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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1939

CANADA'S FOREIGN POLICY

BY H. NOEL FIELDHOUSE

THE most signal fact about Canadian foreign policy, at the moment, is that its fundamental aim is not foreign but domestic; the maintenance of Canada's unity as a nation.

Englishmen may be tempted, perhaps, to dismiss this statement as a platitude, since none know better than they that any democratically elected government—in Britain as much as in Canada—must always seek to conduct its foreign policy so as to command the substantial support of virtually all sections of its people, if only because foreign policy may involve war and because no democratic nation can venture to embark upon a major war, with any hope of success, unless the overwhelming mass of its people is united upon the issue on which war breaks out. If this is true of all democratic Governments, however, it is peculiarly true of the Canadian Government. For in Canada there are certain factors which, even in times of peace, are always working to make the national unity, if not precarious, at least something less than assured, and which make it particularly difficult, therefore, to evolve a foreign policy which shall, in the words of the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King, “ensure unity and common consent in Canada as well as the achievement of peace abroad”.

The first of these factors is the very size of the country. Intellectually, of course, the Englishman is aware that Canada is a very large country with a very small population, but he is generally somewhat less aware of the political and economic consequences of this fact. As Mr. King once remarked: “If some countries have too much history, we have too much geography”; for geography, in Canada, spells separation. The Maritime Provinces are separated from the rest of Canada by a broken wilderness which it still requires twenty-four hours

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by train to cross. Quebec and Ontario are separated from the Prairie Provinces by a second belt, 800 miles in breadth, of sparsely-covered rock plateaux north of Lake Superior; and between the prairies and British Columbia, lies the barrier of the Rocky Mountains. The presence of these physical barriers between the four great divisions of the country would alone go far to explain why many Canadians think in terms of their province or of their section rather than of the nation as a whole. In addition, however, the marked contrast in geographic conditions as between these widely separated sections of the country, produces sharp cleavages of economic interest. Sixty per cent. of Canada's population and eighty per cent. of her manufactures are concentrated in the two central provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and there is a strong tendency for the seven poorer provinces to feel that, under the federal system, the economic and financial policies of the Dominion are manipulated for the benefit of Ontario and Quebec, while there are occasions when these two wealthier provinces would appear to regard their Maritime and Western partners as being somewhat in the nature of 'poor relations' living on the charity of the Federal Treasury.

The exact degree of truth which underlies these sour provincial resentments, and the extent to which, under certain circumstances, they might result in actual separatism, does not concern us here, but it is important to realize that they constitute a factor which no Dominion Government can ignore. It is true that a genuine national sentiment does exist in Canada, but its very self-consciousness is itself a proof of its youth.

The second great factor which militates against national unity is the diversity of origins in the Canadian population. According to the census of 1931, only 51.86% of our population was of British stock; 28.22% was French; and 19.93% came from other stocks, chiefly German, Scandinavian, Hebrew, Dutch, Ukrainian and Polish. Clearly, with a population so mixed, we cannot look for the instinctive unity of an older and more homogeneous people. At social gatherings across the Dominion, much after-dinner oratory is devoted to dilating upon the way in which, in this new country, English and French have learned to live together. Actually, they do not live

together. They live side by side—since they can do no other—within the framework of Confederation, but without cordiality, and upon terms of somewhat unamiable mutual guardedness. There is, at bottom, neither fusion nor agreement.

The importance of this racial division for the conduct of foreign policy will be better appreciated when it is realized that, in Quebec, the French control one of the two most influential provinces. This means, in effect, that it is always unlikely that any major Dominion legislation will be passed, or any major Dominion policy adopted, which cannot command, at least, the passive acquiescence of Quebec. When it is remembered that isolationism, in the sense of opposition to any participation in any war outside Canada, is probably stronger among French Canadians than among any other section of our population, something of the problem which their influence creates for Canadian foreign policy can be understood.

It was no platitude, therefore, when, in 1926, the Hon. C. H. Cahan was driven to express the hope that "Canada shall only undertake such inter-imperial and international responsibilities as . . . shall have the approval not only of a majority of the electoral constituencies throughout Canada, but also have the substantial support and co-operation of the constituencies in every important section, district or province of the Dominion". "I am confident", he told the House of Commons, "that it is only by restricting all our external commitments and obligations within such limits . . . that we can ever hope to have such cordial co-operation between the peoples who compose the Canadian electorate as will enable us . . . to maintain the continued solidarity and unity of the great Canadian nation".

Given this cardinal need to preserve her national unity, what are the aims of Canada's foreign policy? First, the assertion of her status as an independent nation. Secondly, the preservation of her security. Thirdly, the safeguarding and promoting of her external trade. Now these three aims have this in common; that they are all primarily matters of Canada's relations with Britain and with the U.S.

In the matter of trade, the figures speak for themselves. "Canada is built", it has been said, "upon the assumption that other people can and will buy her staple products"; and,

in a country which, in 1935, enjoyed the fifth largest export trade in the world and ranked sixth in the total value of its world trade, it is obviously difficult to exaggerate the importance of her foreign trade. The enormous bulk of that trade, however, is done with two Powers. In 1937, the U.S. took 41% of Canada's exports and supplied 58.7% of her imports. In the same year, the United Kingdom took 38.4% of Canada's exports and supplied 19.3% of her imports.

As for security, Canada is an international dwarf locked in the same North American house with the U.S. giant. Vast as are the Canadian territories, the settled area of the country forms a comparatively narrow belt, some 200 miles in breadth, running along the length of the U.S. border. Within that belt live nine-tenths of our population, and, in the last resort, it is a final condition of Canada's foreign policy that she can never set herself, or join with any group which should set itself, in opposition to the vital interests of the U.S.A. It can be said, indeed, that the implicit protection which she undoubtedly enjoys from the U.S. makes Canada safe from any attack from any other quarter, and that, against attack from the U.S., no other power on earth could save her.

The assertion and preservation of Canada's status as an independent nation is also, in essence, a question of her dual relationship to Britain and to the U.S. In the more recent past, that status has been asserted, pacifically, against imperial control from Britain, but there was a time when only the British connection saved Canadian independence from the expansionist appetites of the U.S.; and while the latter is now nothing if not a 'good neighbour', there are many Canadians who still feel that the time may well come when the imperial connection will again be necessary if we are to resist the pressure for political or economic or cultural absorption in the Great Power to the south. Canadian independence, in this sense, depends on a delicate equilibrium in her relationships with her two kindred Great Powers.

If these are the fundamental conditions of Canada's survival as an independent nation to what policies do they give rise?

First, as a consequence of her assertion of her independent status, Canada has been led to insist that, in matters of foreign

policy, she is completely autonomous and cannot be committed by the British Government without her own consent. In a statement made at Geneva in September, 1936, the Prime Minister declared:

"The nations of the British Commonwealth are held together by ties of friendship . . . rather than by commitments to join together in war. The Canadian parliament reserves to itself the right to declare, in the light of the circumstances existing at the time, to what extent, if at all, Canada will participate in conflicts in which other members of the Commonwealth may be engaged".

This does not mean, he was careful to point out, that Canada will in no circumstances be prepared to join in a Commonwealth war. It does mean, he said, "that any decision on the part of Canada to participate in war will have to be taken by the parliament or people of Canada in the light of all existing circumstances; circumstances of the day as they exist in Canada, as well as in the areas involved".

Canadian governments have been so consistent in thus declining to admit that, in matters of foreign policy, they can be automatically bound by the decisions of the British Government, that they have even been chary of any close consultation with London looking to the evolution of a common policy lest, by such consultation, they should become morally responsible for the execution of such a policy.

"Occasions arise", the Prime Minister told the Commons, in May, 1938, "where consultation is both necessary and possible . . . The difficulty, however, is that a United Kingdom government must be responsible to its own people for its actions. . . . They are closest to the danger point and must bear the main brunt of any misjudgment or failure. They might be prepared to take advice which fell in with their own views; but otherwise they would find it difficult to do so unless the adviser could guarantee them against the consequences".

Secondly, the refusal to allow Canada to be committed by the British Government to participation in a 'Commonwealth war', has run parallel to a refusal to allow her to be committed by the League of Nations to a 'League war'. This attitude has been strengthened, of late, by the frank realization that Canada is, after all, a small Power, whose action on behalf of the League could only be of importance if it were to supplement that of an effective *bloc* among the Great Powers. "We must keep", the Prime Minister has reminded us, "a sense of perspective. We have neither the power nor the knowledge to settle the

destinies of countries thousands of miles away. We are no more likely of our own motion to intervene in Europe than Sweden or Bulgaria or Switzerland is to intervene in America. It is sometimes forgotten that in Canada itself we have an area as large as Europe, with problems . . . quite as difficult to deal with as many of the problems . . . which constitute a great part of European 'foreign affairs', that we are not asking and will not receive any help from outside in meeting these difficulties and that we are unlikely to have any surplus of statesmanship or good fortune to bestow elsewhere".

Fundamentally, however, the Canadian reluctance, in Mr. King's words, "to organize or join in crusades in other continents", springs, as is natural, from Canada's unique sense of security born of her isolation in North America. "The talk which one sometimes hears", said the Prime Minister last year, "of aggressor countries planning to invade Canada and seize these tempting resources of ours is, to say the least, premature. It ignores our neighbours and our lack of neighbours; it ignores the strategic and transportation difficulties of trans-oceanic invasion; . . . at present, danger of attack upon Canada is minor in degree and second-hand in origin".

The Prime Minister's present attitude of non-committal caution is, of course, far from satisfying all sections of Canadian opinion. In some quarters it is contended that Canada has no foreign policy, a contention which, when analysed, usually turns out to mean that the speaker feels that Canada is insufficiently active in support of Geneva or London or Moscow, according to the centre of the speaker's interests. As the Prime Minister has said, however, provided that the policy of a country is rooted in its own interests or in the ideals in which those interests are sublimated, it can never be entirely identical with that of any other Power.

It is hardly to be expected, indeed, that the Canadian Government should risk alienating any important section of opinion by too categorical a declaration of policy, for Canadian opinion is itself sharply divided on these issues.

The most vocal, if not the most numerous, body is that which is usually labelled 'isolationist'. Isolationism is really the political expression of the geographic separation of North

America from Europe, but it finds an intellectual basis in a conception of Canada's national interests. Exponents of this school of thought argue that the combination of Canada's geographic isolation with her position under the strategic lee of the U.S. makes her entirely safe from attack by any Power save the U.S. itself, and that, against the U.S., no defence is possible. They believe, therefore, that Canada, in itself, is uniquely safe and that the only danger of her becoming involved in war arises from her connection with the British Commonwealth and with the League of Nations. Let Canada, they say, stay at home and follow the example of other nations by taking the fullest possible advantage of her position. They are not, be it noticed, pacifists. They would fight for what they regard as Canada's vital interests, but they contend that those vital interests are to be found only upon the North American continent. M. Henri Bourassa gave characteristically vigorous expression to their point of view, in the House of Commons, as long ago as 1926. "Let us declare", he said, "for a bold policy of nationalism. . . . No more undertaking to send our sons to shed their blood on the battlefields of the world. No more spending of millions of dollars in time of war to depopulate this country, and then other billions of dollars in time of peace to bring foreigners in to take the place of native sons, sent to be killed on the battlefields of Europe. . . ." As for the isolationists among English-speaking Canadians, most of them would share the views, if not the acrid tone, of Professor Underhill, when he wrote recently: "We must therefore make it clear to the world, and especially to Great Britain, that the poppies blooming in Flanders Fields have no further interest for us. We must fortify ourselves against the allurements of a British war for democracy . . . and against the allurements of a League war for peace and international order. . . . We should close our ears to these European blandishments and . . . sail past the European siren, our ears stuffed with tax-bills. All these European troubles are not worth the bones of a Toronto grenadier".

The second school of thought, that of the imperialists, is, like the isolationist school, ultimately based upon sentiment; but, like the isolationists again, it finds reasons of national interest

or honour upon which to support itself. Some of the exponents of this view place their emphasis chiefly upon the necessities and obligations of mutual defence. They remain unimpressed by the isolationist belief that Canada is safe from attack, and they are still more unimpressed by the isolationist belief that the sea-borne trade of a neutral Canada would be safe in time of war because Britain would have an obvious self-interest in protecting it. They believe that the British fleets are still an essential element in the safety of Canada and, still more, of Canada's overseas trade, and that, since she enjoys the benefits of the Commonwealth connection, Canada should share in its liabilities. Another group within this school values the British connection chiefly because of the moral purposes and ideals which, it believes, the Commonwealth still represents. Members of this group, for example, would claim that, pending the organization of a really universal system of collective security under the aegis of the League of Nations, the Commonwealth represents the greatest actual force which is making for peace and international order in the world to-day, and that its disintegration would constitute a step backward rather than forward in the interests of world unity.

Lastly, there are those of this school who point out that Canada's survival as a nation implies not merely a nominal independence but a real freedom to go her own way in the shaping of her own policies, institutions, purposes and ideals. They feel that the greatest danger to that freedom lies in the possibility of the cultural absorption and political domination, if not the ultimate annexation, of Canada by the U.S., and in the Commonwealth connection they see the chief hope of offsetting the ever-present pressure from the south. The severance of Canada's connection with the Commonwealth would mean, they believe, the destruction of that delicate equilibrium between her geographic position as an American nation and her political and cultural associations as a member of the Commonwealth, upon which her real independence as a separate entity has rested.

The third great school of opinion comprises the friends of 'collective security' as organized under the League of Nations. In this matter, Canadian developments have run closely parallel to those in Britain. The Canadian Government, like the British

Government, and for the same reasons, has shared the League ideal but has always been alive to the difficulty which besets a complete and literal implementing of the Covenant. The Canadian, like the British, Government, must obtain the means to wage war from Parliament; it knows that its course in a crisis must depend on the view taken by public opinion, and it knows that that opinion will be largely, if not exclusively, governed by the nature of the question upon which war breaks out. Like the British Government, again, therefore, it cannot, if it is to be honest, commit itself to obligations which may involve war under circumstances which it cannot foresee. Even in the halcyon years of 1919 to 1933, therefore, the Canadian Government repeatedly exercised itself first, to secure, the deletion of Article X from the Covenant and, when that proved impossible, to minimize its obligations under that Article. "Canada" her chief delegate told the League in 1920, "will look with critical eye indeed on a clause so easily susceptible of being read as making everybody's wars their wars".

With the steady deterioration in the international situation since 1933, the Canadian Government's reluctance to be automatically committed by the decisions of Geneva has naturally increased. In the House of Commons, in May, 1938, Mr. King declared "our belief that at the present juncture of world affairs it is not possible to make the League an international war office, an instrument of force, military or economic". He insisted on the "general unwillingness of peoples to incur obligations which they realized they may not be able in time of crisis to fulfil, obligations to use force and to use it at any place, any time, in circumstances unforeseen and in disputes over whose origin . . . they had had little or no control". He stressed "the difficulty of putting on economic sanctions unless the countries doing so possess overwhelming force and are firmly bound to apply military sanctions if the occasion arises". "So far as the Canadian Government is concerned", he concluded, "the sanctions articles have ceased to have effect by general practice and consent and cannot be revived by any state or group of states at will".

Under the stress of the ugly realities of the years since 1933, indeed, the 'collective security' school in Canada has largely

dissolved into its component elements. For in Canada, as in Britain, the cause of the League had been sadly confused with the cause of peace. When the Canadian member of our League of Nations societies declared for the Covenant, he was not thinking of it as an international instrument which bound his country to do certain specific things in certain situations. He was merely making a declaration of moral principle, a declaration in favour of peace and against war. For at no time between 1919 and 1935 did our League of Nations societies ever explain to their followers that the application of Article XVI of the Covenant against a Great Power might mean war. The Canadian, like the British, people was allowed to drift along under the amiably vague assumption that the League would achieve its purposes by some alchemy of good will and round-table discussion.

If any of us ventured to enquire what was to happen if some Great Power should prove to be deficient in goodwill, we were told that it would be subjected to economic sanctions; and if we persisted in enquiring what was to happen if the offender should feel powerful enough to prefer to fight rather than submit tamely to economic sanctions, we got no reply at all. For the very word 'sanctions' was designed to prevent clear thinking about the problem. Sanctions was a much pleasanter word than war. It was high-sounding and it dodged the question. Say to people: "Let us apply sanctions against an aggressor"—and you made them feel both moral and comfortable. Now that Canadians find themselves invited, not to apply sanctions (that technical instrument of righteousness) against the aggressor (always conveniently anonymous), but to go to war against certain Great Powers, they may still feel moral but they feel much less comfortable.

Now, therefore, that it has become clear that the League cannot create world peace without we ourselves being called upon to do anything more painful than pass moral resolutions condemning the aggressor and calling upon someone else (usually Great Britain) to undertake the dangerous business of stopping him, our advocates of 'collective security' are resolving themselves into their real elements. Probably a majority of them—since they were always really pacifists rather than

genuine supporters of the League—have gone to swell the ranks of the isolationists. Others are moving towards a 'Commonwealth front' as offering the next best thing to that universal league which is plainly unattainable for the present. All enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of placing the blame for the failure of the League squarely upon the shoulders of the British Government.

For we may notice here one curious phenomenon of Canadian League opinion. Although Britain has at least contributed half a loaf to the League, and the U.S. no bread, in League circles in Canada it is always London and never Washington which is blamed for the League's collapse. Although the U.S. is immeasurably richer, stronger and safer than Britain, a curiously unconscious North Americanism makes Canadian supporters of the League accept excuses for the U.S.'s refusal to give a lead in the direction of collective security, the validity of which they will never accept when those excuses are urged on behalf of Britain.

In the light, then, of this divided state of the public mind, it is not unfair to read into the Prime Minister's latest pronouncements upon foreign policy a desire not needlessly to alarm any considerable section of opinion. Speaking in the House of Commons on March 30th, he gave comfort to all sides. He gave a categorical assurance that "so long as this Government may be in power", there will be no conscription of men for overseas service. That, presumably, was for Quebec. He could not accept, he said, the view "that regardless of what government or party may be in office, regardless of what its policy may be, regardless of what the issue itself may come to be, this country should say here and now that Canada is prepared to support whatever may be proposed by the government at Westminster". That was for our nationalists, in or out of Quebec. He insisted that "we must . . . choose between keeping our own house in order and trying to save Europe and Asia". "The idea", he said, "that every twenty years this country should automatically . . . take part in a war overseas for democracy or self-determination of other small nations, that a country which has all it can do to run itself should feel called upon to save, periodically, a continent that cannot run itself . . . seems

to many . . . sheer madness". That was for our isolationists. On the other hand, he reminded the House that ties of affection, of common institutions and of trade between Canada and Britain are "still a very strong and determining factor". He stated clearly that "a world in which Britain was weak would be greatly worse for small countries than a world in which she was strong . . . and that an act of an aggressor aimed at the destruction of Britain would constitute a menace to the freedom of every nation of the British Commonwealth". "All these forces", he declared, "combine to make concern for the security of Britain a deep-felt and powerful factor in the shaping of Canadian policy". That was for our imperialists.

Ten days earlier, indeed, Mr. King had declared that, while parliament must decide upon policy, "if there were a prospect of an aggressor launching an attack upon Britain, with bombers raining death upon London, I have no doubt what the decision of the Canadian people and parliament would be".

Any attempt, therefore, to estimate the direction of Canadian foreign policy, must take account of all these factors. None of them can be ignored. None of them is all-sufficient; and whether they will work in combination or in conflict must depend upon special circumstances and upon the action of more powerful countries than our own. Canadian policy must take account of our political connections, of our geographical position, of the racial composition of our people, of our own internal preoccupations. In short, it must be a policy based on the Canadian scene. Under these conditions, it cannot be a flamboyant or a spectacular policy. In the words of the Prime Minister: "It is simply the sum of our countless daily dealings with other countries, the general resultant of an effort to act decently on every issue or incident that arises, and a hope of receiving the same treatment from others".

PORTUGAL AND HER EMPIRE

By WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

AT a time when defeatist politicians in this country would have us write off the British Empire and pray only to be left alone in our insularity, it is well to remember that we stand committed to the defence, not of one Empire, but of two. The *Anglo-Portuguese Treaty of Windsor, 1386*, is not only the oldest, it is become the farthest-embracing, in our diplomatic annals. Originally a friendly pledging of peace and mutual succour between two countries, 'for ever', later re-affirmations have found both countries transformed into Empires, and its scope has successively widened.

It was in 1661, on the occasion of the marriage of Catherine of Braganza to Charles II, that it took on its present significance. Catherine was retiring and unbeautiful, though Charles allowed her pretty eyes and a pleasing address. But she brought England Tangier and Bombay and many trading rights besides, and the last, secret, article of the Treaty of that year ran: 'The said King of Great Britain, in consideration of the great advantages and increase of his dominions accruing to him from the marriage agreement, undertakes and commits himself herewith to the defence and protection of all conquests and colonies pertaining to the Crown of Portugal against all its enemies, present and future'. Catherine is no more: the Treaty, including this clause, was solemnly re-affirmed in 1703, in 1815, in 1899, in 1904, in 1914—and in the House of Commons as late as May 26 last. What began as a personal, and highly unpopular, piece of bargaining by Royalty is become a cornerstone of our policy. Why?

Portugal launched the first empire of the modern world, and blazed the trail of all the subsequent overseas expansion of western Europe. That Empire sprang, not as with Spain

from a stroke of chance, the gift of a foreign visionary, but from a century of dogged perseverance and fearless challenge of the unknown. A prince of the blood—the half-English Henry the Navigator—began it: the nation completed it. Within half a century of rounding the Cape of Good Hope the Portuguese had reached far beyond India, to China and Japan, ‘and did the world stretch farther’, said Camoens, ‘they would have gone there too’.

Of that Empire, vaster far than a nation of little over a million inhabitants could hope to hold, there remain to-day territories that are still impressive enough in extent—they rank Portugal fourth among colonial powers—but infinitely more significant in distribution. They are scattered over three continents and many seas: in Europe, Madeira and the Azores; in West Africa, the Cape Verde Islands, Guinea, São Thomé and Príncipe Islands, Angola; in East Africa, Mozambique; in Asia, Diu, Damão and Goa in India, Macau in China; in Oceania, Timor. The West African possessions in particular form a chain every link of which would be vital to British communications with her Empire in the event of a conflict in the Mediterranean; the Azores, Madeira and Cape Verde Islands are to the Cape route what Gibraltar, Malta and Suez are to the Mediterranean. The Cape Verde Islands are equally vital to communications with South America and even, by air, with North America. And Mozambique, Goa, Macau and Timor mean no less to us in the East. It is a prime British interest that none of them should ever fall into the hands of a hostile Power.

The history of this Empire falls into three chapters. The first, that of discovery and commercial exploitation, still reads as one of the most thrilling narratives of Renaissance effort—and inspired the greatest of Renaissance epics. Behind it lay considerations of deep biological necessity. Portugal's frontier with Spain was perhaps the least natural of all the medieval kingdoms of the Peninsula, and Castile has never got over the surprise that it alone should successfully have resisted re-absorption. The country's economic resources, basically agricultural, fall far short of self-sufficiency. It was to counter these weaknesses that Portugal struck roots overseas, and the

conception still underlies the whole Portuguese policy of Empire.

Portugal spent herself over-generously in the result. The drain on the population, already exiguous, left whole regions like the Algarves so depopulated that African slaves were brought back in large numbers to prevent their going derelict. And when in 1578 the young Sebastian, a crusader born out of his day, perished with the flower of Portuguese chivalry and manhood in Morocco and the country fell into the lap of Spain, the enemies of Spain—then most of Europe—fell on the Portuguese possessions as their legitimate spoil. The recovery of national independence in 1640 thus brought a considerably diminished patrimony, and a shift of balance. India was all but lost. Brazil, soon afterwards recovered, inherited its importance. But the fulcrum was still Africa, and now that Brazil, however filial its sentiments, is independent, Africa remains the centre of Portuguese pride and ambition.

The ‘occupation’ of her holdings there fifty years ago modern Portugal regards as only less epic. The task imposed on the nation by the Conference of Berlin in 1884-85 was in fact herculean. Other Powers, awakening late to the conception of Africa as an appanage of Europe, thought to dispose of Portugal's historical claim to so much of it by advancing a new definition of colonial rights. Such were to be held valid, the Conference laid down, in the strict measure in which the territory in question was effectively occupied and the security of commerce could be guaranteed. ‘We must make haste if others are not to get in before us and make our task impossible’, the Portuguese Foreign Minister wrote home from Berlin. Others did get in, to the extent of frustrating a dream of centuries, the joining up of Portuguese East and West Africa by the effective annexation of lands that Portuguese explorers, soldiers, missionaries and traders had opened up and long considered their own. It was an Englishman, Rhodes by name, living in South Africa for the good of his health, who shattered the vision of a map *couleur de rose* wherein the Portuguese flag waved from ocean to ocean by one of his own of the Union Jack waving from Cairo to the Cape. Lord Salisbury's Government invented the pretext for the notorious ultimatum of 1890.

Portugal perforce acquiesced, and, thinking her own thoughts about an alliance which, made between kings, did not seem to spell fair play between peoples, made an abortive attempt to proclaim a Republic.

Angola and Mozambique remained, close on a million square miles effectively occupied by a nation of some five million people. But, again, the strain had been excessive. 'The colonies are devouring us, men, blood, institutions', wrote an eminent historian of the contemporary scene. 'This mission is a holocaust'. Weakened and disillusioned, and faced at home with imminent bankruptcy, Portugal now possessed an Empire which she could neither finance nor govern. And then Germany, desirous of a place in the African sun, began to cast envious eyes. Britain's part in the Anglo-German Treaty of 1898 is eloquent of how much the name of Albion still has to live down in foreign esteem. In the event of Portugal being forced to raise loans abroad, the two Powers arrogated to themselves the exclusive right to grant such, planning to secure them on the customs of Angola, Mozambique and Timor and visualizing an early transfer, by force if necessary, of the sovereignty of these territories in consequence. Portugal fortunately managed to evade bankruptcy, England had stirrings of conscience, and in 1899 the two countries re-affirmed their Alliance, leaving Germany on the step.

In 1910 Portugal did at last expel its monarchy. No millenium followed. Shedding further illusions at every turn, the country touched new depths of weakness. Germany found a pretext for renewing her proposals, in more sinister form, in the supposition that our Alliance had remained a mere sentimental bond between two reigning houses and was now accordingly invalidated. She proposed to Grey the technique with which post-war Europe is become so familiar: again a benevolent loan secured on the colonies, as a first step to economic stranglehold, the fomenting if necessary of internal revolution, armed intervention in the alleged defence of German interests against Portuguese maladministration, and so annexation. Britain was to receive her spoils in Mozambique, Germany in Angola. Grey, following his policy of 'appeasement' towards an increasingly hostile Germany, agreed, or feigned agreement.

On one point only he was adamant. We would sell Portugal, but not our soul. All must be above-board, and he insisted on the publication of all three agreements, of 1898, 1899 and 1913. Not as yet impervious to world opinion, Germany was momentarily at a loss, and this time the Great War saved Portugal.

The story of how, abolishing the Republic in its turn after sixteen disastrous years, Portugal has now found her feet as a Corporative State is well known. What has not been stressed is the ever increasing importance the 'New State' attributes to its Empire. Dr. Salazar, himself for a moment Minister of Colonies, began by insisting on the same financial rectitude from them that he demanded from the home country. However slow the pace, self-respect, the first step to resurgence, could only be had by paying their way. Since 1929 the colonies taken together, and since last year taken individually, have in fact never once lapsed from solvency. And with solvency and accumulating surpluses large-scale development is becoming possible. Six-year Plans for Mozambique and Angola were launched last year; they cover harbours, communications, airports, agriculture, State services for colonist and native alike. The part the colonies are playing and are destined to play in the economy of Portugal may be instanced by her imports of cotton from Angola. 6½% of the total in 1931, they were 34% in 1937. Newer methods are believed to make possible the figure of 90%, and a British scientist has recently been appointed by the Ministry of Colonies to supervise their application.

Economic development is but one aspect—and not the primary—of Portugal's attitude to her colonies. Portugal is one of the few countries left in Europe with an expanding population. In the last twelve years the increase has been 1,400,000, or 20% of her present total, giving a density now of 200 persons per square mile, which is more than the country can adequately support on an agricultural economy. Some intensification of agriculture by further irrigation is still possible: it will alleviate but not solve the problem. Industrialization on a large scale is faced with many obstacles, power costs, lack of raw materials, technical inexperience, restricted markets. Every

year, in consequence, many thousands of Portuguese must emigrate. In the last half century over a million have gone to Brazil. Of recent years Brazil has closed her doors, although, alarmed at the heterogeneity of her population—in a batch of this year's recruits seventy out of a hundred could not speak Portuguese—that country has now proposed that ten thousand peasant families from Portugal should be invited to settle at once in the State of São Paulo alone. The colonies are therefore of vital importance for relieving surplus population, as vital as is the importance to the colonies of white settlers, if a tithe of their potentialities is to be realized.

This reciprocal need explains the third phase in the history. After the discovery and the 'occupation' comes, to use the Portuguese term, 'fixation', the stabilizing of a volatile element. It is not enough that Portuguese should go to the colonies to make their fortunes and return home once the ambition is achieved. The Government would have these territories become in effect an extension of the homeland, sundered by geography but by geography alone. Experience in Angola and Mozambique has shown that at altitudes between 1,500 and 3,000 metres the Portuguese can thrive and reproduce and show no sign of physical or intellectual deterioration over many generations. Traditionally these lands have not been 'colonies', a term only adopted, for purely administrative convenience, in 1926; they are the *provincias ultramarinas*, the overseas provinces, and the present *régime* is sparing no effort to implement that conception. The first Article of the Colonial Act appended to the Constitution lays down that the said Constitution applies equally to the colonies, and a law of 1937 extends to them, with due allowance for local conditions, the corporative system. The rights and interests of the natives, especially with regard to labour exploitation, are safeguarded in the second Title of the Act, and tribes and potentates alike have recently given eloquent testimony of the warmth of their attachment. In view of the relative poverty of much of the soil, economic development will always be dependent on a plentiful supply of manual labour from races whose subsistence level is much below that of the European. But the safeguards are specifically related in the text to the principle of sovereignty as well as to those of humanity.

The newly appointed Governor-General of Angola, before leaving for his post in March last, gave expression to the official point of view.

"We look on the colonies as integral parts of the fatherland, as territories which must be made as densely Portuguese as Portugal. . . . The formula that the colonial Powers are exercising in Africa a civilizing mission for the execution of which they are responsible to the group of so-called civilized nations is giving way to that of a Portugal pursuing in its colonies a nationalizing mission the execution of which admits in right no judgment but its own—a mission inclusive of the other but that gives another direction to our colonial policy. . . . In obedience to the traditional concept, the genuine expression in Africa of the economic imperialism of the industrial countries, we have in the past made of Portuguese Africa a common good for all nations, reserving only the homage of sovereignty, the burdens of which did not interest others, and we have allowed to be opened in their favour every vein by which the gold essential to colonial development could escape, of the lack of which precisely those who were freely turning it to their own advantage were to make an accusation against us!"

To that process a definite halt has been called.

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Nothing in the Colonial Act is more significant than Article 45: 'The colonies may not contract loans in foreign countries'. Portugal knows now in full and is not likely to forget the story of those pre-War Anglo-German agreements. As told in Vol. X of the *British Documents on the Origins of the War*, published last year, they make sober reading alike for Portuguese and Englishmen. And the last couple of years have seen perhaps the most notable development of all. The Portuguese people was already fast becoming colony-conscious, with Dr. Salazar's visit to the African possessions in 1932, the First Imperial Conference held in Lisbon in 1933, the First Colonial Exhibition in Oporto in 1934, the First Economic Imperial Conference in 1936, the impressive 'Historical Exhibition of the Occupation' of 1937, and the 'Colonial Week' that every year carries the popular interest one stage further. It is now becoming keenly alive to the possibility that one day it may have to defend those colonies. The 1937 Exhibition bespoke legitimate pride in past achievement. Foreign visitors were welcome to Lisbon to see and be impressed, but Portugal's affairs were essentially her own. Since then she has been rudely awakened from her peninsularity. The Spanish Civil War threw a searchlight on the strategic significance of the Peninsula in another world conflict, and though

for political reasons Portugal's sympathies lay with the insurgents in Spain she was never oblivious to the real meaning of the presence there of Germans and Italians. The latter did, in fact, cause her moments of acute anxiety on several occasions.

The experience has enabled her to set in proper perspective the less spectacular penetration of her own country, through commercial and cultural channels, by Germany and Italy during the past ten or fifteen years. Germany is now a very close second to Great Britain in exports to Portugal, her achievements in the field of *Machtpolitik* have deeply impressed the forces, largely equipped and partly trained in Germany, and her unsparing efforts to forge cultural bonds have set the British Council a task of the first magnitude if the deep-rooted sympathies of the Portuguese people for this country are still to stand where they have stood for the past eight centuries.

This changing concern is symbolized in the State visit of President Carmona to Angola last year and in that to Mozambique on which he is now engaged. It is the first time—if one except João VI's involuntary flight to Brazil in 1807 before the advancing forces of Napoleon—that any head of the State has visited the overseas provinces, and the moment has given the occasion a clear-cut significance. Standing by the monument raised at the mouth of the Congo River to Diogo Cão, the explorer who in 1482 claimed for the Crown of Portugal the vast territories of modern Angola, President Carmona made what was perhaps his shortest and certainly his weightiest speech. 'I feel sure', he said, after recalling the associations of the spot, 'that my words express the mind of Portugal past and present, of the generations living and dead, of all those who have toiled for Portugal in these lands, sailors, soldiers, missionaries, planters, traders, when I declare before God and man that Portugal will not be faithless to her vocation as a great civilizing force, and that Portugal at home and overseas is eternally one and indivisible'.

'Eternally one and indivisible'. Stout words, but not mere rhetoric for local consumption. Other nations have had colonies, have lost them, and lived. To Portugal the dominions are limbs of the body politic, any amputation of which would mean, much more than impoverishment, the lively risk of

bleeding to death. As the Sudetenland to Czechoslovakia, but lacking the racial complications, so they stand to the metropolis, and Portugal since 1926 has re-found a pride that will never allow her to exist on tolerance.

It will, of course, be said that no one threatens these colonies. Franco's wishful talking of a new imperial Spain has loosed speculation as to where an exhausted Spain is to find herself an empire at this date. She is too late for Abyssinia, and Signor Mussolini's promise of Gibraltar scarcely fills the bill. Early in the war leaflets circulated in Portugal showing the arms of Spain side by side with the *quinas* of Portugal. If meant as a *ballon d'essai*, it was soon pricked. Portugal, like the newcomer to income-tax, is not joining. It is thanks to Germany that the colonial question is become such a disturber of the peace; but Germany professes to want only the return of her former African possessions, and her quarrel is therefore limited to the mandatory powers, of whom Portugal is not one. So Dr. Salazar would reassure the nation by publicly characterizing as mischief makers those who speak of danger from this quarter. Dr. Salazar does not, of course, suppose that this particular leopard has changed its spots. A Germany in possession of her former African colonies would straightway rekindle her old ambitions, to move north from the one into Angola, south from the other into Mozambique—and would lay her plans, the third time, for success.

But it is unnecessary to invoke even this degree of the hypothetical. A more immediate cause for disquiet comes from more immediate friends. Influential British quarters have whispered on occasion of a re-distribution in Africa, in the name of "appeasement", to which Portugal would be expected to make her contribution. More specifically there has been talk of some form of condominium over part of Angola. Mr. Eden as Foreign Minister denied to the House that such suggestions enjoyed any Government support in this country. Dr. Salazar, thinking perhaps of Grey and 1913, told the world in effect that it wouldn't make any difference if they did. 'Contrary to all rumours, we are not selling, ceding, leasing or sharing our colonies. Our Constitution forbids it, and our national conscience would not allow it'.

It is idle, however, to pretend that the danger does not exist. If not directly, indirectly. The coming of war will find Portugal with us, and Germany against her. The attack on our imperial communications will be in large degree an attack on Portuguese harbours and islands. The Non-Aggression Pact with Spain of March last may assure her land frontiers—or it may not, for Spain has since been constrained to sign the Anti-Comintern Pact. Her Empire frontiers may not be assured by any Pact—they can only be defended. So Portugal is taking no chances. Distant, small, limited in resources and needing every escudo for economic development, she, too, has been forced to bow the knee to the god of rearmament. The Budget for 1939 shows the Army estimates doubled and an increase of 75% over 1938 for the Navy and Naval Air Arm. The Portuguese Legion formed in 1937 gives military training to a volunteer force of some 75,000 men, or roughly half the number the regular army would have available on mobilization. A law of January last decreed that the colonies shall bear their due share in the cost of defence, which hitherto has been assumed in whole by the home country, happy in the remoteness of the contingency; and a military mission has spent the last six months of 1938 surveying defence problems in Angola and Mozambique while the British Services Mission in Portugal was discussing the same problems, which in practice would be no less our concern than hers.

There is doubtless nothing very formidable in all this. Earlier threats to the Empire found their opening, as we have seen, in financial laxity. With the wheel turned full circle and an economist Premier, and a purist at that, who refuses to mortgage the future even to ensure that there shall be one, while the nations around vie with one another in condemning unborn generations to imponderable millstones, Portugal may go under now precisely because of her financial rectitude. The new Army total of £3,600,000 is but half the cost of a battleship. What will £315,000 do when divided between the Navy and its Air Arm? These are gestures, heroic in relation to the capacities and resources of a country whose estimated revenue from all sources for 1939 is £25,336,800, microscopic in relation to the demands of the situation. Portugal in short cannot defend her

Empire, and there is evidence in recent modifications of her naval building programme that she recognizes as much. Concentrating on smaller craft for home waters, she relies on the British Navy to take her Empire, too, under its wing. In comparison with this commitment our recent undertakings to other small European nations—not Empires—appear modest.

But whatever its magnitude, it does not admit of question. Members of Parliament have asked in the House recently whether a Treaty going back to the fourteenth century is not an anachronism. It has never been less so. Italy would fain drive us out of the Mediterranean, and it is still too early to say what our policy, or lack of policy, over Spain may have cost us in this direction. A Portugal subservient to the Axis would drive us out of the South Atlantic. And the Axis has been bringing great pressure to bear in the last few months. Portugal has an authoritarian *régime*. Her detestation of everything to the left of right-wing Liberalism is born of experience and deepest conviction. Her adherence to the Anti-Comintern Pact would be logical—and is most ardently desired. But Portugal has not signed the Pact. The 'New State' may be authoritarian: that is an aspect of the essential relativity of government. It is not totalitarian, nor pagan, nor aggressive, nor unprincipled, and it will not barter nor whittle away its independence. Only once in 800 years has that independence been lost, and it was then—and from Portuguese waters—that the only serious threat ever directed to the occupation of these islands, the Spanish Armada, was launched. That fact will always be a salutary reminder to both peoples. While geography remains, time is impotent to lessen the vital concern of each country and empire in the independence of the other.

THE SELF-BETRAYAL OF EUROPE

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU.

IN September, 1938, at Nuremberg, the writer sincerely admired the magnificent parades organized by the Nazi party in honour of its leader. The moment was a grave one. All hearts, those of many Germans as well as those of the foreign visitors, were filled with anxiety. Adolf Hitler was about to deliver the speech which was to sound the death-knell of Czecho-Slovakia.

It is only fair to the Germans to admit that they know how to treat their guests with hospitality. I, a foreign journalist, was shown perfect courtesy by the German officials at this fateful time. They took pains to arrange accommodation for me in a private house, as the town was overflowing with hundreds of thousands of people, who had assembled for the occasion. This was no small favour, as no one, without official influence, could have found any lodgings whatever in Nuremberg at this time.

I had, therefore, every reason to be satisfied. But is not everything in this world a matter of comparison? The fact that I was being put up privately was proof that I was unable to find accommodation in any of the principal hotels of the town. Who then, occupied these rooms? Doubtless generals, ambassadors, princes, ministers, high officials? Had this been the case, I should assuredly have had nothing to say. But by chance I happened to see leaving one of the hotels a whole group of Japanese gentlemen, who, I learned later, were members of a journalistic delegation from Tokio and Osaka. Only then was I filled with humiliation. In my perplexity I began to wonder how substantial were the fundamental principles of the racial theory.

Here I am, I thought sadly to myself, a Northern Frenchman, as my passport testifies, 6ft. 3in. in height, fair, with blue eyes,

representing the authentic and undisputed type of pure Aryan—here am I, relegated to private lodgings, while these little Mongols, at most 5ft. tall, strut about, proud to be seen leaving the best hotels. But the creators of the racial doctrine, Gobineau, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Vacher de Lapouge, have they not all written that the French, born in the Northern districts from the Pas de Calais and the Aisne, are pure Nordics of Germanic race, indeed more genuine Nordics than certain citizens of the Reich?

How hard it is, I thought, for a Franc-Salien, 6ft. 3in. tall, to be so slighted, and this in a town situated in a district named Oberfranken Unterfranken and Mittelfranken. Must I resign myself to see Europe betray herself, and not even in the name of the Francs-Saliens whom I represent, voice a melancholy protest? But the *Führer* is known not to take kindly to contradiction, and as some philosopher has said, "one should never argue with a man who commands forty legions".

Europe betrays herself! If it were only a question of rooms in some Nuremberg hotel, I would willingly efface myself, only too happy to leave them to our amiable Japanese colleagues, in memory of the happy days I spent not so very long ago in their country. But, as one knows only too well, the present situation goes beyond unimportant trivialities. These merely symbolize the fearful disorder of European thought, which causes the Japanese to be treated here as allies, from whom valuable support is expected.

It is true that present Japanese policy is not altogether clearly defined. Various tendencies appear to conflict in the inner circle of the Tokio Government. Recently we received the assurance that at least a section of Japanese statesmen are of the opinion that their country should cease to provoke the Democratic Powers. But as this agreeable news reached us, the Japanese general staff at Tientsin published a kind of manifesto to the effect that British and French concessions in this port should cease with the least possible delay. Since then there has been the blockade. If we consider not the words but the recent actions of the Japanese in the Asiatic zone where our own interests are of major importance, we are forced to the conclusion that these actions have been extremely menacing. In taking up a

position which has been premeditated for some time, the Japanese Imperialists appear, moreover, to execute their intimidating manœuvres at times when they best serve the interests of the Axis Powers. In February, the Japanese occupation of the large island of Hainan, which blocks the gulf of Tonkin and commands access to our Indo-China, produced in France the gravest anxiety. On April 1st, the Japanese, continuing their tactics, announced their intention of occupying the island of Spratly in the same way. This archipelago of rocky islands has no economic importance but is of real strategic value—and was considered by France as being under her protection. Such events may well be followed by serious consequences. For instance, the principal centres of French Indo-China will be directly menaced by Japanese aviation established on the island of Hainan. (This island is approximately 400 kilometres from Hanoi, 780 kilometres from Saigon, and 650 kilometres from the famous bay of Cam-Ranh, where our principal naval base is established.)

Japan certainly has everything to gain and nothing to lose by her alliance with Germany and Italy, which permits her the use of white armies in the extension of her domination over Asia. Germany and Italy will inevitably be punished one day for their complicity with the enemies of Europe, of which they form a part. But, sacrificing the future to the present, and their grandiloquent racial prejudices to their momentary advantage, they consider it politic to encourage Japan in her adventures. Japan is only too willing to pursue these adventures, but in her mind they are not of a temporary nature. The points of vantage she seizes are milestones on the path of her destiny. Japan's actions must inevitably cause great anxiety to the colonial Powers, impinging as they do on their most vulnerable points. And they can be carried out with the minimum amount of risk to Japan, when the greater part of the British and French navies are kept near their native shores by the extreme tension of European affairs.

The Japanese occupation of the island of Hainan is not only a matter of grave concern to us Frenchmen, but Hong-Kong is 480 kilometres away, Singapore, where the British have just completed colossal fortifications, is only a distance of 1,600

kilometres from Hainan. As for Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, still under American protection, a distance of 500 kilometres separates it from the new Japanese conquest. Actually, after the occupation of Hainan, the Philippine Islands are more and more hemmed in by the Japanese, the latter already being the masters not only of Formosa, but of the Marianne and Caroline Islands, taken from the Germans. Japan, by her audacious initiative, has thus considerably reduced the value of the famous strategic triangle Hong-Kong, Singapore, Port Darwin (Australia), the importance of which was recently stressed in the German review *Deutsche Rundschau*, and within which the British Admiralty counted on having free play for the defence of the most important lines of communication. Let no one mistake it, the Japanese occupation of the island of Hainan marks a new era in the retreat of the white race, which began thirty years ago when Port Arthur was taken by the Japanese, and which continued twenty-four years ago, when the same nation, then our Ally, seized by force the German colony of Kiaô-Chao on the shores of the Yellow Sea. Since then Japan has seized the whole of Manchuria, invaded a large part of China, and compromised British interests in Peking, Shanghai and Canton ! We, most of all, have reason to be anxious at the arrival of the Japanese at Hainan because of our immediate vicinity, but it also constitutes a menace for the rich Dutch East Indies and brings nearer the time when Australia will be feeling her lack of security. As soon as the Japanese have established a submarine base at Hainan, they will threaten all maritime routes converging on Singapore, and communications with Australia will be endangered. To our mild protests the Japanese reply with courteous formulæ, pacific assurances and vague promises. But they have nothing to learn from us in the matter of proving that speech was given to man in order to disguise his thoughts. Long before the arrival of Europeans, who, in their feudal conflicts, knew nothing of the subtleties of diplomacy, the Asiatics were already masters of the arts of etiquette, politeness and dissimulation.

Apart from questions and representations that are not followed by action, what are we to do to calm the ardour of the generals and admirals of the Mikado ? All the forces of France,

as we have remarked, are concentrated in the Mediterranean, and it appears hardly likely that Great Britain, without being absolutely forced to do so, will send an expedition to Chinese waters to operate in the above-mentioned triangle.

The complexion of the situation may be changed if one day the U.S.A., alarmed by the continual invasions of Japan, decide that it is time to put an end to them. Then their great naval power, allied to that of Great Britain, would rapidly transform the face of things. Everything depends on the value that the Americans set on their Chinese trade and on their position in the Philippine islands.

At the present time it is difficult to determine to what extent America intends to perpetuate her strong position in the Far East, which she owes to her supremacy in the Philippine Islands. Would she fight to prevent this archipelago from becoming part of the Japanese empire? If she became entirely disinterested, or if a general conflagration in Europe immobilized the greater part of the Anglo-French forces in the West, it is certain that the Japanese would take advantage of such circumstances to force the white race further along the path of concession.

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While the white nations paralyse each other by their antagonisms, Japan, intoxicated by long-cherished fantastic ambitions which she does not attempt to conceal, conquers China (that other British colony) threatens France in Indo-China, extends greedily towards the Indies, dominates the main part of Asia, and makes a reality of that "Yellow Peril" which Wilhelm II. denounced fifty years ago.

The vacillations, hesitations and changes of front of the various European Powers in Asia have been continual. In 1895, for example, the Franco-Russian alliance joined momentarily with Germany, and Russia, strong in the coalition of which she formed the centre, demanded that the Japanese should evacuate Port Arthur, thus depriving them of the fruits of their victory over China. Then she calmly occupied Port Arthur in their place.

In 1897 it was Wilhelm II., who under pretext of the massacre of certain German missionaries in Shantung, sent out a large fleet with the mission of occupying Kiao-Chow. The year 1900

marks the culminating point of European solidarity in China, although beneath the apparent manifestations of this solidarity, i.e., the international force to deal with the Boxer rising, the most bitter competition arose.

At the end of that military engagement, Wilhelm II. directed the diplomatic action between the Empress of China and her advisers, who were in refuge 200 leagues from Peking, and the European ministers who had the task of meting out vengeance for their misdeeds. It was agreed that vengeance should be exemplary. The negotiations lasted a year (October 1900 till September 1901). Germany's plans became plain, recalling Bismarck's procedure at the Berlin Congress. They consisted of exciting the greed of Russia on the one hand, and of England and Japan on the other, in order to bring about a general partition, of which Wilhelm II. hoped to be the arbitrator.

In 1903 it was England, anxious at the Russian thrust towards India, that allied herself with Japan, whom she armed against the empire of the Tsar. In 1914, by contrast, Russia, France and England, now allies, encouraged the Japanese to expel the Germans from Kiao-Chow. Since then, we must admit, Germany has cunningly reversed the situation. We encouraged Italy against the Austrian Empire; to-day, Germany, giving us a dose of our own medicine, is encouraging Italy in her demand for Tunis, Corsica, Djibouti and heaven knows what else. Now allied to Japan, who once stripped her, she is pushing all her resources against England and France.

To-day a frenzied Europe is bringing about her own ruin. Anyone who has lived in Japan knows very well that all whites, whoever they are, are regarded as intruders, to be driven out of an Asia which is reserved for Japanese domination and exploitation.

How can the white races dream of defending themselves, if the largest white nation, in its vexation at losing its possessions, forswears European solidarity, and continually perverts its science and spirit of invention? But, a German might reply, how can a Germany full of rancour and discontent remain part of this European solidarity—and why should she remain part of it? Why should she be loyal to Europe and to the conservative Powers when she herself has nothing left to conserve? 'You

do not wish to let us have back our colonies? Very well; you will be threatened in your own, Germany has no need to show solidarity in a cause in which you have made it plain you do not wish her to be interested. You did not wish to have us as partners, so you shall have us as enemies'.

Once again it is the question of German colonies which enters this debate. We are repeatedly told that Great Britain is opposed to the restitution of colonies possessed by Germany before 1914. In France, we understand that the British approach this problem with a tremendous mixture of feelings. On the one hand, being realists, they admit that an empire of 80 million inhabitants ought to have its share in the exploitation of distant continents, but, on the other hand, they fear that, if restitution be granted, Germany would be provided with positions which she would use to-morrow to prepare a new series of conquests. One would naturally wish to satisfy the demands of a pacific, industrious Germany, whose ambitions were purely economic, but an insatiable Germany with a passion for power and continued expansion is naturally an object of mistrust.

What would be the actual state of the world if Germany again found herself in possession of her colony of Kiao-Chow and exploited freely a sphere of influence in North China? Before considering this hypothesis we should also have to assume that Germany had not adopted an attitude since the last quarter of the nineteenth century which inevitably caused coalitions to be formed against her. We must, therefore, suppose the existence of a Germany entirely different from the one which existed, and which remains the real Germany.

Is it not disconcerting that the German people, so mild, so reasonable, so intelligent, and even—when they do not feel themselves in a strong position—so obsequious, should have produced, in less than half a century those two prophets of her destiny, Wilhelm II. and Adolf Hitler? Everyone agrees to-day that if, after 1870, Germany in her position of strength, had kept to rational, moderate and humanitarian methods and had restricted herself to the peaceful development of her colossal resources, no one would have dreamed of declaring war on her. She could have continued at will her expansion across the world. Had she abstained from menacing the possessions

of others, she would have found, naturally and pacifically, a leading place in the constitution of the colonial empires. It is simply her own virulence and precipitation, her exposition of theories which would result in the subjection of other Europeans, her furious antagonism, her unbridled appetite and fantastic visions, which have ended by the alliance of the whole world against her. Because she had achieved the best material organization in Europe, even before the beginning of this century, Germany had already conceived her great dream of becoming the dictator of civilization, and would not commit herself to respect the rights of other Europeans, whom, in her naïve infatuation, she considered her inferiors—to be reformed and re-organized. But her ambitious plans threatened the world with greater disorders than the advantages offered by her organizing powers. The whole world rose up to render impossible a hegemony which a certain aptitude for punctuality and discipline did not justify. That with which Germany wished to endow Europe—her administrative capacity and machinery—comprised nothing miraculous, and appeared to engender fewer benefits than the evils likely to be caused by her greed and vanity.

Exactly the same situation arises to-day when the Nazis, stressing the necessity of increasing their living space, talk of conquering (after half Europe), Russia's treasure of the Ukraine. Hardly do they return to Memel before they surround this town with troops and fortifications, showing by their feverish activity that there are no limits to their efforts at domination. But, says the German spokesman, "before our rearmament when we were weak, exemplarily weak, you thought yourselves justified (indeed, because of our weakness) in majestically refusing us all satisfaction. What can one make of that?"

This argument, let us agree, is a troubling one. It leads us to self-criticism. Certainly all Europeans are more or less responsible for the chaos in which they find themselves. The occasions on which we have acted rationally have been infinitely rare. In the great majority of situations our destiny is decided by hazard and improvisation.

With regard to Asia, Europeans, in their approach to this continent, have never attempted a general view of the whole.

More often unity has been abandoned to trading competition, private interests and religious propaganda. The various white nations for the last hundred years, as our history testifies, according to the circumstances of the moment, destroyed what they had admired, or admired what they had destroyed.

It was, as all the world remembers, under the threat of the canons of the American commander Perry in 1854 and after the Anglo-French bombardment of Schimonosaki (1863-1864), that Japan was forced to adopt European armaments, which she originally wished to avoid. The instructors, officers, professors and armament merchants who came from England, France, America and Germany, engaged in frantic competition to furnish Japan with the means with which to fight us. All the methods and machines employed during the Manchurian war originated in Europe or America. After 1919, the white races continued their self-betrayal, and technicians of all nationalities hurried to Tokio, anxious to receive their commissions, and to furnish the Japanese general staff with the most recent creations in the art of destruction. To-day, in spite of the official disapproval of some Governments, it is entirely due to European inventions that Japan is able to invade China with success.

If Japan, as a result of circumstances at the moment impossible to realize, were to find herself, after 1939, completely cut off from all sources of scientific progress and invention from which she has abundantly drawn in Europe and America for the last 70 years, what would be her future? Has the gift of the genius of invention, which has been for so many centuries the undisputed monopoly of the white races, been assimilated by Japan so as to represent a sort of intellectual autonomy? For example, would the Japanese have ended by inventing aeroplanes, of which they know nothing at the beginning of this century, had we Europeans not supplied them with gradually perfected models?

The white race is its own greatest enemy. At the present time, the Pangermanists' conception of European unity is a sort of administered dominion, exploited, marshalled and ransomed, like Bohemia, by the Master Race. As long as this disastrous folly prevails in the German mind, nothing can stop the self-betrayal of a Europe divided against herself which is rapidly preparing her own downfall.

THE REBUILDING OF ROME

BY SIR GEORGE YOUNG

IMPERIAL Rome is being rebuilt in a day, as an Empire of Italy. International Rome, once the Holy Roman Empire, is being rebuilt—so to say overnight—as a German Empire. What of the Rome that still represents the Catholicity of the Church and the Congregation of Christianity? Will it remain just conservative in compromise, or will it become constructive for the conservation of those fundamental truths of conscience and traditions of conduct upon which Christian civilization has been built? These are questions of peculiar importance at present to Christians of every creed and country.

The answer must be sought in recent pronouncements by Princes of the Church and in recent proceedings of the Papacy. The encyclicals of Pius XI. have shown that the Church realizes its responsibility for preaching and promoting Christian Socialism for the more ethical and equitable organization of society. But Pius XII. has not had time as yet to make a pronouncement as to the principles and procedures to be followed by the Church in what may at any moment become a Trial by Battle: a struggle between static democracy, based on moral law and mental liberty, and dynamic dictatorship, built up out of a legendary potentate and a least-common-multiple of mass-mentality. So for a pronouncement on this issue we will take that of Cardinal Verdier, the builder of churches in Paris and the rebuilder of the Church in France. In a recent speech he said that—"the Church and the great democracies, including France and its Empire, are to-day the defenders of Christian civilization".

