

# AMERICAN OPINION

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## EUROPEAN SURVEY

William S. Schlamm

## A FIGHTER FROM PHOENIX

A Biographical Sketch Of Senator Goldwater

## HOW TO READ THE FEDERALIST

Holmes Alexander

## ON THIS SIDE, TOO

Colm Brogan

Other Articles And Regular Features

AN INFORMAL REVIEW

Volume 1 Number 2

MARCH 1958

50¢

## AMERICAN OPINION

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### Contributing Editors

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## CONTENTS—MARCH, 1958

|                                      |                   |           |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------|-----------|
| European Survey . . . . .            | William S. Schlam | 1         |
| On This Side, Too . . . . .          | Colm Brogan       | 8         |
| Eighty-Seven Billion Dollars         | Elizabeth Wilson  | 8, 33, 39 |
| A Fighter From Phoenix . . . . .     |                   | 11        |
| Bullets . . . . .                    |                   | 26        |
| How To Read The Federalist . . . . . | Holmes Alexander  | 27        |
| A Review Of The News . . . . .       | Hubert Kregeloh   | 36        |
| The New Class—A Dissenting Review—   | J. B. Matthews    | 38        |
| A Review Of Reviews . . . . .        | Edwin McDowell    | 40        |
| Looking Both Ways . . . . .          | A Staff Report    | 44        |

February 3, 1958

Dear Reader:

You do not need to subscribe to this magazine to learn that the world is out of joint. Nor do we claim to be ordained by fate to set it right.

We do feel, however, that many of our writers, out of long experience with the disease which is causing most of the world's suffering, can contribute to a sound diagnosis. And that their suggestions, as to the surgery required, deserve deep consideration.

Because this cancerous collectivism is so rampantly on the increase, and is being spread so diligently by conspiratorial hands, our attention is too much monopolized by its ravages and progress. But we can assure any reader that, outside of immediate matters of life and death within his own family, there is nothing else in the world today anywhere near as important, to him and his family, as the methods and the menace of the Communist conspiracy.

For now "the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill, Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill." That foreboding sense of coming ill now gathers strength and steals its way into all the consciousness of the West—of the whole remaining free world—like the knowledge of pestilence in a walled city from which there is no escape. The only thing that can possibly save us is an understanding of the disease, and of the cunning and viciousness by which its spread is deliberately made more certain and more deadly. In our small but earnest way we shall contribute to that understanding to the utmost of our ability.

Sincerely,

*Robert Welch*

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# EUROPEAN SURVEY

by

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

*This is the second in the series of reports on developments in Europe, which Mr. Schlamm is writing for us "on the spot". It was mailed from Munich on January 15.*

TO SMART EUROPEANS (who, these days, call the White House "The Tomb of the Known Soldier") the United States looks like The Sick Man of the West. Europe's newspapers speak of the United States with the kind of worried compassion, or concerned pity, which old-fashioned statesmen felt, fifty years ago, about the Sultan's tired Turkey; a backward power, to be sure, but really persecuted by bad luck; and a power that—who knows—with its own tottering might yet bring the whole world down into its pit of troubles.

On the other hand, the popular Swiss *Weltwoche* said recently that America's incredible streak of bad luck may have had at least this one blissful result: that the United States has now been "demonized". By which the editor meant that the Europeans have now stopped thinking that the United States, like a veritable demon, can do anything it puts its mind to. Now it has been shown that the United States can *not*; and the Europeans seem tremendously relieved.

## In the Land Of The Blind The One-Eyed Is King...

Indeed, underneath the badly camouflaged inner rejoicing about America's misfortunes is a new European sense of restored power and stature.

Although only relatively, in comparison with what looks like an American breakdown, Europeans are now beginning to see themselves again, after so many years of utter political shabbiness, as citizens of Big Powers. Wherever you go in Europe, you meet a new bounce, a grotesque mien of self-confidence — grotesque, I say, because, by all objective rights and standards, it is fantastically out of place at a moment when the Soviets seem to have turned the balance of power altogether in their favor. And yet, the more intelligent the Europeans you are listening to, the more conspicuous is their new sense of gratified importance.

There is, for instance, Professor Heuss, the learned and, in general, extremely tactful President of the German Republic. This year, he delivered a New Year's message to his people which —and of this, I am certain, Professor Heuss was unaware himself — contained overtones of an almost incredible arrogance. Clearly transgressing his constitutionally limited authority, the German President (who, under the German Constitution, has hardly more political power than the good Queen of England) advocated a radical re-orientation of German as well as European policies. With exuberant personal compliments, highly unusual and per-

## European Survey

haps improper in an official peroration of a head of state, Professor Heuss recommended specifically the wisdom of a private United States citizen, Mr. George Kennan, as the guiding star for a future German and European policy. So far, President Heuss has not been known to interfere with the affairs of his Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer. And if suddenly he sounds like a Socialist-Neutralist opponent of Adenauer's reliably anti-Communist foreign policy, there are some competent observers who are by no means convinced that there is a difference of opinion between President Heuss and Chancellor Adenauer. In fact, they don't even believe that President Heuss (or Dr. Adenauer in Paris, for that matter) have deviated from what they understand to be *United States* policy. And thereby hangs the most important tale of the month.

### Even Though The Blindness Is Willful...

The talk among the *cognoscenti* in Europe is that, far from giving in to European lusting for "co-existence", Mr. Eisenhower, in Paris, secretly *invited* the most outspoken expressions of such sentiments. Thus Dr. Adenauer's by now famous switch from hardness to softness in the question of direct negotiations with the Soviets appears to have been no switch at all. Adenauer, or so the *cognoscenti* say, has always *cooperated* with Eisenhower; and, once he understood what Eisenhower expected from him, he kindly delivered the goods.

As to the motivation of Mr. Eisenhower's game, there seems to be a consensus here in Europe that Eisenhower is determined to get a deal with

Khrushchev, over all objections the Senate might put up in his way. And Mr. Eisenhower (or Mr. Hagerty, or Mr. Adams, or whoever happens to run the United States in these strange times) has decided that the most promising method of overpowering domestic opposition against a deal with the Soviet is to point out that, after all, Europe itself insisted on being sold down the river. Mr. Eisenhower, the great "internationalist", has allegedly decided to appeal to United States "isolationism". Why on earth, he seems prepared to say, should the United States save the world, even from Communism, if that world doesn't *want* to be saved? Consequently, he wished to be "talked into" the assignation with Khrushchev; and the faithful Dr. Adenauer smoothly obliged.

### A New Barker, Named Rapacki...

Whether or not this thesis is founded in fact, the European governments seem to be acting as if it were. A race is on among them as to who will be first to enter the notorious "dialogue" with the Kremlin. The odds are, at the moment, on the British Government. Mr. Macmillan, who is a Conservative every inch as much as Mr. Eisenhower, has already acquainted himself thoroughly with what is called the Rapacki Plan, after the Foreign Secretary of Communist Poland. Rapacki, shortly before the Parisian NATO catastrophe, suggested exactly what Mr. Kennan was suggesting at the same time; namely, that a "de-atomized" zone be created in Central Europe—comprising both Germanies, Poland and Czechoslovakia—from which both the United States and the Soviet Union should withdraw, or in which they should ab-

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## European Survey

stain from introducing atomic armament and missiles of any kind.

The fantastic part about this Rapacki Plan is that military experts on all sides agree on its technical meaninglessness. The suggested area is so narrow that even the simplest rockets can cross it from either side. So that, from the point of view of making a conflagration impossible, the Rapacki Plan is about as promising as the idea of keeping the air over New York smoke-free by turning off the oil furnaces in the East Fifties. Not even Comrade Rapacki himself has dared advance a material argument in favor of his Plan. Its importance lies solely in the fact that, in accepting its vague essence, the contracting parties would have cordially shaken hands and, above all, would have formally recognized the Communist Government of East Germany.

### For The Continuing Shell Game...

This is the rap, and it isn't even hidden. The Soviets have sent Rapacki out in front to demonstrate the loyalty of the Gomulka Government to the Kremlin whenever a sensitive spot of Soviet policy is touched. And perhaps its *most* sensitive spot is the Soviet insistence on the legality of the Communist usurpation in East Germany. The United States, the United Kingdom and France are officially committed never to recognize the violence done by the Soviets to an integral part of Germany. And so is of course the Bonn Government, that could not (or, certainly, should not) stay one day in power after recognizing the Ulbricht regime in East Germany. Yet, following the British lead, the Adenauer Government has just announced that it is ready "to study" the Rapacki Plan. This

announcement came a few weeks after Dr. Adenauer had vehemently rejected the provocation *in toto*.

It's the most humiliating about-face in Adenauer's governmental history. What could have possibly made him eat that kind of crow? Or, rather, who? Mr. David Bruce, the United States Ambassador in Bonn, is a strong believer in the "secret diplomacy" which President Heuss has so highly praised. So, of course, he won't tell. But should there be left in the United States Senate some old-fashioned Americans who still believe in "open covenants openly arrived at", they might ask that question of Mr. Dulles when his budget comes up for consideration. Or perhaps they shouldn't wait that long. Things seem to be moving frightfully fast these days in Europe. And, in another few weeks, the Bonn Government may have been maneuvered, *via* some version of the Rapacki Plan, into a tacit recognition of the Communist kidnappers of East Germany. Once this is done, the Kremlin has achieved its most fateful objective in Europe: a situation from which, quite logically, grows the "re-unification" of a neutralized West Germany with a co-equal Communist East Germany. Granted by Soviet generosity, and depending entirely on Soviet good grace, such "re-unification" is, for all practical purposes of Soviet foreign policy, the birth of a Communized Germany.

This is what the Rapacki Plan is about. Prime Minister Macmillan has found it extremely interesting. Chancellor Adenauer has been made to announce that he is "studying" it. The United States Government, one hears here in Europe, has expressed its "secret" benevolent interest in Rapacki's

## European Survey

proposals. At the NATO Conference in Paris, attention was skillfully centered on the Bulganin Letters. But the outgrowth, it seems, will be a concentration on the Rapacki Plan. The talk of a Summit Conference and General Disarmament is a smokescreen. The real business on hand is the cleverly limited maneuver of the Soviets to get the Western powers into some kind of agreement with the East, whereby the Bonn government would be compelled to deal officially with Ulbricht. The rest is easy. But, of course, nobody tells Mr. Eisenhower.

### **"Paris By Way of Peking And Calcutta" — And Damascus, Cairo, And Algiers . . .**

The authentically neutral Swiss have always understood that authentic neutrality has nothing to do with pacifism. Switzerland, on the contrary, has one of the finest military establishments on the Continent and an especially competent group of staff officers. One of them, Colonel Cuénoud, recently gave an analysis of NATO Europe's strategic situation which has profoundly impressed some of Europe's "opinion makers."

Colonel Cuénoud's main thesis, in a nutshell, was that the control of the Near East and of North Africa is not merely relevant but *all-decisive* for the control of Western Europe. For, says he, Western Europe tumbles once the Mediterranean is in the hands of the adversary. This, contends the Colonel, was already true in the last war. The successful Allied invasion of North Africa, preceded by Montgomery's victorious duel with Rommel, was the real turning point of the war; and from there on, things on the Continent

moved almost with inevitability. In the shrunk area of today's Europe, pincer movements of that kind are even more decisive.

There is, in the Colonel's opinion, no military reason on earth for the Soviet Union ever to cut straight into the NATO installation of Western Europe. Europe will have been lifted off the hinges the moment it is effectively separated from North Africa and, consequently, driven out of the Mediterranean. Which is exactly what is happening before our eyes, without a single Russian soldier shooting a single bullet.

