An Editor's Notebook

By FORREST DAVIS

The New Year season is one for matching promise with performance. One sets a watch on one's neighbor's New Year's resolutions to note how long, if at all, they persevere. In the spirit of the season let us therefore, brethren, compare the promise of the new internationalism, carrying all before it these days in the schools, colleges, the pulpit and journalism, with its performance. To simplify matters let us say that the chief instrument of the new internationalism is the United Nations, which, in its outward being, towers over the East River in New York City like a vast and lonely glass tombstone. The spirit of the new internationalism, as all know, is one-worldism in its varied manifestations: a perception that the jig is up with the old, bad nationalism of earlier times and an unspecific faith that the earth's dwellers of all hues and cultures can be peacably united under one benevolent hegemony.

Mr. Wendell Willkie, of meteoric political memory, was the first prophet of one-worldism to capture a wide audience. But he was by no means the chief or the sole evangel of the doctrine, a doctrine that in a religious guise goes back into antiquity in the belief that all souls are kindred under God and which first took rudimentary political form in the League of Nations. The present-day one-worlders go, of course, far beyond Woodrow Wilson; they will settle for nothing short of a world state and they are as thick in polite intellectual circles as were hedge priests in Elizabeth's Ireland. Their organizations flourish like the green bay tree, covering the land with propaganda leaflets.

The field is definitely theirs among the educated against the nationalists, and nationalism has become a hissing and a byword only less revolting to sensitive ears than isolationism.

Yet what has the new internationalism accomplished since its formalization just a generation ago in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles? What is the state of world comity, commerce, travel and amenity now as compared to, say, 1913, the year before the war that led to the Versailles treaty? Instead of the Concert of Europe, an increasingly civilized code of warfare, a steady rise in humanitarianism and the usefulness of international law we have, as 1953 opens, two vast non-European imperial systems reeling toward war.

In 1913 the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, despised of the liberals, sat on their thrones. Parliamentary systems through much of Europe were ineffectual and limited. Yet in those benighted days an American, or any other citizen of the divided world, might travel without passport or visa into any country in the world except only the Tsar's Russia and the Turkish Empire. The scholar, the tourist, the student, the salesman could make his way freely, with the exceptions noted, anywhere and remain as long as his money or his desire lasted. There was an all but complete exchange of scientific knowledge and the fruits of learning across frontiers.

The same was true only to a lesser degree of the exchange of goods. Tariffs there were, but embargoes were rare, commerce was in the hands of firms and corporations and the old colonial monoplies were wasting away.

To us the passport is an old story. What is new since the rise of totalitarian and welfare states in Europe and Asia is the strict limitation on the movements of nationals not only beyond their borders but within. The whole Soviet world knows the internal passport system of the Tsars. But not only are Soviet subjects confined within their borders, so also are the British, who were only yesterday the most traveled and the freest of all peoples. Nowadays trade is conducted among governmental monopolies, the governments form giant cartels, commerce is parceled by allotment and goods bartered while currency is fiat and difficult to exchange on world markets.

Little of this, naturally, is due to the spirit of one-worldism. It is the product of immeasurable and indefinable forces which we know as history and which have transformed the retrospectively gentle and amenable world of 1913 into the reactionary international situation confronting us today.

This department's lance is not tilted at the new internationalists for producing this reaction but for failing to understand it; for failing to see that the old, fragmented world of empires, kingdoms and republics trending toward a kinder and more civilized plane of being was a far better place in which to live as a citizen of the world than what we have today or what they have in view. The world about us is divided into two spheres of influence, the American and the Russian. The new internationalists wish to see it united into one sphere of influence without pain or conflict. That they are extremely unlikely to see. Nor would it necessarily be good. The reverse is far more probable. The one world of the new internationalists might well bring upon us greater horrors than we now observe in the restriction of the movements of persons, goods and services from place to place.

Especially would this be so if the world's writs were to run from Moscow, not Washington. A fair proportion of the new internationalists, intent on their image of a peaceable earth, seem to care little how their goal is to be achieved. Many prefer Soviet hegemony to American.

The difference is almost exactly the difference between 1913 and 1952. The United States is the last of the great powers to retain the liberties of movement that were so commonplace in the earlier year. It is the Soviet Union, perpetuating, as it does, so many of the Tsardom's wicked institutions, that sets the tone and spirit of our times. Without the pressure of Moscow's megalomania the West might gradually right itself.

