence taken from IPR's own files, Mr. Carter had to make many admissions which did not support the Institute's thesis of injured innocence. And further, although Mr. Carter was for many years secretary-general and has held other offices as well, he should not be considered a proper spokesman for IPR. As of July 1951, when he was the first witness on the matter being probed, Mr. Carter was no longer an officer of the Institute. He was only a trustee.

Several weeks ago we attacked Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas for his odd minority idea that taxpayers must be compelled by law to underwrite the salaries of public school teachers who are provable advocates of Marxian revolution. This week we wish to commend the same Justice Douglas for his majority decision that a New York City child may be released from school for religious instruction provided that such is the voluntarily expressed wish of the pupil's parents. Just so long as the religious instruction is not conducted on public school property, and just so long as it remains uncoerced by law, we fail to see what business it is of the State to interfere in what is after all an individual family matter. There is, of course, the peculiar notion that the State has a divine right to lord it over all children for an arbitrarily fixed number of school hours per day. No time out for the dentist when a tooth is aching, no day off for an occasional educational trip with Papa or Mama. And, to please President Conant of Harvard, no time off to go to private school, whether denominational or otherwise. In our rush to end "divisiveness" (or simple individualism, to use an old-fashioned word) just how absurd can some of us get? We'd like an answer from Justices Black, Jackson and Frankfurter, the dissenting judges in the New York City case.

Characteristic of the blindness "anti-anti-Communist" editors impose upon themselves is an "objective" report on "What You Can Read in Russia" in the April issue of *Harper's* Magazine. With this peculiar piece a "non-Communist" Frenchman, who expresses his disgust with the Soviet book censorship, pays enraptured respect to the unparalleled proficiency of Soviet publishing. He presents figures which, he suggests, "might well set any publishing expert in the Western countries to dreaming." Well, we stick to the conservative habit of dreaming with pencil in hand. The exhilarating figures quoted by *Harper's* amount to two items per year and per Soviet citizen.

Why should the editor of *Harper's*, so notably well-connected with U. S. publishing, be "set to dreaming" by production statistics which, under American conditions, would amount to 300 million motley items a year? For, as experts should know, Soviet statistics of "books" include all conceivable printed matter outside periodicals—for instance the sort of technical instruction booklets which, in this country, are given away in many hundreds of millions of copies by industry and government. Not counting these hand-outs, and the enormous U. S. traditional book business, cheap paper-bound editions alone sold 225 million copies in this country last year. In short, even "anti-anti-Communist" editors should keep pencil and multiplication table handy for sudden attacks of exhilaration.

Dr. Hugh Bennett, the "father of soil conservation," retired during the past fortnight after a long lifetime of government service. This distinctly unbureaucratic bureaucrat whom Louis Bromfield likes to revere as his own private deity deserves any homage that may be coming in his direction. For, in an era of compulsion, Dr. Bennett has pushed his enlightened theories by advocating the creation of local soil conservation districts through voluntary action of free farmers. The 2300 conservation units that exist in America are living testimony to the effectiveness of Dr. Bennett's faith in the voluntary way.

During the recent investigative mishmash in Washington, with McGranery following McGrath and Morris into swift oblivion, a New York City hacker (taxi driver to you) professed himself deeply disturbed over the revelations of shady doings among the ruling elite. The hacker looked up from his *Journal-American* as he dropped his flag to inquire of our informant: "Mister, what are we going to do about all that thievery down there in Washington? They appoint one guy to investigate, then they get the goods on him and he drops out. Where is this going to stop?" His fare, a stout Taft man, suggested that what this country needs is an honest man in the White House. "Who?" demanded the hacker. "Taft," said our friend. "Taft," exploded the hacker. "Hell, *he* ain't been investigated yet! We ought to investigate these guys before they get elected, not after."

We have never embraced the thesis that New York City hackers, or any other for that matter, were the final expositors of ripe wisdom, but it seems to us that the above hacker had something. Investigate these guys first? Why not?

In an Age of Mutiny

The revolt at the Southern Michigan Prison was one of those sudden flashes that from time to time illuminate the darkness through which we are drifting. That 171 half-crazed convicts challenged the state's penal authority is of no particular importance; guile is a daily diet in the ghastly world of prisons. Not even the state's surrender to the mutineers, alarming as it was, would in itself deserve the historian's attention. What made the event a profoundly meaningful parable of our age was the nauseating good humor, the appalling gentility, the calm reasonableness of that surrender. To us, the immensely significant figure was one Vernon Fox, the jail's deputy warden and psychologist who, in the name of the sovereign State of Michigan, negotiated the deal—and then congratulated the psychopathic rebels.

Vernon Fox, we submit, incarnates our era of gently "understanding," tolerantly smiling, disgustingly lukewarm decay. Indeed, he is sweet reasonableness personified—that sweet reasonableness of "liberals" who, when staring at the bandit's gun, can still admire its precision and concede that the gunman, too, has a case. The final product of the asinine "enlightenment" which made *"tout comprendre est tout pardonner"* a motto for collective suicide, Vernon Fox impresses us as the most common denominator of all modern "social sciences." Here, tied into one act of an obscure prison psychologist, is all the anemia, all the self-destructive "tolerance" of a modernism which has dethroned moral judgment and deified "causation." Here is the "equalitarian" spirit which argues that, if the judge can sit in judgment over the culprit, the culprit has the right to sit in judgment over the judge —a spirit, we may add, that has crept into certain recent minority opinions of our Supreme Court justices.

On a more secular plane, here is the spirit of expediency and appeasement. Michigan's Governor, G. Mennen Williams, argued righteously that the surrender (and never mind the congratulations) was necessary to protect the prison guards (family men) held in hostage by the rebels. We beg to differ. The business of jail authorities is not to protect prison guards but to keep convicts under penal discipline—even at the risk of the wardens' lives. And before any reader discards this as the reprehensible expression of a bloodthirsty conservatism, he had better consider what is involved.

Involved is, to put it bluntly, human co-existence. Men can not live in social proximity unless they can depend on contractual commitments. Nobody must be forced to sign a contract—but everybody ought to be forced to keep a voluntarily signed one. To our knowledge, no Michigander was ever forced to become a prison guard. When a Michigander voluntarily becomes one, he solemnly swears to enforce the penal laws to the exclusion of all other considerations, particularly those for his own life and limb. The oath of a chief warden includes his solemn promise to spare neither himself nor his associates in the execution of his voluntarily assumed responsibilities.

In short, the clear duty of the chief warden in Michigan State Prison was to quell the mutiny, and never mind the family status of the hostages. To be sure, not everyone has what it takes to send a married prison guard, or an unmarried convict for that matter, into machine-gun fire. In fact, it may be doubted whether our editors have that sort of guts—which may be one reason why none of them chose the career of a jail warden. But a society which so kindly "understands" that its married prison guards have a right to put their lives above their sworn duties is evidently doomed.

The conventional rationale for that "understanding" is pure cant, and no apologetic trick of the appeasing orators is more contemptible than their blasphemous reference to charity. Charity, indeed! The same State Department that engineered the shameful deal with the Hungarian Communist Government, allegedly to purchase the life of kidnapped Robert Vogeler, had no charitable qualms about pursuing a Korean strategy which maimed a whole nation. As for Governor Williams, his vote for the Christian virtue of charity would have been more convincing had he gone to work on Michigan's manifestly rotten prison conditions *before* he got front-page notoriety. His "understanding" *after* the intolerable explosion was the negation of charity—namely, an expedient and dangerous surrender to evil.

We refuse to be a party to such "understanding." To us, a policeman who does not try to stop a criminal because he might get hurt in preventing the crime is as contemptible as the criminal—and never mind how many children the cop has to think of. To us, a Communist writer who asks for sympathy because his disclosed affiliations might cost him a $3000-a-week job in Hollywood is just as contemptible. To us, it is man's ineluctable duty to accept the consequences of his freely made choices. That's how conservative we are. We want the fellow who became a prison guard to take chances with his life, and the writer who became a Communist to take chances at least with his income. This is a basic law of the moral order. Break that law in a deal with Hungarian Communists, or with MGM, or with convict-rebels in Michigan State Prison, and you are on a one-way trip to the cave.

No NATO Without France

General Dwight D. Eisenhower returns from his second crusade in Europe considerably less victorious than from the first. Both times he did his technical job well, and with characteristic alacrity, but the futility of muscular effort unaided by adequate political judgment showed in his second European campaign even faster than in the first. It took America three years to grasp that the soldierly success of 1945 was voided by an unpardonable miscalculation of Soviet intentions. This time the vacuity of political concept shone through the NATO structure even before the General said farewell to arms.

In both cases, of course, some of Eisenhower's friends claim for him the peculiarly innocent state of a soldier whose job is to execute, but never to ponder, other men's policies. But the myth of a soldier's lasting political virginity is altogether untenable when a general ends up running for the most political office in Creation: a soldier, intellectually so abstemious that he would not permit himself opinions on the policies which have shaped his career, would surely disqualify himself for the Presidency.

And no apologetic fiction could be more offensive to the intelligent public, or more insulting to the General himself, than the contention that he is not fully responsible for the concept and the policies of NATO. Does not Eisenhower's complete self-identification with those policies constitute the only reason for his candidacy? So convinced is he of their righteousness, and so afraid of Senator Taft's alleged "negativism" on the subject, that he had to reconsider his solemn promise never to seek political office. NATO, indeed, and all it stands for, is the whole platform of Eisenhower's candidacy.

A disturbing series of articles by Homer Bigart has presented a balance sheet of NATO's technical achievements. What makes this apprehensive audit doubly disturbing is its publisher—the *New York Herald Tribune*, which certainly can not be suspected of belittling the General's record. Anyone who has read these seven well-informed articles must have concluded that NATO, so far, seems to be just about the shakiest architectural feat since the Tower of Babel. Homer Bigart is a competent military reporter, but we hope he was overly pessimistic this time. However, no matter how impressive NATO's statistics may yet grow to be, the fundamental political mistake at its conception may prove irreparable. Its nature can best be shown by considering France.

As we submitted a few weeks ago ("The Acheson Magic," issue of March 24), "there can be no rearmament of western Germany (and western Europe) before France regains her national poise and her military resoluteness." Anybody who so much as begins to think about military integration of Europe, let alone thinks it through to the end, must realize these two basic facts: (a) the talk of Germany as the core of a European defense system is just that—irresponsible talk; (b) the most important single job for an architect of European defensive strength is to cure the French malaise which renders western Europe indefensible. The alpha and omega of any responsible NATO policy therefore was, and remains, the support of such French forces as are capable of healing the most dangerous of all European lesions—the French loss of confidence in their government and the future of France.

Now if there is one public figure who can not fall back on the old chestnut of "never interfere in other nations' internal affairs," it is clearly the Chief of NATO. He, to quote General Eisenhower, is "only one-twelfth American" which, by the same token, makes him at least one-twelfth French. Actually, it was not just a part of his business but indeed his main duty to guide France, once he had become its supreme military strategist, toward maximum strength. And so the key question in assessing General Eisenhower's NATO record is: how effectively, and in what direction, has he interfered in French internal affairs?

The answer, we are afraid, is unequivocal and distressing. Eisenhower's influence in France—invisible abroad, and yet decisive in France—was used to prolong the French malaise. Instead of steering the country, with the NATO Chief's irresistible power, toward a rally of all patriots, necessarily including de Gaulle's crucial reserves, Eisenhower's enormous weight was thrown fully behind the decrepit "third force." Disagree as they may on most other subjects, all explorers of Europe's political jungle will testify to this one indisputable fact: without, or even against, General Eisenhower, the "third force" could not have stayed in power.

But stay it did. And with results that amount to a lethal hemorrhage of Europe's defensive resources. As it happens, the loss of blood can be measured in dollars and cents—the same way American assistance to European defense can be measured.

From 1945 to 1952 France has received four billion dollars worth of American aid—four billion dollars which spelled, in Eisenhower's persuasive presentations before Congress, the difference between death and survival of western Europe. The other day the Governor of the *Banque de France*, the eminently competent Monsieur Baumgartner, presented his conservative estimate of gold and hard-currency banknotes the panicky French have withdrawn from circulation, clandestinely hoarded, literally buried in vineyards and fields. Why? Because they have no confidence in a governmental system that totters from sheer habit, no confidence in a "third force" future of France. These buried

treasures, estimates M. Baumgartner, amount to twenty billion dollars—*five times what we have thrown into the "third force" pit since 1945.*

In other words, our love affair with that "third force" has not only drained four billion dollars from the American economy but, even more dangerously, twenty billion dollars from France's circulatory system. Had NATO brought about a true rally of French patriotism and confidence, the problems of financing the French Army—problems which keep the country in a constant state of poisonous crisis—would not have arisen. With a transfusion of her own blood reserves a confident France would now be conquering her malaise and, therefore, Europe's.

What has prevented the NATO Chief from steering in France the only correct course? We may be wrong, but we can find only one coherent explanation: the political philosophy behind the NATO concept, whether or not the General realizes it, focuses on "social reform" in Europe rather than defense. Just as in Eisenhower's first European crusade the bet on the "peace-loving and progressive Soviets" erased America's gigantic military investment, the leftist "third force" delusion at the core of NATO policies negates their proclaimed purpose. The dreamers, and worse, who have determined America's foreign policy for the last twenty years, have also determined the record on which alone the NATO Chief can seek political office.

Judge Pine vs. Fascism

In course of argument over the steel seizure, the argument precedent to Judge David A. Pine's unequivocating, astringent and refreshing rebuke to high Presidential prerogative, there occurred an incident that devastated the government's case. By the device *reductio ad absurdum*, so dear to the legal technician, the judge put the government's counsel, Mr. Holmes Baldridge, in hypothetical jeopardy of losing his head and thus disposed of his whole pretentious argument.

Mr. Baldridge was asserting the novel doctrine of unlimited Presidential power, resting it upon the "stewardship" theory announced but never claimed in practice by the late President Roosevelt. Mr. Baldridge maintained that a "broad residuum of power" inhered in the Presidency under Article II, Sections 1, 2 and 3, of the Constitution; powers undefined, vague and unreachable by the courts or the people short of the ballot box or impeachment. The court interposed to ask if Mr. Baldridge believed that the President's powers were, in truth, without limit or bounds.

"I suppose," Mr. Baldridge conceded, "that if you carry it to its logical conclusion that's what it is."

Whereupon the court did just that. He posited the case of Citizen Baldridge who had just been seized by the Secretary of Commerce acting under unlimited Presidential powers, lodged in jail and ordered executed.

"Is it your view," asked the court, "that the courts could do nothing to protect you?"

"I'll have to think that one over," replied Mr. Baldridge. It is apparent, given the awful celerity with which authoritarian regimes move against their subjects, that Mr. Baldridge was taking far too flippant an attitude toward his personal, if hypothetical, fate. If Mr. Baldridge's argument were to prevail, he might find that similar levity would cause him to lose his head in a real, and not a figurative sense.

Judge Pine's famous decision received the plaudits of the country. To our mind Judge Pine deserved the applause, but the extravagance of the praise was a little disconcerting. In a more rational age, one more sensible of the tripartite nature of our government, such a decision would pass unremarked and the worthy judge be held to have stated no more than the plain facts.