According to Colonel Cuénoud, the "national-revolutionary" upheaval in Algeria is not a French affair but perhaps the decisive battle for the control of Europe. If this is true, then the recent Conference of Cairo, sponsored by Nasser and managed by Khrushchev, would assume truly historic proportions: While the sterile Prime Ministers and Presidents of the West worry about missile bases in Denmark or Luxembourg, the Soviets accomplish in North Africa and the Near East the fatal separation of Europe from the very fundament of any conceivable European defense strategy. If they succeed, concluded Colonel Cuénoud, the only and last battleground that remains for any future showdown is the space between the Soviet Union and the territorial United States—the Polar Area. Europe, at any rate, will have been liquidated as a strategically relevant entity without NATO ever getting a chance to prove its strength.

. . .

### **And NATO NOT Withstanding . . .**

This able military analysis of the NATO position gives any one who



## European Survey

really knows Europe the shivers, and for several reasons.

For one, if NATO got a chance to prove its strength it would, at the moment, go up in a shameful fizzle. The most optimistic NATO experts agree that the minimum force required to block a Soviet thrust into Western Europe would be thirty divisions—not just any old thirty divisions, but thirty crack divisions of most modernized troops; and thirty divisions, to boot, that are stationed strategically alongside the German front against the East. And it would have to be thirty divisions utilizing at least tactical atomic weapons.

At this moment, seven years after General Eisenhower pump-primed NATO, there are at the most fifteen divisions available to General Norstad's command. And, as experts keep telling you, "not for attribution", of these fifteen divisions only about eight can be called ready for employment. The rest is hardly good enough for parades. And, most importantly, the available troops are *not* strategically stationed alongside the German front, and they are *not* equipped with atomic weapons. Even worse, the currently collapsed Western mind fervently desires that nuclear weapons and missiles be "outlawed" in the whole territory of Germany.

### While A Hot Peace Wins the Cold War...

Why does Soviet Russia, under these circumstances, not simply overrun Western Europe? This leads us to the fundamental fact No. 2: Soviet Russia would not *dream* of taking a shot, and risking a war, so long as it has ample reasons to hope that Europe can be had,

so to speak, by telephone. NATO, in other words, is utterly superfluous, even if it *were* in fighting condition, so long as the West shares Soviet Russia's prime desire; namely, to avoid a war.

It is here, thirdly, that Colonel Cuénoud's analysis becomes so pertinent: Soviet Russia has been outflanking Europe, before our eyes, and is just about ready to seal off the Mediterranean. Profoundly grateful to the Western press (above all, as usual, to the *New York Times*) for pooh-poohing the Cairo Conference, the Kremlin has just set up in Colonel Nasser's capital a professional center of world destruction every bit as important as the Comintern was in its heydays, and quite likely much more significant. While a happily chuckling Soviet diplomacy keeps the NATO powers dangling on a paper chain of Bulganin Letters and Rapacki Plans, secretly worrying over the most elementary military requirements for a continental defense, Soviet *policy* sees to it that no occasion for such defense ever arises. The proverbial victims of *old-fashioned* shell games were mental giants in comparison to Western statesmen who become helpless stooges for the Soviet alarms about "war danger", while the Soviets so clearly need "peace" for taking over the world (at this moment, at the rate of several million people per week).

\* \* \*

### What Price Political Honesty?...

It is by no means certain yet that the Macmillan Cabinet will survive the resignation of Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the one British Conservative who startled his country by believing in his sworn principles—something no modern British Conservative and no United

## European Survey

States Modern Republican would contemplate for a second. Principles must not be mentioned in such genteel company. Mr. Thorneycroft did what is not being done, you know.

Mr. Macmillan, consequently, showed him his contemptuous disgust and tried to laugh the whole thing off by leaving for a visit with the almighty Nehru—the intention being to show, by such a lighthearted departure, that the crisis was no crisis at all. And perhaps it wasn't. Perhaps Mr. Macmillan's (and Mr. Eisenhower's) frivolous contention is correct: That it is the historic function of Anglo-Saxon Conservatism to make Socialism secure. Even so, Mr. Thorneycroft's resignation will have, at least, clarified the issue: That "modern" Anglo-Saxon Conservatism is committed, not to its professed principles, but to the Welfare State.

### And What Effect? . . .

For, of course, Mr. Thorneycroft's reason to resign was Mr. Macmillan's reckless continuation of an inflationary economic policy of—as Professor Wilhelm Roepke, the excellent dean of international libertarianism, describes it—"over-employment". Roepke has shown, beyond dispute, that "over-employment" inevitably leads to self-propelled, perpetual inflation; and that the Anglo-Saxon democracies in particular are mesmerized by the concept of "over-employment" beyond all other social, economic, or moral considerations. Mr. Thorneycroft's departure into the political desert proves the point.

And, as I said, it is by no means certain that the Macmillan Cabinet *will* survive. Unless Mr. Macmillan has some kind of sleight-of-hand success with his absurd foreign policy (which

is not impossible, as Khrushchev is determined to give everybody plenty of rope), the pound sterling might stare fascinated after the departed Mr. Thorneycroft and lose even more of its waning strength. And while, in the current mood of political idiocy in the Western electorate, the Macmillan Government might get away with sacrificing the world and the future, it would quite probably topple if it were to take a chance on the pound sterling and on the present comforts of prosperity. This, I repeat, is no prediction. On the contrary, all odds are on the survival of the unfittest. Seen from here and now, Mr. Eisenhower can go on forever in Washington, and Mr. Macmillan forever in London—for so long, that is, as it pleases Mr. Khrushchev. I simply wanted to take notice of a power greater even than Khrushchev's—the whip of inflation that could force even upon the lazy electorate of democracies a posture of distress, if not of resolution.

. . .

### While The Willful Blindness Increases . . .

President Eisenhower's "State of the Union" message has been received in Europe with a polite yawn. Actually, no honest man in Europe can claim he knows what Mr. Eisenhower has said. His message has been published here, of course, verbatim—which is exactly the trouble. To the European eye it contains (a) everything and (b) nothing.

In particular, Europeans who have developed a habit of thinking responsibly simply don't understand what Mr. Eisenhower (or whoever does the homework for him) means by "controls" of disarmament. Some important

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## European Survey

Europeans have read Dr. Edward Teller's magnificent study in *Foreign Affairs* of January, 1958 (reprinted, in parts, in the Paris Edition of the *Herald-Tribune*). His argument against the current asinine axiom that all nuclear tests *can* be detected, and therefore all nuclear disarmament *can* be controlled, sounds utterly irrefutable. But Europeans with a working memory didn't even need Dr. Teller's expert knowledge to deem an effective disarmament control unfeasible: Everybody here who is not fooling himself remembers the scandalous fiasco of the 'disarmament control' the Allied Powers of 1919 imposed on defeated Germany.

The thing collapsed infamously. And Germany, long before Hitler, soon had the most promising military establishment on the Continent—despite the presence of high-polished Disarmament Commissions on German soil, and despite the presence of an active *German* parliamentary opposition that jealously tried to watch over German disarmament. To realistic Europeans it is absolutely understood, ever since,

that no disarmament control is effective against a sovereign government which *wishes* to arm— and none is needed against a government that *doesn't*. This was true long before the black magic of nuclear science reduced the size of crucial armament plants from that of overblown munition factories of yore to the magnitude of the proverbial needle in the haystack.

One of the intellectual scandals of the age, it seems, is the incredible fact that neither General Eisenhower, who ought to know, nor his disarmament agent, Mr. Stassen, has ever so much as uttered a word on the central subject of debate: Whether, in the light of *all* the available experience after the first World War, control of disarmament is *technically* possible. They just go ahead and blow linguistic bubbles. After all, *everybody* is against armament, isn't he, just as everybody is against death and taxes. So let's disarm, period. And let's "control" disarmament, period. How? Only a warmonger could ask such a provocative question. I, for instance.

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### Eighty-seven Billion Dollars

This is the amount the Federal Government expects to spend *in cash* during the fiscal year which begins next July. It is about \$13½ billion more than the figure cited by the President in his budget message, because it includes expenditures, such as the road program and Old Age and Survivorship Insurance, based on governmental trust funds. Of this extra amount, \$2,300 million will be spent to extend our network of highways. It is extremely difficult to estimate how much the pension program will cost. The benefit bill is increasing rapidly. Two years ago, eight million people were receiving checks at an annual rate of five billion dollars. A year ago, more than nine million people got benefits at the annual rate of almost six billion dollars. During last September, practically eleven million beneficiaries received \$584 million. This would amount to more than seven billion dollars a year. Undoubtedly, bigger and better benefits will be provided by this Congress. For 1958 is an election year! —Elizabeth Wilson

# ON THIS SIDE, TOO

by

COLM BROGAN

*To the readers of truly conservative magazines in this country Colm Brogan is now almost as well known as he is in his native England—where he is justly loved by the anti-Communists for the enemies he has made.*

*But Mr. Brogan does not know enough to go to bed—at least while visiting America. So at about three o'clock in the morning, one night some months ago, your editor was bemoaning to him the disastrous extent to which the Communists had been able to slant, favorably to themselves or unfavorably to their opponents, practically everything the American public learns through its media of mass communication. Mr. Brogan replied that for years the situation in the United Kingdom had been every bit as bad. We asked him to repeat that for our readers, in a casual article drawn simply from his own experiences and observations.*

*The article, although received by us a few weeks thereafter, has certainly not lost any of its pertinence or importance due to current developments in England. We mention that it was written in the early fall of 1957, only so that the time references in it will make sense. Everything else in it, sad to relate, makes entirely too much sense indeed.*

OF ALL THE PEOPLES of the world, the British are the most voracious of newspaper readers, and their appetite has increased startlingly in recent years. The population of Britain has increased by ten percent since 1938, while the purchase of newspapers has increased by ninety percent.

Parallel with the great expansion in sales there has been an ominous contraction in the number of newspapers. Fifty years ago, there were nine evening papers in London. Today there are only three, and it is more than likely that tomorrow there will be only two. Newspaper control is coming more and more into the hands of a very few, very wealthy, men.

## Distances Are Small . . . .

This concentration is partly explained by the facts of geography. Britain is a fairly small island with no physical obstacles to rapid transport, except in North Wales and the Scottish Highlands, where the population is negligible. Of Britain's fifty million people, something like forty-five million are to be found in five dense clusters.

Because of these facts, it is economically possible for a London newspaper to sell everywhere in Britain. Hence we have the "national" newspapers, produced in London for sale all over the island. Some of them have subsidiary printing facilities in Manchester or Glasgow or both, to supply news of

## On This Side, Too

local interest, but the paper is still a London product, wholly controlled from the Fleet Street headquarters.

### Circulations Large .....

Circulations are huge and competition is ferociously sharp. The *Daily Herald* is, or was, the official organ of the Labour Party, with half the shares owned by the trade unions. But although the circulation is not far short of two million, the losses have been so heavy that the unions have sold out their financial interest. The evening newspaper, *The Star* has a circulation of well over a million, but is assumed to be losing over a million dollars a year.

If life is so hard for the big papers, it is enormously worse for what are called the "provincials", which are regional newspapers, catering to one area or another out of London. Some of these papers, like the *Scotsman* and *Yorkshire Post*, have high reputations, but none have high circulations. (The largest of all "provincial" circulations was that of the Manchester *Daily Dispatch*, and the *Dispatch* was killed one day last year, without so much as a moment's warning.)