The U. S. Had No Secrets

It is becoming clear that during the war Soviet spies had easy access to our most vital military and industrial secrets; partly through mysterious elements in Washington, partly through incredibly lax security regulations. The two articles that follow bear on different aspects of this espionage.

The Great Falls-Washington Axis

By RICHARD L. STOKES

An arrival of moment, on March 11, 1944, was that of a voyager from Moscow who was escorted to Great Falls by a Russian lieutenant colonel and a major. Instead of his usual brief nod and handshake, Col. Anatoli N. Kotikov, Soviet resident at the Montana airbase, welcomed the newcomer with the low bows reserved for very important people. He was introduced to Major George Racey Jordan, Lend-Lease expediter at Great Falls, as Vlas A. Klensten, delegate of "the great Jakov Ashberg, financial hero of the Soviet Union."

Klensten had an appointment, for a specific day and hour, with a "high American statesman." He could make it only by air, and priorities were demanded. Plane travel at the time was heavy. Jordan answered that to determine whether the request was justified he would have to know the name of the man Klensten was to see.

The agent wriggled desperately to avoid telling. His mission, he pleaded, was "most confidential." Jordan tried to help. Thinking that Klensten's errand was probably fiscal, he asked whether the statesman in question was Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury. The Russian was scornful. "No, no," he replied, "much above Morgenthau!" Then he whispered: "Very big boss —great social change—coming soon in America!"

Jordan finally held that Klensten must either give the name or go by railroad. After appealing to Kotikov, he choked out the words: "Herbert H. Lehman." The former Governor of New York was then director general of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. (Senator Lehman has notified this writer that he does not recall ever having met anyone by the name of Klensten. It is possible that the alleged errand to him was a side issue or, more likely, a sheer Soviet fabrication.)

Jordan telephoned Seattle for a reservation on a commercial airliner passing through Helena the next morning, and persuaded Lt. Col. William Boaz to fly Klensten in an Army bomber to the Montana capital. As the airport's maintenance officer, Col. Boaz was a busy man. He objected to making the flight until assured that Klensten was on a "secret mission" to Mr. Lehman.

In his calendar-book, with daily entries covering the first nine months of 1944, Jordan wrote two items about the incident. They may be taken as conclusive. The chance that he invented them on the spot, eight years ago, without discernible motive, is infinitesimal. For March 11 he wrote: "Vlas A. Klensten has date with Herbert Lehman. Is in a hurry—needs priority." His entry for the next day ran: "Col. Boaz flew Klensten to Helena to catch liner."

Col. Kotikov liked to talk about men of power in the Moscow hierarchy. He confided to Jordan some curious allegations about "Ashberg." The latter, he declared, was connected with a Swiss bank prior to the Bolshevist revolution, and acted as European agent for various New York financiers. Kotikov bragged further that "Ashberg" collected $20 million in gold from Wall Street to back the Communist uprising against Kerensky's republic, and rode with Lenin in the sealed boxcar used by the German High Command to smuggle that arch-conspirator into Russia.

Behind the German Money Swindle

Klensten's name popped up again during a farewell visit which Jordan paid on June 13, 1944, to Kotikov and other friends. The Colonel spoke of a "money plane" that crashed in Siberia and was to be replaced. The U. S. Treasury, he said, was shipping plates and currency ingredients to Russia, so that it could print duplicates of military marks which Washington was preparing for the German occupation. [See "The Quarter-Billion Occupation Mark Swindle," the *Freeman*, November 17.]

Since Jordan was incredulous, Kotikov produced the manifests for five plane-loads of currency components that had journeyed through Great Falls. Jordan's clearest recollection is of a sheet bearing a list of several colors of ink. As he waved the thick sheaf of papers, Kotikov again and again, as a matter of course, alluded to the M-mark transaction as "the Klensten deal." Suddenly he remembered. "Why," exclaimed he, "you yourself, three months ago, cleared Klensten from Great Falls!" With such evidence at hand, is it not more than possible that the secret "brains" behind the German money conspiracy were those of Vlas A. Klensten?

Like the atom bomb, radar was forbidden to the Russians. Needless to say, they got both. "But I can testify," says Jordan, "that on a certain day in September 1943, all that stood at Gore Field between Moscow and radar was the simple loyalty of