As a protestant and progressive professor of political science I believe this to be true. But as an ex-diplomatist and democratic politician I believe that this crusade may be defeated by the paynim Paladins of Mahound, unless the spiritual and

political leaders of Christian civilization can concert as to the principles and procedures for its pacific defence. It is indeed a fact that the future—perhaps the fate—of Christian civilization now depends on the statesmanship and steadfastness of four imperial institutions. They are the French military imperialism, the British naval empire, the empiric imperialism of the United States and, last but not least, the spiritual empire of the Papal See. All of these systems are democratic in the sense that their policy is pacific and their point of view progressive. And all are progressive in the sense that a normally conservative control admits liberal discussion of different opinions and objectives—and adopts by consent changes constitutionally carried out.

For want of such concert the first three of these democracies have already been forced by aggressive dictatorships to sacrifice—for ends of peace—continental insurances and collective securities by which they had safeguarded their systems and civilization against the event of war. But the fourth of these international institutions, the Papal See and the Catholic Church, is, in this respect, different. For national Churches can defend themselves by supporting and being supported by the State's armed forces. But the Catholic Church even when it had real temporal power was, as it still is, supernational. And the days are over when the Vicar of Christ could call a crusade to combat a Paynim advance against Christianity or proclaim an Interdict to counter the aggression of a Potentate against the Catholic Church. The only national basis of the Papal See is now the control by Italians over its Councils. The only fighting force ready to rise in its defence is now to be found in the races and regions of Spain. Yet Italians and Spaniards have, with the Church's sanction, been mobilized in a crusade under a Spanish military dictator leading Moorish levies in alliance with a German dictatorship that is persecuting Christianity! How has this come about and what will come of it? Has it come about because the Church has been misled by the same want of faith in facts and want of foresight in the future as the three democracies? If so the consequences are obvious. The democracies can make good their political mistakes, at considerable cost, by military armament and action. But the Church can only make good any mistake it may have made by a

reinspiration of its spiritual authority and a reorientation of its pontifical policy.

To an outside observer the mistake that the Catholic Church made in Spain was of the same character and consequences though not similar in circumstance, to that which it made in Austria.

In favouring and financing that experiment of an Austrian Centre-party *régime* the British and French democracies were following a policy promoted by the Papal See. And they again followed the same lead in their admittedly unpopular and apparently impolitic attitude and action in respect of the Spanish *coup d'état* and civil war. For it was the attitude of the Spanish Prelacy and of the Papal See towards the *coup* as a crusade for the Church and Christianity that gave authority to the assumption by British, French and American public opinion that the Spanish Republic was anti-Christian and that the Spanish "red terror" of 1936 was a campaign of the Comintern and Communism against Christian civilization. And it was this assumption that enabled democratic Governments to recruit religious idealism for a non-intervention policy which was in effect an intervention against Spanish democracy. The policy of "non-intervention" was from the first condemned by progressives as a desertion of international democracy and by professionals as a danger to national defence. But it was condoned to the last by religious feeling as a peace crusade for Christian civilization against Bolshevist barbarism.

Our democracies are not going to outlast the dictatorships if they go on making the mistake we made in Austria and Spain. For, in adopting the realist procedure and even the religious propaganda of the dictatorships with regard to Spain, the three imperial democracies and the spiritual democracy of the Church created that division of their own moral forces that the dictatorships would otherwise have failed to effect. Thus in the democracies Protestants and Progressives were divided between Christian sentiment and common sense. In the Church Catholics were split between the political partisanship of the Spanish Prelacy and the pastoral philanthropy of the Basque and Catalan priesthood. Even the British Conservative Party was split between concern for the secular traditions of imperial

defence and international democracy and for the assumed truth of a Communist menace in Spain, the latter being an assumption authorized by American Presidents, by European Premiers and by one of the most authoritative of modern Popes.

Really the only resemblance between the Spanish Republican revolution and the Russian Communist revolution was that Spanish and Russian Clericalisms had committed their respective Churches to co-operation with, and even to some control over, an inefficient class *régime* and an inequitable social system. Indeed, in Spain, Clericalist control had for centuries been so intolerant, and the incompetence and corruption of the Ruling Class so intolerable, that for a century rebellion and revolution had always first expressed themselves in anti-clericalist disturbances and in destruction of ecclesiastical buildings and institutions. A ban on the Jesuits and a burning of Churches had for over a century been in Madrid as recognized a symptom and safety-valve as a street riot in Paris or a Trafalgar Square meeting in London. So that the anti-clerical excesses that followed the outbreak of war in Spain were the after-effects of a local Spanish influenza, not a premonitory symptom of the infection of Spain with Russian scarlet fever.

It is now beginning to be realized in England—that Spanish Communism and the Spanish Red Terror was a Bolshevik bogey used for political and even party purposes like “Gold for Russia” or the “Red Letter”;—that appeasement is not peace;—that Fascist totalitarianism and intolerance is a worse menace than Stalinist Communism in respect of freedom of conscience, the Catholic faith and the Christian religion;—that this is so mainly because the Communist religion of Civism is in principle not only compatible but consonant with a Christian Socialism such as inspires the encyclicals of Pope Pius XI or the addresses of Archbishop Temple;—that the Fascist religion of subservience of all Christian opinion and suppression of all Christian organs to the State and to the despot, by right of his divine mission, is incompatible with Christianity;—that Communism for this reason could and did abandon the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, as well as the permeation and persecution of Christianity, whereas Fascism cannot and has not;—that

Communism in its first destructive phase only purges and persecutes the propertied and privileged class, including the prelacy, and deprives the Church and the Religious Orders of their property this being in no way fatal to the spiritual authority of the Church and favourable to a reinspiration of its appeal, whereas Fascism is forced in its first phase to reduce both the intellectual opposition to it by persecutions of the intelligentsia, and the numerical odds against it by “purges” of the peasantry and proletariat, *i.e.*, that part of the population wherein chiefly reside the roots of religion and the foundations of the Church;—finally that Communism, being international in its strategic world objectives, has had no difficulty in modifying its international tactics from conflict with the democracies into co-operation with them, whereas German and, in diminishing degrees, Italian and Spanish Fascism, have nationalist and imperialist strategic objectives that must destroy all international institutions and ideals. These are now accepted axioms for international problems, and the British Cabinet, having sacrificed Madrid, is now hurriedly seeking alliance with Moscow. But the Roman Curia is still obsessed by the “Bolshie Bogey”.

Yet Rome is more imperilled than London. For Fascism in its first phase is forced to destroy all ideals, institutions and individuals that actively oppose or even passively obstruct its objectives. These are blasted out, blown up or beaten down much as are civic buildings or battle fronts under bombardment. So the first international institutions to go are the jerry-built new sky-scrapers, the last are the broadly-based and deeply basemented buildings of old. Thus the League of Nations is half ruined and what remains is probably past repair; while International Public Law, that labyrinthine agglomeration of codes, customs, and conventions, though riddled like a sieve and reduced to a public convenience, still survives. The international control by money power exercised through the Royal Courts and the ruling classes of Europe up to the Great War, and thereafter through the banks and big business of Paris, London and New York, has been in part destroyed by the reorganization of Russia, Germany and Italy as totalitarian autarchies; and German Jewry, the core of that international system, has been

cut out. With this internationalism of the wealthy has perished the beginnings of the internationalism of the workers which, already weakened by the division between revolutionaries and reformists, between Socialists and Communists, has now been wrecked by the conscription of the Russian, Italian, German and Iberian proletariats as forced labour for totalitarian reconstructions. The offensive has now come up against the last line of democratic defence—the internationalism of the Christian religion. This had been half ruined by the Reformation which had set up National State Churches in the Western and Northern democracies. One of these Erastian edifices deeply rooted in the national morality and mentality has been razed—and may be replaced by a new religion of German paganism. The only international institution and ideal that still remains intact enough to serve as a Shrine for the unity of Christian civilization is the Catholic Church.

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Now, it is not the progressive factors and forces in a community that defend its racial traditions and religious truths in the last ditch—it is the Conservative. Most of us remember that it was not the House of Commons that defended our laws and liberties during the intolerant totalitarianism of the Great War. 'The House of Lords throughout the war did nothing in particular—and did it very well'. To-day it is neither the Lutheran pastors in the concentration camps of Germany nor the Anglican deans in the columns of *The Times*, heroic as they are, who can save Christian civilization from being rattled into barbarism. It is the martyrs of devotion to pastoral duty in the Spanish priesthood and the effect given to their sacrifice by Papal policy. A sacrifice which seems to have been as heavy on one side as on the other, and therefore can only be given a sanction by a policy that is impartial as between the partisans.

Unfortunately, as has already been indicated, Catholicism in Spain has had two characteristics which have frustrated the Church in Spain in its function as the citadel of the Church. One is that, while the Spanish priesthood in the Northern and Central races and regions were real representatives of the religious faith in their congregations, the prelacy were not equally representative of the communities in Spain. The Spanish prelacy in the

Middle Ages strained the Churches' authority and almost destroyed its appeal. First of all, as Churchmen, by suppressing the native mozarabic ritual and mystic religion. They did this to enable the Holy Roman Empire and the Holy See in Rome to maintain the unity of the Christian World by maintaining the uniformity of Christian worship. In the second place, as Spaniards, by allowing the tendency of the Spanish temperament towards terrorism to tempt them into adoption of the coercions and cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition. For the same Spanish temperament that has made the Spanish priesthood the bulwark of the Church has more than once made the Spanish prelacy its Bastille.

If the end ever could justify the means, then persecution of Jews and Protestants was justified for the maintenance of the Church's authority that had brought Christendom out of the dark ages into the dawn of civilization. And it is arguable that the maintenance of peace by the super-national authority and super-natural appeal of the Church would have been worth more to humanity than any check to progress by clerical conservatism. Some of us would even admit that it would have been an advantage if the Catholic Church had checked the industrial revolution and the machine age until the conscience and common sense of civilization was capable of controlling the contributions of scientific discovery. But, unquestionably, a conservative end does not justify a coercive means. And any possibility of the Church retaining such power was precluded by the persecution of Spanish progressives. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of *their* Church. Toleration is the rock on which any Church must be built—terrorism is a quicksand in which any Church will soon be engulfed.

Similarly to-day—if ever persecution could be justified it would be in the cause of revolutionary reconstruction. To enforce the Fascist programme of restoring Christian civilization to a sense of social responsibility and to reconstruct the State as a community of citizens with equal opportunities and ethical objectives. A reconstruction of society is now not only recognized as ethically essential, but is realized to be economically inevitable. The pendulum of progress is swinging us swiftly away from the capitalistic competitive chaos of extreme

individualism imposed by the industrial revolution and the machine age back to an organized social system. To some of us it seems a reaction to mediævalism—but to others it is seen as a revolution spiralling up into a superior stratum and a more stably scientific social structure. But, however that may be, the process is automatic. We can steam with the stream, but we cannot struggle against it. We can steer ourselves, but we cannot stop. For example, we might have organized our social reconstruction after the war in co-operative countries and by common consent. Now it must come, probably, by another general conflict: Democracy and popular government might have been adopted as the principle of and procedure for reconstruction by consent. Now it is having to adapt itself to the principle and procedures of dictatorship by accepting, at least provisionally, some measure of personal government and coercion. Pacifist internationalism might have continued to control militant nationalism by a mass-mentality and a modern method. Now it will have to rely on the Machiavellian philosophy and policy of the balance of military power, and on the mediæval authority and appeal of the Catholic Church.

To an outside observer like myself Christian civilization is unlikely to survive unless the Princes of the Church can revitalize the body of the Church and reinvigorate its brains. For there are admittedly two aspects and attributes of the Papacy—one pastoral, the other pontifical. Sometimes one aspect is in the ascendant according to the policy of the Church and the personality of the Pope or his Secretary of State. Leo XIII. was pontifical, Pius X and Benedict XV were pastoral—and the late Pius XI pontifical again. The authoritative Pius XI and his able Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli, had to deal with the violent invasions of the Churches' rights and responsibilities by the new totalitarian States. These began with the persecutions and proscriptions of the Russian Communist revolution. And being the first of these offensives and one especially odious to the privileged and propertied classes it became, as "Bolshevism", a bogey that obsessed the minds of Christians like Pius XI to the point of overlooking of the later anti-Christian aggressions of Fascisms.

It seems possible that the Church has begun to adapt itself

by the choice of Cardinal Pacelli as Pope. Pius XII will be a "pontifical" Pope, as good a strategist and perhaps a better statesman than Pius XI. By his allocation of additional Cardinals to North America and Spain he has raised the representation of the democracies in the councils of the Church. His next step might well be to strengthen the relations between the Papacy and the peoples. Such a policy involves a recognition that the ancient association between the authoritative continuum of the Church of Rome and the authoritarian Conservatism of the propertied and privileged ruling classes is no longer consonant with the ideals or even the interests of Catholicism. In *Rerum novarum* and *Quadragesimo anno* Pius XI indicated that he had recognized this in principle, though he did not reconstruct his policy accordingly. He continued, like our Conservative statesmen, to seek by appeasement association with Fascist rulers who had usurped the political power of privilege and property and who were fraudently converting them to the augmentation of their autarchies. Which is quite as fatal to political tradition and spiritual truth as the dictatorship of the proletariat—and more final. Because the dictatorship of the proletariat should, in principle, evolve, and is at present evolving, into new democratic institutions; whereas personal dictatorship rests and must continue to rest on military force.

Moreover, passing from the ephemeral to the fundamental, Catholicism and Christianity are democratic institutions in that they draw their vitality and virtue not from the favour of the powerful and propertied but from the faith of the poor. The Concordat with Mussolini negotiated by Pius XI, and that with Hitler, negotiated with Pius XII when Nuncio, brought the Church no doubt direct pecuniary and political advantage. But an annulment of either of these on account of non-observance would bring the Church an augmentation of its spiritual authority and a readjustment to new political re-alignments and to new popular relationships.

The development of this association between a conservative Papacy and the Catholic peoples offers obvious difficulties. In some Catholic countries, such as France and Spain, the old alliance between the prelacy and the propertied privileged ruling

class is still active—and, as a result of open or obscured class war, is even aggressive against the popular movements for social reconstruction. With the result that the latter are anti-Clericalist, preponderantly anti-Catholic and partly anti-Christian. Moreover, these French and Spanish ruling classes, in order to maintain their resistance to reconstruction against this popular pressure, have had to accept the assistance afforded them by the diplomacy of the Italian and German dictatorships for the defence of the Church and Christianity. This has brought the Church into conflict with nationalist as well as with socialist sentiment in the masses. Catholic Socialism, as in Germany, Austria and Spain, had bridged the class chasm caused by Clericalism between the Church and the common people. But there is no way of restoring the relations between a French working-class Catholicism and a Church associated with political reaction and with a German Fascism that is persecuting Christianity. Similarly, the Spanish working-class will remain antagonistic to a Church associated with military dictatorship and assisted by Moorish mercenaries.

The complete domination of both *régime* and religion by dictatorship in Germany has destroyed for the time being the political relationship between the Curia at Rome and the Catholicism of Germany. And it is of interest to enquire whether the development of dictatorship in Spain will have the same result. It will be recalled that after the Republican revolution of 1931 the balance between Conservatives and Progressives in the Cortes was restored by the Catholic centre-party of the C.E.D.A. and by the national organizations of Catholic action supported by Catholic Youth. This party came to power for two years (1934-36) and was turned out by a General Election. After the outbreak of war it was suppressed, and its leader Gil Robles exiled, by the Nationalist Socialist Dictatorship. This has left Catholicism in Spain politically represented only by Clericalist reaction based on Navarrese Carlism and by a Prelacy which presses on the dictatorship a restoration of that position, privilege and property of which it was deprived by the Republic. Whereas the Spanish dictatorship, by a recent agreement as to propaganda with Germany, indicates that any new concordat with Rome will be effected within the same

limits and executed on the same lines as the concordat with Germany. Señor Suñer, brother-in-law of General Franco, Minister of the Interior and leader of the Falange, thus defined this future conflict in an interview for the *Völkische Beobachter*. He said that "it was the Catholic spirit which had given unity to their movement, but this did not signify political dependence on Rome". He pointed out "the limits that must exist between the spiritual power of the Church and the political power of the State. Religious and moral education would be entrusted to the priests, but political education would correspond to the Falangist movement". Which is the self-same conflict that has led to a suppression of Christianity in Germany and nearly led to a schism of Catholicity in France. Even though the Spanish dictatorship will rebuild the churches and renew the Concordat, what will this avail if the churches are empty and the Concordat is not implemented?

The question, therefore, is whether the Papal See can now save Catholicism and Christianity in Spain from the consequences of Spanish Clericalism having identified the Church with political reaction and with foreign oppression for the third time. Spanish Clericalism had associated itself with the Austrian imperial intervention for the repression of Spanish laws and liberties, with the French invasion for the restoration of the despotic Ferdinand VII and now with the Italian invasion for replacing Republican democracy by military dictatorship. And even though Italian intervention may end German influence will not. The Spanish dictatorship will not be developed by its reactionary and combative force—Carlism, but by its constructive and revolutionary force—Fascism. Totalitarian reconstruction and autarchic Nationalism are in principle incompatible with such an international institution as is the Catholic Church, as evidenced by the German example. And, though a compromise can be effected, as in the concordats, no real co-operation or even confidence results. Indeed, to an outside observer, it would appear that the conflict between the Catholic Church and the Police-State is all to the good of the Church, and that a concordat in Spain, so far from re-establishing the Spanish people as the popular front of Catholicism, would make a fatal and final rupture. That is would indeed, widen the

schism between the pastoral or specifically spiritual element and the political or especially Spanish element into a chasm in which not only the Church but Christianity in Spain might be engulfed.

If these opinions are correct then the conclusion is obvious. The Church *can* fulfil its function in the future of Christian civilization and can make Spain again a stronghold and strategic base from which to permeate the new totalitarian States with Christian principles. It can do so if it will reorientate its pontifical policy so as to re-inspire its spiritual power. If it will become Christian instead of Carlist. If it will propagate its pastoral tap-roots in the Spanish people and prune its sucker-shoots in the higher branches of the Spanish polity. If it will renounce the restoration of the exceptional position and educational privileges of the Religious Orders and of the political partisanship of a Catholic Centre-party. If it will reinforce the priesthood materially and morally and restrict the prelacy to its regulating and representative functions. If it will confine its lay organizations to parochial activities centring round the village Church, as prescribed by the prudent policy of Pius XI in Germany. If it will restore its relations with the industrial workers in Spain, as it has in France, relying for this purpose on such organizations for personal service, as the French *Jeunesse Ouvrière chrétienne*, which now has a membership of a quarter million, rather than on Catholic Trades Unions or a Catholic Centre-party. Above all, if it will use its mediation to mitigate the penalties imposed on the Spanish people by a dictated peace.

On such lines I believe that the Church may hope so to adapt itself to political adversity in Spain as to make of it a spiritual advantage. It may also hope to establish relations of confidence and co-operation with an autarchy that is now an executor of the Church but might become its executioner. And still more it may hope that when Spain, by evolution or revolution, again becomes a democracy, possibly of a new description, the Church may have so recovered the allegiance and affection of the Spanish people as to have the authority to lead them thereafter in the paths of peace. And if Pius XII can restore peace in Spain then his message of peace which was his first pronouncement as Pontiff will find a real and ready response throughout the World.

THE CASE FOR AN ECONOMIC CHAMBER

By S. G. HOBSON

MEN of every shade of opinion and interest are convinced that Parliament, as at present constituted, is outmoded ; but that does not mean that they would cut it away like worm-eaten timber. On the contrary, recent events in Europe and China have but confirmed our democratic convictions. Parliament is still to the vast majority the palladium of liberty, the expression of sovereign citizenship. Nevertheless, all is not well ; we see it invaded by a rising flood of new ideas, purposes and developments. The situation is anomalous. On the one hand, there is an unshaken belief in the historic mission of parliamentary institutions, so rich in wisdom and tradition ; on the other hand, they are falling into disrepute. And these two contrary currents run through each of us. It is as though the average man should say : ' I am a democrat and I still believe in Parliament, but . . . ' Actually, recent events, at home and abroad, are rapidly teaching us the uncomfortable truth that our political and economic institutions must be adapted to modern conditions, so that we may hold our own in world affairs. Nor have we any precedent or model to help us. Ours is still the historic rôle to lead.

The constitutional aspects of this problem must be left to abler pens than mine. All I can do is to note that the post-war economic and cultural growths, whilst urgently needing co-ordination, are, in purpose and texture, definitely outside the ambit of Parliamentary administration. The English instinct for a minimum of intervention in industry by Parliament is by no means confined to financial groups who gain by a policy of *laissez-faire*. There is a deep-rooted conviction that Parliament is constantly pressed to undertake tasks alien to its true mandate. Our sense of historic continuity strengthens this view. Down to the advent of large-scale industry, the business of Government based on Parliamentary assent was to collect taxes and spend

them. Parliament itself was concerned with politics, with public policy. Whilst theoretically omnipotent, it mainly confined its own authority to the army, the navy and a carefully restricted civil service, whose growth was regarded with apprehension. The Englishman's distrust of bureaucracy is in his blood; indeed his attitude towards any legislation is always negative. When new measures are mooted, he says: 'Must we really? What a nuisance!' (We all remember pictures in *Punch* and other periodicals of the choleric country gentleman who only looked to Parliament to "put down" something new which he cordially detested.) In these later days, with our elaborate political programmes and crowded legislation, the Victorian attitude to Parliament seems obsolete. Nevertheless, it is reviving—with a profound difference. There is a growing conviction that we must evolve a new machinery to cope with ten thousand complexities, mainly functional, for which Parliament is not fitted, either in personnel or settled procedure.

In that phrase "settled procedure" we find our clue. Let us suppose that Parliament has divested itself of all extraneous tasks, mainly economic, demanding functional rather than political treatment. It still finds itself confronted with a range of political issues of the first magnitude—foreign policy, military and naval problems, education, public health, municipalities, Dominions, Colonies, Dependencies and mandated territories, with the demands of the ever intrusive Treasury. Heaven knows, there is enough work there to keep busy the faithful Commons. Yes, but how vitally important all that is to our present and future welfare! We cannot afford to make mistakes. We have known that for centuries—and so, by trial and error, have evolved a settled procedure. We might with truth affirm that, subject to the quality of our Parliamentary *personnel*, it is a major factor in our legislative processes. Its keynote is deliberation; it does not yield an inch to gusts of public passion, storms of anger, fright or impatience. Deliberation is the dominant influence at the sittings of the High Court of Parliament. I would not argue that this procedure is settled beyond amendment—quite the contrary—but I would argue that it could not, with safety or satisfaction, be so amended as to enable Parliament to legislate efficiently the great volume of

industrial change now become essential and urgent. Not forgetting that, on grounds of public policy, the Commons must have the last word, devolution of powers on an Industrial Chamber is imperative. And, I would add, it must be conceded in no niggardly spirit.

Even the most cautious must agree, I think, that we have reached a critical stage in our political and economic history. Under outside pressure the political alignments tend to be confused—a confusion which reflects the moods and doubts of an electorate, a considerable proportion of which remembers the great war. In all the Parties little fissures and divergencies have been heard, if not felt. They are at least symptomatic. No Parliamentarian, so far as I know, has reached any definite opinion as to the right answer of this country to the Fascist and Nazi challenge to our political and industrial supremacy. I cannot recall any period in modern times when our vision has been so blurred, our impulses so spasmodic. Political progress seems to have reached a blind end; no guiding principle, passionately adopted, as in former days, has come to the surface. It is the custom to ascribe all this indecision to the constant threat of war. A moment's reflection, however, must convince us that this shrinkage of doctrine amongst all the political parties ante-dates Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler, if not their emergence at least their later aggressive period. Whilst doubtless they have hastened and perhaps precipitated the present Parliamentary paralysis, we must look to a deeper and more permanent cause. The Labour Party, for example, floated into our ken on a wave of idealism, the creation of the earlier Socialists. We have seen it gradually degenerate into opportunism, making political capital out of passing events. It still declares its Socialist faith but makes no conscious effort to realize its dreams. Nor can we discern a lingering trace of the Tory doctrine that inspired Salisbury and Randolph Churchill. The link that binds together the Government forces is good old Imperialist nationalism, from which Labour only timidly dissents.

Now there is no reason to suppose that the quality of our Parliamentary *personnel* has deteriorated. The types have changed: the cultured squire, with his Horatian tags, has yielded place to a more pushing and forceful man of affairs; the

Gladstonian Liberal manufacturer has been supplanted by the trade union official and his sympathizers. But the great gift of character is there in abundance. To this we add an astonishing experience of affairs in all parts of the world. The entry of women into Parliament has not changed the current. They have done reasonably well. If oratory in the grand manner has disappeared, the modern style has its own attractions. It eschews rhetoric but responds to ideas and emotions. A few years ago I was greatly struck with the high level of Parliamentary speech reached in the debates on the Revised Prayer Book. Probably we have all of us observed that, when the House is concerned with large questions of public policy, escaping for a time from the drab details of finance and industry, the speeches are worthy of the occasion. Sometimes oratory comparable with the past delights us. The helplessness of Parliament faced with economic problems of supreme importance cannot be traced to personal incompetence.

A curious feature of Parliamentary life to-day is the stubborn resistance of the Labour Party to any breach, however small, in the continuity of proceeding. They seem to be more traditional than the most obstinate Conservatives. The reason is not far to seek. These men, many of them Nonconformists, were brought up in the belief that Parliament is the child of liberty; that its rules and customs are therefore sacred. But this insistence upon the dots and commas places them in a dilemma which must become increasingly embarrassing. For they were sent to Parliament to secure legislative sanction to far-reaching industrial changes, mostly contentious, but some of accepted value. Having failed, they go back to their constituents and charge the failure in part to the wickedness of their opponents (this is, of course, common form and deceives nobody) and in part to the clogged condition of the Parliamentary machine. But, like all the other members of the House, they cling to power and are reluctant to face changes. Their impotence and not their desire will ultimately compel them to resort to devolution.

* * * * *

We may, I think, assume with confidence that Parliament to-day does the work for which it was constituted as well as, or better than, its predecessors; that its rules of procedure have

been wisely developed and are applicable to its true functions; that its personnel, whatever the changes in type, is competent and up to average. Where then, lies the root of the trouble? Unquestionably in its functional inability to cope with vital economic issues which have been superimposed. Observe, please, that this is irrespective of current controversy upon Socialism, Individualism, *laissez-faire* or other theories. Employers as well as wage-earners are constantly knocking at its doors. What they get is compromise, delay and frustration. Deliberation is essential when dealing with affairs of the spirit, with legislation affecting fundamental policy; but in industry, time is the essence of the contract; delay is too often fatal. And therein we discover the distinction between politics and economics. They are as different as my dinner is from a sonata. Had we had an Economic Chamber with the requisite powers, the industrial horrors of the last twenty years might largely have been avoided.

That period is a tale of tragedy. Employers and managers have supped with anxiety; millions of wage-earners have gone through hell. The story of coal, iron, steel, shipbuilding, cotton, and a score of minor industries is appalling; we need a modern Dante to describe it. Parliament has been ineffective when it has not been helpless. Why? Because at the back of its mind Parliament believed that, strictly considered, these horrors were none of its business. A little judicious help here and there, the dole or what not, why, certainly; but any idea of drastic change with far-flung co-ordination, emphatically, No! That was the business of the employers and employed who *must* get together and do something. We have reached what the logicians call an antinomy. Two rights, each destructive of the other, clash on the rock of tradition.

Since, as I write, Parliament is discussing the Cotton Bill—an obviously futile and restricted measure—let me recapitulate the main facts of that distressed industry. I quote from the Report on the Cotton Manufacturing Industry to the Minister of Labour, presented on June 15th, 1935. Four years ago!

“It is notorious that, since the war, the Lancashire cotton industry has suffered a severe contraction in demand and output, and that this contraction has assumed alarming proportions in the last five or six years. This reduction in the scale of the industry has been fully reflected in the

weaving section. The production of piece goods which according to the Census of Production returns was 7088 million linear yards in 1907, and had risen to 8050 million linear yards in 1912, had shrunk by 1924 to 5590 million linear yards and by 1930 to 3179 million yards, a fall of 60.5 per cent. since before the war. The trade estimates that since 1930 there has been a further fall of over three per cent. According to Worrall's Textile Directory, the number of looms in Lancashire fell from 805,000 in 1914 to 792,000 in 1924, 704,000 in 1930 and 518,000 in 1935, a percentage decrease since the war of 35½ per cent."

Too late now to waste tears on cotton waste; it was not surprising that in the Commons debate a Member said that, in all but name, Lancashire has become a distressed area. But can we deny that this terrible state of affairs affects, spiritually and materially, the nation as a whole? If it were not within the competence of Parliament to grasp the nettle, the only sane conclusion is that there should have been an economic authority fully charged with the task. Should have been; should be now; in fact, was never more urgent than now. Consider the suggestion of Mr. Anthony Eden and his friends that "a National Government be formed which should be entrusted with full powers over the nation's industry, wealth and man-power". On that I express no opinion; but the proposal is based on emergency—the possible imminence of war. Is it then suggested that, except in war, there is no emergency? The industrial depressions of recent times (which on analysis are found to be mainly financial), if the remote *sequelæ* of the great war, came upon us in peace. There were, in fact, many thousands who welcomed a war-scare that increasing armaments might decrease unemployment. To such depths did we sink when there was no war-cloud on the horizon. A cool survey of the past decade proves that, with ever more acute international competition, we spend our days in unrelieved emergency. Since, *ex hypothesi*, the business of Parliament in the economic sphere is only to relieve or mildly regulate, how can we resist the inference that an Economic Chamber with large powers is now overdue?

Even if we grant the need for a more authoritative co-ordination of production and distribution, the critic, mindful of Parliament's prerogatives, will demand a scrupulous definition of "large powers". Nothing must be done to impair Parliament's ultimate authority. We are confronted with two principles, one constitutional and one philosophic, which call

for consideration. But first a word about co-ordination. The fatal defect in existing proposals is that they are all sectional. The cotton trade illustrates my meaning. Suppose that it overcomes its internal difficulties. That is only the first step in its revival. Beyond lie large problems of world-trade with its intricate problems of credit. That credit, in its turn, is to some extent determined by conditions, particularly of barter, prevailing in any country with which we trade. Obviously, something more than good salesmanship must be called in aid. No one trade in itself suffices. But an Economic Chamber, in *liaison* with the Board of Trade, with the Consular Service (or its equivalent in our Dominions and Colonies) could and should fill the void. For thirty years I have been puzzled why we have not used our Consular Service to far greater advantage. With but slight reorganization, mainly by functional additions, we have in it a magnificent buying and selling agency, backed by national credit, unequalled by private enterprise. In my own travels, east and west, I have been told by Consuls of many opportunities that whistled down the wind because there was no one available to seize them. Long ago I raised the question. It was answered by Lord Curzon who devoutly hoped that our splendid Consuls would never descend to the level of commercial travellers! I believe that had we organized our Consular Service in the East on these realist lines, the situation to-day in China would be vastly different. Be that as it may, it is evident that an Economic Chamber, with its tentacles over the earth, could not only restore but widely expand our economic influence. Incidentally, it would be an unrivalled instrument of peace.

The constitutional problem touching Parliament's prerogatives is not, I think, difficult to solve. The constitution of an Economic Chamber—or House of Industry, as some of us call it—implies the separation of the economic from the political. It means in practice that all that mass of industrial legislation now vainly clamouring for Parliamentary attention must, in the first instance, be dealt with by the Economic Chamber. To some this separation may seem impossible; to me, who have been living with the idea for a long time, it seems as desirable as it is inevitable. Who is there, with any knowledge of the inner

workings of the House of Commons, who will deny that beneficent legislation is frequently mangled or defeated by "the interests"? Hardly a day passes where private financial pressure on Parliamentary measures is not seen or felt. This foreign element in our Deliberative Chamber vitiates politics and frustrates sound economic advance. On analysis, we shall find that the cause of it is not human frailty but a dangerous confusion of functions. My criticism would be that Members too readily allow themselves to be dominated by the economic factor. As who should say: "This is good and necessary, but the money interests insist that it is untimely". In this connection, "untimely" may be a harmless word with a sinister meaning. Nevertheless, the House of Commons, being the sovereign authority, must have the last word in all measures and decisions adopted by the Economic Chamber. What then should be the procedure? Strangely enough, we find our precedent in the Church Assembly Act. Legally considered, the Church is a sort of National Guild, a corporate body with powers defined by law. It has its Upper and Lower Houses; it passes its measures through first, second and third readings. Then it must await the final assent of the House of Commons, who may accept or reject but cannot amend. The good Commons cannot amend, because functional problems—in this case touching faith—are not in their province. The application of this principle to the Economic Chamber is obvious. The constitutional prerogatives of Parliament are effectively safeguarded, whilst the functional efficiency of the Economic Chamber is not impaired. The English practice of joint committees would doubtless be invoked.

We are, in fact, moving into an era of function, involving a re-valuation of all our social and economic activities, with an ensuing new hierarchy of values. What, for example, is the functional, as distinct from the financial, difference between a greyhound track and a cotton-mill? A thousand similar contrasts instantly come to mind. Yet our national wealth must be finally based on functional utility or we shall gradually sink in prestige and influence, as distinct from financial dominance. In its own sphere, the Economic Chamber will meet with spiritual problems of profound significance.

DIET AND DEMOCRACY

By F. L. McDougall, C.M.G.

THE relationship of man to his food supplies has gone through many changes. In a completely primitive society, before the advent of agriculture, food supplies depended upon the animals which the individual or the tribe could capture or the berries and roots they could find. The cultivation of the land brought more certainty of supplies; but the fact that there was "corn in Egypt" was of no value to the Israelites unless they migrated to the land of plenty. Until the coming of the machines, the petition in the Litany "from plague, pestilence and famine; Good Lord deliver us" was of dire significance in all countries. Had the medieval churchman realized, however, that the great epidemics, which swept every country, were the inevitable results of periods of starvation, he would have reversed the order of the words in this petition even at the expense of euphony. Increase of population was conditioned by the availability of locally produced food. The fact that in the two centuries preceding the industrial revolution the population of this country only increased by some half a million people is the most striking commentary on how absolute was this dependence. Steam transport, together with the improvement of roads, immensely increased the areas from which man could draw his means of subsistence, and this was one of the most important factors which led to the upward surge of population in Western Europe during the nineteenth century. Between 1800 and 1900 the population of the United Kingdom increased by 29 million people in spite of a loss by emigration of some 9 millions. At the end of that century, in the countries of Western civilization, the fear of physical starvation had completely disappeared, and we had tended to a somewhat smug belief that modern progress had solved food problems—and that only very unfortunate or improvident families suffered

from any lack of food. We realized that in less fortunate countries, such as China or India, famine continued to be a menace, but we were unconscious that nutrition was a problem of real importance so far as Western Europe or the United States of America were concerned.

The great increase in public interest in problems of nutrition has been due to the realization of the important results that can be obtained through the application of what is known as the "newer knowledge of nutrition" to public health and social and economic problems. As recently as ten, or even five, years ago the intelligent public were quite unaware that any serious problems of malnutrition existed in countries so relatively advanced as the United Kingdom. It was realized that the very poor might sometimes not have enough to eat; such cases, however, were regarded as statistically unimportant, and it was comfortably assumed that the operation of various forms of public assistance rendered the lack of a reasonable minimum supply of food to the individual a rare occurrence. Gradually, however, the significance of modern research into the effect of various food factors on health and indeed on the maintenance of life itself began to demonstrate that adequate nutrition was not simply a question of the absorption of a sufficient number of calories nor even of a reasonable balance between carbo-hydrates fats and proteins. With the recognition of the part which vitamins and small traces of mineral salts play in human physiology, it was appreciated that a diet consisting of plenty of white bread, margarine, jam and tea, even when rendered slightly less monotonous by the occasional addition of some tinned salmon, or a little meat, was most detrimental to health and was an impossible basis on which to secure healthy mothers and children.

The fact that in 1935 the publication of Sir John Orr's report ("Food, Health and Income") immediately secured the widest publicity showed that the public mind was ripe for the consideration of these problems. In September of that year the Australian delegation to the Assembly of the League of Nations secured permission as a matter of urgency to place the subject of nutrition on the agenda of the Assembly. There, in spite of the pre-occupations of this essentially political conference

with the Abyssinian crisis, three days were devoted to a discussion of the the relationship between food, health and agriculture. It was not surprising that this initiative should have come from an agricultural exporting country. An insistence by such countries on the need for increased consumption has been the logical effect of the shock which they sustained when they found at the World Monetary and Economic Conference of 1933 that the only subject in which a considerable measure of agreement could be reached among the great nations was on the desirability of measures to *restrict* agricultural production in order to safeguard the post-war agricultural protectionism of the importing countries.

The readiness of the public mind to accept nutrition as a problem of immediate importance is exemplified by the results of this initiative. No one will dispute that the League's activities have been carried on under the worst possible conditions during the last three years, but in spite of this the League campaign for improved nutrition has already achieved remarkable results. The final report of the Mixed Committee set up by the League became a "best-seller" among League reports, although it was sold at the high price of seven and sixpence. The volume of press notices exceeded those on any other League activity. The British press welcomed it with full-length reviews and leading articles, and the *New York Times* described it as the most significant publication of 1937. The Mixed Committee recommended Governments to establish National Nutrition Committees, and no fewer than twenty-one countries have accepted this advice. These national bodies have generally been constituted of members drawn from medicine, public health services and from agriculture. Dietary surveys are being conducted in many countries, and a vigorous interest in nutrition is displayed not only in the advanced countries of Western civilization but also in Hungary, Rumania, Egypt, Iraq and Chile. A start has been made on the study of the food supplies of the Far East, and the United Kingdom Government has set an admirable example in requiring Colonial Governments to give serious attention to the problem of nutrition in the Tropics.

It is desirable, therefore, to take stock of the position that

has been reached and to consider the answer to the question—'where do we go from here?' In the international field this is a task which the League organizations are facing. And in this matter the League is fortified by the knowledge that the enthusiastic support of the United States of America can be counted upon, and indeed all countries co-operate save Germany and Italy—whose rulers may well be anxious to avoid their populations thinking too much about standards of living. Last November a meeting of representatives of the National Nutrition Committees was held at Geneva at which the progress made in each country was reviewed and plans were laid for further international co-operation.

So far as this country is concerned, the recent Nutrition Conference arranged by the British Medical Association afforded an excellent opportunity for national stocktaking. Had the Association arranged for a conference on nutrition in relationship to health, it would have been a matter of interest but not of surprise. The B.M.A. did not, however, limit the agenda of the Conference to the medical or health aspects of the nutrition problem, but deliberately included the consideration of agricultural and economic aspects. As invariably happens at such conferences, many divergent points of view were put forward. Sir Arthur Salter, who gave the Inaugural Address, was mainly concerned with the question of food supplies in time of war. He stressed, however, the serious fact, brought out in Sir John Orr's "Food, Health and Income", that 50 per cent. of the population of this country does not obtain a completely satisfactory diet and discussed the effects of Government policy on this situation. He drew attention to the tendency of Governments to be more concerned with the sectional interest of producers than with the general interest of the consumer and suggested that "we are thus building up a form of bastard socialism to which I believe private enterprise without the state, or full state socialism would be preferable". Distribution costs could, he believed, be lower and there was need for educational propaganda on food values. He suggested that if English people would become more critical of the way in which their food was cooked, it might have a most important effect on the health and happiness of the nation. Sir Arthur Salter concluded

by urging that the medical profession should insist, without cessation or relaxation, upon adequate supplies of food for the country both in war and in peace.

The medical aspects of nutrition were, of course, fully discussed the principal speaker being Professor Cathcart, who adopted a somewhat conservative attitude, emphasizing the gaps which still existed in our knowledge in both the physiological and the sociological fields.

With regard to the agricultural problem Lord Astor was the principal speaker on the situation in the United Kingdom. He was able to bring great authority to the subject since he was the Chairman of the League of Nations' Mixed Committee on Nutrition—and has also been the Chairman of a distinguished group who, after five years study of the problem of British agriculture, recently published an important report based on their prolonged enquiries. He maintained that, although malnutrition was due both to poverty and ignorance, the former was undoubtedly the main cause, and he suggested that the next great British social reform ought to be the complete elimination of malnutrition. If the nation determined to carry through such a reform, the effects would be reflected not only in improved health but would provide the real type of assistance which British agriculture needed. He suggested that in order to raise the dietary of the people of the United Kingdom to an optimum level, it would be necessary for the country to obtain 80 per cent. more milk, 40 per cent. more butter, 55 per cent. more eggs, 30 per cent. more meat, 120 per cent. more fruit and 85 per cent. more vegetables. The basis of British agricultural policy should be to supply more of those perishable foods where proximity to the market gives the farmer a natural advantage. Owing to the cost of re-armament, he pointed out, there would be less money available either for the expansion of social services or to subsidize agriculture, and it was therefore essential to limit wasteful expenditure on wheat and sugar beet and to use such sums as would be available to maximum advantage. He severely criticized the present trends of agricultural policy and in particular the vesting of statutory powers, in relation to the prices of food stuffs, in marketing boards, which he described as "monopoly producer trusts elected by farmers alone,

responsible to farmers alone". The Milk Marketing Board had "invented a new crime—punishable by fine—that of selling cheap milk—and he quoted from the Milk Board's official publication which stated that the Board's policy was "to produce a little for a lot rather than a lot for a little". Lord Astor suggested that such policies conflicted absolutely with the public interest.

Dr. K. A. H. Murray, of Oxford, supported Lord Astor by instancing the way in which the progressive farmer was reducing costs, and producing more food with the employment of less labour.

In the discussions in Overseas Empire Agriculture, it was suggested that the present decade might be regarded as a period of regulation of output. The Dominions had met the fall in food prices by increasing the efficiency of their own production and regarded restriction schemes with great dislike. They were prepared to become reluctant adherents to certain restriction schemes but maintained that in a world still full of poverty, and where poverty was a cause of both international and social friction, it was madness not to do everything possible to increase consumption.

One of the most interesting sessions of the Conference was devoted to a discussion of family allowances. Here Mr. Amery presented an overwhelming case for action and was supported by Mr. Cadbury with practical experience in the working of such allowances. Trade Union doubts about this policy were duly brought forward but without any spirit of vigorous opposition.

In the final session the question of education in relation to nutrition was discussed. Here Mrs. Henry Haldane, speaking on behalf of the Women's Institutes, pointed out that food "is one of the major pleasures of life and people, very properly, do not like their pleasures interfered with".

While the Conference cannot be said to have arrived at clear-cut conclusions, its outstanding value was to demonstrate that the solution of nutritional problems cannot be sought through the medical profession or public health services alone. It requires that those charged with the formulation or administration of agricultural and commercial policies should have regard to the nutritional needs of the nation. There will, of course, be those

who will tend to interpret Professor Cathcart's cautionary admonitions as meaning that we still have far too little knowledge to formulate sound nutritional policies. Such a point of view is highly convenient for those who desire to postpone action. It is possible to urge that far more must be known about the precise physiological requirements for certain food factors, that far more elaborate dietary surveys must be carried out, or that the poor should be admonished to make better use of their incomes rather than that action should be taken to supplement these incomes through social provision, such as family allowances or through policies designed to keep prices at moderate levels. There is no doubt that in many countries a combination of sectional interests, on the one hand, and of conservative instincts, on the other, still constitute a formidable mass of inertia which will increase the difficulties of a democratic Government finding the necessary resolution to deal effectively with this great social reform. On the other hand, it may perhaps be more likely that the forces tending towards early progress will prove sufficiently strong to stimulate more vigorous policies. Much the more important of these factors is the real interest which the general public takes in the subject itself. This interest is by no means confined to the United Kingdom, the United States or Scandinavia. In France the National Nutrition Committee is making important progress and is said to be enlisting the interest of the peasants in the marriage of health and agriculture. In Eastern and South-Eastern Europe Governments, faced with the fact that their populations had become much more vividly aware of their own desperate poverty, are turning with considerable interest to nutrition in both its public health and agricultural aspects. The Government of India has been probably the first Government in the world to alter an import duty on nutritional grounds—namely, the importance of dried skimmed milk to the health of school children. The movement is thus world-wide, and its international aspects may be expected to have a stimulating effect upon the national efforts of many countries. Further, although it cannot be denied that there is need for further research on both the biological and sociological sides, yet there can be no doubt that we are in possession of sufficient information to formulate sound ideas on what should

constitute an optimum national diet. The Technical Commission of the Health Organization of the League of Nations has already presented to the nations the basis of such an optimum standard. It may well be that further research would vary by 10 to 20 per cent. upwards or downwards the standards of requirements of proteins, minerals or vitamins which were adopted by this most authoritative Commission. When, however, it is realized that in most of the countries of advanced civilization from 30 to 50 per cent. of the population cannot obtain anything approximating to this suggested optimum and that, in the poorer countries, the proportion who are living well below this standard probably rises to more than three-quarters of the whole, then clearly it is not necessary that positive action should wait for further statistical evidence or for more complete agreement between scientific authorities as to the exact requirements of the human body for, say, iodine or for the various constituents of the vitamin B complex.

There is another and perhaps even more urgent reason why progress should be made, namely the need for finding economic means for easing political tensions. Just as there is no doubt that malnutrition is mainly caused by poverty, so the poverty of certain nations and of large classes within other nations is the soil from which political tendencies, hostile to the world's peace, can most easily develop. It is a commonplace to say to-day that democracy is on trial. Perhaps this statement can be made truer and more significant by borrowing from Signor Mussolini a word which he constantly uses and to say "pluto-democracy is on trial". It is not without significance that all the creditor countries of the world are democratic. The one thing they cannot afford is that they should be regarded as irrevocably hostile to change or that in their desire to preserve their own financial and economic advantages they should deny an extension of these advantages to other countries. This means that they should make the raising of the standard of living throughout the world their particular concern—a policy which would, as a matter of fact, be essential in order to avert the ravages of unemployment, should it happily prove possible to solve the present state of continual emergency and to progress towards the limitation of armaments.

THE DIPLOMA—A Sketch

By LUIGI PIRANDELLO

(English version by JOAN REDFERN)

WHEN Donna Mimma used to pass through the village, everything, somehow, seemed unreal—the sky a bit of painted cardboard, the sun a crimson ball; the cobbled streets, the stumpy belfry, the *piazza* with its fountain, seemed suddenly like a great big toy, smelling of glue.

A miracle? Not at all! It was only that in the eyes of everyone the little old midwife was mysterious. Wasn't it she who had "bought" them—practically all, except the old—at Palermo, with papa's money.

The children used to question her:

"Where did you buy us?"

"Ooh! such a long way away! At Palermo".

"But how did you get there?"

"In my ivory coach. And I drove through long, long roads, at night, in the dark—"

"Why in the dark?"

"Well . . . there was the moon and the stars . . ."

It was always night when Donna Mimma drove away; and night, too, when she returned, quietly, very quietly.

"Why quietly?"

"Because tiny little newly-bought babies can't bear any noise".

"Was Bettina bought?"

"Yes, and cost a lot. But her papa was set on having a little girl with big brown eyes—"

"Was Paolo bought?"

"Yes, Paolo, too. Paolo cost a trifle more, for he's a boy, and boys, when they're big, can earn money, like papa. And d'you know, I bought even papa! As a tiny baby. He was fearfully expensive. He cost—hmm!—he cost a thousand lire!

And I carried him back in my ivory coach, and laid him in the arms of his mamma (now departed to heaven, God rest her soul!)”—and Donna Mimma crossed herself piously.

The children stared at her. They stared at her trim little figure swathed in a long black shawl, at her greying head tied in a blue silk handkerchief, at her dark eyes and button-shaped nose.

They couldn't make her out. Why should *she*, of all others—this clean, tidy old woman, who appeared in the house when mamma was ill (and the next day there was always a new little brother or sister)—why should *she*, of all others, have this work of buying babies? They touched her gently, with timid little hands, they stroked her shawl, they looked into her face.

For thirty-five years, in that whole village, Donna Mimma had worked alone. There had been only she. Or rather, there had been only she till a week ago.

A week ago there had come another—an unmarried girl!... Was it *possible*? What on earth were things coming to?

She was a girl from Turin, an impudent minx who strode like a man. And, if you please, she'd a “diploma”—from the University!... (A diploma—what nonsense!). And she'd even got a brass plate on her door, and said everything out, as if birth were natural! When she passed Donna Mimma on the *piazza*, her high heels going “clack! clack!” on the pavement, her short skirt showing silk-stockinged legs, the old woman looked away in horror, as if the flames of Hell were spurting in front of her.

Absorbed in the scandal of an unmarried midwife, poor Donna Mimma didn't notice what was happening—how people were looking at her, with pitying embarrassment, as if trying to tell her something, and not finding the words. And when the doctor seemed to avoid her in the street, she was puzzled. But *why*?...

She was soon to know why. That shameless minx had gone and called on him, to ask him to recommend her. And she'd shown him her diploma? (What use was a diploma? What counted was experience...)

Stopping at the pharmacy she unburdened herself to the young fellow behind the counter.

“Have I a diploma? And didn't I ‘buy’ you all—yes, even

yourself—and nearly everyone in the village? And those?” (She pointed to a group of children peeping in at the door) “And this?” (She lifted a fat urchin above her head). “And those... and those...” (She waved a hand at the street). Did I need a diploma to buy them at Palermo? A diploma indeed!”

The young fellow turned away, grieved. He hadn't the heart—no, he simply hadn't—to hint at what was coming. But she was soon to know.

Next day came a Summons. It was sheet of paper, half printed, half written. While struggling to decipher it, she got a message from the Mayor: Would Donna Mimma please come at once—

“What! His Lady?” she asked the servant. “But it's a month too soon—”

No, no, it wasn't that. Would Donna Mimma come at once to the Town Hall, for a Communication.

She went. There she found the Mayor, embarrassed and miserable. He too had been “bought” by Donna Mimma; and his boy, and his girl, and soon she'd be going to Palermo to “buy” him a third—or rather... well, no...

“Dear, dearest Donna Mimma”, he said, showing her a letter, “just look at this idiocy! How on earth am I to tell you! No good trying to break it gently. It's like this: Those fools forbid you to practise your profession. There!...”

“*Me*? Forbid *me*?”

“Yes, because you haven't a diploma. It's the law”.

“The law? What law? A new one?”

“Not new, no. It's always been the law. But you see... we were fond of you, and trusted you, so we let things slide. We were fond of you (oh, curse that Board!). You see, when there was only you... But now there's another, that girl from Turin, and no one's been employing her, so she's lodged a complaint. It's dreadful, Donna Mimma, but you'll have to retire... Or else (why not?)—go off to Palermo and *get* a diploma—”

“Me? To Palermo? When I've never left this village in my life? Study at a university, when I can hardly write? After thirty-five years of experience? At my age?... That Minx has got me ousted! But *has* she? No, she hasn't, I'll

go to Palermo, I'll go, I'll go . . . For how long? Wha-a-t? . . . What's that you say? For two years? Did you say two years, at my age? . . . Oh, but I'll be even with that Minx. I'll go to Palermo, I'll *get* the diploma. Then, ah! then—I'll shake it under the nose of that shameless one. I'll show that I too, I Donna Mimma, can say all the difficult words in the books, like a doctor . . . I'll go, I'll go . . ."

There was no stopping her. In her anger and bewilderment the words came leaping, tripping on each other. The Mayor, distraught, tried to comfort her. Yes, indeed, indeed it was a shame! But what were two years? They passed in a flash. And what had *she* to learn? The thing was a formality. Let her give that Minx a good lesson. Then (kind, good fellow that he was) he tried to get a laugh from her. After all—ahem!—she'd feel cosy and at home in Palermo, having gone there practically every week for thirty-five years! . . .

But not a smile did he get. Donna Mimma, hitching up her shawl over her head, hiding the bright blue handkerchief, held it to her face, to hide the tears that were falling in torrents.

* * * * *

"Rosina too? Why of course she was bought. Why not? And I went in my ivory coach, a long, long way, in the dark, to Palermo—"

"How much did she cost?"

"Mmm! . . . a lot! She cost . . . she cost—more than a thousand lire! A bargain though—with those golden curls and blue eyes. How did I buy her? Why, of course, with her dad's money—"

"Her papa's, you mean".

"Oh, bother! Did I say 'dad's'? Here's a great big kiss for correcting me!"

But who on earth is speaking? Not surely the Minx, the girl from Turin? The girl that two years back was like a man in petticoats? But yes, it is she! No longer, however, in a short skirt, with her high-heeled shoes going "clack! clack!" on the pavement. She is in a long black shawl with a fringe reaching to her feet. And on her head, yes! is a handkerchief—a handkerchief of sky-blue silk! Oh, but how changed!—talking of "buying" babies, of going to Palermo in her ivory coach, and

buying them with "dad's" money. She says "dad" because she comes from Turin, and that foreign way of talking while dressed as a Sicilian peasant, is delightful.

When she walks through the streets she keeps her eyes on the ground—from modesty. And if now and then a glance escapes her, a sly little glance, very nearly a wink—well, what harm in it? And her malicious little smile is very sweet, bringing out her dimples.

The mothers are all "Madam" now, and as pleased as punch. (Good morning, Madam . . . At your service, Madam). And how nice to have everything explained to one, point by point, scientifically! Poor Donna Mimma, poor old thing, used to talk of God, and that was all. But this sweet young girl is quite as religious, and modern into the bargain.

The children worship her. From her lips the old legend of the ivory coach is like a beautiful fairy-tale. When they were told that Donna Mimma was coming back, they cried, "Nasty Donna Mimma! Don't *want* Donna Mimma!" Worse still the mothers didn't want her. She was rough and ready, not refined like this girl. And how touching that a smart young lady from Turin should dress in shawl and handkerchief, like a Sicilian peasant! Whereas Donna Mimma . . .

"What? . . . A *hat*? . . . Is it *possible*!"

"Yes, yes, a hat! A great enormous hat, like an organ-grinder's monkey—"

"But a HAT? Why a hat?"

"Because she's studied in Palermo, and knows everything, like a doctor. And her hair's snow-white".

"But a *hat*! . . ."

"Yes, yes, a hat. When she arrived this morning crowds came to look at her, and the boys marched behind her, shouting and singing. She was nearly mobbed . . ."

When Donna Mimma learnt about the Minx, how she dressed in shawl and handkerchief, and talked of the ivory coach, and of "buying" babies, her blood turned to gall. So that was her game, was it? To take the bread from her mouth by aping her? A-ah! the impostor! Twisting her hands, stamping and sobbing from rage and indignation, Donna Mimma paced her tiny room. And for the first time in her life she uttered an oath.

But her hat, she'd keep it! Yes, there, *there*, on her head! She'd gone to Palermo, she'd got her diploma, she'd half destroyed herself with toil and misery. Well, now she'd set up—no longer as a midwife, oh, no!—she'd have a brass plate, with: "QUALIFIED OBSTRETICIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PALERMO". There! And she'd visit her clients at once, at once, and in her hat! Now that she'd got her Diploma they weren't likely to desert her—for that Minx! . . .

But no sooner did she appear than a crowd came round her. Urchins pelted her with orange peel, yelled rude words at her, turned somersaults round her. Catching sight of a group of little ones, she called to them: "My children, don't you know me? Don't you know Donna Mimma who bought you with papa's money? You, Bettina . . . and you, little Paolo? Come to Donna Mimma". And she knelt beside them, even took off her hat.

But no, they had forgotten her. Eyeing her suspiciously, they stared at the hat on her knee. Struggling not to weep, she shoved it on her head, and marched off.

The village had betrayed her. Worse still, science had betrayed her. Science learnt badly, and late, that had cost her those years of martyrdom, had confused her experience. She could throw away her hat, but not science. Here was the hurt, the irreparable damage . . .