### And Control Concentrated .....

The eight London "national" dailies sell over ninety percent of all the morning papers sold in Britain. The eleven "national" Sundays have more than ninety-eight percent of the total Sunday circulation. There are no "national" evening papers, but evening papers are of minor importance. Bought very largely for sport and gossip, their impact on opinion is of little weight.

The concentration of Press power, already too great, is quite certain to increase. Already, three men and one

company control more than sixty percent of the total circulation, and at least three "national" newspapers are in danger of foundering, to the circulation advantage of the remainder.

Obviously, the smaller the number of newspapers and owners, the more does the Press become susceptible to various pressures and infiltrations. This was demonstrated very clearly in 1936. For months American papers were filled with detailed stories of the King and Mrs. Simpson. Indeed, the gossip and the detailed reports spread all over the world, except in the country most closely concerned. Until almost the end of November, the British Press maintained a conspiracy of total silence, with the result that when the news did break the great majority of the British people were stunned with astonishment.

### With Ignorance By Design .....

Admittedly, a large number did know the facts, through American acquaintances or by other means; and a prominent Communist, speaking in Hyde Park, referred to Simpson's restaurant as "The King's Arms." But nine out of ten had never heard of Mrs. Simpson until the blanket of silence was suddenly lifted and they heard of nothing else.

The silence was not imposed by the Government. It was organized by one man, Lord Beaverbrook, who would have found his task much more difficult if he had had ten times as many important owners to deal with.

It was an instructive episode in more ways than one, for it illustrated the real power of the Press to misinform the public mind, or to keep it in ignorance. The political opinions expressed by popular newspapers have only minor

## On This Side, Too

importance. Until recently, the circulation of the Sunday "*News of the World*" was eight millions, but there is no evidence that its political articles have any effect in swaying votes. For forty years Lord Beaverbrook has used the *Daily Express* as a propaganda weapon for his dream of a trade barrier round the Empire. In season and out of season he has advocated this cause, often enough on the most inappropriate pretexts, but although the circulation of the *Express* has risen from a few hundred thousand to more than four million, interest in his cause has steadily sunk until it has now almost completely disappeared.

### And Influence By Distortion . . . .

The real influence of newspapers is obtained by selection, distortion, and suppression. To revert to the Abdication crisis, *The Times* received a flood of letters, and it must be presumed that some of them were from people of importance; but not one single letter appeared in print. Similarly, when the *Daily Herald* had to deal with a serious crisis in the Socialist Party, the editor blandly announced that, as the letters he had received were roughly half on one side and half on the other, he thought it better not to publish any at all.

The slanting of a newspaper to suit some special and concealed purpose is not necessarily the work of the owner or the editor. I once made a careful study of a newspaper which almost every night printed some unobtrusive snippet of news from Russia. Often enough, the little filler was harmless in itself, the report of the discovery of a strange fish in Lake Baikal or of prehistoric remains in Siberia. But some-

one in that paper was quietly determined to keep the U.S.S.R. continuously in the picture.

## II

DURING THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, a large number of British journalists worked overtime for the Communist cause. That is not to say that they all *knew* the cause was Communist, though a notable proportion certainly did. Others were unconsciously inspired by an inherited anti-Catholicism which made them indifferent to the slaughter of priests and nuns, or else they were genuinely taken in by the democratic pretensions of the Spanish Republic.

Whatever their motive they did an immense service for Communism, suppressing so far as they dared all news that was unfavourable to the "Republicans", and giving prominence to any story, however wild, that did them credit in any way. Sometimes they went too far, as in the enthusiastic and headlined report of the sinking of a Franco cruiser by a bomb dropped down the funnel. I happened to be in Glasgow at the time, where the story was ill-received. If the people of Glasgow know about anything, they know about ships; and they know that the inside of a funnel is as tightly packed with pipes as the human abdomen is with entrails. A worse blunder was made by one newspaper which was particularly under the Communist thumb. It printed a glowing account of a brilliant counter-attack by the "Republicans", who had driven the hordes of Franco in headlong rout down the road to Barcelona. The *Stop Press* carried the curt announcement that Barcelona had fallen.

The bigotries aroused by the Spanish conflict were deep and long lasting, and

## On This Side, Too

perhaps I may be pardoned for illustrating the point from my own experience. The Workers' Educational Association invited me to speak at a Summer school, but on the day before I was to speak I received a telegram from the secretary saying that the school had been postponed and that a letter of explanation would follow. No letter followed, but I assumed that the organizers had failed to attract a sufficient crowd, and the matter slipped out of my mind. Months later, I discovered by pure chance that a fellow-travelling member of the committee had accused me of being a fascist, and they had cancelled the whole school as the only way of stopping me from giving the lecture. I was forced to issue a writ for libel to secure a retraction, but the damage was done and, during the War, Government agencies were successfully urged not to use me for propaganda.

### The Treatment Of F. A. Voigt . . . .

More striking and much more important was the case of F. A. Voigt. Freddie Voigt was a journalist of immense learning and absolute courage and integrity. He began his adult life as a strong Socialist and scientific materialist. He built up a huge reputation in Berlin as correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. The Nazis could neither gag, control nor intimidate him; and when finally they drove him out, he was a hero of the Left.

When the Spanish Civil War broke out, Voigt had changed considerably; but he was a firm supporter of the "Republic"; and expectations among the Leftists were high when the *Guardian* sent him to Spain. For that reason Voigt's report came as a profound shock. The Left had been trying by

every means and with much success to deny or minimise the Red atrocities, and especially the persecution of religion. Voigt made a devastating exposure of the terrible truth; and by irresistible implication he convicted many another Leftist observer of an extreme lack of candour, if not of something worse. That was the beginning of his decline.

He was one of the first and one of the foremost to fight against the Russian infatuation during the War and after. He came to see that the follies and treacheries of the pro-Kremlin faction were the product of a deep and nauseating moral corruption. He became a man of the Right, and a man of religion so deep as to be almost mystical. But he also became a forgotten man. The last time I saw him he told me that he had been compelled to sell his collection of pictures. His writing was no longer wanted where it would reach a large audience. Even many Right Wing publications had begun to feel that he was too "extreme", that he took treason with too much moral indignation, and that he saw treason in too many places. He is now dead. He was a good man, even a great man, but the thing he fought was too big for him.

### The Thesis Of Hilaire Belloc . . . .

It was the insistent theme of Hilaire Belloc that the men who follow darkness often have no need to deal with awkward facts or answer awkward arguments. If they have control of opinion, all they need to do is to ignore the facts and the arguments. That has been proven time and again in British daily and periodical writing. During the Spanish Civil War a prominent London journalist, who was violently

## On This Side, Too

anti-Franco, challenged a Franco representative, saying that in no circumstances would he be allowed to visit the part of Spain then held by Franco, to see what he wanted to see, and freely to report what he saw. In a matter of days, he was given a visa entitling him to go wherever he wanted to go, with full understanding that he would write nothing until he was safely back in London. He was not long in Spain before he discovered that this was not, as he had imagined, a war between brutal tyranny and democracy, between reaction and enlightenment, but quite simply a war between civilization and obscene barbarism. The evidence of his own honest eyes swung him completely around, and he went back to London anxious and eager to tell the truth to the world. But the doors that would have been wide open to him, if he had been prepared to tell the false but conventional story, were closed because he wanted to tell the unpopular truth.

A Church of England parson who was almost if not quite a Communist went to Red Spain at much the same time. He was friendly with the editor of the *New Statesman*, and he went in the full expectation that the *New Statesman* would gladly publish his glowing account of conditions in Red Spain when he returned.

What he saw in Madrid so shocked and sickened him that he went back to London to warn his friends that the cause they were so fervently supporting was the last abomination of savagery. The *New Statesman* declined to publish.

### And The Tragedy Of Roy Campbell . . . .

The world of poetry provides a cur-

ious example of the technique of suppression. When the South African poet Roy Campbell first appeared on the London scene, the literary Leftists hailed him with delight. His brilliant and original satire flayed the tired and conventional poetasters, left-overs from the Georgian period, and the Leftists naturally assumed that this iconoclast must be one of their own in a political sense.

In time they found out their mistake. Roy Campbell's hatred of all Communists and Pinks was only matched by his contempt for them. The outraged Leftists could not well dismiss him as a poet of no importance but they could see that he did not get the recognition he deserved. How effective they were may be gauged from one incident. When Campbell was tragically killed this year, a literary editor, Neville Braybrooke, wrote an appreciation. He said that twenty years before when he first began to take a deep interest in poetry he was fascinated by Campbell and began to enquire about him in literary quarters, only to be given very distinctly to understand that he was dead. Campbell was only thirty at the time. The technique of suppression could hardly go further.

### III

MR. ROBERT WELCH believes that Communist infiltration is even deeper and more widespread in Britain than in the United States. I disagree. But I believe that political and social blindness, frivolity and irresponsibility are more widespread in my country, and so is timidity. I believe myself that our civilization would have been threatened as gravely as it is now if Communism had never been invented. Communism



## On This Side, Too

is the seed of evil that flourishes on the culture bed of moral decay. If that seed had not taken root some other seed, equally evil, would.

*[It seems to us that Mr. Brogan overlooks the fact, or discounts the effect, of the forced growth of the evil of Communism. It has flourished so much more rapidly and extensively than some other evil might have, because it has been deliberately nourished and energetically cultivated by an organized conspiracy, to serve that organization's ambitious purposes. We had the evil of a stagnant socialism rising in the decay of the Roman Empire, but it was a passive evil. The only historical parallel to contemporary Communism was the organized and ruthlessly ambitious fascism of Sparta, an actively promoted and insidiously disseminated evil which all but wrecked Greek civilization long before natural decay was due. — EDITOR]*

Moral irresponsibility is especially marked among the intellectual ex-Communists. These men did not leave the Communist party because their conscience came to life. They left either because their vanity was offended by the strict intellectual discipline of the party, or because their self-regarding laziness would not allow them to do all the hard work the party demanded of them. They left the party for the same reason as they entered it. They entered it to demonstrate their anti-social attitude to Christian society. They left because they discovered that they were anti-social towards any society.

They regard it as intolerable that they should be asked to express any regret for the harm they did, or even to admit that they were wrong in joining the party in the first place. They are

particularly venomous towards any ex-Communist who publicly announces his error, recognizes that error as a moral transgression, and seeks to undo the harm he has done. One of this kidney publicly commended another of the same for writing a book in which he did not seek to express any regret for his former party membership, and contrasted his action favourably with the "nauseating self-exculpation" of Whitaker Chambers.

### Conscience Becomes An Absurdity . . . .

I think it may be this narcissistic state of mind which explains the astonishing reviews which Alger Hiss's book got in a large number of important British papers. Two well-known reviewers supported the totally preposterous proposition that Hiss was guilty but firmly believes himself to be innocent. Yet another said that writing a book was a lengthy and tedious business, and surely Hiss would not have undertaken this labour if he had not been innocent.

But there are even greater fantasies in book reviewing. *The Spectator* is the most important and the longest-established Conservative weekly review in Britain. For generations it was regarded as the epitome of the stuffiest ruling class orthodoxy. Yet this journal commissioned a book review from Guy Burgess in Moscow, received it, and published it. Frivolity of this kind chills my blood.

