holds true in the case of a world that is faced by the disruptive tactics of international communism today. I have a contempt for the military power of the Soviets, both of the Russian and Chinese variety, and I am as certain as is Mr. Flynn that neither the Russians nor the Red Chinese will ever put a soldier ashore in the Western Hemisphere. But the point is that there isn't the ghost of a show that militarism—and the taxes needed to support it—will shrink in America until international communism has collapsed. The reason is that Stalin, Mao Tse-tung and their successors will continue to invade the emotions of men and women who ought to know better than to fear the power of a slave State. They invade my emotions not because I fear them but because I resent what they have done to some of my old friends. The enemy, in actual physical terms, may be a complete phantasm. But the phantasm has its own eerie power, and it will have to be exorcized before the draft act can ever again be seen in its actual physical light, as a "law" that "justifies" the compulsory seizure of young men's bodies for stated intervals of time. Mr. Flynn is quite right when he says the American economy, like the economy of Bismarck's Germany, is dependent on the armament industries. But to point this out will do little good until such time as the peripheries of world communism commence to shrink. We are going to buy Boeing bombers until Hungary and Poland are free.

All of this does not mean that any journal of importance, from the *New York Times* on down, is justified for a single moment in writing Mr. Flynn off as a sorehead, or as an ungentlemanly fellow, as some of them are wont to do. For, though he underestimates the power of the irrational, and of simple resentments that spring from rational causes, over the movements of society, Mr. Flynn's grasp of the fundamentals of political economy is absolutely sound. When he warns the young—or those under forty-five—that government is an "apparatus of power," and hence must be controlled by severe limitations and a balancing of region against region, he is merely restating the central thesis of John C. Calhoun's *Disquisition on Government*. Because men are addicted to seizing the main chance—call them greedy if you will—they need government to protect each individual in his rights against the predatory instincts of others. But because the actions of government can only be carried out by fallible human beings (who remain greedy even when they go to Washington as "servants" of the people), the genus officeholder must never be granted a single undefined or uncircumscribed power. Long before Calhoun had stated this proposition in terms of almost mathematical severity, the Founding Fathers had acted on the proposition by reserving a vast number of sovereign powers to the thirteen states. The Founders carefully enumerated a small and select list of the things which the federal government might do in pursuit of the general welfare and left everything else to local units and individuals. Thus, for the first time in history, a great nation was set up in such a way that government might be kept the servant of man. As Flynn correctly diagnoses it, all of this was changed *circa* 1937, when a revolutionary Supreme Court decided it knew more about semantics and the dictionary than Mr. Webster did when he first took up lexicography seriously.

Mr. Flynn has written a very necessary book, and the problem now is to get the "young"—meaning those under forty-five—to read it without becoming distracted by the fierce joy which Mr. Flynn derives from chewing up Rooseveltians for his daily breakfast. Lest the young be misled by certain slanders that have been spread by Mr. Flynn's enemies, they should be told that Flynn is the soul of honor, a knightly crusader who has never deviated from a path which he chose as a young man. The notion has gone abroad that Mr. Flynn is a backslid radical who has become a "conservative" in middle age: Michael Straight, the editor of the *New Republic*, sums up this attitude when he says that, in the thirties, Mr. Flynn "went sour." But the truth is that Mr. Flynn was never a collectivist of any kind. His "radicalism," in the nineteen twenties, was devoted to exposing the excesses of corporate power. He objected to "investment trusts gone wrong"; he upheld the anti-trust acts; he flayed monopoly when he could prove it was monopoly. But when the New Deal created the NRA and the AAA—examples of "Chamber of Commerce fascism"—Mr. Flynn turned to flaying them. And in doing this he was quite consistently living up to his anti-collectivist principles. It was not Mr. Flynn who went sour, it was his fellow New Republicans who sold out the old Republic for a mess of statist pottage.

The "young"—meaning those under forty-five—should know this when they read the idiocies about Mr. Flynn that frequently creep into the reviews of his books that are printed in the literary supplements of the Big Press. They should realize that Mr. Flynn is one of our greater journalists, and they should be directed to some of the great books that bedeck his past—notably *God's Gold: The Story of Rockefeller and His Times* and *As We Go Marching*. They should realize that if it hadn't been for the pertinacity of Mr. Flynn, nothing would be known to this day about the circumstances surrounding Pearl Harbor. This is not to say that Flynn has "proved" that Roosevelt and Hopkins and General Marshall "knew" that the fleet itself was going to be attacked on the morning of December 7, 1941: that particular assumption is at best a matter for conjecture. It is merely to say that Flynn broke the story of the tapped Japanese "purple" code and the failure to alert Hawaii about impending war when there was a general conspiracy both in government and among "liberal" journalists to keep quiet about it, even after the war had ended.

Unlike nine-tenths of our latter-day "journalists," Mr. Flynn believes in the loyalty of his profession to the news, no matter where the chips may happen to fall. It is precisely because modern journalism has lost much of its old sense of loyalty to the news that Mr. Flynn has been given a bad name. The modern "whited sepulchers" of journalism resent Mr. Flynn's alertness to the fact that they are not up to their job, and this burns them up. So they take it out on Mr. Flynn by ignoring him, or distorting him, or by objecting to the really minor matter that his pungent language sometimes slips over into exaggeration.