Lest we seem to be slighting the judge, we hasten to recommend that his ruling be read as a lecture in every Constitutional law course in the land; that it be published as a pamphlet and placed on the shelves of every library, there to be studied by the laity as a model of judicial clarity, understanding and literary grace. In other words, Judge Pine's decision was a humdinger.

There is, however, a deeper lesson to be read into this matter. The assertions by government counsel of a doctrine wholly alien to the experience and spirit of our free society disquiet us. There was a whiff of fascism to Mr. Baldridge's utterances. This was not merely the verbal improvisation, the smart tactic of a lawyer beset by a bad case; it represented the bias of strong and cunning men close to the President, men whose minds prevail over his, that he indeed has the right to govern by whim and caprice.

It is this assertion of the *Fuehrerprinzip* by legal representatives of the United States Government that causes the *Freeman* to toss so restlessly these warm May nights on its editorial bed. The events of the last month—the steel seizure, followed by the President's blithe articulation of his assumed power to seize the press and radio—highlight a tendency toward authoritarianism that crops up in other aspects of national life. Mr. Walter Lippmann was not a voice crying in the wilderness when he solemnly urged the American public to abate politics in this Presidential year and unite on a single candidate. Whether or not Mr. Lippmann was aware of it, preoccupied as he is with the world interests of No. 10 Downing Street, he was expressing a current yearning for totalitarianism.

It is understandable, if inexcusable, that faint hearts among the intelligentsia, men with little stomach for reality and no faith in the sweaty proc-

esses of democracy, should yearn for a summer devoid of the clamor and umbrage of a Presidential campaign. The chore of participating intelligently in an outwardly undisciplined society such as ours is too much for what the Bard termed the "pigeon-livered." We use the mantle of ennui and mental fatigue to cover Mr. Lippmann and his ilk, but with the sinister chancery at Mr. Truman's elbow that extenuation will not suffice.

With them it is clear that time is of the essence; the days of Truman are numbered, and if they want seriously to impair the historic political structure of the United States, as they do, they must move fast. That is what they have done.

Bringing up the Rear

Everything is topsy-turvy these days, and when the literary *avant garde* brings up the rear some twenty years late, it may not be cause for a belly laugh. Nevertheless, we couldn't help smiling the other day when the *Partisan Review*, that banner of the *avant garde* intellectuals, came out with the announcement that "34 leading writers, philosophers and representatives of all branches of culture" would shortly contribute to a symposium more or less dedicated to the proposition that America is not necessarily hostile to art and to thought.

We had assumed, in our rather provincial way, that *that* topic had been rather extensively canvassed in the thirties. Through the mists of the years we recall Malcolm Cowley, the expatriate of the twenties, coming home to write a book called "Exile's Return." That must have been sometime around 1931 or 1932, if our memory hasn't collapsed under pressure of reading the product of *avant garde* intellectuals. And we distinctly remember the day (it must have been sometime in 1933 or 1934) when Harold Stearns, the boy who had shaken the dust of America from his defiant shoes in the days when civilization revolved around the *Dome* and the *Rotonde* in Paris, dropped into our house with the profound announcement that America was okay by him, and that he proposed editing a symposium to wipe out the memory of his earlier anti-American symposium of the twenties.

Well, *eheu fugaces*, as the Roman fellow said. It has all gone for naught that Alfred Kazin, one of the announced contributors to the *Partisan Review* symposium, said it all years ago in a book called "On Native Grounds." It matters not a whit that John Dos Passos spent virtually a decade of his life before World War II doing the research for a book called "The Ground We Stand On." It means nothing that Ernest Hemingway deserted Spain in the thirties for Key West, Florida (even though an island, Key West is still a part of America), or that Archibald MacLeish came out of the sweet rain of Cette (on the French Riviera) to work for *Fortune* Magazine.

Apparently forgotten by *Partisan Review* editors is the rush on the part of writers and artists in the thirties to buy that little farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, or New Milford, Connecticut. Forgotten is the stand taken by those lit'ry Dixiecrats, the Messrs. Tate, Davidson and—was it Jeff Davis?—who went fugitiving down to Nashville, Tennessee, or thereabouts. Forgotten is the vast recent literature about such American wights as Paul Bunyan, Johnny Appleseed and Davy Crockett. Forgotten are the boats which moved in novels written in the thirties about the Rome Haul, the Mississippi, the Ohio of Mike Fink's time. Forgotten are the WPA guides, written by ex-expatriates who preferred living on U. S. government bounty to living on depression-year valuta in Zurich, Cannes or Naples.

No doubt we should feel happy that even a Partisan Reviewer can catch up with a procession that took its marching orders when Herbert Hoover was still President. But somehow we don't feel happy. It would have pleased us more if the boys had nailed the flags of Sartre and Kafka to the masthead and gone down snarling. For what depresses us about the American literary scene of the moment is its blandly depressing *sameness*. You can't tell the difference these days between an editorial in the *New Republic* and the *New York Times*. The socialist *New Leader* prints a weekly columnist who is also a regular contributor to the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Freeman*. The average Partisan Reviewer is seldom too partisan to appear in alternating rotation in the *Nation*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, and the *Partisan Review*. We hasten to add that we aren't trying to do writers out of jobs; they need them in a land that pays the average author less than two thousand a year. What we *would* like to see is more diversity of opinion among the literary herds that browse so solemnly, not to say somnolently, across the tepid landscape.

Our contributor, Edward Dahlberg, frequently speaks of "capon periodicals which have junk-yard sepulchres called book sections." Mr. Dahlberg has a divine violence, and he seldom spares our own feelings when he is on a verbal tear. But we like him for it—which is why we print him. The editor who can not stand an occasional birching from his own contributors is no editor. The human experience has a thousand facets, and it would take a thousand different writers to express them. But they must be writers who don't care what the trend is, whether it's Kafka this year or hating Senator McCarthy.

The *Partisan Review's* announcement of its symposium offers a rhetorical question: "If a reaffirmation of America is under way, can the tradition of critical non-conformism be maintained?"

Ho-hum.

Bob Taft's Dilemma

By FORREST DAVIS

How deeply is Eisenhower committed to the Acheson-Marshall foreign policy which has brought America low? This is the question to which Taft must address himself to make his primary campaign meaningful.

The Republican Presidential campaign limps into its final, decisive weeks under a cloud of reticence and timidity. Owing to the inscrutability of General Dwight D. Eisenhower and the refusal of Senator Robert A. Taft to grapple realistically with the underlying issue dividing him from his rival, this pre-convention campaign, which should be of the utmost historical importance, lacks point and purpose. Tactically, the candidates are heading into the stretch formidably matched. Ideologically, the campaign is something of a sham battle.

General Eisenhower, having risen to political heights on a grin, a uniform and expert political handling behind the massive breastworks of the greatest public relations enterprise ever put to such service—the plushlined publicity staff of SHAPE under a major general—plans, as this is written, a noncommittal return to his native land and enthronement as a mute Buddha in Denver, Colorado. (It may or may not be pertinent that in 1940 Wendell L. Willkie retired after his nomination into the silences at Colorado Springs.) Senator Taft, slugging it out at a hundred whistle stops, has lacked little in volubility and candor. Yet Taft has until now walked wide of the overshadowing issue between himself and his opponent: how far and in what detail is General Eisenhower chargeable with the fall of the United States from world authority and prestige into its present defensive, enfeebled and highly encumbered estate?

Was Eisenhower merely a submissive general obeying the orders of Roosevelt, Hopkins, Truman, Marshall and Acheson or was he, in truth, one of the authors of the policies that have produced our calamities? Is the world view of Truman, Marshall and Acheson likewise Eisenhower's world view? Does the soldier-candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination still venerate General George C. Marshall as a global strategist, still regard Dean Acheson as a wise and farseeing statesman?

The recent war produced three famous theater commanders: Eisenhower, MacArthur and Wedemeyer. General Douglas MacArthur was humbled by Truman and Marshall because he sought to interpose his courageous will against their desire to scuttle in the Far East. General Albert C. Wedemeyer voted his disapproval of the Administration's foreign policies by retiring at age fifty-four. MacArthur won not only the military war in the western Pacific (with, of course, the magnificent collaboration of the Navy and Air Force); he also won the peace in Japan. Wedemeyer attempted by his farsighted counsels in 1945 and '46 and through his suppressed Report to win the peace on the Asiatic mainland. He was checkmated by the Administration. Of the three theater commanders only Eisenhower still enjoys the full favor of the Administration, and it is worthy of note that both MacArthur and Wedemeyer are supporting Taft.

Heart of Our Survival

The foregoing questions far transcend campaign tactics and the personalities of the candidates. They dwarf the verdicts of the primaries, the plain lesson of which is that no overpowering public demand has arisen for either candidate and that whichever had the organization and aggressive newspaper support won.

The extent of Eisenhower's identity with the foreign policies of the Roosevelt-Truman Administrations goes to the heart of our survival as a free society. It must be evident to any citizen who bothers to reason the matter through that the world view of Truman, Marshall and Acheson has afforded us an inadequate shield against the march of Soviet imperialism. It must be equally clear that a prolongation of this world view through another four years, whether under Democratic or nominally Republican auspices, may spell ruin to Lincoln's "great Republic." That is the overshadowing issue of 1952 and it should, in justice to the American people, be fought out between now and the Republican Convention. If Eisenhower should win the Republican nomination, that issue will be resolved at Chicago and removed from the Presidential campaign itself. If Taft wins, the tragic decline of this country since 1945 into a world-wide posture of weakness can be threshed out from July to November and the voters will then have their first opportunity since 1936 to pass upon Roosevelt-Truman internationalism.

It is here that Taft has failed. It is likewise here that he faces a dilemma of first magnitude: shall he explore the question of Eisenhower's fitness to challenge the opposition's world strategy at the risk of gravely dividing his party; or shall he gloss over that thorny issue?

Taft's predicament is acute, his decision difficult. Shall he continue to wage a conventional contest for delegates at Chicago, centering his fire on the Trumans and Achesons and ignoring Eisenhower? Or, shall he spread the mantle of blame for the catastrophic collapse of our world position over Eisenhower as well? After all, Eisenhower shared with Marshall the political errors that ruled our conduct from the White House Christmas conference of 1941 with Churchill straight through to the unconditional surrender of the Nazis. Eisenhower backed Marshall at all stages in the controversies over the Second Front and the Mediterranean. He it was who consulted Stalin rather than Churchill on where the Western armies should come to rest in central Europe; it was Eisenhower who blocked our taking Berlin and Prague. The developments surrounding our failure to obtain a corridor to Berlin are still not wholly disclosed, yet Eisenhower was in command and it was his responsibility. One conclusion stands forth: we did not win the peace in Europe else Eisenhower would not have gone back to Europe to prepare for World War III.

The Issue of Infiltration

From December of 1945 to February of 1948 Eisenhower served in the Pentagon as Chief of Staff. During this period we lost China through what many believe was the determined intention of Marshall, Acheson and his suspect subordinates in the Department of State. During this time the decision was taken to override the will of the Congress for a 70-group Air Force. It is not on record that General Eisenhower ever differed with or questioned the policies that were carrying us to disaster in China and halting our rearmament in the air. So it was during Eisenhower's incumbency at Columbia University. The General was a civilian during those two years. He expressed no dissent from the Administration's foreign policies while free, as a civilian, to do so.

The issue of Communist infiltration of the universities was being agitated during Eisenhower's presidency of Columbia. Not only was he unalarmed; he performed one equivocal and censurable act when, over the protest of Professor Arthur P. Coleman, the authority on Slavic literature, he insisted upon accepting a $10,000 grant from the Polish Soviet Government to found a chair to be filled with a nominee of that government. The fact that Dr. Coleman resigned in protest and enjoys recounting the incident to audiences of Polish descent bears on Eisenhower's appeal, if the Republican Presidential candidate, in the Polish wards of Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Buffalo and other key cities. Eisenhower further betrayed a certain lack of discrimination in retaining Joseph Barnes, whose mission it seems to be to instruct the great (he escorted Wendell Willkie to Moscow in 1942), to assist him in writing his book, "Crusade in Europe." Barnes, the former foreign editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, has been identified by several witnesses before the McCarran Committee as an agent of Soviet intelligence.

General Eisenhower's public utterances during the appeasement period misread the nature of Soviet imperialism as egregiously as did those of Acheson himself. These errors may be put down to ignorance, an ignorance in which Eisenhower was by no means alone; a failure to understand the realities of world politics which may be excusable in a docile general but scarcely becoming to a Republican President whose mission it must be to undo the harm wrought by such misunderstanding.

How could Eisenhower sincerely find fault as a Republican candidate with the train of events that has reduced us to impotence in the Far East and an implausible role in western Europe? The answer is that he could not, that he never has evinced any desire to do so and that, above all, the powerful forces in international banking circles, the Administration and the publishing world who constitute his principal backers do not wish him to do so. Had Eisenhower been anything but a willing and obedient servant of the Truman-Acheson-Marshall world polity he would not have been called to command the forces of NATO nor would he be the candidate of these powerful internationalist groups. He would not now enjoy the confidence of the Democratic *New York Times*, the New Dealish *Washington Post* with its unvarying record of acquiescence in the Soviet Union's Asiatic objectives, Henry Luce's publications and the Europe Firsters amongst the Park Avenue intelligentsia. It goes without saying that the *Herald Tribune* which, although professedly Republican, hates Taft and MacArthur far more than it despises Truman and actually cherishes Acheson and Marshall, would not have housed with a dissident Eisenhower.

Can Taft afford longer to ignore the verities of the Eisenhower candidacy either for his own sake, that of the party or of the country itself? Can he avoid saying what is but the observable truth, that the world strategy he decries is the world strategy of Truman, Marshall, Acheson *and* Eisenhower? Can he disregard further the patent fact that the chief promoters of the Eisenhower candidacy (many of them Democrats such as General Lucius D. Clay) fervently uphold the Truman foreign policies and wish only to have them under another label; wish, in effect, "Hamlet" with a new Hamlet? The other day, speaking in Wisconsin, Governor Warren said:

> We were the strongest nation in the world seven and one-half years ago. Now we haven't even adequate planes to fight the backward Chinese Communists. Something is wrong. Someone has failed us.

The time has come, in my judgment, for Taft to resolve his dilemma; to array his opponent on the side of those who have brought this country low.

To do so he must violate the comity which frequently has prevailed in pre-convention campaigns; a sort of courtly refusal to brawl with an opponent or delve deeply into his record. He will incur the lofty wrath of the *New York Times;* the manifold and gifted propaganda agencies at the bidding of the Eisenhower campaign will raise the cry of "smear" that arises spontaneously from the throats of all who lie under attack these days. Such a campaign will conversely rescue the pre-convention contest from its present doldrums, give it true meaning and reassure millions of Americans that what we are about is not a popularity poll but a serious examination of the essential qualifications of the men who aspire to govern us. A campaign pitched to this level will take on the attributes of a crusade, attracting some of the qualities of the thunderous public response given MacArthur; it will be reminiscent of the stout-hearted and high-minded Theodore Roosevelt, and, finally, it will give the confused Republican voters the basis for a true and sober judgment.