But there is worse than frivolity. Mr. Tom Driberg is a former Socialist M.P. He went to Moscow to take down Guy Burgess's own story of his flight, and published this manifestly lying account as if it were manifestly true to the last

## On This Side, Too

syllable. Next year that man will be chairman of the Labour Party.

### Treason A Joke . . . .

A great many of the most influential moulders of opinion in Britain are incapable of taking treason seriously for any length of time. What can we make of a Press Lord who refused to publish Kravchenko's memoirs because he would not "encourage a renegade"? What can we make of *The Times*, which openly shared a war correspondent with the *Daily Worker* during the Abyssinian war? There was a time when *The Times* office in Washington was run by a man who proved to be one of the most effectively mischievous Communists in Britain. He left *The Times* for the *Daily Worker*. In the later years of the war and for some years afterwards the influence of *The Times* on policy towards Russia was great and disastrous. There is no room for surprise.

Lack of a sense of seriousness and urgency is matched by lack of understanding. *Many people who are honestly anti-Communist simply cannot grasp the deviousness and variety of the Communist techniques.* When Guy Burgess found the pace too hot for him, he applied for a post as leader writer on the immensely influential and strongly Conservative *Daily Telegraph*. He failed to get it, not because the *Telegraph* people had been given any reason to suspect his loyalty, but simply because he did not write well enough for the *Telegraph* standards. If he had landed the job it would not have been the first time he had found himself in a position to serve his masters from the very heart of the anti-Communist camp. Guy Lloyd is the most indomitable anti-

Communist fighter in the House of Commons. Some years ago, he made a series of anti-Russian broadcasts for the British Broadcasting Corporation. The producer heavily censored every one, and there was a battle on each occasion. The producer was Guy Burgess.

### And Moral Blindness

#### The Key To Success . . . .

Frivolity and blindness combine. The man who taught Guy Burgess history at school wrote him a glowing testimonial when he left. He ratified that testimonial *after* Burgess had fled to Moscow. Evidently this gentleman thinks that a man can be a thoroughly nice chap even though he deserts to his country's implacable enemy. His name is Birley. He did well for himself in the period between writing his two little efforts in character appreciation. He became headmaster of Eton, Britain's principal school, and after the War he was appointed by the Government to superintend the re-education of the German people in the ways of Parliamentary democracy. I fancy no comment is required.

## IV

THEN THERE IS PURE LAXNESS AND TIMIDITY. On this point I must ask forgiveness for referring once more to my own experience. In the days of the Attlee Government I took part in a radio discussion, and in the course of argument I said that it was impossible to hold a secret session of the House of Commons because the secret Communists among Labour members would relay everything to Moscow.

This statement was referred to the Committee of Privileges, a body which  
(Continued On Page 34)

## A FIGHTER FROM PHOENIX

ARIZONA is our fifth largest state. It has more National Parks and Monuments, more Federal land, more Indians, more dust, and less water, than any other state in the Union. (Barry Goldwater says he loves to be invited to Los Angeles to make a speech; it gives him an opportunity to take a bath.) Even in the one sizable bit of dampness Arizona does have, the Colorado River, the water is, for natural purposes, utterly useless; it is too thick to drink and too thin to plow.

Not that anybody in Arizona, in the old days anyway, would ever have thought of trying out *any* water as a beverage. The state's Junior Senator says he was twenty years old before he even knew you could put the stuff in whiskey. As for drinking it straight (the water, that is), such a thought simply never occurred to anybody in that part of the country. We can readily understand why. One day some twenty years ago this writer and his family were rambling by automobile, happily half lost, over one of the more deserted stretches of Arizona, when we saw what looked like a signpost sticking up out of the sand some miles away. When, ourselves panting with curiosity and our engine panting with hope, we got close enough to read it, the signpost said: WELCOME STRANGER. You Are A Long Way From Home, A Thousand Miles From Water, And Six Feet From Hell. Of course, on exactly that same spot today, there is probably a fabulous hotel, where you can get all of the water you want, if you can afford to tip the waiter five dollars a glass for bringing it to you.

### II

BUT ARIZONA, our youngest state, is also outstanding in another way. It has one of our youngest and most outstanding Senators. And in an area where gold and water are the two most precious commodities, the farsighted family of this states-



BARRY GOLDWATER

## A Fighter From Phoenix

man combined them both in his name. They were farsighted in other ways, too. Barry's pioneering grandfather emigrated from England more than a hundred years ago, sailed around Cape Horn to California, and finally settled in Arizona in 1860. He founded the town of Ehrenberg (which now wants a postoffice!) Later the family went to Prescott. And when the community of Phoenix was laid out, the Goldwaters established one of the first stores there. Many changes in the name of the firm have been made since 1860, but there has always been a Goldwater in it. The Bisbee Massacre in 1882 took place in Goldwater's Store. Today *Goldwaters, Inc.* has five stores, in that many cities in Arizona, and *Goldwater's Store* in Phoenix has been a landmark for more than two generations.

Barry M. Goldwater (the "M" does not stand for Merchant, but for Morris) was born on January 1, 1909, in Phoenix; in what was then Arizona Territory. (It became the forty-eighth state of the Union, in 1912). After attending public schools in Phoenix, Barry went to the Staunton Military Academy, and then to the University of Arizona. Near the end of his freshman year, however, his father died. So in 1929 the young man went to work for the family firm, of which he became president in 1937.

Since 1930, however, Barry Goldwater had been an officer in the Infantry Reserve, and also had been a pilot for the sheer love of flying. So in July, 1941, believing that war was coming, he turned over the management of the business to his younger brother, and joined the United States Air Force. He was given the assignment of gunnery instructor for fighter planes. By the middle of 1942 the transfer of civilian pilots to the rating of *pilots* in the Air Force became possible, and Barry received his rating in July of that year. He then flew in a training command as an instructor in gunnery; next with a ferry command, over all of this country and to England and Scotland. He was in the first *and only* flight of single-engined planes that crossed the Atlantic. Overseas he served with the Air

## A Fighter From Phoenix

Transport Command as Chief Pilot; in the Azores, then at Casablanca, and finally at Karachi, where he was Chief Pilot for two ATC runs.

Since the war this warrior has kept up his active status in both the Reserves and the National Guard in Arizona, and was the first rated pilot in the latter organization. Today, as a Colonel in the United States Air Force Reserves, Barry is a command pilot with about six thousand hours in the air to his credit. (That is the equivalent, you might note, of 250 days and nights of unbroken flying.) His M-day assignment is with operations of the Air Defense Command.

### III

LATE IN 1945 Barry Goldwater returned to active duty as President (a title he had never relinquished) of Goldwaters, Inc. Active in the Chamber of Commerce, the Industrial Council, the Better Business Bureau, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Boy Scouts, and every other worthwhile community enterprise; appointed by Governor Osborne, in 1946, to serve as a member of the Interstate Stream Commission, and made Chief of Staff of the Arizona National Guard at the same time; and then finding himself being swept by circumstances into politics, Barry decided that his days as a "full-time" business man were probably numbered. So his brother Bob, a banker who had run the stores during Barry's war service, began to move into the job again. And in 1953 Bob became President, while Barry took the taller title and lesser responsibilities of Chairman of the Board.

In the meantime — in 1949, to be specific — Barry had joined other community leaders in a movement to improve the city government of Phoenix. The group elected their entire ticket of a mayor and six councilmen. Barry was one of the councilmen. The seven men established in Phoenix a concept and example of good city government which has held ever since. Just how good it was, and how well it has held, is



## A Fighter From Phoenix



### AND NOW WE ARE SEVEN

*This happy scene was caught by the time-defying camera when Miss Joanne Goldwater was married to Mr. Thomas Ross on June 18, 1956, at Phoenix, Arizona. Joanne can be identified by the bride's bouquet, of course, and Tom by the groom's grin. On the reader's left are Michael Goldwater, now at Staunton Military Academy, and Peggy, who will start high school next year. On your right are Mrs. Goldwater, the Senator, and their oldest son, Barry, now at the University of Colorado. Looking at this picture, it is easy to see why the Communists consider family life and family loyalties so dangerous to their doctrines.*

indicated to only a small extent by the fact that the tax rate in Phoenix has not increased since 1949.

In 1950 Howard Pyle ran for Governor of Arizona on the Republican ticket. Barry Goldwater managed his campaign. Pyle was elected. In 1951 Barry was reelected to the City Council, and became Vice-Mayor. In 1952 he was persuaded to run for the United States Senate, against an entrenched incumbent who had served for twelve years and was at that time the Senate Majority Leader. Barry's victory under the circumstances was a remarkable achievement. But he is a remarkable man, as we have only begun to show. And he has made a remarkable Senator.

A freshman on Capitol Hill is much like a freshman

## A Fighter From Phoenix

everywhere else in this world of rank and seniority. He has to wait for time and tide to bring him important committee assignments. But Arizona's Junior Senator has done so well and so conscientiously every task which has come to his hand, has brought the uncompromising expression of his convictions so firmly into balance by friendliness and diplomacy, and has taken so firm a position in support of plain oldfashioned Americanism, that he has already become recognized by the country at large, as well as by the Senate itself, as one of that body's outstanding leaders. He is currently serving on important subcommittees of the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, on a Small Business Subcommittee, and on the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare.

It is as a member of the last named group, and especially as a member of the eight-man bi-partisan Subcommittee to investigate racketeering in the field of labor-management relations, that Senator Goldwater's name and face have become best and most rapidly known to the public. For Goldwater believes that Walter Reuther's racket of socialism is even more dangerous to this country than Dave Beck's racket of embezzlement. And despite the obstructionist tactics of the Brothers Kennedy, he and some other members of that subcommittee intend to turn the spotlight on some of the crimes and coercion of Reuther's goons, if it is politically possible to do so.

Senator Goldwater is a complete supporter of the right to collective bargaining, and of all of the other rights that are consistent with the purposes of honest union organization and the law-abiding conduct of a union's affairs. He was one of the early promoters of a sound and sensible profit-sharing plan — which his own employees have today. But Goldwater believes that beating a man up or burning his house down, in order to enforce his compliance with union orders he had no part in determining, issued by union "leaders" who do not legally represent him in any way, is just as unallowable as stealing a few dollars a month out of his pay envelope to pad

## A Fighter From Phoenix

the personal bank accounts of his labor bosses. And Goldwater further believes that denying a man the right to work because he is unwilling to join a labor union is just as un-American as denying him the right to work because of the church he goes to, or the color of his skin. This latter doctrine is heresy in Washington; and of course it is anathema to any Senator who hasn't got himself a drink of water in five years without first asking Walter Reuther's permission. But it is still pretty popular throughout this country, even and especially with the working members of the labor unions themselves. And so is the Junior Senator from Arizona, who espouses it so forcefully.

### IV

NONE OF THIS MEANS THAT Barry Goldwater is at all sure of being returned to the Senate from Arizona, when the election for his second term comes up this fall.

The people of Arizona are no different from those elsewhere in the United States; and as of now they very much honor and appreciate the courage, intellectual honesty, loyalty to fundamental Americanism, and many other admirable characteristics of their hard-working, sound-thinking Junior Senator. But it is routine strategy for the labor racketeers, socialists, Americans For Democratic Action, and crypto-Communists to combine and concentrate their resources, gathered from all over the nation, in an attack in one local election on one particular conservative Congressman or Senator. Only a few years ago the target of their venomous arrows was Owen Brewster, a great and true Republican Senator from Maine. More recently it was Herman Welker of Idaho. Welker himself sadly stated, only a few months before his broken-hearted death: "They destroyed me—they won." There have been many other victims, and there is no doubt as to whom the "they" referred to; or that the same "they" go right on destroying our thinning line of defenders of our constitutional republic, one after another. And this vicious ganging up of national forces against a local enemy

## A Fighter From Phoenix

is particularly efficacious in states of comparatively small population and resources, such as Maine and Idaho — or Arizona.