One day she was sent for in a hurry. The Minx was busy, and there was no one else. As the case was urgent, she went. Jamming her hat on her head, she went. Well, now she would show them! She'd show that she knew everything, almost like a doctor, everything that the Minx knew, and more . . . But by dint of showing, of applying, of remembering, she grew confused. Her little hands no longer *saw*. At last she had to send for both Minx and doctor. . . .

No one employs her. Every day she goes to the pharmacy to make a scene. It is said that she has taken to the bottle—because, after making these scenes, she often goes home to weep and weep. And tears, of course, are one of the great signs of tipping.

MOSCOW VIEW

BY PAT SLOAN

TO advocate a Pact with Russia to-day no longer denotes "Left" tendencies. "I ask the Government to take immediate steps to secure the adhesion of Russia in a fraternity, an alliance, an agreement, a pact, it does not matter what it is called so long as it is an understanding to stand together against the aggressor", said Mr. Lloyd George early this year. In the *Picture Post* of March 11th, Mr. Winston Churchill wrote: "If Russia were prepared to co-operate . . . I would welcome her assistance in maintaining the peace of the world". And there are, of course, the more guarded statements of the Prime Minister himself.

But "will Russia come in?" This has been one of the most prominent questions in newspaper posters and headlines over the past three months. It is a question which, actually, had already been answered by Stalin in the most categorical terms on the day before Winston Churchill's article appeared in *Picture Post*. For, on Friday, March 10th, Stalin made a four-hour speech, a great part of which was devoted to world affairs and Soviet foreign policy. In that speech Stalin said: "We stand for the support of nations which are the victims of aggression and are fighting for the independence of their country." This categorical statement deserved front-page headlines. Was not this the first time that the leader of the ruling party of any country had stated that it was the policy of his party to support the victims of aggression?—Yet it received scarcely any notice over here.

In that speech on March 10th Stalin was not making vague promises as to the future. Already, during the Spanish war, the Soviet Government had proved its readiness to render aid to a victim of aggression. Again, when the Chinese people united to drive out the invaders, the Soviet Government proceeded to

render them aid on a considerable scale. And, in his recent speech to the Russian Parliament, Molotov drew special attention to this fact in these words :

"You are well acquainted with Comrade Stalin's statement about giving support to nations which have become victims of aggression and are fighting for the independence of their countries. This fully applies to China and her struggle for national independence. We are consistently pursuing this policy in practice. It is fully in line with the task which faces us in Europe, namely, the establishment of a united front of peaceable Powers against the further extension of aggression".

The question of recent months has, therefore, been posed wrongly when it has been asked, 'Will Russia come in?' The real question with which we are faced to-day is 'Will Britain and France declare their readiness with Russia to come to the aid of the victims of aggression?'

The Soviet Government stands for the preservation of peace. But it considers that peace cannot be preserved by allowing aggression to take place unimpeded. It holds the view that peace can only be preserved by joint action to stop aggression. And it believes that the very threat of joint action, with, if necessary, the full use of economic sanctions, could still stop the aggressor without leading the world into further war. Its desire for peace is not, as is sometimes suggested, something new. It is too often forgotten that the main slogan of the Russian Revolution was "Peace, Bread and Land". And the first of these was Peace. And, on the second day of its life, the Soviet Government appealed for "an immediate peace . . . without annexations or indemnities", in fact, a peace without those very ingredients which have given Hitler a basis for his constant war propaganda inside Germany. At the World Disarmament Conference the Soviet Government proposed, first, universal disarmament; then, equal proportional disarmament all round; finally, it voted for the American proposal for a one-third reduction all round, while the Americans themselves voted against. And when, in 1935, two out of the three most aggressive States had left the League of Nations, the Soviet Union made a point of joining.

When sanctions were applied against Italy in 1936, the Soviet Government was the first to make them operative. And when they were withdrawn it was Litvinov at the League who said :

"There have been noticeable attempts inside and outside the League to attribute this failure to the League Covenant, its imperfections, and the type of membership of the League. Hence far-reaching conclusions are being drawn which may have the result that the League itself will be buried together with the independence of Abyssinia. Such attempts and conclusions must be vigorously rebutted".

He then went on to analyse the cause of failure, showed that it was due to the incomplete application of sanctions, and finally expressed the hope that "in the next case the victim will be rescued wholly from the clutches of the aggressor".

The "next case" arose within a fortnight of this speech. General Franco's rebellion broke out in Spain. The British and French Governments at once resorted to the policy of "non-intervention". "The Soviet Government", said Litvinov at the League Assembly, "adhered to the pact of non-intervention in the affairs of Spain only because a friendly country feared the possibility of an internal and international conflict. We acted so in spite of the fact that we considered the principle of neutrality inapplicable in a war led by rebels against their lawful government". On the Non-intervention Committee the Soviet representative repeatedly drew attention to those same violations of the Agreement which are to-day being openly boasted and proclaimed in the German and Italian press. When, however, the Committee rejected each of his proposals for concrete measures against intervention, the Soviet representative maintained his Government's objections to a screen covering military aid to the insurgents from certain participants in the Agreement against the lawful Spanish Government. And so its policy remained for the duration of the war.

When Hitler marched into Austria, the Soviet Government proposed an immediate conference to prevent further aggression. Mr. Chamberlain turned down this proposal as "inopportune". When in September, 1938, the danger to Czechoslovakia became acute Litvinov told the League Assembly :—

"We intend to fulfil our obligations under the Pact and together with France to afford assistance to Czechoslovakia by the ways open to us. Our War Department is ready immediately to participate in a conference with the representatives of the French and Czechoslovakian War Departments in order to discuss measures appropriate to the moment. Independently of this we consider it desirable that the question be raised at the League of Nations".

As to whether they would help the Czechs if France did not fulfil its obligations, Litvinov reminded the Czechs that the Soviet Union had not as yet been asked what its attitude would be in this eventuality. It was clearly understood in Prague, however, that Soviet assistance would be forthcoming if asked for.

In March of this year, when the Nazis marched into Prague, the Soviet Government again proposed an immediate international conference to stop further aggression. Mr. Chamberlain declared such a proposal to be "premature", and Mussolini underlined this by marching into Albania on the following Good Friday.

Then in the middle of April this year the Soviet Government made certain proposals to the British Government. No word of these proposals, however, was made public until, apparently believing that nothing was to be gained by allowing its proposals to remain any longer a mystery, the official Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* published them. These proposals have since been reaffirmed by Molotov in a speech to the Soviet Parliament.

The Soviet proposals, said Molotov recently, included three main points as a basis for agreement: "That an effective pact of mutual assistance against aggression, a pact of an exclusively defensive character, be concluded between Great Britain, France and the U.S.S.R.; that a guarantee against attack by aggressors be extended by Great Britain, France and the U.S.S.R. to the States of Central and Eastern Europe, including all European countries bordering on the U.S.S.R. without exception; and that a concrete agreement be concluded by Great Britain, France and the U.S.S.R. regarding the forms and extent of the immediate and effective assistance to be given to each other and to the guaranteed States in the event of an attack by aggressors".

When these proposals were first mooted the British Government, according to *Izvestia*, turned them down completely. Instead, it proposed simply "that the Soviet Government should come to the immediate aid of Great Britain and France, should they be involved in hostilities as a result of carrying out the obligations they had assumed in guaranteeing Poland and Rumania". Such a proposal included no guarantee to the U.S.S.R.; it left the question of the time at which aid was to be

given to the guaranteed countries to be decided by Britain and France; and nothing was said of those small States on the Soviet border which nobody had guaranteed and which might very likely be victims of aggression.

At a later stage the British position was modified to this extent: the principle of a Pact of Mutual Assistance between Britain, France and the U.S.S.R. was accepted. Still, however, no guarantee was accepted with regard to the Baltic States.

It has been suggested, even in quarters favourable to the idea of the Pact, that the Soviet Government has been unduly intractable concerning the Baltic States. What these critics do not realize, however, is that in proposing a guarantee to all countries of central and eastern Europe the Soviet Government is not only interested in its own security, but it is interested in seeing that the aggressors shall have no further opportunity of strengthening themselves by aggression. If, to-day, any pact were concluded which did not guarantee *all* territories in Europe, this would, in fact, be a promise of non-intervention if any of the countries not guaranteed were subject to attack. The Soviet Government has expressed its readiness to join in a guarantee of all countries in Europe, on condition that the Baltic States be also guaranteed. It is not ready to join in a guarantee so long as the Baltic States are not included—for the simple reason that such a Pact would be in fact a promise of non-intervention in the event of the Baltic States becoming victims of aggression.

Much has been said to the effect that the Baltic States themselves do not want to be guaranteed. It is not without significance that before Britain and France gave their guarantees to Poland and Rumania, the same thing was said about these two countries. When, however, they had been guaranteed by Britain and France they apparently immediately lost all the misgivings they might ever have had about a Soviet guarantee. The key to the question of the Baltic States is not whether or how, they want to be guaranteed by the U.S.S.R. The question is whether Britain and France, like the U.S.S.R., will declare their willingness to stand by all victims of aggression in Europe, including the Baltic States. Once such a policy were adopted, it appears almost certain that the Baltic States would not

object to any strengthening of such a guarantee by Russia, for this would make it less likely, not more likely, that their territory would ever become a battlefield. Finally, however, even if Nazi influence is already so great in the Baltic States that they were to reject such an offer of a guarantee, has a British Government ever refrained from guaranteeing another country from aggression, whether it liked it or not, when British vital interests were involved?

The firm stand taken by the Soviet Government has met with approval even in the ranks of Mr. Chamberlain's own party. In the *Evening Standard* on June 13th, Mr. Duff Cooper writes:—

"The Baltic States—like rabbits in the presence of a boa constrictor who has promised not to eat them—assure us in rather shaky voices that they feel quite safe and do not desire to be given any guarantee. The Prime Minister asserts that it is obviously impossible to guarantee a State against its will . . . If Russia considers that the integrity of the Baltic States is essential to her security we cannot blame her, and if we are asking her to undertake to assist us in a case of emergency we cannot refuse to give her a reciprocal undertaking . . . While talk is proceeding, time is flying. Sinister reports are current of German activities. If we hesitate this time we shall be lost".

And on the very same day as this article appeared in the *Evening Standard*, the Moscow *Pravda* was writing:—

"It is quite possible that we are dealing here with definite influence from outside, if not direct inspiration from those who desire to hinder the establishment of a broad defence front against aggression".

Such suspicions were expressed also at an earlier date when, in his speech of March 10th, when describing British and French policy, Stalin referred to a marked

"eagerness, a desire, not to hinder the aggressors in their nefarious work, not to hinder Japan, say, from embroiling herself in a war with China, or, better still, with the Soviet Union; not to hinder Germany, say, from enmeshing herself in European affairs, from embroiling herself in a war with the Soviet Union; to allow all the belligerents to sink deep into the mire of war, to encourage them surreptitiously in this; to allow them to weaken and exhaust one another; and then, when they have become weak enough, to appear on the scene with fresh strength, to appear, of course, 'in the interests of peace' and to dictate conditions to the enfeebled belligerents".

Is Stalin excessively suspicious?—The British and French reluctance to guarantee three States which border on Soviet territory in Europe suggests the contrary. On March 10th, Stalin urged the necessity "to be cautious and not allow our country to be drawn into conflicts by warmongers who are accustomed to have others pull the chestnuts out of the fire for

them". In insisting on a guarantee to the Baltic States, the Soviet Government is demanding that there should no longer be further loop-holes for appeasement or non-intervention. In demanding an immediate concrete agreement on the forms of action to be taken against aggression, it is guarding against a repetition by Britain and France of the French policy of last September when its obligations to the Czechs were simply ignored. On the other hand, in refusing to give a guarantee to all possible victims of aggression in Europe, the British Government is giving a new lease of life to the policy of aggression hopes of further appeasement and fascist expansion.

It has been said that the Soviet Government, if it does not find favour for its proposals with Britain and France, may become the ally of Hitler in the future. On the one hand, of course, the Soviet Government has always been ready to trade with any country, whatever its politics. The fact that Mr. Robert Hudson's visit to Moscow has borne no fruit, and appears to have been forgotten, was possibly one reason why Molotov mentioned the possibility of a new trade agreement with Germany in his recent speech to Parliament.

On the other hand, however, the Soviet Government will never at any stage refuse collaboration with all those States who wish to stop aggression. One reason for this is that, in the Soviet view, fascism inevitably means a policy of war, and a policy of fascist war must, at some stage, lead to an attack on the frontier of the Soviet Union. Since the Soviet Government is absolutely determined in its desire for peace, it is to its interest to prevent the fascist aggressors ever reaching the Soviet frontier and ever forcing the U.S.S.R. into war. The Soviet view is that aggression can now be prevented on one condition only—that a collective stand is seriously adopted. The spokesmen of the U.S.S.R. have advocated such a stand in the past, they advocate it now, and will do so in the future. But they demand one thing: that no direction be left open in which it is safe for aggression to be continued, that appeasement and non-intervention cease, and that immediate practical plans be concluded for stopping aggression, not only when it has already taken place, but in order to prevent it from occurring altogether.

BALTIC NEUTRALITY

By WOLFRAM GOTTLIEB

THE Baltic States are coming more and more to the forefront of international affairs. First of all Russia requested Britain to fit them into her new security system. Visits of Baltic leaders to Warsaw then followed. And now they have signed Non-Aggression Pacts with Germany.

The reason for this activity is the extremely important strategic position of Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania. The vital interests of not less than three Great Powers clash in that region, and these interests are becoming increasingly "dynamic". In the past Russia, Germany and Poland each regarded the Baltic as its *Lebensraum*. Hence the repeated conversion of this area into a battlefield. To prevent such a thing from happening again has therefore been the main task of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia from the first day of their independence. It demanded more than ordinary skill to manœuvre among their big neighbours. The Baltic States therefore adopted a policy of absolute neutrality, when the League of Nations, which had offered them protection so far, failed. But even this neutrality becomes a dance on the needle's point in view of the latest Russian and German moves.

The relations of the three small States with Moscow were simpler than with any of their other neighbours. Ever since the peace treaties, when Russia recognized the sovereignty of her former territories, her attitude towards them had been correct, and the Non-Aggression Pacts signed in 1932 finally dispelled all fears. With regard to Poland there were always good relations between her and Estonia and Latvia. Past disputes between Warsaw and Riga about "arbitrary treatment" of the tiny Polish Minority in Latvia's southernmost corner were not serious enough to disturb their normal intercourse. Between Poland and Lithuania, however, there was,

of course, the conflict over Wilno. And it is only since Warsaw forced Kaunas to give up all hopes for the return of the ancient capital little more than a year ago, that there have been equally good relations between all the three small republics and Poland.

Baltic policy towards Germany presents a different picture. Latvia and Estonia have long-standing treaties with Berlin, e.g., the Latvian-German Pact of July, 1920, in which both parties disclaim all inimical intentions against each other. Germany has also made comprehensive trade pacts with the Baltic States, being their natural and increasingly active customer. Neither Riga nor Tallinn have ever had any conflict with the Reich, except some disagreement caused by more or less frequent interference of the Nazi press to "protect" the local German minorities against imaginary wrongs. For Lithuania, again, things were different. Her position was so delicate that during the final Memel crisis it was rumoured that Germany would march on to Kaunas. But when the Government declared its intention to fight, the German plans (if such there were) remained in abeyance, and after the transfer of Memel the Reich gave Lithuania the famous promise of Non-Aggression. Since Lithuania lies between Estonia and Latvia, on the one hand, and Germany on the other, the Kaunas-Berlin agreement would seem to be a sufficient guarantee of Baltic integrity as a whole, so that no further security pacts are needed.

Nevertheless, the *Führer* has now offered Latvia and Estonia, too, specific Non-Aggression treaties, thus for the first time undertaking not to attack States who were not his immediate neighbours. Let us remember that the original German offer was made soon after the occupation of Prague but before the announcement of the new British commitments in Eastern Europe. The actual conclusion of the pacts was a typical piece of Nazi diplomacy to counter London's new policy. True, Field-Marshal Goering's *Essener Nationalzeitung* attempted to put a cloak round Hitler's intentions by declaring that the suggested pacts were nothing but the legal confirmation of an old established fact. The rest of the inspired press was more outspoken. The *Königsberger Allgemeine Zeitung* bluntly described these pacts as a clear German answer to the "encirclement of the Reich", and the *Berliner Börsenzeitung*

added jubilantly that the German-Baltic agreement gained special significance in view "of the attempts of the producers of the encirclement policy to draw the Baltic States into their game". The Nazi aim thus becomes quite clear. It is to draw Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania away from the influence of the West, to increase the group of countries friendly to or at least not antagonistic to Berlin and to create right under the Russian and Polish windows a meadow where the Prussian war horse may safely go out to grass.

Yet, at the time when the offer was made, Latvia and Estonia could not but accept it. As long as there was hope that Geneva or the Western Powers would protect the smaller States east of the axis, they put up resistance to Berlin's increasing pressure. But the German victories in the spring of this year, which altered the whole strategic and economic balance of Europe, gave Hitler the key not only to Danubia but also to the Baltic. That is why the Latvian Foreign Secretary, M. Munters, shortly before Britain began to show active interest in the East, declared: "We acknowledge the great rôle Germany plays in our part of the world and we respect it". The Reich was quick to seize this opportunity. In the course of the same speech M. Munters repeated the previous statements of his Estonian and Lithuanian colleagues that their wish for peaceful understanding did not mean that they would give up an inch of their sovereignty and freedom. There cannot be the least doubt that each of the three nations will fight to the last man, should its integrity ever be violated. Popular feeling is getting increasingly outspoken in that respect, and it can be said on the authority of the Latvian Foreign Secretary that their armies and State departments are fully prepared for an emergency. But, on the other hand, the Baltic States have no desire to become a battlefield again—even with the revived hope of assistance from the West and Poland. The best they can expect in an emergency seems to be a victory on ruins. Therefore they cling to their neutrality as the only means to avoid this. And nothing seems more natural than their acceptance of pacts which recognize this neutrality in a binding form.

A refusal might easily have been interpreted by Berlin as a provocation. Moreover, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia had

already concluded Non-Aggression Pacts with their other great neighbour—Russia. If they intended to remain absolutely neutral between the two adversaries, there was nothing left but to make similar arrangements with the other side. Had they declined, this might have produced the impression in Berlin that the Baltic States favoured Moscow more and might have tempted the Nazis to correct their fortune on their own account. But, apart from that, there were elements in the German offer which made it not only acceptable, but even welcome to Latvia and Estonia, since it expressed Hitler's definite desire that the Baltic States should continue their own national existence undisturbed. And, having obtained the German guarantee in addition to the Russian one, it meant that they now could be reassured from both directions.

The German offer in hand, Latvia and Estonia immediately consulted together in accordance with their alliance concluded in 1923, which not only pledged them to assist each other with their armed forces in case of aggression, but also to pursue a co-ordinated and common foreign policy. M. Munters went to Tallinn to confer with his Estonian colleague M. Selter. For the first time in Estonian history both houses of Parliament were convoked to secret sessions to debate Berlin's proposals which—in spite of a considerable opposition headed by the former liberal President of the Republic, Prof. J. Tõnisson, a personal friend of the late Masaryk—were accepted by the majority. In Latvia, in the absence of a parliament, an extraordinary meeting of the State Council took place. And during that meeting the Government announced that the projected pact with Germany contradicted neither Latvian and Estonian neutrality nor their previous international obligations.

But, as the German initiative is a countermove to Britain's efforts to organize a peace front in the East, it is essential to examine this development from her point of view too. It can be stated on high authority that the Foreign Office is following this matter with close attention. It regards such Non-Aggression pacts as unnecessary and useless, since the promise not to resort to war is already covered by the Kellogg Pact signed by all the States in the world. But Britain naturally cannot object if sovereign States try to ensure their security by additional

arrangements, so long as these arrangements are nothing more than what they pretend to be—mere passive acts disclaiming aggressive intentions. The British objection is withheld, however, only on the assumption that no secret conditions are attached to these pacts which would place Germany in an advantageous position in the Baltic. Since it appeared that the Reich desired a “benevolent” neutrality on the part of the Baltic States in case of war, Britain through diplomatic channels asked Latvia and Estonia for elucidation of this point, whilst making at the same time clear, what her attitude would be to all aspects of the new pacts.

Doubts about German intentions must have also arisen in the Baltic States for a time. They naturally wanted to know whether in fact Germany did not expect special favours. Questions to that effect were addressed to Berlin, but it is difficult to establish what the Germans replied. We know, however, from M. Munter’s speech in the State Council that the treaties do not contain any secret clauses or promises on the part of the three small States. This is the essential condition under which alone signature was possible. For the last thing the Baltic States want is to antagonize Britain which helped them to establish their independence and with whom they are united by the strongest cultural and economic bonds. Whatever the Reich may have intended by these pacts and however her press may exult about her new “peaceful achievement”—it is certain that Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia will maintain a complete neutrality. But any Power that attacked them would make them line up on the opposite side.

CYPRUS TO-DAY

By W. L. BURN

IN the estimation of the Empire of which it is a part Cyprus has passed backwards and forwards through all the phases from exaggerated appreciation to indifferent neglect. In 1878, at the time of the British occupation, it appeared both as the reward of a brilliant foreign policy and as the base for further successes; while it was pictured, internally, as a land where the vines were of a richness elsewhere unknown and great lumps of gold were washed down by the mountain streams. That phase over, it came to be regarded (so far as it was regarded at all) as the bastard child of a hasty and regrettable liaison; and a backward child at that. From the time when Joseph Chamberlain came to the Colonial Office efforts were made to remedy its backwardness, but the estimate of its imperial undesirability hardly changed and in October 1915 the British Government offered to cede the island to Greece on condition that she went to the aid of Serbia, then attacked by Bulgaria. The offer was not accepted and lapsed, but it was typical of the estimation in which Cyprus was held, and continued to be held, until the catastrophic changes which the last five years have effected in the Near East.

The capture of Cyprus from Venice by the Turks in 1570 was regarded as a disaster for Christendom. Three centuries later, policies had strangely changed and Disraeli’s Government was concerned to avert, if it could, the disintegration of the Ottoman empire. In words which oddly foreshadow our present system of “pacts” Lord Salisbury declared:

“The only provision which can furnish a substantial security for the stability of Ottoman rule . . . is an engagement on the part of a power strong enough to fulfil it, that any further encroachment by Russia upon Turkish territory in Asia will be prevented by force of arms. Such an undertaking, if given fully and unreservedly, will prevent the occurrence of the contingency which would bring it into operation”.

To this end it was proposed that Britain should occupy a piece of Turkish territory as a "place of arms" from which operations, defensive as regards Turkey, offensive as regards Russia, could be instituted.

Malta in the west and Mohammerah in the east were too distant. The occupation of Alexandretta implied commitments on the mainland from which Britain was averse. Cyprus, moreover, seemed to offer two other advantages. It contained a largely non-Turkish population upon which the experiment of enlightened government could be tried, for the edification of our Turkish allies; and it was near the Suez Canal. So the Cyprus Convention of June 4th, 1878 came into being and the occupation of the island by Sir Garnet Wolseley's Anglo-Indian army was a notice not only to Russia but to Germany and Austria-Hungary that Britain, relatively powerless on the continent of Europe, could still find places where her strength as a maritime and imperial power could make itself felt.

Logically, the occupation was only the first step. The next was a railway from Alexandretta, by Aleppo, to Kuweit on the Persian Gulf, so that a British force, landed from Cyprus at the first-named town, could be easily transported to distant parts of the Ottoman Empire. But Disraeli's Government refused the necessary financial guarantee, thus showing its lack of faith in its own policy, and when Gladstone came into power in 1880 Cyprus already seemed a depreciating asset.

In the next decade the depreciation continued fast. The desire of the Ottoman empire to reform itself by British advice and assistance proved to be a delusion. The Turks preferred reform in their own way and their own time; and the position of Britain, as the guardian of Turkish territory, appeared both onerous and absurd. We seemed, as the saying went, to have backed the wrong horse; and Cyprus was only the concrete evidence of a policy which we were anxious to forget. Finally, our occupation of Egypt afforded to us a direct instead of an indirect opportunity of protecting our interests in the Canal Zone.

During the course of the Italo-Turkish War of 1912 the Turkish Government pointed out to the British the strategical implications of the Italian occupation of the Dodecanese. That

occupation, nevertheless, passed without any effective protest from Britain; and the offer of Cyprus to Greece showed the official estimate of its worth. The French, however, with their eyes upon Syria, appreciated better than we did the importance of the island, and Article 4 of the Franco-British Convention of December 1920, ratifying the relevant clause of the Sykes-Picot Agreement of 1916, ran thus:

"In view of the geographic and strategic position of the island of Cyprus, off the Gulf of Alexandretta, the British Government agrees not to open any negotiations for the cession or alienation of the said island of Cyprus without the previous consent of the French Government".

Nevertheless, the strategical possibilities of Cyprus have been largely ignored by this country; in striking contrast to the Italian attitude towards the Dodecanese. The Italian occupation of those islands has had three notable features. In the first place, it has been a wonderful piece of showmanship. The Italians have made Rhodes, with its almost perfect works of restoration and preservation and its trailing masses of bougainvillea and hybiscus, a joy to see. In the second place, they have resolutely set themselves to Italianize the islands. Superficially they have been successful. The porter who carries your bags from the boat will be careful to deny that he is a Greek. He knows on which side his bread is buttered, for the attitude of the Italians to those Greeks who resist absorption has been unsparing. There have been two chief sources of friction. One is the heaviness of the taxation. A miracle like Rhodes is not produced for nothing. The other has arisen from the Italian attempt to gain control over the Orthodox Church in the islands by detaching it from the Patriarchate of Constantinople and placing it, as a nominally autocephalous community, under obedient puppets. There have been riots and bloodshed, carefully but not entirely concealed from outside eyes. The hardy sponge-fishers of Calymnos have proved particularly recalcitrant and it was rumoured at the time of the Abyssinian War that many Greek housewives, in the hope of a British conquest, were secretly stitching at Union Jacks.

The third feature of the Italian occupation has been the militarization of the islands. It has been the explicit ambition of Italy to make Leros, their chief naval and seaplane base, the "Heligoland of the Aegean" and they have gone a long way

towards achieving it. It was calculated that, at the end of 1935, there were 20,000 troops on Leros, 25,000 in Rhodes and some 250 aeroplanes in the whole group. It is a fair assumption that, considering the rate of Italian armament and the increasing velocity of Italian policy since then, the Dodecanese are now one of the most strongly fortified areas in the world.

What are the implications of this as they affect Cyprus? The wheel of time has come almost full circle. Once again we are faced with a potentially hostile Power in the eastern Mediterranean—and one to which that sea is vital in a sense in which access to it was never vital to Russia. Once again we have constituted ourselves the ally of Turkey, while Egypt is again an independent state. Thus Cyprus is placed in its true and dangerous position as a vital point in the fighting line.

In startling contrast to the Dodecanese, Cyprus is dangerously weak. Since 1935 there have been from time to time proposals to make a first-class naval base at Famagusta and a first-class aerial base on the great central plain, the Messaoria. Neither of these has been effectively proceeded with, although Famagusta since the works of 1933-1935, can now accommodate ships of 6,000-7,000 tons. The Anglo-Italian Agreement has not prevented the arming of Libya and the Dodecanese or the seizure of Albania, but it has brought to a standstill the militarization of Cyprus. Have we the right, in view of the importance of the island or in view of the safety in time of war of its inhabitants, to continue for a moment longer with our hands thus tied?

It may be argued that we can "protect" Cyprus from Haifa. This argument is sound in the sense that a British naval force based on Haifa, assuming the accuracy of its intelligence and assuming that it was free from convoy duty, could intercept and defeat an Italian fleet bound for Cyprus. Almost certainly it could. But an Italian invasion of Cyprus is unlikely. Far more likely, and in time of war almost certain, is an Italian bombing campaign from the aeroplane bases in the Dodecanese or Libya. It is sufficiently clear that British aircraft based on Haifa and acting in the defence of Cyprus would have the handicap of a 200-mile journey to the scene of operations. For either protection or pursuit that handicap would be fatal.

There are other points for consideration. It is clear that the

Italian forces in Libya and the Dodecanese are too powerful to be there entirely for defence. Apart from Cyprus, the objectives of the former are Egypt and possibly Crete, of the latter, Anatolia. In any war in which Italy and Turkey were ranged on opposite sides, the Dodecanese would immediately become a theatre of bitter fighting. To the Turks the islands are not only a reminder of defeat but—at their very coast—a sharpened thorn in their side. The large Italian garrisons, on the other hand, are in very much the same position as the Italian garrisons in East Africa—they must break out in order to live, for it is from Anatolia that they draw most of their provisions. Of the two possibilities, a Turkish invasion of the Dodecanese and an Italian invasion of Anatolia with some such objective as Smyrna, the latter is likely to be first in time. But whichever precedes the other, our obligations are the same. We are bound to afford to the Turks such help as we can. The most obvious form which that help could take would be a counter-attack on Rhodes or Leros from Cyprus. Whereas it is some 300 miles as the crow flies from Nicosia to Rhodes, it is some 500 miles from Haifa. There is also this to be remembered. The Dodecanese afford innumerable bases for submarines and, until these were dealt with—that is to say, bluntly, until the islands were conquered—traffic in the eastern Mediterranean could not be safe.

Memories of the "rebellion" of 1931 and the burning of Government House, Nicosia, compel a brief mention of the internal situation in the island. It is not unprosperous. There again, in a sense, the wheel has come round. The island will never be an El Dorador but the recent exploitation of its mineral wealth, particularly its copper pyrites and asbestos, have resulted in its having, at the moment, the very comfortable surplus of £500,000. The main problem, however, that of the indebtedness of the rural population remains unsolved, although continuous efforts, recently intensified, have been made to deal with it.

These efforts, although their details are outside the scope of this article, have hardly received the publicity they deserve. On the other hand, two other features have received their due of notice. One is the existence of a Press censorship, a relic of the repressive measures of 1931, which, though it does not

exercise a day to day supervision, can descend heavily upon any newspaper which incurs the wrath of the Government, as the Greek weekly "Proia" and the English daily "Embros" did at the end of last year. The other feature is the refusal of the Colonial Office to re-constitute the Legislative Council. That is not to say that representation of a sort does not exist. An advisory with unofficial members was set up in 1933, while elected District and Municipal Councils give the Cypriots some opportunity of managing their own business.

To one school of thought, this opportunity is sufficient. The old Legislative Council, it is argued, was an intolerably factious and obstructive body. Moreover, though elected, it was not representative in the true sense. I have seen a statement, which I believe (though I cannot guarantee) to be approximately accurate, to the effect that of the twelve elected Greek members in 1930, there were five moneylenders, five advocates, one bishop and only one peasant. Obviously the reconstitution of such a body in a community grievously burdened with debt would be undesirable. It is easy to slip from this into the argument that any form of representation is undesirable. It is, in fact, the old argument of the administrator who says: "The people do not want to be bothered with politics. They want good government, which I am trying to give them. An elected assembly would not merely be irrelevant to true progress; it would be definitely obstructive."

On the other hand, although the professional and mercantile fringe of a peasant community is often open to very obvious criticism, the claims of its members to be the natural leaders of their less educated countrymen cannot be wholly put aside. Moreover, it was the lesson of Ireland that there are ambitions in a country which the grant of quite extensive powers of local government do not satisfy and which can only be satisfied by some form of elected assembly. Whatever may be done or not done for the moment, it will probably be found that the continued refusal of such an assembly to Cyprus is ultimately at variance with our tradition of liberal imperialism. When and if an assembly is restored, however, pains ought to be taken to see that it is really representative by allocating to the peasants a specified number of seats to be filled only by bona-fide members

of their class. Even this may fail to produce the right men until some advance has been made towards the solution of the problem of rural debt, so complicated is the web of fear and dissimulation which indebtedness has woven in almost every Cyprus village.

In other respects the internal situation is fairly favourable. The movement for "enosis" or union with Greece has the strength of every movement based not on material but on spiritual ideals. As a practical proposition, however, it has to face the probability that cession to Greece would be followed by conquest by Italy; and that, even if that cession were followed by the extension of the British guarantee to cover Cyprus, such a defence would be far less effective than the guardianship of the British fleet. Moreover, the Metaxas régime in Greece itself has not commended itself to many of the Cypriot exponents of "enosis". There is, in fact, a fair chance of turning Cyprus from the offspring of a regretted policy to a self-respecting and conscious member of the empire. But the first and the essential step in such a policy is to remedy the existing inequality between the supreme strategical importance of its situation and its military weakness.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES—I.

BY RONALD HILTON

THESE observations are the result of a two years' stay in the United States as a Commonwealth Fund Fellow. I had met in Europe several American professors and students, and had long nourished a deep desire to visit a country where scholars achieve so much and yet remain human, approachable, and lovable. The Spanish explosion unexpectedly blew me out of Iberia, and within a year I had decided to accept one of the generous fellowships offered by the Commonwealth Fund of New York (an institution similar to the Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Guggenheim foundations). My English academic friends reacted in two opposite ways. The young, open-minded and well-informed received the news with enthusiasm. The older traditionalists curled their lips and were scarcely encouraging. The attitude of the latter group is perfectly understandable. My impression is, from everything that I have seen, heard, or read, that the United States of the nineteenth century was a decidedly raw place, and that consequently the traditional English prejudice against American life and ways was justified. However, the United States has changed fundamentally in the last half century. American universities, which play a much larger part in the life of the country than is anywhere else the case, are at the same time an expression of the desire to change and the cause of the transmutation. The favourable, and in many cases the enthusiastic attitude of the young generation of English scholars towards America is a fitting recognition of a country which has come of age.

One of the results of European politics has been to place England at the head of science and learning in the Old World. This is due in part to the rise of these values in England, in part to their decline in other countries. In the same way, the standing of American universities has risen considerably,

partly through intrinsic improvement, partly because of the decline of European learning. Whereas it has been the tradition for American scholars to seek guidance and inspiration in Europe, the tide has turned, and European university men will be compelled, if they are alert to realities, to come to the United States, at least for many things in many fields.

Having for several years frequented the universities of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, I cannot but feel that European scholarship is poisoned by nationalism. Kingsley Porter's theories concerning the Spanish origin of romanesque architecture provoked elation among Spanish archæologists, dismay among French scholars. The numerous hypotheses concerning the nationality of Columbus rub the festering pride of nations, even of regions. Philology, apparently far removed from current politics, is pervaded with political passion. Spanish philologists have been incapable of discussing in a scientific way the origin of the Catalan language. The Italian linguistic atlas of Corsica is inspired by the most evident aggressiveness. A distinguished Italian scholar with whom I once had a long conversation refused to listen to any suggestion that the ecclesiastical (Italian) pronunciation of Latin is unscientific; he obviously felt that any concession on this point would tarnish the prestige of his country.

Among American scholars such pettiness is hardly to be found. They are quick to resent any suggestion from supercilious Europeans that America is a newly-rich, crude, and inferior country; but unless provoked by European snobbery, they will seldom bring flag-waving into erudition. Many scholars tend to go to the other extreme, as for example Professor Fred Rippey, of the University of Chicago, who is a severe critic of the policy of the United States in Latin America. They may incidentally be condemned by the jingoist section of the American public, under the stimulus of the Hearst and similar presses, as unpatriotic, "unAmerican", or even communistic. Yet, despite the very close relations between American universities and public life, they remain aloof from petty political passions. American professors hesitate so little to entertain unpopular views that often the university authorities are compelled to exert repressive influence in order to avoid public friction.

Since the abdication crisis, the idea has become prevalent in the United States that the freedom of the English press is a myth, and that, *q.e.d.*, America is the only true democracy. In such an argument, the question of academic freedom should also be introduced; it would certainly not help the American standpoint. Few are the universities where professors have complete freedom of speech. This is in a way justifiable, since the numerous and often immense universities of America do much work which in England would be considered as of pre-university character; freshmen and even sophomores ("wise fools"—*i.e.* second year students) are little more than high-school students, and it would be dangerous to instil into such immature crowds radical ideas attractively expressed. Certainly, schoolmasters in English secondary and public schools do not have absolute freedom of speech.

It is significant that the American universities where professors enjoy most academic freedom are those which are famous for their graduate, rather than their undergraduate schools—Johns Hopkins, Chicago, and Harvard. In these large private universities there is also less prejudice against Jews than in smaller ones. There was recently a campaign at Chicago against "communism on the campus", but it was finally abandoned. One history professor there said to me, "I could in my lectures publicly denounce John D. Rockefeller [the great benefactor of the University of Chicago], and nothing would happen". Harvard, as a Protestant institution, is viewed with suspicion and jealousy by the dominating Irish-Catholic element in Boston, which, as everywhere in America, is comparatively unenlightened. On account of this "cockney-class" (as they have recently been called by John Gavin), one of the world's greatest universities has to be careful not to attract unwelcome attention by radicalism of any kind. Nevertheless, Harvard was still self-confident enough to elect recently a declared communist, Granville Hicks, to a minor academic post.

In the smaller Protestant universities, the situation is good but not perfect. Duke University at Durham, North Carolina, has grown to be one of the big universities of the country. However, it has not gone through the normal development of complete secularization, which is usual as denominational

colleges expand,* and it is still largely Methodist in character. On definite issues, such as the Spanish Civil War, these universities have no official view from which a professor may not depart. However, anything which is not quite "respectable", anything which might injure the good name of the institution, is pursued with harshness or stealth, as the occasion demands. People closely connected with Duke University have told me many stories to this effect. The questions involved are usually petty; the incidents, often grotesque. Frequently, as in the case of the new municipal University of Pittsburgh, the authorities attempt to suppress any anti-capitalistic teaching for fear of discouraging possible benefactors. From a realistic viewpoint, it must be admitted that the attitude of the authorities is perfectly justifiable, for, if it be true that man does not live by bread alone, yet universities, like armies, march on their stomachs. It is possible for a university to do excellent work in most departments while completely avoiding politics.

Catholic universities sometimes appoint Protestants to their faculties, not out of a truly liberal spirit, but, so it is said, because they wish to cease to be a by-word for incompetence in the academic world. None the less, a professor in a Catholic college would risk his job, were he to express unorthodox opinions.

In the East, the great universities are endowed institutions (Harvard, Yale, Columbia, etc.). State universities, where they exist, play a very minor part. West of the Appalachians there are some outstanding private universities and colleges: Oberlin (Ohio), Chicago, Northwestern, Tulane (New Orleans), Rice Institute (Houston, Texas), Vanderbilt (Nashville, Tennessee), Stanford (south of San Francisco). Yet, in a general way, this vast area is the domain of State universities. Every State has one (that of California is spread over seven campuses) which, with the exception of Illinois, Louisiana, Tennessee, and possibly Oregon, where Reed College is situated, is markedly superior to any private institution in the State. Moreover, most western States have specialized colleges in addition. The State universities of California (Berkeley), Texas (Austin), Minnesota

*Columbia still has some Anglican affiliations: its president must be of that persuasion, and chapel service must be according to the Book of Common Prayer.

(Minneapolis), Wisconsin (Madison), Iowa (Iowa City), Illinois (Urbana), Michigan (Ann Arbor), and Ohio (Columbus) rank among the leading universities in the country. The University of California is generally admitted to be one of the four most outstanding in America, the other three all being endowed (Harvard, Chicago, and Columbia).

State universities may have private endowments; the University of California has been fortunate in the number and generosity of its benefactors, while the University of Texas has struck oil on its lands. But the bulk of the funds of State universities comes from the State itself, which has to appropriate the money at regular periods. The public character of the "land-grant colleges" (for many received gifts of land from the federal government) is expressed in the disposition that they must give military instruction to male students*; this provides active student pacifists with an inexhaustible oratorical theme.

It would seem at first sight that State universities must be submitted to an unfortunate, indeed an intolerable, political influence. This is true in the case of some of the less well-established ones. Theodore Bilbo, on being elected governor of Mississippi, dismissed one hundred and fifty State professors. Another example was the University of Washington at Seattle, which almost exploded under the strain of political pressure.

The conservative Glen Frank lost the presidency of the University of Wisconsin owing to political differences with liberal Governor Phil. LaFollette. But most great State universities seem to be built on foundations of rock, against which political winds beat in vain. The University of California is proudly supercilious towards politics. This is reputedly due to the long-term (sixteen years) appointment of the Regents, which prevents any one governor of the State from nominating enough Regents to control the Board. The University of Michigan has likewise a reputation for good government: surprising enough in view of the fact that the governing body is elected by popular vote. It must be remembered that the United States has carried the principle of democracy so far as to elect many technical officers (*e.g.*, coroners,) by popular vote. The situation is peculiar in those few States—Texas, Louisiana (Baton Rouge), Ohio,

Wisconsin, etc.—where the State university and the State capitol are located in the same small town, thus facilitating lobbying on the one hand and political pressure on the other. Care was taken in the other States to keep the capitol and the university apart.

In only one way do all State universities play politics: in their attempts to curry favour with the public. Attractive and numerous extension courses are organized throughout the State. Several universities broadcast their lectures. The University of Wisconsin has done most in this respect. The permission of the professor concerned must first be obtained; some refuse it because they fear to be enticed down the broad and primrose path that leads to popularization. Finally, most universities have publicity bureaus, the task of which is simply to "sell" the university. The day after I visited one State university, a long article appeared in the principal newspaper of that region, in which all my chance expressions of approval were strung together to form an enthusiastic panegyric of the institution. The stimulus and the object were not difficult to guess. Such procedures may seem mildly grotesque, but they have their justification, and they scarcely seem out of place in a land where "morticians" (undertakers) advertise their wares with well-chosen slogans, and where chapels broadcast over the radio that they are the most touching place in which to hold your wedding.

In any of these different types of university, it is easier for the authorities to behave in a repressive manner than it is in English universities. The power of the president makes itself felt in every corner of the institution. He decides what the aims of the university should be, and the policy it should follow. He appoints and dismisses instructors in accordance with his views. This is made possible by the American system of short tenure. University "instructors" (teachers) are divided into five ranks, namely, teaching-assistants, instructors, assistant professors, associate professors, and full professors. Of these five groups, only the last two usually have permanency of tenure. Among the reforms which dynamic President Hutchins of Chicago proposes is the complete abolition of permanency of professorial tenure. The teaching staff of an American university being much larger than that of an English institution, the

*The Morrill Act, 1862.

president cannot have a paternal attitude towards his staff, and hires and fires them as though they were employees. . .

As a protection against the abuses which have arisen from this system, American professors have leagued together and formed the American Association of University Professors, whose main object is to protect the academic freedom and permanency of tenure of university teachers. It is once more clear that the situation of the American professor is comparable with that of the English secondary-school teacher. As an extreme measure, the A.A.U.P. blacklists institutions where the authorities have no respect for justice. At present there is a trio of offenders: Rollins College (Florida), Brenau College (Georgia), and the University of Pittsburgh. If open dismissal would create difficulties, the president often resorts to the method of "easing a man out". The almost unlimited power of the president may be unfortunate when he is, as is often the case, an unenlightened business-man presiding over distinguished scholars. When, on the other hand, he is a man of distinction himself, his power helps to keep the faculty on tip-toe.

The spirit of American scholars is on the whole generous and healthy. Whereas in England university teachers form a small segregated group, characterized by all those traits born of a cloistered existence, in America scholars, or perhaps I should say university teachers, are far more numerous and are in closer contact with life. They are earthly without being vulgar. The celibacy practised in the older English universities is exceptional, and the ascetic note is removed from scholarship. American university teachers are more jovial, in some ways more happy than English ones. They are approachable and tolerant.

American professors strike a note of simplicity. They dress decently but not expensively. In their office or study they often remove their coat, possibly their tie, and roll up their sleeves. This is quite excusable in temperatures of 100° in the shade. If they have been sitting for long hours at their desks, they may loll back on their swivel chairs and put their feet on the desk, an action which does not seem out of place. A few professors cast decorum to the winds; it is usually considered bad taste for even the students to chew gum, especially in class, but I have known an occasional professor who liked to masticate bovinely in his

leisure hours. One professor I met even spat periodically in the waste-paper basket. Admittedly there is a rude element among American university teachers. This can but be expected in a society where the gentleman-scholar scarcely exists, and where the well-to-do rarely enter university teaching, or indeed any teaching. On the whole, however, American professors give an impression of felicitous simplicity.

The pomp and circumstance of English academic life is absent. English academic paraphernalia (cap, gown, etc.) have become general here but appear normally only once a year, at the annual "commencement" ceremony, which professors delight in not attending. Only in the Graduate School of Anglophile Princeton are gowns worn in the dining hall every day. Formal dress for dinner is very exceptional. Faculty members eat healthy and inexpensive meals, usually without wine, since in most universities alcohol is forbidden near the campus. They avoid the English university custom of varying between bread-and-cheese lunches and opulent, well-wined meals.

Despite this lack of formality, the corporate life of American universities is very real. Most American universities, with a few notable exceptions, are located on "campuses" (or "campi") i.e., pleasant and often extensive tracts of land specially landscaped (a very American art) to provide the university buildings with agreeable surroundings. The thing and the term originated in Princeton at the end of the 18th century and spread thence throughout the country. Harvard, which has kept the traditional term "yard", considers "campus" to be "a classical affectation introduced by Princeton". Many professors and students spend all their working time in these pleasant surroundings. Most instructors have consultation hours almost daily, when students may call on them in their offices (the home on the campus of each professor is his office, which he sometimes shares with one or two others). Many instructors arrive at their office at eight or nine in the morning and remain there until the late afternoon. Their main preoccupation is work, scholarly or administrative, but a serious visitor is seldom rebuffed. Indeed, most American professors are only too ready to converse and exchange ideas. Appoint-

ments are convenient, but not necessary. The very heads of the academic hierarchy, the deans and the president himself, make a point of being accessible to all. Instructors retire for meals and relaxation to the Faculty Club, where life is more spontaneous and continuous than in the dignified Senior Common Rooms of Oxford and Cambridge. It is true that the card and billiard tables are too assiduously frequented in some Faculty Clubs. In most universities there is a large and luxurious "students' union" which affords like facilities to the students. These "unions" provide everything from lectures and reading-rooms to meals and "mixer" dances; they are run on a co-operative basis. American students do not buy books in such quantities as do English students and work more in the university library, where every facility is provided. Classes (which, of course, involve frequenting the campus) are more important and numerous in the American university system than in the English. For all these reasons there is far more corporate life in an American university than in an English one.

The staff (that is to say the administrative help) of American universities is more complex and numerous than in European institutions. The president himself is often a business-man, that is to say an administrator, rather than a scholar. President Robert Sproul of the University of California, one of the ablest in the country, rose to the presidency directly from the comptrollership. The librarians, and their numerous staffs, are not scholars, as in Europe, but administrators who have qualified from a library school; this explains the incredible efficiency of American university libraries, which on occasions has filled me with humbleness. Each academic department, which may comprise as few as three faculty members, has a woman secretary, and in some cases one or more clerks in addition. Dealing with large numbers of students in a system where classwork is of extreme importance, American professors undoubtedly have more administrative work than do European ones, but their secretarial staffs relieve them of a great deal of the burden. As part of the New Deal reforms, professors may now obtain special secretarial help for their research projects. It may come either from the W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration), which provides full-time, mature, unemployed workers,

or from the N.Y.A. (National Youth Administration), which supplies needy students, who, in return for about an hour's work a day, receive a small subsidy from the government. In order to be eligible, students must maintain at least a "C" average in their studies: admittedly not an excessive demand, since a "C" corresponds roughly to an English third class. W.P.A. or N.Y.A. help is not difficult to obtain. The grave disadvantage of both N.Y.A. and W.P.A. help is the unevenness of its quality. Sometimes it is outstandingly good, occasionally decidedly incompetent. Some professors regard N.Y.A. and W.P.A. workers as a burden rather than as an asset.

Petty rivalries may exist between institutions, especially in the question of sports, but the professors themselves are rarely parochial in spirit. They are faithful to their university, but they have a national, indeed an international interest in their subjects. They have usually studied at two or three different institutions, often in diverse sections of the country. American professors change jobs more easily than do English ones, and in the course of their career they may have taught in far-separated parts of the country. Whereas English universities hesitate to accept an outsider, American ones are glad to receive an infusion of new blood. For practically every faculty there is a national organization, which meets once a year at an imposing convention. Many professors travel a thousand or even two thousand miles each year to attend a three-day meeting. This may seem over-enthusiastic, but it is a proof of the broadmindedness of American university professors.

The healthy spirit of American professors is only half of the story of the greatness of American universities. The workmen would be helpless without their tools, which, in the science and scholarship of to-day, are becoming increasingly expensive and can be provided only by a wealthy community. Research workers in the natural sciences have much more liberty to buy or construct costly apparatus than they do in Europe. A good example is afforded by the cyclotron, which marks a most important development in physics. It is an American and more precisely a Californian invention, which became a reality simply because the University of California disposes of large sums of money and had enough vision to take the risk of losing a con-

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siderable amount in an ambitious experiment. Fortunately, Professor Lawrence was successful, so that physicists the world over are now following the impressive developments of the Californian cyclotron.

Research workers in the humanities have at their disposal vast and efficiently-run libraries. The great libraries of the country are the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, and the Harvard Library. Many universities have collections of around a million volumes. The traveller from England is surprised to find, in universities whose names he scarcely knew, rich and highly organized libraries; and when he thinks of English university and college libraries, he is compelled to blush. Admittedly American efficiency, realism, and far-sightedness have been important factors in the florescence of these facilities; but they would not have been possible without the vast material wealth of which American universities dispose.

(To be continued)

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE King and Queen went upon one of the most laborious holidays that any sovereigns ever undertook. Happily they are of an age, and of a temper, to stand up to all its exactions; there never was a couple better fitted to bring good will and to receive it in measure overflowing. The **The Royal Progress** excitements of their progress have almost blotted out memory of perhaps the journey's most dramatic incident, when the world was reminded of forces which refuse to respect even royal time-tables; but one man at least will not soon forget days and nights through which he had to guide his vessel with those illustrious passengers through the drifting ice floes. Thousands too will long remember the bitter disappointment which inevitably followed from the changes caused by the delay; a single instance that I chanced to hear shows how widely it was spread. After the war the Duke of Connaught, who had been Governor General of Canada, desired to place in St. Bartholomew's Church at Ottawa a window commemorating those of his staff who went to serve, and fell. The commission for carrying it out was given to an Irish artist, Miss Geddes, then one of the co-operative workers whose establishment in Dublin is known as the Tower of Glass. Miss Geddes needs no commendation: since then she has carried out, amongst other works, the memorial window in Ypres; but naturally the Irish group were eager that the King and Queen should find time to visit this proof of their fame; and it had been so arranged, but the ice floes intervened. I am sorry for the miscarriage of their hopes, and the royal visitors will have had to find sympathy for scores of similar cases; yet it is not sure that a king bred to the sea may not have been glad to find himself once more present at a struggle against its dangers.

Since those hours among the ice, which cannot have been

without anxiety for the expert, calamity at sea has struck the English-speaking navies, both sides of the Atlantic—grim enough in the United States, when twelve out of a submarine's crew were trapped irrecoverably, but tragic beyond words in the fate of the *Thetis*. To face sudden death is no great matter; but the chance of dying by slow suffocation without hope of deliverance is ugly indeed; and yet it has to be taken not only in submarine warfare, but even in the preparation for it. Still, a young Frenchman who showed me round his submarine near Brest said that he much preferred this way of doing his naval service, since he could be much on shore with his wife and children. Man certainly is a very courageous animal. *Illi robur et aes triplex*.

Fortunately, however, man is not at present enamoured of the risks which present-day fighting entails, and there has been a half-hearted spreading of hope throughout the European world; it may become confident when agreement is reached with Russia, and one can hardly doubt that this will happen. Yet evidently, even if confidence comes, it will come without enthusiasm; all recent elections prove that support is tepid, either for Government or for its opponents. This is a time difficult to interpret, and I have not been in France. But friends of mine, long settled there, who regard its people without any special liking, write that at present the temper of the French fills them with admiration. Everybody knows his place and is ready—doggedly and without brayado.

It is probable that Mr. Chamberlain's name is held in more esteem in France and throughout Europe than in his own country, for it is believed that Mr. Chamberlain has led England into fully sharing Europe's risk. In England, it seems rather that, though the mind of England is made up, England has made up its own mind. If ever a Government was obliged to revise its policy under pressure from Parliament and from the people at large, Mr. Chamberlain's has offered the astounding example. One thing has been constant with him—a declared intention to avoid a division of Europe on what are called ideological principles. That is where, under other guidance, the nation has differed from him. If the purpose of a national policy is to promote peace, there must be

Courage— and Hope

The Mind of Britain

division between those nations which openly and avowedly glorify war as a national industry, and those which regard resort to war, or to the threat of war, as a calamity. The rulers of Italy and Germany have left the world in no doubt of their attitude on this vital matter. All education and the whole national effort is directed by them to results which must be attained by armed force; Abyssinia and Albania, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Memel show results attained; and the English nation is aware that full warning was given publicly by leading Englishmen of what was about to happen. Under pressure of these events, Mr. Chamberlain has been vigorously shutting the stable door, to see that at least no more horses shall be stolen, and the country, with its mind made up, accepts his decisions, and acts on them resolutely, but without gratitude. The one election for a considerable time back at which interest was notably shown by the voters was that which brought Mr. Vernon Bartlett into the House of Commons—a publicist who had been advocating the policy to which Mr. Chamberlain has subsequently conformed. If Mr. Churchill or Mr. Eden had to face a contest to-morrow, I do not think that their poll would be a light one. As things are, these gentlemen, out of office, carry more weight than the official leaders. They are of more value to parliament as an institution than either the ministry or the official opposition, which has evidently misinterpreted the general feeling as to military service. They are of more value than Mr. Lloyd George, whose personal distaste for Mr. Chamberlain has brought too much venom into his criticism—though no other man could have so forcibly driven home the essential need for Russia's co-operation. But it is thanks to Mr. Churchill, more than to any other man, or perhaps to all men together, that the nation accepted from Mr. Chamberlain the sudden and violent change of direction involved in the guarantees to Poland, to Rumania and to Greece, with the inevitable complement of compulsory service. That acceptance is likely to be merely acquiescence in Mr. Chamberlain's leadership, unless the character of his administration is changed by bringing into it the men who have really shaped its policy—and by a much less ambiguous attitude about Czechoslovakia. For it looks as if the man who signed the

agreement at Munich, and could not ensure that it was observed, has never permitted himself to recognize how great a crime was committed when Germany trampled out—at least for a time—that freedom.