Taft and the Evidence

One thing remains to be done. Candidate Taft himself must strengthen his grasp on the reasons for our decline. While he has dealt explicitly with aspects of our foreign affairs debacle, he has preferred to ascribe them to folly rather than treason. He characteristically describes them as "blunders." In order to gain accurate perspective on these "blunders," he must learn to see them as parts of a pattern of retreat produced by conscious will and purpose. The road to ruin in Asia from Yalta to the current truce negotiations in Panmunjom is inexplicable unless seen in terms of wilful design. So it is with our whole global strategy. "Someone has failed us"; someone has intended to fail us.

Taft's unwillingness to detect treason in our foreign disasters does him credit as a man. As a normal American unacquainted with intrigue, a statesman devoted to duty and country, he has no inherent understanding of the sick souls in and out of the government who, as has been demonstrated, look upon the Soviet Empire as the rising power, have nothing but contempt for the United States and wish her destruction. Like so many Americans of good will, Taft finds it hard to believe the evidence before his eyes that traitors have wrought at least part of our downfall. Yet what can be made of our plight otherwise?

What shall be said of a government that so flagrantly misreads the plain strategical lessons of our two-front situation by seeking to write off one flank and pressing for a chimerical and provocative defense of an indefensible western Europe? The whole bent of the Roosevelt-Truman Administrations from Yalta onward, held in check only by a dedicated minority in the Congress, has been toward surrender of the Far East. As recently as January of 1951 Truman, Acheson and Marshall—with no demurrer from Eisenhower—were ready to recognize the Chinese Reds, seat them in the United Nations and place the fate of Formosa in the hands of a commission dominated by the Soviet powers and England.

By an ironical paradox, brilliantly illuminated by Lawrence R. Brown in the *Freeman* of March 24, it is the internationalists backing Eisenhower who sponsor policies which may well bring about our genuine isolation between a Soviet Europe and a Soviet Asia, and the so-called isolationists who are seeking to preserve our strongholds in Asia. The loss of the western Pacific, giving the Soviet Union effective use of eastern Siberia as an air base against our Pacific Coast and midwestern industrial centers, would enormously handicap us and render our defense of western Europe all but impossible. What reliance will the western Europeans put upon the will and intelligence of a great power that scuttles a vital strategical area, putting its own coasts under peril of enemy attack? Who could blame the French, for example, if, observing such a spectacle with their customary intelligence, they placed themselves under the umbrella of Moscow and accepted Soviet agents in the form of French cabinet ministers into their government? Who really believes western Europe will fight with us after we have lost the western Pacific?

What shall be said of a government which, enduring Soviet slights abroad, umbrageously and scandalously protects enemy agents within its own ranks, denying records of this subversion to Congressional investigators and waging a lethal war of character annihilation against any who seek to dislodge them?

It is all one ball of wax. The defensive and defeatist attitude toward the rising Soviet power from Teheran onward, the surrender to blackmail in Hungary, the frightening one-front strategy; the President's flippant dismissal of Alger Hiss's devoted service to the Kremlin as a "red herring," Acheson's hysterical refusal to "turn his back upon Hiss, the *Amerasia* case, the case of Harry Dexter White, the mysterious deaths of Larry Duggan and Louis Adamic, the arrogant self-incrimination of Owen Lattimore, Philip Jessup's defiance of Senatorial mistrust. . . . The sorry tale could be spun out, but that suffices.

There is, of course, no obvious connection between Eisenhower and the Soviet apparatus that has been provably at work in the White House, the Department of State and elsewhere in the Administration. Yet there is a nexus in the fact that the command decisions carried out by Eisenhower, the policies he has so faithfully served have arisen, in indeterminate part, from this Soviet apparatus. When we ask, with Cicero, "who laid these snares?" the answer takes us to White, to Lauchlin Currie, who administered the Far Eastern policies of Roosevelt during World War II; to Lattimore and

to Hiss. Thus if we have a Truman-Marshall-Acheson-Eisenhower world polity we have behind it a White-Currie-Lattimore-Hiss mechanism of persuasion in high layers of the government with others whose names have not yet been certified. It would be unfair and uncharitable to attribute to Eisenhower any knowing collaboration with the bureaucrats and publicists who have been subverting America's world position. One can and must say that Eisenhower has been an unprotesting agent of this whole foreign policy complex.

It is this complex that is peculiarly at stake in the Republican pre-convention campaign. Unless we have a rough referendum on this complex at Chicago we are pretty certain not to have it afterward. Only Taft can give us such a referendum. Only a Taft, moreover, who accepts the premise that we did not reach our present dreadful world predicament through ineptitude but through intention. To make this issue come alive Taft must himself believe that the shameful record of subservience to Moscow's world purposes was the work of determined men and not the footling mistakes of incompetent statesmen and generals. He must further be willing to believe that the treason which is corroding the West is rife within our country as well. He must believe that the Hisses, the Whites, the Marzanis *et alia* are not unique, separable phenomena but the disclosed portion of a pattern of subversion that operates extensively in our affairs of state. In short, Taft must confront the fact of treason and understand it.

The question before the house is far more portentous than whether a Senator named Taft or a General named Eisenhower obtains the Republican nomination for President. It is whether the precipitate slide of this country from its commanding world position at the end of World War II can be arrested and the ambitions of Soviet imperialism frustrated. Given the election of a Democratic candidate sworn to defend the Truman-Marshall-Acheson-Eisenhower world polity, or the election of Eisenhower himself, and this country can within four years be unmanned, deprived of its forward positions in Asia and Europe, forced back to the North American continent and ultimately isolated and destroyed without ever fighting a war in its defense. That is the challenge of the Eisenhower candidacy. It could not be more explicit; it could not be more demonstrable.

Will Senator Taft resolve his dilemma in favor of a fight on this high and urgent ground? The decision can not be made by his advisers among the political hacks who weigh everything in terms of expediency and deals; it can not be ruled by timidity. If the Republican Party can not survive a rigorous debate on this central issue it may not be worth saving. The survival of our traditional society is at stake, our lives and fortunes are at the hazard, and only Taft himself can decide between courage and prudence.

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

The wisdom of our form of government is that no men, no matter how good they may appear to be, may be entrusted with absolute power. The great achievement of our form of government is that it has enabled us to meet the challenging needs of the people while providing a rule of law that restrains all men, even the most powerful.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, address on Constitution Day, September 18, 1951

What is this moral prestige? Mao had it not merely because he fought for thirty years and won. It springs rather from his apparent "sincerity" . . . his purity of intention. By his pronouncements and conduct, Mao and his party have established the general belief that they mean well toward the Chinese masses, that they know China's basic problems and have the means and determination to solve them.

JOHN KING FAIRBANK, *Atlantic Monthly*, November 1950

It thus becomes apparent that under prevailing procedures in such cases, the opportunity for the exercise of any improper influence by one or more individuals, even if they so desired, is reduced almost to an impossibility.

J. HOWARD MC GRATH, July 26, 1951, letter replying to Senator Douglas on need for establishing a Commission on Ethics in the Federal Government

The Soviet people not only love the Chinese people, but they treat the soil of the Chinese people as their own.

MUKDEN RADIO, broadcast of the Northeast China Regional Service, November 7, 1951

Practically Clairvoyant

The State Department has the job of foreseeing a problem before it arises.

DEAN ACHESON, Department of State publication 3972, p. 20

It [the Chinese National Government] is not threatened with defeat by the Communists.

DEAN ACHESON, House Foreign Affairs Committee Hearings on Aid to China, March 1947

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

That "Impartial" WSB

By JOSEPH H. BALL

The Congressional investigators who are delving into the behavior of the "public" members of the Wage Stabilization Board in the steel case will find that they have long records of union appeasement.

Appointment of supposedly impartial or "public" boards to hear the parties and recommend a settlement has been a favorite device of the Truman Administration to throw its weight on the union's side in labor disputes important enough to justify such intervention.

The "impartiality" of such boards, particularly of the so-called Public Members of the Wage Stabilization Board (WSB), has been challenged as a result of the Board's recommendation of the union shop and a 26.5 cents-an-hour wage increase in the steel dispute. The House of Representatives voted 255 to 88 to investigate WSB. The Senate disapproved the President's seizure of the steel industry for its refusal to accept the WSB terms by voting 44 to 31 for an amendment to an appropriation bill prohibiting use of the funds for any seizure not specifically authorized by law. In both houses, grave doubts as to the Board's impartiality were voiced in debate.

One thing that concerned House members who voted for the investigation was whether WSB had disregarded the specific direction of Congress in the Defense Production Act (Title V) that in settling labor disputes, all actions should be consistent with the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act and other labor laws.

Insofar as at least three of the six Public Members of WSB are concerned, there can be no question as to their opinion of the Taft-Hartley Act. On June 20, 1947, when President Truman's veto message on the bill was pending, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, a Republican who rarely deviates from the CIO line, read into the record a telegram sent to some Congressmen by a group of "labor relations experts" reading as follows:

> We speak as economists, lawyers and educators representing no organization or partisan interest. We are unanimous in the conviction that the Taft-Hartley bill should not become law. This omnibus bill includes many provisions which are extremely unwise, unfair and unworkable. It goes far beyond the legitimate purposes of curbing union abuses or providing equality of bargaining rights and duties. It would seriously weaken protections of Norris-LaGuardia Act and National Labor Relations Act. It provides no constructive solution to problem of national strikes. It would increase industrial unrest and strife.

Signers of that telegram included WSB Chairman Nathan P. Feinsinger and Public Members John T. Dunlop and Arthur M. Ross. Harry Shulman, Professor of Law at Yale University, who served as chairman of the Board's panel on the steel dispute, also signed it. All of the 42 "experts" who signed it were professors in colleges from Yale to California. They may not have represented any organization, but somebody certainly organized that telegram.

Chairman Attacked Taft-Hartley Act

Feinsinger was a star witness for the repeal of Taft-Hartley before the Senate Labor Committee in 1949. As late as July 1950, writing in the *Monthly Labor Review* published by the Department of Labor, Feinsinger attacked the entire Taft-Hartley Act, singling out for special criticism the law's prohibition of the closed shop and its restrictions on the union shop. He again advocated its complete repeal.

Reasonable men of course may differ as to the wisdom of the Taft-Hartley Act. But it obviously was and is supported by a big majority of that "public" which Feinsinger *et alia* are supposed to represent. It was enacted by more than two-thirds majorities of both houses of Congress. Two succeeding Congresses have neither repealed nor substantially modified it, despite all-out efforts to that end by the Truman Administration and the labor unions. It has been law for five years and none of the dire predictions made by these self-styled "impartial" experts back in 1947 has materialized.

I have not been able to find where any of the other Public Members of WSB took any public position on Taft-Hartley, but I would be very much surprised to find that any of them had supported it. On this issue at least, the Public Members of WSB obviously represent the views of the Truman Administration and the union leaders rather than the majority of Congress and the public.

There are six Public Members on the Board, but only four serve at one time, along with four industry and four union members. On the steel dispute case, the four Public Members were Chairman Feinsinger, John T. Dunlop, Frederick H. Bullen and Benjamin Aaron.

Although appointed by the President, Public Members of WSB actually are selected by John R.

Steelman, Truman's top aide on labor problems. Employers have had plenty of experience with Steelman, most of it unhappy. He was a college professor in Alabama before joining the conciliation service early in the New Deal, which may explain his predilection for naming professors to wage boards. He was the "impartial" arbitrator who imposed the closed shop on captive coal mines in 1943 and he has directed government intervention in scores of disputes where the unions won juicy gains, particularly in coal and steel.

Five Professional Labor Arbitrators

In addition to their records on the Taft-Hartley Act, Steelman had other evidence in their backgrounds which made it certain that the Public Members he picked for WSB would be "impartial" only on the side of the Truman Administration.

With one exception, Public Members of WSB are professional arbitrators in labor disputes and veterans of service with the War Labor Board (WLB) during World War II. The exception is Thomas F. Coman, a labor relations analyst and reporter for the Bureau of National Affairs. Coman takes little part in Board discussions, merely voting with his Public colleagues whenever motions are put.

Chairman Feinsinger and Dunlop, who is Professor of Economics at Harvard University, are the dominant figures among the Public Members. Feinsinger, in the apparently brief intervals when he is not engaged in labor arbitration or serving on some government board, is Professor of Law at the University of Wisconsin. From 1942 to 1946 he was with the War Labor Board, and was a member of Presidential Fact Finding Boards in the 1946 steel and the 1948 meatpacking disputes.

Dunlop was vice chairman of the Boston Regional WLB during World War II and later a division chief of the national Board and a public member of the Wage Adjustment Board for the construction industry. He served on a Presidential Fact Finding Board for coal in 1950 and currently is chairman of the National Joint Board for the Settlement of Jurisdictional Disputes in the construction industry.

Bullen, vice chairman of WSB, has been secretary of the New York State Board of Mediation since 1946. He also served with WLB during the war, first as director of its Disputes Division and later as chairman of the Fifth Regional WLB. He and Dunlop are both in their late thirties, while Feinsinger is forty-nine.

Aaron, a lawyer, is only 36 years old but already a veteran labor arbitrator. Like the others, he served with WLB during the war, although in lesser capacities.

William M. Hepburn, Dean of the University of Alabama Law School, is the sixth Public Member of the Board but he has been ill since last October and the alternate member, Arthur M. Ross, Associate Professor of Economics at the University of California, has been serving in his place. Hepburn was a Public Member of the Atlanta Regional War Labor Board from 1943 through 1945 and has served frequently as an arbitrator. Ross has been a labor arbitrator on the West Coast for some time.

There are two kinds of labor arbitrators. One decides grievances arising under a contract already agreed upon. His task consists in applying the contract terms to a specific situation, and the area of discretion is narrow.

The second type arbitrates a dispute over the original terms of the contract itself. Theoretically, the contract arbitrator judges the merits of the cases presented by the two contending parties. But in recent years arbitration of a contract dispute has tended to cross the line into mediation and compromise. And a mediator's primary concern is to find a formula to settle the dispute, not to decide the merits of the case. In our present society with its strong pro-union bias, this usually results in a compromise giving the union from half to three-fourths of its demands.

Let Their Records Speak

The CIO Steelworkers had had experience with Feinsinger and Aaron as arbitrators before this year. They were members of President Truman's Fact Finding Board in the 1946 steel dispute. That was when the President himself mediated an 18.5 cent wage increase, so the Board did not pass on that issue. But the Board did decide, as argued by the union, that the no-strike clause in its contract applied only to grievances and not to the wage reopening. Incidentally, the President and the CIO contended then as now that a substantial wage boost for steelworkers could be paid without any increase in steel prices. But the OPA a few weeks later granted a $5-per-ton increase in steel prices and the first postwar round of the wage price spiral was off.