This year the chosen victim of this same strategy is Senator Barry Goldwater, of Arizona. "They" are particularly determined to liquidate him because of his unyielding and outspoken opposition to the increasing power of labor monopolies. And unless the good people of Arizona decide that they are not willing to have their Senators picked for them by Walter Reuther, John Kennedy, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Joseph Rauh, Eleanor Roosevelt, Milton Eisenhower, and Paul Hoffman, we shall lose another great fighter for the preservation of our inheritance. If the citizens of Arizona are concerned about determining their own officeholders, and if they are alert to the unceasing aims of the motley alliance indicated above to establish a "Labor Government" in our country, they will give Goldwater as resounding a victory as the good Americans in Ohio gave Taft in 1950. The election in Arizona this fall is extremely crucial, with regard to the basic principles of American government, and we hope every patriot in the state — Republican, Democrat, or Independent — will fully understand the issues and recognize their importance.

### V

BUT THIS IS A political tract only insofar as that becomes necessary and relevant in the biographical sketch of a most interesting man — who happens to be currently and deeply involved in politics. The subjects of the short biographies which have appeared in this magazine so far have been Syngman Rhee, William Knowland, Frank Lausche, Chiang Kai-shek, and Konrad Adenauer. Barry Goldwater would deserve a place in such honored company, simply as a many-faceted man of great character and accomplishments, if his sense of duty had never taken him into politics at all.

His hobbies are surprisingly numerous. His pleasure in, and skill at, all of them, show an unusual power of concentra-

## A Fighter From Phoenix

tion. They begin with plain walking and hiking, which he loves. Then comes that aberrant form of walking, punctuated at intervals by swinging a stick at a ball — called golf. Barry had an official handicap of three until he became a Senator. Now it is eight. Next come hunting and deep-sea fishing. Despite having "practically no time" for either, Barry has fished all the waters from the Bahamas through the Gulf of Mexico on the Atlantic side of the continent, and up the Gulf of California and on the Pacific side of both the Mexican peninsula of Lower California and our state of California itself.

Flying we have already mentioned briefly. But we should add here that he and his brother together own a Beech Bonanza, which they fly solely for fun. Then, in order to stay prepared for his responsibilities as a Command Pilot in the Air Force Reserve, Barry keeps up with all of the newest Air Force planes, and flies everything from single-engine jets to a B-52.

Next, we should touch on, again too briefly, his ability and reputation as an explorer. There was a time when "running" the Colorado River was considered one of the most hazardous trips in the world. The journey was made considerably more dramatic by the skulls and skeletons, on many ledges, of human beings who had undertaken the expedition in the past, failed to make it, and been unable to climb out of the canyon. It has become somewhat more commonplace since the Kolb Brothers made their trips and took their pictures, fifty years ago. But it is still no cream-puff junket for the squeamish or the chicken-hearted. Barry Goldwater not only has made the journey himself six times. On one of these trips, in 1951, he took twenty-four boys with him. (He is as interested in young people as he is in exploring, and has guided many other groups of boys on other exciting explorations.) And on another, in 1953, he discovered a previously unknown natural bridge in the Grand Canyon, which was duly publicized by National Geographic.

Tied to his penchant for exploring is another hobby, photography. Not only has Barry been an ardent photographer,

## A Fighter From Phoenix

especially of little known places, for thirty years, but he has accumulated in his files about eight thousand negatives which can be cross-indexed with his books. There is not a square foot of land or water surface in Arizona he doesn't know. If the whole state were blown out of existence by a hydrogen bomb, but his files were saved, and if you then gave him enough sand, rock, and muddy water, he could probably replace it (as a labor of love)—even putting the Bright Angel Trail exactly back where it belongs.

Finally, and as a natural corollary to both his exploring and his photography, Barry is a collector of Arizoniana, especially of books having to do with the state. His "Library of Arizona" is one of the largest private book collections in America. We suspect it even includes the diary his grandfather kept while sailing around the Horn. For his family has been among Arizona's pioneering leaders so long that this would be an authentic item of the state's history.

### VI

BARRY MORRIS GOLDWATER was married on September 22, 1934, to Miss Margaret Johnson, in Muncie, Indiana. They now have four children, who are identified further in the family picture accompanying this sketch. Mrs. Goldwater loves to go deep-sea fishing with her husband, and to join in many of his other hobbies — except running the Colorado River! She and Barry have a new home in Phoenix, to which she commutes from Washington. But despite the distance and his arduous duties, they manage to stay together most of the time.

An Episcopalian, Barry was active in church work when he was younger, but not so much so today. Despite all of the joking about beverages, he is actually a Coca Cola addict. He has a "machine" right in his inner office, and will sip Coca Cola out of a fresh bottle almost on a matching schedule with this writer's lighting of fresh cigars. Which brings to mind that we had better clear up that business about the California water, before we cost our subject half the votes in Arizona.



## A Fighter From Phoenix

For strange as it may seem, the Los Angeles city water comes from the mountains of Arizona, thus causing many an argument between the two states. But Los Angeles (as the Iowan said of New York City) is just *so far away from everything*. So, by the time the water makes all of that journey, it has been purified enough for use, despite any amount of sediment with which it started.

As a citizen, a politician, and a statesman, Barry Goldwater has one motivating force. It is a desire to see Arizona and the United States have good government; one which adheres faithfully to our constitution, and supports — largely by leaving alone — our free-enterprise economic-political system. His uncle, Morris Goldwater, a Democrat who was active in Arizona politics from 1880 until he died in 1939, believed — and taught Barry — exactly these same concepts. Their inconsistency with the New Dealism of the Roosevelt Democrats undoubtedly grieved the old man's last years, and had much to do with making Barry a Republican. For he became a very fundamentalist among Republicans; one who has less use for the "modern" breed than he does for truly conservative and patriotic Democrats. Barry is fond of reminding his audiences that *his* Republican Party was founded by Abraham Lincoln. He says this is to offset a strange and silly rumor, which has somehow been gaining credence, that it was founded by Paul Hoffman.

It would be easy to close this sketch with many phrases and details of encomium for the Junior Senator from Arizona. But they can all be summed up in one short sentence: Barry Goldwater is a man who makes you proud of America. His "secret" ambition is to take his two sons to some small town, and with them begin again the founding and long careful building of a new family business and a new dynasty of good American citizens. We can see why. But we hope, for the sake of Arizona and of our country, that he will have no chance to do so for a long time to come.

# BULLETS

I had no shoes and complained until  
I met a man who had no feet.

*Chinese Proverb*

\* \* \*

A highbrow is a person educated  
beyond his intelligence. (Today we call  
him an egghead.)

*The Original By Brander Matthews*

\* \* \*

A movie patron arose from his seat  
while viewing a picture and shot him-  
self. We believe we have seen that  
picture.

*Collected By Prochnow*

\* \* \*

He multiplied words without knowl-  
edge.

*Job, XXXV, 16*

\* \* \*

Against stupidity the very gods them-  
selves contend in vain.

*Schiller*

\* \* \*

According to a historian, kissing  
under the mistletoe originated with  
a Scandinavian myth. That themth  
reathonable.

*L. H. J. (That's All We Know)*

\* \* \*

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep  
And miles to go before I sleep.

*Quoted By Thomas A. Dooley.*

*From Whom?*

\* \* \*

There are thousands hacking at the  
branches of evil to one who is striking  
at the root.

*Thoreau*

\* \* \*

..... so much valour proudly spent,  
To weld a single heart of fire.

*Roy Campbell*

Government can take our business  
away from us faster than our com-  
petitors can.

*Frank O. Prior*

\* \* \*

The yea-nay of Freewill and Fate,  
Whereof both cannot be, yet are.

*Sidney Lanier*

\* \* \*

Hard cases make bad law.

*A Legal Maxim*

\* \* \*

God gives nuts to them that have no  
teeth.

*Shakespeare,*

*Paraphrased Into Modern Slang*

\* \* \*

A man owes it to himself to become  
successful. Once successful, he owes it  
to the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

*Pardon Us For Reminding You*

\* \* \*

He makes no friend who never made  
a foe.

*Tennyson*

\* \* \*

We go by the major vote, and if the  
majority are insane, the sane must go  
to the hospital.

*Horace Mann*

\* \* \*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean  
bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush  
unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert  
air.

*Thomas Gray*

\* \* \*

They have rights who dare maintain  
them; we are traitors to our sires.

*James Russell Lowell*

# HOW TO READ THE FEDERALIST

by

HOLMES ALEXANDER

*This is the first of a series of twelve essays by the nationally-syndicated columnist, Holmes Alexander, on the FEDERALIST PAPERS. Mr. Alexander shows how important is an understanding of what the Founding Fathers intended our Constitution to be and to do, as revealed by THE FEDERALIST; and how disastrous is our abandonment of those intentions today. The essays will appear in book form after they have run serially in this magazine.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, a journalist turned soldier and statesman, saw the forming of the Constitution as an historical event of great size, scope, significance and with a special twist that made it a good news-story. Writing for a New York newspaper in October, 1787, he observed that:

" . . . . it seems to have been reserved to the people of this country, by their conduct and example, to decide the important question, whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice, or whether they are forever destined to depend for their political constitutions on accident and force."

These words of Hamilton, in *The Federalist No. 1*, have lived; and so has the Constitution — but there is an important difference in their aging. For an author's work to last more than a century and a half is a good indication that he has said something imperishably important to civilization. For a government to have lasted that long is fair enough, but is far less conclusive of its permanence in history. Yet there is a vital relationship between what Hamilton said and how long the United States of America may be expected to endure. Our

## How To Read The Federalist

existence as the nation which the Constitution intended still depends upon how we answer the questions which Hamilton raised:

Are we, as a representative society of men, really capable of "good government?" Can we by "political reflection and choice" retain what the Founding Fathers obtained for us?

Can we, over a much longer run of the centuries, continue to live by the Constitution and its meanings? Or are we doomed to the corruptions and destructions which historically befall those nations whose people just don't know or don't care what's happening to their liberties?

The lion and the lizard, as the poets have written, roam in the empty palaces where government was left to "accident and force," to expediency and appeasement, to cheap demagoguery for popular acclaim and timorous compromise with high principle.

What was it the Constitution gave us, and what are the problems of modern stewardship?

First of all, it gave us a nation; and the foremost problem today is to retain and assert our national sovereignty. Actually, this should not be so difficult. The American people, like those of all other nations, are gifted by Nature with an emotion which is the best of all protections of sovereignty. Patriotism is one of the eternal passions. It is possibly the only mass emotion that is universally good. There never was a time in recorded history when men and women did not proudly live and die for the sanctity of family, tribe, race, religion and country. Patriotism has been the immemorial subject matter of art, music, literature, architecture, statuary, legends and realms of unrecorded oratory. The love of country has moved more persons to perform sacrificial deeds and, on the other hand, has condemned more miscreants to everlasting obloquy, than any other imaginable motivation.