* * * * *

On another grave matter of policy, it looks as if the same kind of pressure were likely to bring about another reversal. What the Government have decided in Palestine pleases no party and serves no useful end; and it shocks the conscience of humanity. The Jews ask no more than this, that they shall be allowed to enter Palestine, find employment there as they can, and acquire land by purchase. They have proved up to the hilt that they can create employment there for themselves, as well as for thousands of the Arabs, and can use the land of Palestine as it never was used before. The Arab claim is that an arbitrary limit shall be set to this civilizing process, and this claim has now been conceded by the Government—conceded after it had been urged by a campaign of anarchic violence, fomented by the dictatorships. And this blow to all the Jewish hopes, this frustration of all the work that has been done (done in defiance of all augury) on the soil of Palestine, falls at the moment when the Jewish race needs, as it has not needed for long centuries, some rallying-point, some consolation. When a Great Power has given conflicting pledges, it should decide on its future course in the light of the higher necessities, and no necessity in this world is higher to-day than to give some satisfaction to this oppressed and gifted race. Above all, policy should not be dictated by fear—least of all by fear of the unknown, which in this case means fear of reactions in the Moslem world. It is from sentiment, a narrow nationalism, that the Arabs in Palestine stand against the admission of Jews up to the limit of Palestine's economic capacity to absorb them. It is from sentiment also, the passionate desire of a homeless people to have a root for their race that the Jews desire admission; but above and beyond this abstract sentiment is the crying need of some place of refuge for the hunted and harassed—a need to which there is no shadow of equivalent in the Arab case. There are people with money and brains behind the Jews seeking to develop a land which under long centuries of Arab possession has

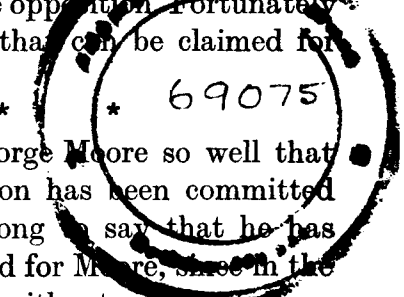
been undeveloped; and Great Britain, who forced on the Boers the admission of seekers after gold (many of them Jewish), now in the exercise of her mandate declares that the abler race, with its historic claim, shall not get its chance. It is if were question of expatriating even a single Arab to make room for Jews, there would be a case to consider; but the only hurt to be done is to Arab prejudices, which are none the more respectable because they find powerful echoes in Europe. It is already evident that uneasiness over the Government's decision (if decision be the proper word) is in no way confined to the opposition. Fortunately immutability is the last characteristic that can be claimed for Mr. Chamberlain's resolves.

* * * * *

Mr. Joseph Hone wrote the life of George Moore so well that another task of difficulty and distinction has been committed to him. It would be wrong to say that he has done for Tonks what he did for Moore, since in the earlier book he contrived, without setting it down

A Master of Artists

anywhere in black and white, to convey how much in Moore was caddish. There is no such underlying censure in the portrait which he now presents, for the essence of its subject was a noble humility. Tonks could be pettish but never petty; and nobody could read this book without liking the subject of it unreservedly. The subject is a character, a great character, who was also something of an oddity. Mr. Hone, a man of letters, with only the ordinary appreciation of painting which wide culture implies, has avoided technical discussion of the artist, leaving Tonks to set out himself that side of the story—by extracts from the correspondence of one who was first a teacher and inspirer of artists in the making. His unusual training—for he was highly qualified as a surgeon before he gave up that profession for painting—was no doubt a help in anatomy class, but that does not explain why, as one of his pupils puts it, they would rather be damned by Tonks than praised by any other professor. He had contagious enthusiasm both for the craft and for the art; and as happens to every serious artist, his life was a long struggle after the unattainable. Illustrations in this book show how much he valued character as well as beauty; but nothing in black and white can convey his always growing engrossment with



the untranslatable flicker of light that can caress in a gentle irradiation, or can dart like a probe. There have not been many artists in whom sensuous perception was allied to so alert and searching a mind, and it is a pleasure to read of his contempt for the jargon of what he called "Art-boys"—the critics who know everything about painting except how to paint.

The book is enriched by two contributions from other hands. Mr. Collins Baker, one of his closest associates, writes at the end some pages on Tonks as an artist and a teacher; Mrs. St. John Hutchinson sets down at the beginning "the portrait of a friend"—whose friendship had been a delight to her house for some five and twenty years before death came to one who to the end was indefatigably working—often on canvases which he had on hand for many years. One of these, 'The Toilet', is the last piece of his work that I saw; it came to the Municipal Gallery in Dublin from the "Friends of the National Collections of Ireland" and is a perfect example of what Mr. Collins Baker calls his "delight in a *genre* in which stuffs, and all their possibilities of rich textures, colour, folds and sheen, transfigured in light and shade, were treated with sensuous enjoyment". Tonks was past seventy when that work was finished: but a letter of his, quoted in this book, describes a late work of Steer's as

"a proper old man's painting which no young man could do. Give an old man his faculties and enough energy, and he can paint the best pictures in the world, perhaps it is hope makes me say this."

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

GERMAN COLONIAL RULE

BY SIR WILLIAM GOWERS

JUDGMENT ON GERMAN AFRICA, by G. L. Steer. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12s. 6d.

GERMANS IN THE CAMEROONS, by Harry R. Rudin. *Cape.* 15s.

The title of *Judgment on German Africa* suggests at first sight Rhadamanthine or *ex cathedra* condemnation. Not at all. Mr. Steer has given us a conspicuously clear, impartial, concise and accurate history both before and since the war of the former German possessions in Africa, and a masterly summing up of the present position so far as they are concerned. He does not pronounce judgment; he marshals the facts, giving, as a judge may properly do, some indication of where the weight of evidence lies, and leaves the verdict to the reader.

Although German Colonial rule lasted on paper for some 30 years, in fact the real development and administration of the hinterland of their territories only began (as in the case of most tropical African colonies of other powers) with the twentieth century. Fourteen years is a short time in the life of a country, and during this period they were engaged in a process of trial and error, unwilling to learn, until rather late in the day, from the political mistakes and successes of their neighbours. The Germans, as Mr. Steer

says, handled nature better than they handled man. He faithfully recounts the tragedies and appalling bloodshed which accompanied their rule, notably in South-west and East Africa. He gives them full credit for such good work as they did do, and he would not deny them the restitution of colonies solely on the ground of their pre-war record. But the comparatively liberal and democratic Germany of pre-war days no longer exists, and Mr. Steer who is a South African and no sentimentalist, has no difficulty in showing that the transfer of African populations to the present totalitarian *régime*, whose *Führer* regards them as semi-apes and whose official colonial experts hold out no prospect for the African beyond that of becoming a State serf, would be a gross and unpardonable betrayal which would bring with it its own punishment.

For the return of German Africa to present-day Germany would be to hand our potential enemies a weapon to destroy the British Empire by severing its vital arteries. The strategic arguments which compelled the Allied powers at Versailles to refuse even to consider the return of the German colonies have, as Mr. Steer clearly and ably shows, tenfold force to-day. The plea voiced again

recently by General von Epp that the hardships of the German people are due to the withholding by the robber nations of the necessities of life with which its colonies would supply it is demonstrably baseless, and it is inconceivable that the leaders believe it themselves. Whatever may happen in the future—and Mr. Steer is not without hope—he concludes that it would be suicidal insanity for this country to yield an inch to the colonial demands of present day Germany. Few if any of the multitude of readers which this book deserves will find themselves able to disagree with him.

Germans in the Cameroons is written by an Assistant Professor of History at Yale University. It smells of the lamp—and a lamp made in Germany at that. It is the product of exhaustive and painstaking researches among German archives and it is, in so far as it deals with recorded facts, an accurate and useful piece of history. But Mr. Rudin draws conclusions which the facts recorded in his book are far from justifying.

In assessing the merits of German colonial administration he says, truly enough, that the qualification 'good' can only be used in a relative sense of any colonial system and that in the case of Germany the proper comparison is with the first thirty years of administration elsewhere by another Power. But he uses no such yardstick, although he could have found one ready to his hand, had he taken the trouble to study the history of the adjoining territory of Nigeria—half as large again as the Cameroons and seven times as populous—where problems similar to those of the Cameroons and on a far bigger scale were dealt with during the same period by very different methods and principles and with very different results.

His attitude to this is indicated by his supercilious reference to his having been spared during his researches "the complacency of talk about the 'white man's burden', thanks to a not unpleasant realism in the German attitude towards colonies". I can assure him that the victims of Dominik's expeditions in the north and of Puttkamer's plantation policy in the south would have whole-heartedly agreed as to its realism, even though they were not able presently to comprehend that pleasant aspect of which Mr. Rudin enjoys the contemplation thirty-five years later.

Mr. Rudin has travelled extensively in the Cameroons, hearing from natives everywhere praises of the admirable German administration of twenty years before. He has also discovered and recorded a fact unknown to previous travellers—that the fauna of the Cameroons includes wild horses. He does not tell us whether the mares build nests.

He believes that "if Germany had been allowed to continue as a Colonial Power after the war her civil rule would have compared favourably with the best that the world knows to-day". Surely no one could draw such a conclusion unless he made the fantastic assumption that the retention of colonies would *per se* have prevented the evolution of the totalitarian Third Reich with its concomitant mentality.

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM, by

Arthur Rosenberg. *Bell.* 12s. 6d.

MODERN DICTATORSHIP, by Diana

Spearman. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Dictatorship is so live an issue and so potent a factor in the post-war world that it behoves thoughtful people to study both its pre-suppositions and its

intrinsic merits in an effort to understand and to assess its significance. Diana Spearman's examination of modern dictatorship covers a wide field and will be found a helpful guide both to students of political theory and to the general reader. A merit of this writer's essay is the width of the survey undertaken and the warning, in thinking out the problem, not to confine the study of the subject to the obvious and dominant dictatorships in Germany and Italy but to countries weak as well as powerful, where totalitarian forms of government are in being.

Theories to account for dictatorship are inadequate if they fail to reckon with the psychological background. Dictatorship as the result of the War; dictatorship as a mass neurosis; dictatorship as the result of the introduction of democracy into countries not sufficiently developed to understand it, and dictatorship as a result of racial psychology, are explanations containing an undoubted element of truth, but neither separately nor together do they provide a complete and satisfactory answer to this problem of the change in the political attitude of large numbers of people.

Whilst realizing that in a crisis a dictator might appear in any country, even a country whose traditions were violently opposed to it, the question still presses—Why a dictator? All dictatorships are alike in their extreme reverence for a single, dominant leader. People are led to autocracy not only by its efficiency as an instrument in and after a crisis, but also by its emotional attractions. It is a psychological problem with which we have to reckon, and the attraction which 'the great man' has had for many people of very

different periods and very different stages of culture points to a psychological basis for the rule of the tyrant.

A further merit in Miss Spearman's close study of dictatorship as a form of government is her clear-cut contrast between the organization of the governments based on political equality with those of the aristocratic-type of state. We are made to realize by contrast the merits and defects of both democracy and autocracy, and in the end our choice or preference must pivot round the problem of human freedom. Democracy cannot compete with the dictators on their own ground. It can offer neither the joys of obedience nor its rewards, nor the complete solution of every problem, personal or political. Democracy can only offer the responsibility of choosing for one's self. To those who shrink from that responsibility, democracy offers nothing. To those who accept it, it offers an opportunity for self-control, for sacrifice, for moderation. Such a survey of modern dictatorship as Diana Spearman has sketched should place this issue clearly before our minds and furnish us with the necessary data upon which to base a judgment and to justify a preference: in the modern world, Dictatorship or Democracy—which?

Is there another possible choice or preference? Dr. Rosenberg offers us an historical contribution to the present discussion of democracy, surveying the political history of the past 150 years. Yet he does not conceal his preference. He is both a democrat and a Marxist. He writes however entirely independently of every party or group interest, and his purpose is to help the reader to come to his own conclusions. The

book is intended to present primarily the practical political work of Marx and Engels during the period 1845-95. Part I. sketches Modern Democracy before Marx. Part II. deals with Democracy and Marxism 1845-95, and in Part III. the story is carried on from 1895 to the present day with a final critique of Democracy. In these days of contending ideologies our danger is that we may find ourselves the dupes of catch-words. A reading both of what Miss Spearman has to tell us of "Dictatorship", and Dr. Rosenberg's story of the evolution of modern "democracy" and "socialism", will help to a clearer definition of terminology and a keener appreciation of the issues confronting us.

H. MAURICE RELTON.

LOST LIBERTY? by Joan and Jonathan Griffin. *Chatto and Windus* 8s. 6d.

EYEWITNESS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, by Alexander Henderson. *Harrap* 10s. 6d.

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN, by Maurice Hindus. *Collins* 12s. 6d.

Lost Liberty is primarily an examination of political principles. "We ourselves", the authors write, "had long thought peace the first aim of politics; yet Prague in 1938 seemed to force us to believe that there is something even worse than war. Which is true? Is liberty worth modern war? Is peace worth vassaldom? The fate of the people of Masaryk's Czechoslovakia raises this question mercilessly and is essential to its answer". In order to answer these questions Mr. and Mrs. Griffin provide an admirable account

of the preliminary destruction of the first Czechoslovak Republic as they were able to observe it during last autumn. There is another fundamental point with which they deal, fundamental to the understanding of the manner in which Nazi Germany prepares an offensive, and that is the artificial inflammation of the position between the Czech and the Sudeten Germans. No one familiar with the history of Bohemia and Moravia could suggest that the problem of the relation of their Czech and German-speaking inhabitants was an easy one, yet in the middle of September, 1938 there were many indications that this relation was within sight of real amelioration. In addition to the address of loyalty from the Bohemian nobility to President Benes at the time, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin are able to reveal the interesting fact that a day or so earlier—in fact on September 17th—Dr. Lodgman actually visited the pro-Czech Sudeten German Socialist leader, Herr Jaksch, to offer to support a new democratic National Council of Sudeten Germans which had been established in order to arrive at a peaceful agreement with the Czechoslovak Government. Dr. Lodgman had led the intransigent German nationalist opposition to the Czechs in the early years after the War, and his behaviour on September 17th, whatever its motives, was an interesting indication of tendencies at the time. "This moment", write Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, "when the Sudeten German problem had at last a real chance of being solved, was the very moment Great Britain and France chose to betray Czechoslovakia."

Mr. Henderson's book is straightforward narrative and includes a detailed examination of the history of

the Henleinist Sudeten German Party; his extensive material about the methods of this organization, as employed in the factories for instance, and about the constitution and the functions of its militant formation, the *Freiwilliger Schutzdienst*, provide ample corroboration of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin's view that the Henleinists existed to provoke a crisis. Roughly speaking, Mr. Henderson considers that the Wiedemann visit to London in July, 1938, was the decisive incident which fore-doomed the Czechs; it is not without interest that Captain Wiedemann stayed with Princess Stefanie Hohenlohe in London, and that the Hohenlohe family was subsequently instrumental in bringing about Lord Runciman's meeting with Herr Henlein on August 18th.

Mr. Henderson's account of the attacks of Hungarian terrorists and irregulars upon Slovakia and Ruthenia in October, "an attempt to apply pressure on the (Czecho-Slovak) Republic, in order to squeeze out the maximum of territorial concessions" in the negotiations which were supposed to be going on at the time, is particularly valuable. This is ground which has scarcely been trodden at all; even to-day when Hungary has been able to take all Ruthenia, as well as a considerable part of Slovakia, it is not at all clear that Hungarian irregulars are not under arms and in action. Mr. Henderson also gives an extremely interesting account of Germany's patronage of the Great Ukrainian movement in Ruthenia during the short period when Chust had been liberated from the Czechs and not yet seized by the Hungarians. The typical Ukrainian attitude, he found, was that of a

journalist who said to him, "We know we shall have to pay for Germany's help, but rather than have no help at all we are prepared to pay". Since the Germans gave them up to Hungary in March, 1939, it is said that the Ukrainians have, however, swung round to a pro-Russian state of mind.

Mr. Henderson more or less leaves his tale to point its own moral, though it is perfectly clear where his sympathies lie; both his book and *Lost Liberty?* are touched by the glory of the Hussite spirit ever cherished by the Czechs, who are deeply convinced that their nation has been identified through history with truth, indeed with right. Mr. Hindus' book has really nothing to recommend it except a certain sensibility to this very genuine Hussitism of the Czechs. Otherwise it is inaccurate and diffuse, and tells one nothing which is not better told elsewhere. As for endless incidents about taking a whiskey with Mr. Knickerbocker or some less famous journalist, they scarcely seem worthy of record, though Mr. Hindus appears to have attached extraordinary importance to them. He became quite indignant when left to himself in Carlsbad. "Isn't there anybody here?" I said a little impatiently. "Not a single foreign journalist?"

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

LESSING'S DRAMATIC THEORY, by J. G. Robertson. *Cambridge University Press* 30s.

This long and scholarly book is one more testimony to the immemorial spell of the Theatre. It sets forth the curiously belated rise of the German stage in the eighteenth century and the great part which Gotthold Ephraim Lessing played in the matter both as

critic and as dramatist. It occupied much of Professor Robertson's time in the last thirty years of his life, and no doubt much of its inspiration dated back to his years as a young student in Leipzig. He did not live to complete it, but Professor Edna Purdie took up the work after his death, verifying its innumerable references and quotations and bringing it to a dignified close. Its illustrations—the façade of the historic Hamburg theatre opened in 1765 and reproductions of prints of German actors and actresses—are curiously similar to drawings of many English playhouses and players of the same period.

The chief figure in the book is Lessing himself, whose name is perhaps the greatest in the roll of art critics. To the almost ferocious sincerity of a Sarcey he added a breadth of sympathy and a cultural range which made even Macaulay one of his warmest panegyrists. His *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, published in 1767-8 was the first modern handbook of the dramatist's art and also the first of the art of the actor. It has long ranked as a classic in Germany and in one of the volumes of the notable "Bohn Library" it is familiar to many English readers. As the author of *Minna von Barnhelm* and *Nathan der Weise* Lessing also stands in the front rank of German dramatists, and both these plays still hold the stage wherever a German audience can be assembled. Even in London I have seen them both followed by crowded houses with much the same rapt interest that an English audience bestows upon "Hamlet".

As Edmund Gosse once said, Lessing was the first continental critic to admit the full greatness of England's dramatic

literature; and he did so at a time when in Germany as in France the plays of Corneille and Racine were placed far above those of Shakespeare. "Lessing's defence of the English poet", says Professor Robertson, "penetrated to circles that had hitherto only seen him through Voltairean eyes". An idealist and an honest man, he could be very severe on dramatists, as when he described the heroine of a particularly crude tragedy as "dying of the fifth act". Even of some of his brother critics we find him declaring that "their best criticism consists in making all criticism suspect".

In enthusiasm no less than in scholarship, Professor Robertson's book may fairly be said to rise to Lessing's own height.

H. M. WALBROOK

WHAT NEXT, BABY? or SHALL I GO TO TANGANYIKA?, by A. G. Macdonell. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

NO MORE MUSIC, by Rosamund Lehmann. Collins. 5s.

THREE PLAYS: SUOMI, THE BRONTES OF HAWORTH, FANNY BURNEY, by Elizabeth Goudge. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

Dramatic writings may be roughly classified under three heads: the utterly brainless, rarely deserving publication, however popular they may be on the stage; the hopelessly high-brow, rarely repaying production, however readable they may be in the study; and the intelligent middle ranks that ought to be good value whether read or acted. All the plays on our list belong to some part of this large middle class. The places and times of their production—outlying theatres, or Sunday evenings—indicate

their slight upward tendency, their freedom from such sentimental or crudely comic features as would secure them an easy public. They are in fact examples of the present-day theatre of practical ideas; in each case the playwright has written with a certain seriousness of intention, no matter what degree of humour may emerge. At this point our three authors take divergent paths: Mr. Macdonell is satirical, Miss Goudge is historical, Miss Lehmann is atmospheric. All three manners have classical or semi-classical precedents; all alike keep clear of experimentalism.

Odd as it may seem, Mr. Macdonell's play is at once the most obviously uproarious and the most cunningly contorted of them all. It is, he insists, a very broad satire on film stars and their managers, with a preface about the Star-system. All very well so far, but rather paltry. Some of us are bored with Hollywood beauties, and the real film fan will never like this play. On the other hand we have all run mad on politics, and the mere mention of a dictator jogs our interest. Mr. Macdonell never mentions a dictator. He *does* remark that a strange misapprehension got around when the play was produced after Crisis 1938. To cure all that his preface starts in on the European theatre . . . until the starry Amanda is entangled with the Foreign Office and the Prime Minister is uttering words about "this nettle, danger" that we seem to have seen reported in the Press. Though political satire is not rare at the moment, good humour in politics is rare indeed, Mr. Macdonell is utterly heartless, and undoubtedly bitter at the core; but he is gloriously witty just beneath the

cinema-surface, and without tracing the forbidden analogy to its final details one may revel in the speed and lightness he achieves.

Miss Lehmann gives us *No More Laughter*, except those titters aroused by a collection of familiar types in a West Indian hotel. Her casual, blunt dialogue, with its insistence on the motions of trivial minds, is suited to the novel rather than the stage. "The moment I sit down to have a good think or a read", one character remarks, "all sorts of odds and ends come popping into my head. The ordering you know, or scratches on the paint, or something . . ." This "odds and ends" manner of writing is the prerogative of Virginia Woolf in the novel or of Tchekov on the stage. In either case the ghostly menace of a desolate fate looms through the trivial and transfigures it. Miss Lehmann here makes a bid for Tchekov. In her characters she assembles his negative qualities of inertia, restlessness, self-distrust, want of principle and lack of aim. She easily establishes a general pettiness. But to redeem it there is neither healthy satire, nor the Tchekovian haunting of some tragedy more deeply interfused. Her temperamental, Coward-like lovers, her repressed young spinster discovering a kind of limpet-love that cracks decorum, may be well observed, but they refuse to have importance even in the skilfully muddled atmosphere of storm and tropic tension that envelops them. The play has interest, but the title does indeed describe it: where there should ultimately be music, it is dumb.

Miss Goudge, another novelist turned playwright, has a more age-honoured sense of theatre. Her two plays about literary women are built up as historical

chronicles, revealing these heroines at certain key points of their lives, surrounded by familiar famous figures. The danger of this method is to rely on such names as Dr. Johnson and Thackeray, aided by clever make-up, to redeem flat dialogue. Miss Goudge should beware of this makeshift. But her Brontës and Burneys are gracious presentations; it takes, perhaps, a Shakespeare to combine chronicle and creation. Her third play is on quite other lines. Here, with passion and allegory, she approaches the political ideals at the back of Mr. Macdonell's insistent levity. The woman Suomi represents her country Finland which, is shown, through the example of a peasant family, struggling to freedom in 1899 and 1917. An echo of Ibsen is heard amongst the moving puppets. It speaks with more drama and intensity than Miss Lehmann's Tchekov, since protest echoes more resoundingly than defeat.

SYLVA NORMAN.

THE GOVERNMENT AND MIS-GOVERNMENT OF LONDON, by William A. Robson. *Allen & Unwin*. 15s.

HISTORY OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, 1889-1939, by Sir Gwilym Gibbon and Reginald W. Bell. *Macmillan*. 21s.

London is no longer a city. It has become what the experts call a 'conurbation' which is an ugly word for what is really a rather ugly thing. Dr. Robson talks of the new London as "flooding the countryside, creating new land values, exchanging new slums for old, sprawling far and wide without direction or control, devoid of coherence or integrity". It takes courage to

write a book so largely critical of the capital as he has done. I can only think of Robert Sinclair's "Metropolitan Man" in recent years. Vested interests rise in their wrath and sentimentalists deplore the interference with tradition when such sweeping changes as Dr. Robson proposes are even mentioned. Two-thirds of this work are devoted to a sane and scholarly review of the past and the present of London government. He finds a great deal to regret but not a little to praise in the way in which that gigantic problem has been and is being tackled, but it is in the last third of his study that he really comes to grips with Leviathan. Only a regional government—a Greater London Council—can, in his opinion, save the metropolis from continuing to "drift about helplessly with the tide, like a beached whale". He castigates the folly of a national Government which hands out borough status after borough status in the London area much as if it were a sort of medal, without realizing that by so doing it is making the problem of cultivating a sense of community and an efficiency of services in Outer London infinitely more difficult to solve. Particularism is rife, and localism strong because, in its jealousy of the capital, Parliament has for more than a generation now done its best to encourage them.

The greater London Council he envisages would be a smallish body, of 150 persons. The councillors would be directly elected, and paid; the present voluntary system drastically limits the types entering local government. Such a Council would do away with as many "ad hoc" bodies as possible, because "ad hoc" bodies cannot co-operate

with each other for the good of London as a whole. (The evidence before the Barlow Commission on Industrial Population gave ample proof of that). Dr. Robson shows, for instance, how cumbersome and undemocratic is a body like the Metropolitan Water Board and how unnecessary it is for the Metropolitan Police to be under the Home Secretary instead of part of the system of the local authority, like the Fire Brigade. The Port of London Authority he would leave untouched, but he only envisages the London Passenger Transport Board's complete independence as temporary.

The voter at present is doubtless confused by the multiplicity of local authorities. Give him a Greater London Council with full control over the things that mattered in his daily life, and he might well respond enthusiastically, so that the election figures would no longer be so disgracefully small.

Dr. Robson, whose sense of tidiness is sometimes almost awe-inspiring, would remove the Home Counties from participation in metropolitan local government altogether. That would be a hard pill to swallow, especially for Middlesex men, but then Middlesex is the greatest anachronism! The present boroughs he would rationalize, too, so as to get diversity of character in the new areas. Poverty and industry in St. Pancras would be offset by the well-to-do dormitory of Hampstead and the refined gentility of Marylebone, and so on. The City Corporation with its oligarchic privileges would go altogether. I recommend liverymen and others connected with the City Companies to omit this chapter. It might give them an apopleptic seizure!

Finally, Dr. Robson gives an idea of what New York has done to reconstitute its government, not as an example to follow, but as a demonstration that the chief city of the new world is ready and able to adapt itself to modern conditions. Then he throws down his gage. Will London lag behind? Can London, whether it is preparing for peace or for war, dare to lag behind? This book is as stimulating as a cold bath, but unfortunately a great many people do not like cold baths.

Sir Gwilym Gibbon and Mr. Bell have written a very different kind of survey of London Government, but they have managed to make what is more or less an official history, timed to appear at the same time as the L.C.C.'s Jubilee, an eminently readable book, and that is an achievement. Their history is sound and immensely enlivened by cartoons from "Punch", though one gathers from them that our foremost humorous journal has often tried in the past to ridicule many of the efforts made in the name of social justice and administrative efficiency on behalf of Londoners. But the really important part of the story deals with the present day. Nobody who reads it can fail to understand better how the great institution which is 50 years old this year touches the lives of Londoners at a hundred points; municipal government comes alive in these pages. I would recommend in particular the chapter describing how the Council itself functions, which is a model of clear exposition and good English. Occasionally the authors tend to gloss over the Council's failures. Becontree, for instance, is described as though it had been a great adventure with a successful ending, whereas it is of course the most spectacular example

of how *not* to establish a satellite town. Apart from a certain tepidity of judgment, however, it is an admirable "biography" of the L.C.C., and ought to be compulsory reading in every London school.

KENNETH ADAM.

THE OPEN SKY, by L. A. G. Strong.
Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

PINK FACES, by Betty Inskip.
Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

BORSTAL LIVES, by Louis Edward.
Gollancz. 9s.

BLIND MAN'S DITCH, by Walter Allen.
Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.

Perhaps the principal difficulty that the contemporary novelist has to surmount is the money question; and it is always interesting to watch how various authors evade the dullness which, in present-day conditions, almost inevitably dogs the doings of those who have just enough money to get on with, and only just. Each of the books whose titles head these lines has had to elude the problem somehow; and each of them does it with more or less success.

Mr. Strong, an old and practised hand at the game, pitches his scene in a country where money has less importance than almost anywhere in Europe: the west coast of Ireland—and on an island off it, at that. His hero admittedly is wealthy in worldly goods, but his poor health has driven him to a corner of the world where they are of very little use to him. But in any case, in Kilree, there is precious little danger of any dullness creeping in. For one thing, the countryside itself, depicted by Mr. Strong's vivid pen, is full of excitement, and he succeeds completely in conveying the curiously exhilarating

yet soft atmosphere of the Atlantic seaboard, not forgetting the faintly menacing attraction of many of its wilder parts.

It is really rather a pity that *The Open Sky* should have to come to a climax, but it would be too much to expect Mr. Strong to go on writing for ever about Heron's gradual recovery from neurosis, his conversations with Sheila, half paternal and half flirtatious, and his difficulties with the extremely eccentric elder population of Kilree. The ending is rapid and somehow satisfactory, but we are left sorrowing that Sheila could not have spent some of her generous nature in a wider world where meanness is too common. This is a real and a living book.

By contrast, *Pink Faces* evokes an atmosphere of mistiness. It may be the title, but there seems to be a sort of pervasive rose-coloured tint about everywhere—not altogether unjustified, indeed, for the scene is laid in pre-Anschluss Austria, a country that was smothered in false romanticism by romance-hungry English. The money question is soon disposed of here: everyone is either fabulously wealthy, or sponges on those who are. The sisters Serena and Vicky are pleasantly differentiated, but they are a trifle hazy and two-dimensional, and never seem really to emerge from a sort of "Wood beyond the World". Austria has suffered much, and in contrast with the suffocating patronage of the English and American visitors herein depicted one might almost be tempted to describe even the Anschluss as "a good thing".

There's no money problem in *Borstal Lives*, as none of the inmates has any money (except for illicit silver collected

during "visits") beyond the threepenny allowance of pocket-money, increased to fivepence as a reward of virtue. Mr. Edward has not attempted to write a novel, and wisely so, for his series of vignettes of "Life at Borstal from Within" is a far more convincing way of conveying the atmosphere of the place. Actually, however, Mr. Edward does not really tell us very much about Borstal as a whole; apparently the life of each "house" within a Borstal establishment is fairly watertight, and contact with other "houses" seems greatly restricted. *Borstal Lives* leaves the uninitiated reader with a rather confused impression of complicated internal politics, liberally peppered with private slang; its strong point is the delineation of the characteristics of Mr. Edward himself and the odd dozen of personages—staff and boys included—who immediately surrounded him.

Some might say that Mr. Walter Allen has cheated the readers of *Blind Man's Ditch* by leaving his characters more or less suspended in mid-air at the close of the book; and in fact the various intertwined sub-plots that make up a complicated and fascinating whole could have been logically unwound and the volume brought to a conventional close. Here again an episodic treatment (though in larger slices) helps to bring out the vividness of the narrative; and the whole is illuminated by flashes of keen observation and insight into the small things that make life ridiculous and interesting. One of the most engaging points about the whole story is that every major event in it, even down to the murder of a shop-messenger with a case-full of silver, depends on the emotional disturbance aroused in the bosom of a lady-journalist by a love-

affair with a married colleague years before our story started. The young schoolmaster, enthusiastic despite himself, and the poor scholar singeing his wings at the candle-flame, are among the characters drawn with great sensitiveness and sympathy; but surely the slug-like James Bartholomew was too revolting to have got away with it quite as often and as easily as he did.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD.

SUNDAY BUGLES, by H. A. Manhood.
Cape. 7s. 6d.

What a pity that Jan Steen and Hogarth were deprived the pleasure of reading these stories, for most of them depict what is called 'low life' and accomplish their task with gruesome geniality. Take, for instance, the tale entitled "Shovel my Acorns", where we rub shoulders, as it were, with grimness itself, only to ride off almost with laughter. There is a hint that a good-natured farmer at long last murdered his shrew of a wife and that she has been consumed, among the acorns, by the pigs of a neighbour; when the neighbour subsequently brings the farmer a present of pork it is refused. The village constable is uneasy at the woman's disappearance, finally the neighbour sees her being run over and killed in a nearby town, and the husband, when the news is broken to him, smiles slowly, appreciatively. 'I reckon', he says, 'I meant to finish her all right that day, but she hopped too quick'... Some of the best of these entertaining stories take place in Ireland; 'Mulvaney's Miracle' describes the adventures of a young Irishman who, starting from zero, comes over to Wales and England, where he prospers exceedingly. Having become possessed

of a cow he mixes her milk with a more potent liquid for whose manufacture he has omitted to obtain a license. He likewise has an uncompromising wife, from whom he is released by the agency of the bits of dynamite which he has brought with him from Ireland and practically forgotten.

Mr. Manhood's fertile imagination is well displayed in his account of what the hero did before he arrived at the South Downs where he was 'very pleased with their shape, like plump wrinkles in a frank, smiling face, he thought'. He had stopped here and there for strange labour, picking round black flints for glassmaking on a pebbly shore, selling winkles and cockles at a fair to oblige an old dame who'd broken her spectacles, minding a sick elephant for two days while the circus trainer travelled to a zoo for medicine and advice, and assisting in the salvage of a home-made yacht which had sunk on launching for some reason which Mulvaney could not wait to hear. . . . In the story entitled "Worm in Oak" we come across these words: 'I was still trying to decide when we reached the lakeside through a birch copse that quivered as with delicate interest in our quarrel'. And amid the starkness of some of the episodes 'distant flower beds seemed filled with sky-dust, so strong was the preference for blue among the flowers'. These sardonic, humorous, beautiful and variegated stories will appeal to all discerning readers. As old Alice Pomeroy said (when her daughter-in-law, believing that there would soon be an end of her, now that she had buried her old husband and taken to her bed, in which belief the younger woman had removed all the furniture of the downstairs rooms of the cottage to her

own new brick house), as old Alice said, as she knocked with her umbrella at the daughter-in-law's door, 'So nice and thoughtful of you to carry my things down here all ready for me. I'm sure we shall get along famously together'.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MISCELLANEA

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DOCTRINES OF CONTEMPORARY EUROPE, by M. Oakeshott. *Cambridge*. 10s. 6d.

This is, literally, not in the conventional sense, a Text-book—and a most valuable one. Mr. Oakeshott, at the instigation of Professor Ernest Barker, has collected together what may be considered the authoritative and standard statements of the respective doctrines animating the various politics of the contemporary world. For Representative Democracy we have exclusively nineteenth-century writers—none the worse for that. The section of Catholicism includes, appropriately, excerpts from the Constitution of Eire, 1937. Communism is served by Marx, Lenin and the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. And it is an excellent thing to have reproduced here the full text of the much-quoted article by Signor Mussolini himself in the *Enciclopedia Italiana*.

DISGRACE ABOUNDING, by Douglas Reed. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

Those who revelled in *Insanity Fair* as a fearless statement of the views held by any intelligent observer of the European scene will delight in its sequel. The author has a gift for presenting in a vivid way his own experience and impressions—this time

in Prague, Budapest, and Belgrade, as the juggernaut of German might and majesty moves on. And his biting comment on the class-prejudice, inertia and *laissez aller* of the men directing British policy will seem to many to be thoroughly deserved. Yet, because the prophet of woe has been proved right, he is not likely to commend himself any more to the panjandrums, who go on their way purblind and deaf to warnings. What distinguishes Mr. Reed from other captious critics of the Gadarene policy is his realization that anti-Fascism, too, has its dangers and weaknesses. He has been strongly criticized on the Left for daring to suggest that the unhappy fate of Jews is as nothing to the plight of the non-conforming Aryans: that the 'pity the poor Jew' cry is by way of becoming a "dangerous racket". But he has the courage of his convictions, and there is a great deal of truth in what he says. His chapter on the strength of the Jews in Hungary—in the towns, of course—is highly illuminating. We should also take due note of the significance of this fact—Germany is already so much mistress of the Continent that the telephonic communications of M. Benes last September with London and Paris were all recorded on gramophone records in German! Mr. Reed has patented the forthright, slash-cut manner which is our English counterpart of Guntherian gossiping and melodrama.

A NEW HOLY ALLIANCE, by Emil Ludwig. *Robert Hale*. 3s. 6d.

Emil Ludwig's case for this excursion into political debate is that "the man who studies national characteristics can foretell the future up to a certain point better than the man who merely ranges

economic statistics in a row"; which is perfectly true. However, he is not so much concerned with prophecy as with somewhat commonplace reminders of certain features of the German character and *obiter dicta* such as: "in Hitler the German people find satisfaction for their deeper instincts of power, war and blood and "the affinity between Germans and Jews is the fundamental reason for their hostility". The chapters contrasting German with French and British psychology are well-phrased but unoriginal. And the 'solution' for our troubles of a solid combination of the three democracies, Great Britain, France and the U.S.A. is likewise somewhat flyblown. But perhaps it is not fair to subject to severe criticism what is clearly a sketch of some *magnum opus* of the future by a writer who is nothing if not prolific.

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B.U.N.S. A novel by frances gray.
Constables. 8s. 6d.

Miss Gray is not the first person to provide innocent merriment by guying an armaments firm. British and United National Chemicals produces a certain poison gas, Sedonheit—twice as lethal as Lewisite—and supplies it to a foreign country; then waits until the said country becomes menacing thereby, which is the moment to offer the Government of the country where B.U.N.C. is domiciled a marvellous new anti-gas device—after, however, a suitable period of gas-warfare scare propaganda. And it is owned and managed by an auburn-haired, small, delicate but wiry woman, who is, purposely, just a little too good to be true, in keeping with the general de-bunking atmosphere which pervades the book. Among the attractive satellites revolving round this planet there are some whose character is excellently portrayed, others which are tenuous, shadowy by-products of the author's mind. But it is in the actual story that Miss Gray displays unusual skill and discernment, and it is for the story that the present reviewer read to the end.

ELEPHANTS IN AFRICA, by Frank Melland. *Country Life. 10s. 6d.*

It may well seem strange to recommend a book about the African elephant to the general reader, but Mr. Frank Melland, whose recent death we record with great regret, has a way with him which makes specialized knowledge not only palatable but a joy to the untutored. Unlike most pieces of miscellaneous information harboured by us all, "the elephant never forgets" appears to be a fact, and in Mr. Melland's opinion the elephant relies at all times

on memory and not on instinct. It is man's lust for ivory which has spoiled the elephant's nature. By nature the elephant is prepared to live a Garden of Eden existence with man and beast, conscious no doubt of his vast bulk and superiority. But the elephant now knows that man means danger, and mother communicates this information to her children. To those, like ourselves, who have no personal experience of elephant hunting, Mr. Melland's chapters on the family life of the elephant will make the widest appeal. The elephant places co-operation very high in his moral code, and Mr. Melland describes vividly the swift action of the cows in rallying round a wounded bull. Supported on both sides a badly wounded bull is often enabled to escape. The intelligence of the elephant is ranked very high, above that of the dog and horse, but below that of the chimpanzee and orang-outang. The full page drawings by Stuart Tresilian are admirable illustrations to an admirable book.

WARNINGS AND PREDICTIONS by Viscount Rothermere. *Eyre & Spottiswoode. 5s.*

Lord Rothermere is the perfect example of the prophet without honour in his own country. Why this should be it is difficult to say, but certainly abroad his pronouncements never go unheeded. In this collection the most notable vaticinations are those with regard to the potentialities of air warfare, which our ostriches in human form still delight to pooh-pooh, the least valuable his scared references to Communism—or any social movement likely to change by any iota the established capitalist order of things.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

Once again THE FORTNIGHTLY can profit from the momentary lull in the international turmoil to consider the deeper issues underlying surface events. Two articles in particular supply abundant food for thought, though they are not concerned with immediate topical issues. F. L. McDougall writes with particular authority on the question of nutrition which has come into prominence in recent years—as a result of the initiative of the Australian delegation at the League of Nations Assembly in 1935, and, then, through the instant success of the study on 'Food, Health and Income' by Sir John Orr published in the same year. Attention has recently been re-focussed on the subject by a conference arranged by the British Medical Association. Lord Astor, on that occasion, had some pointed comments to make on the continued conditions of utter poverty—and on the creation of monopoly producer trusts in recent expedients of agricultural policy. The sting of F. L. McDougall's article is in the tail, where he shows that the democracies will be judged, in the last analysis, by their success or failure in effecting—and that soon—a more equitable redistribution of wealth, at home and abroad. The author has been Economic Adviser to the Commonwealth Government at

Australia House, London, for several years.

The article by Sir George Young is interesting for its challenge to the Catholic Church; not that it is in any sense polemical, but it is the considered opinion of one who has had considerable experience of practical politics supplementing a special interest in political philosophy. Sir George Young started in the Diplomatic Service and, after service in the Great War, was for a time Professor of Portuguese in London University before taking up the teaching of political science and international law in various American universities. He has a wide experience of expert missions—and has written on subjects as diverse as Portugal, the Balkans, Constantinople, Egypt, Spain—the Freedom of the Seas, and 'Diplomacy Old and New'. He contributed to this review an article on Spain in June, 1937, and has made a thorough study of the political kaleidoscope in that unhappy country—with special reference to the influence and prestige of the Church.

Of Portugal until lately very little was known or heard in this country. Since the successful 'Portuguese week' in London, however, the special correspondents have gathered there and put Portugal on the map. W. C.

Atkinson, who wrote for us two years ago about the achievements of Señor Salazar, now contributes a most interesting study of Portugal's overseas connections, the importance of which we are apt to under-estimate. The author is Stevenson Professor of Spanish in the University of Glasgow.

For a sane and timely judgment on the question of Germany's colonies we are indebted to **Sir William Gowers, K.C.M.G.** (in a review of the new book by G. L. Steer, which has had—and earned—a good press). Sir William had a long and distinguished career in Africa, ending as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Uganda Protectorate, 1925-32.

Home politics are, somehow, unsuitable for any substantial treatment in a review like *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. But, since we are all agreed that in these days Parliament—as established by tradition—'is not enough'—the argument for devolution of matters economic on to an industrial chamber is overwhelming. There is no one better qualified to state the case than **S. G. Hobson**, who is the leading authority on guild and syndicalist ideas.

In the matter of topical issues our searchlight must play, necessarily, on the drama of Eastern Europe, the upshot of which is still not at all clear. **Patrick Sloan**, who explains the Soviet standpoint, is a specialist on his subject. After two years as a university lecturer in Economics in the University College of North Wales he spent five years working and travelling in the U.S.S.R.—and has written two notable books.

He is at present editor of *Russia To-day*.

The author of *Baltic Neutrality*, **Wolfram Gottlieb** is a Latvian, representing in London *Brīva Zīne*, the Government organ of his country and also a Lithuanian newspaper. The background material which his article supplies is essential to an understanding of the present diplomatic hide-and-seek in Eastern Europe.

For a similar commentary on the situation underlying present anxieties in the Far East we have turned to an eminent French journalist who has known that corner of the world very well since the time of the Russo-Japanese war. **M. Naudeau** is a frequent contributor to *L'Illustration*—whose articles and pictorial features maintain a uniformly excellent standard.

Breaking with our usual custom we have decided to print in two parts a record of personal impressions of the universities of America to-day. **Ronald Hilton** is a widely-travelled, extremely able Oxonian who, after winning a host of scholarships at Oxford, obtained a two years' Fellowship from the Commonwealth Fund to pursue his studies in modern languages and literature. He will shortly be taking up an appointment at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver.

The searching study of Canadian foreign policy, with which we lead off this month is by an Englishman who settled in Canada some twelve years ago. **H. N. Fieldhouse** is head of the Department of History at the University of Winnipeg.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

The Encyclopædia Britannica Book of the Year 1939 is, like its predecessor of 1938, an exhaustive and finely produced survey of the principal persons, events, and developments and affairs during the previous year. Such a volume is of immeasurable value to everyone concerned with public affairs, and the fact that its pages are splendidly illustrated will increase its importance as the years go by. All subjects are dealt with alphabetically, and contributors, like the contributors to the Encyclopædia itself, are first-class authorities on their subjects. The volume is splendidly bound and should be found inevitably in every self-respecting library. The price is £2 5s.

* * * * *

The seventh season of the Open Air Theatre opened in perfect June weather in the Queen Mary's Gardens, Regent's Park. It is claimed for the theatre, and rightly claimed, that the Shakespearean season in the Gardens has become a national attraction, for there must be few foreigners, interested in the theatre, who come to London and do not attempt to see Shakespeare's plays performed in so beautiful a setting. This year *Much Ado About Nothing* was chosen as the opening play, Cathleen Nesbitt giving a grand performance as Beatrice, and D. A. Clarke-Smith proving every bit as good as Benedick. The second play to be chosen was *Pericles*, a romance described by John Bailey as unlikely to be often read or ever acted. However, in spite of the very doubtful authorship of the first two acts there are some grand passages in the rest of the play, and students of Shakespeare will be grateful for the opportunity of seeing in the best surroundings a little known play. The first performance was on June 20, but it had not yet been played when these notes were written.

* * * * *

Theatres in the West-End struggle with commendable success—though in these days unless a particular venture 'comes off'—it comes off in the other sense very speedily. One play which has fully earned its transfer to another theatre is *Design for Living* by the inimitable Noel Coward. Diana Wynyard and Rex Harrison give sterling performances. After a run of some months at the Haymarket it has been taken over to the Savoy—where it is being played to popular prices. The American experimental play, with an all-women cast, 'The Women' by Clare Boothe at the Lyric Theatre has justified itself. It is certainly witty—and plays with a snap; but many of us cannot help preferring the straight play with some pretension to a story.

We grow accustomed to expecting a high standard of production of plays at the Unity Theatre and *Harvest in the North*, by James L. Hodson, is no exception to this rule. The play is not a new one and has been performed previously in Manchester with great success. The story of a mill-working family, it is a tragic portrayal of unemployment in Lancashire. Many of the individual performances in the Unity Theatre production were excellent and the play was produced by Andre van Gyseghem. Unity Theatre added to their recent successes by winning the Howard de Walden Cup in the National final of the British Drama League Community Theatre Festival Contest with their performance of *Plant in the Sun*. Unity Theatre have only one other virtue to acquire and that is punctuality, at least on first nights.

* * * *

The Embankment Fellowship Centre is a fine effort on the part of a voluntary body to house and rebuild in body and spirit destitute ex-Service men, who are over 45. Great work has been done at 59, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1, where men who apply for admission are interviewed every day, and over one hundred men are always in residence renewing their health, self confidence, and acquaintance with their former trades. As long as a man seeks work he is never turned away, but experience has proved that with very few exceptions the men do find work again without two months of their entering the centre. In the Centre's financial year of 1938-39, 550 men were put back into paid employment. The Embankment Fellowship Centre needs funds but they also need old suits in a good state of repair, for many, indeed most of the men, arrive under-nourished and insufficiently clothed. The Centre would welcome such gifts.

* * * *

The Pioneer Health Centre, St. Marys Road, Peckham, S.E.15, one of the most interesting of all sociological experiments of our age, is in danger of closing down for lack of financial support. This would be a grave disaster and a serious indictment of our bureaucratic methods, which, while admitting the good deeds and the fine biological research work done at Peckham, cannot do anything to help, because Peckham cannot be found under any known heading in the card index of good works. Most people are aware of the work done at this 'family club' where all members are subject to regular medical examination, but those who are not and, indeed, those who are, would do well to acquaint themselves with "Biologists in Search of Material", the story of the Health Centre, published by Faber and Faber at half-a-crown.

August, 1939

THE STORY OF THE DOCUMENTARY FILM

BY JOHN GRIERSON

THE so-called 'documentary' film commands more and more public attention. That word, which seemed at one time so ugly, has stuck, and the documentary film is accepted as a definite *genre* of ordinary film production. The cinema which builds its stories out of the humdrum of daily events takes its place with the cinema of the stars. Perhaps the word 'documentary' has stuck just because it was ugly. Those of us who launched it round about '26 or '27 used to say that its name was the best guarantee of its integrity and that there, surely, was a plain honest face that would never 'go Hollywood'. We under-estimated. The pundits of Wardour Street, though they swallowed hard for a few years, were pleading the other day before the Chancellor of the Exchequer that one of the gravest effects of his Film Tax would be on the 'cultural' side of their trade and that their beloved documentaries would unquestionably suffer. *Time*, in its most recent quizz, cites the documentary as one of Hollywood's great new interests of the year. A group of Hollywood writers in conference in New York the other day indicated that radio and the documentary film were the great new influences on the creative side of the cinema.

As one of the earliest squatters, I am gratified to note all this. Why, only eleven years ago, the British documentary film movement, in so far as it was a deliberate movement, was represented by one cellar in the Charing Cross Road at seven shillings a week! But, as the idea behind it has developed and has come to be accepted, one has realized that it was never really an adventure in film making at all. It was, from the beginning, an adventure in public observation. The documentary film movement might, in principle, have been a movement in documentary writing, or documentary radio, or documentary

painting. The basic force behind it was social not aesthetic. It was a desire to make a drama from the ordinary to set against the prevailing drama of the extraordinary: a desire to bring the citizen's eye in from the ends of the earth to the story, his own story, of what was happening under his nose. From this came our insistence on the drama of the doorstep.

We were, I confess, sociologists, a little worried about the way the world was going. When first the rights and wrongs of universal suffrage were discussed, some said it would only occupy men's minds with the shadows of far-away political battles. Many of us, after the War, thought that the old pessimists had been right and that citizenship had, in fact, become a matter of shadows. The world had become very complex—and civic comprehension difficult. We were conscious of the abstraction of life under the new metropolitan skies. We saw that poverty of community life went hand in hand with the lack of civic comprehension. And of one thing we were pretty sure—that the old stiff-backed educational system was not doing very much to help towards comprehension. Nor, particularly, was the new myth-making machinery of the star-struck cinema. But if we were jealous of this myth-making influence and made film the instrument of our door-step drama, it was partly by accident. We were interested in *all* instruments which would crystallize sentiments in a muddled world and create a will toward civic participation.

As it happened, the film had its special advantages. It could command millions; it had the power of simple image; and a few pioneers—though not allied to our specific social purposes—had shown us the descriptive way. The Russians were staging large-scale spectacles to confirm the Russian worker in his enthusiasm for the revolution, and brilliantly using ordinary citizens to play the parts. They were not exactly the dramas of the door-step which we had set ourselves to do, but we saw how well the ordinary citizen could look and how images could be put together to make his affairs impressive. If emphasis was needed on this point, our own Bruce Woolfe was showing, in his *Secrets of Nature*, how wonderful ordinary things could be. Before that, years before that, Flaherty had made his beautiful pictures of Eskimos and

Samoans. This was not the drama of the door-step either, nor was Flaherty concerned with our problem of bridging the gap between the citizen and his community; but he showed us how to shoot a story from the inside out, making the tale out of what actually did happen to people. We learned, too, from the many aesthetic experiments in real life photography which had made Ruttmann's *Berlin* and Cavalcanti's *Rien que les Heures* the brilliant innovations of their day. Here was the eye of the artist ranging outside the studio into the streets: observing real people, making the first efforts to swing them into movie form.

But the documentary film was, in spite of all these aids and instances, an essentially British development. Its characteristic was this idea of social use, and there, I believe, is the only reason why our British documentary persisted when other aesthetic or aestheticky movements in the same direction were either fitful or failed. The key to our persistence is that the documentary film was created to fill a need, and it has prospered because that need was not only real but wide. If it came to develop in England there were three good reasons for it. It permitted the national talent for emotional under-statement to operate in a medium not given to under-statement. It allowed an adventure in the arts to assume the respectability of a public service. The third reason was the Empire Marketing Board and a man called Tallents.

In Sir Stephen Tallents' book on the *Projection of England*, he used a sentence from Mill which said a good deal of what some of us were thinking round about 1928. "*It is the artist alone in whose hands truth becomes impressive and a living principle of action*". Yet Tallents had not the same slant on the matter as some of us, and it is important to note the distinction. For my part, the approach was almost completely academic. I was an educationist born and bred but I was interested in the dramatic levels of apprehension. I was sure, as I am now, that the dramatic level of apprehension is the only one that relates a man to his Maker, his neighbour or himself. I set it over against the 'informational' level on which the poor liberal theory of education had been humourlessly insisting for half a century. I had noted in ten years of Universities, as so many have done in less, that the facts are many—and the professors

have a habit of being beside the point of them. I was inclined to raise the sense of smell to among the highest of the virtues.

Many things were happening to give one hope that a new and more inspired kind of education was coming, in which men could stretch their sight and get a wider sense of themselves. The popular press was storming the bastions of the dull, and there was but a difference of degree between the sensationalizing process which was unhealthy, and the dramatizing process which gave colour and perspective and substance to men's lives. The introduction of the active verb in news reporting seemed something deeper than a whim. The film, in spite of the fol-de-rols of its vicarious excitements, was stumbling unconsciously but certainly from "Westerns" to epics and from actors to people. The radio was coming. The film with its documentary possibilities was, indeed, just one among the magic pointers laid against the blackboard. But I liked the idea of a simple dramatic art based on authentic information. I liked the idea of an art where the dramatic factor depended exactly on the depth with which information was interpreted. I liked the notion that, in making films of man in his modern environment, one would be articulating the corporate character of that environment and finding again, after a long period of sloppy romanticism and the person in private, an aesthetic of the person in public. I say 'I', but it was only a moment before a dozen people of like mind joined me: Wright, Elton, Legg, Rotha, D. F. Taylor, Evelyn Spice and others; and later from abroad came Flaherty and Cavalcanti themselves. But the initiative lay with Tallents. Without him, we would have been driven exhausted by this time into the arms of Hollywood or into the practice of a less expensive art. Tallents marked out the habitation and the place for our new teaching of citizenship and gave it a chance to expand. In relating it to the art so variously called 'cultural relations', 'public relations' and 'propaganda', he joined it to one of the actual driving forces of the time and guaranteed it patronage.

As head of the Empire Marketing Board, Tallents had made himself responsible for the adventure of "bringing the Empire alive". The old Imperial concept was disappearing, the new Commonwealth of Nations concept was coming in; and it had,

in Tallents' idea of his work, to be made an emotional reality. Here was a deeper problem of persuasion than the ordinary epileptic instruments of publicity could manage. The inter-relation of the human and corporate parts of the Commonwealth had to be realized in human and corporate terms. "Brought alive" was one of those phrases of genius. It dismissed at a stroke the dishonest aids of mere publicity and posited a need for true dramatic expression. In his *Projection of England*, the thought was that, just as Henry the Navigator had set up his School of Projection to teach the art of crossing seas, so we in our day had to master the arts which would bridge our mental distances. Tallents posited the idea of relating the artist to a problem of mental communication which was basically a matter for artists. So far as he was concerned, his E.M.B. film unit was just one laboratory among others for discovering the terms of that relationship. But his need, and our purpose, coincided so precisely, that an alliance between public relations and the documentary film was struck which was capable of withstanding all later temptations to commercialize our skill. It was a strange alliance for Whitehall. The intangibles of art—whether of propaganda or of film—were 'hardly to be packed into the narrow act' of Treasury files; and Tallents' contribution at that time deserves to go down among the more curious feats of Civil Service bravery.

The Empire Marketing Board was a fine chance to make films of ordinary people and of the dignities of life in our time. Taking that line, we could have gone on for ever "bringing alive" to each other the members of our Commonwealth of Nations. The materials were young, dramatic and inexhaustible. With imagination enough, machinery and support enough, one could, on such a commission, have sighted the eyes and established the sentiments of a generation. Propaganda, in our view, is not just a general storming of the imagination, nor are men like Goebbels for all their powers of organization, very good. The large gaps of mental distance are made up of an infinite number of smaller gaps. Propaganda, on any considered theory, may be a quiet matter of section speaking to section, specialist to specialist, whether the specialist is a scientist, a fight fan, or a philatelist. Bringing Britain and the Empire alive meant this;

and it meant dramatic gambits as various as bringing the countryman alive to the townsman and the research station to the worker. Truth, in the corporate conception, has many facets. We could, I think, have done much for the projection of Britain if the Empire Marketing Board had gone on. The pity of it is that the British Council, the Vansittart Committee and the Imperial Relations Trust, in getting under way to-day, are taking up a national task which was already 'bang' in our eyes ten years ago, and before ever Goebbels was heard of.

But with our new found relationship between film making and public affairs, there were so many fields open to us beyond the E.M.B. that the disappointment could only be momentary. The first one that offered itself was the G.P.O. We grasped it eagerly, for the story of communications was as good as any other and in one sense it was better. When the E.M.B. film unit was invited to go with Tallents to the Post Office—or Tallents insisted on it—we had at least the assurance of imaginative backing. It was never easy in the first place to bring a measure of beauty and dramatic significance from materials which no art had touched before. Nor is it easy for a merely analytic or literary or publicity mind to follow a process of discovery with which it has little in common. With Tallents behind it, the documentary idea prospered at the Post Office and in surroundings which seemed at the beginning singularly unpromising. One remembers looking at a sorting office for the first time and thinking that when you had seen one letter you had seen the lot. Yet the exercise in public communication which we were called to perform was challenging, and significant of all communication between the individual and his corporate servants. Here was the country's largest organization at outs with its public. There was an accusation of dullness and inefficiency or, worse still, an automatic, unjust, acceptance of its dullness and inefficiency. It is, however, a good theory in public relations that these things follow public misunderstanding more often than they cause it. I never saw much efficiency bally-hoo of the American sort in the campaign for a modern outlook which Sir Kingsley Wood initiated. I doubt if it would have worked on the English mind. We operated on the more sensible theory that corporations are like individuals. However

pompous, they are fools for encouragement. The new spirit came as soon as the Public Relations department began to articulate the importance of the Post Office to the public and as soon as the Post Office people saw the light of appreciation in the public's eyes.