Dunlop was chairman of an arbitration board in a dispute between the Twin City Rapid Transit Company and an AFL union in 1948, and voted with the union member of the Board to award an increase of 18 cents plus fringes, part of it retroactive. The blistering dissent of Philip B. Willauer, employer member of the Board, said in part:

> It appears that the presiding arbitrator of this tri-partite board [Dunlop] has taken to himself the role of protector of the interest of one of the three parties to a wage controversy in public utilities, totally disregarding the equities of the two other parties—the public and the owners.

Steelman also had their records on the old War Labor Board to guide him in choosing Public Members. The WLB actually did a better job of holding down direct wage increases than has WSB, sticking fairly closely to the Little Steel formula. But it de-

veloped the art of pushing wages up through "fringes" and removal of "inequities" into something approaching an exact science, a science now formalized in WSB regulations. And WLB helped unions quadruple their membership during the war by imposing on many firms the "maintenance of membership" clause, an only slightly less obnoxious form of compulsory union membership than the union shop.

The present WSB has expanded maintenance of membership into an outright union shop, its fringe awards make the WLB appear niggardly by comparison, and its productivity and cost-of-living escalation decisions seem to have removed all limits on direct wage increases.

When one considers that background, the performance of the Public Members of WSB is not surprising. When that performance is studied, the strong pro-union bias of the Public Members shows clearly.

An Amazing Unanimity

Right at the outset we bump into a strange phenomenon—the amazing and complete unanimity of WSB Public Members on every controversial issue that has been decided by the Board. Split decisions are almost the rule in our Supreme Court, which deals with interpretation of statutes and the Constitution, matters which would seem to be much more capable of precise determination than the relatively fluid issues involved in wage stabilization and labor disputes. All nine members of our present Supreme Court were appointed by President Truman or his predecessor. Eight of them are members of the same political party. Yet 5 to 4, 6 to 3, and 7 to 2 decisions by the Court are a commonplace. But in the exercise of their own judicial function, WSB Public Members have managed to maintain complete unanimity on every single issue decided.

The industry and union members were appointed to represent in some measure at least the special interests of employers and unions. Public Members presumably represent only the broad interest of the public. That their individual judgments as to how that interest would best be served should always coincide completely is so miraculous that one might be forgiven for suspecting that some kind of compulsion was in operation.

That suspicion might be crystallized into conviction when we examine the Board's division on the major controversial issues it has decided. For we find that with a single, significant exception, the Board's Public Members have obtained a majority by reaching an agreement—I almost wrote "making a deal"—with the union members.

The significant exception was General Wage Regulation 6. That was the 10 per cent "catchup" regulation adopted in the spring of 1951, permitting wage increases up to 10 per cent above January 15, 1950, levels without Board approval. The theory was to allow wages to keep pace with increases in the cost of living. Actually, the consumers' price index had increased only 7 per cent at the time. Industry members wanted that figure. Union members demanded a 12 per cent ceiling. Industry members finally joined Public Members in adopting the 10 per cent catchup regulation.

That was when the union members walked out of the Board, paralyzing its activities for several weeks. They did not return until President Truman issued his executive order giving WSB authority to recommend settlement terms in dispute cases, including both wage and non-economic issues.

From then on the Public Members always joined the union members to decide key issues, with the industry members dissenting. Of course they did not do it on every split decision. Nothing so blatant as that. On a great many issues where there were 8 to 4 votes, the Public Members voted with industry and the union members dissented. Just on arithmetic, the record looks quite impartial.

But the Public votes with industry were always on minor issues. On the major issues, when big unions really put on the pressure, the Public Members voted with the union members to decide them.

Key Decisions Favoring Unions

Here are the key decisions of WSB made by 8 to 4 votes, the industry members dissenting:

May 18, 1951. Approved wage increases in the meatpacking industry substantially above those permissible under Board regulations.

September 19, 1951. Approved wage increase of 29.5 per cent for CIO Maritime Union, most of it due to overtime after 40 instead of 48 hours per week at sea.

October 14, 1951. Approved above-ceiling increases for ship radio operators retroactively, to help current manpower shortage.

December 23, 1951. Adopted General Wage Regulation 19, which virtually decontrolled health and welfare plan contributions.

March 19, 1952. In Wright Aeronautical dispute recommended wage increase exceeding that permissible under regulations and made recommendations on issues injected into the dispute by WSB itself.

March 20, 1952. In steel dispute recommended wage and fringe increases totaling 26.5 cents, and the union shop.

April 16, 1952. In Boeing Aircraft and Douglas Aircraft disputes recommended a union shop. Wage issues had been settled.

Industry members of the Board blasted the steel recommendations in these words:

> . . . the increases recommended are far greater in the aggregate than any increase ever before voluntarily bargained, or recommended, in the steel industry. It is absurd that the largest increase in his-

> tory should be recommended in a dispute case during a period of wage stabilization. . . .
>
> We can not escape the feeling that the dispute processes of the Board have been used as an instrument of union appeasement.

In its official report on the steel case, the Board said this:

> . . . in either a voluntary or dispute case, the Board is free to take whatever action it deems fair and equitable and not unstabilizing, whether that involves merely an interpretation of its regulations, or *requires an exception to or a general modification of such regulations* [emphasis supplied].

In other words, the Board's regulations don't mean a thing in a dispute case. If the unions can get their disputes to the Board, wage stabilization won't apply.

In a press conference of April 18 on the Douglas and Boeing decisions, Feinsinger was quoted as saying:

> If people really mean what they say, "Let it be settled by collective bargaining," what they're doing is to invite a strike. If a strike occurs what's the sense of all these proceedings—we can't hide our heads in the sand, send it back and if there is a strike just say, "Well, that's too bad."

These statements are a clear invitation to every union to threaten strikes for the union shop and above-ceiling wage increases, get its dispute certified to WSB, and have the government grant its demands. It is difficult to imagine a more flagrant demonstration of pro-union bias by a supposedly impartial public official.

A Private Deal?

Finally, consider the testimony of John C. Bane, lawyer and industry member of the steel dispute panel which sat with the Board while the case was decided. The Board had considered the case for several days and worked into the night March 20 to beat another strike deadline. Here is Bane's description of what happened that evening:

> At that meeting, the Public Members who attended, operating as usual under the potent leadership of Mr. Feinsinger, presented one by one the recommendations which made up the "package" published a little later that evening. Among them was the recommendation that wages be increased by the 12.5 to 17.5 cents series of steps. No industry member of the Board or panel had ever heard of this proposal until then. In spite of that, the wage recommendation, like all the others in the case, was approved at once, without discussion, by the votes of the Public and Labor Members of the Board.

The whole procedure shouts that Public Members had made their deal privately with union members. Their "impartiality" in these matters is on a par with that displayed by President Truman in his radio-TV speech announcing the steel seizure, though perhaps not as obvious. It would be more honest to label them "Administration" members.

Don't Quote Me

Rummaging through back issues of the *Nation* recently, I came across a sentence whose punctuation fascinated me. "There is little about the China Lobby," it said, "that is really 'Chinese.'" What, pray, is the difference between "Chinese" and Chinese? If I order chop suey in a Chinese restaurant, do I not receive the same dish as when I order "chop suey" in a "Chinese" restaurant?

The practice of enclosing isolated words or phrases in quotes has penetrated almost all of modern writing. Thus, Truman's "war" in Korea becomes a "police action," etc. We are literally drowning in a sea of quotes.

I myself have had nightmares in which I saw this method applied to the classics. "How long, O Catiline, will you abuse our 'patience'?" thundered Cicero. And Mark Antony declaimed: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your 'ears.'"

Almost any word or phrase may be transformed into an expression of contempt simply by enclosing it in quotes. By the use of quotation marks, moreover, words frequently acquire the direct opposite of their real meanings. Thus, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Rumania, taken over by the Soviet Union, become "people's democracies."

This method of punctuation springs in part from the various Socialist and Communist movements. Marx and Lenin were addicted to the practice, and transformed even the term, Marxist, into an epithet by the use of quotes. Thus, Marx is said to have stated: "I am not a 'Marxist'"; and Lenin sneered at such ultra-"Marxists" as Karl Kautsky and the German Social-Democrats. Stalin, when he became editor of *Pravda* during World War I, made this particular use of quotation marks one of the paper's distinguishing marks. To this day he seems to think that a Trotskyite or Bukharinite "wrecker" is somehow much worse than a Trotskyite or Bukharinite wrecker. Perhaps his choicest use of the method occurs in a passage in which he sneers at "capitalist legends" about Communist parties being governed by "orders from Moscow."

I had a dream recently in which I quoted this sneer of Stalin's as follows: " 'capitalist legends' " about " 'orders from Moscow.' " This led Stalin to refer derisively to my remarks about ' " 'capitalist legends' " ' about ' " 'orders from Moscow.' " ' I then found it necessary to reply in kind by sneering at Stalin's denial of my remarks about " ' " 'capitalist legends' " ' " about " ' " 'orders from Moscow.' " ' " Not to be outdone, Stalin promptly ordered *Pravda* to print an editorial demanding my suppression and denouncing my remarks concerning ' " ' " 'capitalist legends' " ' " ' about ' " ' " 'orders from Moscow.' " ' " ' I woke up screaming when it became " ' " ' " ' " ' " 'capitalist legends' " ' " ' " ' " ' " about " " " " " " " " " 'orders from Moscow.' " " " " " " " " "

HARRY FELDMAN

The Libraries Buy Propaganda

By GOMER BATH

How public libraries are buying and circulating "one-world" and pro-Soviet propaganda films is shown by the controversy in Peoria, Illinois.

In November, 1950, Xenophon P. Smith, librarian of the Peoria (Ill.) Public Library, ordered the purchase of the United Nations film, "Of Human Rights," for circulation by his audio-visual department. In doing so, he started Peoria's second bitter controversy in less than two years, involving both himself and an embarrassed library board.

The question angry Peorians are debating is, "Should the library spend public funds for subversive propaganda films, since by doing so it acts as the local agent for the propagandists?"

Librarian Smith says that to deny the people the privilege of seeing such films would be censorship. Another librarian, Ralph A. Ulveling, director of the Detroit Public Library, stated the issue in a different way before the Illinois Summer Educational Conference at the University of Illinois in June 1951. He said:

> This is an ideological war where propaganda, good and bad, is given importance second only to military strategy. Thus public libraries in their role as disseminators of ideas are confronted with a basic problem, for the earliest and still most fundamental duty of the librarian is selecting books for the reading public, actual and potential.
>
> It is inevitable that long years of thinking and professional discussion on this activity should have evolved a code of principles which is deep-seated, namely, "That there should be the fullest practicable provision of material presenting all points of view concerning the problems and issues of our time, international, national and local." The usual interpretation of this—no censorship of reading materials—keeps open important channels for one of the enemy's important weapons of warfare, propaganda. For months I have thought of the incompatability of this library policy with my obligation as an American citizen and with the obligation of the institution I represent, which is a part of the government itself.

The principle quoted by Mr. Ulveling is taken from the American Library Association's "Library Bill of Rights." In February 1951, the association declared that the principles applying to reading matter in the "Library Bill of Rights" should henceforth apply to all materials used by libraries. The protecting wing of the association was thus extended over propaganda films.

An important difference between propaganda on film and on the printed page has been clearly brought out in the Peoria controversy. The film is a more subtle and effective instrument for the purpose. Read Communist propaganda and you are likely to read critically. Watch a skillfully produced propaganda film and you are relaxed and uncritical. Your mind is open to subtle suggestions which are fortified by the emotional impact of well-chosen music. After you have read Communist propaganda, you probably know what ideas you have encountered. When you finish seeing a propaganda film, you may be quite unaware of the ideas that have been slipped into your mind.

The Community Is Aroused

The vanguard of the opposition to propaganda films in Peoria is the local post of the American Legion. It is supported by the Peoria Junior Chamber of Commerce, the United Veterans Council, and the morning newspaper, the *Peoria Star*. Supporting Librarian Smith's position are the Peoria Ministerial Association and the evening newspaper, the *Peoria Journal*.

The Legion post has been aggressive but prudent in its long campaign against subversion. Here is an example of how it has operated.

In 1948 the United Farm Equipment and Machinery Workers of America tied up the big Caterpillar Tractor Co. plant with a strike. Paul Ferrin, attorney and former FBI agent, was invited to address a Legion meeting. He named two officers of the union as members of the Communist Party and told of their association with the downstate Illinois organizer for the party. Newspapers played up the speech and it was considered the greatest single factor in the subsequent victory of a rival union in a plant election, a victory which eliminated the Communist officers.

A fragment from the history of the Peoria Ministerial Association is also illuminating. In 1947 the association took a public stand in what was known as "the Robeson incident." Peorians had so successfully boycotted the advance ticket sale for a Paul Robeson concert that the singer's manager cancelled it. The Ministerial Association voted to invite Robeson to come to Peoria and speak from any pulpit he might choose. Robeson did not accept.

Peoria's first controversy over films in the public library began in the summer of 1950. Librarian Smith had added the films, "Brotherhood of Man," "Boundary Lines" and "Peoples of the USSR" to the audio-visual catalogue. The Legion objected on various counts to each film and declared that the

three, as a set, were subversive. Smith vigorously defended the films.

After a dispute of several weeks, however, the librarian on his own initiative took "Brotherhood of Man" out of circulation, ordering that it be shown only to bona fide students of propaganda. The library board approved and also ordered that the other two films be shown only in the library auditorium under the supervision of a library official. The compromise did not please everyone but it stopped the fight. Then within three months Librarian Smith started a more bitter one by buying "Of Human Rights."

This film does a forthright selling job for the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights. More important, it indirectly influences opinion in favor of the UN Draft Covenant on Human Rights. Public opinion will be the deciding factor if and when that document is completed, adopted by the UN General Assembly, and submitted to the United States Senate for ratification.

In its first twelve months of circulation in Peoria, the film was seen by about 1200 persons, mostly members of church and school groups and civic clubs. No one saw anything wrong in it. Near the end of that time Librarian Smith gave it a showing before the Rotary Club, and the trouble started. One Rotarian protested vigorously.

A few weeks later, C. Wayland Brooks of Chicago, former United States Senator from Illinois, addressed the Rotary Club on the UN Covenant. He explained that civil rights guaranteed by the Covenant were limited as compared with those guaranteed by the American Bill of Rights; pointed out that, if ratified, the Covenant would become the supreme law of the land (under Article VI of the Constitution); and warned that we might be surrendering our broad Constitutional liberties for lesser rights guaranteed by the UN document.

It was the Legion post that sharply focused public attention on the issue. The Legion's Americanism committee borrowed the film for a showing and invited two speakers to comment on it.

One was the Rev. Edward D. Gates, minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Peoria. His analysis corresponded with that of Mr. Brooks. Mr. Gates warned that our freedom of speech, press and religion, our right to trial by jury, our right to own property and other rights would be imperiled if the Covenant were ratified. Later his views on the Covenant were broadcast to the nation by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The other speaker was Dr. Nicholas Nyaradi, former Minister of Finance of Hungary, author of the recently published book, "My Ringside Seat in Moscow," and now a member of the faculty of Bradley University in Peoria. Dr. Nyaradi said that the film followed the Communist Party line and constituted propaganda "of the most dangerous kind." He revealed two subtle devices in it. First, it shows Nazi atrocity scenes (but no Communist atrocities), implying that the Nazi type of totalitarianism was the greatest menace to human freedom in the modern world. Second, it pictures racial discrimination only in the United States, subtly telling Americans that they need the Covenant more than any other nation.