Patriotism, as the annals of man everywhere demonstrate, rises and falls with the civilization where it dwells. Thus the barbarian on one end, and the bored intellectual on the other

## How To Read The Federalist

end, are for the same reason incapable of being passionately in love with their country. But the sturdy folk who make the brave beginnings in nationhood, and the energetic men of action who make the nation great and glorious, and the soldiers who instinctively understand the sentiments which later are engraved on their monuments, these are patriots without apology or any need for analysis about the way they feel. Their name is legend in every country which ever amounted to a hill of beans.

So, to keep America as we inherited her, we need the deep emotional safeguard of patriotism. Conversely, to destroy America, or to change her beyond traditional recognition, could be done by the perversion, debasement, or debilitation of that sacred flame.

Are these thoughts pertinent to our day and problem? It would be idle to pretend otherwise. The national founders, in the Eighteenth Century, were aided from the outset by the hot tide of patriotism which surged into battle behind the new-made flag and the new-heard cries of "Liberty or Death," "Don't Tread on Me", and all the rest. When it came to bringing the separate States into a Union, which was the chief business of the Constitution-makers, we find John Jay, in *The Federalist No. 2*, rejoicing that "independent America was not composed of detached and distant territories (like the British Empire), but that one connected, fertile wide-spreading country was the portion of our western sons of liberty,"

But today, in the business of de-naturing our American nationalism, we have a public policy which would change the noble lust for liberty into some sort of insurance policy which we purchase from our allies and solicit from our enemies. And the idea of rejoicing in a beloved homeland is supposedly rendered obsolete by the grandiose theory that we can and should develop a devotion for One World.

This public policy of denationalization looks more like a secret conspiracy when we find it planted in places like the educational system, the metropolitan press, and the Labor force,

## How To Read The Federalist

where it certainly never took root of its own accord. Be that as it may, if we are going to talk such dates as 1776 and 1789, when the United States of America became a country, we should also name some Twentieth Century dates when the USA made turns in the opposite direction.

There's no doubt that America has never been quite the same since the diplomatic recognition of Soviet Russia in 1933. The political intercourse with a country that had disavowed all nationalism, and pledged itself to revolutionizing the world in the name of internationalism, began to have instant effects upon the loyalty of American citizens. Even before Russia was recognized, the USA had, in 1917, reversed the process of our country's birth and commenced a retreat into the Old World's womb. Things might have been different if our justifications for joining World War I had been frankly patriotic and self-serving. But the excuse of doing something for "the world" was in itself a perversion and dilution of patriotism. It separated us from the true love of our own country and took us from one debauch of international participation to another. When we entered World War I for the wrong reason, we were weakened to the point of accepting President Roosevelt's recognition of Russia for a variety of wrong reasons. These included the delusion that Russian trade was an easy way out of the depression.

With 1917 and 1933 behind us, the plunge into the two-ocean blood bath of World War II and, in 1945, the polygamous arrangements of the United Nations, became acceptable to us almost without protest. When in One World, behave as One Worlders. We had forgotten the fierce pride and protection of old-fashioned patriotism.

It would be strange if all this dissipation of our qualities did not shorten our life-span as a nation. For many years we have conspicuously failed to live up to the standards set by the Founders. There is just no way to show that the American people *acted upon reflection* in the recognition of Russia, in the return to the Old World's womb, and in the merger of our



## How To Read The Federalist

sovereignty with five to six dozen UN members. It can't possibly be indicated that we exerted our own choice in any of these matters. We didn't know, we didn't care enough to find out, what these surrenders of sovereignty would do to our liberties. By today we are subject to treaty laws we never passed, to wars of other people's making, to taxes in support of alien and often hostile governments. And by tomorrow - who knows?

This is far from being the end of the mischief by which America is being de-natured. The Founders never envisioned self-government as a round robin of self-indulgence. They were not so naive as to suppose that the mass of the American people would always have the will power to keep hands off the public till and larder. But the Founders did believe that the people would practice self-restraint (as, indeed, they always have) so long as the political leaders maintained the Constitutional or representative form of government. Thus James Madison, third co-author of the Federalist Papers, said in Number 10:

"... it may well happen that the public voice, pronounced by the representatives of the people, will be more consonant to the public good than if pronounced by the people themselves."

Madison was saying, of course, that good leaders who study and debate public affairs are better able to reach wise decisions than the mass of the people are. Here is another author's thought which has been durable enough to last for more than sixteen decades; much longer than, alas, the practice to which it refers. For the representative, or republican, form of government started to go when we turned to direct election of Senators and to the use of popular referendums, now reduced to absurdity by commercially-run popularity polls.

By today, unhappily, the parties of both Madison and Hamilton have largely deserted the principles praised in *The Federalist*. Modern political leaders have taken to feeding our people on the apertifs and aphrodisiacs of human greed. The wisdom that flows from truly representative government is

## How To Read The Federalist

too often replaced by political auctioneering. Personal freedoms of enterprise and individualism are traded away for what is now disgustingly called "security." It is an impostor-word which stands for the creature comforts and bodily desires supplied by the government—the full belly, the cozy quarters, the certified medicine, the loose credit for looser living, the license that turns into lawlessness.

Domestic and foreign policies come together in a tear-down, level-out, share-America's-wealth program. We are guilty of gross over-production in farm and factory which is bought by the government and dumped overseas. The excuses about saving "the world" are repeated in peace as in war. The concern that we might properly feel about heaping a national debt upon our children is not generally supposed to be "enlightened self-interest." Always, it is "the world," never America, that gets first and final consideration.

While the Founders favored majority rule, they also felt that a proper regard for minority groups was part of the political compact. One way to insure minority rights would be to set up seats in Congress for the various economic and occupational groups—such as bankers, debtors, farmers, soldiers, clergymen, shippers and manufacturers. Luckily, the Founders saw that this would be calamitous as, in fact, it has proved in other nations. As an improved substitute, it was decided to make the powers of the Federal government few, limited and defined, and to leave the powers of the States many and purposefully vague. This method was regarded as a sure-fire protection of minorities, since local self-government is bound in the long run to look after its own. As Madison put it, in *The Federalist No. 4*, the matters of everyday living belonged as close as possible to the people. He wrote:

"The powers reserved to the several States will extend to all the objects which, in the ordinary course of affairs, concern the lives, liberties and properties of the people, and the internal order, improvement and prosperity of the State."

But here, once more, the traditional concept of national

## How To Read The Federalist

sovereignty — this time, the concept of its domestic limitations — has been maltreated by latter day Americans. That whole list of States' Rights, as given above by Madison, is being usurped by the central government, which itself has come to represent more a sum of virulent minority pressure groups than the composite majority of the nation.

All this foregoing discussion relates, as you see, to the difference between what the Founders *intended* by the Constitution and what Twentieth Century Americans have *done* to the Constitution. The changeless verities of good government have remained; it is the integrity of the leaders and the will-power of the people which have failed.

The case may well be hopeless, and the nation irredeemably doomed. Yet a ray of salvation still glows in the cold, clear truth of that one fixed star — the Constitution itself.

If the American people could once more understand and accept it, as they did in the beginning, we could make another start.

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### Eighty-seven Billion Dollars

This sum, which the Federal Government expects to spend *in cash* during the next fiscal year, is a per capita levy on *every man, woman and child* of about \$510. In 1929, it was \$25 per person. As recently as 1950, it was *only* \$263; the same figure, incidentally, that each of us—if the burden could be distributed equally—will pay next year for "defense" alone, according to present estimates.

It is more than all the income received by all the people living in the western half of our country. Those residing west and south-west of Minnesota had incomes of only seventy-eight billion dollars in 1956.

It is one-fourth of the national income. It is slightly less than half the total salaries and wages paid by private business. It is more than the payrolls of all manufacturing concerns. *It is more than seven times the 1956 total farm income.*

It is one-fifth of the gross national product. It is about two and one-half times the amount that our industries invested last year to make our productive capacity greater and more efficient.

It is more than one-fourth of the value of all non-farm residential dwellings in the country. It is also one-half of the valuation placed on all farm lands, buildings, machinery and implements.

It is almost exactly one-fifth of the face value of all life insurance policies in force in this country.

—Elizabeth Wilson

## On This Side, Too

(Continued from Page 14)

considers complaints against persons who are alleged to have attacked the dignity, the liberty, or the integrity of the House of Commons. Anyone who is found guilty by the Committee is brought before the Bar of the House. Normally he escapes with a severe reprimand from the Speaker if he first makes a humble apology. If he refuses to apologize he is locked up in the Clock Tower of the Parliament building.

I made no secret of the fact that I had no intention of apologizing, and was fully prepared to be locked up. But the only communication I ever received from the Committee was a telephone call from a very pleasant-sounding man I had never heard of before. Some time later, I met Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, who is now Attorney General. He was surprised and amused to learn that I did not know the Committee had ended their deliberation and that their report had been issued.

### Having Any Trouble Is Too Much Trouble . . . .

Believe it or not, the Committee recommended no action, on the grounds that, among other reasons, they could not be entirely sure I had used the words complained of. No fewer than eight million people had heard me use the words; and even if they had all been of defective hearing, it seemed the simple thing to send for me and ask me if I would admit to using them. There was nothing I was more anxious to do, but I was carefully denied the opportunity.

From that day to this I have never

been asked to speak on any political topic on the B.B.C. Some time after, at a cocktail party, I discovered where the ban came from, through an unguarded confidence by a B.B.C. man. Now, the people who imposed the ban were not Communists or anything resembling Communists. I was a trouble-maker who had got the B.B.C. into hot water, and I must not be allowed to do it again. The attitude was characteristically British. If Joe McCarthy had run his crusade in Britain, I fancy his heart would have broken years before it did. The moral of this is the moral of the French Revolution. The Bastille did not fall because it was stormed by a heroic revolutionary mob. It fell because the Governor was unwilling to resist, and surrendered the keys.

At the time of writing, the B.B.C.'s Russian service is under sharp fire. The value of this service in the war against Communism may be gauged from the fact that last year the Kremlin did not even bother to jam the broadcasts.

### And What's Wrong With Good Communists? . . . .

One expert from Oxford has bluntly stated that the service is controlled by Right Wing Marxists. The folly of employing such men in such work is scarcely conceivable. The purpose of the service should be to encourage the downfall of the Kremlin and the dissolution of Communism, as far as possible by the resistance of the Russian people themselves. But to any Marxist—Right, Left or Centre—the Russian Revolution is the decisive event of the century; and however strongly a Marxist may disapprove of this or that aspect of Kremlin policy, he must still regard the collapse of the Kremlin rule as a

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## On This Side, Too

total and irretrievable disaster for everything in which he believes. How can such men be expected to do more than attack the Kremlin with a feather duster?

The War showed that one of the gravest internal weaknesses of the Kremlin tyranny is to be found in the resentment and possible disaffection of the lesser nationalities within the U.S.S.R. There is a strain here which skillful and determined propaganda might make into a crack, but the B.B.C. Russian service makes absolutely no effort to exploit this weakness. Why should they? No Marxist could want to see the breakup of the Russian Empire.

### And Who Cares About Decency? . . . .

I wish I had space to deal with the mischievous work of some of the low-brow popular papers. These papers live on envy, social disunity, and class resentments, and they do a very skillful job. A very large number of the British working class are loud in their condemnation of the light-hearted and expensive follies of the wealthier members of the aristocracy and plutocracy. At the same time they have an avid gossipy interest in these doings, and their papers provide them with the last and utmost detail, all slanted to hold up the wealthier classes to ridicule or dislike. There are gossip columnists who feel that a day has been wasted if they have not slighted or held up to ridicule some person of genuine achievement and solid standing. Their weapon is the covert sneer.