This process involved a complex and difficult performance, and the film, of course, did only a small part of the work. The Post Office was "brought alive" to the public by the poster, the press story and the exhibition; and not the least of the influences was the new lick of paint, in which both public and Post Office workers could at long last see their faces. None the less, it was the G.P.O. films that went deepest below the surface and gave both public and Post Office the really inspiring picture of their relationships. I forget how many grand artists they brought in to paint, or make exhibitions of, this considerable slab of British life; but I am pretty sure that in films like *Night Mail*, we had something the others hadn't got. It was some satisfaction to take those letters "G.P.O." and make them stand for what was most progressive in the cinema. It was an even greater satisfaction to take our pedestrian affairs into the schools of the country and make them a dramatic contribution to the child's vision of the world about him. We got behind those sorting office letters and made the mere processes of a huge-scale organization look exciting. We gradually began to see, behind the infernal penny-in-the-slot detail in which the Post Office is so symbolic of our metropolitan civilization, something of the magic of modern communications. We saw the gale warning behind the Central Telegraph Office, the paradox of nationalism and internationalism behind the cable service, the choral beauty of the night mail, and the drama tucked away in the files of the ship-to-shore radio service. Most significant of all, in a film called *Big Money*, Cavalcanti achieved the singular feat of getting under the skin of the Accountant General's department and bringing the routine clerk in most human terms to the screen. I cite it as significant, for there are easier figures to dramatize, but not more important ones, if we are to accept the terms of modern civilization. In this sense, nothing we do is better than our dramatization of the undramatic and honouring of the unhonoured. Value is not

possessed until it is first found and made articulate, and the discovery of beauty is, in an era like ours, the whole of beauty.

To-day the G.P.O. Film Unit goes on with its work, and, with the brilliant craftsmanship of Cavalcanti and the gusto of Watt to set a mark for it, there is no finer unit to-day. But there came a point where the documentary film had to go wider than the story of communications if it was to fulfil the large task it had originally set for itself. With this task in sight, we had from the very early days been training apprentices, and we had tended to loose them on the world as soon as they were really good. Rotha, Wright, Elton, Legg, Anstey, Taylor and a dozen others, over the past three or four years, have been out and about. They have been opening up new vistas of documentary production from the opportunities provided by the public relations needs of Imperial Airways, Electricity, the Orient Line, Shell-Mex, Anglo-Iranian, the Gas Association, the Films of Scotland Committee, the Canadian Government, the Ministry of Labour, the Colonial Empire Marketing Board and many more large industries and national organizations. It is this work which, taken in conjunction with the work of the G.P.O. and the Empire Marketing Board, represents the main body of documentary effort in this country. It is certainly the work of these people which represents the considered extension of the documentary idea. They are closest to the conception of a *whose social education*, in which the documentary film started. It may be observed that, whatever the sponsorship, these documentary film people have, in nearly every case, sought to find some public importance in their observations. Strange as it may appear, the best films of agriculture have come, not from the Ministry of Agriculture, but from the Films of Scotland, Oil, and the Millers' Mutual; and the great documents of health, child welfare and local administration like *Housing Problems*, *Children at School* and *The Londoners* have come, not out of the Ministry of Health, nor out of the L.C.C., but out of Gas. There is great logic in it when the perspectives of their public relations are realized. But without a sense of the deeper levels of communication on the part of men like Leslie, Ryan, Beddington, Medlicott, Gamble, McNicol and Wolkoff, to name only a few of the exponents of public relations, it could hardly

have happened. In that respect the documentary effort has had the greatest aid. The larger ideas of propaganda for which Tallents stood so brilliantly at the E.M.B. and the G.P.O. have spread. And as the art of public relations has become more widely understood, the making of documentary films has spread in direct relationship with it.

It has spread far outside our original group. I naturally concentrate on the group which I initiated and because, I suppose, it has held closely to the original doctrine which was my interest. But it is a blessed day when theory is no longer necessary and the practice of it is taken for granted. Just as fine work in its own style has been done in this country by Bruce Woolfe and Mary Field with their pictures of the British countryside, produced under direct commercial conditions, slowly in other countries the documentary idea is being taken up in very much the same terms as we have understood it. Lorentz's grand film *The River* is the best example, but we have certainly nothing to teach Ivens of Holland, Christiansen of Denmark, Storck of Belgium and a dozen others. Developments of the documentary idea in news magazine form—like Andrew Buchanan's *Cinemazine*—and those dramatized discussions of public affairs like the *March of Time*, *Inside Goods*, and *Point of View* are likewise immensely important. They give a new range and depth to screen journalism and must presently wipe out the long weary tradition of foundation stones.

The documentary idea, after all, demands no more than that the affairs of our time shall be brought to the screen in any fashion which strikes the imagination and makes observation a little richer than it was. At one level, the vision may be journalistic; at another, it may rise to poetry and drama. At another level again, its aesthetic quality may lie in the mere lucidity of its exposition; and this, as Arthur Elton has proved, is by no means among the lower levels of beauty. There is a complementary development which concerns feature films. As a result of a movement of the public will towards authenticity—which one may see to-day in the changing policy of newspaper, magazine and book publication—a new spirit of realism is pervading Hollywood. One need not bother to argue where the drama of recorded reality ends and the drama of enactment

begins. It is the spirit that counts and films like *Pasteur*, *Zola*, and *The Good Earth* are good to have. So, too, is every new figure who, like Cagney and so many of Hollywood's small part players, is cut out of authenticity and brings it to the screen. So, too, is every new effort, however ordinary and sentimental, which relates screen romance to everyday life. Every drama that concerns aeroplanes, locomotives, ships, buses, hospitals, factories, fights with bacteria, telephone breakdowns, city environments, social problems and the real efforts of men, represents one step forward in the articulation of our time. I may regret that so much comes from the studios of Hollywood and so little from our own, for it is hard to think that all the English-speaking vitality lies across the Atlantic. Yet I do not see our own documentary group becoming easily or closely related to Denham and Elstree. We might contribute an imaginative factor to their films, but I doubt if we could give it to their financial policies. In any case, our own field is barely scratched. These great efforts at the G.P.O. and Oil and Gas and elsewhere are so piecemeal as to seem at times disappointing and unsatisfactory. The Ministries of Agriculture and Health and Labour, the municipalities, the projection of Britain to itself and to other countries, the projection of the countries of the Commonwealth to each other: what opportunities there are! And not just for films. Films are not, in themselves, so very important, nor are the artists who make them. We are concerned, I believe, in the greatest mobilization of the public imagination since the churches lost their grip. The important thing is that we are privileged to participate.

A QUESTION OF COLOUR

BY E. F. PODACH

THE first German census recording racial origins was held in the entire Reich on May 17th—with the exception of the newly-attached protectorates of Bohemia and Moravia. A year ago sixty-five railway truck loads (15 tons each) of printed question forms were ready, but the census did not take place owing to the annexation of Austria. It was then an administrative impossibility and, moreover, the Austrians themselves would in many cases have been unable to prove the racial origins of their grandparents, for they had to obtain birth or baptismal records from places scattered over the whole area of the Habsburg monarchy as it was before 1860, and this involved correspondence in ten different languages. Meanwhile it is worth-while considering on what bases legal or customary racial distinctions can be or are being drawn in the world.

The principal racial distinctions seem simple enough in a London bus. If a West-African or Chinese student gets in all the passengers are unanimous that the first belongs to the negro race and the second is a "yellow" Asiatic. The distinction is not so simple on the train from Birmingham (Alabama) to Memphis (Tennessee). If you prefer to travel in the "Jim Crow" carriage, the guard will not object after you have explained you are a negro—however white you look. For in the United States anyone is officially a negro who has one remote negro ancestor, however white his skin may be.

A journey from Auckland, New Zealand to the Cook Islands and to Western Samoa makes it clear that the world is not as God made it. Not only does Sunday become Saturday when the ship crosses the Date Line near the hundred and seventieth meridian, but a man born of a European father and Chinese

mother will find himself classified as a European in Auckland and Raratonga, but as a coloured Asiatic in Samoa, although he has remained under New Zealand administration all the time. In the Cook Islands and Niue a man with one European parent is reckoned a European, but in Samoa he is only a European if more than 50 per cent. of his blood is white.

Race may be a fact, a prejudice or a definition. Which is its most important aspect? Those who claim to be realists will promptly reply "a fact". The black and yellow races, the main racial distinctions, are not, of course, mere names or the fruit of imagination, but none the less scientists are unable to agree as to the definition, or even the number of the principal racial groups of mankind. It is much harder to distinguish between races than is usually supposed. It only appears easy where persons of alien race are rarely met with—as in the London bus. If you travelled on foot from village to village across the whole continent of Europe and Asia, you would at no moment say to yourself "now I am amongst a predominantly mongoloid population". And the moment when the population should be described as "black" is as difficult to detect in the Nile valley. It is travellers by sea rather than travellers by land who have drawn attention to racial contrasts, for they inevitably miss the gradations between one population centre and another. Studies of race, and even more of ideas about race have to be made in areas where the different racial groups are simultaneously present in large numbers. The best experimental field is America.

Goethe, who had his troubles with self-confident realists, observed that the essential was to grasp that even a "fact" is first of all a theory. It is possible to go further and say that every "fact" is an act of judgment. For racial facts it is easy to prove this. In the middle of the last century German immigrants with their gymnastic associations, Sunday picnics and emancipated way of discussing things got on the nerves of Puritan New Englanders who called them "Dutchmen". To the question "Is he a white man?" the answer might be given "No Sir, he is a Dutchman". The existence of "coloured" men against whom there was discrimination had made "white man" a complimentary term. Yet at the same date not every

kind of "coloured" skin made a "coloured" man. The U.S.A. census of 1860 was the first to classify American Indians as a separate group and there is some doubt whether they were classified as "white" or "coloured" before then. For this reason there are no reliable figures as to their number before that date.

In the New World "coloured" very soon came to mean "negro". North of the Mexican border Anglo-Saxons soon gave up distinguishing between different degrees. The coloured children born by white "indentured servants" were usually though not universally considered as the property of the plantation owner. In the reverse case of the coloured children of a white father the following was enacted in the English colony of Virginia in 1662: "Whereas some doubts have arisen whether children got by any Englishman upon a negro woman shall be slave or free, . . . all children born in this colony shall be bond or free only according to the condition of the mother". In the southern plantations there were many mulattoes, the children or grandchildren of the proprietors. Though some received special treatment, most worked on the estates as slaves and were also sometimes sold. (Mohammed it may be observed forbids the separation of mothers from children when prisoners of war are sold into slavery).

Amongst the Spaniards and French in America the children of coloured mistresses remained in the household and were not sold. An article of the "Code Noir" for all French plantations (1685) punished with a heavy fine concubinage of slaves, but it provided that rather than pay the fine the planter could marry the woman making her free and the children legitimate. It was only during the eleven years before 1789 that a law existed both in the colonies and in France forbidding intermarriage between white and black. French mulattoes could reach high social status. Alexandre Dumas' father, a Haytian mulatto, was taken to France by the novelist's grandfather and became a general in the French army under Napoleon I.

The term quadroon was introduced into English from Spanish at the beginning of the 18th century. The U.S.A. census of 1890 is the first to distinguish between "blacks, mulattoes, quadroons and octroons". The instructions for the 1930 U.S.A.

census however lays it down that all persons of mixed white and black blood are to be considered as negroes, however small the percentage of black blood. Dr. Leon E. Truesdell, Chief Statistician for Population at the Bureau of the Census, observed, however: "Many individuals of mixed blood, where negro characteristics are not physically prominent are without doubt classified as white".

The negro ancestor is very often also taken as the decisive factor in cases of negro-Indian half-castes. This means that in the United States the negro is considered to be the most "coloured" of "coloured races". In other cases of coloured racial mixtures, as for instance Chinese and American Indian, the race of the father is decisive for classification. This is justifiable sociologically if the father concerns himself with the upbringing of his child, although racially (*i.e.* biologically) there is no reason to attribute greater importance to one or other of the parents. (In the census of British India also the race of the father has recently been made decisive. Up to 1921 Anglo-Indians might mean descendants of European men and Indian women or of European women and Indian men. Now only a child with a European father is classified as Anglo-Indian). The U.S.A. census itself has admitted exceptions to the principle that the negro parent is decisive in the case of descendants from negro-Indian unions if the Indian blood is dominant, or if the Indian community considers the man to be an Indian. Equally, men of mixed white and Indian descent are classified as white, if the white blood is dominant or they are considered as Whites by their fellow citizens.

This involves the possibility that the descendants of a negro after a cross with Red Indian blood may "become" white men. To meet this a bill was brought before the General Assembly of Virginia in 1926 by which the descendants of all marriages between Whites and Indians subsequent to 1619 were to be considered coloured. The date 1619 was chosen so as to exclude from the effects of the bill the descendants of the marriage between John Rolfe and Pocahontas and of some other early marriages with Indians. Prof. W. C. MacLeod comments: "This ridiculous classificatory policy is a makeshift with a view to preventing further intermarriage with persons officially

Indian who are part negro ancestry; the bill proposes to permit intermarriage of Whites in Virginia with Indians from Oklahoma and Texas. But while it permits intermarriage with these Indians—who in so far as they are Indian in blood are Mongoloid in race—it prohibits intermarriage with Asiatic Mongoloids such as Filipinos, etc." Had the bill been passed, one of the best known Maryland families descended from a marriage with an Indian performed in Virginia in 1644 and sixty-four well-known Virginia families descended from a marriage with an Indian in 1684 would have been classified as coloured.

The most "relative" colour in U.S.A. is yellow. The Chinese were classified loosely under "coloured" in the census down to 1860 when for the first time they appear as a separate group; the Japanese were only distinguished from the Chinese in 1870. This in itself shows that the problems that Chinese and Japanese immigrants might present had only attracted limited attention. The Naturalization Law of 1790 opened American citizenship to all "free white persons". The idea of "colour" was obviously associated not only with "black" skins but with the social status of slavery. In consequence, while Chinese and Japanese were relatively few, a number of them succeeded in establishing their character as white men before naturalization courts and obtaining American citizenship—although the census officials classified them as "coloured". It was only in 1882 when the western states had become conscious of a "yellow" colour problem owing to the rapid increase of Chinese that an act explicitly excluding Chinese as members of a coloured race from citizenship was passed. In other words a dozen Chinese might be white, but a thousand were certainly not. Incidentally, it may be noted that the self-styled "whites" are not thought of as "whites" by the Chinese, but are usually referred to as *yang-gui-tze*, *i.e.*, red devils.

The Chinese, therefore, who had hitherto been considered for naturalization purposes as a white man is henceforth not only excluded from immigration but also in fourteen States forbidden to marry with Whites. Eleven of these States lie west of the Mississippi, which indicates that the cause of this racial discrimination is not increased "natural" sensitiveness. The cause is the same as accounts for the difference of racial definition

in the Cook Islands and Western Samoa, i.e., the existence of a Chinese social question. In "The Colonial Problem", a report by a Study Group of Members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, 1937, appears the following :

"The New Zealand Government sent a 'good-will' mission to Samoa in 1936 to clear up local grievances manifested in the Mau agitation, and one of the promises made was the reduction of the number of Chinese plantation labourers. Repatriation is expected to proceed gradually".

The story of the Chinese and Japanese in America, as also of the Filipinos, Hindus, Koreans, Hawaiians, Malays, Siamese, Samoans and Maoris (who were classified together under "coloured" as "all others" down to 1920) proves that men are not naturally interested to the point of violence in race as a natural phenomenon. The "races" about which men are concerned are mainly the artificial products of economic, social and political relationships and not biological. New racial distinctions, too slight to be permanently maintained, are discovered and arouse violent feeling in connexion with new social problems—as for instance when successive waves of German, Irish, Scandinavian and South European immigrants were denounced in the United States as "racial perils" though each has been successfully absorbed into the main stock of the nation. In Australia Italian immigration has even been referred to as "the olive-skinned peril". Races alone, even a great many races in a small space, do not create a race problem. This again can be seen in the U.S.A. which in racial matters as in others is the land of unlimited possibilities.

Hawaii is a racial idyll, yet the nearest point of the U.S.A. mainland to Hawaii is California, where racial fanaticism is at its strongest. The "Annual Report" published at Honolulu used the following classifications: Hawaiian (pure Hawaiians), Caucasian-Hawaiian (mixture of Caucasian and Hawaiian stock), Asiatic-Hawaiian (mixture of Asiatic and Hawaiian stock), Portuguese, Puerto Rican, Spanish, other Caucasians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Others (negroes and other races). The "Caucasian" (Portuguese, Puerto Rican, Spanish, Other Caucasian) doubtless include Half-castes. It has been estimated by those knowing the islands well that about one third of the Asiatic-Hawaiians have also Caucasian blood. In Hawai

diminishing importance is attached to exact knowledge of racial origins.

Mixed marriages are constantly on the increase. In the years 1931-1935 the percentage of mixed marriages was 28.3 as compared with 14.1 per cent. in the period 1912-1916. Hawaiian women seem to prefer marrying men of other races and the number of Hawaiian men making mixed marriages increases in consequence. The idea that men of coloured races desire to possess white women is also disproved in Hawaii. Although there is neither a legal nor a social obstacle to marriages between Japanese and Whites—or perhaps because there is none—98.6 per cent. of Japanese men and 98.3 per cent. of Japanese women marry members of their own race. This shows a more marked preference for their own race than is felt by the Whites living in Hawaii. This is the more remarkable because the Japanese pride which has aroused dislike elsewhere, is not noticeable in Hawaii: the average second-generation Japanese in Hawaii considers himself not a Japanese who lives in America, but an American who happens to be of Japanese extraction.

The Hawaiian Islands not only boast of their ever-shining rainbows in the sky—sun-rainbows by day and moon-rainbows by night—but also of an extraordinarily peaceful racial rainbow. Mrs. Katherine Pope in her book "Hawaii, the Rainbow Land", gives us a charming view of school life in Hawaii where children of all races mingle in happiness. Mr. Don Blanding, a Hawaiian poet, describes in the following the island atmosphere in a way which science can endorse: "There is, an exotic pattern in the social fabric which is very fascinating, and peculiar to Hawaii. This is the intermingling of Whites, Hawaiians and Orientals. Hawaii is one of the places in the world where the word half-caste is almost taboo. One doesn't use it; nor, after a short while, does one think it. That stigma which usually attaches to the mixed blood is scarcely in evidence, if at all. Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Koreans, Portuguese, Russians, and all of the fair-skinned, blue-eyed races meet, interbreed, and often marry, and live in a happiness which is quite amazing. Many women, high in social favour in the Islands, may have as many as four bloods, at least three of them dark. Negro blood is not accepted".

This rejection of the negro is not to be taken too literally, first of all because it is not universal, secondly because a man with some negro blood can much more easily "pass" than in the continental United States. Prejudice on this subject though not obliterated, is very much weaker than on the mainland. As a matter of fact, owing to the presence of many negro sailors on the whaling vessels about 1800, a negro strain was introduced amongst the Polynesian islanders three or four generations ago. Negro ancestry may, therefore, be respectably linked with white, by way of a Hawaiian half-caste just as it can through an Indian. The only racial classifications frequently used by Whites, typically in Hawaiian language, is *haole* for white persons and *hapa-haole* for half-Whites. To be a *hapa-haole* is often considered attractive. Generally island pride concentrates on being a *kamaaina* that is a person born on the islands, in opposition to *malihini* the Hawaiian word for newcomer.

The greatest contrast to the Hawaiian poverty in terms for distinguishing between races and half-castes is the wealth of such words in Mexico and in some South American countries. The few Latin American terms of this kind which have entered the English language refer almost exclusively to varying proportions of white and negro blood, whereas the possibilities of racial mixture are enormously varied by the presence in large, often preponderant numbers of a third race, the Indians. The enormous number of terms to describe every shade of the racial spectrum vary in different countries, but all indicate a popular delight in making the most delicate distinctions. This suggests a third outlook, different both from the Hawaiian and the North American, namely a snobbish interest in *nuances* of colour, which involves neither a colour bar, nor a condemnation of mixed marriages. Everyone cannot be born a lord. A colour bar is only possible on the basis of a few, crudely defined and harshly enforced distinctions.

The Mexican census gave up classifying the population in racial groups ("raza" or "casta") in 1930 on the ground that they had become meaningless, but, of course, maintains the classification of Spanish-speaking, Indian-speaking, etc., which is sociologically much more significant. The official statisticians give the following discarded terms: White $\times$ Indian = *mestizo* ;

mestizo $\times$ White = *castizo* ; *castizo* $\times$ White = *español* ; White $\times$ negro = *mulatto* ; *mulatto* $\times$ White = *morisco* ; *morisco* $\times$ White = *salto-atras* ; *salto-atras* $\times$ Indian = *chino* ; *chino* $\times$ *mulatto* = *lobo* ; *lobo* $\times$ *mulatto* = *gibaro* ; *gibaro* $\times$ Indian = *albarazado* ; *albarazado* $\times$ negro = *cambujo* and so forth.

A man belonging to "*gente blanca*" is a man one of whose thirty-two great-great-great-grandparents was a negro, and a *limpio* is a man one of whose sixty-four great-great-great-great-grandparents was a negro. As compared with seven technical terms for near-Whites, there are only five for those with less than 25 per cent. of white blood.

Such *nuances* can only be perceived by the imaginative eye of a painter—although a German scholar of repute has declared that a high-caste Brahmin can tell by the shade of skin to which of the dozens of Hindu castes one of his fellow-countrymen belongs. In the eighteenth century Ignacio de Castro produced several dozen charming little pictures of the various possible Mexican half-caste family combinations: an *albarazado* and *mulatta* with their baby *barzino*, a *lobo* and *china* with their little *gibaro*, etc. With one exception all the scenes are idyllic.

No wonder that names and what they are intended to describe have frequently become confused. The term Creole, which in Spanish-speaking territories originally referred to full-blooded Whites born in America, who were considered inferior to the *chapetones* or *gachupinos* born in Europe, has been transferred in Peru and Brazil to half-castes, and in Brazil has also been applied to American-born negroes, as opposed to the *africanos* or imported slaves. The term is now used in the British colony of Sierra Leone by the African-born descendants of freed slaves brought back from America to West Africa. They wish thereby to indicate that they are civilized and not savage tribesmen from the interior. The term *chino* and *china* has also led to misunderstandings. In Brazil europeanized Indian women are called *chinas* and their daughters *chinchinas*. They have as little to do with the Chinese as the light-coloured half-castes of mixed European Negro and Indian stock called *chinos* and *chinas* in Mexico. Chinese half-castes are usually known as *amarillos* ("Yellows") in Latin America, but the term *chino-*

mestizo when used in the Philippine Islands does in fact refer to Chinese-Malay half-castes.

Mexico is the most important demonstration that reality overcomes all verbal definitions. The vast racial vocabulary has reduced racial distinctions in practical life and in politics to an absurdity. We are now watching a country with unified national feeling emerge out of the many racial elements. The struggle between word and fact is still greater in the colonies. In his "Colonial Population" Dr. R. R. Kuczynski records that in British Guiana it has been found convenient to divide the white inhabitants into "other than Portuguese" and "Portuguese", the latter being a term which persons who insist they are of pure white blood though in fact they are obviously of mixed descent will readily accept in a census. There are many other similar examples to be found in colonial census practice.

In the French colonies a very interesting attempt has been made to distinguish not on racial grounds at all, but between "Europeans and Assimilated" on the one hand and "natives" on the other exclusively according to habits and legal status. The terms must either be too closely or too loosely defined and cannot be applied in the same way in any two colonies, so that French colonial statistics are amongst the most misleading. In Reunion, for instance, the only people classified as "natives" are Asiatic, African and Madagascan immigrants.

The French conception, though statistically unsuccessful and by no means to be considered as necessarily providing a solution of other practical problems, is remarkable as an attempt to handle the racial problem with definitions which bridge gulfs instead of creating them. It is the opposite of the method applied in Germany, where families that have lived in the country for hundreds of years have suddenly been declared non-aryan and expelled from the nation. The German practice, devised on the basis of inaccurate ideas to suit politicians' convenience, has been followed in Italy and Hungary.

This conflict between "Realism" and "Nominalism" in racial matters is not merely a curious phenomenon, but a symptom of an old disease which is now becoming especially acute both politically and socially. Racial contacts are being

made on an ever increasing scale, owing to ever more extensive movements of emigration. The problem is all the graver for the white races, because the "coloured" races show a tendency (even in cases of some races recently considered in danger of extinction) to multiply faster, more particularly faster than the members of the west European races most active in colonization (with the one exception of the Portuguese who still have a birth-rate of 30 per thousand).

The recent important books on migration—Prof. Maurice R. Davies on "World Immigration" (1936), Prof. Donald R. Taft "Human Migration" (1936) and finally Prof. Griffith Taylor "Environment, Race and Migration" (1937)—are to a great extent histories of race conflicts. The racial struggle is carried on by White men burdened with mistaken ideas and a ballast of unimportant words. They have no better solution for the weaknesses of their own economic and social system, than to make whipping-boys out of racial differences. Race is a fact which cannot be talked away, but it is a fact about which very little is known, and when the information is available it should be used to make it easier, not more difficult to live together. Even if men could live side by side like stones, this would scarcely help, for chemistry has proved that even solid bodies become diffused in one another if they touch. The "white" races must ever increasingly live in contact with "coloured" races, and a policy will be required which does not produce a despised class of half-castes, pressing on the wage level, for whom the arrogance and economic behaviour of ourselves the dominant class, not that of the dominated coloured peoples must be held responsible. The "White man" will be able to look more confidently into a future in which he indeed will become slightly "coloured", but the "Coloured" will in social and economic life become increasingly "white".

IS PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY MORIBUND?

BY SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT

UNDER normal conditions it would matter nothing to Great Britain or to the British Empire whether Danzig was in the possession of Poland, or Germany, or remained a "free city" under the aegis of the League of Nations. Yet at the moment of writing it is plainly not impossible that Danzig may provide the occasion, even though it cannot be the cause, of a world-war. For the occasion of a war must be carefully distinguished from its causes.

Danzig is symbolic. Were we to stand aside and see the problem of Danzig—admittedly complex—solved by the naked sword, something that English folk value above life itself would be endangered, or rather extinguished. That something is Liberty.

" 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it".

So Cowper sang, and the note has been re-echoed by innumerable voices. But this paper is not designed to apostrophize Liberty in the abstract. Its purpose is more restricted: it will be argued that for the citizens of the British Empire the shrine of the Goddess of Liberty is located in the Sanctuary of their Parliamentary Constitution, the arcana of which consist in the union of an Hereditary Monarchy with the peculiar type of Democracy originating in this realm.

But is the shrine of Liberty in fact threatened with violation? Is Parliamentary Democracy as defined in the whole apparatus of what we English folk understand by Constitutional Government moribund. Has the time come for a drastic amendment of our Constitutional Machinery?

These questions are raised by two recent articles, on which I am invited to comment, in this Review. Differing in

character the two articles approach the problem from opposite angles: Mr. Brogan's (April, 1939) angle is political or more strictly Constitutional; his criticism is wholly destructive. Mr. S. G. Hobson (July, 1939) is concerned primarily with Industrial Economics, and he offers suggestions for constructive reorganization.

Mr. Brogan thinks that "something very odd has been happening to that revered collection of rules of political good conduct, the British Constitution". The "something very odd" is a widening disparity between constitutional theory and political practice. Is there anything either odd or new in this? "In the English Constitution nothing is what it seems and nothing seems what it is". Vividly do I remember those words falling from the lips of a great teacher, A. V. Dicey, some forty years ago at Oxford. They have ever since been 'a lantern unto my path', though the lantern has worked on the *lucus non lucendo* principle. Not that Dicey's analysis was original. Bagehot used the medium of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW to teach us in the middle sixties how profound was the "unreality" of the English Constitution; how in particular "a Republic had insinuated itself beneath the folds of a Monarchy".

More helpful even than the analyses of Dicey and Bagehot is the image suggested by one of the ablest French commentators on the English Constitution. M. Emile Boutmy does not, indeed, go so far as Alexis de Tocqueville who once, in haste, declared: "*En Angleterre la Constitution peut changer sans cesse, ou plutôt elle n'existe point*". Boutmy, realizing, not less acutely than de Tocqueville, the difficulty of describing with accuracy a Constitution which is in a state of perpetual flux, compared that Constitution to *un chemin qui marche*, or better still to "a river whose moving surface glides away at one's feet, meandering in and out in endless curves, now seeming to disappear in a whirlpool, now almost lost to sight in the verdure". What image could be more exact? The river is the same river, its waters, as the ancient philosopher taught, are never the same for two successive seconds.

So is it with our English Constitution. Uncodified, largely unwritten; based on documents (so far as it is based on them at all) widely dispersed in time, extending from Charters granted

by Saxon, Norman and Angevin Kings, down to the *Bill of Rights* and the *Statute of Westminster*; relying much less upon laws than upon conventions, precedents and "gentlemen's agreements", but capable, if necessity urges, of setting all these things at naught; flexible in the highest degree, yet remarkable for historical continuity; profoundly concerned to guarantee personal liberty, yet almost ostentatiously neglectful of the means elsewhere adopted to secure it—and so on and so on. All this is, of course, the commonplace of every schoolboy essayist. Yet it is necessary to recall it, in order to meet the criticisms directed against existing conditions by Mr. Brogan and Mr. Hobson.

Mr. Brogan's criticism, though frequently suggestive, is curiously external: he fails to appreciate the *nuances* of constitutional practice which only actual experience can perhaps reveal, but which, nevertheless, are of the very essence of the political and especially of the parliamentary machine. In this connection we may refer to the Falconer Lectures recently delivered by Lord Baldwin at Toronto. Those lectures constitute a noble vindication of the English Constitution.

Critics may well bear in mind his warning: "Belittling an institution such as the House of Commons . . . is rendering the worst service to constitutional government. Criticize fairly, as much as you like, but there is nothing so corrosive as constant ridicule which kills respect. That has always been a danger in a democracy; never more than at the present time".

Not for a moment do I suggest that Mr. Brogan uses the weapon of ridicule; his is the type of criticism which Lord Baldwin would welcome.

* * * *

What, then, is Mr. Brogan's gravamen? It is that "the *Führer* principle is well on the way to being domesticated in England, without the tiresome bother of a revolution". To put it even more plainly, the Prime Minister is tending to become a dictator. The Electorate? The Legislature? The Cabinet? What does it all come to? 'The electorate, parliament, the Cabinet see more and more of their power passing into the hands of a man only answerable to his conscience and whose power

for good or ill is so great that he seems to have a claim, like a great surgeon, to reverential silence until the operation is over . . . ' An election becomes more and more a plebiscite on the name of a future Prime Minister. The electorate is bemused; Parliament has lost its ancient habit of control; the Cabinet dominates Parliament; the Prime Minister dominates the Cabinet. "The Prime Minister has developed into a kind of plebiscitary Monarch, elected for a period of about five years and . . . he is entitled to impose his policy on the Cabinet and on Parliament".

How far does this picture correspond with the facts? What substance is there in Mr. Brogan's charge? Be it admitted at once that in time of war the normal working of the constitutional machine must of necessity be suspended; an emergency, as the Romans recognized, calls for a dictator. From December, 1916 until the election of the "Coupon" Parliament, Mr. Lloyd George exercised Presidential not to say dictatorial authority. The Parliament which should normally have been dissolved in 1915 was, by periodical Acts, each strictly limited in duration, continued in existence until after the armistice was signed. The ordinary Cabinet was virtually superseded by a small (5—7) War Directory. Something like an Imperial Executive came into being with the *Empire War Cabinet* in which representatives of the Dominions sat side by side, and on an equal footing, with the War Directory.* Even so the Imperial Parliament remained Sovereign, and at any moment the Dictator might have been compelled either to resign or to seek a fresh mandate from the electorate. It is indeed easy to underestimate the nature and extent of the pressure which a House of Commons can and does exercise over the most autocratic of Prime Ministers. Nor was that pressure wholly relaxed even in the critical days of the War and the Peace negotiations. Several illustrations of this truth will readily occur to anyone who knew the day-to-day life of the House of Commons at the time. Not even then was the "ancient habit of control" entirely surrendered by the House, though it was exercised in a manner which has for the most part no record in the "books", and can, therefore, be realized only by those who were actually

*In order to save space I may respectfully and apologetically refer the reader for further detail to Marriott: *Mechanism of the Modern State*, Vol. II. 78 f.

taking part in public affairs. One illustration may suffice. Mr. Lloyd George has often been blamed for the "vindictive" terms he imposed upon Germany in 1919. But the House of Commons must share the responsibility. In the early spring of 1919 it was persistently rumoured at Westminster that on the question of the terms to be imposed upon Germany there was some "weakening" at the Paris Conference. A telegram signed by 370 members of the House of Commons was, in consequence, dispatched to Mr. Lloyd George in Paris, and he deemed it sufficiently important to interrupt his work at the Conference and return to Westminster in order to reassure the House, and vindicate his own steadfastness. He accomplished his purpose with his wonted adroitness, but it is certain that the influence of Parliament upon the Executive, if generally unobtruded, was persistent, and to a large measure effective.

But he it again emphasized that the pressure executed is so subtle that only close observation can detect it. No record remains; it is not emphasized in debate, nor is it most effectually exerted by those members who seek a cheap advertisement by persistence in interpellations. More often is it the result of quiet talks behind the Speaker's chair, or in the rooms of Ministers; not seldom it results from still more informal conversations in the tea-room or the smoking-room.

What is true of administration is even more true of legislation. One constantly hears it said that in regard to legislation the initiative has passed into the hands of the Cabinet, and that the sole function of Parliament is, after more or less perfunctory debates, to give legislative sanction to the proposals of the Government. It is quite true that under prevailing conditions, a Private Member's Bill has small chance of becoming law unless the Government consents to give "facilities". There have, indeed, been recent and conspicuous instances to the contrary. But much more important is the effect of Back-Bench persistence in regard to Private Members' Bills upon the legislative programme of the Government. Again and again it has happened that a Government has, tardily perhaps, adopted as its own the principle, though rarely the details, of legislative projects originally brought forward by private members.

Apart from this, the amending power of both Houses is apt

to be underestimated. Take an illustration from current affairs. The Finance Bill of 1939 will receive the Royal Assent in a form very different from that in which Sir John Simon introduced it into the House of Commons. This is equally, perhaps more, true of any complicated piece of ordinary legislation. A few Bills are actually turned inside out in the course of their progress through the two houses; many more are very substantially amended.

Nor is this all. Long before a Bill is submitted to Parliament, the known opinions of members of Parliament have exercised a considerable influence upon its provisions. The ordinary process is as follows: a Bill is drafted in a Department; the principle of the Bill having been approved by the Cabinet it becomes the business of the skilled draftsman to draft the clauses with a strict regard to the line of least resistance. What the Cabinet and the Minister in charge desire is the easiest and speediest passage of the Bill through the two Houses. The snags it is likely to encounter are generally (though by no means invariably) charted in the Whips' office if nowhere else. Ministers and draftsmen accordingly do their utmost to avoid them. This proleptic influence of the House is very important.

Nor is the influence proleptic only. To any important Bill sent into Committee either "upstairs" or "of the whole" there are pages of amendments tabled not only by private members on both sides but by the Government. Of the latter many are the result of negotiation between Ministers and groups of their supporters. Of all this there is naturally no record either in the Journals or in Hansard: it is known only to the negotiators and is very imperfectly realized by those whose criticism of Parliament and its procedure is purely external.

The most weighty criticism that can be made against the present procedure is, rather characteristically, unnoticed by Mr. Brogan. I refer to the fact that many modern Statutes, even after they have been meticulously amended, during their passage through Parliament remain mere *cadres*. Flesh and blood are subsequently supplied—frequently in super-abundance, by the administrative Departments. The Departments have become to an increasing extent "subordinate law-making bodies", framing innumerable *Orders Provisional and Statutory*.

Provisional Orders require statutory confirmation; *Statutory Orders* become operative after "lying on the table" for a given number of days. In both cases, therefore, Parliament technically retains control, although in the latter it is hardly more than formal.

There are those who hold—the Lord Chief Justice of England is among them—that in the increasing resort to "delegated legislation" lies a grave menace to personal and indeed public liberty. Until a few years ago Englishmen were said to have "an instinctive distrust of official discretion, an instinctive scepticism about bureaucratic wisdom". So Sir Courtenay Ilbert wrote in 1931. Since then Parliament has become more confiding or less industrious. It may be that modern conditions have made the development inevitable; the Committee on Minister's Powers appointed by Lord Sankey, as Lord Chancellor, in 1932, recognized its inevitability, but did not disguise their opinion that the development was plainly "an innovation in Constitutional practice", and if unchecked might involve grave dangers. "There is at present no effective machinery for Parliamentary Control over the many regulations of a legislative character which are made every year by Ministers in pursuit of their statutory powers, and the consequence is that much of the most important legislation is not really considered and approved by Parliament". So runs the *Report* (Cmd. 4060 p. 6). The gravity of the situation is enhanced by the fact, emphasized by Lord Hewart, that the Executive is encroaching upon the sphere not merely of the Legislature, but of the Judiciary. An aggrieved citizen may well find that the law-maker is in a given case acting also as Judge. Lord Hewart does not mince matters. "Various forms of words have been used in connection with this sort of legislation in order to limit the controlling power of the Courts, and in some instances where private rights are seriously interfered with the jurisdiction of the Courts have been entirely ousted, and the officials in the execution of their powers have been rendered wholly free from judicial control". (*The New Despotism*, p. 63).

Mr. Brogan tilts not ineffectively at the growing tyranny (in the Greek sense) of the Prime Minister: it is strange that he should ignore the development towards despotism in a less obtrusive but perhaps more ubiquitous direction.

Enough for the lament over the decay of Parliament and the advent of a dictatorship, in the person of the Prime Minister. A few words may be added in reference to Mr. Hobson's plea for the setting up, side by side, with the Imperial Parliament (if the historic epithet be still permissible) of an Economic Chamber or House of Industry. Mr. Hobson's starts from a proposition not dissimilar from Mr. Brogan's. "Men of every shade of opinion and interest are convinced that Parliament, as at present constituted, is outmoded". Not that he would "cut it away like worm-eaten timber". He apparently subscribes to the "unshaken belief in the historic mission of parliamentary institutions so rich in wisdom and tradition". But he would afforce Parliament by the creation of an Economic Chamber based on the model of the Church Assembly. That means that he would reserve to Parliament the right of assent or rejection, but would deprive it of the power of amendment. With the fate of the two measures for Prayer Book Revision before us it seems at least questionable whether such a procedure is satisfactory. It may well seem undesirable that the amendments to the Anglican Liturgy should be subjected to debate in Assemblies which are not by any means exclusively Anglican in composition. As a fact it is commonly agreed that nothing could have been more entirely decorous and dignified than the debates in both Houses on both the Prayer Book Measures. But the result of depriving Parliament of the power of amendment was to ensure defeat. My own belief is that with a very few if not insignificant amendments one or other of the Prayer Book Measures would now be the law of the land. Be that as it may, Parliament is evidently more competent to discuss industrial details than matters of "Faith and Religion". Much more precise than Mr. Hobson's scheme were the suggestions made by Mr. Churchill outlined in Academic Addresses at Oxford (1930) and at Edinburgh (1931) and submitted in elaborate detail to the Select Committee on Procedure in 1931. At Edinburgh he took for his subject "The Present Decline of Parliamentary Government in Great Britain", emphasizing his sorrowful conviction that "not only is the assembly declining but the foundation on which it stands has degenerated". The remedy he suggested was two-fold: on the one hand a large

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measure of devolution, the transference of much of the work of Parliament to Regional Councils; on the other the creation of an "Economic Sub-Parliament". Mr. Churchill proposed that the Sub-Parliament should consist of 120 members, of whom 40 would be members of the House of Commons and 80 business men, Trade Union representatives or Economic Authorities. Among the 80 were to be not less than 20 Peers. The whole 120 would be chosen in proportion to the strength of Parties in the House of Commons by the leaders of Parties. The term of membership would be three years without regard to the date of General Elections. All Bills dealing with trade and industry having been read the second time in either House would be automatically referred to the Sub-Parliament and having been there considered would be returned to the House in which the Bill originated with criticisms and recommendations which either House could accept or reject at pleasure. The Sub-Parliament would summon expert witnesses, and might set up Sub-Committees for special purposes.

Lack of space prevents a more detailed account of Mr. Churchill's interesting suggestion, for which reference may be made to the Report of the Select Committee (161 of 1931), or for any discussion of its merits. The scheme would seem to involve a minimum of dislocation—and to provide a valuable alternative to the Committee Stage in the existing procedure of Parliament.

Unhappily, Mr. Churchill's attention has perforce been diverted, for the last few years, into other channels and with his instinctive sense of proportion he has concentrated all his thought upon the international situation. It is well, however, even in the midst of our present anxieties, to remind ourselves that Political Institutions are but a means to an end, that they exist to guarantee to nations and to individuals the maximum of Liberty consistent with Security. Once again "iron sacrifice" may be demanded in order to guard the shrine. Once again, in "silent fortitude" the demand, if made, will be met; truth will be kept, and inspiration be drawn from the ancient faith:

"Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?"

BOMBING POLICY

BY J. M. SPAIGHT, C.B., C.B.E.

THAT Germany will strike ruthlessly and vengefully when *Der Tag* comes there can be little room to doubt. "A hell, an inferno will be created for the enemy", Field Marshal Göring has said. To look for moderation would be to mis-read the philosophy of Nazidom; what mercy has it ever shown? Our own Government are manifestly expecting indiscriminate bombardment. All our preparations and precautions point to the existence of such an expectation. The assumption simplifies matters in some ways, though it complicates them in others.

That we shall hit back, and hit hard, is certain. If London is bombed, Berlin will be bombed too. The *riposte* will be necessary for two good reasons. First, our own citizens' reaction to the hammer-blows which they will have to endure might be a loss of morale, if it were not known that Germany was being paid in the same coin. There will be a grim satisfaction in the thought that for every raid on London there will be wave upon wave of British, French, Polish, perhaps Russian bombers launched against Berlin from Lincolnshire, Lorraine, Posnania. Secondly, the repayment in kind will make even Germany think; she may conclude that the game is not worth the candle.

We should be unwise, however, if we confined ourselves to retaliatory raids. They are negative, sterile, unprofitable, viewed as operations of war. The argument that direct air action against an enemy's capital will compel his citizens to compel the Government to make peace is one of doubtful validity in any event. It is especially challengeable when applied to an authoritarian State. In such a State the man in the street is not vocal. Public opinion cannot make its voice heard. Besides, there are better targets for our bombs than the shops and dwellings of the disfranchised Berliners.

What are those targets? The question is part of a wider one, namely, What is the war aim of the Air Force? This wider question was raised in the House of Lords on March 15th last, upon Lord Trenchard's motion; in form, the discussion related to the "bomber versus fighter" controversy (as it is called) but really ranged over a larger field. Lord Chatfield, the Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, spoke for the Government, and the views which he expressed are of the greatest importance and deserve careful study.

"The way to stop air warfare", he said, "was to destroy the air fleets of your enemy, just as the Navy's aim was to destroy the submarine fleet. . . . "Just as we had been able for many centuries to rely with confidence on our sailors to seek out and destroy the fleets of our enemies, so we should be able to trust in future to our airmen, supported on land by our soldiers, to defend in a similar manner these islands from the air fleets of any aggressor". He guarded himself from seeming to adopt too passive an attitude to hostile air attack by saying at the close of the debate that "we must destroy enemy air fleets wherever they might be—whether over our country or anywhere else".

Here was the undiluted doctrine of encounter, and it is not surprising that Lord Trenchard expressed his dissent. He "totally disagreed", he said, with the view that the object of an air fleet was to destroy the enemy air fleet. In truth, the aim of an air fleet is wider than that. It is to destroy the enemy's *air power*, and air power means much more than aircraft on the wing.

Indeed, even in naval operations the destruction of the hostile fleet is not the sole object. It is the primary aim but—as history shows—not always an attainable aim. Fleets do something more than fight one another. Battles, it is true, are, as Admiral Sir Reginald Custance says in *A Study of War*, "the central facts about which the great drama revolves". To engage the enemy is the first object of the naval command, but it must often rest content, perforce, with achieving the secondary object; and this, says Admiral Custance, is "to weaken the armed force of its opponent and to strengthen its own by impairing or increasing, as the case may be, the material resources and moral support upon which those forces depend". The

enemy's strength is impaired by the stopping of his trade; hence the imposition of economic pressure by blockade, and the capture of enemy ships and cargoes, is one of the military aims of a naval force.

War on commerce has long been a normal and accepted practice at sea. It may be indeed the only means by which sea power can exert its influence if the enemy fleet avoids engagement. In the air avoidance of battles is at least equally possible. The nature of three-dimensional space makes evasion easier than at sea. For that reason the aim which is only secondary in naval operations has come to be regarded as primary in the air.

War on commerce is, in its effect, a war on non-combatants. The strangle-hold of an effective blockade grips and chokes a nation without discrimination. Its effect can be measured in vital statistics. In the four years of the great war the *excess mortality* in Germany amounted to nearly 700,000; our own was 250,000. The *decreased birth-rate* in Germany in the four years was nearly 3,000,000, as compared with our deficit of 600,000. The difference between the German and British figures, both of which are taken from *Losses of Life caused by War*, by Professors Dumas and Vedel-Petersen, represents the human losses caused almost wholly by our blockade. Such was the effect of the pursuit of the secondary aim of sea power.

Air power is never likely to reap such a harvest of mortality. It can supplement, however, the action of sea power in impairing an enemy's strength and weakening his power to resist. It can strike at the bases of his material resources and means of subsistence, as well as at his sources of munitionment. "The object of the Air Force", said Lord Trenchard in the debate of March 15th, "is to knock out the other nation, its supplies, munitions and means of life". Assuredly he did not mean that our Air Force should bomb and slaughter indiscriminately. Lord Trenchard's own record as commander of the Independent Air Force of 1918 is sufficient to disprove any such implication in his words. Rather his argument was that we should not wait for the enemy to come, that we should carry the war into his own country, that we should strike at the sources of his power. "As with two football teams," he said, "the object of each is the other's goal, and if one team is so foolish as to put most of its

men in its own goal the other team will always be round that goal, and the ball will sometimes dribble through".

To prevent the enemy from raiding you the right policy is not to rely solely on your close defence, though that is very important too, but to raid him and thus to keep him busy at home. Lord Trenchard's own Force pursued that policy in 1918. Of the 550 tons of bombs dropped by that Force no less than 220 were dropped on enemy aerodromes. The German air force on its side saw the wisdom of adopting the like tactics, which were sometimes extremely effective. In September, 1917, for instance, German raids on concentrations of aircraft behind Verdun resulted in the destruction of 85 French machines in two nights and in the damaging of many more. At Dunkirk 29 machines were destroyed on the ground in October, 1917, and at Marquise 27 were similarly destroyed in September, 1918.

An aircraft, given its short life in war, spends far more time on the ground than on the wing, and the time which it takes to construct is perhaps longer still. Therefore the right course is to try to catch it in hangar, factory or workshop, not in the air only. Not only the factories in which the airframes and engines are built but also those in which the various accessories and instruments are made are obvious targets for attack. Not less important are the fuel depôts upon which an air force depends for its life-blood. Destroy or cut off its petrol and you immobilize it, pin it to the ground, eliminate it as a factor in war.

Interference with the petrol supply of Germany or Italy would be a particularly damaging operation. Germany produces synthetically less oil than her peace-time needs; her requirements in war would be three or four times as great. Even the total product of the Rumanian oil fields would not meet her needs in war if her imports of oil were cut off. The interruption of imports will be a task mainly for the navy, but air action has possibilities here too.

Italy is in no less a dangerous position. All of her aviation spirit is imported, Italian refineries being unable to produce petrol with the necessary octane number. Her own production of crude oil is only 5 per cent. of her peace-time needs. The additional supplies from Albania will go a very short way towards

making good the deficiency. Italy's lack of coal will necessarily make the position of her oil supply all the more serious. She imported 12,000,000 tons of coal in 1938, as compared with a home production of just over 2,000,000 tons.

In the last war we and the French bombed the blast furnaces and steel works at Saarbrücken, Thionville and Hagondange repeatedly. Then Germany had at her disposal not only the iron fields of Alsace-Lorraine but also the ores of the Longwy-Briey district of Belgium. Now she has neither. She produces to-day only 7 and one-third million tons of iron ore as compared with 28½ million tons in 1913, and has to import nearly three-quarters of her requirements. The interference with the output of iron and steel which raids and alarms of raids would cause would make Germany's difficulties in a war of any length still more serious.

Railway stations, lines and sidings were other favourite targets in the last war. The "triangle" at Metz was bombed repeatedly. In any future war attacks of this kind should be still more profitable, for Germany is known to be short of rolling stock, and her railway equipment in general is unsatisfactory. The strain of conducting wars on two fronts would be increased if her rail transport and communications were disorganized by air action. It is difficult, however, entirely to interrupt traffic by such action; the Hankow-Canton railway was bombed hundreds of times in 1938 but communication was never completely cut.

Whether gasworks, electricity plants and waterworks which serve great cities are legitimate targets is a debatable question but not one which is likely to be of practical importance in a future war if, as is probable, a practice of indiscriminate bombing is inaugurated by one side. If *la guerre totale* in the air is waged by one belligerent all things will become lawful for the other. Such objectives were bombed occasionally in the Great War and more recently in Spain. They are not, however, objectives which are easily put out of operation. The gas works and holders at Barcelona, as Mr. Cyril Helsby stated in a paper read at the Institution of Structural Engineers on 20th December, 1938, remained undamaged after repeated attempts to destroy them, and the electricity works, though they suffered slight damage,

were never put out of action. Raids against such objectives and waterworks may be more damaging in a major war, and in industrial centres the result of successful attacks may be seriously to disorganize the production of war material or essential commodities.

Where, as in Germany at present, the reserves of man-power are already strained to the limit, the bombing of industrial areas is likely to have important consequences upon the raided nation's ability to maintain its war effort at the peak load. M. Pierre Cot stated in the French Chamber on 20th January, 1939, that men of 65 were already working in the mines in Germany, whereas France on her side would have ten American workmen behind every one of her soldiers in the line. To-day wars are won or lost in factory and workshop no less than in the field. To interrupt and disorganize the production upon which the fighting front depends for its supplies of munitions, equipment, food, clothing, transport, may be as vital a contribution to victory as a successful battle. Alarms of raid no less than raids which materialize can send down the output to zero point, as we know from the experience of the last war.

Foodstuffs for man and beast have always been among the sinews of war. The nation which is half-starved cannot fight well and may be in danger of cracking. Already Germany has had to sacrifice butter to guns. Rationing is in force for butter, milk and fats, and bread and flour are adulterated. She and Italy are both short of edible fats. Italy has even had to import olive oil. The German imports of lard from the United States will be seriously affected by the new American duties on German goods and will vanish completely in the event of war. The supply of whale oil in Germany has been shrinking. The canning of foods has been interfered with by the need of the metal for other purposes. Altogether, both the totalitarian States will begin the next war in an economic condition in which any unexpected strain upon their reserves of food might well transform short commons into acute famine. Here is an opening for air action supplementary to that of sea power. Raids on cold storage depôts, refrigerating plants, food warehouses, flour mills, granaries, *etc.*, might well create a critical situation in regard to food supplies.

Selective bombing will be a better policy for us than indiscriminate bombing, and unlike the latter, will not be calculated, if carefully conducted, to antagonize public opinion or to lead to the forfeiting of the sympathy of neutral countries for our cause. The good will of the world is an asset worth retaining, but there are also more material reasons for a policy of discrimination. No air force, however powerful, can be everywhere at once, and some objectives are hardly worth attacking; those that are will need all the bombs that can be loaded by our squadrons.

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The tragedy is that science has placed in the hands of the thrusting, eruptive, megalomaniac type of northern nation an instrument designed, it seems, by Providence for the surer and speedier enabling of the instinctive blood-lust of the Teuton to be satisfied. The bombing aeroplane has been fashioned to the heart's desire of such a people. There is the drumming menace of death and damnation in the throb of its engines. There can be no peace while massed squadrons of mammoth bombers stand waiting in their hangars for the hour to strike.

WALTER HORATIO PATER

BY H. C. MINCHIN

"Deep-buried among the aborigines of Brasenose College, Pater could pursue, in that uncomprehending solitude, whatever moral or æsthetic enquiry pleased his fancy; no one there had the slightest inkling of his purpose By the atmosphere of Jowett's Balliol he was thoroughly disapproved".

THUS writes Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith in his "Unforgotten Years", recalling his own undergraduate days at Balliol, days when the careers of both Jowett and Pater, once in the position of tutor and pupil, were drawing to a close. For Oxford lost them both within a year of one another, one in old age, the other in the full exercise of his powers. The quotation may serve to introduce a slight survey of the work and personality of Walter Horatio Pater, who was born one hundred years ago this August.

It contains, as do most statements about its subject, an element of hyperbole. Pater's personal appearance and the novelty of his views on art were such as to encourage the growth of legend. His pale countenance, with its massive features and heavy black moustache, and the distinct limp with which he walked, made him a noticeable figure. Certainly Brasenose, more famous for athletic prowess and the exuberance of well-to-do youth than for learning, seemed the wrong abode for one whose tastes were exclusively æsthetic and intellectual; but even in "B.N.C." he had appreciative and devoted friends. Moreover, in 1864, the date of his election, Pater's particular leanings had not yet asserted themselves, nor had he sought the publicity of print. B.N.C., at any rate, became his academic home for life; and there he filled the duties of his position conscientiously, if without much disciplinary zeal, proving himself a good coach to such as really desired to work and learn, and indifferent to the others. But a College tutor's work is exacting, and by 1880 he was glad to resign his tutorship, while

continuing to lecture, and retaining the dignified and almost sinecure office of Dean. Thenceforward he had more leisure to devote to the congenial occupation of writing upon literature and the arts.

So far there was nothing, seemingly, in his academic course which might incur the disapprobation of Balliol. But in 1873 had appeared his first book, "Studies in the History of the Renaissance", which proclaimed him a hierophant of the æsthetic school, a *vox clamantis* in a competitive and commercial age. It was the final essay in this collection, called "Conclusion", which created alarm and resentment in Oxford and elsewhere. The essay lent support to the doctrine round which controversy had been raging for several years—and against which, as far back as 1869, Tennyson had written a stinging epigram—of "art for art's sake". Now Tennyson and Jowett were friends and almost cœvals.

We have only space for the specially offending passage. After enunciating what is really a commonplace, that "we are all of us condemned to death, with a sort of indefinite reprieve", Pater proceeds to argue that we should in consequence get as many pulsations as possible into the given time. And it is art, he continues, which gives most of these; "for art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake". This is to make sense-perception supreme; a master, not a minister, as most regard it. One has only to contrast Pater's admonition with the doctrine of Wordsworth, whom he professed to admire, who recognized in

"the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being".

There is no recognition of soul, or ethics either, in Pater's theory.