The Legion condemned the film as subversive. It asked the library board to "refrain from purchasing films propagandizing issues detrimental to the general welfare," and requested that propaganda films already purchased be labeled as propaganda. The Peoria Ministerial Association struck back. At a special meeting, clergymen called the Legion "an elite group," trying to practice "thought control" and "censorship." The association officially deplored restrictions on library films "because we feel that the American principle of freedom is thereby endangered."

Enter the Librarian of Congress

At that crucial time, a little group supporting the librarian maneuvered the Peoria Advertising and Selling Club and the Peoria League of Women Voters into joint sponsorship of the appearance of Dr. Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress. As an employee of the Library of Congress before coming to Peoria, Librarian Smith had been associated with Dr. Evans for two years.

Dr. Evans's speech was an eloquent defense of the UN Covenant. And in a newspaper interview he declared that he had come to Peoria for the express purpose of reviewing the library controversy. He looked upon it "with alarm." He urged that "public-spirited citizens assert themselves against increasing thought control." He was conceded to be heavy artillery for Smith's side. But some Peorians are wondering if it is a proper function of the Librarian of Congress to go about the country "reviewing" public library controversies. Members of Congress might ask the same question.

One of the best analyses of the controversy was written by Monsignor Robert Peters, editor of the Catholic newspaper, the *Register:*

> The library can not buy all the books or films that are made. Someone must make a selection out of the many films offered for sale. . . . The Peoria question comes down to the problem of who should make the decision. . . . But whoever gets the job can not argue that intellectual freedom gives him or them the right to select what he or they want. . . . If the city in general disagrees often enough with the judgment of the individual or the board, then the city in conscience is bound to get another librarian or board.

This spiked the librarian's plea for "the right of the individual to exercise his unrestricted freedom of choice." Only in a library that contains everything do patrons enjoy such freedom. The patron of the average library must choose from what the librarian decides to buy.

The library board decided on a compromise. It

ordered that the four films in question and all questionable films to be purchased be exhibited before all interested groups; that each group might submit written approval or disapproval; and that all such comments be attached to the films so that borrowers might have easy access to them.

Like the first compromise, this was generally accepted as a workable temporary solution. Smith, however, denounced it as "labeling," a word to which the American Library Association has attached nasty connotations. The library board is now struggling with the more difficult problem of working out a permanent policy governing the selection of all library materials.

The fight is not over, nor is it just an ordinary community dispute. The Committee on Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association is expected to intervene in Smith's behalf. This committee's job is to uphold the "Library Bill of Rights." Its chairman is David K. Berninghausen, librarian of Cooper Union in New York City. It is financed partly by a recent grant of $15,000 from The Field Foundation, Inc., whose latest report states that the money was given to "combat suppression of intellectual freedom" by "self-appointed pressure groups" and "self-styled patriots."

The "Library Bill of Rights" utterly ignores propaganda as a library problem. It is concerned mainly with establishing professional librarians as the only competent judges of what are proper library materials. The Committee on Intellectual Freedom is the rescue party for librarians whose judgment gets them in trouble with their communities. Let any group challenge a librarian's judgment, and it may be sure that the Committee on Intellectual Freedom will brand it, before the evidence is in, as "voluntary censors," "a self-appointed pressure group" or "self-styled patriots."

Librarian Smith has repeatedly emphasized that Peorians who have objected to the four films must be wrong, because these films are in public libraries all over the country and nowhere but Peoria has there been any objection. But it is equally possible that people of other cities are not yet aware that their public libraries are circulating propaganda films. The first requirement of good propaganda is that it be not easily recognized.

The chances are that subversive propaganda in film form has infiltrated many American public libraries. If the people of other cities have been complacently unaware of it, they may wake up on learning what has happened in Peoria.

Can We Control Floods?

By L. D. MC DONALD

An engineer says that we can—if we are willing to pay the price. He asks how the burden should be shared and shows how it ought to be calculated.

The catastrophic floods this spring on the Missouri, the Mississippi and half a dozen minor rivers, coming on top of the catastrophic flood of 1951 on the Kansas and lower Missouri, have made more insistent than ever the questions: "Is there any solution to the flood control problem? Who should pay the bill? What is the price? Who would reap the benefits, if any? Can the people flooded out of their homes and businesses afford to return and re-establish themselves?"

An engineer in private practice and his client would find answers to these questions relatively simple. There is an answer to the flood control problem. The price would depend upon the degree of protection desired—as weighed against cost, risk, or alternate location. The client would expect to pay the bill. He would expect to reap the benefits. Weighing all these, the client would re-establish himself or move to another location.

The engineering problems to be solved by the Army, the Federal agency assigned responsibility for flood control, are the same as the private engineer would have to solve for his client. The solution might be found in a system of reservoirs designed to keep all streams within their natural channels under all storm conditions. Or it might be found in an elaborate system of levees designed to contain the greatest flood. Or it might be solved or eliminated by evacuating the areas of potential hazard. Finally it might be solved by a combination of all of these measures.

Good engineering practice dictates that a satisfactory control plan making use of reservoirs be designed so that a storm may center over any area in the basin, and yet a major portion of the run-off will be controlled by a reservoir between the storm center and the critical area to be protected. Unless provision is made for carefully timed run-offs from all protecting reservoirs, before possible new storms are superimposed, the reservoirs will themselves become additional hazards.

The fact that any reliable forecast of storm or of river stages is often limited to a few days or

even hours, requires that reservoirs be close to the area to which they are expected to give primary protection. The flood water stored in the reservoirs must be discharged as quickly as possible if the greatest possible flood storage is to be kept available at all times. This in turn requires the largest channel downstream from the reservoir that is economically justified. It may require the omission of some of the valley lands from the area to be protected, or even the complete evacuation of certain areas. The economic justification of any plan should depend largely upon its present cost as compared with the probable increased value of the protected area.

The *engineering* problems for a private engineer and his client, or for a public agency, may be the same. But other problems are not. Normally, the individual would not invest more to protect his land than he could expect to gain by the protection. He would expect to pay the bill and to reap the profits as a reward for his risk and foresight. But Federal agencies act under a different set of standards. Congress, declaring in 1936 that flood control is a national problem, proposed to construct or to participate in flood control works "if the benefits *to whomsoever they may accrue* [my italics] are in excess of the estimated costs. . . ." On this basis the Federal government taxes farmer Jones, for example, who bought and farms land out of the flood plane, to build levees around farmer Smith's land in the flood plane in order to increase its value. Jones pays; but Smith reaps the entire benefit of the increase in the value of his land.

The method of measuring benefits now used by the agency administering the flood laws surely needs to be re-examined. Today benefits are usually measured by assuming that the proposed flood-control structures will eliminate the gross loss to the protected area that might follow from a repetition of floods. Yet apart from the fact that estimates of costs or benefits are seldom entirely reliable, this system has a serious weakness.

For instance, a reservoir proposed to protect 50,000 acres of land might itself mean the flooding of 20,000 acres. Let us assume that the market price of the land is $50 an acre and that it will normally raise a crop worth $80 gross an acre. Suppose this land has previously flooded to cause the loss of a crop about once every five years. Here is an average annual loss of $16 an acre. Assuming 5 per cent yearly interest and amortization charges (3 per cent interest, say, and 2 per cent for amortization) $320 an acre might be spent under this theory to protect this $50-an-acre land.

Should the same theory be followed for the reservoir land itself as was used to arrive at the benefits to the land below the reservoir, the answer would be somewhat different. For in this case the land is flooded or held for flooding each year. This would mean an average annual loss of $64 an acre—at an average annual loss of $25 to be charged to the protected land as compared with a charge of only $2.50 on the basis of 5 per cent on the $50 purchase price. Who pays the difference? The taxpayer.

Yet what kind of policy are we following without benefit of bookkeeping? We are in many cases spending or proposing to spend on levees along the lower Missouri River valley, an average of $200 to $500 an acre for "protection" where the entire reasonable market value of the protected land itself is only a fraction of that amount.

Some of the anomalies of our flood-control program perhaps have grown out of basic weakness in the laws. Others follow inevitably whenever the Federal government assumes jurisdiction over essentially local economic problems. The pressure of special or local groups, and the eagerness of the Federal agency to expand its functions, have had their effect.

Seven Years of Delay

Congress authorized in 1936 a system of reservoirs designed primarily to protect the lower Kansas and lower Missouri valleys. The Missouri and Kansas rivers were to be controlled primarily by dams on the main stems of their principal tributaries. Only two of these reservoirs, Tuttle Creek and Milford, were to be near enough to Kansas City to give reasonable assurance of lessening the flood hazard there and at Lawrence, Topeka or the lower Missouri River valley. The proposed Milford reservoir was later omitted from the project. This system of reservoirs was supplemented in the over-all plan, prior to 1943, by local levees at Kansas City and other critical points.

This plan seems to have been basically sound. But as specific plans for construction were being prepared, the people of the valleys became very conscious of the effect the reservoirs would have upon the land and people to be flooded out, upon the trade territory, and upon the general economic life of the area. Apparently aware of these misgivings, and troubled with problems of the 1943 floods, Congress on May 13, 1943, authorized the Chief of Engineers of the Army to review the flood-control plan for the Missouri River, "with a view to determining whether any modifications should be made therein at this time with respect to flood control along the main stem of the Missouri from Sioux City to its mouth."

Although there was no apparent urgency, except perhaps to beat the Bureau of Reclamation to the draw and lay claim to the job of constructing some large reservoirs on the upper Missouri, a report, official House Document 475, better known as the Pick Plan, was submitted with practically no change to the existing reservoir plan for Kansas and Missouri. It offered no more satisfactory solution of the flood plan for the Kan-

sas and lower Missouri rivers. It did, however, propose a system of large, so called "multi-purpose" reservoirs, on the main stem of the Missouri above Yankton, S. D. These would flood hundreds of thousands of acres of land and mineral resources. In addition, it proposed to develop public power (well away from our industrial centers), navigation, irrigation, recreation, and some flood control. The revised report also proposed added levees along the Missouri from Kansas City to the mouth. This report was combined and reconciled with one submitted by the Bureau of Reclamation into House Document 247 and authorized in the 1944 flood control bill.

Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent in the Missouri River valley under the 1944 and subsequent flood-control acts. Seven years have passed. The Army has one flood-control reservoir in operation in Kansas, and one in Nebraska, none in the Missouri valley within Missouri, but three large reservoirs under construction on the upper Missouri.

These three reservoirs are well above the most critical flood hazard area. They are, in fact, so far above Kansas City that a release from the lowest one could coincide with a storm on the Kansas or lower Missouri rivers, striking after the release and thus aggravating a flood condition.

House Document 475 states: "Flood discharges are usually greatest in the lower part of the river, which area normally receives the greatest amount of rainfall." Nearly 90 per cent of the 1951 flood loss took place on the lower river, particularly at Kansas City, where industrial wealth is greater than on the upper river.

Fort Randall, the first big reservoir above Sioux City, and the smallest of the three (6,0000,000 acre feet of storage, as compared with Garrison, the uppermost of the three, with 23,000,000 acre feet) would afford a good degree of protection on the main stem of the river for some distance downstream. It would not afford protection of the first order to Kansas City, however, any more than the 19,000,000 acre feet of storage in the Fort Peck Reservoir on the Missouri above the Garrison Dam protected Omaha in the 1952 flood. Neither will the 1952 record flood at Sioux City be a flood of any consequence at Kansas City. Nor is it expected that the destruction which these large dams would have saved in the 1952 flood will be more than a fraction of that caused by the 1951 flood.

Certainly those two floods emphasized that there is no substitute for giving first priority to the most critical jobs. Unfortunately, the Army budget was prepared to give first priority to the Garrison Dam, although the Bureau of Reclamation objected vigorously. Fort Randall was given second priority. The $40,000,000 local protection of the Kansas cities, although small by comparison with the more than $200,000,000 Garrison Dam, isn't completed yet. Enough money has been appropriated under 1944 flood control and subsequent Acts to complete these structures more than twice over. The Kansas City project and Fort Randall, if completed before 1951 and 1952 respectively, would have reduced flood damage by more than the cost of the structures.

What Dictates Priorities?

Could it be that we shall not get these critical flood control structures unless and until the powers that be have assurance of the completion of the Oahes (the middle one of the big upstream reservoirs) and of other public power and navigation projects which might not stand up on their own merits? Could it be that in a flood control program priorities are dictated by some other principle than flood control first?

Perhaps most unfortunate of all is the fact that a revised plan for the entire lower basin, for which the Army was asked in 1943, and which the Pick Plan failed to include, has not yet been completed and authorized. True, the Army, after the 1951 flood, again prepared hurriedly—in a few months—a greatly revised plan for the Kansas River. It reinstated the Milford Dam (included in the 1938 Flood Control Act) and added more than twenty others. Already the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation are struggling to grab work from each other in the overlapping fields, such as some of the reservoirs in Kansas. Already people are questioning the cost, the adequacy, the justification of such a plan—perhaps properly so since the Pick Plan which, combined with the Bureau of Reclamation (Sloan) plan, became the 1944 Flood Control Act for the Missouri.

What, then is the answer to our flood control problem? First we should concentrate our efforts on the most critical authorized flood control structures. (Unfortunately, most of the critical reservoirs are not yet authorized.) We should do this even on the Kansas and lower Missouri, at the price of greatly slowing down the less critical large reservoirs upstream.

Secondly, let our flood plan be reviewed by private engineering firms of unquestionable repute and unbiased opinion, for their adequacy and economic justification, so that Congress and the people of the valley can have reasonable assurance that we are on the proper course.

Thirdly, combine in one civilian agency the functions of the agencies now charged with constructing our reservoirs and river structures. Eliminate the duplication of effort, the jealous effort of each agency to expand.

Fourthly, let the Federal government return to the individual, and to local and state agencies, the responsibility of local protection.

The courage to do these things will take us far on our way to solution of our flood problem.

My Father's America

2. New York, 1880

By HELEN WOODWARD

This is the second in the Freeman's *series of true stories of yesterday's America and the heritage of freedom that it bequeathed to us. The first of the series was published in our issue of March 10.*

There was no Statue of Liberty when Papa landed in New York in 1880, but he needed none. America had a golden glow for him. His name was Louis Rosen; a small, thin, intense young man, he had black hair, gray eyes under bushy eyebrows, and a considerable moustache. He had been born on a farm in the Polish part of Russia, then become a cigarmaker in Berlin. He spoke only German.

"When I got off the boat at Castle Garden at the Battery," he told me, "it was where the Aquarium is now. There was no paper fussing, no doctors, no passports, no immigration inspectors. The boat docked . . . you'd think it pretty small today . . . and I walked off with my suitcase—paper it was made of; what was in it wasn't much."

"How did you know where to go?" I asked.