Some of these papers have a nauseating way of dealing with the Royal Family. They publish endless pictures and endless snippets of nearly moronic

"news" about the Family, all larded with sycophantic protestations of loyalty and devotion. But if some scurrilous and utterly negligible sheet in the States, Germany, Brazil or anywhere else puts out some slanderous story about the Queen or the Duke or the Princess, these papers reprint it with banner headlines and a strident demand to know how anyone could dare to publish such stuff. It is a particularly dirty and contemptible technique. When it comes to church dignitaries, there is no need for such hypocrisy. No opportunity is missed to cast ridicule on, or provoke dislike for, the established leaders of religion.

### But Our Strength Depends On Morality . . . .

All this may seem very far indeed from dialectical materialism, but we will not understand the nature of the threat we face till we grasp the fact that anything which weakens ourselves, materially or morally, strengthens our enemies. That is why I believe that in the worlds of communication and entertainment, great damage may be done by people who have hardly heard of Communism but whose resentments, dishonesties, and sodden moral fibre are of great aid and comfort to those who would destroy us.

The Japanese sought to weaken the will of the Chinese by encouraging the opium habit. We have a verbal opium habit here, and it makes no difference in the result if some, but only some, of the vendors have no other conscious purpose than to peddle their wares.

"We are betrayed by what is false within."

# A Review of the News

by

HUBERT KREGELOH

## In January, 1958 ....

→ On January 3, a party of five New Zealanders, using tractors, reached the South Pole. They had left Scott Base, 1,200 miles away, on October 15, 1957. The group was led by 38-year-old Sir Edmund Hillary, who had also led the first expedition to reach the peak of Mt. Everest in the Himalayas, the world's highest mountain.

→ On January 5, West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer celebrated his 82nd birthday with a diplomatic reception in Bonn, at which he drank champagne and (according to UP) looked and acted fifteen to twenty years younger.

→ Notwithstanding the dismal record of "non-aggression" pacts in the thirties, British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan called for such a treaty between his country and the Soviet Union!

→ Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin, Army chief of Research and Development, announced his decision to retire and was publicly critical of Pentagon handling of the missiles program and of the Army's spending of appropriations.

→ The White House announced that President Eisenhower had asked Eric Johnston, business leader and holder of various special Presidential assignments, to direct a high-pressure propaganda campaign to "sell" the American people on the foreign aid program.

→ President Eisenhower presented to Congress a record peacetime budget. He asked for \$73.9 billion for fiscal 1958/59, of which roughly \$40 billion would go to the armed forces. His expressed hope that this budget could be balanced met with much skepticism.

→ United Auto Workers chief Walter Reuther raised the clearly Socialistic demand that the industry share with workers and "consumers" all future profits above ten percent on capital *before taxes*. Meanwhile, cutbacks in this industry were reflected by sharp layoffs in the nation's tire plants.

→ Three American women visited sons imprisoned in Red China on spying charges. Communist propaganda exploited this trip from every possible angle.

→ The U.S. Government announced it expected the frequently expanded Social Security program to go in the red for the first time during 1958—"Several years earlier than anticipated."

→ The Commerce and Labor Departments reported that unemployment in December was the highest in three years — 3,374,000, or 5.2 percent of the labor force.

→ The Government asked Congress to boost the national debt ceiling another \$5 billion—from \$275 billion to \$280 billion.

→ In one attempt to counter the busi-



## A Review of the News

ness recession, the Government on January 15 cut stock market margins from seventy to fifty percent.

→ A Federal District Court decision in Washington, D.C. allowed James R. Hoffa, heavily implicated by the Senate rackets probe of organized labor, to take over the presidency of the Teamsters Union, succeeding Dave Beck. The value of a three-member "watch-dog" committee to keep an eye on Hoffa's regime was considered highly dubious in knowledgeable quarters. Meanwhile, the Senate probers continued to uncover cases of graft, corruption, theft and terror tactics, on the part of labor leaders, of fantastic dimensions.

→ Bloody revolt shook Venezuela during most of the month. President Perez Jimenez fled to the Dominican Republic. A military junta headed by Admiral Wolfgang Larrazabal assumed power and was recognized by the United States; yet the situation did not appear completely stabilized at the end of January.

→ The five Baghdad Pact states (Britain, Turkey, Iran, Iraq and Pakistan) held a meeting in Ankara, Turkey. Although the United States is not a member, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles attended and pledged American aid in the event of attack on members of the group. Because of current sharp differences between members of the Baghdad Pact nations, the meeting seemed to have produced only paper generalities.

→ In a speech before about three thousand people in Washington, D.C., Major Donald Keyhoe, flying saucer

expert and author of books and articles on the subject, claimed we had been visited by "aircraft" from outer space on a number of occasions. He said the Air Force knew all this, had on two occasions decided to make the information public, but had at the last moment reversed itself because of fear that the news would result in panic and hysteria among the American people.

→ The United States and the Soviet Union signed an agreement for broad scientific and cultural exchanges. Critics pointed out that the Soviets reserved the right to veto American offerings while our Government was inviting the enemy to flood this country with Communist propaganda. Meanwhile, there were growing indications that once again Washington was gradually succumbing to Soviet and British pressure for another "summit" meeting later in the year.

→ In an effort to forestall imminent financial collapse, France was granted a "loan," ostensibly by her NATO partners. Of the total of \$650 million, the United States furnished \$274 million, or roughly 42% — the rest to come from the European Payments Union and the International Monetary Fund (to which the United States is the major contributor!).

→ On January 31, at 10:48 p.m., the United States fired its first earth satellite into outer space. The 30.9-pound, bullet-shaped "Explorer," equipped with two radio transmitters and other instruments, was launched from Cape Canaveral, Florida with an Army "Jupiter-C" rocket, powered by a newly developed fuel.



# THE NEW CLASS

## A Dissenting Review

by

J. B. MATTHEWS

THE NEW CLASS by Milovan Djilas is a tricky treatise. This is not to say that the imprisoned Yugoslav intended to perpetrate the deception that he has stepped forth as a champion of anti-Communism. On the contrary, Djilas has tried to make it clear that his quarrel is with "contemporary Communism", not with Communism as such.

Djilas describes his predicament as a state of "personal evolution" between "the reality of contemporary Communism" and "the idea of democratic socialism." He rejects, as "vain and foolish", any criticism of the "basic ideas" of Communism. "The struggle to achieve them [the basic ideas] is part of human society", he declares—believing that these basic ideas of Communism "are principles to which fighters for progress and freedom will always aspire." That makes it clear that Djilas is now an exponent of *future* Communism, under the guise of something akin to "democratic socialism", as opposed to the contemporary Communism of Belgrade or Moscow.

The theme of *The New Class* is that the contemporary Communist state is a gigantic bureaucracy holding an absolute monopoly of economic, political and social power. Is there anybody behind the Iron Curtain or any literate person elsewhere who needs Milovan Djilas to tell him that?

Djilas has jumped from the fire into

the frying pan, ideologically. This, no doubt, commends him to the ADA, to say nothing of the New York Times and Herald Tribune book reviewers. Most people would probably prefer to be slow-fried in the Marxist skillet of Social Democracy than to be reduced to ashes in the Marxist crematorium of Communism, but their preference would not constitute a high commitment to life, liberty, and the pursuit of property.

The book is studded with gems of palpable nonsense. Here are a few: "History will pardon Communists for much ..." (Will it also pardon Nazis for much?)

Communism attracts "into its ranks the most gifted, the bravest, and even the most noble intellects of the nation." (Sounds like Djilas' *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.)

"Between men and women in the [Communist] movement, a clean, modest and warm relationship is fostered: a relationship in which comradely care has become sexless passion." (What a saintly crowd!) "Stalin's methods ... will not return." (Take another look, Milovan!)

Praising Marx, Djilas writes: "As a scientist, he made important discoveries, particularly in sociology." This, mind you, is said of the man who *discovered* "the increasing misery of the working

## The New Class—A Dissenting Review

class" under capitalism and "the withering away of the state" under Communism.

Djilas' book is full of Marxist myths. For example, he accepts the hoary myth of "the frightful poverty and brutalization of the masses which accompanied industrial change." In their brilliant essays, *Capitalism and the Historians*, F. A. Hayek and his fellow economists have exposed the falsity of this particular creation of the socialist fable-mongers.

The New York Times reviewer describes Djilas as "the partisan war hero who had never wiped off the caked Nazi blood on his sword." The fact is that the gory blades of Djilas, Tito and their so called Partisans were caked with the blood of the Yugoslav patriots, the Četniks.

*The New Class* does not contain even a hint of remorse over the barbarism of the Tito-Djilas crowd either before or after their seizure of power. But, of course, good Marxists reserve their penitence for their deviationist errors. For their crimes against humanity, they have none to spare. The *Herald Tribune* reviewer observed polemically that the book is "not a personal memoir" and Djilas is not interested "in

serving up salty tidbits of inside information." In other words, conscience is a bourgeois weakness above which Djilas has risen to lofty heights of philosophical generalities—and, let us add, sleazy verbal contrivances.

If the essence of anti-Communism is dedicated to life, liberty, and the pursuit of property, Milovan Djilas is not an anti-Communist.

Djilas' book, *The New Class*, has attained a considerable popularity. It has been on the best-seller lists for six months. This could not have happened if the book were genuinely anti-Communist. The book-buying public has been trapped by its own ideological confusion.

It needs to be emphasized again and again that most of those who break with the contemporary Communist apparatus (the Party or the State) do not even profess to be anti-Communists. Their usual claim is that they are *better* Communists than the bureaucrats who control the apparatus. As of the present, this is Djilas' line. What ten years of reflection in one of Tito's prison cells may do to his thinking remains to be seen—if he is not restored to his "vice-presidency" after his present chore of creating confusion has been completed.

### Eighty-seven Billion Dollars

Is nine times as much as was spent for education in 1955. It is twenty-three times as was spent, nation-wide, for new schools last year.

It is more than seven times as much as was spent, privately, for all medical care last year. In 1956, only \$309 million was invested in new hospitals and institutions.

It is one hundred and seventy-five times the amount that was allocated last year by private and governmental agencies to basic research.

This overwhelming total, is just about half the amount that was spent by all administrations from Washington's first inaugural until the end of the second Roosevelt's second term. If—as will undoubtedly be the case—the same rate of spending continues for the next two years, we shall witness the fearsome spectacle of a century and a half of spending telescoped into twenty-four months! !

—Elizabeth Wilson

# A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

by

EDWIN McDOWELL

MOST BOOK REVIEWS are written, we understand, with the chief thought in mind of showing the brilliance and erudition of the reviewer. Which is all right. Just as soon as we become brilliant and erudite enough, we are going to do our reviews that way too.

But for the present (and the foreseeable future) the reader is entitled to a warning. In this feature our purpose is simply to name certain books, more or less of the current crop; to tell, of each one, who wrote it, who published it, what it is about, how dependable it is, whether the author is against sin and on the side of the angels, and whether — in our opinion — it is a good book, a bad book, or just something to help the printing business.

When you finish reading these comments you can tell us that our language is trite, our approach immature, our moralizing preposterous, and our selection one-sided; also that our premises are out of date, and our conclusions reactionary. You will not start a bit of argument. But if you tell us there is a single word or phrase you didn't understand, or that you do not know a little more about at least one or two books you have never read, we'll probably call up the service station and ask if we can go back to the job of filling gas tanks. For straightforwardness and simplicity is what we are being paid at present to achieve. Our editor feels that these qualities in book reviewing are

like honesty in politics. Nobody knows their value, because they have never been tried.