Taken aback, presumably, by the clamour he had evoked, Pater excluded "Conclusion" from the second edition of his book, "as I conceived it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall". There is reason, unhappily, to believe that it did. In subsequent editions, however, he restored it "with some slight alterations which bring it closer to my original meaning". They are, in fact, so slight as not to impair the general tenour of the essay.

Now to energetic and hard-working senior members of the University ideas of this sort seemed, even if not actively demoralizing, at least inimical to the cause of patient and laborious study; especially at Balliol, where Jowett and his very able staff instilled into their pupils' minds an ambition to obtain first classes, both for the credit of the College, and because such distinctions opened the doors to public and official positions in Church and State at once honourable to their holders and serviceable to the community. It is well known, of course, that many such men emanated from Balliol, and from the heights they attained cast a reflection of glory on their *alma mater*. It was for such triumphs that Jowett, in his later years at any rate, chiefly lived. But what Pater seemed to advocate was, that men should be taught to exist beautifully, a theory which ignored the fact that few could afford to live a life of ease, to be Bunthornes or Maudsleys, expatiating, "in novel phrases, on their complicated state of mind". Therefore it was that the genius of Balliol, as embodied in its Master, frowned in those days upon the recluse of Brasenose.

It was only towards the close of their lives that Jowett relented, warmly congratulating Pater on his "Plato and Platonism", a work which he, in common with its author, believed might prove of real use to serious students. That must have been a happy moment for both. Asked once which he considered the best of his books, "The Renaissance" or "Marius the Epicurean", Pater waved both aside, remarking that "Plato and Platonism" was, of all that he had written, most likely to survive. But it may be that he was speaking with that gentle irony to which he was addicted, for "Marius the Epicurean", with all its defects, is certainly the most imposing and ambitious of his works.

If, as we are told, Pater was wounded by the famous caricature, presented in W. H. Mallock's 'New Republic' (1877), it is no wonder. His epicureanism was unstained by vulgarity and unviolated by self-seeking. He lived in harmonious and ironic converse with a few like-minded friends, and in great peace and amity with his two sisters, who made his home happy, and were his constant companions in his holiday visits to

France and Italy. His life was irreproachable, whatever might be thought of his opinions.

Meanwhile he went on writing, matching, with untiring industry and enjoyment, his style to his matter, and probably bestowing as much care on the first as on the second. He speaks, in a charming essay on "Love's Labour is Lost", of "the fancy so many of us have for an exquisite and curious skill in the choice of words". Of names too, he might have added, when we think of his Florian Deleal and his Emerald Uthwart. Once, it is said, he looked over the essays of scholarship candidates at B.N.C., and on being asked for his opinion replied, "Oh, I don't know. I thought them all very bad. There was one boy called Sanctuary. I liked his name". But this may be apocryphal!

To Pater style was as important as it was to Flaubert. He did, certainly, fabricate a highly individual way of writing, beautiful at its best but at other times seeming almost to sink under the jewelled weight it has to bear. One has known people who can read almost anything say, "I can't read Pater, he is too precious for me". Still, Sir Thomas Browne is not without his preciousness, yet for all that "Urn Burial" is fine reading. And so it is with Pater, particularly when he deals with subtle shades of thought and feeling, or looks at the past through the golden haze of memory. There is, for instance, that really flawless study entitled "The Child in the House", which the reader cannot but think based upon its writer's own recollections. Clearly it is Pater's own susceptibilities, compunctions, and sensations that are limned there so tenderly. There was, he says of the child, "a kind of tyranny of the senses over him"—as if aware that his own manhood suffered from an excess of sensibility. And this excess manifested itself in his writings. Take, for instance, that passage on La Gioconda, so often quoted, so often admired, and well worthy, for its perfect balance and rhythm, of admiration. But would Leonardo have assented to all the subtle implications which Pater discovered in his picture? It seems unlikely.

In "Emerald Uthwart" we seem to recognize the "child" grown older, and to have a glimpse of Pater's own schooldays at Canterbury, and of his intense appreciation of the beauty

of his surroundings there. And the docility, the submissiveness of Emerald's nature was not foreign to Pater's, who moved softly through life, avoided disputes, and eschewed controversy. He never wrote a line in refutation of opponents. He could not bring himself to do so. It would have detracted from that "quietude of mind" which he commends, "without which, methinks, one fails in true dignity of character". Yet his own spirit was not always unruffled—what mortal's is? In the two studies "Apollo in Picardy" and "Denys L'Auxerrois" the depths that are stirred are turbid indeed; *fleurs du mal* one might almost call these narratives—so evil, in each case, is the climax. Again, the tragedy, the legitimate tragedy, of Emerald Uthwart's short life is marred by the transcript of a *post mortem* which is alike superfluous and morbid.

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"Marius the Epicurean" (1885) was, of course, his most considerable achievement, to it he devoted the available working hours of six long years. It is, regarded from whatever angle, a very remarkable performance.

Viewed as a romance it can hardly be pronounced a success. Marius resembles rather a lay figure, employed for the display of various facets of philosophical opinion, than a breathing man. Incredibly little happens to him until the close. We are admitted to the secret chambers of his mind, but never was such an uneventful hero. He moves almost like a disembodied spirit among the realities of life. He is a spectator merely. Now it is difficult to believe that in the era of the Antonines, with the barbarians hammering at the frontier, a young man of means, master of his time, and unattached to any particular opinion of his class and time, to pass his days in inaction. Ah, but it is the history of a mind, a soul? True, and as such it is piece of masterly analysis; but the character does not seem to fit the exigencies of the situation which frames it. Much nearer to reality is Pater's portrait of Marcus Aurelius, the philosophic Emperor, which is a triumphant success. Here was a man naturally addicted to the philosophic life and the pursuit of virtue, who managed to combine both with the active exercise of the Imperial functions, to which eventually his life was

sacrificed, who wrote that "even in a palace life may be lived well". Pater admits us to the inner struggle of the Emperor's mind and makes us see the triumph of his rectitude. *He* is the real hero of the romance, not the dreamer Marius, whom the example of Marcus Aurelius does not stir to emulation. For Marius has fallen under the influence of the Cyrenaic school, whose aim, though not grossly self-indulgent, is the perfect development of self, without much regard for the needs or interests of others.

At this juncture he falls in with Cornelius, one of the Emperor's bodyguard, who happens to be a Christian, but their friendship leads to little. Serene and happy in his creed, Cornelius, a shadowy figure, might have been expected to share his cherished secret with his friend, but goes no further than introducing him to Cecilia, a Christian and a widow, whom both, in a very tepid fashion, appear to admire. This, by the way, is the nearest and almost the sole approach, in Pater's writings, to the tender passion. His glimpse of the calm and quiet happiness of Cecilia's household is a revelation to Marius, who finds less, and less consolation in the doctrines of Aristippus, and seeks for some nobler answer to the riddle of existence.

But the lowlands of Italy are stricken by an outbreak of the plague, and by an earthquake. The friends are journeying to Rome, and in a village through which their road lies the peasants attribute these calamities to the impiety of a small Christian section of their community. A fray ensues, in which Marius and Cornelius are unwillingly embroiled. Soldiers appear on the scene, and among those arrested are the two friends, supposed instigators of the disorder. Marius, by a stratagem, secures the liberation of Cornelius, but remains a prisoner, and is marched towards Rome. Then plague lays him low. His captors leave him behind, and a poor peasant family take him to their home and nurse him. He sinks, however, rapidly. He dies, not resisting the Christian rites with which they, being of that faith, seek to comfort his last hours.

Viewed as a whole, the book is an eminently high-minded work. The author has outlived those extravagances of diction which had to some extent disfigured, in the judgment of the time, his earlier writings. He remains, however, too fond of the

lengthy involved sentence, and of the frequent parenthesis which is apt to hinder and perplex the reader. Learning, loftiness, eloquence and earnestness are among the features which make "Marius" memorable. In depicting many scenes and phases of its period, the book may challenge comparison with previous endeavours to reproduce the substance and the atmosphere of time long past. No disparagement is intended in saying that it is a monument to its author's knowledge, grasp, and mastery of appropriate diction, rather than to his originality.

Pater nowhere betrays explicit opposition to Christian tenets. Consider the case of his Marius. Starting from traditional beliefs and ritual, and passing through several stages of philosophical speculation, Marius eventually comes in contact with Christianity. An accidental spectator at the house of Cecilia of the celebration of their supreme rite by an assembly of Christians, he is deeply impressed, though rather, it appears, by the beauty of the ceremony than by the underlying doctrine. To this, however, his attitude seems that of a sympathetic enquirer, who might have become, had longer life been granted, an adherent. It is a weak point, in passing, that Cecilia's household, equally with Cornelius, make no direct effort to convince or win him over. But he is willing, in his illness, passively to accept the rites of the humble Christian folk among whom he has fallen, feeling, it may be, that their tender care of him was sufficient evidence of the beauty—nay, of the truth?—of their religion.

Now Pater's own experience was not wholly dissimilar. Brought up as an Anglican, he passed through scepticism to the highest kind of Epicureanism. But concurrently he took part in the worship of his College chapel—a thing that some other dons of his time definitely eschewed—and in London habitually attended service at St. Paul's Cathedral and at the High Anglican church of St. Alban's, Holborn, and elsewhere. Beautiful and elaborate ceremonial attracted him, as it did his Marius. In like manner it may be that he preferred not to define, while by no means decrying, the underlying doctrine. Pope described one of his friends as "The best good Christian, though he knows it not". Perhaps the phrase is applicable to Pater. As to his special niche in our literature, it is beyond question secure.

AMERICA'S COLUMNISTS

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

SOME three months ago Mr. Harold Ickes, the U.S. Secretary of the Interior—who is a notorious *franc-tireur*—delivered a speech in which, to the general surprise, he made an onslaught upon the columnists of the daily Press. He denounced them as mischievous and suggested that this thoroughly American order of journalist would be better for a purge—men and women, who, as a great New York daily put it, "represent the last word in freedom of expression".

The columnist is an American institution, and it is true that in certain cases he enjoys an enviable degree of liberty. If we were to make the definition inclusive and count in the whole body of journalists turning out something that could be called a column feature, we should find the number to be surprisingly large, and a classification not very easy. A good many sorts need not be considered here. All the feminine-interest columns can be put aside, and with them the so-called Society features, which in a few cases carry a popular name and earn a large salary. The films have been responsible for a large crop of subsidiary industries, and many of these, of course, belong to the publicity department. Any newspaper with a circulation that is of any importance to advertisers must have a Hollywood column. Who, indeed, shall say what percentage of the casual domesticities of the film colony are to be accounted for by the insatiable demand of daily and Sunday papers? There are columnists, again, of the home, talking over matters of everyday conduct and the minor moralities. Churchmen, educationalists, and kindred instructors, sometimes of considerable prominence, have found in the syndicated column, or more often one-third thereof, a daily pulpit at once easy, far-flung, and remunerative.

Let us consider, particularly, however, a far more important

company. It is the political column, the daily product of a news correspondent in Washington, or a political commentator in Washington or New York, that has become a major institution. The Washington news-feature is to be explained partly by the steady expansion of the Federal Government. American citizens of to-day must know what the central Government is doing, for there is no corner of the country that is not touched by Federal action; and, one may add, when the President is a Franklin Roosevelt there is seldom any lack of personal copy, actual or speculative.

The Washington columnists fall roughly into two classes. First, there are those whose job it is to get at the stuff which does not find a place in the regular service of the great news associations. Their medium is the paragraph. Their readers everywhere demand the "inside dope", and they take for granted that their favourite correspondent will never allow himself to have a dull day. The best in this class are not by any means gossipers, but men with a serious interest in affairs. They have an immense clientèle. Paul Mallon's "News Behind the News" is printed in about 200 newspapers, while the joint-authors of the daily Washington Merry-Go-Round command a still larger public. These two are Drew Pearson, and Robert S. Allen, and it is worth noting that they built up their present position as an independent partnership after being dismissed by their employers for journalistic conduct deemed to be too adventurous. It was stated last year that their column appeared in 313 dailies—the high-water mark for a feature of this kind.

The columnists of the second Washington group write a daily article, which could be described as a personal editorial. (That definition is correct in America, although in England it is a contradiction in terms). The seniors of this fraternity are David Lawrence, Mark Sullivan, of the *New York Herald-Tribune* syndicate, and Frank Kent of the *Baltimore Sun*. Mr. Lawrence, who created the semi-official U.S. newspaper, is judicial by training. Mr. Sullivan is a voice of the extreme Republican right-wing. Mr. Kent, although associated with a famous liberal daily, is a merciless opponent of Roosevelt. He has attacked the New Deal incessantly from its first stage.

I come now to the two political columnists whose success is of a kind to set them in a place apart. They make in every respect a complete contrast, and yet both owe their national standing to the *New York Herald-Tribune* and the power of its syndicate. Walter Lippmann belonged to the editorial group which founded the *New Republic*, and later was editor of the *New York World*. Eight years ago, when that distinguished daily was dissolved, Mr. Lippmann began writing his signed column four times a week in the *Herald-Tribune*. Within a year or so the syndicate was distributing it to more than 100 newspapers. The total at present, in Canada and the United States, is over 160.

On certain days Mr. Lippmann appears in the parent newspaper along with Mark Sullivan, but never in the company of his true opposite number, Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis). A daughter of the manse from a small town in New York State, she has had a wider experience in journalism than any other American woman. For some years after the War she did brilliant work as correspondent in several European capitals, and she enjoys the advantage of having been expelled from Nazi Germany. Her column, "On the Record", started some time after Mr. Lippmann's was well established, and achieved an immediate triumph. The total of her papers is lower than his, but I will make this guess, that if the course of events in Europe should vindicate Miss Thompson as commentator—and prophet—she will in a short time surpass all her competitors.

The Lippmann-Thompson collocation (it is specifically of New York, not of the country at large) is a piquant affair. Mr. Lippmann is careful in his choice of themes. He prefers to delimit his subject, and his practice is to disengage the large issues, not seldom with an effect of unduly simplifying. His clarity is perfect, and no journalist in the English-speaking world is his superior in exposition. He is extraordinarily unemotional. My theory is that the proximity of his rival has driven him into his present detachment, which seems at times cold-blooded. Mr. Lippmann has moved steadily to the right. The intellectual Socialism of his youth melted into a theory of "compensated economy", and that in turn has yielded to conservatism. His books reveal him as the leading American disciple of Graham

Wallas. "The Great Society" was Wallas's central treatise; Mr. Lippmann has countered with "The Good Society".

Dorothy Thompson's column during the past two years has sounded a continuous alarm. She writes under the daily pressure and dread of Nazi-Fascism, and her knowledge of men and movements in Central Europe gives an edge to her steel. She is never calm and could not be dispassionate. A generous anger is in these bad days her prevailing mood. Never in a moment's doubt as to her side, and as to the evil and peril of the enemy, she strikes and keeps on striking. She knows her documents and has a deadly hand in quotation. "Write it down!" she cries, as Czechoslovakia is destroyed or Prague is seized. She does not restrict her topics; it would be better, perhaps, if she did. No two journalistic styles could be more unlike than hers and Lippmann's. His texture is precise and orderly; hers is careless and picturesque. It remains to be said that these two powerful and contrasted columnists are agreed on one thing—hostility to the Roosevelt domestic policies. They both denounce the New Deal. It seems to me curious and regrettable that Miss Thompson, so markedly democratic in foreign affairs, should in American home politics be, so to say, in tune with the interests.

There are other political columnists, of varying importance, who should not be passed over even in a short review of the field. In Washington there is Raymond Clapper, attached to the large Scripps-Howard chain of daily newspapers. He is informed and level-headed, and his work meets with strong approval among his fellow-craftsmen. Jay Franklin (almost the only one who writes under a pseudonym) is the columnist counted most regularly sympathetic to the Roosevelt Administration. General Hugh Johnson, once famous as a New Deal administrator, wields his fountain-pen as a bludgeon. Mr. Boake Carter, who made a wide reputation as a news commentator on the air, is a recent recruit. A man of English or Irish descent, he makes his column, as he made his radio talks, markedly anti-Roosevelt and anti-British. Mr. Herbert Agar, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is discerning and always fair, while on the California Coast Mr. Chester Rowell speaks with knowledge of the Pacific and the Far East.

Now, here is the governing fact in the standing of the political columnist. He is a liberated leader-writer. He is influencing public opinion as from an editorial chair, and with a range of voice through the syndicate such as the leader-writer of the old tradition could not command or imagine. Canada and the United States, for the publisher, make a single vast continental area. The city centres are scattered, the distances enormous. Even the greatest metropolitan newspapers supply only a limited area. The syndicate therefore comes within the logic of the American system, and this late development of the signed political column is obviously right in line.

It implies, as we can see, the decline of the leading article, and for the general reader the dethronement of the editorial page. One could assert with little danger of challenge that the number of newspapers in America which to-day are powerful by reason of editorial articles would hardly make a score, or some critics would say, a dozen. The columnist's coming forward has filled the place of the old type of writing editor. And the columnist has attained for himself an astonishing degree of freedom. His name is an asset. In the course of a year or two it becomes known to an immense number of people. Like a radio speaker, he builds up a steady national audience. And there are particular reasons why a newspaper owner, only too conscious of pressure from his advertisers and other local interests, finds it good to allow the columnist a wide range. The owner, moreover, can make use of another device. Applying to his political department the rule which governs his entertainment pages, of giving something for all tastes, he can and does subscribe for columnists who tend to cancel one another out. The *Herald-Tribune* is a conspicuous illustration, and in the smaller cities the game is often much more thoroughly played. A half-dozen mutually contradictory columnists may be sharing the feature pages.

So much then for the strictly political practitioners. There are other columnists, some of them enjoying tremendous popularity, who are not forbidden to discuss public questions but who generally find their topics on the common ground of everyday happenings—work or sport, domestic troubles, crime, personalities or what not. It is perhaps worthy of mention that not all these are genial in temper or light of hand. Westbrook

Pegler, says the lady in a recent *New Yorker* drawing, "always sounds like he got out the wrong side of the bed". His is the standpoint of the common man, the hard-boiled citizen who need not be too pleased about anything. His public cannot be much smaller than that of the first favourites, for though the list of his papers is not so long as some, the most important of them have large circulations in metropolitan centres-

It is a theory accepted by American journalists that Westbrook Pegler was raised by Mr. Roy Howard to the head of the page as a foil to Heywood Broun of the same service, who for something like twenty years has been a chartered, and serious, playboy of the column. With "It Seems to Me" day by day and once a week in New York under "Shoot the Works", Mr. Broun carries on, a kind of American Chesterton in the matter of physical bulk and quips relating to his personal habits. Mr. Broun, too, began as a sports writer; he was a dramatic critic; he has long been a continuous and inexhaustible *causeur*, until lately the one columnist with a national audience who belonged avowedly to the Left, many would have said the extreme Left. To-day he is some degrees nearer the centre, and his readers, a huge and varied body of people, have remarked in him decidedly interesting evidences of a change in moral philosophy. His column, I believe, goes into only about forty papers, but that number is no indication of his repute. He has been frankly identified with minority causes, and is president of the journalists' trade-union, the Newspaper Guild.

Heywood Broun has one pointed thing to say, with some exaggeration, as to the wide reach of his fellow-labourers. It is that from Maine to California "these same names (of the *Herald-Tribune* syndicate) appear in the publications of every village, town and hamlet. This is a responsibility which should not be entrusted in a democracy to such a close corporation". And yet, with all their hundreds of papers and millions of readers, thus far in the Roosevelt term of office we have little evidence to show that the leading columnists have made any material difference to the voting public.

I have not named half of those who can be described as well-known, some of them practitioners of distinctive American character, like Dale Carnegie, the latest newspaper prophet of

success and the religion of salesmanship. I say nothing here about Walter Winchell of New York, the inventor of the queerest technique so far in the gossip column and the radio talk. His reputation is a portent which few journalists, if any, could explain. The Winchell field is the whole range of private affairs, the facts or rumours concerning which are served up in a style that could not have been envisaged by editors or readers twenty years ago. And the affrighting fact is that Mr. Winchell has imitators, even on our side of the Atlantic.

There remains for honourable mention in this gallery the first lady of the land. Mrs. Roosevelt is the star contributor of United Features with her few hundred words on "My Day". She is prompt to the minute and never breaks an office rule. Her chronicle is unaffected and altogether ingenuous, as the readers of a London evening journal remarked during the week of the Royal tour. Mrs. Roosevelt tells her readers about the White House and its guests, and about her own incessant journeys, and a multitude of simple readers, as they say, eat it up. Here at least is material which the future historian will not neglect when he comes to the social life of Washington in this wondrous era of ours.

THE AXIS JUNIOR PARTNER

BY MURIEL GRINDROD

"BUT hasn't it been very difficult for you in Rome just now?" asked the Irish monk who was showing me the crypt in San Clemente. He had taken us to the vault where St. Clement's house is said to have been, where, so he said, St. Paul may have written some of his epistles; he had shown us the chapel dedicated to Mithras; he had told us how these vaults had been on ground level in the days of Republican Rome. And now, as we came into the upper church again, we left the Republic and the Empire behind us and fell to talking of present-day things. He asked me how things were in England, which he had not seen for ten years, how we felt about Italy and about war, and, finally, hadn't it been very difficult for me in Rome in this May of 1939? No, I said, a trifle wearily, for other people—English, Germans, though never Italians—had asked me the same question, and from being at first surprised I had now become merely bored with it—no, it hadn't been at all difficult.

I came out into the upper church, and at once forgot the kindly Irish monk and his question. The centuries shift about you in this little church, no bigger than a barn, where Romans have worshipped almost since the beginning of recorded time, till your own century seems as remote as any other. I did notice vaguely, however, a little group of three German tourists who had visited the crypt at the same time as myself. They had shown a great interest in the Irish monk's explanations, and I had thought to myself that they were probably Catholics, for they seemed able to place all the Popes to whom he had referred, and had agreed enthusiastically when he emphasized the continuity of the Catholic faith throughout the little church's vicissitudes.

Now one of them came up to me and repeated the monk's

question: but, really and truly, hadn't I, an Englishwoman in Rome, experienced any difficulties whatever? No, I replied, everyone had been kindness personified. Well, that was most interesting and curious, said my German. "But", she went on, "it is so interesting for us to meet you here, an English lady. It is wonderful for us to be out of our country at all. For I must tell you", she suddenly burst out, "we *hate* our dear *Führer*!" I gasped slightly, reflecting rapidly that if she wished to be indiscreet I supposed a church was as good a place as any other. Then it all came out—Germany was so terrible, the regimentation was so appalling, the food was so scarce, no one could trust anyone any longer, this was their brief fortnight of escape, and now they would have to go back to it all; it was wonderful to meet a free English person, and how fortunate I was.

Yes, I reflected soberly, as I said goodbye to her and wished her well. Yes, I was fortunate. We walk this earth, we go where we will, we grumble at petty frontier restrictions, but it never for one second enters our heads that we shall not eventually get across those frontiers and go on our way wherever we will, to the ends of the earth or back to our comfortable homes, our green fields, our grey walls—and all this just because of the simple accident of chemistry that has caused us to be born British.

That incident stayed with me throughout my six weeks in Rome. It seemed to me to typify the difference not only between our lot and that of the Germans, but also between the Germans and those Italians whose hospitality they were receiving. For among the Italians I met no such outbursts. There was no need for them. They talked to me perfectly frankly. There was none of the reticence or fear that what they said might be passed on to some undesirable quarter which one had been led to expect from one's knowledge of Germany and one's conjectures about Italy. They simply gave you the impression of people with work to do, living in a country of which they were immensely proud, surrounded by institutions which had been built up within the memory of most of them—institutions in which they believed. "We are lazy by nature", they would say cheerfully—and so, by implication, it is really rather remarkable that we

have managed to pull ourselves up from the nothingness that surrounded us after the War, and to make ourselves what we are now. Mussolini has made us able to do all this, and we are proud of him, and proud of ourselves.

But—there is one great snag. The average Italian has a cheerful, optimistic kind of temperament which wants to believe that everything is going well with his personal life and his country and the glorious new empire which his country has acquired. If you belong to this category you may succeed in swallowing blindly everything the *régime* does. I have met such Italians—people, for instance, who listened to the broadcast of the Duce's Turin speech, leaning close to the blaring loud-speaker so as not to miss a syllable, repeating the last words of every phrase, nodding at each other in agreement with every sentiment, cheering when the crowd cheered. To these Italians the snag is merely part of the policy of an all-powerful, beneficent rule which they trust completely. But if you look a little further you will find people in every walk of life to whom the snag is an ever-present nightmare, threatening to destroy what they have helped to create. The snag is the Axis.

To the complete optimists the Axis, of course, like everything else connected with the *régime*, presents no difficulty. In company with some of these optimistic Italians I listened to the broadcast account of the signing of the Italo-German Treaty and of the bestowal upon von Ribbentrop of the highest order Italy has to award, as my friends proudly informed me. At the end I hazarded the remark that with all these bouquets flying about one couldn't help wondering whether everything was as stable underneath as it seemed on the surface. I was met with a glazed stare of utter incomprehension and the simple answer, "But they are our allies". This was interesting, because my friends, apart from this question of the perfection of the *régime*, were extremely normal, cheerful, practical people, not at all the half-doped somnambulists who surrender themselves to the utterances of Herr Goebbels. One of them was a Piedmontese, in whose presence I never dared to mention the many authenticated stories I heard of the open disaffection which the Duce encountered during his tour of that province.

But these people were the exceptions. Everywhere else I

encountered the same view: with the help of the Duce we have done a great job of work; we are creating something of which we are, with every reason, proud; and now are we to see it all cut away from beneath our feet by people who are, after all, our natural enemies? Memories are no shorter among this people, for all their light-hearted outlook on life, than among their more heavy-minded allies. There was Milan, entered by the Austrians little more than ninety years ago. There was the Trentino, Austrian only since 1866. I have never forgotten a passage in a book which is instinct with the Italian knowledge of how to live—Signor Varé's *Laughing Diplomat*. He describes a conversation which took place in Peking in 1927 between himself and General Claudel, the Commander of the French Colonial Armies. General Claudel asked me a strange question.

'Monsieur le Ministre,' he said, 'tell me, what was the happiest moment of your life?'

"I thought a little before answering: 'The night of the 4th of November, 1918, when I received, here in Peking, two successive telegrams to tell me that Italian troops had occupied Trent and Trieste'."

Among the ordinary working-people—waiters, shopkeepers, taxi-drivers and the like—this feeling against the Axis is little more than instinctive. The tourist traffic has almost touched rock-bottom, and this, of course, affects the average working-man profoundly, especially in places like Florence and Venice where the people are largely dependent on tourists for their means of livelihood. "*E'un desastro per noi*", said my gondolier in Venice as he steered his gondola down the deserted Grand Canal. It was a blazing June afternoon, and I remembered that Canal ten years ago, when it was a work of art to steer a course through the traffic. Looking at the empty hotels, the bare bones of the deserted new railway station built for throngs of holiday-makers, I felt it was indeed "*undesastro*".

It was the same story everywhere. I drove up from Florence to Siena in a huge new red Italian Touring Company char-à-banc built to take 40 people. Its occupants were three Germans, the driver and myself. When the driver came to fetch me for the return journey the next day I found, rather to my relief, that we had given up all pretence of catering for large numbers—the char-a-banc had been replaced by a 4-seater Balilla.

It is not true to say that there are no tourists. Those that

there are, however, do not greatly contribute to increase the popularity of the Axis. In every place where tourists congregate, in the Sistine Chapel, in the catacombs of San Calixtus, in the Duomo in Florence, in the Doges' Palace in Venice, in every tourist char-a-banc, in every cheaper *trattoria*, you hear one language and one only, and that is German. These Germans come in vast herds. My first introduction to them was on my way down to Rome, when from the window the *wagon-lit* attendant pointed out to me a German train composed entirely of third-class carriages. The platform was entirely filled with Germans, wearing the familiar felt hat and *Reisemantel*, standing a trifle disconsolately beside their somewhat meagre luggage. "You'll see them like that," said the *wagon-lit* attendant, "everywhere." I did.

They were, for the most part, very quiet and inoffensive people. Most of them had never been in Italy before, and were solemnly making the most of this great opportunity, checking up all they saw in their Grieben Guidebooks, eating as if each meal, too, were an opportunity to be seized. They didn't mix very readily, either with each other or with the Italians or with such English as there were—though in my experience they were always very pleasant and ready to converse if the barriers for any reason happened to break down, as for instance in the case of the distracted lady who said to me in the Sistine Chapel, "*Aber hier gibt es doch keine Katakomben? Das ist ja furchtbar—Katakomben wollten wir so gerne sehen, und heute Nachmittag reisen wir doch ab!*"* They were just very heavy, very serious, rather smug—and absolutely all-pervading. Moreover, from the point of view of the Italian shop-keeper and restaurant proprietor, they were almost entirely unproductive. This last through no fault of their own, for their hotel bills were paid for under the State Clearing Agreements, and they could bring with them little or nothing to spend in the country.

And if the hotel-proprietors and shopkeepers felt merely a vague discontent against the Axis and its blessings, the more educated sections of the populace were much more explicit. At the Horse Show at the beginning of May eight teams from

*"But the catacombs aren't here, then? But that's dreadful—we so much wanted to see them, and now we have to leave this afternoon!"

different countries competed for the Coppa Mussolini in the Piazza di Siena, in a setting so lovely that any international rivalry beyond the one being played out in front of us seemed very far away. Great Britain did extremely badly, and came out last but one. Sighs and groans of sympathy greeted our competitors at each mistake, violent applause on every occasion when they showed signs of redeeming their characters. The Germans very nearly won against the Italians, who were the final victors. They were as nearly hissed as makes no odds.

The Italian in this summer of 1939 wants nothing better than friendship with England. He has not forgotten the sanctions episode, for that went very deep. But—he has tried his new friend, and his new friend seems to be leading him into all sorts of enterprises for which he has neither the time nor the heart. Mussolini has promised that there will be no war, so that the preparations for the great Exhibition of 1942 can go on undisturbed. Already the countryside on the way out to Ostia is looking like a devastated area where the Exhibition site is being prepared. Already a special line of buses, affectionately christened "E Quaranta-due", runs out to the Exhibition ground. Four hundred men are at work daily on the excavations at Ostia Scavi, and their aim is to lay open the whole of ancient Ostia down to the sea by the time the Exhibition is opened in 1942. Surely, surely, the Duce cannot have lied? England is arming—but why, and against whom? Not, it cannot be, against us, who are so ready to be friends with her, who so much need her friendship as a bulwark against this strange new alien ally into whose arms we seem to have been forced?

GERMAN STRATEGY

By DR. W. F. NECKER

THERE is nothing more dangerous than an illusion, and the most dangerous of all prevailing illusions is that the new policy of the Great Powers' 'peace front' against any aggression on small nations will automatically prevent war. A war may break out whenever one side feels that it has the smallest chance of victory. Indeed it is almost sure that the war will start when the weaker of the opponents has become so enmeshed in war preparations that any cessation of armaments production—though they are not economic—might cause an economic and political catastrophe.

The second illusion which one frequently finds to-day among people concerned with the economics of defence is that the tremendous supply of materials demanded by modern warfare makes war impossible. General von Seeckt, chief of staff of the Reichswehr for many years, intimated in a post-war review of the march through Belgium that, if the political leadership of 1914 had demanded another goal, the head of the army would just have had to have found some other 'way out'. If Germany's raw materials to-day are admittedly insufficient, it will be the task of her army chief in the next war to find a new method of waging it in order to make the available raw materials suffice. A shortage of supplies is no guarantee against war. It is simply a question of how and where an attack can be made with some prospect of victory.

A certain Lt.-Col. K. Hesse of the German War Ministry, has been making a special investigation of this last question, which is often considered decisive. In his view, war can be restricted by a shortage of specific raw materials and manufacturing processes but not made impossible; it only means that the war would be waged less intensively and, possibly, with the handicap of a material inferiority. Hesse analyses

in some detail the raw materials supplies possessed by the Great Powers and comes to the conclusion that almost all countries suffer more or less from a shortage of important raw materials, but Germany in particular. It is only too easy, from these statistics, to reach the mistaken conclusion that therefore a war is no longer possible.

The question is, then, how in such circumstances war is to be carried on. Obviously with Germany in mind he discusses various possibilities. First of all—is a decision possible without resort to arms at all? The next problem, which is crucial in regard to consumption of material, is whether the war would be in the air or on land. The question of a small or large army to-day is merely theoretical, but Col. Hesse adds to this the new factor as to whether the forces are to be partially or completely mechanized, and the problem of the use of the tank.

There is also the fact that on one front the war is bound to be only a defensive campaign—which involves a substantial defence strength. All these factors are taken into account in Col. Hesse's calculations.

The deficiency in material is thus frankly admitted but regarded as no absolute hindrance to war; merely that, as indeed General von Metzsch and others have said: "German strategy is faced with the task of offsetting the hopeless economic position by superior striking power". And, by the same token, the Germans are given the assurance that the war, when it comes, must be a short one.

Hesse's analysis includes all the considerations that are being taken into account by the Germans to offset their conspicuous lack of important raw materials. Perhaps the most surprising of all is the fact that, in certain circumstances, they are reckoning on a bloodless victory, a sort of *war without war*. The recent successes obtained in Austria and Czechoslovakia have shown this idea to be not altogether wide of the mark. The method is simple enough, *viz.*, the threat of launching a war which would be dangerous to Germany's opponents, or might be so regarded by them. They parade the menace of Germany's air power, capable of reducing the enemy's towns to ruins. It is not at all impossible that the same methods may be employed in a future dispute.

If we first of all consider the acute danger of war to-day existing between Germany and Poland, we come to the conclusion that a "Czecho-Slovakian solution" might not be out of the question in this case. Poland has a long frontier bordering on Germany, mostly without natural defences. The Polish flanks would be surrounded from East Prussia—and now also from Slovakia, through which Germany has all rights of access and where she is also able to garrison troops. Polish industry lies for the most part near the German frontier, as does also the great North-South railway. The army is greatly inferior to the German, particularly with regard to mechanization. The whole of Poland does not possess as many motor vehicles as there are in Berlin alone. The railways lack locomotives suitable for use in wartime, and the roads are few and unsatisfactory.

Theoretically, Herr Hitler might one day make demands on the Polish republic which would force them to negotiate. The opportunity would then be taken to point out to the Poles the disadvantages of their position. The industrial areas could, unquestionably, be occupied within a few hours or days, and the great rail-head of Kattowitz cut off from Gdynia; in any case it is not built with double track as yet, and would not afford full support. The large towns, with their converging roads, would be under the fire of German bombers within a few hours. Poland would have two ways in which to avoid destruction: to give in and fulfil the demands, or to appeal to allies for help.

If she gives in, she is delivered hand and foot to Germany and can no longer prevent herself from being annexed by the Axis. Her trade would go almost entirely by German rail and port, as did that of Czecho-Slovakia after the annexation of Austria and the Sudeten land. Germany would have an immense ramp facing eastwards. Poland would have temporarily saved her towns and population from destruction, but would be the scene of hostilities in the next war.

On the other hand, she could appeal for help to Russia, who is nearest at hand. Germany is counting on the old enmity between Poland and Russia. Press articles show this clearly. Russian aeroplanes might help to avert some, but not all, of the destruction during the early days. In particular, the occupation

of important Polish territory could not be prevented because of the weak lines of communication. Apart from this, Poland would become the battle-ground of huge forces, the centre of hostilities in the East. Further, Germany would have the support of her well organized German population in Poland. These are all possibilities which are being considered in Germany and for which political preparations are being made. The failure of a first attempt will only spur the Germans on to redouble their efforts, as in the case of the disputed mobilization of May 21st, 1938, against Czecho-Slovakia (which did actually take place).

In May, Hitler and Mussolini both reviewed the German and Italian fortifications on their Western fronts, and made continued proclamations of their solidarity. These fortifications are not as new as one might suppose. Already under the Republic the *Reichswehr* had their plans ready, and both before and after the reoccupation of the Rhineland the plans of campaign were revised. Since May, 1938, it has simply been a question of finishing what has been begun. Even if the defensive value of these fortifications is not as great as that of the Maginot line, it must be recognized that they present a serious obstacle to an enemy attack, especially as they are supported by natural defences, and, for a long stretch, by the Rhine.

It would, therefore, be quite possible to point out to Poland that the defence of these fortifications against Anglo-French attack would require only a relatively small amount of troops. Germany's main forces, and her tank divisions in particular, would therefore be directed against Poland. France would be held in check by Italy, and probably also by certain forces in Spain, the Spaniards and some of the Italians would have the benefit of their war experience of recent years. Here is Germany's chance to have a "war without war", a victory without arms. If France and Britain, and even Russia, stand by Poland, Germany could still see a chance of victory.

The greatest danger that Germany foresees in a future war is attack from two fronts and a long duration of hostilities. Both must be avoided. In 1914 their object was also to crush France in a short war and then to throw all attacking forces against Russia, by way of Austria. It is interesting to note how the

plans of 1914 are judged to-day. General Wetzell, of the infantry, who served in the operations section of the High Command, examines the so-called Schlieffen plan, which was concerned with the initial offensive in the west. This plan was carried on as a "legacy" after Schlieffen's death, although under his successor, the younger Moltke, conditions were entirely changed. Russia had recovered and though in the time of Count Moltke (the elder) two months could be reckoned as necessary before the Poles were supported by the main Russian troops, in 1912, one could calculate that they would arrive within 20 days, apart from the Siberians". (Wetzell).

The position to-day is somewhat similar to that in the last war. In some respects Germany is inferior, she has a shortage of older trained officers and of material. The war, when it breaks out, will in any case be a war on two fronts. The eastern front is, on the whole, stronger than it was some years ago, and the fortifications on the French front would be hard to break through. On the other hand, the enemy in the east will not be one, but at least two—Russia and Poland—and it is the difficulties of allied warfare that General Wetzell examines in his study. An immediate onslaught against the French fortifications might well be a mistake, at any rate at the outset. And the present increase in strength of the eastern opponent would seem likely to be an obstacle to the German offensive in the West as in the last war.

The upshot of Col. Hesse's study, therefore, is the opinion that, on account of shortage of materials, a defensive war should be waged on one front; this, he suggests, can be undertaken on a powerful scale, especially with the use of air power.

The fact remains that Berlin lies nearer to the eastern frontier than before, barely 150 kilometres, and any enemy march on the city must be broken from the west, or the resistance of the western Powers will be strengthened.

The plan must, therefore be: to attack quickly in the east, and to crush Poland before effective Russian help has reached her; to force an armistice on Poland, or at least to drive all enemies in the east on to the most favourable front for Germany. Germany would then have the strategic North-South lines of communication behind her, the enemy would have no such lines

of communication, and the greater part of their industrial areas would be lost. Once in this position, Germany can turn to an offensive in the west.

That this offensive must be fought is clear, for Germany is only able to undertake even a delayed war for a limited time. The fortifications in the West may hold the enemy back from attacking, but even in this case the defensive cannot last for ever. Apart from that, the enemy in the east might recover, or Poland again become active, with the help of Russia. "Our war must be rapid and intensive, we must definitely not allow it to become long drawn out", writes the German tank expert, General von Eimannsberger. "However secret the plans of the General Staff for the beginning of operations may be, their aim is not secret. As in 1914, our whole power will be used to bring about a quick war, and to hold it until the enemy is brought to his knees by force of arms".

If the German western fortifications are impregnable, as was repeated again and again during their review, then the French Maginot line must be as strong. Nevertheless, affirms General Eimannsberger, "Strategy demands tactics of decisive attack, thoroughly exploited, in order to bring about a genuine victory". But this is just what the Maginot line was designed to prevent. Infantry and artillery have come to something of a standstill in their effectiveness, but there are two means of warfare which are still being developed, aeroplanes and tanks. It is impossible to take fortifications by aeroplanes, so it must be done by tanks, with help from the air. There are, of course, anti-aircraft guns, so the tanks must reach the enemy as quickly as possible, so that he is only given a few minutes in which to act. The infantry can only follow at the rate of three kilometres per hour, so they must be transported behind in transport tanks. In order that the enemy shall have no warning of the preparations, the attack must begin with absolute suddenness, almost without visible preparations.

With some 90 batteries to the kilometre, it is suggested, the drawing up of the forces and the distribution of munitions—which took a fortnight in March, 1918—must be effected in a few nights in this age of mechanization, the motor and tank corps need not be brought into position beforehand at all—until the

actual moment of attack. The artillery preparation is also quite different from 1914. Practice for one hour, preparation of munitions for three hours, and the taking up of positions 4 kilometres deep, would require 6 hours under the most favourable conditions, which he holds to be at once too long and too short a time, and therefore considers this method a mistaken one. This is the chance that is seen in Germany of victory in the west. It is taken for granted that there is absolutely no need for Germany to run her head against the Maginot line.

For the chief of the German army, the question of where to attack will be more difficult to solve than that of the method to be used. It was supposed for a long time that the attack would go through Switzerland. This seems logical for the reason that it would form a connection with Italy, who would probably be marching against France. Switzerland is surrounded on three sides by Italy and Germany—the gap in the west is relatively passable. All the same, there seems little probability of this plan being followed. Germany is more concerned with the possibilities in regard to Belgium.

But just here may be the breaking point. Although the Germans may wish to hold their defences against their main enemy in the west, it is probable that they will occupy Holland and Belgium by force, without any warning in time of peace. The attractions here are the foodstuffs and provisions, and here is no enemy backed by impassable mountains, as in Switzerland. The *Militärwochenblatt* quotes writings of the Belgian General Staff which declare that in twenty-four hours Germany could march 250,000 men over the frontier, and thereby destroy the whole of the Belgian mobilization.

With the occupation of these countries, however, the enemy command would be deprived of the chance of choosing its own terrain for a war of movement—unless it is prepared to make a strategic advance itself. There is also another advantage in occupying Belgium and Holland. For, then, after overcoming the enemy on her eastern flank, the German command would in its retreat contrive to draw out the opposing forces, and so be able to attack them outside their fortified belt—which might well shatter their morale and perhaps beat them back behind the fortifications. Actually 'the enemy' had similar plans

with regard to the Saar, but to-day this is fortified on the German side.

One can never predict the result of a war—all prophecies must cease with mobilization. What can be read from the German plans is very logical and striking, too striking for us to be able to retrieve the situation in the threatened position if we make a single mistake. Exactly as in 1918, the temper of the people is not being taken sufficiently into account, although every care is being taken to make it reliably National-Socialist. Any delay in the time-table of the offensive would mean the end—and German people to-day are not prepared to accept everything with stoical calm.

Hitherto, too much has been staked on Soviet Russia remaining outside the game, and for this there was good reason, as she was not regarded favourably in some quarters. This is certainly the reason that she places such a high price on herself to-day. Soviet Russia, together with Poland, has the first and hardest costs of war to bear, should Germany let loose an attack in the east. Once she is pledged to the allies, German plans will have to be changed, one can count on diplomatic efforts to separate the new friends, as was done with success between Russia and France in September, 1938. But even this delaying action—whatever further gold supplies may be sent to Germany—will not increase her war supplies. Nevertheless, we should not allow ourselves the illusion that Germany will give up her intentions and quietly capitulate. The last word, in any case, will be spoken in Germany.

PIANOFORTE CONCERTO

By E. F. BOZMAN

A WOMAN sat at the piano, playing Schumann. Her smooth arms moved gracefully and every now and then she glanced at the rings on her left hand, her engagement ring and her wedding ring, admiring the sparkle of the diamond in the light shining from the chandelier on the wall behind. The polished wood of the grand piano gleamed in the light too, and the effect of the room as a whole, with the curtains drawn for the night and the fire lit, was of lightness and space.

At the opposite end of the room from the piano a man in evening dress stood by the fire, one polished shoe resting on the fender, and one hand holding the mantelpiece. He was smoking a cigarette and looking into the fire. Occasionally he flicked his cigarette neatly with one finger so that the ash should go right into the fire rather than fall in the grate. He was listening comfortably to the flow of the music, in harmony both mentally and physically with the assorted products of civilization around him, and it seemed to him a desirable thing in itself that he should stand there, refined and cultured as he was, listening to his wife's playing and enjoying the sentimental quality of the composition which to him seemed to stand for and to emanate from an atmosphere of culture and civilization similar to his own but of a few generations earlier.

The pianist had a soft and resonant touch. She played with her wrists low, and without forcing the tone she seemed to be able to extract from the piano a volume of sound that was more satisfying and ear-filling than is achieved by more violent performers. Even when she played one chord only, or a succession of a few notes, the tones rang and persisted, and her sounds stood out like solid blocks in the air of the room, severed from the piano that had produced them.

She was fond of Schumann, not for the cultural associations

which her husband was now contemplating, not for any particular reasons at all, but simply fond of him and his works, and she often played one of his shorter pieces when, as now, she had a few minutes to spare before going out to dinner. But this evening she was not playing one of the minor pieces; she was playing the solo part of the great pianoforte concerto, and had just announced the brilliant opening chords of the first movement disposing them resonantly and unhurried, and her hands rested a moment, white and graceful while she filled in the tutti in her mind, humming the oboe part to maintain the inner rhythm of the composition.

In her mind's eye she could see the conductor, in evening dress, manipulating his orchestra, his attention concentrated on the other instruments, leading them, pushing the living work forward until the time should come for her re-entrance, when he would hand the lead smoothly to her, falling himself with his men into the rôle of her accompanist. She could, in imagination, see the conductor in profile, his left side turned to her while he occupied himself with the players in front of him, his right arm urging, his left hand guiding; and in reality she could see her husband also in evening dress, his left side towards her, but he was looking down into the fire and the only movement he made was occasionally to flick his cigarette with his left hand. She could not see the expression in his eyes, the kind smile behind his gold-rimmed glasses with which she was so familiar.

Her entry came and she announced the principal melody, firmly, almost dragged for emphasis, yet in strict time; in strict time, in a sense, but with those few chords thus announced she gave a new rhythm and a new impulse to the performance of the work, imprinting her personality on it. Her husband, when he heard the notes, could see her, smell her, feel her without a movement on his part—he did not even look up. Irene, his wife, sat in the fire under his eyes, and he watched the flames lick round her.

They licked round her, and they devoured her as if she were swallowed up in the music; and indeed she was lost to him, for under the influence of Schumann, as she played, giving herself up to the easy, not soul-searching flow of the music, she no longer belonged to her husband by the fireside, nor did she see the

imagined conductor, for she was now in the lead; instead she saw a man who represented music to her, a creation of musical spirit, some unknown composer, perhaps Robert Schumann himself, perhaps an ideal artist who would have written for her and for her alone, a man whom she could interpret, through whom she could live and find self-expression. Whoever this man was he was a very different person from the faithful husband by the fire who for a good many years now had attended all her concerts, had interviewed her managers, shared her triumphs, her moderate successes and her comparative failures, and at the end of each evening, when it was time to go home, had thrown her cloak round her white shoulders.

She neared the end of the solo. The conductor stood poised, indicating the first beat of each bar on his desk. She reached the last bar and he raised his stick, ready to bring in his band. She looked towards him over the top of the piano, handing him the lead as a relay racer hands over to his successor. Smoothly, without a hitch, the violins assumed the music, and she fell back on her accompaniment, a soft rippling undercurrent, with an echo of the principal melody in the bass. Now her part developed and soon she was in the lead, sometimes with effective solo passages, sometimes competing single-handed against the full strength of the orchestra, a David against Goliath. Her part increased in power. She announced her second theme bravely, then was back to her rôle of accompanist again with lovely descending arpeggios. The music grew and grew; they reached the first climax; her part was temporarily suspended in favour of a brilliant tutti. She sat back on her stool, her eyes lowered, her hands in her lap. The music flowed over her head now, and the imaginary audience no longer concerned her. She was alone in the room with her husband, in temporary silence, while the firelight flickered.

"Darling."

The word she wished to hear might have come in his pleasant, deep voice—yet he stood there gazing silently into the fire.

"Yes?"

Then he would come across the room to her and take her in his arms—but he did not move.

"Darling, my darling wife . . ." That would free her from the music and the beauty of the music and the endless struggle with the music. Why must she go on and on, she the virtuoso, why could she not let it all go and be a woman—or an artist? Why must she be thinking about a conductor and an audience . . .

The imaginary conductor looked in her direction. He nodded to her. Another bar and it was her re-entry. She took a deep breath. Exactly at the right moment, without effort on her part, her hands were lifted and she was at work again. Oh the sweet music. She was doing the thing she would do. She yielded to its seduction, and no longer saw her husband leaning on the mantelpiece. She announced the *andante* theme in the first movement, and the beautiful melody transported her on its wings to where she would be . . .

She walked in a garden of romance, sweet with flowers, and by her side was the man of her dreams, the man to whom she would give herself, withholding nothing, the man who would be the father of her children. Dimly she saw her husband, yet the vision was not of him. It was a sentimental vision, disconnected with real living, while as she played she thought "this is the music of real life, the music of the spheres."

She sprang into *allegro* time again, clean and clear cut. Her attack was so vigorous that she forced the imaginary orchestra in their echo bar to take her vitality and her personality. The technical difficulties of the work began to demand her attention, and soon she was lost to all considerations outside the music. The work had her and the orchestra and the conductor in its grip. Every now and then she glanced up at him swiftly, verifying his exact beat for the dove-tailing. Back to the first subject again, announced so certainly now and with such established assurance, then on to the second. Accord and understanding were established. The subjects in their new key were more moving, more impressive. The development was rapid now; nothing could stop the movement.

"Where are you?" her husband called in his mind. His name was Robert too. "Where are you?" and he did not mean "where have you got to in the music?"—he knew that well enough—"where are you, my woman, my wife?" He continued to look in the fire, his lips framing the words, as if he

could see his wife in the red coals. But he did not. For she was lost to him, lost in the music, just as she had been so many times when he had wanted her in the past.

"Irene," he called "Irene!" The only answer was the quickening of the imagined orchestra (they could both hear the orchestra in the mind's ear) to the crashing climax before the soloist's cadenza. The orchestra was silenced. His wife was launched on her solo.

She began slowly and reflectively. She seemed to be meditating over the work as a whole. Looking up for a moment she could imagine the conductor, his baton laid aside, surreptitiously wiping the sweat from under his starched collar. Out of the corner of her eye she could see the serried orchestra in varied attitudes of repose and eagerness and indifference. Her business was not with any of them now, but with her audience, with a packed Queen's Hall perhaps, or perhaps it was a promenade concert and they were standing in regiments, pressing towards her, separated only from her by the frail defences of footlights and ferns. Her audience! This was not a performance, of course! She smiled to herself. There was only her husband, Robert, leaning over the fire.

She began to play to him.

"How beautiful her work is," he thought, "how sure, yet how surprising, although I've heard this thing a hundred times. What a pity there are not others to hear it. What a pity this is not one of her big nights—when she is playing so well and so freely."

She went on playing to her audience of one, and her fingers spoke to him, urging, coaxing, appealing. "Why cannot you accept this offering?" she thought. "You, *you*, for yourself. Not for some large and fatuous audience about which I really do not care a damn. I despise them all really and their frantic clapping and their sheepish upturned faces. Let me play for you only, and listen to what I am saying to you. Come to me, Robert dear, and take me away—away from that conductor lolling up there, and those stupid grinning faces below me. Hear my message. Let me make myself clear. Oh for God's sake listen to me! Can't you understand? Take me for yourself, Robert, don't force me to give myself to these sheep.

Why are you so considerate of me, so polite, so unselfish in your demands?"

Robert continued to gaze into the fire. "By jove" he said to himself, "she *is* playing well tonight. Absolutely Al. I don't remember when I heard better. Sometimes I've thought she was losing her form lately—I've wondered whether she was sad about something—perhaps about our not having any children—but this is all right. This is splendid, this is fine. Good old Irene." Tears of loving admiration came into his eyes and stood behind his gold-rimmed glasses. "Good old Irene!"

She reached the trill. The conductor's baton was raised. In a moment they would begin again for the run home, the brilliant close of the first movement. Irene's fingers were working perfectly now. She felt her power. The conductor slashed the air. They were in, the wood-wind staccato and rhythmic. The pianist etched in her brilliant accompaniment. Others joined the hunt. They were away. Away, fast and galloping, and the excitement grew. Blood heat. Then fever point. On, on along, on on on along, the soloist's fingers raced and flew. In sight of the quarry. Up, up, up, up . . . The last chord is a short one, and the audience would break into a storm of applause and bravos were it not the end of the first movement only, and considered bad form to clap and shout. They are longing to show their enthusiasm. But they must wait till the end of the work, the end of the third movement.

Irene sits back and wipes her hands on a handkerchief. She must compose herself for the beautiful slow movement that is to follow. Audience and conductor have disappeared, and there is only her husband in the room, over by the fireplace. She will play the slow movement for him alone, for him, her lover. Not for the foolish audience, not for the slim conductor. She thinks only of the music and her mind is forming the rhythm of her re-entry. Now she will pour out her heart, in the fine fruit of her years of slavery to music, and she will offer herself not to the unknown audiences of the past and the future, but to the man who is her husband, over there by the fire. The lovely, graceful movement is already shaped in her mind. Her eyes and hands are full of it—first the little introductory subject, then the broad and heart-rending tune for the cellos. . . .

Robert has turned away from the fire and is looking towards her. He shoots his cuff and looks at his wrist-watch.

"By jove," he says, "if we're going to get to the Brown's in time for dinner we shall have to start now."

She looks up at him, and the unborn music trembles in her.

Something chokes unbearably in her throat, and she cannot speak. The words will not come.

"Darling," her husband goes on affectionately, "we'll have to start this minute. We're late already, really."

He takes her fur cloak from the sofa and walks over to the piano. Then he stands kindly behind her, holding the cloak open, waiting for her to rise from her seat.

CHINA AND JAPAN

BY SIR JOHN PRATT, K.B.E., C.M.G.

IT was one of the greatest misfortunes of the Japanese that at the beginning of their cultural development they did not evolve a system of writing out of their spoken language. In about the sixth century of our era they fell under the influence of the mighty civilization of China—then at the very height of its grandeur—and borrowed the Chinese script for making written records. At first these records were made in the Chinese language and then attempts were made to use Chinese characters for writing Japanese sentences, but the difficulties were so enormous that it was several hundred years before a practicable method was evolved. Japanese affinities are Polynesian rather than Mongol (no Mongol could ever cut so poor a figure upon a horse) and they have nothing in common with the Chinese except the Chinese veneer with which the vigorous but quite different native culture is overlaid. No two languages could present a greater contrast than Chinese and Japanese. Chinese sentences are short and concise, the language is monosyllabic with an immense vocabulary, both abstract and concrete and a vast literature. The ideograms in which it is written are better suited than any articulated means of expression for conveying, by a process of suggestion, profound or abstract ideas. When this script was first borrowed by Japan it had already been in use for some 3,000 years. The Japanese however have never shown any inclination for profound or abstract thought. Their language is agglutinated and polysyllabic with long diffuse sentences, a restricted vocabulary corresponding to the poverty of ideas, and sounds incapable in many cases of being represented by Chinese characters. They could hardly have found a medium of expression more alien to their native genius than the Chinese script, and they have suffered from this initial handicap ever since. It has cramped their mental development

and made them largely inarticulate. Few Japanese can ever quite express the ideas that are in their minds or create the impression that they would like to create. This makes them uneasy and suspicious. They wonder whether they are acting correctly and what other people are thinking of them; and, of course, they commit the very blunders that they are most anxious to avoid. In behaviour the contrast with the Chinese is as great as that between the two languages. During the endless discussions at Geneva in 1931 and 1932 the Chinese were dignified and impressive and conducted their case with a consummate skill that filled the statesmen of Europe with surprise and admiration. The Japanese were tongue-tied, nervous and ineffective. Few who heard it will forget the impression made by the Japanese delegate when he compared the treatment of Japan by the League of Nations to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. No one was more genuinely shocked at this error of taste and judgment than the Chinese Delegate—a Christian of the third generation.