"I had it written on a piece of paper. I knew it by heart, anyway—your Uncle Samuel's address, my old benchmate from Berlin. Only he wasn't your Uncle Samuel yet. I showed it to a man, and he pointed to a horse car, and the driver of the horse car knew German, and so there I went. No trouble at all."

The address was a couple of miles from the Battery. Two horses pulled the car, sometimes over clattering cobblestones and sometimes through slithering mud. Only the main thoroughfares were cobblestoned, but some of the sidewalks were paved with great slate flagstones (these I remember, mostly because we children thought it bad luck to step on the cracks between the stones).

Papa said the houses looked nice and clean because there was so little smoke, but the streets and gutters were littered with horses' droppings and general mess. When the car passed Trinity Church and St. Paul's Church they meant nothing to him. Papa was a militant atheist. But a little further uptown he saw a great edifice; it was the Park Row Building, twelve stories tall. Next to it another was going up, almost as tall, which he later found out was the World Building. He was excited by these signs of progress, for Papa believed with utter faith that "progress," plus Darwin, plus Marx, would bring paradise on earth. So he didn't need any other heaven.

As the car went on through the narrow, dirty streets of the Lower East Side he had a little drop in spirits—but not for long, because soon he saw in the distance a great confusion of buildings and boats, and he knew at once what it was, for he had read of it in Germany and looked forward to seeing it. This was the Brooklyn Bridge, almost completed, and it was the greatest bridge in all the world.

When Papa arrived at his friend Samuel's, he declared that he had not come to America to speak German, and that he wanted to live with a family that was strictly American and could speak only English. He also said that he wanted it to be a Christian family, because he did not think it a good thing to associate only with his own people. His religion was atheism, and he resented the formalism of the Jewish life in which he had grown up. It would be easy for a stranger to slip into the soft comfort of living among people of like background, he thought. Often it was fear which made Jews cling always to other Jews, Rumanians to Rumanians, and French to French. Papa was a man who did not understand fear, and how he loved strangers and strange places! But he was proud of being a Jew. The first book he ever gave me was a copy of Heinrich Heine's poems. He could tell you the name of every famous Jew.

In the year 1880 there were plenty of places to live in New York. By sign language Papa rented a room on the lower East Side. The landlady handed him a door key, pointed to it, and said "key." That was his first English word. The first night he put his shoes outside his door to be shined, and lost them. He had no bathroom; he never thought of such a thing. He had no running water and no heat; there was only an outdoor privy, such as most poor houses still had in New York at that time. The room was lighted by an oil lamp, the street by gas. There was some electricity in the city, however, and the telegraph wires made a bird-cage of confusion in the air.

It did not take Papa long to get acclimated. A few weeks after his arrival, Jacob Fischer, another friend from Berlin, arrived, and Papa went to meet him at the boat. At the Battery Papa waved to a horse car which promptly pulled up and let them get aboard. Mr. Fischer, who was a wag, remarked: "You know them so well here already that you can order them to stop?"

The day after Papa arrived he got a job. It was simple. All he had to do was to go to the factory

where his friend Samuel worked, and start in. He had brought his tools with him from Germany.

If he had come to the United States a few years earlier, it would have been much harder. The panic of 1873 had thrown three million people out of work, and in 1877 there had been riots and violence and strikes in many trades. Seven thousand cigarmakers had struck in that year, and lost their strike. But now their union was gaining strength, and was fighting the practice of making cigars at home under sweat-shop conditions.

Almost all men smoked cigars in those days. All good cigars were made by hand, and it took years to learn the trade. The cigarmakers' union became a sort of model. An active trade unionist named Samuel Gompers worked next to Papa at the bench. Papa thought he was calculating, pompous and conceited; but he greatly admired the work Gompers did for the union when he became its president, and his later work in organizing the AFL. Gompers fought for the limiting of trade unions to their original purposes—wages, hours, etc.—and thought they had no business in politics. This Papa considered reactionary. But Gompers turned out to be right, and Papa was wrong, as he often was in practical affairs.

Papa was one of the upper rank of cigarmakers; that is, he worked only with Havana and Sumatra tobaccos. There was a "bunch girl" to each cigarmaker; she made the fillings, and he put on only the outside wrappings. The cigarmakers were among the best informed of workers. They were at that time nearly all German and, I think, Dutch. They were known for the fineness of their hands; the handling of tobacco made for a smooth skin. Since the trade is a silent one, it became the custom to hire a reader, usually a cigarmaker out of work. While the men worked, the reader sat in a high chair and read a book or paper chosen by the men.

At first Papa got the news from the *Volkszeitung*, the German Socialist paper. But soon he was reading the newspapers in English, and found them a continuous source of drama. The Tweed Ring had just been broken up, and Boss Tweed was serving his sentence in Sing Sing. New York was full of hope and plans for a better, more honest city. Theodore Roosevelt headed a committee in the State Assembly and was making plenty of noise about reform. The papers blazed with quarrels and abuse. The younger Bennett had just taken over the *Herald*, and Pulitzer came along with the *World*, and fifteen years later Hearst with the *Journal*. Each one in its turn absorbed Papa. What he looked for principally was political news, international news, labor news; the murders, crimes and scandals seemed not to register with him at all. His mind was usually on distant things and places. What Bismarck said or the Czar of Russia did was more important to him than what Mr. Smith did next door.

The only question for Papa was whether socialism would come by a revolution or by gradual evolution. He loved "Looking Backward," Bellamy's dream about the future world under socialism. He was fascinated by the mechanical wonders as well as the ideals. Like most of the Socialist workmen he knew, he read and talked avidly of the miracle of science, present and to come.

In 1882 Papa met Mama, and three weeks later they were married. His wages at the factory were raised from ten dollars a week to fifteen. Those were good wages then. But like almost all workmen, he worked on the side. He would make cigars at home and bring in two or three dollars extra, especially at Christmas time when he rolled each cigar in silver paper and sold boxes of ten for gifts. Also, each cigarmaker was allowed to take home four cigars each day. Papa smoked two and sold two. Other workmen we knew did a little extra carpentering, or delivered packages or electioneered —anything to add a dollar or two to their wages.

But in New York in 1886 it was possible for Papa and Mama to rent for fifteen dollars a month a clean, sunny five-room flat in the East Seventies three flights up, with no heat except a coal stove, but with running cold water and a toilet. In the grocery stores there were big Oriental-looking boxes from which they scooped up a quarter of a pound of mixed tea, or a pound of the best Mocha and Java—for twenty-five cents. Eggs were twenty for two shillings (twenty-five cents), apples ten cents a large bushel, butter fifteen cents a pound. In the saloons free lunch with caviar was served with a five-cent glass of beer, and beer to take home cost ten cents a can (about three pints). Meat, of course, was relatively cheap, but even so we had usually second cuts, stew and hamburger (so despised then) or liver or tripe or lungs. Chicken once a week, stretched out by being cooked with a piece of beef or veal balls. A big mess of turnips would be stewed with a small piece of lamb shoulder; the same tricks the housewife has to use today when her husband's wages are forty-five or fifty dollars a week.

A center for workmen, a shelter and a comfort, and a place to have fun was the *Arbeiter-Krankenkasse*. Its membership was German, labor and Socialist, but it was not officially part of any group. Each member paid small weekly dues and there were contributions besides from the *Volkszeitung* and the more radical labor unions. This workmen's sickness fund had as its main object the taking care of its members when they were ill. What they would have done without it I can not imagine, since saving was almost impossible.

The *Krankenkasse* also gave its members a lot of money-raising amusement in the form of balls and picnics and excursions. They would go to Jones Wood at Seventieth and the East River—a few trees and wooden tables. People brought their

lunches and bought a glass of beer sometimes, or else groups supplied barrels of beer and many of them managed to get very high. The balls were in halls around Eighty-sixth Street or in some German beer garden. Of course the children went, too, and danced along with the old folks—the hoppy German waltz and the polka.

In the eighties people who lived in Greenwich Village would hire a carriage on Sundays, pack a picnic lunch and drive up to the field at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue—where the public library now stands. Central Park was just beginning to be put into shape, and Coney Island had a nice little beach.

Papa and his friends liked to play pool and billiards, and how they could! They played pinochle and skat and poker. (I don't remember that the women played at all. They simply hadn't time.) Of course Papa gambled at cards; he nearly always won. A minor gamble was the Louisiana lottery. The women took part in that, and a handsome young man came every week to collect the stakes. No one we knew ever won anything, but they hoped.

But the races! All the workmen who came to our house—and they came in great numbers—talked about the horses as much as they did about their labor unions.

Papa was an orator by instinct and, with his intense interest in politics and labor, he often spoke before neighborhood and union groups. His most active fight was for single-taxer Henry George, who ran for Mayor of New York. He was responsible for Henry George's victory in the only New York district which he carried.

Because he thought socialism would come by slow change, Papa explored any path that he believed might lead to it. So he worked ardently and argued ardently on many a side path that would have led only to fascism. On the other hand, he had a strong faith in certain strongly democratic movements, as so many of the Socialists did in his day. There was Bryan and 16 to 1—the Populists. Papa did not trust or like Theodore Roosevelt. He thought well of Tom Johnson and his plan for municipal ownership—all municipal ownership, of course, and all state and national ownership. But he found room, in the name of liberty, for Emma Goldman and the Russian Nihilists. He supported Daniel De Leon and the left Socialists for awhile, but later he thought De Leon too left and spoke for Morris Hillquit.

About 1893 Papa met with bitter disillusion, and our whole lives were changed. He had led a strike at his factory; the strike was won; but he was fired and the workmen went back without him. They did not stand by him. Worse, he wasn't able to get another job in New York and we began then our hegiras to relatives in Arkansas, and later to Boston.

After that, though he kept his belief in his Socialist religion, he became worried about the results to his family of his active work for labor and the millenium and restricted himself to paying his dues and voting the Socialist ticket—with breaks, of course, for Bryan. And it is interesting to remember that in Boston, where his only labor activity was the paying of dues, he earned twice as much money as he ever did in New York.

When Papa died at 77, the golden glow America had had for him when he first saw New York harbor was still there. While he was saving money in Germany for his fare, he had thought he was going to be free in this country—and rich. He was never rich, but it always seemed to him that he was free.

His life in many ways was that of other German-American Socialist dreamers of his time. The Socialist workmen of his day were spared the modern disillusion about the Soviet Utopia and the dismal spectacle of England under socialism. They had no such heaviness of spirit about the future of mankind as do the men of today. There would be no tyranny under socialism, Papa was sure, and no overwork, no poverty, no war. He knew that Paradise was coming—led by progress, the machine and socialism. He was both naive and wrong in pinning his hopes to socialism but, even so, in my father's America there was freedom in general, and it was this freedom that guaranteed everybody the freedom to hope.

The Bats

These caverns yield
But vampires upside down.
Better the field or town
Than exploration such as this.
These creatures of antithesis
With webbed unfeathered wings
Will shrink away from our electric wink
Lest they be dazzled to the dark of things.

Through stalactites
Of lancets in reverse
Their muffled flights rehearse
A foray on the world of sleep.
These are our underdreams that keep
Our secrets from ourselves,
The lark become half rodent in that dark
Wherein the downward mountain climber delves.

Seal all, before
In ragged panic driven
These nightwings pour to heaven
And seal us from our natural sun.
Of two forbidden trees, there's one
Untampered with till now,
Where throng, with their inaudibly high song,
The bats headdown from roots that are its bough.

ROBERT HILLYER

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

"My Son John"

Not even its spiteful and spectacularly fatuous reception by the metropolitan film critics will make me call "My Son John" a great moving picture. Mr. Leo McCarey, its writer-producer-director, would of course have got the same foul treatment had he achieved a masterpiece. For he has committed the one sin the New York Syndicate deems unpardonable—to use, for a change, the emotional force of the screen in a determined attack on the Stalinoid intelligentsia. What he produced was good enough to cut New York's certified critical wits down to half-wits. It was not good enough, if this is of any importance, to please me.

"My Son John" is the story of Mrs. Lucille Jefferson, a small-town woman of simple charm, whose heart breaks over her son's moral heresy. For John Jefferson's moral feebleness, rather than his almost accidental rationale for it, is the real material of this little family tragedy. The clash between John and his father, a painfully uncomplicated provincial teacher, is one of characters, not of philosophies. As befits a man of Mr. McCarey's sincere devotion to the Church, he is more interested in the mortal sin of pride (which makes that ambition-ridden son of small-town people crash the Party) than in the intellectual errors John commits on his way to perdition. Old Jefferson needs no evidence to know that his son has turned against everything his father, a good Catholic and even better Legionnaire, lives by. But the mother, whose nature (and again, theologically correctly) is compassion, can forgive everything except the naked lie. That her John lies in the service of a Communist espionage apparatus is of much less importance to her than that he lies at all, swearing to a lie on her family Bible.

Mr. McCarey, as one can see, has come very near a magnificent story—and stopped before he found it. To see the grand collision of our age as one of moralities and to present it, on the miniature stage of a family, as a battle of characters, is certainly every bit as valid as to present it in terms of political argument and physical evidence. But Mr. McCarey, it seems to me, somewhere lost faith in his morality play, started looking in opposite directions at the same time, and permitted a potentially exceptional film story to shrink into conventional melodrama.

The reason, I am afraid, is Mr. McCarey's meek acceptance of Hollywood's creed (so incompatible with the one he professes personally) that people, when reduced to an audience, are insensitive to moral issues and must be bludgeoned into awareness with body blows of "action." In deference to this axiom of a cynical entertainment industry, Mr. McCarey sacrificed his original material and let a story of moral exploration end up as one of crime detection.

Consequently, his film suffers on both grounds. Had it fully grown into the morality play it inherently was, "My Son John" might have been a profoundly moving drama of youthful intellectual arrogance confronted with a mature humility which, in the end, is dependably stronger—and never mind the spy plot (which, in the context of this tender private conflict, necessarily produces half-baked evidence). Or Mr. McCarey might have focused on the period's abundantly available tales of conspiracy which, God knows, are exciting, authentic and persuasive enough—and never mind the ordeals of the soul.

The fatal split that cuts straight through the picture is, if anything, emphasized by Miss Helen Hayes's beautiful performance as Mrs. Jefferson. So endearing, genuine and spirited is this mother that her messy son, to be plausible at all, would have to be examined in much more personal terms than the role's cop-and-robber frame of reference allowed its unfortunate actor, the late Robert Walker. The excellent Dean Jagger virtually clamors to break through the cocoon of "simplicity" and to show those condescending metropolitan movie critics how much human quality and sense can hide beneath the small-town conformism to which an ill-developed story line has sentenced Mrs. Jefferson's husband. And the poised FBI agent, played by Mr. Van Heflin with quiet intelligence, remains hopelessly tangential to an aborted private tragedy.