And now, having made a virtue of our shortcomings (or tried like heck anyway), we'll get on with the assignment.

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Just as the Greeks had a name for it, so also do the Chinese; they call it *Kungsing*; which literally translated means "Attacking the Heart". This terroristic phrase describes the campaign of murder and blackmail that the Communists are promoting in Southeast Asia, in order to impose their tyrannical slave society over 170 million new subjects. Not only has *Kungsing* enabled the Red murderers to silence effectively almost all anti-Communist opposition. It has also enabled them to gain control of the press and the schools as well, thereby substituting mass brainwashing for the impact of reality, and Communist distortions for news.

*SOUTH OF TOKYO* (Henry Regnery Company, Chicago), by John C. Caldwell, is the story of the strong Communist tide that is engulfing this highly strategic area, arousing little more than passive ennui in the United States. The future projected by Mr. Caldwell is another massive defeat for the free world. For when Southeast Asia falls, as it is almost certain to do shortly, it will set off a chain reaction that will deliver the remaining "neutralist"

## A Review of Reviews

Asian nations, and Western Europe as well, into the Red orbit. The second step of Lenin's three-part plan for world conquest will then have been completed, with one more goal remaining—the conquest of the United States.

Southeast Asia has been able to keep the Red wolf from its doors of straw for only one reason—the existence of Free China on Formosa. This democratic sanctuary, small in numbers but strong in spirit, is a symbol of freedom for Asiatic millions who now live in constant fear. For Free China alone is the outspoken, implacable enemy of the Communists. *The Formosans believe their cause will triumph*. And in a world of doubt and vacillation, where people tremble before the Communist enslavers, this unwavering courage stands out like Gargantua on a Lilliputian island.

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The battle front which is still most important to the Communists, however, is probably not in either Europe, Asia, or Africa. It is Washington, D.C. Fragmentary glimpses of their infiltration into our government have been revealed in many ways by many observers, from Martin Dies to Joe McCarthy. But in a book published in 1956 and laboriously ignored by most "liberal" reviewers, the story of this infiltration was presented in more complete and more shocking detail than has usually been available in one treatise. Which makes it worth reaching back for now.

THE ENEMY AT HIS BACK (Book-mailer, New York), by Elizabeth Churchill Brown, is the documented record of how America lost the peace after World War II. Drawing largely

on printed memoirs and on government publications themselves, Mrs. Brown (the wife of Washington correspondent Constantine Brown), has put together a factual and spine-chilling picture of Communist subversion in American officialdom. Gathering strength steadily since the earliest days of the New Deal, this penetration has continued and increased to the present hour.

An important part of her story is the revelation of how Russia, with the help of mysterious influences in our government, cruelly prolonged the war in the Pacific to serve many-pronged Communist purposes. Then, four days after the Atomic Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Russia tossed aside the Molotov-Matsuoka Pact — which pledge of neutrality had been of tremendous help to the Japanese during all of the years they were fighting us — and declared war on Japan. Four days after that, on August 13, 1945, Japan succeeded in surrendering. Russia's duplicity had borne fruit, and she began to reap an abundant harvest.

The Machiavellian cunning of the Communists, in Washington as well as in Moscow, has often been aided by grave errors of judgment and much misguided idealism on the part of even the most loyal officials of our government. The combination of these clever machinations and naive mistakes has piled up a tragic experience for the human race during the postwar years—with no climax to that tragedy in sight. With tremendous energy and research, Elizabeth Brown has provided a documentation of the cunning at work and of the errors making their disastrous contribution. Her book gains in histor-

## A Review of Reviews

ical value through answering many questions that have been obscured or ignored. It is also another grim reminder that the Soviets are deadly serious about their plans to conquer us even if America is not interested.

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Putting a dent in the leftward trend of school textbooks, so ably described in Felix Wittmer's *Conquest Of The American Mind*, Dr. Kenneth Colegrove has written a brilliant and illuminating new book for high school students. It is, in fact, of unusual value for *anyone* who is interested in the evolution and application of Communism, as espoused by Marx, Engels, and Lenin, when set alongside and compared with democracy, as defined by Washington, Madison, and Jefferson.

DEMOCRACY VERSUS COMMUNISM (Van Nostrand, Princeton, N.J.) contrasts the two systems, in plain language and by practical illustrations. As is inevitable in any *objective* comparison, Communism is extremely hard to defend — President Eisenhower, in his argument with Zhukov, to the contrary notwithstanding. It will be a rare high school student indeed whom Dr. Colegrove cannot convince—if given the opportunity—that Marx and Lenin are poor substitutes for Washington and Jefferson, or that the Communist Manifesto and *Das Kapital* hardly rank with the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. As *National Review* said of Professor Colegrove's book ". . . there is no longer any mechanical excuse for political ignorance in teenagers." Perhaps this is one more example of "too little too late", but at least it is an encouraging step in the

right direction. How large a step depends on how much interest you take in your schools.

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When Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson referred to men who stand above the common herd, obviously he was thinking of Alfred Noyes—even though Noyes had not been born yet. For Alfred Noyes is much more than a great poet; he is also a great man. In a world of discarded responsibilities and pragmatic amorality, his courage and sense of duty stand out like everything else old fashioned and of solid worth; like, for instance, the quiet euphony of his *The Barrel-Organ*, the pulsating lilt of *The Highwayman*, or the nostalgic appeal of *The Call Of The Spring*, in the midst of the current tripe now published by our "best" magazines as poetry. And his latest book, *THE ACCUSING GHOST OF ROGER CASEMENT* (Citadel Press, New York) does high honor to his conscience.

In 1916, Irish Nationalist Roger Casement was found guilty of treason, and was hanged by the British. Before his execution, and helping to bring it about, Casement's enemies had circulated obscene photographs and excerpts from a homosexual's diary, purported to belong to him. Many people believed these to be genuine—among them King George V, Woodrow Wilson, and Alfred Noyes, then an employee of the British Foreign Office. Yeats, the Irish Poet, promptly wrote a poem (from which the title of this book is taken) attacking Noyes. It admonished Noyes to "speak your bit in public that some amends be made . . . to this gallant gentleman that is in quicklime laid." Each verse ended with: "The ghost of

## A Review of Reviews

Roger Casement is beating on the door."

Eventually, Alfred Noyes became convinced that the diaries were forged, and that forty years ago he had been deceived. In this book he makes brave amends for the wrong that he helped to do.

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**OUTLAWING THE COMMUNIST PARTY: A CASE HISTORY** (Bookmailer, New York), translated and edited by Wolfgang P. von Schmertzling, is the official pronouncement of the First Senate for the Federal Constitutional Court of West Germany.

The tragic history of the Weimar Republic — which was destroyed by the Nazis because it had placed no restrictions whatever on any political party, thus leaving so-called parties free to fight against the state itself—does not seem so likely to be repeated in West Germany today. With trenchant logic and perspicuous rhetoric, the German High Court demolished the ambiguous arguments of the Communists, and recognized Communism as a world-wide conspiracy, not entitled to the guarantees of the Constitution.

Robert Morris, Chief Counsel for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, has written an excellent introduction which compares the logical German decision with the illogical coddling of Communists by our own Supreme Court. Morris says: "We are fast approaching a situation where the co-operative witnesses . . . will be the only persons lodged in jail for Communist activity." Unless these decisions are reversed, and internal security is pursued along sane paths, the Communist conspiracy will take over the United States

just as surely as Hitler's gang took over Germany.

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Until the decade following the first World War, American labor organizations were generally disjointed and comparatively ineffective. Inter-union rivalry did much to harm the chances of successful bargaining; and pampering political legislation, which later played such a prominent part in the growth of labor organizations, had not yet been initiated. But with a tremendous expansion of industry came the concomitant growth of the labor force. And with this growth came the labor opportunists and carpetbaggers, ready to exploit and use the real worker in their efforts to seize power.

Donald R. Richberg, a lifetime champion for the rights of labor, and co-author of the Railway Labor Act of 1926 and the National Industrial Recovery Act of 1933, relates in detail how these labor bosses have acquired their near-omnipotence, and how they aim for industrial domination and political control. **LABOR UNION MONOPOLY** (distributed by Constitution and Free Enterprise Foundation, 210 East 43 Street, N. Y.) is the frank eyewitness account of the rise of these monopolistic unions, told with a genuine sympathy for the ordinary worker, who is simply being deluded by his Socialistic leaders.

Mr. Richberg shows that labor bosses use strikes, such as the coercive effort at Kohler, mainly to gain their own selfish aims; and he warns: "Compulsory unionism should not be lawful under a free government or tolerated by a free people." His book sounds a warning too timely and too important to be ignored.



## LOOKING BOTH WAYS



DR. ELIZABETH WILSON

Elizabeth Webb Wilson, according to *Who's Who*, is a mathematician, and one of the world's most professionally respected actuaries. We know better. But just how she made the transition from serving as head computer in the ballistics unit of the U. S. Army Ordnance Department, and discussing the laws of probability before international actuarial societies, to lecturing on the lives of the poets and writing essays for *The Freeman*, we are not so sure.

Born in Washington, D. C., Miss Wilson took her A. B. degree at Georgetown University. But with A. M. and Ph. D. degrees from Radcliffe, she became more of a New Englander. And today she is equally at home in Boston and in London. Miss Wilson can tell you from her own experience what a private dinner at Westminster Palace is like, or a supper party at the Prime Minister's summer residence at Chequers. However, she can also tell you in convincing detail of the lives and thoughts of the warm-hearted but regimented British farmers, doctors, and clerks.

As to her own country, one of Dr. Wilson's favorite lectures is "A Literary Pilgrimage In New England". The pilgrimage takes her audience physically from Cape Cod to Maine, and intellectually from Indian scouting to transcendentalism. And while she probably prefers the bucolic byways, she once took this writer (and his wife, of course!) to a most excellent dining and wining establishment only a few miles from our home, that we didn't know existed. Her interests are comprehensive, and her outlook is unyieldingly independent. We are delighted to have her mind and pen at work for the benefit of our readers—and ourselves.

Within a few weeks after we announced that this magazine, changing its name to *AMERICAN OPINION*, would now have more articles by outside writers and less by the editor, our circulation jumped fifty percent. Which made us pleased as Punch, and mad as a woman scorned. But, as you may observe herein, we can take a hint—temporarily, until the effect wears off—if it is subtly conveyed by a medium-sized sledge-hammer.

The promised articles by Hans Sennholz on the Federal Reserve and by J. B. Matthews on WHO will emerge soon. In March Medford Evans will again appear in these pages, with a striking study on the past influence of the late and unlamented *Daily Worker*. Elizabeth Wilson will be back presently, with some revealing insights into that mushroom manifold known as Social Security. Hubert Kregeloh's exciting broadcasts deserve to be recaptured in print. Rodney Gilbert has already sent us a penetrating piece on the "fear of failure" in the minds of Asiatic newcomers to political power, and on the part that it plays in their attitudes and actions. (Please pardon the alliteration; it was purely accidental.)

To sustain our embarrassment of editorial riches, William Schlamm will tell us more each month of what gives (besides us) in Europe. Holmes Alexander's essays re-introducing our readers to *The Federalist Papers* will continue their enlightening run. Edwin McDowell will brief us on the new books. And, despite any amount of fan mail in reverse, your editor will steal his share of space for his own assorted Sputniks. We invite you to pull up a fireside, and absorb some American opinion.



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