Diplomat's Education

Admiral Ambassador to Russia, by Admiral William H. Standley and Rear-Admiral Arthur A. Ageton. 533 pp. Chicago: Henry Regnery. $6.00

The climax of Admiral Standley's memoir of his wartime service as Ambassador to Russia comes when he reports to President Roosevelt over a private lunch at the close of his mission. Standley states his conviction that at the close of the war Stalin would set up along the Soviet border a series of buffer States under his own control. "I recall that he was silent for a long time, looking at his plate . . . His face was suddenly tired and drawn."

Roosevelt thought differently, and a good part of the book is devoted to the behavior in Russia of the men who led him to think differently — Lend-Lease administrators and the VIPs who came on special missions, such as Wendell Willkie and Joseph P. Davies, who treated his second trip to Moscow principally as a means of publicity for his movie about the first. Admiral Standley finally resigned as a result of feeling undercut by these special mission men, most of whom had arrived and left with the conviction that the Kremlin should be given anything it wanted.

The Admiral tells how he approached his ambassadorial task with the belief that everything could be solved by friendly cooperation, and it was only by degrees and through a long series of setbacks that he achieved education. For instance: diplomatic protocol accords an Ambassador access at all times to the head of the State to which he is accredited. But Standley discovered that all really important decisions were referred to Stalin; and whenever the Russians did not wish to give satisfaction, Stalin was "at the front," and could not be seen. The Secretary was not formally the head of State, and the ambassadorial privilege did not extend to him.

The pattern of legalisms, demands and refusals to do anything not serving the interests of the Soviets alone is familiar to anyone who has followed the course of the conferences since the end of the war. Less familiar will be the fact that this was already going on during the war, and in this sense the book is a valuable piece of documentation.

Perhaps least familiar of all will be the analysis of the relative positions of Marx, Lenin and Stalin and the implications it holds for the future development of the Soviet Communist State. "Under Stalin, Marxism as taught by Lenin was superimposed upon a Russo-Eurasian tradition of authoritarian rule. . . . Unlike Lenin, he was basically a dishonest thinker." Is it not probable, indeed is it not inevitable that where policy must fundamentally be the creation of one man's thought, the approach will alter with each directing thinker? And what kind of thinker is Khrushchev?

FLETCHER PRATT

Not-So-Right Turn

Road to the Right, by Gordon Harrison. 342 pp. New York: William Morrow and Company. $4.50

This book is entitled *Road to the Right*. Its true title should be *Road-map to the Servile State*, for it is a book sinister both in the Latin and the English sense.

Why is this so? To understand this, we must understand the subtle strategy of collectivism today. Today even the State-liberals, though still the sleepwalkers of collectivism, no longer dare pretend that communism is a mistaken means to a beneficent end. They even shy away from the brave candor of so forthright a word as "socialism"; they pretend, perhaps with tongue in cheek, that they would "save" free enterprise from itself by taking it, "all wild and woolly and full of fleas" and (as in England) taming it to the discipline of the leash and the kennel. They would housebreak freedom, and tame it to be the bird dog of the Welfare State.

That is the purpose if not the conscious purpose of this unhappy book. It seeks to infiltrate conservatism and win it over to a new (and true) "conservatism" by liberalizing it into its antithesis and antonym. Consider the critics to whom the author turned for advice: he tells us in his preface that the manuscript was "read and criticized by Harry Wade, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Allan Nevins." Why—if it was truly a "Road to the Right"—was it not read and criticized by Fulton Lewis, Jr., and John T. Flynn?

Surely no State-liberal who gave it apostolic blessing need doubt its direction or fear its effect! For what road does it advocate? Addressing "Republicans" and "conservatives," it presumes to indicate their path of salvation, and succeeds in setting their feet on the well-rutted road of "liberalism." Harrison rebukes "the Old Guard" or even "the angry Old Guard"; he speaks primly of the late Senator Taft's "narrow, mechanistic philosophy"; he attacks the conservative "tendency to manipulate symbols in a hopeless effort to turn the clock back"—as if it were progress to turn the clock forward, say to 1984. He speaks of "typical conservative blindness"; of "the essential anarchy of free enterprise"; of businessmen who "often talk as if they still lived in the age of robber barons"; of conservatism as "a sentimental attachment to old ways," of "John W. Bricker . . . chiefly motivated by a desire to reverse New Deal social welfare trends."

He nowhere italicizes with equal fervor the concentration camp of the collectivist State. Indeed, he glibly praises "Progressives" (a term made fragrant in Korea); the "liberal or modernist minority" in the Republican Party; the "New Deal philosophy of giving government back to the people"; and every "forward-looking" maverick, from "George D. Aiken of Vermont and his lifelong fight with the reactionary forces . . ." to Wendell Willkie, who—the more he became Roosevelt's sedulous ape — is described as "acquiring something of the stature of a statesman" and "leaving his party far behind."

The book is an alleged defense of "conservatism" by berating true conservatism as a dreary-go-round of stupidity, and by advocating its Phoenix-death into the brave new horror of "liberalism." It is spongy with old gags such as: "In time the socialist label came to be an automatic response to damn all government activity for social welfare." Apparently the "conservative" is to seek the ends of socialism, but under a different name; and he is to apply them with more efficient means.

Harrison has no inkling of the great gulf that is fixed between the