As you must have noticed, the nature of my objections is in itself testimony to the film's merits: "My Son John" came so close to making a relevant statement that at least one can deplore its lack of final validity. In a year which saw the top Oscar go to a shallow Technicolor musical, and universal critical acclaim to the mendacious "Death of a Salesman," even an indecisive wrestling bout with our era's most momentous dramatic material is a film event.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

"Smear Hoover!" Thus decreed Charlie Michelson, the Democratic Goebbels in 1930, and thus it has been ever since. But history, as has often been said, is written by the survivors, and Herbert Hoover has survived to write several installments of his autobiography. The second installment, "The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover: The Cabinet and the Presidency 1920-1933" (Macmillan, $5), does not contain the name of Michelson in the index, which indicates an almost incredible forebearance and gentleness of spirit. Nevertheless, the book is a sufficient answer to Mr. Michelson. When the third volume of the Hoover autobiography, the one dealing specifically with the depression and its aftermath, finally appears, one hopes that the gentle Mr. Hoover will take on a far more savage guise. There is such a thing as carrying Quakerism too far, and Mr. Michelson should not be cheated of his due place in history.

This second volume of Mr. Hoover's narrative is mainly devoted to the policies and activities which he initiated as Secretary of Commerce from 1921 to 1928 and their prolongation under his Presidency from 1929 to 1933. The record paints a portrait of a man who is astoundingly different from the Hoover of popular legend; it also recalls the much maligned decade of the twenties as a period of sound and sober development and progress. Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, used the principle of voluntarism where his successors have relied on coercion, and the record shows that true voluntarism is sufficient to even the most devastating crises. Under the regime of Hoover's voluntarism, the business community of the United States abandoned more "reactionary" practices than have ever been abandoned in a comparable period of time before or since. Even the suffering and dislocation that follow in the wake of great natural catastrophe vanished at the organized touch of voluntarism when Mr. Hoover raised some $26 million from private sources to rehabilitate the Mississippi flood victims of 1927. There was a day when self-help was ingrained in the American character, and the nation was considerably the better for it. This is something that will not fully dawn on our children until they are called upon to deal with the ultimate consequences of the opposite philosophy —consequences that have a social face in galloping corruption and a financial face in the staggering growth of unproductive dead-horse debt.

Since Mr. Hoover is generally accounted a "reactionary" in this day of meaningless epithets, it is piquant to read the running story of his encounters with American business over a twelve-year period. When he took office in 1921 as Secretary of Commerce, we still had the twelve-hour working day and the eighty-four-hour week in steel. As Mr. Hoover said, it was "barbaric." The barbarism was defended by Charles M. Schwab and Judge Elbert H. Gary of the steel industry as something that was economically necessary. With the help of other industrialists such as Charles R. Hook, Mr. Hoover took his fight to the public. By stirring up his friends in the engineering societies and by enlisting the aid of President Harding, Hoover eventually proved to Gary and Schwab that the twelve-hour day was not only barbaric but also distinctly uneconomic. When Hoover first went to Washington as Secretary of Commerce nearly 75 per cent of American industry insisted on working hours of 54 or more per week. When he left the White House twelve years later only 13.5 per cent worked 54 hours or more. This transformation had been wrought by public opinion without the passage of a single law except in the case of the railways.

Mr. Hoover's encounter with the steel men was followed by a conflict with certain railway executives. Assigned by President Harding to negotiate the railway strike of 1922, Hoover found he had two different types of railroad president to deal with. The ones who had their offices in New York City held out against him to the last; others, such as Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio and a number of western presidents, came up with conciliatory suggestions. An almost Populist echo comes into Mr. Hoover's words when he speaks of "New York promoter-bankers" who "manipulated the voting control of many of the railway, industrial, and distributing corporations." "Their social instinct," says Mr. Hoover, "belonged to an early Egyptian period."

Far from being the "reactionary" which twenty years of virulent New-Fair Deal propaganda has painted him, Mr. Hoover was "liberal" to the point where he could, by stretching it a bit, almost be called the father of the Welfare State.

Such things as the Farm Board, the RFC and Federal control of errant rivers such as the Colorado, the Mississippi and the Tennessee were Hoover patents before they became FDR's. But it would be sheer slander actually to insist on Hoover's responsibility for Roosevelt-Truman Welfare Statism. For Hoover drew the line against coercive Federal participation in decisions involving business judgment. He did not believe in the "yardstick" public corporation. He supported Federal aid to the states in building big dams, but he insisted that it was no business of government to engage in the sale of electric power to the retail market. He was willing to help California build a big bridge across San Francisco Bay, but he made it certain that the RFC loan for the bridge should be repaid with interest out of tolls.

Both as Secretary of Commerce and as President, Hoover was willing to use the powers of government to help improve the general environment in which business had to operate. He believed in deepening and linking up our inland waterways. He believed in Federal aid to coastal communities for the improvement or rehabilitation of fisheries, and he believed in the mobilization of tax resources to control rivers and to put our water to work. But the demarcation of the Hoover philosophy of Federal aid becomes more or less clear when one reflects upon the fact that nobody can very well establish a legal claim to private ownership of an ocean or a big river. It is a far cry from building Boulder Dam across the public Colorado River to seizing and operating the scores of units of the privately owned steel industry.

While most of Mr. Hoover's book is given over to the discussion of matters of public policy, there are quiet and flavorsome interludes that belong to general history. The story of President Harding's trip to Alaska (Hoover was a member of the party) offers some invaluable sidelights for the historian or biographer of "normalcy." And the account of the development of the radio industry adds an essential bit to the story of the twenties. Mr. Hoover's humor is gentle, but it is unmistakeably genuine, and when he tells about Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson's attempt to roam all over the wave band in broadcasting her sermons the reader's smile comes without prompting. There is also much unforced humor in Mr. Hoover's interludes bearing on social life in Washington during the Harding and Coolidge days. As for Coolidge himself, Hoover ticks him off in such remarks as "Mr. Coolidge was cold to this development because of its great cost," or "Mr. Coolidge . . . suggested that I take a cruiser—'it would not cost so much' [as a battleship]."

Mr. Hoover does not speak as a political science theoretician in his memoirs. But the philosophy of voluntarism so pervades this book that it might very well be made standard reading in political science courses that presume to teach basic theory. Certainly some generalizer of political science ought to levy on Mr. Hoover's record to prove a series of related points. For the good of the Republic Mr. Hoover's wisdom is needed in the schools. It would go far toward countering the modern trend which tends to confuse all "civics" with the debilitating idea of coercive collective action.

Croesus's Modern Habitat

How to Get Rich in Washington, by Blair Bolles. New York: Norton. $3.75

You can not help wondering, after you've read "How to Get Rich in Washington," why the public has taken to this book; it has even achieved "best-seller" status. On the score of literary merit, it certainly deserves no special attention, for it is at best an example of routine newspaper style. The subject matter is not arrestingly novel; anyone who has followed the headlines these past few years is familiar with the "corruption" stories that fill these pages, and the fact that the author has larded them with corny scolding and platitudinous moralities does not improve the reading. Finally, since each chapter is more of what came before, the only reason for keeping at the book (aside from the pull of a $3.75 investment), is an insatiable appetite for political filth; any 35-cent whodunit will put a better grip on your interest.

Perhaps the pulling power of the book is in its title. All "how" books have a peculiar fascination for the public, and this one makes its appeal to the very common desire to pile up riches, in Washington or anywhere else. Even the most sophisticated can hardly resist the temptation to look at the recipe suggested in the title. In that respect, however, the gullible reader is let down, for the book does not tell how you and I can get rich in Washington, but only how others have done it. You might be inspired by these stories to seek ways and means of acquiring war surplus materials at a pittance and selling them, even to the government, for a fortune, or of borrowing from RFC a million dollars which you and the agency know will never be repaid, but as for exact instructions on how to do such things, the book is lacking. Besides, Mr. Bolles dampens your enthusiasm by gratuitously stamping such practices as unpatriotic and generally immoral.

The last chapter, called "The Way to Save America," is even less interesting than the monotonous account of filching that precedes it. Mr. Bolles goes in for reform. He would pass laws "to govern the use of the money that pours like Niagara into the Treasury," and he would establish the necessary

enforcement agencies. How naive! In the first place, all this distribution of the taxpayers' money was done, as Mr. Bolles admits, according to law. Not being a lawyer—he is listed on the book jacket as a journalist—he assumes that the laws he has in mind would have the opposite effect of the existing laws; which is a conceit of the ignorant. And, since in every case where a citizen got rich in Washington he did so with the aid of a government agency, what warrant has Mr. Bolles that new agencies will behave in a contrary fashion? His faith in bureaucrats, after recounting what has been done under their aegis, is sublime. It is also ridiculous.

But what's wrong with getting rich in Washington? The fact is, it's about the only place one can get rich these days. Where else can a girl just out of high school get $2900 a year? And $4200 a year for a pea-green college graduate must be accounted riches. The Federal government is now the biggest buyer, the biggest employer, the biggest lender and spender in the country, and the only way you can be sure of making a dollar is by being in contact with it. With about one-third of our national wealth being poured annually into Washington, it would be foolish to try to get rich anywhere else. Nor should we cavil at those who succeed through connivery in getting wealth from Washington without rendering service of equal value, such as is required in the market place; for the business of government is not to render service but to distribute the wealth of the country, and in that respect the connivers do well. The more the better.

This is a foolish book. Don't waste your time on it.

FRANK CHODOROV

Through Chinks in the Door

Back Door to War: The Roosevelt Foreign Policy, 1933-1941, by Charles Callan Tansill. Chicago: Regnery. $6.50

Books about the Roosevelt Administration foreign policy have not been in short supply. Most of them, however, have been written with the vested interest of self-defense in a particular interpretation of history. "Back Door to War" is no such volume. It is a fully documented, independent appraisal of the Roosevelt foreign policies prior to the outbreak of war with Japan, written by a professional historian.

Charles Callan Tansill is a respected Professor of American Diplomatic History at Georgetown University. With few exceptions, his adult life has been spent in the teaching profession and in historical research. Of many contributions to history, this is the most recent—and probably of the most vital importance.

"Back Door to War" is devastatingly critical. It rips apart official explanations, mocks the shibboleth of "collective security," destroys the myth that our enemies were always devils while our own actions were imbued with the motives of a saint, and generally treats some widely accepted ideas with scorn and disrespect. It points out, step by step, the path which took America, whether by intent or incompetence, "into a war she is still fighting." Mr. Roosevelt and his Cabinet, official and unofficial, emerge with a complete lack of understanding of the deeper currents of history. Although Professor Tansill is quite at home with the principles of scientific method, this is no dull, historical tome. He presents and weighs the evidence, then hews to the line—and some chips of very colorful language fall far and wide.

In addition to the mountains of published material, Professor Tansill had access to correspondence in the confidential files of the State Department. Just how this "open sesame" was made possible for someone obviously outside the charmed circle is not made clear. But the general public should be grateful for what the Professor has been able to obtain.

A book review is much too confining to detail all the contributions Professor Tansill has made in this study. First, and perhaps most important, is its scope. This is no examination of a piece of history under a microscope. Using a wide-angle lens, Professor Tansill has produced a diplomatic history of the United States from 1918 to 1941, with the focus centered on the years 1933 to 1941.

The broad scope permits the inclusion of particular parts of Mr. Roosevelt's policies others have conveniently relegated to the background, such as, for example, the World Economic Conference in 1933. At his first opportunity to cooperate with other nations, Mr. Roosevelt proved extremely intransigent. He declined to accept even the most innocuous general statement of international financial policy and brusquely proclaimed the intention of the United States to do whatever it pleased, whenever it pleased, regardless of its effect upon the rest of the world. Whether his message "torpedoing" the Conference was delivered because the Conference was initiated by his predecessor, President Hoover, or because he was ignorant of the functions of the international gold standard, may never be known. Whatever the cause, as Tansill points out:

> All Europe "exploded with resentment and wrath" at the President's action, and the delegations of experts dejectedly left London. . . . If one may borrow a familiar phrase of Woodrow Wilson . . . President Roosevelt "broke the heart of the world" and spent the rest of his life trying to put it together again.

Another important contribution is an extensive examination of the influence of Henry L. Stimson, first as Secretary of State under President Hoover and, later, as Secretary of War under President Roosevelt. Stimson's particular interpretation of

the doctrine of non-recognition went far beyond the classical statement of that doctrine by Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan. Tansill observed:

> It took the belligerent eyes of Secretary Stimson to see a martial meaning in the pacific phrases of the Pact of Paris, and it took his aggressive mind to twist the inoffensive statement of Secretary Bryan (May 11, 1915) into a clarion call to arms. [p. 119]

Tansill is quite aware that President Hoover had to seize the reins from his Secretary (who, in Cabinet meetings, advocated coercing Japan by all "means short of armed force"), lest the latter, in his zeal, plunge the country into war. Tracing Mr. Stimson's influence from his first visit to Mr. Roosevelt in 1933 to the last dark days of November 1941, Tansill demonstrates Mr. Hoover's wisdom. "Harry," in the Professor's opinion, "was a real war horse whose shrill cries for economic restrictions were a real summons for war." Nor does he forget the oft-quoted entry in Stimson's diary on November 25, 1941, that "the question is how we should maneuver them into firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves." In Tansill's concise appraisal, "Stimson was a pacifist who loved peace so much he was willing to fight for it" (p. 101).

Historians also will be grateful for Professor Tansill's extensive material relating to the actions of Soviet Russia, both in the Far East and in Europe. Few have revealed so clearly the interrelations of Soviet policy, and the twin desire to involve the United States in a war with Japan in Asia, and Britain in a war with Germany in Europe. Even underlying the Soviet design for recognition by the United States in 1933 was the desire to pit the United States against Japan. A Soviet spokesman assured Ambassador Grew in Tokyo that the Japanese were preparing a war against the Soviet Union and, as a bulwark against it, the "Soviet Union badly needs the resumption of diplomatic relations with the United States'" (p. 109).

Viewed in retrospect, the machinations of the Soviets were highly successful. "The wish," says Tansill, "that was closest to Stalin's heart was to involve the United States in a war that would remove the Japanese barrier that prevented the Red tide from overflowing the wide plains of China" (p. 122). The blind spot of the Roosevelt Administration to the dangers of communism as a military threat plus the Stimson-Hull antipathy toward Japan made the realization of that wish possible. Roosevelt too, according to Tansill,

> ... started his first term as President with a definite suspicion of Japan's policy in North China. *This fact was given clear expression during a cabinet meeting held on March 7, 1933, when the possibility of American involvement in war in the Far East was definitely envisaged* [p. 118, italics supplied].

The Soviets did their part to bring about war in the Far East in 1937 by assuring China that if she "pushed Japan so far as to make war inevitable, the Soviet Union would support China with supplies and armed forces" (p. 456). In Europe, by the appropriate and timely signing of the non-aggression pact with Hitler, Stalin touched the match to "the fuse of World War II."

Professor Tansill is puzzled (and who isn't?) as to how and why the Western democracies let themselves be dragged into a war on the continent for which they were not prepared. He presents an interesting hypothesis to explain the guaranties to Poland in March and April 1939—unilateral obligations, in reality, which neither the British nor the French had the slightest chance of fulfilling and must have known it.