The overwhelming impression of solidity and grandeur made by China in the early centuries of their intercourse has never quite faded from the Japanese mind. A State covering an area so vast as China, organized upon a moral basis and providing for one fifth of the world's population, an ordered system of government maintained by the force of its moral culture rather than by the external machinery of government upon which other systems rely is indeed a phenomenon unique in the world's history. It was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that the glorious structure showed signs of crumbling. In a world that was growing rapidly smaller and more dangerous China was assailed by a multitude of troubles all at the same time—opium, the decay of the Manchu Dynasty, the industrial revolution, the impact of the west, the ferment of new ideas, social unrest, revolution within and aggression from without. The whole of the nineteenth century was for China a period of defeat, frustration and humiliation. In the twentieth century a great national revival began, and two questions gradually took shape: would China recover her former greatness, and if she did, how could this be squared with the ambitions of Japan?

When Japan emerged from her two centuries of seclusion in the middle of the nineteenth century, the eager disciples of Yoshida Shoin and the "Patriotic Schools" were already looking for inspiration to the great sixteenth-century hero Hideyoshi. The ambition that Hideyoshi had cherished to conquer for Japan an Asiatic Empire which should include Korea, Manchuria, China, Persia and India might well have been dismissed as the dream of a megalomaniac. But fate played into the hands of the forward school. The appearance of Russia on the Pacific and her successive advances to the Amur, to Vladivostok, to Manchuria and at last to Korea made it inevitable that military considerations should dictate the national policy of Japan; and at the psychological moment, when the whole future of the Far East was trembling in the balance, England stepped in and made the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

The delusions that prompted the eminent statesmen of forty years ago to embark upon the policy of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance make disturbing reading to-day. That Russia, with an administration at once corrupt, inefficient and happy-go-lucky might one day conduct a large-scale invasion of India was, of course, the pet bogey of the nineteenth century. But when at the end of the century Russia appeared on the plains of Manchuria and engaged in the scramble for spheres of influence in China the bogey assumed even more terrifying proportions. What the reasons for this were it is impossible to discover. Mr. Balfour by the simple device of counting the trade between Hongkong and China—a purely entrepot trade—as British trade persuaded himself that British trade was 80 per cent. of the whole trade of China, Sir Michael Hicks Beach roundly threatened war if Russia interfered with this trade, and Joseph Chamberlain, obsessed with the dangers of isolation, used the fantastic argument that by Russia's presence in Manchuria "our existence is being menaced in a way in which it has never been threatened since the time when the great Napoleon attempted to lay an interdict upon British trade". In vain did Lord Salisbury in words of massive wisdom, which deserve the closest study in the position in which we find ourselves to-day, endeavour to combat these delusions. No sooner had he left the scene than the lesser

men who took his place were no longer content to leave Japan and Russia to guard their respective positions in Korea and Manchuria and act as a check the one upon the other in China; instead, we held the ring while Japan fought and defeated Russia, drove her back and seized the Russian position in Manchuria. From the moment that Great Britain thus put Japan in the place of Russia Hideyoshi's Empire ceased to be a mere idle dream. The first great instalment of it—the domination of China—became a practicable aim, and the Japanese militarists have relentlessly pursued it ever since. It may be that during the ten years between 1921 and 1931—that is to say, between the Washington Conference and Manchukuo—when the military party was in eclipse and Japanese policy came under the control of the sane and moderate elements in Japanese public life under the leadership of that great statesman Sideshara—it may be that if the loyal and conciliatory policy then pursued by Japan had met with a better response from China herself, from America and from Europe a more honourable and more stable basis for political relationships in the Far East might have been found. On the other hand, the Japanese are essentially a people who believe in the gospel of force and they can without difficulty find a dozen reasons which in their eyes provide sufficient moral justification for the expansionist policy to which national temperament inclines them. The Russian menace, Chinese obstruction, a rapidly increasing population, excessive fragmentation of farm land, the necessity for industrialization, and the difficulties created by economic nationalism elsewhere, restrictions on immigration—all these are formidable problems. In Italy the population per square mile of arable land is 819 and the average acreage of farms is 3.1. In Japan the corresponding figures are 2,774 and 0.9 respectively. If, as many believe, there is a direct connection between the cessation of Italian emigration to America and the expansionist policy of Mussolini, it should be remembered that Japan's need for an outlet in *some* direction is even greater than that of Italy. It is factors such as these that make one wonder whether any obstacle but superior force would have sufficed to check the steady march of Japanese policy. As early as 1895, after the Korean War, that shrewd

observer, Sir Robert Hart, the famous Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs Administration, noted that "Japan wants to lead the East in war, in commerce and in manufactures and the next century will be a hard one for the West". At a time when European statesmen still regarded Japan as a petty Asiatic nation—a negligible factor in world affairs—this prophecy showed remarkable insight. Ten years after she had driven China out of Korea Japan took the heroic decision to attack Russia, defeated her and drove her out of South Manchuria. Hideyoshi's dream was coming true. Before another dozen years had past the Great War had broken out, the Manchu Dynasty and the Russian Empire had both collapsed: "from Canton to the Amur and from Vladivostock to Lake Baikal, the whole mainland of the Far East was now without a master". Here indeed was a heaven-sent opportunity to be seized with both hands. In the famous Black Dragon Memorandum written just after the capture of Kiaochow from Germany by Japanese forces at the beginning of the war the forward party urged their views upon the Japanese Government. Force should be employed to compel China to be friendly with Japan; she must be made voluntarily to agree to a Treaty of Alliance the effect of which would be to place all political, financial and military power in the hands of Japanese. China was to cede outright South Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, the Chinese army and navy were to be trained by Japanese instructors and armed with Japanese weapons, Japanese were to remodel and manage China's educational and financial systems and Japanese troops were to be stationed throughout China to maintain order and guard against foreign aggression. The advantages that would accrue to China under this treaty were that Japan would respect the sovereignty and integrity of China, and China being thus relieved of all anxiety for her future would be able to await in peace and security the progress of internal reform and national regeneration. The objects set out in this Memorandum are the aims which the Japanese Government have steadily kept in view until the final outbreak of hostilities in 1937. The chief interest of the Memorandum, however, lies in the light that it throws on Japanese mentality. The author was not a Hitler or a Mussolini writing deliberately

with his tongue in his cheek. He genuinely believed that a country can be coerced into friendship and that China should be grateful for Japan's friendly solicitude for her welfare. The Memorandum also illustrates another peculiar mental characteristic of the Japanese—the naïve belief in the value and efficacy of puppets. From the very earliest times the most characteristic feature of Japanese political institutions has been that real authority is not exercised by the titular figurehead but by some comparatively obscure person who pulls the wires from behind the scenes. At one period the system of Government in Japan presented the strange spectacle of a titular Emperor whose vestigial functions were usurped by an abdicated Emperor and whose real power was nominally delegated to an hereditary dictator but actually wielded by an hereditary adviser of that dictator. It would be foolish, of course, to regard what is strange as necessarily inferior but minds that could reach such a result must have processes of thought that are utterly different to those of the West; and occasions of mutual misunderstanding must be numerous. With characteristic rigidity of mind Japanese believe that a device which works in Japan must necessarily flourish in other climes. The authors of the Black Dragon Memorandum thought that for the purposes of the Treaty of Alliance they contemplated it would first be necessary to get rid of the Government of Yuan Shih Kai (then President of the Chinese Republic) from whom nothing was to be expected. The best course for the Japanese Government to adopt would be to stir up revolution in China against Yuan. The whole country would be thrown into disorder, Yuan's Government would be overthrown and Japan would then select the most suitable person to organize a new Government with whom she would enter into the proposed treaty of alliance. Not a moment was to be lost.

"For us to incite the Chinese revolutionists and malcontents to rise in China we consider the present to be the most opportune moment. These men are insufficiently provided with funds. If the Imperial Government can make them a loan and instruct them to rise simultaneously great commotion and disorder will surely prevail all over China. We can then intervene and easily adjust matters".

The Japanese Government proceeded to carry out this programme in every detail. Chinese Revolutionaries were

collected from Japan, from Dalny, from the International Settlement at Shanghai and elsewhere and brought to Tsingtao. Those from Shanghai included most of the regular criminal classes, and for many months the weekly report of the Captain Superintendent of Police was full of naïve rejoicings at the unwonted absence of serious crime in the Settlement. At Tsingtao two large warehouses were placed at the disposal of the Revolutionaries and in them they carried out their drill and other exercises while Japanese sentries stood on guard outside. The German railway from Tsingtao to Tsinan—the capital of Shantung Province—had been seized at the same time as the port and fortress. On the appointed day two special trains were placed at the disposal of the Revolutionaries; one proceeded to a town half-way and the other to another town two-thirds of the way to the capital—and the revolution against Yuan Shih Kai began. Everything went according to plan. Great commotion and disorder prevailed, Yuan was overthrown and died of a broken heart and a puppet was duly installed in his place. The revolutionaries were then shipped back to Shanghai and the other places from which they had come, to the great annoyance of the Captain Superintendent of Police for, as the returns in the Municipal Gazette did not fail to indicate, crime immediately regained its normal level in the Settlement.

The forward party rather badly overplayed their hand during the Great War not only in China, but also in North Manchuria, where they tried to take possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway and in Siberia, where they aspired to plant an outpost of the Japanese Empire on the shores of Lake Baikal. The Siberian expedition ended in a discreditable fiasco; the Army for the first time in the modern history of Japan fell into disfavour, and the forward policy fell into abeyance. It was resumed again in 1931 when the Army seized and virtually annexed Manchuria. For a time Japan struggled hard to make the best of both worlds—to keep Manchukuo and to remain a member of the League. Even if some compromise could have been found it is unlikely, in a rearming world and the general crash of idealisms in the West, that Japan would ever again have paid more than lip-service to the principles of the Nine Power Treaty. The gallant effort made by England to lead her

back to the path of international collaboration for the rehabilitation of China was at best a forlorn hope. As soon as Japan felt that she had no option but to resign from the League she renounced all ideas of co-operation with Europe and America and took up again with redoubled vigour the policy that she had reluctantly dropped at the end of the War. She made it clear that it was her intention to dominate China and that she would brook no interference from the rest of the world. "China", said Mr. Amau in 1934, "must not rely on any other country in order to resist Japan; there must not be any joint operations undertaken by foreign Powers even in the name of technical and financial assistance". And having thus warned the other Powers off, Japan explained to China that she was prepared to settle the difficulties between the two countries on a basis of friendly collaboration and co-operation against Communism. But when these phrases came to be examined "friendly collaboration" was found to mean recognition of Japan's right of economic exploitation to the exclusion of other Powers while "co-operation" meant acquiescence in the posting of Japanese troops at selected places with power to take military action against any parties whom they might designate communists not only in the North and North-West but throughout China. This was, of course, the policy of the Black Dragon Memorandum wrapped up in much the same curious euphemisms. It was China's refusal to sign away her independence—her determination to make no more surrenders—that has compelled Japan to proceed faster and farther than she originally intended. Instead of cutting off and absorbing the five Northern Provinces before tackling the rest she has been gradually drawn on into undertaking the conquest of the whole of China.

The progress made by China in the five years between the seizure of Manchukuo and the beginning of the present war was truly remarkable. The national revival that began in 1900 was slow in getting under way, encountered many obstacles and suffered many set backs, but in these five years the internal difficulties seemed for the most part to have been overcome. One of the most remarkable events of this period was the currency reform of 1935 when China, contrary to the most confident predictions of all the pessimists, abandoned silver

as the basis of her currency and adopted with complete success a managed currency. Even more remarkable was the effect of this success upon the prestige of the Central Government and the political unity of China. No regional government now desired to weaken the authority of the Government whose stability was the sole guarantee of the value of their currency. The effect of the currency reform in stimulating trade, opening the way for fresh finance in the money markets of the world and encouraging industrial development was also very great. The trade figures for the first half of 1937 show very large increases on previous years. The long awaited political and economic rehabilitation of China had at last begun, and the tragedy of it is that, as the trade figures show, the country that benefited most by this renewal of prosperity was Japan. Then why did Japan strike the blow that destroyed all these fair hopes? Several reasons can be found. Japan is not a country with capital to lend and in any schemes of international collaboration she must inevitably play a minor part. Japan believes that in order to live she must not only develop her industries but also control the development of Chinese industries so that these shall not compete with but be complementary to Japanese industries; only by such subordination can China serve both as a market and a supplier of raw materials for Japan. The argument is wholly false, of course, for the greater the prosperity of China the greater the prosperity of every other country including Japan. But far more compelling than these economic reasons is the deep racial urge to secure the hegemony of the Far East and to carve out with the sword the Empire which Hideyoshi first planned. A China that had recovered her former greatness would never be a menace to any other nation, but would on the contrary bring in her train great benefits in the spiritual no less than the material sphere. But such a China would throw Japan completely in the shade and prevent the fulfilment of ambitions cherished for over 300 years. Therefore she had to be struck down before the process of reconstruction had gone too far.

From the purely military point of view the task has proved easier than might have been expected. The Chinese have many great qualities that have won them the sympathy and

admiration of the world but these do not include a capacity for organization and discipline. Without these no amount of heroism can avail. Their armies have offered little resistance to the mechanized forces of Japan, and even their guerrillas, who under good leadership could make Japan's position untenable or at least ruinously expensive, have done nothing effective against the immensely long lines of communication open to attack. Nevertheless, the Chinese Government continue to maintain an independent existence in the West and South-West with outlets to Soviet Russia, to Burma and to Indo-China. Their spirit is high, they are confident of ultimate victory and they continue to raise fresh hordes of men to resist the invader. Whether some third Power will intervene, or whether developments in Europe will decide the destiny of the Far East are at present matters for speculation. Apart from such possibilities the position is really one of stalemate. It is unlikely that the Chinese will ever be able to drive the Japanese out of their country; it is equally unlikely that the Japanese will ever find a Chinese Administration able and willing to sign a treaty of peace. So far as it is possible to foresee, therefore, even if organized resistance were to cease, the relations between Japanese and Chinese will for an indefinite time to come be those of warfare—veiled perhaps but not the less bitter.

It is often said that the Chinese have always absorbed their conquerors. For much more than 2,000 years China has been subject to periodic lava flows of invasion from the vast plains of the North. The Great Wall of China running for 1,500 miles across valleys and mountains—the only work of man on earth that would be visible to an observer in the moon—the Great Wall was built to keep these invaders out but did not always succeed. Alternately Tartar dynasties from beyond the Wall have conquered part or the whole of China founding Chinese dynasties, and Chinese dynasties have rolled back the tide of conquest and ruled over part or the whole of Manchuria. In the ancient Mediterranean world barbarian invasions proved fatal to a civilization founded upon force. The astonishing quality of China's civilization is such that its influence radiated far beyond her political boundaries; the Tartar invaders, akin to her in race, in language and in mental characteristics had

already been in a sense absorbed before ever they entered China, and the invasions both in their ebb and flow, instead of destroying, infused fresh vigour into the Chinese civilization and spread its influence further northward. In 1900 Russia had occupied all Manchuria and it looked as if the historic cycle had come round once more and a fresh invasion was about to oust the decaying Manchu dynasty. The great strength of Russia comes from her gift of assimilating Asiatic peoples. With her there is no question of imposing an alien rule from above. If the historic process had been allowed to take its course a new and more powerful civilization might have sprung from the blend of Chinese and Russian elements. But Britain's intervention put Japan into the place of Russia.

The most obvious obstacle to any similar process in the case of Japan is the legacy of hatred left behind by the conduct of Japanese soldiers at many places in China during the last few years and in the present war. Nothing is more striking than the bad effect upon soldierly qualities of constant participation in political agitation at home and of employment in holding down an alien population abroad. In 1895, in 1900 and again in 1904 the Japanese troops won golden opinions for gallantry and good conduct. But deterioration set in with the occupation of Shantung during the Great War. The Japanese soldier lacks the British Tommy's happy gift of getting on with the "natives," and the reputation that he has now earned is not an enviable one. The deliberate destruction of centres of learning and other similar actions bid fair to make the present campaign rival Hideyoshi's invasion of Korea in the XVIth century. This was meant to be the first step in the conquest of an Asiatic Empire, but the only result of seven years of warfare was to leave Korea a land of ruins. Japanese historians tell us that from that time Japan has been regarded in Korea as "the accursed nation" and that even to-day Korea is filled with monuments, traditions and literature describing the horrors of the seven year war and keeping alive for generation after generation the memories of Japanese atrocities.

But there is a deeper reason why China could never absorb a Japanese conqueror. As no two languages present a greater contrast than Japanese and Chinese so no two races could be

more opposite in way of life and mental characteristics. The social structure of China is egalitarian in character; the only aristocracy is an aristocracy of learning, and merit tested by public examination is the only passport for entry into the ranks of the governing classes. Respect for learning, recognition of merit and abhorrence of force lie at the root of her political institutions. The Chinese theory of the State is based upon the doctrine that man is naturally good and only falls into evil through ignorance and lack of instruction. The function of Government therefore is not to initiate or to direct but to exhort and to instruct. The real culture of Japan, on the other hand, is essentially a military culture rooted in force, and the virtues it has developed—loyalty, bravery, obedience—are those that are essential for the preservation of a military caste; the Government of Japan for a thousand years past until modern times has been modelled upon the Headquarters staff of a general conducting a campaign; the social structure of Japan is aristocratic and not egalitarian, the hereditary principle everywhere defeats the Chinese doctrine of merit, and learning is prized as an ornament of the well born or if, as in the case of the applied sciences, it is of practical value. Japan is thus in every particular the opposite of China; oil and water cannot mix: and there can be no lasting peace in Asia on the basis of a permanent Japanese occupation of China.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES—II.

BY RONALD HILTON

IT is with a feeling of reverence that the student approaches the Library of Congress, the largest in the world (with the possible exception of Leningrad, for which vague hyperbolic claims are made) and reputedly the best-organized. First impressions are, however, somewhat perplexing. The plant is not as new and utilitarian as that of many American libraries. It looks like a nightmare-version of the Opera at Paris; it is in sickly contrast with the large, gaunt, modernistic annexe which has been built behind it, and which will soon be occupied. This distribution of the library between two buildings would seem to present grave difficulties, but at least it is preferable to the present overcrowding of the book-stacks, where everything is cramped, including the space allotted to research-workers. The population of the main reading-room has too heavy a dash of colour, since Howard (negro) University is close by, whereas the four (!) white universities of Washington are some distance away, and students from them go to the Library of Congress only for special reasons.

However, when one inspects the unique facilities afforded by the Library of Congress, the efficiency and hospitality of this great institution become apparent. At present the Library of Congress is leading the way in the current tendency to decentralize great libraries, dividing them, by subject matter, into a group of smaller libraries. It is, for example, with the help of the great patron of Hispanic studies in America, Mr. Archer M. Huntington, organizing a Hispanic section, which will house the mass of the Hispanic material the Library possesses, and will have ready access to any relevant material contained in other sections of the Library. Research will be facilitated by catalogues, and bibliographies made as only Americans know how to make them. At the head of each of these decentralized

libraries there will be (and in many cases there is already) a distinguished specialist, whom research workers may consult whenever they desire.

It is regrettable that there is no great university in Washington to take advantage of the facilities it affords. There are admittedly, besides Howard University, four well-established white institutions: the Catholic University of America, Georgetown University (Jesuit), George Washington University (non-sectarian), and the American University (protestant). Moreover, the State University of Maryland is just across the line from Washington. However worthy, none of these institutions can be considered first-rate, although George Washington University is expanding rapidly and offers considerable promise. Washington himself favoured the idea of a national university, a project which has never materialized on account of the jealousy of the States and of the older universities; incidentally the canal-shares with which Washington hoped to finance in part his scheme have lost all their value.

Perhaps the best-located universities in the United States are Johns Hopkins and Princeton, both of which have very good (although not outstanding) libraries of their own, and are situated between Washington and New York, whither, for special research, trips can easily be made.

The Depression has had a curiously contradictory effect on the financial life of universities. State institutions have suffered only slight cuts in their allocations. Moreover, in the federal relief schemes, many State universities have received P.W.A. (Public Works Administration) funds with which they have carried out important building projects. Thus favoured by federal backing, many universities, until the Depression almost unknown, are attracting attention by their material growth. This is notable in the case of the State universities of New Mexico, Louisiana, and Washington. Some of the great State universities, well-established and less eager to rise to fame, have been more wary about accepting moneys emanating from the New Deal. This is true of my own beloved University of California, whose Board of Regents are largely of the Republican persuasion, and who regard P.W.A.

funds as tainted money. This attitude is consistent and upright, although many members of the Faculty point out that the building plans of the university were never completed, owing largely to the decline of the Hearst fortune, and that, as Vespasian said, money having no odour, it would be well for one of the largest universities in the world to acquire certain obvious desiderabilia, notably an auditorium and a museum.

Endowed (*i.e.* private) universities have gained nothing by the Depression. The stocks from which they draw their revenue have fallen in value, often precipitously, and the finances of many of them have been seriously imperilled. This has been very marked, unfortunately, in the case of Johns Hopkins University, which had the oldest, and until comparatively recently the most distinguished graduate school in the United States. A word of special praise is due to President Isaiah Bowman, who left the pleasant job of Director of the American Geographical Society to become President of Johns Hopkins at a moment when the University was threatened with financial ruin. His endowment campaign has been reasonably successful, and the Hopkins is saved. However, in general, endowed universities can no longer hope for the generous financial help they have in the past enjoyed from dollar-kings, since these have themselves been "impoverished" through the Depression. Moreover, these plutocrats, who, until recently, shared the common American belief in the essential rôle of education in building up a great "democratic" nation, have become embittered by the campaign to "soak the rich", and many view with suspicion institutions which they consider to be hotbeds of communism. Again, whereas State universities are being materially improved with P.W.A. funds, these are available only to State-supported institutions and not, in consequence, to endowed universities. That this is unfair is commonly realized, and some endowed universities have been approached by State politicians with an offer to obtain for them a nominal State-subsidy, so that they might qualify as State-supported institutions and receive P.W.A. allocations. The universities have invariably refused this tempting offer, since it would involve a latent encroachment upon their much-cherished liberties.

In a discussion of university finances, sports must be mentioned. Until recently sports were a large cog in the economic machine of American colleges. An important football match still attracts at Berkeley, for example, some eighty thousand people, who pay handsomely for their places. A *sine qua non* of this method of obtaining income was a good team. Promising young players were therefore attracted to the university with offers of disguised financial help and extreme benevolence in the class-room. These physical giants were not submitted to any dangerous mental strain; they devoted themselves wholeheartedly and indeed wholotimely to their sport, under the supervision of the coach, who was one of the most important, one of the best-paid, and certainly one of the most popular members of the university staff. Catholic colleges were notoriously bad in this respect. Meanwhile the thousands of students frequenting American campuses were, to use a phrase now popular in America, "forgotten men" as far as sports were concerned.

There has been a fundamental change within the last few years. The so-called "rah-rah" spirit of American colleges has been transmuted. The organized cheering at "big games" (under the guidance of efficient although somewhat grotesque cheer-leaders) whence this onomatopoetic expression arose, does not flourish as of yore. American students are becoming less childish and more sophisticated. There is progressively less interest in inter-university or inter-college sports, and more emphasis on the not so spectacular but infinitely more valuable intra-mural athletics. English universities have undoubtedly been a source of inspiration in this development. There is also a growing feeling that gate-receipts from university games are tainted money. A particularly noble example has been set by the Johns Hopkins University. Once more credit must be given to President Isaiah Bowman. To a suggestion that the University's lagging income be revived by using sports as a milch-cow, President Bowman replied by putting college athletics on an absolutely amateur basis and by abolishing gate-receipts. The University has won considerable moral prestige thereby, and, to the surprise of everyone, the quality of the teams has risen. Other universities would do

well to follow this heroic gesture. Such a development will probably not occur for some years in the West, where the "rah-rah" spirit is more alive than in the East.

The two great moulding forces on American university development to-day are the demands of practical life and the political power of the Schools of Education. Adopting the usual American division of the totality of learning into natural sciences, social sciences, and the humanities, we may say that practical considerations have greatly favoured the first, have helped the second in some measure, and have been notoriously detrimental to the third. Pressure has come from above and from below. By far the most generous endowments are made to the natural sciences, while the practical nature of these studies appeals to the realistic American youth of to-day.

The other moulding influence in American university life emanates from the Schools of Education. Here is a fundamental difference between the English and the American systems. The English believe in the existence of a nebulous thing called culture; the imparting of this manna is the main task of a university. Those wishing to teach may be required to obtain a teaching diploma which assures that they have an enlightened consideration for children, but that is all. The American standpoint is totally different. The object of education is not to impart culture, but to form citizens. From this premise has grown a formidable and politically powerful body of educationalists, who decide what future citizens need not know, what they must know, and how they should learn it. Their implicit claim is therefore to be the ordainers of the whole educational system. This claim and their effective political power have made the vast body of American professors deeply resentful. Moreover, few educators are noteworthy scholars; their indifference to, or active dislike of research, is distasteful to American professors brought up in the German tradition of President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, and President Eliot of Harvard, for whom scholarly research was the dominant pursuit in life. The most notable resentment is directed against Columbia's Teachers' College, which, thanks to the efforts of the philosopher John Dewey and in part of President Nicholas Murray Butler, has become the most aggressive of its kind. This

grievance is particularly deep among teachers of those disciplines which the educationalists have tried, explicitly or implicitly, to discourage : in particular classical philology, modern languages, and mathematics. At present educationalists have only indirect influence on the universities, but they have already brought the "junior colleges" (where the first two years of university work may be done) under their official control, and, despite the powerful academic opposition to them, the range of their activities seems to be increasing.

The essential difficulty is that few American professors believe in their mission. The fundamental theory of American education is that the masses are being educated on behalf of democracy. Now university teachers represent the cream of American scholarship and have on the whole a scholar's disdain for popularization. Admittedly a number of professors are no scholars and thrive on the well-paying business of writing text-books, which is a very American form of vulgarization. On the whole, however, American professors do not enjoy teaching the masses. The undergraduate courses are looked upon as a dull necessity. The degree of A.B. (= B.A.) is given, not by the university, but by the college. The university gives research degrees, notably the Ph.D. Although the term "university" is sometimes abused, its definition here is, not an institution where all the faculties are represented, but one where research is pursued, and advanced degrees are given. The Ph.D. is becoming an absolute necessity, a kind of passport for university jobs and many similar posts. The A.B. and the M.A. are consequently losing their value in certain ways. As a result, hundreds of minor and ill-equipped institutions, which already grant the A.B. and M.A. degrees—there is scarcely a city of any size in America where they may not be obtained—are now aspiring to give the Ph.D. The advantage of their eventual success will be that the Ph.D. mania will defeat itself. The Ph.D. may in itself represent an achievement, but the proud possessor of it is sometimes a sorry creature, both as regards his intellect and his knowledge. One young man I met had made a brilliant job of obtaining his Ph.D. in chemistry. He had spent a year studying some mines in South America, but was taken right off his mental tracks when I asked him what country

the mines were in ; he was quite unable to reply. Kittridge, the great Shakespearean scholar, had a mere A.B. and refused to take a Ph.D., which did not prevent his being one of Harvard's most outstanding scholars.

The research mania, imported from Germany, is increasing. Not only is a Ph.D. becoming a requirement for all university teaching—justifiably enough, since an American A.B. scarcely represents an achievement—but American professors are expected to be unceasingly productive scholars. They must first have their Ph.D., on no matter what subject—and some incredible ones are certainly to be found. From the time of their appointment they must burden learned publications with erudite productions which no one reads. The quantity of black-and-white turned out is the criterion by which the administration judges its "employees". Whether the individual is becoming a more cultured and more learned man is to them a matter of indifference. The motive behind this pressure of the administration is a desire to give the public tangible evidence that the mysterious thing called "research" is being carried on in large quantities at their institutions. If this principle survives, there is a danger that professors will become mere hack-workers. Let it not be thought that the old gentlemanly institutions are free from this tendency. President Conant of Harvard, who is himself a highly cultured person, has introduced the principle of "publish or perish" with a vengeance into America's oldest university. Indeed, English universities, even Oxford and Cambridge, which have been most scornful towards these German-American methods, are adopting them rather shamefacedly. It would seem that the old universities in both countries, instead of leading, are following.

The disadvantage of this insistence on production is that scholars lose completely any idea as to why they are engaged in research. They remind me of the railway worker, in the old joke, who had been tapping train-wheels for thirty years and was quite perplexed when a passenger, leaning out of a window, asked him why he was doing it.

The advantage of the insistence on production is that it will eliminate dead-wood and leave the academic forest full of live, albeit twisted trees.

There has been recently a most pronounced reaction against this unceasing compilation of knowledge. Research and investigation are unquestionably the life-breath of the natural sciences, but the application of these methods to the humanities has been severely criticized. Literary studies, the least scientific of the humanities, have become decidedly inhuman. Such is the feeling of a large group whose most outspoken representative is President Hutchins of Chicago. He maintains that in the humanities, enough knowledge has been amassed; what is lacking is understanding and interpretation. President Hutchins believes that classical works should be studied themselves, in their text, not indirectly in history books. He has thus evolved the system of the "Hundred Books", selected from the best literature of all the ages, an intimate knowledge of which is the best means of understanding the wisdom of mankind. This is the same idea which inspires the English "set-book" system. Professor Crane, head of the English Department at the University of Chicago, has evolved a method of literary criticism in accordance with the ideas of President Hutchins. Criticism is not to be factual, or historical, but is to seek the eternal beauty of literature by methods similar to the Aristotelian ones. This principle sounds very philosophical, but it seems to ignore the modern theories concerning the nature and the origin of literature, and the validity of the expression "literary beauty".

An equally violent reaction against the amassing of facts has come from those realists who maintain that education must prepare a youth for the world in which he is to live, by imparting him with the necessary knowledge of it and the training to use that knowledge. This group differs from President Hutchins in that it is indifferent to the Middle Ages and history, and stresses contemporary knowledge, which may be vaguely described as "sociology". This school which is closely linked with that of the educationalists is particularly strong at Columbia, partly on account of the realist philosopher John Dewey. Thanks to the influence exerted by this group, an obligatory course on Contemporary Civilization has been introduced into Columbia and is intended to give every student a working knowledge of the political and social world in which he lives.

A similar attitude has been adopted by the anglophile group of Rhodes scholars, whose inspiration comes from active President Frank Aydelotte of Swarthmore College, the chairman of the American Rhodes Scholarships Committee. A large proportion of American Rhodes scholars enter college teaching. Some of them, notably Professor Kidder of Yale, have achieved distinction by their scholarship, but it is often said that ex-Rhodes scholars do not play an important part in American college-life. This I believe untrue. Throughout the country, in small and large institutions, I found ex-Rhodes scholars busily and successfully at work transforming the whole educational methodology (*sic*). They are trying to introduce the tutorial system in order to train the minds of the students and wish less emphasis to be placed upon sterile research. The tutorial system, modified in one way or another, has been adopted in many colleges, but it cannot be developed to any great extent in those institutions which cater to the unwealthy masses.

This difficulty has to a certain measure and in certain institutions been overcome by the adoption of the English system of dividing students into two groups: honours and pass. In the English education of a minority, the former tend to predominate, whereas in American mass-education preponderance must always belong to the latter. The tutorial system is applied only to the honours group.

College examinations are being reformed on English lines. In America, the traditional system of obtaining an A.B. is to accumulate over a period of four years a large number of units—usually some one hundred and twenty. These units can be obtained in any accredited institution; in some cases, work done in the high school (*i.e.*, secondary school) is accepted. As a result, a student concentrates his attention on one small subject for a short period and then forgets all about it. Examinations in America have consequently tended to be purely factual. The reformers wish to abolish the system of jumping a large number of low hurdles. Comprehensive examinations covering work done over a long period are being introduced. At the same time, more interpretation of the facts, which the tutorial system supposedly encourages, is being demanded. Having seen

different examination-systems at work, I may be allowed to remark that they all, including the English ones, seem to me bad and undesirable.

The same forces are at work trying to wean American professors from the German idea that a university is an institution which caters to the academic needs of the student, and otherwise leaves him alone. The American people are notoriously infused with what is called the "get-together spirit", which, in its less potent forms, is one of the charms of American life. This social urge has been satisfied at universities by autonomous, extra-campus organizations, the fraternities and sororities. They are admittedly better than nothing, but the system has few positive advantages. These associations usually include only undergraduates and are consequently lacking in poise and academic aura. Their main function is to provide room and board, and incidentally to facilitate communal carousing, dancing, and love-making. They are in many ways similar to the German *Burschenschaften*. The criterion at elections is purely social, with scholarship running a bad second. This leads to mild snobbery among the more fashionable fraternities and sororities, and a sense of humiliation among those who failed to obtain the desired election and to establish themselves socially.

These criticisms will not be resented by most educated Americans, who feel that, if the purpose of the university is social, it should provide for the social needs of the student. This is done to a certain extent by the students' unions already mentioned. In the large universities, a complete collegiate system cannot be installed rapidly, and the students' union must continue to be the mainspring of the student social mechanism. However, in the affluent and more populated universities, a college system on the English model is being evolved. This is particularly true of Yale and Harvard. The Harvard "Houses" bear more resemblance to the colleges of Oxford or of Cambridge than do the Yale Colleges. The authorities of Yale are attempting to avoid the mutual snobbery which characterizes Oxford Colleges as well as American fraternities, and are attempting to keep the colleges homogeneous in character. This is possible at both Yale and Harvard since the colleges

do not have the autonomy of those of the old English universities but are integral, subordinate parts of the university. Harvard, like Yale, uses its power to keep the Houses from acquiring too marked a flavour, but it is not as democratic in this respect as its traditional rival. Each House has its own reputation; thus, for example, Eliot House, under the mastership of the aristocratic historian, Professor R. B. Merriman, has become the Magdalen of Harvard.

The less affluent and anglophile universities are erecting "dormitories", which are really unelaborate and weakly organized colleges. Most universities have at least one or two of them, and many have definitely formulated their ultimate object as the housing of all students in dormitories. Such a development would spell the death of fraternities and sororities in those universities where the authorities are actively attempting to displace them. In a more benevolent environment, they might survive as clubs, similar to those of Princeton and Harvard.

In this connection the three International Houses endowed by John D. Rockefeller should be mentioned. There is one on the Atlantic seaboard, at New York, one in the Middle West, at Chicago (whose whole university is a manifestation of the generosity of John D., "from whom oil-blessings flow"), and one on the Pacific Coast, at Berkeley. They are in principle occupied by advanced students interested in some way in international affairs. Foreign students are encouraged to live there, and programmes tending to promote international understanding and friendship are organized. This principle is indeed carried out, but, apart from this special aim, the three International Houses are really luxurious and rather select colleges.

The decline of the fraternities and sororities, and the creation of colleges or their like, may produce a certain tendency towards provincialism in American universities. This is notoriously one of the defects of English institutions. Fraternities and sororities are nation-wide organizations. As in Germany, though not to the same extent, American students move from university to university in the course of their studies. Wherever they go, they will probably find a chapter of their fraternity

or sorority, to which they can attach themselves socially. Colleges, on the other hand, are purely local institutions. Under the college-system, a student going to another university will have no "contacts" at the new institution. Probably the growth of colleges will discourage the transfer of students from one university to another. Stability and consecutiveness may be gained, but provincialism will be a by-product of the transformation.

The American respect for English collegiate life is shown in the cult of collegiate architecture, which is a special brand of neo-Gothic. The best example is to be found at Princeton, which possesses two neo-Magdalen towers. The attractiveness of the buildings is enhanced by the charm of the campus which, with Wellesley as a rival, is perhaps the most beautiful in America. One of the most recent examples of this collegiate architecture is to be found at Yale, which owes its new buildings chiefly to the founder of the Commonwealth Fund. The Harkness Tower, named after him, and reminiscent of the Tour de Beurre at Rouen, is a piece of very intricate architecture; it is surprising that such an effort was possible in America, where labour is so expensive. Although artificial, the neo-Gothic now being erected in America is skilful in the extreme, and insinuatingly convincing. The clumsy neo-Gothic of the last century seems a poor effort in comparison; it is well represented in the University of Chicago, which is built uniformly in the neo-Gothic style, with a dash of skyscraper. The European visitor is surprised to arrive at Seattle, in the North-west, and to discover that the University of Washington is erecting a vast neo-Gothic library with a central spire that will make Salisbury go pale with apprehension.

English collegiate architecture has several rivals. The most successful is the Georgian of Harvard, which is easier to produce, more natural, and more spontaneous. A close relative of the Georgian of the Harvard Houses is the colonial style which has been uniformly carried through on the new campus of Johns Hopkins, and in several other institutions.

Skyscraper architecture is also to be found. It is generally agreed that the skyscraper is the best type of building for a library. It has the incidental advantage of being spectacular

and of attracting attention to the university. Thus it is that in Austin, in the midst of the plains of Texas, a lofty skyscraper shoots up into the virgin air and tells the world that there is the great university of Texas. It could be argued in the same way that a skyscraper is the most adequate type of building to house the whole university. This principle has been realized at Pittsburgh Municipal University, which is glamorously referred to as "the cathedral of learning". Such a system, unfortunately, involves the abandonment of the campus arrangement with all its pleasant associations.

Another rival of English gothic is the modified Mediterranean architecture which is cultivated especially in California.

There are finally a few freaks. The most remarkable is the Indian *pueblo* style in which the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque is built. This experiment is a fruit of the Americans' love of local colour, which, finding their ordinary cities monotonous, they are prepared to discover in New Orleans or San Francisco. The pseudo-adobe buildings of the University of New Mexico are striking and not too unconvincing, except for the massive Coronado Library, which tries to disguise its steel and concrete as an Indian *pueblo*.

In one important respect is the social life of English universities following the American model, and not *vice-versa*: in the question of co-education. A communal college-life for men and women is insinuating itself into English educational ideals. In America, the principle is well-established and is slowly ousting its rivals. Princeton is the only great university which is still exclusively masculine. In the other Eastern institutions which were once forbidden territory for women, colleges for the fair sex have sprung up beside the men's institutions and have in one way or another insinuated themselves into their lives. In most cases, academic relationships exist only in the graduate school, whereas human relationships are to be found at all stages. Columbia has its Barnard, Harvard its Radcliffe. Some universities have been planned on this principle, and in this way a dual institution has arisen; this system, known as "co-ordination", is best exemplified in Duke University at Durham, North Carolina, which has two distinct campuses, the one for men, the other for women. These two beautiful groups

of neo-Gothic architecture, situated not far apart in lovely rolling country, are joined by a frequent 'bus-service. It very often happens in the East that, almost by chance, a men's college and women's college have sprung up close together in the country. Although academic unification has not been undertaken, social relationships are cordial. This is exemplified by Smith College and Amherst College in Western Massachusetts.

Full-fledged co-education is a typically Western product. In this, as in so many things, the Frontier has faced about and is now moving eastwards. Co-education offers economic advantages which are not to be scorned in these difficult times. Its psychological benefits are even more pronounced. It may lead to "necking", "petting", etc., etc. . . . It may give university life a strong dash of femininity and make men forget the pleasures of "stag" conversations. One highly intelligent but badly-adjusted English professor to whom I showed the University of California, kept muttering "gynococracy . . . gynococracy!" Yet for students living in feminine company, sexual questions cease to be a repressed nightmare.

On the whole, it may be said, American universities are evolving towards the English model. The developments which are tending to bridge the gap between the English and American educational systems have been instigated by various groups interested in culture as such. The specialists in the different universities are mostly indifferent, or actively hostile. President Hutchins of Chicago has on his side large sections of the educated public and a few rather unorthodox college professors, such as the ex-Rhodes scholar President Stringfellow-Barr who is reforming St. John's College, Annapolis (the third oldest in the country) along the lines suggested by Hutchins. On the contrary, the great scholars of the University of Chicago tend to be hostile to their president, whose position is notoriously insecure. American professors are interested primarily in research and look with suspicion upon anything that may involve them in administrative duties or in taking an active part in undergraduate life; their attitude is perfectly understandable. The dilemma which faces American universities is highly dramatic. Only time will reveal the path which they will follow. Let us hope that it be the middle one.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IN this period of painful uncertainty one thing is certain: Hitler has been willing for war, provided Poland gave him the opportunity of saying that he did not fire the first shot. Provocation has been carried to the utmost in Danzig. It may be that he and his advisers, especially Goering, believe that they can get a quick decision by a crushing air attack now, which will become less probable as preparations develop in France and England. It may be simply that they have gone too far to draw back, and continue in the hope of a second Munich—which after Lord Halifax's speech ought to be impossible. We shall know in another ten years or so—after things have happened. Certainly in the first week of July it does not seem clear how war is to be avoided, unless either Poland allows Danzig to become a strongly fortified position in Germany's hands, or Hitler agrees to take away the military material which he has brought in; and neither of these contingencies appears likely. Both parties evidently think that something is to be gained by postponing the explosion: on the one side, England, France and probably also Poland, are rapidly increasing their armament: on the other, day by day Danzig becomes better able to resist a Polish assertion of force.

Things have gone so far that Russia could no longer check their course by a declaration that she will intervene in support of Poland; though, if war comes, her eventual action must be decisive. It seems to me likely that Stalin, who apparently is Russia—just as Hitler and Mussolini are Germany and Italy—thinks exclusively of Russia's material interests. He cannot forget how the United States for two years gained prodigious economic advantage by keeping out of the war, and then acquired enormous power by intervening on the side which she favoured, when both parties were exhausted. What Stalin is

concerned with is the well-being of his country. Mr. Litvinov may have been too much the good European to suit the purposes and policy of Stalin, who is an Asiatic, and whose eyes are directed always to the East.

I have read nothing about Russia that seemed to me so enlightening as Mr. Littlepage's story of his experiences "In Search of Soviet Gold", and though the book has been already reviewed here, I make no apology for returning to it. Mr. Littlepage was not a student of politics but an American engineer who for two years had charge of the Soviet gold mining industry, under the direction of an able Russian. His duties took him over the whole of Siberia from the Urals to the Chinese border, and what impressed him chiefly was the immensity of Russia and the resources of its unexploited lands: vast stretches of fertile land, some of which can grow the vine, with a population of one to the square mile. Into this reservoir Stalin has been directing the movement of Russian population—partly by a controlled gold rush, but still more by forced transference. On the further limit he encounters the ambitions of Japan. Here Mr. Littlepage bears out what was told me by one of the leaders in the famous Czech legion, who not only had met the Japanese (as an obstacle) on the Czech march across Russia, but had subsequently been a military attaché in Tokio. In his view, Japan's real object was Siberia. Manchuria, which they grabbed, was too harsh a climate for them, but beyond lay territory, almost unoccupied, in which their people could flourish. That is why Russia stands on guard in Outer Mongolia. That is why Japan, even with the Chinese adventure on hand, still presses on in Outer Mongolia. China, for all its vastness, is full up; there is no more land to be brought into cultivation even by Chinese diligence; China needs Manchuria as a place for overflow, and the Chinese can face Manchurian conditions. But the easier regions beyond are fast filling up, under Stalin's impulse, and Japan has no time to lose.

In all this there appear to be conclusive reasons why Russia cannot desire to see the defeat of England and France, since that would increase the formidableness of Japan. And it is not conceivable that Russia should be willing to see Germany

aggrandized; German designs in the Ukraine are no secret. It might, however, suit Russia well to let Poland, France and England engage Germany to the point where Russia's decisive intervention on their side would be welcomed and rewarded. Her concern in the West is—if this view be right—merely security for her own borders; and this, as she has insisted, means a security also for the eastern ring of Baltic States. But her real aim is in the East, and those who support China support her interest.

Yet it is also true that the direction of Russian policy may change. After a revolution, power falls always into the hands

**Russia still
a Riddle** of a small section of the community—a group or a gang; and presently this group splits, owing to divergence of ideas or of personal ambitions, or of

both. In a small way we saw this in Ireland, where power has rested for nearly twenty years exclusively with the old Sinn Fein party. But they worked under democratic conditions with appeal to the electorate, and transfer of power from one section of the old party to another was openly accomplished. In Russia, that has not been possible. Men of forcible character have had no license to publish their ideas, or appeal for support; it has come down to this—you must liquidate or be liquidated. There were certainly Bolshevik Russians who desired close co-operation with Germany; there were others whole-hearted for the League of Nations; but the last word remained with Stalin. Not unnaturally, his opponents sought means of attaining their end just as reckless as those employed against the Czar by the Nihilists. Mr. Littlepage from his observation is certain that there was much sabotage and also that it could not have occurred without the complicity of leading Communists. He has no difficulty in accepting the surprising confessions which were made—incredible as they sounded. Men in the front rank have been removed, executed or disappeared. His former chief, of whom he had the highest opinion, vanished from official life; and he does not think it impossible that this man also may have been involved in conspiracy. We cannot, therefore, be certain what is the mind of Russia, or what Russia will do, because Stalin cannot be regarded as a dictator who has abolished all opposition. He is also by no means so verbose as

the *Führer* and the Duce, and one must guess at his policy. But it is safe to guess that, as between the dictators and the democracies, no "ideological" preference for one set of opinions rather than for the other will affect him. He will act simply with the purpose to conserve the vast domain which the Czars acquired and to exploit it by Russian subjects with an intensity which the old *régime* never approached. In short, he will consult the interests of Russia exactly as Americans consult those of the United States; he will not take risks for a sympathy of ideas. But, unlike the Americans, he will have no hesitation whatever in resorting to war when Russia's interest appears to him to demand it—probably no more scruple than either Hitler and Mussolini. Interest appears to make it certain that he will eventually intervene on the side that is against Germany and against Japan; but the moment of intervention will be decided by interest; it will not come from emotion.

In America, it is possible that emotion might tend to produce intervention, if it were seen that the democracies were getting the worst of it, and that Japan—which America regards with some apprehension—were trampling on European prestige even more aggressively than she has already done. But the means which are provided by the American Constitution for hindering action are so copious that it is better to expect nothing from the United States but sympathy—and a generous interpretation of what may be supplied without coming under the edict against selling war material to a combatant. This may be all the more confidently hoped for, as it will be a not unprofitable generosity.

One new fact has been the impression created by the speech which Lord Halifax delivered before the Institute of International Affairs. Broadcast, it carried throughout these islands the assurance of a leader. There was a resonance in it, and for all its quietness, a glow which warmed the heart. No man can blame Mr. Chamberlain for an accent of depression: he came back from Munich in triumph; Lord Halifax at the same moment spoke of having chosen the lesser of two evils. Naturally, then, he does not labour under the cloud of disappointment which darkens the mind of the Prime Minister, and as a consequence he inspires more confidence; and his presence at

Mr. Chamberlain's side has made it much easier to secure the support from all parties which has been given to the Government. At the same time, the average student of public affairs, young or old, is perplexed and disappointed by the continued exclusion of Mr. Churchill—all the more because of the generous help he has given at every stage of these discussions. Some indeed hold that he has been of more service speaking from a position of entire freedom than would have been possible were he in office. Be that as it may, it would be hard to overpraise the service which he has rendered.

Among all the present emotions and apprehensions, Irish dynamite outrages have excited rather less attention than the recent feats of a young golfer from Cork. But one fact should not be overlooked. A man named Wharton, who during the Black and Tan period had been active with the Irish Republican Army in Ireland, was charged with complicity; materials for explosive were found concealed in his house and a letter from him, strongly anti-English, was produced. The judge charged the jury in a tone very different from what had been heard in other similar trials, and on getting the verdict for which he had pressed, inflicted a heavy sentence. It was remarked in Ireland that he had been conspicuous there as a prosecuting counsel about 1920. Appeal was lodged, and on a re-hearing the Lord Chief Justice announced that the sentence was cancelled. The judge, he said, had insisted on the prisoner's past without reminding the jury that an amnesty covered that period; and had not adequately put before them the possibility that Wharton might not have known what the incriminating parcels contained. Most of us in Ireland believe that he was innocent, as he pleaded; the I.R.A. has evidently instructed its agents either not to plead, or to glorify their action. But I question whether in any other country, with such grounds of suspicion against him, and with the outrages still continuing, the judicial body would have been so careful to let an accused man have full benefit of a doubt, even at the cost of inflicting a slur on one of its own judges. I question whether during the dynamite campaign of fifty years ago any English court would have acted in the spirit which Lord Hewart displayed. This is one of the things which make

those who are not English aware that the tradition of English fairplay is not only maintained but strengthened.

When in 1936 Mr. Priestley commended him as "a young writer" Mr. Thomas Thornely was indeed something of a novice,

A Veteran for "Cambridge Memories", (to which Mr. and his Priestley wrote the Foreword) was his first Verse appearance in prose—though he owned to having passed eighty. But he had occasionally published verses and now brings out a "Collected" volume, which like the "Cambridge Memories" has the special charm of old age. Riding Pegasus, even at an amble, is a deal better fun than any pedestrian exercise; yet most writers find that the inclination for it leaves them long before the technical accomplishment is gone. Mr. Thornely keeps the accomplishment, especially the knack of rhyme, so pleasant to barb a gentle touch of satire; Cambridge has always been good at it and Calverley is only an outstanding example. But his most characteristic passages are of a graver mood—for instance, a "vignette" of Lord Acton which condenses some interesting pages in the "Cambridge Memories", or the many verses about placid rivers of fenland and "the whisper of grey willows", or, in a kindred vein, about "Old Hodge", with his "cool-cellaried, home-brewed wisdom". Perhaps one does not recognize anywhere the authentic thrill of poetry—but does one in nine-tenths of Cowper? The book is really the product of an essayist who chooses verse for his medium, and uses it with leisurely appreciation.

Robert Louis Stevenson

By STEPHEN GWYNN

"Mr. Gwynn's account of R.L.S. and of his work is well written, careful, and a worthy addition to the English Men of Letters Series in which it appears."—Daily Telegraph.

"An extremely interesting and enjoyable account."

—News Chronicle.

MACMILLAN

6s. net

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

IMPERIAL DEFENCE

By SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN

AN EMPIRE PREPARED, by Donald Cowie. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

THE EMPIRE ON GUARD, by W. F. Wentworth-Sheilds. *Faber and Faber.* 2s.

The almost simultaneous appearance of these two handy volumes is a sign of the times; they testify to the increasing interest in the too long neglected subject of the strategy of Imperial Defence. Hitherto this has been confined to larger works, such as Cole's *Imperial Military Geography*, which is somewhat too detailed and bulky for the layman. The two books present an interesting contrast. Mr. Cowie adopts a regional plan, devoting separate chapters to different parts of the Empire, though, oddly enough, he packs India and Eire into one. This method has the advantage that it enables him to go below the surface and provide a certain amount of historical and other detail, useful for the understanding of the present situation. In the course of these excursions he is refreshingly outspoken: and if his criticisms and comments are not everywhere accepted, at least they will attract the attention of those at whom they are aimed. This is particularly marked in the case of his chapter on New Zealand which he describes as 'the most vulnerable unit of its size

in the Empire, isolated in a potentially dangerous neighbourhood.' In this connexion he gives some useful information on the proceedings of the recent Pacific Defence Conference which, according to him, 'agreed on the desirability of the establishment of a Pacific Defence Council consisting of nine members—three from Great Britain, three from Australia and three from New Zealand'.

The weak side of the book is the small amount of attention devoted to the economic factor. Due tribute is paid to the importance of oil, but, for the rest, the subject of raw materials and foodstuffs is only touched upon in passing, though some useful details are given in a chart of 'the imperial arteries'.

Mr. Wentworth-Sheilds, who is more systematic, less racy but quite as readable, arranges his material functionally rather than regionally. His first chapter is directed to geographical and political factors. He then takes up successively the naval, military, air, and economic aspects of Imperial Defence, concluding with a chapter on 'The Citizen and War', with especial reference to A.R.P. This gives him the opportunity of making a general survey in each case: for instance, the navy's task is seen as a whole and

the discussion of the Cape *versus* the Mediterranean route falls into its natural place.

The last two chapters are particularly valuable. The pages devoted to A.R.P. belong naturally to such a book as this, and it is to be hoped that there will be a sufficient demand for it to enable them to be kept up to date in successive editions. The economic chapter gives a brief but useful account of the Empire's resources in their bearing upon defence. The facts there set forth in what the author calls 'a Goebbels test' ought to be as familiar to the man in the street as the whereabouts of Gibraltar, Malta and Suez. He adds a list of our deficiencies: amongst the metallic minerals, mercury alone: amongst the non-metallic minerals, petroleum, potash and sulphur: and among textile fibres, etc., cotton, flax, hemp and silk.

One defect is common to both books. They lay too much stress on finished armaments and not enough on the elements of power that lie behind them, on what is called 'the war-potential'. Mr. Wentworth-Sheilds has a clearer view on this subject than Mr. Cowie; but his book would have gained in value had he devoted a few pages to an exposition of this subject for the ordinary reader. He is still unaware of the extent to which the change brought about in the art of war by industrialization has affected the character of military power in itself. To both writers, moreover, this would have been a congenial topic: for the general and (it may be predicted) lasting effect of the Industrial Revolution has been to enhance the importance of sea-power as against land-power. Another topic on which both authors are silent is the relation of air-power to

sea-power, both as an opponent and as a reinforcement. On this topic also they might have had something heartening to say. But, in spite of these omissions, both volumes worthily fulfil their purpose, and their authors are to be congratulated on having brought so much valuable information within so brief a compass and in such a readable form.

POEMS BY GARCIA LORCA, translated by Stephen Spender and J. L. Gili. *Dolphin Press*. 7s. 6d.

THE POET'S DEFENCE, by J. Bronowski. *Cambridge University Press*. 7s. 6d.

LOVE SONGS FOR YOUNG LOVERS, by Marie C. Stopes. *Heinemann*. 5s.

LAST OF THE ENGLISH, by Lord Gorell. *Murray*. 6s.

THE PRIMROSE PATH, by Edward Ellul. *Behringer*. 5s. 6d.

FLOWERING RIFLE, by Roy Campbell. *Longmans*. 6s.

By far the most moving of this collection of books is the volume of poems by the Spanish writer Lorca, who was murdered brutally by a group of ruffians because his verse had been broadcast from a republican radio station, during the course of which programme the speaker frequently referred to him as *our poet*! The claim was impertinent, because Lorca is a true poet and therefore transcends political associations. Any fool can stick a label on the elemental things. In this case the result was that Lorca's life was cut off in its prime. But even so, he was famous throughout the Spanish-speaking worlds of the two continents.

What made him famous? What made his verse common property, like folk-songs, or the time-tested songs of Lope de Vega? I should say because of its simplicity. Even when he is elusive, with his meanings telescoped into violently juxtaposed images, the reader has a sense of the directness of his vision and of the expression of it. These qualities are not easy to translate into another language, and Mr. Spender and Mr. Gili are to be congratulated on what they have done in their version. It carries the simplicity and directness without any sense of fuss or effort. And also it catches the startling, sensuous phrase and image; that *physical* thing which the late A. E. Housman said was the basis of true poetry. Such poems as *The Faithless Wife*, and *Monologue of the Moon* come upon the reader like cold rain in the face; or like food when one is hungry.

Mr. Bronowski, a critic whose name is new to me, has something to say about Housman in his provocative collection of critical studies. His method is that of the machine-gun. He stabs his subjects with quick, angry Socratic sentences. He is formidable in his method, and I admire it. It makes for clarity of expression, and there is not an obscure passage in the book, nor any cloudy generalizations. He says "I have tried to write criticism as reasoned as geometry". He has succeeded. But this geometrical approach to life does not always explain it. It is rather like travelling by trolley bus. It makes us echo Mr. Bronowski's own words, "What is criticism worth? What is poetry worth? has been asked and answered by great men who were both critics and poets". The great men whom the

author has chosen are Philip Sidney, Shelley, Dryden, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Swinburne, Yeats. And he has also sub-poenaed Housman, who was not a great man but merely a morbidly sensitive one who escaped into scholarship as into a monastery. Mr. Bronowski's jury is an impressive one, and he handles it with the skill of an ace-lawyer.