> In 1939 [explains Tansill] it appeared as though Neville Chamberlain was assuming the role of Mad Hatter when he could not send even token assistance to the hard-pressed Poles. Nowadays it seems evident that the real Mad Hatter was Franklin D. Roosevelt who pressed Chamberlain to give promises to the Poles when there was no possibility of fulfilling them. According to some reports, it was William C. Bullitt who cast Roosevelt in this grotesque role [pp. 554-5].

Such an hypothesis is supercharged dynamite. Tansill presents what evidence he has, pro and con: (1) the report of a note from Mr. Roosevelt to Bullitt promising all aid to Britain and France if they jumped to Poland's defense; (2) the Polish documents of Count Jerzy Potocki and Jules Lukasiewicz from the German White Paper; (3) denials from Bullitt and Kennedy; and (4) the famous passage in "The Forrestal Diaries" in which Kennedy told Forrestal that Roosevelt, in 1939, "kept telling him to put some iron up Chamberlain's backside" (pp. 555-6).

After weighing the evidence, Professor Tansill concludes:

> . . . President Roosevelt, through Bullitt, was exerting steady pressure upon Britain and France to stand up boldly to Nazi Germany. When this policy led to a war in which the Nazi armed forces easily crushed French resistance, it is easy now to understand the poignancy of Premier Reynaud's pleas to Roosevelt for prompt assistance. He and Daladier had taken the assurances of Bullitt seriously. . . . Germany had been baited into a war with Britain and France when she would have preferred a conflict with Russia over the Ukraine. Chamberlain got plenty of iron up his backside, but it was Nazi hot metal that seared him and all Britain and helped break into bits a proud empire that all the King's horses and all the King's men can never put back together again [pp. 557].

The impartial reader will find it difficult to differ from the author's conclusions on the basis of evidence assembled so painstakingly. It requires no crystal ball, however, to forecast some vigorous disagreement—particularly from the multitude of officials who have a vested interest in defending their past errors, and from those histor-

ians who have already closed their books. Perhaps the purely academic background of the author will see him through the ordeal of being carved limb from limb on the first pages of the Book Review Sections—or, if worst comes to worst, it may even enable him to survive the greater pain of being quietly poisoned on page ten.

It may be that no man is capable of untangling the web of details, intrigue, propaganda, idealism, lies and half-truths surrounding the political affairs of the world during the past two decades. But Professor Tansill has tried and, within human limitations, has achieved a fair measure of success. Whether all agree or not, this volume is a must for the historian, for the practitioner of statecraft and for the citizen seeking some understanding of the seeming paradoxes in American foreign policy.

ARTHUR KEMP

He Bows to Tabus

Democracy and the Economic Challenge, by Robert M. MacIver, New York: Knopf. $2.50

For the greater part of these five lectures Professor MacIver clearly analyzes the dangers of statism and demonstrates the incompatibility of freedom with governmental economic planning and control. He sees that the concentration of economic and political power in the same hands, and the abolition of diversified private economic power, can only lead to tyranny. The stage is set for the obvious conclusion that socialism is incompatible with a free society. But no. With an inconsequence that is startling, we are informed that democracy and totalitarianism are "total opposites," but socialism and capitalism are not. Then the lectures drift off into a never-never land where there will be enough but not too much government economic activity; of an "emergent society [which] will not be capitalism, will not be socialism." Above all we must "distinguish . . . between the welfare state and the socialist state."

There is not a hint that the enormous proportion of the national income which goes to government, the devastating tax level and the growing regulation of the lives of individual citizens by Federal, state and municipal bureaucrats and social workers have already sharply cut down the freedom of the freest country in the world. Presumably in the name of a non-socialist "welfare state," such accretions to governmental power can go on indefinitely without ever reaching a danger point.

Professor MacIver is excellent when he deals with the long-run abstractions of political theory; but when he approaches the current scene he, like so many others, unfortunately falls victim to the totems and tabus of the prevailing intellectual climate.

FRANK MEYER

Exploration of Loneliness

Man and Boy, by Wright Morris
The Works of Love, by Wright Morris. New York: Knopf. $3.00 each

Critics, both highbrow and lowbrow, declare Wright Morris an original. This agreement is as astonishing as it is true, for Morris writes like nobody else today. He is as American in style and content as a box of crackerjack; he is also selective and compact.

"Man and Boy" probes family life and character. Mother is a hurt romantic, dwelling in semi-seclusion, who occasionally can be expertly efficient about some cause set apart from common life. Toward her, father is sympathetic, tries to help, and has a mind of his own which he keeps mostly to himself. The boy picks his way through the prickly hedges of an odd domestic life where his parents meet but stay apart. His departure for war induces no changes in the family habits. Only upon the impact of official recognition—the son died a hero far from home—does the domestic routine shatter and the tragic become personal. To father comes a flood of memories recalling his youthful son.

So opposite are the characters, so understandingly drawn, so intimate and yet so distant their behavior, that an extraordinary sense of homely recognition pervades the novel. It is real, touching and comic—incredibly so in the mingling of oddity with the honoring of a dead hero. Humor constantly rises from situations normally sad. From close observation, Morris has extracted a rich and curious compound of ideas, prejudices and wayward crotchets ingrained in native mores.

In Morris's more recent novel, "The Works of Love," the theme of loneliness is again explored, but far differently. Where "Man and Boy" is concentrated, tense and satirical, the later work is broad in scope and folksy in content. The dominant character, William Jennings Brady, was born of a mother who answered an ad for a wife and went west from Indiana. Brady grew up in the foothills of the Rockies in a sod hut. As the son of an adventurous woman, Brady adds a new dimension to fiction. He is left an orphan at an early age, and his life is a wandering search for love and the affectionate security of a home. About these urges Brady has little understanding, aside from vague, inner promptings that make him puzzled and restless. Furthermore, he only dimly perceives what to do about his longings. Wright probes a stubbornly brave, yet inarticulate character; one more illustration of man leading a life of quiet desperation.

Where Sherwood Anderson confined himself to Winesburg, Ohio, Wright ranges over the whole booming West. Against this striving background Wright sets the quest of his fumbling protagonist. It is a curious, almost doltish tale occasionally lighted by freshly observed episodes.

EDWIN CLARK

A Private View

A Catholic Speaks His Mind on America's Religious Conflict, by Thomas Sugrue. New York: Harper. $1.00

Thomas Sugrue is scandalized by the spectacle of sectarian squabbling in the United States. In this he is hardly unique. There can be few people mature in mind who are not offended by the fact that fellow citizens can and sometimes do hate one another for the love of God. Himself a Catholic who has felt tempted to sever connections with the Catholic Church but has never done so, Mr. Sugrue sees Catholicism, in what he considers its peculiar and perverted American form, as responsible for much of the bad feeling he finds between Catholics and non-Catholics. He draws a bill of the particulars in which he holds the Catholic Church in the United States to be at fault, and exhorts it to conform to his idea of what it should be.

His idea—here is the chief characteristic and the central fault of Mr. Sugrue's acrid and whirling little book. This is an intensely subjective piece of writing, not merely in its emotionalism but also in its argument. For one thing, much of the discussion concerning something ancient and universal is on the strictly autobiographical level, with apodictic generalizations from peculiar personal experience. If one man's experience is to be the grounds for extensive conclusions, the reviewer might observe that, with much the same New England Irish background as Mr. Sugrue's, he found things otherwise, especially relations with neighbors of other religions. Again, to back his contentions the author cites conversation between himself and God, in which God fully agreed with Mr. Sugrue's notions. Mr. Sugrue's divine sanction for what might look like private opinions, puts at a staggering disadvantage anyone who questions, for example, his reading and interpretation of history.

In three pages Mr. Sugrue sums up and slants a couple of millennia of history in such a way as to uphold his contention that the Christian religion was, from the start, intended to be exclusively for the inner being of the individual man, and not to be demonstrated socially. But religion has always, from remotest times, whether in the pagan world or the Hebrew, been demonstrated socially; it always has had social form and social impact. Since religion entails a total view of reality, and since life can not be partitioned off into doorless compartments, the social character and consequences of religion are in the nature of things.

It is often hard to follow Mr. Sugrue's line of reasoning. For example, he will, on the one hand, contend that the Catholic Church is unduly and culpably involved in sheerly secular matters, but, on the other hand, he will champion Father McGlynn, the New York priest who, late in the last century, was restrained by his archbishop from holding public meetings to promote Henry George's single-tax theory.

Mr. Sugrue completely misunderstands, and therefore misrepresents, the famous "Americanism" issue of the nineties (for a reliable treatment of the question, see James M. O'Neill's lately published "Catholicism and American Freedom"). His glancing reference to Pius X's stand on Modernism is misleading; epithets are no legitimate substitute for analysis. Typical of Mr. Sugrue's mentality is his description of the temperament of Pius XI, without any allusion to the three incisive documents in which that pontiff laid bare the root faults of communism, nazism and fascism.

Mr. Sugrue says, "Catholicism in the United States is totally nonmystical." This he does not prove, because he can not. He also gives intimate details of the attitude toward Catholicism in the United States to be found among "immaculately mannered Italian nobles in the Vatican." There is no documentation for this revelation and countless others, for the very good reason that they are founded only in prejudiced surmise. Not infrequently Mr. Sugrue dogmatically says something which, to the amusement of the knowledgeable reader, is precisely the reverse of actual fact.

It is desirable that Americans live together in amity. It is not desirable that to this end the clash of ideas be suppressed; rather, let the sting of acrimony be suppressed. Mr. Sugrue's tiny treatise is an exercise in acrimony far more than it is legitimate dialectic. Crankishly subjective from start to finish, it casts aspersions instead of light.

JOHN S. KENNEDY

SECOND HARVEST

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

Chivers' Life of Poe, edited with an introduction by Richard Beale Davis. New York: Dutton. $5.00

This small life of Poe by Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers was perhaps finished in 1857, a year before Chivers's death, and has been mummified in the Huntington Library until recently. As an ode in prose to Poe, it is false, orphic sublimity, but the homage is tender and just and comes from a quick, interior nature alien to gross matter. Despite the biographies on Poe, and his current revivification, the author of "The Raven" still stands as a great, ruined obelisk in American literature. His genius is a monumental waste; his marvelous tales, Gothic Kabala, are transhuman and inscrutable.

Chivers has left us some swollen dithyrambs on Poe's person. Poe had an intellectual brow, and in mentioning this it should be said that Plato in

Greek means wide forehead. "The Messiah of melody," as Chivers describes his hero, had a pensive, Grecian bend when he walked, and a long, slender neck which made him appear taller when seated. Poe had feminine hands and considerable knowledge in the "Aesthetics of Dress." He carried a cane, and I imagine he would have worn the vests of Bacchus or Heinrich Heine, or been as modish as Baudelaire, if he had possessed the money. Chivers's remark that money would have ruined Poe shows abundant wisdom, for though many writers have been harmed by penury, more have suffered damage from lucre.

Poe gave readings to ladies' societies dedicated to gabbling. He had a chaste voice, but he lacked the humbug actor's inflections needed to be a success in such groups. He was very vain, as all good writers are (the meek ones are furtive, belonging to another tribe). He had told Chivers that every article in the last number of the *Broadway Journal* was remarkable and had been written by himself, with the exception of one poem which Chivers claimed was also by Poe. He had a bilious, testy temperament, an occupational trait of the writer, but he also had a good digestion, which Chivers asserts is not a scholarly sign.

Emily Dickinson had no one to turn to except that drab ecclesiastic of letters, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was astonished at the reception the posthumous publication of her verse received. Poe, no less unfortunate than Miss Dickinson, had as his literary executor the Reverend Rufus Griswold. Griswold wrote a memoir on Poe which in pure weight of spite took care of the same amount of genius Griswold lacked. This stygian piece of literary Calvinism endured, and for a hundred years what has concerned the crabbed, sterile attention of critics was Poe's drunkenness. There was also small pardon in the ashy hearts of the critics for the poet's marriage to Virginia Clemm, his cousin, who became his wife when she was thirteen.

Along with Rufus Griswold and the other predatory prudes on lower Broadway, the Muses' Lane for editors and authors who could not abide Poe's rancor or his astonishing abilities, was Margaret Fuller. A rude, bellicose seraph of the arts, Miss Fuller got up a delegation which demanded that Mrs. Osgood relinquish Poe's friendship!

There were other recondite scandals in Poe's life. He had had a fugitive liaison with one of the lady poets of the time. Eros is cold and altogether reposeful in the "Tales," though Poe was a toady to any Ophelia. Though he could pen a frightening invective against any man who malpracticed verse, he was the Shulamite dove with the lady poetasters. He found in many of these dear sibyls, whose sighs were more beatific than their poems, the most valorous defenders of his character and afflatus. There were Sarah Helen Whitman, Mrs. Osgood, and Emilie Weltby who had pulsed to Poe's genius and manners and august face. Maria Clemm, the mother of his bride, loved her two occult children, and Mrs. R. S. Nichols, another defender, wrote the monody, "let him rest by lost 'Lenore.'"

Israfel was a greater original than Byron, Shelley or Keats. Poe's verse is very inferior to Keats's "Hyperion" or to the "Endymion," but the form of Poe's prose-poems is aboriginal. He was an abstruse psalmist, a saturnine Saul who had stature of soul. "Ligeia," "Eleonora," "Berenice," "The Fall of the House of Usher," are Arabic music of the soul fit for an Antony or the seraglio in Mahomet's Paradise, but of what profit to human wisdom or to the spirit in its transient, purblind earthly pilgrimage? Chivers said of Poe that he ". . . always wrote as though all Poetry consisted more in the Poetry of the language than in the passions of the heart to be expressed through that language."

Without Poe's "Tales," *"Les Fleurs du Mal"* could not have been born in Baudelaire's mind. Each morning before starting to write, Baudelaire prayed to the Virgin Mary, to his mother, and to Edgar Poe. How much the creed of the imagist—that poems should be cold, passionless objectivism—owes to Edgar Poe! The "Tales" are flowers in hell, and they have the odor of sweet Persephone. It is with the most obdurate reluctance that I suggest that they are the fallen angelic parent of today's cankered mystery story. Poe's belief that a poem ought to be governed by the ratiocinative intellect rather than by controlled tumult of feeling has been taken up by the Brahmins of aesthetics today. Poe so hated the forerunners of these Brahmins, the mandarins of the Beacon Hill of the nineteenth century, that he always said he was born in Baltimore, though his birthplace was actually in Boston.

There were some arguments between Poe and Chivers. Poe admired some of Lowell's verse; Chivers thought Poe had overpraised Lowell. Poe regarded Tennyson as a great bard; Chivers regarded Tennyson's poems as "a phlegmatic fat baby." Sharing Chivers's feeling, James Joyce called the poet "Alfred Lawn Tennyson."

Dr. Chivers was a marvelous friend, for he was a poet himself. (Cezanne once said that it takes one writer to catch another.) Chivers did not have to wait a century to be an enthusiast for a contemporary genius. He wrote:

> I allude . . . to those who dispraised him in his lifetime, on account of envy of his genius, as well as to those still more despicable souls who pretend to defend him on the still basic principle of wishing the world to believe that they are . . . the faithful Apostles of his greatness.

Any writer reading this prayer can not help but say in his own conceited heart, "I wish that Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers had known me!"