But, after one has admired, the cold surmise of common sense creeps in. Mr. Bronowski talks of Shelley as "only a small poet who held to poetry because he had not thought it an end". It is right enough to blame Shelley for his Eton-Oxford political idealism (a weakness which so many of our present-day poets share). But is it not a fact that Shelley, by the time he was thirty, had left a huge body of verse which still works like a leaven in the minds of men, maddening them with a sense of beauty, of thought, of transcendental vision? A small poet could not have so conquered time and posterity. Mr. Bronowski's attitude is an example of the nonsense into which logic can lead us.

The Primrose Path is a second volume from Mr. Ellul, and it shows this gay and witty writer at his best. He is a shrewd observer of mice and men. He can imply a lot in a little space. His Latin mind sees clearly, and brings into English verse a critical quality which is original and lively. He answers any adverse criticism by saying, justifiably, "You sneered at my slim book. A poetaster Like you can reel his poems off much faster; But I prefer to meditate for ages And then speak volumes with two dozen pages."

Lord Gorell maintains his standard of traditional verse, and adds three experiments in verse dialogue which might well be tried out by verse-

speakers to see how this poet's mood and measures stand the criticism of an audience.

Of the other volumes in this group, I am glad to have little to say, for the less said the better. Mr. Campbell, whose former work I have so much admired, here writes in a fury of political partisanship. When people shout, they caricature themselves. *Flowering Rifle* is a shout and a violent posture, and I don't like it. Miss Stope's *Love songs for Young Lovers* have brought a blush to my cheek, but not the sort of blush which she intended. Mr. Masfield has said of these verses that Miss Stopes "is doing well what no one else could do". I agree with him.

RICHARD CHURCH.

ADVENTURES ASHORE AND AFLOAT

by Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Roger Keyes. Harrap. 18s.

This is the third volume of Sir Roger Keyes' memoirs, but the dates covered ought to make it the first volume!

To quote Mr. Churchill's foreword, "This book is not only the account of the early career of one of our national heroes, but it gives a lively, varied picture of the life of a naval cadet and young officer in those exhilarating days".

Sir Roger himself writes of it as describing "the passing of sail and birth of the New Navy", which might be called "the end of the Nelson period", as far as ships and their armament are concerned, but it is a striking fact that the essential qualities of the British naval personnel change not at all. Sir Roger says many things that might have been said by Nelson, especially in his unerring judgment of character.

The story of a great man's career can never be told by anyone else as he can tell it himself. He does not see it from without, but he knows it from within, which makes an incomparable difference, and it is certainly thrilling and somewhat unusual to have such a history as that of Sir Roger "from within".

His story begins with a delightful portrait of himself when four years old, in a sailor-suit. If asked at that time what he was going to be, he always answered "An Admiral".

After giving his life as naval cadet and midshipman he describes his exciting adventures in boat-cruising for slavers off Zanzibar in 1890, and observes that Germany then seemed to have had evident designs on Zanzibar. "Boat-cruising", he says, "was certainly a wonderful experience for a boy of seventeen and taught me lessons I could never have learnt under normal conditions afloat".

As he says, the early part of the volume, after a realistic description of the "passing of sail", goes on with the beginning of the "New Navy", when he had experience in H.M.S. *Curaças*, of recruiting round the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland as part of a scheme for the rapid expansion of the Navy, to man the new ships coming into service, as a result of the Naval Defence Act of 1889.

The second half of the book deals chiefly with the relief of Peking at the time of the China Boxer Rising in 1900—1901, when Lieutenant Keyes distinguished himself in command of a small destroyer, the *Fame*. He, with Lieutenant Colin Mackenzie, in another small destroyer, the *Whiting*, captured four Chinese destroyers off Tong-Ku by

surprise attack, and he also took a strong fort up the river Peiho, with incredibly small numbers under his command. Attached as A.D.C. to the British military Commander-in-Chief he hoisted the first Union Jack on the walls of Peking.

The account of the capture of the Taku forts is one of the best and most realistic chapters in the book. Sir Roger gives many details which naturally cannot be found in the official dispatches and documents which have been studied for historical purposes by the writer of this review.

After the action off Tong-Ku, a German ship, the *Itlis*, passed the *Fame* and gave a rousing cheer, while Lans, the captain, shouted "Well done, my dear fellow!"

At the same time one of the officers in the American ship *Monacy*, seeing the British ensign flying in the four Chinese destroyers, also shouted out—to chaff Lieutenant Keyes—"Well done! Just like you British—bagging all the most valuable prizes!"

The book is a fine one, and should be read with interest in every part of the world.

E. M. KEATE.

STRAW INTO GOLD

by Edmund Vale. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

A SINGLE FLAME

by Martin Boyd. Dent. 8s. 6d.

We face another war, and these autobiographies describe the effect of the last one on two sensitive young literary men. Mr. Boyd has written some successful novels, and Mr. Vale is an established topographical writer. But neither, in his own view, has completely fulfilled an early promise that was submerged by the 1914-1918

conflict. The two books, otherwise contrasting, provide a joint social document of importance.

Mr. Boyd suffered from an Australian upbringing, which reads like a mixture of Cheltenham and Camberley with a dash of Lourdes. As he says himself, "the worst Australian characteristic is a reverence for money, and for the artificial social distinctions created by its possession in any quantity". His pastors and masters taught him a second-hand version of the public school code, while he dallied himself, a much-inhibited youth, with thoughts of love and religion. Then came the war, and he was carried to Europe just at the time when all his energies were needed to solve his personal problems. He was hammered at high pressure into the familiar mould, but could not close his eyes to the sexual preoccupations of his fellow officers. Afterwards he could settle down to nothing; tried religion; observed more sex; wrote those novels; and found at the last a great emptiness which nothing, philosophy, reverence, morality, poetry or patriotism could fill. He was bereft both of "the religion and standard of conduct which would provide the necessary courage to wade through the fen of stagnant waters".

Perhaps the contrast between Mr. Boyd and Mr. Vale is merely the superficial one as between Australian and Englishman. On the face of it, Mr. Boyd was born a pessimist, while Mr. Vale was blessed with the silver spoon of congenital optimism. After aspirations towards poetry at Cambridge and subsequent success with serious short stories, Mr. Vale was similarly flung into that War, and emerged with

a similar malaise. "Outwardly the War had left no mark on me. It had not wounded me, gassed me, driven me to drink or even to women. But it had evidently done harm to that part of me which could not be got at and handed over to any one for repairs". He found that he could no longer write; sank his small private means in hair-brained commercial enterprise; then slowly taught himself to write the kind of topographical stuff that yields a modest pittance.

But Mr. Vale's more sanguine attitude does, in the long run, go far to counteract those vicious forces of war and social disruption. Perhaps he is neither such an artist nor such a prig as Mr. Boyd, but he emerges from his contrasting book as something more of a man, and one can applaud his fine struggle while only sympathizing with Mr. Boyd's misfortune. Both books end at the September crisis, when Mr. Boyd feels that there is nothing left worth fighting for, and Mr. Vale prepares for the worst with a wry but determined smile. One reviewer finds more meat in a short, isolated paragraph of Mr. Vale's than in all Mr. Boyd's philosophy of despair; the following paragraph:

"Can we only show a united front and greatness of purpose when war is in our gates? Another war for the freedom and integrity of a small nation brewing? And shall we sacrifice our best people, and so win it? And shall we then give away the fruits of victory with both hands instead of using them intelligently in the interests of maintaining peace for at least a century?"

Both books are written well, and both provide sideline commentaries on the singular difficulties of the literary worker in this barbarian country. That both Mr. Boyd and Mr. Vale are still professional writers after so many hollow years is a striking testimony to

their faith in themselves, because they have had no other kind of help, save, in Mr. Vale's case, from his wife. They could both submerge, and an indifferent community would pass on, regardless of heroes.

DONALD COWIE.

JUDAS, by Eric Linklater. *Cape. 6s.*

This is a memorable book. Mr. Linklater's keen insight into character, his ability to recreate the setting of the past, and his fine writing, all contribute to the illusion that thus and thus it must have been. Most Christians must have their own picture of Judas, shadowy though the Bible evidence undoubtedly is. Mr. Linklater makes him a Sadducee, a keeper of the disciples' purse, a comparatively rich man, attracted to Jesus by a genuine love but repelled when the message of peace and good will seems to be threatening bloodshed and war.

Judas understands the meaning of money and property, and respects the power it brings. Jesus, apparently, does neither. Jesus will overturn the tables of the money-changers without a thought for Judas, who sees in it an act of "wantonness, the meaningless destruction of all that made the daily business of living comprehensible". Worse still, Jesus will accept from a harlot, Mary of Magdala, a jar of perfume worth ten or twelve pounds and smile while she anoints his forehead and his feet.

So Judas begins to hate Jesus and, under pressure from his uncle Phanael, agrees to betray him to the Sanhedrin. Judas sees himself in the rôle of the saviour of the people. If Jesus remains free there will be bloodshed, and it is in the power of Judas, the pacifist, to save

the lives of many people and to protect property. "They're all alike, these so-called idealists", says one prosperous citizen after the crucifixion. "They begin by inventing some new religion, and finish up by attacking property".

The greatest tragedy has been enacted and in the mouth of Judas there is only bitterness. He has received no thanks; he has been paid for the deed as a common informer. Wracked by his own thoughts he is finally beaten down by his sister, Tamar, who tells him that he has killed the only man who could give him peace of heart. And so Judas, the emotional, who has much good in him, seeks the only way out and "Believe", says Tamar to her uncle Phanael, "is a poor word. Judas believed, and then he betrayed Jesus and hanged himself. Belief isn't good enough for me. I know!" "Your poor mother!" said Phanael. And since the book is about Judas, at this point I think Mr. Linklater might have made the end.

But I have no quarrel with him. The book contains many lovely passages. There is the moment when Judas sitting among the olive trees, looking down at the road to Bethany, perceives Jesus in the distance.

There was a crowd of people in formation like a shoal of little fish in a stream, when the current shapes the mass. They were coming slowly, with a wavering flux in their movement, as though swimming against the invisible current. And then from the slope of the hill, from hollows and couches among the rocks, rose another crowd and ran to meet them . . . They were like a flock of birds—crows rising, harsh of voice, with ragged wings—and in the fixity of their expression was something of the mindless intensity of birds. He followed them, his heart beating more quickly, his breath coming fast and shallow.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

MODERN SWEDEN, by Cicely Hamilton. *Dent. 7s. 6d.*

HAPPY COUNTRIES, by V. C. Buckley. *Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.*

We have begun to discover Scandinavia. American travellers and writers blazed the trail. But in the last year or so a number of British authors have followed in their wake. For various reasons, including the international situation, the 'Drang nach Osten' on the part of British tourists has been inclined to shift to the north of the Baltic.

In the old pre-War days the British angler represented our travelling public in these Northern climes; but his haunts were confined to Norwegian streams and fjords and his interests to trout and salmon. A later stage of discovery was opened up by sea-cruises in Northern waters. And now we have reached a point when exploration on foot and by car is being carried into the interior.

Not a few surprises await the English traveller in Scandinavia. If he imagines that he is destined to find a civilization somewhat cruder than his own, he will return a wiser and a humbler man. The fact is that modern Scandinavia is the purest repository of our European civilization, and can look with a superior eye on the "progress and efficiency" of the "Great-Power" nations, weighed down with their mass populations, their complex economic and social problems, their armaments, and all the frictions into which their possessive and predatory instincts have led them.

In her book on Sweden, Miss Hamilton says that: "More than once I have heard the Swedes described as the most civilized people in Europe; if that be so (and I do not contradict) it is because

they, better than any other people, have known how to reconcile the life of our modern mechanical age with the tradition of a country-bred race. Even the most town-bred among them is not wholly a man of the town; he lives with the land close by—a land, moreover, in which he has room to move since his country is nearly the size of France and its population would not fill Greater London”.

This perspicacious statement can be applied, in general terms, to the three other countries that compose the Scandinavian group—to Norway, to Denmark and to Finland. In fact, taking Sweden as its theme, Miss Hamilton's book is an illuminating introduction to many of the characteristics and to the general background of the races living north of the Baltic. Sweden's great achievements in national and municipal government, in housing conditions, education, modern architecture, gymnastics—the whole field, in fact, of the development of her social life—come under her survey. Interlacing these subjects are pleasantly diverting chapters on such matters as the history and problem of the Lapps, the charm of the old-world province of Dalecarlia, the varied delights of Swedish food, and the “Sweden of Yesterday”.

The real value of Miss Hamilton's book is that it combines personal experience, a personal approach to the country, with much knowledge culled from other sources. The result is a volume that presents the reader with authoritative information shot through with personal impressions illustrating main statements. It is a book that can be thoroughly recommended to any would-be traveller to Sweden.

Mr. Buckley in his “Happy Countries, paints on a much wider canvas. His journeyings, partly by car, partly by air, took him through all four countries and up to the Arctic Circle. Mr. Buckley's canvas is, in fact, almost too wide, and he has not improved his picture by introducing into it numerous small episodes and personal reactions to life that have no particular bearing on the subject matter. Typical of such irrelevancies is his remark in describing the start of his air journey from Stockholm to Helsingfors, “Although I have a shocking head for heights I never feel giddy in the air—only rather nervous”. The essence of writing good travel literature of this kind is to introduce one's own personal impressions and experiences only so far as they serve to present a more intelligible picture, but never to impose upon the reader facts or ideas of interest solely to the author or his friends. Some pruning might well have made this book better reading than it is, but it is only fair to say that its general effect is to leave a long trail of delightful vistas in the reader's mind.

EDWARD LIVEING.

THE GREAT DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

by Charles Richard Cammell. *Collins*. 21s.

There exists no authoritative life of George Villiers, the favourite of James I. and Charles I., and Mr. Cammell, associate editor of “The Connoisseur” has been at work on this book for many years. He gives an enthusiastic portrait, but the biography has awkward moments. Take, for example, the case of Jacobina. Mr. Cammell finds it strange that Buckingham's second daughter, “Jacobina (named

after King James) born 1623”, who “died shortly after birth” to the “infinite sorrow” of the parents, is ignored by Wotton when enumerating the Duke's children.

If Mr. Cammell had looked up even so obvious a secondary source as the Calendar of State Papers for 1622, he would have discovered that a letter-writer of March 30, 1622, referred to the birth of Buckingham's daughter and thinks her name will be Jacobina. In point of fact, it was Mary. There was no such person as Jacobina.

“Biographer” is, perhaps, not quite the right description. ‘Panegyrist’ is more apt. Mr. Cammell seems almost to worship Buckingham, and the book is so naïvely enthusiastic and uncritical that it is impossible even to be annoyed at its juvenility. Everything in Buckingham's favour is printed: almost everything against him omitted. When Sir John Oglander—to take one example—says anything in favour of the Duke, he is quoted as “a man who wrote without malice and was just as far as his knowledge could make him”. But Mr. Cammell's apparently deliberate omission of Oglander's “Reflections on the Expedition to the Ile de Rhé”—a most damning indictment of Buckingham's incompetence—casts as grave doubts on the honesty with which material is used as the ‘Jacobina’ episode casts on the author's competence to use it.

Of the style and approach, this is a fair sample: “It was May when Buckingham arrived in Paris . . . and Buckingham, riding with his retinue through Normandy, on into the Ile de France, under the young green of the newly-vested poplars and beeches and chestnut trees, entered the French

capital, which held so many memories of his youth, with his ardent spirit exalted to a state of expectant enthusiasm bordering on enchantment.”

But in his chapters on Buckingham as a connoisseur and the portraits of Buckingham, Mr. Cammell is on ground he knows; and this part of the book is valuable. There are also good illustrations.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

HAPPY COUNTRYMAN, by C. Henry Warren. *Geoffrey Bles*. 7s. 6d.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S ENGLAND, by John Moore. *Seeley Service*. 8d. 6d.

“Green, green, green, nothing but green. Give me one of our streets!” The cockney youth who was overheard thus describing his impressions of the countryside did more than express his opinion to a friend—he summed up in a short sentence the frame of mind which has been engendered in a great many people by the surroundings in which ever-increasing numbers of them are being compelled to spend their lives. The townsman is hemmed about by things which have been created by man and are subservient to their creator. Everything upon which his eye may fall is man-made, and in such an atmosphere it is not surprising that those who dwell therein should come to think that the ordinary circumstances of Life are artificially created and placed where they are, to be accepted or rejected as the whim or the circumstance of the beholder dictate. The countryman, on the other hand, has for countless generations accepted his surroundings and has, as a matter of course, fitted in with them as an essential part of the natural scheme.

It is this aspect of the essential difference between Town and Country to which Mr. Warren refers when he writes of the countryman: "The result in the end had been a rich and intensely personal life. It is the lack of this same fullness of life, won, no doubt, at the expense of much suffering, that Mark deplures in the world to-day. Social organizations may take some of the sting out of suffering now, but they also tend to rob life of its fullness by lessening its intense individuality".

In his book Mr. Henry Warren has written down the tales, and recorded therein the philosophy, of the true countryman, an old man who has lived through an age which has now disappeared, an old man who, despite the vicissitudes of fortune and a varied existence, has retained his own bright individuality and has remained at heart a true countryman, to return at last to spend the twilight of his days in the village which saw their dawn. Mr. Warren has recounted the stories as they have been told to him, but his book is no anthology, it is a consecutive, well-ordered narrative in which the comments which he himself has to make throw into bold relief the different characters and the types which they represent. In such a narrative there is much for the passing of which we can but be thankful, but one is left wondering whether the price that is demanded is not too high.

If Mr. Warren looks upon the true spirit of the countryside as a precious and possibly evanescent heritage which must be carefully treasured, something like Darby's harvest-bottle, "A little masterpiece which I am pleased to think has been saved from the rubbish-heap to hang from my kitchen beams, a reminder of one of Larkfield's ablest

craftsmen", Mr Moore shows us in his study of the Countryman's England that this spirit is still very much alive.

Here is a young man, still in his early thirties, who, born and bred in the country has since been able to withstand the town-ward drift. In describing an infinitesimally small area of the earth's surface he shows the true insight of the countryman. It is the small things, the old memories which bind him to the soil in which he finds happiness and contentment, such as many seek but most pass by on the road. His book shows more clearly than any learned thesis that the spirit of the countryside, that spirit which has been the spirit of the race through immemorial ages, still lives in the quiet places of our land and can still adapt itself, as it has in the past, to the many changes of an ever-changing world in which there will always be those who know every yard of the road instead of every mile of it.

R. ANSELL WELLS.

MISCELLANEA

HARRAP'S STANDARD FRENCH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY Vol. II.
Edited by J. E. Mansion.

Mr. J. E. Mansion's undertaking deserves all the encomiums that have been lavished upon it. When the present reviewer addressed himself to Part I, the French-English, of this Dictionary—which really deserved the claim of "standard"—he described the genesis of this modern labour of Hercules, and the method pursued; how Mr. Mansion indented his corps of sleuths, so to speak, whose job it was to track down any word or phrase coined by modern French writers and note it on a card. Of the procedure

followed for the French renderings of English idioms we are given no inkling here. But the scope and range is the same as for Part I—i.e., the object is to supply the French equivalent for any word or phrase that the reader may come across in *any* newspaper. How much more transposition into another idiom is than a mere rendering of words is illustrated, for example, by the short snappy French phrase '*dont acte*' given here for the cumbersome 'The above constitutes legal publication.' On the other hand there are some surprising simplicities of translation, e.g., *le jazz-hot* for 'hot jazz'.

The print is admirably clear—English in dark type, or, in secondary phrases, in italics, and there are none of those confusing symbols and cross-references which mar so many ambitious lexicons. The bibliography reveals a painstaking attention to technicalities from every sphere. There are 1,500 pages and 88,000 entries, we are told, as against 928 pages and 58,000 in Part I.

W.H.C.

BREST-LITOVSK. The Forgotten Peace, March, 1918, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. *Macmillan*. 21s.

Many questions of the moment are floodlit and revealed in their true proportions by this reconstruction of the events preceding and following the peace of Brest-Litovsk which brought to a close the German-Russian part of the Great War. It is clear, for instance, that, in the eyes of President Wilson, the treatment of the hapless U.S.S.R. was a touchstone of German good faith and that the Treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest put paid to the idea of the Fourteen Points as a "basis of negotiation" for the Armistice. This

little piece of history deserves to be brought out to demolish the German propaganda case. On the other hand, the present hesitations of the Baltic States can only be fully comprehended against the background of the German-Russian contest of wits described with a wealth of dramatic detail here.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has a very special gift for making history live—which does not exclude a very careful sifting of the available source-material. And he has had the benefit of personal contact with most of the principal figures on the Brest-Litovsk stage: Trotsky, Karl Radek, Kamenev on the one side and, on the other, the essentially civilized Richard von Kühlmann and the collaborators of the Austrian delegate, Count Czernin. His portrait of General Max Hoffman is unforgettable, and students of Com-

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munism will find here the authentic Lenin—of the 1917-18 period—and Leon Trotsky. It is, altogether, an important and essentially readable book.

THE WILD ASSES, by W. V. Emanuel. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Emanuel is a happy traveller with a gift for narrative. With a party of students, in all twelve men and ten women, he journeyed through Iran and back, reaching as far as Herat in Afghanistan. The adventures were many, most of them more amusing than dangerous, although unnecessary delay would sometimes turn amusement into annoyance. Mr. Emanuel, however, is not only concerned with entertaining his readers. Iran is an interesting country and Mr. Emanuel is anxious to impart the knowledge of a keen observer. That he does so without diverging from his main purpose is a measure of the book's success.

EUROPEAN JUNGLE, by F. Yeats-Brown. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

The author of *Bengal Lancer* may be, and probably is, a splendid fellah to go tiger-shooting with: but as cicerone for a journey of exploration in the European Jungle he is scarcely reliable. His main qualifications seem to be a sovereign contempt for all that goes by the name of democracy—which he finds to be “mean materialism and sententious nonsense”, a substantial stock of upper-class English prejudices and, above all, a ‘fixation’ about Communism. Thus, with delicious Blimperry he writes: “One must suppose that the British Foreign Office was acting under orders to please the Left-wing supporters of the Government when it asked for the help of the

U.S.S.R.”, and he suggests that the prevalent “Hitler-hate and Moscow-mindedness, so to speak”, of people in England is due to the fact that ‘big business’ runs our newspapers—and it hates Fascism and Nazism but is no longer afraid of Communism’. Though at times interesting because of the author's independent approach this 400-page volume, which ranges over Russia, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Spain and the Balkans, is a thing of fantasy shreds and purple patches, which fails to provide, as it might have done, a useful corrective to the chronic lamentations of the foreign newspaper correspondents.

FLY-TYING FOR TROUT, by Eric Taverner. Seeley Service. 5s.

Anglers are permanently indebted to Mr. Eric Taverner for his team-work in the two outstanding volumes on Salmon and Trout fishing in the Lonsdale series. A further contribution to the library of sport is now offered in this compact little book on the whole art of tying trout-flies, with details of the principal dressings including two colour plates and fifty-six other illustrations.

Many fishermen never pass beyond the stage of fly-trying for the elusive trout. There is, however, a fearful joy awaiting those who will cultivate the art of *fly-tying*. It is an art adding immensely to the pleasure of fishing and obviously also to the chances of catching. For the man who reads the trout's menu on the spot and acts accordingly, deserves the homage of their lives which the trout refrain from offering to the lesser breed of men, the mere fly-tryers in contrast to the expert fly-tiers.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

The monthly review, a *genre* which has no exact parallel outside England, has to cater for a distinctive public—of well-read, well-informed men and women who want light and leading on the dominant issues of the day free from the dead hand of the specialist. Its appeal is—must be—wide and deep: and it has to operate on several planes of interest at the same time. In our August, 1939, number this catholicity is clearly apparent. Topical questions receive their due share of attention—and specifically the all-pervading Axis. But chief interest attaches to those articles which deal with problems of the background or middle distance of contemporary affairs: the state or fate of parliamentary government, the deeper significance of events in the Far East, the strategy to be served by the new weapon of the bombing aeroplane—and the manifold racial and sociological aspects of colour (pigmentation).

E. F. Podach, to whom we are indebted for this last-named rather unusual subject, is the author of a number of psychological studies, with special reference to Nietzsche's mental breakdown. He is now the principal scientific correspondent of the *Zürcher Zeitung*.

J. M. Spaight contributes another of

the deft studies on contemporary aviation problems of which he has been prolific since he retired from a high position in the Air Ministry three years ago. ‘Bombing Policy’ is a sane, unhysterical facing up to what may befall. An article which may perhaps be read in conjunction with it is that by a German exile, W. F. Necker, who has been giving special attention to questions of strategy, economic and military, ever since he left Germany in July, 1933. A book from his pen on this subject will be published shortly.

Sir John Pratt, K.B.E., brings the knowledge and weight of a career given up to the affairs of China to his examination of the fundamentals of the Far Eastern clash. From being a Student Interpreter he graduated to the Consular Service, later into the Foreign Office. When he retired last year he was head of the Far Eastern Department.

An old friend of THE FORTNIGHTLY—one who has brought the review much lustre—is Sir John Marriott. Known as a prolific historian, Sir John has set himself on this occasion to criticize the critics of constitutional developments in the United Kingdom to whom we have recently given their head. As an M.P. for several years, the author of a work on ‘English Political Institutions’

in 1910 and of another on 'Syndicalism : Economic and Political' in 1921, Sir John is well fitted to grapple with D. W. Brogan, the newly elected Professor of Political Science at Cambridge, and S. G. Hobson, the pioneer of the syndicalist idea.

Sir John Marriott is in his eightieth year. The author of the centenary study of Pater which we include runs him close, having been born in 1861. Years ago H. C. Minchin established a position for himself as an independent essayist, critic and reviewer—he has written *inter alia* 'Talks and Traits' and a study of Walter Savage Landor ; but it was not until the age of 40 that

he launched away, after several years of unsatisfying schoolmastering.

First place is given this month to a highly personal contribution from the man who can justly claim the title of *artifex maximus* of the documentary film. In this branch of cinematics, at any rate, England leads, and mainly owing to the zeal and pertinacity of this versatile Scot, **John Grierson**. He wrote a special article for THE FORTNIGHTLY in July, 1936, on the Film Industry. Since that time he has continued to carve out a very special niche for himself and his coadjutors in this field.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

The departure of England's representatives for Stockholm on the occasion of the centenary celebrations, commemorating the death of Henry Ling, the great Swedish gymnast, offered the National Fitness Council a fine opportunity to show what England could do for fitness and health. A distinguished company was assembled by invitation at the Cambridge Theatre, London, on July 14 to watch demonstrations by men and women students of our physical training colleges, members of the National Boys and Girls' Clubs, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., and the League of Health and Beauty. All the demonstrations reached a very high standard and were enthusiastically applauded, as were the two films, produced by the National Fitness Council to be shown at the New York World Fair. At the conclusion of the demonstrations Lord Aberdare, Chairman of the National Fitness Council, made a brief speech wishing the teams a successful and enjoyable time at the Lingiad.

* * * * *

Sweden is also the home of an International Summer School this year, the school being open from June until the beginning of September, at St. George's Court, Vigbyholm. The course is open to young people of all nationalities who wish to know more about the religious, social and cultural conditions in the world to-day ; who want to live for a short time with their fellows from other countries and who perhaps feel their responsibility for the future of mankind. The study programme includes language groups for beginners and advanced students conducted by native leaders in French, English, Swedish, German and Russian. Lectures and discussions on and study groups in, The Present Situation in Different Countries and their History and Culture, The History of Culture from the Earliest Times, Problems of Our Time, The Individual and Society, Christianity in Different Countries, Economic Geography, Appreciation of Music, Sweden Past and Present, Folk Dancing, National Songs, etc. It also includes practical work such as weaving, gardening, domestic work, etc. Recreation includes swimming, rowing, tennis, and organized walks. Golf and riding (extra fee). St. George's Court stands on a hill overlooking the Baltic Sea. Surrounding the centre there are meadows, and forests of pines, firs and birches. Stockholm is reached by a frequent train service in just over half an hour. The fees inclusive of board, lodging, and tuition are 400 Kronor for the full term or 150 Kronor per month. There is also the possibility of camping for which the fees are 300 Kr. for the full term or 110 Kr. per month (in one's own tent). A deposit of 20 Kr. should be sent with application. (Present

rate of exchange 19.45 Kr. to the £1). Students travelling via the Swedish Lloyd line from Tilbury are entitled to a reduction on return passage of 30 shillings first and 20 shillings third class.

* * * * *

The National Book Fair will be held this year at Earls Court, from October 6 to October 23 inclusive. Readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY will be glad to have the opportunity of booking the date, for the Book Fair has become an event of real importance not only for publishers but for the public as well. As for the authors they must regard the event with mixed feelings. Forced to look their public in the face they must sometimes tremble for their reputations. But they need not worry. A real live author is, to some sections of the public at least, every bit as attractive as the Giant Panda is to others.

* * * * *

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology has issued a Report of unusual interest on the subject of rest-pauses and refreshments in factories. The results are based on information obtained by means of personal interviews with responsible officials in 1,050 factories, employing about 305,000 workpeople. Equal numbers of factories were visited in seven industrial areas of Great Britain—London, Cardiff, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Glasgow. A wide variety of industries was included, though such non-factory activities as mining, building, transport, shipbuilding, the distributive trades and offices were omitted. It is emphasized that the object of the inquiry was not to influence employers on the subject of rest-pauses, or to give advice, but simply to record the facts of existing practice, and to discuss the views of those who contributed to the inquiry. It was found that 52.9 per cent. of the factories visited made provision for official rest-pauses, either in the morning or afternoon. The percentages for the factories in the London, Birmingham and Manchester areas were notably high, and the Report discusses the reasons for the lower percentages of other areas. A rest-pause of ten minutes taken two hours after the beginning of a 4½-hour shift in the morning, and a 4-hour shift in the afternoon was the most frequent occurrence.

* * * * *

The Royal London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind employ at Salusbury Road, N.W.6, one hundred blind men who earn their livelihood by repairing shoes. Each of these men has received an extensive period of training and is a skilled craftsman. The Society require 5,000 pairs of shoes weekly for repairing in order to keep their men fully employed.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

SEPTEMBER, 1939

BARGAINING WITH JAPAN

BY FRED A UTLEY

THE denouncement by the United States of its Commercial Treaty with Japan should have made Great Britain realize the importance of the Far Eastern conflict in American eyes. Yet the debates in Parliament at the end of the session showed an almost total unawareness of the effect which our attitude in the Tokio negotiations is likely to have upon our relations with the United States. Mr. Noel Baker's speech on August 4 emphasized the "high moral and political importance" of the issue at Tientsin, and the disastrous effect in Europe of any further demonstration that "for us aggression was still only aggression when we were ourselves menaced by attack". But even he failed to point out how fatal an effect any bargain concluded with Japan at China's expense would have on Anglo-American relations.

The implications of the fact that the United States faces West across the Pacific, as well as East across the Atlantic, are insufficiently realized in this country; nor is it understood how general is the mistrust in America of British Far Eastern policy. During a recent lecture tour in the United States I was continually reminded that Mr. Stimson had been rebuffed by Sir John Simon when he wanted Great Britain to make a joint stand with the United States against the Japanese rape of Manchuria. America I was told, could not lay herself open to a second rebuff; this time we must make the first move. Since the present war began there has been a deep-rooted suspicion in the United States that it was the aim of British policy to strike a bargain with Japan under the guise of mediation, giving Japan domination over North China in return for a promise to respect British interests in Central and South China. Both Mr. Chamberlain's and Lord Halifax's recent speeches in Parliament must have gone far to justify this suspicion. Mr.

Chamberlain said that a successful outcome of the negotiations in Tokio "is quite as much to the interest of Japan as of this country" and pointed only to attacks on "British interests and rights" as making "a successful outcome difficult if not impossible". He went on to say that "the real goal we have in mind is to find some equitable settlement of the struggle which is going on in China". Lord Halifax's speech, on August 3, was even more ominous. He said:

"The Government had been fully prepared to recognize the special interests and position of Japan (in China) both geographically and economically . . . I suggest that our goal (in the Far East) must be, if we can, to try and bring about a just and equitable settlement of the present dispute. The time may come when we could act as mediator . . . I do not believe that it is beyond the power of men of goodwill to find a solution with good justice for China, and taking into account the interests of other Powers concerned in the Far East".

What is this "good justice" for China which is to be secured by friendly negotiations with the Japanese, as a preliminary to which we have promised not to "obstruct" the operations of Japan's massacring armies? Obviously by "good" justice Lord Halifax means something very different to justice. Justice requires that all the Japanese forces withdraw from China, if not also an indemnity for China. But China is the Cinderella of the nations and "good justice" for her is perhaps thought to be something a little better than subjection of all her territory to Japan. In the eyes of the British government the Chinese are, it would seem, a colonial people destined to be subjected, whilst the Japanese, although their skins are no less yellow, are apparently thought of as the equals of the Western Imperialist Powers and as entitled to "special interests" in China as their sphere. Even in the view of the Labour and Liberal parties the fate of China's four hundred millions is obviously of infinitely less importance than the fate of the Poles, the Roumanians or some other white nation.

One reason why the American attitude to Japan is firmer than ours, and their policy towards China more liberal, is no doubt the fact that American interests in China are mainly commercial whilst the main concern of the British Government is not trade, but the preservation of the £250 million of British investments in China. The United States has only some £40 million invested in China, but her trade there is larger than ours. Certain

powerful British interests, realizing that a China which had managed to defeat Japan, would demand the rendition of the Concessions and an end to extra-territorialism and the other privileges enjoyed by foreigners in China, see a Chinese victory as only one degree better than a Japanese domination of China. They therefore favour a compromise peace. But Americans see a free China modernizing herself under her own government as the potentially largest market in the world for American exports. Hence their more wholehearted support of China.

There is little doubt that President Roosevelt's action in clearing the decks for a severance of trade relations with Japan, was taken to stop Mr. Chamberlain from slipping any further down the perilous slope towards co-operation with Japan in scrapping the Nine Power Treaty which guarantees the integrity of China and the Open Door. It was also intended to hearten the forces of Chinese resistance so grievously discouraged by the Anglo-Japanese preliminary agreement published three days earlier.

Surprise has been expressed in many quarters in this country that the United States Administration should have taken this action against Japan, in view of the refusal of Congress to amend the Neutrality Act so as to enable the United States to stand with the European democracies against German and Italian aggression. This surprise is due, not only to a failure to appreciate how great is the indignation in America against Japan, but also to a misunderstanding of the attitude of American isolationists. To wish to avoid involving the United States again in a world war is not inconsistent with a desire to stop the United States supplying an aggressor with war materials. To have amended the Neutrality Act as President Roosevelt desired would, it was felt, mean that sooner or later Americans would be required to shed their blood in the quarrels of Europe. Some of the best known writers in the United States, of the Stuart Chase and Charles Beard schools of thought, insist that Americans should never again involve themselves in the irreconcilable conflicts of the Old World, to escape which many of their forefathers crossed the Atlantic. They see the European conflict as one between the old imperialisms of Britain and France and the new imperialism of Germany and Italy, and

do not believe that the next war will settle anything or be followed by a better peace than the last one. Above all, they fear that if the United States is once again involved in a world war the forces of reaction will gather strength as they did in the last one, and that there will then be no hope of reforming the economic and social structure of America. Already rearmament is destroying the New Deal and any prospect of radical reform in the direction of a planned society.

In the Far East the issue is a very different one. Here it is not a question of aiding one protagonist against another in a future world war, but one of ceasing to aid the aggressor in a war actually in progress. Nor can such action as the severance of trade relations with Japan be thought of as likely to involve the United States in war, since there is no retaliatory action which a Japan deprived of war materials can take against America. Moreover, Japanese aggression violates a Treaty of which the United States is itself a signatory, and Japan's actions directly injure American commercial interests. It is true that large profits are being derived by some Americans from the provisioning of Japan's war machine, but it is realized that these profits are temporary and that a Japanese victory would mean an end to American trade with China.

Over and above considerations of commercial interest, and fears of advancing Japanese aggression, is the sympathy which most Americans feel for China. This sympathy cannot be ignored in a country with as democratic a form of government as the United States. It would probably be an exaggeration to say that Americans are as aware of the sufferings of the 50 million refugees in China as we are of these of the Jews of Central Europe, or that the death or mutilation of tens of thousands of Chinese women and children at the hands of the Japanese moves the Americans as deeply as the sufferings of Czechs or Spaniards move us; but it is at least certain that Americans are far less inclined to ignore China's agony than we are. Americans have been made far more aware than we have of what is going on in China. There has been no soft pedalling, or ignoring, by the American press, of the terrible massacres which the Japanese perpetrated at Nanking and many other places. Whereas hardly a single English newspaper has a

correspondent in China outside Shanghai, Hong Kong, or Peiping, every important American newspaper has at least one correspondent in the Chinese capital at Chungking or visiting the war zones. Reports of the massacres, the looting, the raping, the continual air raids, are published day after day in the American press. The Churches, whose influence in the United States is very great, and whose congregations have been well informed of what is going on in China through the reports of the many American missionaries there, demanded last June, in a petition signed by more than 60 prominent preachers, that the Administration take action to embargo war materials to Japan.

The American Committee for Non-Participation in Japanese Aggression, of which Mr. Stimson is Chairman, has been steadily bringing home to more and more Americans how large a responsibility is borne by the United States for the continuance of Japan's war on China. By meetings, pamphlets and the canvassing of Congressmen it has been spreading the knowledge that the United States is supplying Japan with 56 per cent. of her imported war materials, the figure for the British Empire being about 21 per cent.

The report of the Gallup Survey published in July showed 51 per cent. of the American people in favour of stopping all shipments of war supplies to Japan, and only 25 per cent. as not wishing to do anything to stop Japan. The approval of the President's action voiced by the whole American press, and the fact that it was the leading Presidential Candidate of the Republican Party who first proposed denouncing the Commercial Treaty with Japan, show that this is a measure upon which Americans of all parties can agree.

It is no longer possible for the British Government to argue that, since there is no prospect of American co-operation in exerting economic pressure on Japan, there is no alternative to capitulation to Japan's demands. President Roosevelt's action puts the underlying aims of British policy to the test. Is our recent undertaking not to "obstruct" the Japanese forces in China in any measures for their security which they are "obliged" to take, due to our helplessness and our fears, or to an unavowed, and perhaps unconscious, sympathy for the "gentlemanly samurai"?

If we refuse the chance which Roosevelt is giving us to lay the foundations for Anglo-American co-operation on a world scale, when danger threatens us nearer home we may find that the United States has retired finally into isolation. If we refuse to stand with the United States on an issue in which Americans feel their interests and their principles are all involved, how can we expect their support on some future issue which concerns them less? If we make it too obvious that we are only concerned with aggression, when there appears to be no hope of coming to terms which would safeguard our narrowest interests, the isolationists and those who maintain that Britain is always trying to get Americans to "pull her chestnuts out of the fire" will gain the ascendancy in the direction of American foreign policy.

The British Government still thinks only in terms of armies and battleships, and no doubt, if we were not menaced in Europe, we should already have sent warships to the Far East to defend British interests and prestige in the Nineteenth century fashion. To cut down the profits of our "merchants of death", or to jeopardize the safety of British banks, factories, and other investments in China, are acts which apparently no British government can contemplate. It is not the safety of the isolated Britons in China which is really worrying Mr. Chamberlain—their safety is gravely menaced by our refusal to exert pressure on Japan—but the safety of the material wealth of British investors which it is feared Japan might destroy. If it were not for this we should obviously, instead of capitulating to Japan, withdraw our nationals from China as a preliminary to giving substantial aid to China and severing our trade relations with Japan.

If Japan were, like Germany, a country with a mighty heavy industry capable of waging war for a long time on its own resources; if again Japan, like Germany and Italy, exported to many countries instead of in the main to British and American markets, then it would probably be true to say that "economic sanctions mean war". But Japan is a country with little coal, less iron; and only a small production of steel, machinery, automobiles and aeroplanes. She must import, not only oil, but also ores, scrap iron, steel, non-ferrous metals, machinery, automobiles and other "implements of war" in large quantities

if she is to continue waging war on China. Without her present overwhelming superiority in armaments the Chinese would be able to drive her armies out of China. Most important of all is the fact that 40 per cent. of Japan's exports outside the "yen bloc" go to the British Empire and 30 per cent. to the United States. The Dutch East Indies are Japan's next most important market. Germany and Italy together take only 2.6 per cent. of her exports.* Since Japanese exports consist in the main of raw silk, textiles and other manufactures, it is obvious that her Fascist allies in Europe cannot supply an alternative market. If the Western democracies refused to buy from Japan she could not get the cash to purchase war materials from anyone. No one imagines that Germany and Italy, themselves desperately short of foreign exchange, and with their metals needed for their own armaments, can supply Japan on credit or in any way finance her. Nor should it be forgotten that Japan's trade with all her markets is financed through the City of London. Even the barter trade between Manchukuo and Germany is financed in the London Bill market. Japan's financial position is now so desperate that even a few months credit is of importance to her.

Our conciliatory attitude to Japan is no doubt largely due to a mistaken belief that only by giving way to her and betraying China, can we stop her concluding a military alliance with Germany and Japan which would bring her in on their side in a future European war. If this is our aim in capitulating to Japan, are we not in fact likely to bring about just the opposite result? Japan dare not openly join up with Germany and Italy so long as her armies are bogged in China; she must win her war against China before she can tackle bigger game. If she can induce us by threats to "co-operate" with her, the heart will perhaps be taken out of Chinese resistance and the "China incident" closed. If the war comes to an end with the capitulation of a China deprived of all hope by our action, the extremist army leaders will be in a position to conclude the military alliance with Germany and Italy which they have long been clamouring for, but which no Japanese Government dare

*If the trade of the Japanese Empire is considered the German and Italian percentage share of Japanese exports is somewhat larger.

conclude until Chinese resistance has been broken down. In that event the world war, which many people in all parties in this country think can be avoided by a firm stand in Europe and retreat in the Far East, may soon be upon us. It is more than probable that the main reason why Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini have so far held their hand in Europe this summer is China's continuing and effective resistance. Unless the U.S.S.R. can be immobilized by a threat to her Eastern as well as her Western frontier, they will not launch their war on us. Alternatively, unless Japan is in a position to fight as well as to threaten the U.S.S.R. there will be no German aggression in Eastern Europe. So long as Japan is forced to maintain a million troops in China south of the Wall she can render no effective aid to her European allies.

Nor should it be forgotten that the present rulers of Japan cannot contemplate a peace which would mean the return to Japan of her indisciplined and war demoralized troops. The deep-seated maladjustments in Japan's economic and social structure demand a policy of permanent aggression, since only thus can the mirage of prosperity through conquest be held up before the eyes of her peasants, so severely burdened by the exactions of landowners, usurers, monopoly business houses and tax-collectors. A Japanese hegemony over China would not lessen these burdens, and a new war would be necessary to prevent an agrarian revolution, or the reforms which the military landowning class is determined to avoid.

We are perhaps a little too complacent in assuming that the Chinese will continue to fight our battle for us, even if we withdraw the meagre support we have so far given to her. If Japan is confident that she can drive the Western nations out of China, and lay her hands upon the rich prizes in British and French hands in the Far East, she may, conceivably, offer terms to China which the latter would consider preferable to continuing the unequal struggle against a Japan the operations of whose armies Britain has promised "in no way to obstruct".

Japan's blockade of Tientsin has been accompanied by a virtual halt in her military operations against the Chinese armies. If we are so weak as to give way to her as a result of her assaults on our nationals and our rights, she may change the line of her

attack. Her old slogan "Asia for the Asiatics", which could never sound like anything but a hollow mockery so long as she directed her efforts to the killing and enslavement of the Chinese, might meet with a response in Asia if her army and navy directed their guns against us, and abandoned the aim of exploiting the Chinese for that of seizing, in alliance with Germany and Italy, the stored up wealth and the territorial possessions of the British and French Empires.

Moreover, if the Pact with the U.S.S.R. is really of such vital importance to us as many people think, we are far more likely to get the Russians to sign it if we make it cover Eastern as well as Western aggression. As Mr. E. H. Carr has pointed out in *The Spectator*, Russia has already obtained what she wants in Europe—a guarantee by Britain of Poland and Roumania—without the need to give a *quid pro quo*. But with fighting already in progress between Soviet and Japanese forces in Mongolia, an offer to stand against aggression in the Far East as well as in Europe would be likely to secure Russian as well as American support for our world policy.

The securing of America's moral, political and economic support is, however, of far greater importance to this country than Russia's doubtful aid, and the road to Anglo-American co-operation is still open. Nothing vital has yet been surrendered to Japan by the British government, although much damage has been done to the Chinese dollar and to Chinese confidence. We have, without any legal justification, agreed to surrender to Japan the four Chinese whom she accuses of having murdered one of her puppet officials, but whom the Japanese, waging war without declaration of war, have no more right to judge than bandits or pirates. But we have not, at the time of writing, agreed to surrender to Japan the Chinese silver held in Tientsin for the Chinese Government, nor have we as yet given way on the currency question.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the Japanese extremists may, perhaps, save both China and the British Empire. For by insisting on a complete and immediate British capitulation they may yet force the British Government to take a firm stand with America against Japan. The Japanese "moderates" would, by pressing their demands more gradually and more

*politely, have achieved all that the extremists desire : a betrayal of China by Britain and a little later the ousting of Britain from China. They would have prevented Anglo-American co-operation by dangling before the eyes of our Simons, Hoares and Halifaxes the prospect of a resurrection of the corpse of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the "return of Japan to the friendly fold of the democracies", and the continuance of British Imperialist privileges and rights in China.

The extremists, by making the aims of Japan a little too obvious, may yet bring Britain to co-operate with the United States in exerting economic pressure on Japan. Thus will they give the victory to China, and lay the foundations for Anglo-American co-operation on a world scale.

SWASTIKA OVER HUNGARY

By GODFREY LIAS

THE shadow of the swastika lies very heavy on Hungary in these post-Munich days. It has been there for quite a number of years, but since last March, when Hitler's legions drove their triumphant motor-cars into Prague, what used to be a distant spectre has become an ever-present menace. Only now, when it is too late, are Hungarians beginning to wake to the fact that the Czechs, whom they despised so heartily, were, in reality, Hungary's first line of defence against the threat of being over-run by Germany.

Because Hungary, for her own ends, welcomed the re-birth of Germany as a Great Power and profited territorially by the discomfiture of the Czechs, it has been widely assumed that Hungary is pro-German—that she is, in fact, anxious to help Germany if there is a war ; that her sympathies are on the side of the Rome-Berlin Axis ; and that Hungary may therefore be written off as something worse than a bad debt in the present "white war" between the Axis and the British Peace Front.

During two visits to Hungary this summer, I talked to a good many Hungarians in a good many different walks of life and I came to the conclusion that this estimate of the Hungarian attitude is very wide of the mark. In particular, it fails to take account of the fact that the one country with which Hungary has a record of unbroken friendship is Poland ; that most of the wars the Hungarians have fought in the 1,000 years or so since they settled in Central Europe have been against some branch or other of the Germanic family ; that the Magyars are perhaps more race-proud even than the Germans, so that, while ready to work with Germany as equals, they are not at all anxious to fill a subordinate rôle. And it is a subordinate rôle apparently for which Berlin has cast Hungary, in spite of the superabundance of bunting displayed when prominent Hungarians visit the German capital.

What, precisely, this rôle is (besides subordinate), has not yet been clearly disclosed, but there are a few fairly definite pointers which help one to draw some conclusions. It is necessary at the outset to distinguish between the office assigned to Hungary in time of peace and the one Germany hopes to make her adopt in time of war. It is also important to realize that in certain circumstances Hungary might be quite unwilling to play the part allotted to her. She might even flatly refuse to do so, both in peace and war.

In time of peace, Germany, besides being far and away Hungary's best customer, is much too large and much too near for any Hungarian Government lightly to risk a quarrel with her. Moreover, Germany and Hungary are both Have-nots so that in so far as their respective claims do not conflict, it is natural that they should join together to pursue them. This they have done in the recent past and may be expected to continue doing in the future, though it is quite certain that no Hungarian statesman fails to realize that a small country courts grave danger if it decides to hunt side by side with a big imperialist one.

Hunting side by side in peace-time, however, is one thing and hunting together in war-time another. In peace-time, you can drop out of the chase or go through the gate leaving your companion to take his fences alone. In war-time, the hunters are both, so to speak, mounted on the same horse. They must jump together, whether they like it or not. So in the event of war, Germany must first decide whether Hungary as a co-belligerent would be a help or a hindrance.

Similarly Hungary has to make up her mind not only where her inclinations lie but whether she can afford to follow them, and above all she must calculate carefully which side is likely to win in the end. It is by no means certain that the two countries would work out their equations to the same answer.

German policy towards Hungary during the past few months has been directed toward securing as complacent a government as possible. To this end, Berlin has been taking an altogether undue interest in Hungary's internal affairs. Here is a typical example. Just before my first visit to Hungary this summer, I bought some pengöes in London to finance my trip. The rate

my bank quoted was 50 to the pound sterling. A fortnight later, I thought of buying some more, but the rate had suddenly dropped to 28, so I waited. Three weeks afterwards I was able to buy at 38 to the £, since when the external value of the pengö has still further depreciated.

The explanation of these sudden fluctuations was that Hungary had a general election last May and just before the election "somebody" bought up all the available pengö notes outside Hungary in order to finance his political friends inside Hungary. That this was so, is indicated by the fact that the sudden demand for pengöes ceased as soon as the election was over. There is abundant evidence that the "somebody" who was buying pengöes was the German Propaganda Ministry and that the pengöes "he" bought were used to finance the electoral campaign of the Hungarian Nazis, who partly because of the help they received from outside and partly because of conditions inside Hungary, made rather spectacular gains when the election was held.

Needless to say, this German interest in Hungary's internal affairs is by no means appreciated. Even the Hungarian Nazis hotly deny they are pro-German—how hotly I can myself testify, after listening to a young Nazi architect for an hour, as we sat sipping our coffee on that famous Duna Prospect, whither all Budapest gravitates daily, as faithfully as London does to Hyde Park on a Sunday. To him, it was not the Hungarian Nazis who were pro-German. It was the Hungarian Government, one of whose sins, in his eyes, was that it co-operated too closely with the German minority. Needless to say the Hungarian Government holds precisely the opposite opinion.

Even if there were no other evidence available—and there is plenty—the fact that it is not a political asset to wear the label "pro-German" is of itself a sufficient reason for assuming that Germany is not popular in Hungary. Most people are suspicious of Germany's motives in seeking Hungarian co-operation. It is noticed, for example, that Germany has never come out wholeheartedly in support of Hungary's claims to Transylvania. Hungarian statesmen are shrewd enough to realize that the friendship, or at any rate, the benevolent neutrality of Roumania would be worth much more to Germany in a war than anything

little Hungary could offer. Roumania has oil and wheat and important mineral deposits which Germany is very anxious to exploit, and if possible to control. Hungary's natural resources are, by comparison, insignificant. Germany, in short, is only going to espouse Hungary's cause whole-heartedly if Roumania cannot be frightened into the German camp, or (if that is not possible) at least out of the camp of Germany's opponents. Consequently the breath of German protestations of friendship blows sometimes hot and sometimes cold in Budapest's direction according as there is an anti-cyclone or depression in German-Roumanian relations.

Obviously, however, this is not the whole story. Hungary like Germany, is a land with several grievances arising, like Germany's, out of the peace settlement. Just so far as co-operation with Germany seems likely to improve Hungary's chances of remedying these grievances, the Hungarian Government is naturally going to co-operate. But its co-operative sentiments very definitely stop short of war, and this for three reasons: first, that Hungary is by no means sure that Germany would win; secondly, that to fight for Germany would be to fight against Poland which, in the words of a prominent Hungarian statesman "would be almost like fighting against one's own mother"; and lastly because there are few Hungarians who do not realize what would happen to Hungary if Germany were victorious.

It is possible, of course, that if there were a war, Hungary would be forced to "co-operate" with Germany whether she liked it or no. In war time, Germany has several courses open to her: to let Hungary stay neutral, to invite her to allow German troops to pass through Hungarian territory in order to coerce Roumania and to invite or force Hungary to fight on the German side. The preponderant opinion in Budapest is that if Germany can draw sufficient raw materials from the Balkan and Danubian countries, particularly Roumania, without having to go in and take them, she will allow all these countries, Hungary included, to remain neutral. While in Sofia, shortly after my first visit to Budapest, I found first-hand evidence that this is actually the policy Germany would like to follow. It is generally recognized, however, that things might not work out

just as Hitler might wish and in this case Hungary would almost certainly have to choose between permitting a German occupation of Hungary, joining in the war as Germany's ally and—taking up arms to resist German penetration.

This third possibility, however ridiculous it may sound, cannot be altogether ruled out. There are many Hungarians who would rather die than submit to a German occupation (it is betraying no secret to say that Admiral Horthy is generally believed to be one of them), even if the chief motive of that occupation were to give Germany a base from which to attack Hungary's ancient enemy, Roumania. Where Hungarian sympathies lie can be judged from the fact that quite a number of young Hungarians have gone to enlist in the Polish army.

Even a mere request by Germany to allow her troops to pass through Hungary en route to attack somebody else would be highly unpopular with the majority of politically-minded Hungarians owing to the doubts they feel whether the Germans would ever go out again once they got in. That this is so can be seen from the distinctly cool reception given in Budapest to recent reports that Germany would allow Hungary to annex Slovakia in return either for a full military alliance or the right to send troops through Hungary at will. If Hungary saw the slightest chance of getting away with it, she would refuse such a request. She would also refuse it if she had come to the conclusion that the war would end in a German defeat.

The ancient friendship between Hungary and Poland as well as the fear of Germany's motives both play a part in making Hungarians dubious about an alliance with Germany even if this is only meant as a move in the diplo-military game by which Hitler hopes to obtain control of Eastern Europe without a war. But there is another reason for their hesitation. It is true that co-operation with Germany during the past year has yielded certain fruit but it is fruit which is proving unexpectedly hard to digest. The Hungarian minority in Slovakia which was transferred back to the motherland by grace of Germany and Italy under the Vienna award last year is thoroughly discontented. Nor are the Ruthenians (whom it is worth noting that the Hungarians annexed without first asking Hitler's permission) by any means satisfied with their new status as

self-governing subjects of Hungary. Add to these discontents the serious internal difficulties facing the Hungarian Government in regard to land reform and the standard of living and it will be understood why so many Hungarians, to-day, feel it would be unwise, in the extreme, to embark on a policy of adventure, with a view to swallowing still further slices of indigestible territory.

In these circumstances, Hungarian policy has lately turned toward the possibility of cultivating better relations with neighbouring States, all the more so, as for the moment and in peace time, Hungarian interests appear to march with those of Germany. While Hitler is concentrating all his attention on Poland and Danzig, he naturally does not wish to enlarge the circle of his enemies by pushing any of the countries of south-eastern Europe into the arms of the British Peace Front. He would, as we have seen, prefer a neutral Balkans, partly because he would like to draw supplies from each of the Balkan States, and partly because, if he were to force one group into the Axis, another and larger group would tend to gravitate in the opposite direction. But as he is by no means certain that all the Balkan States *will* stay neutral, he is also playing with the idea of promoting a close understanding between Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. It is very doubtful whether Hitler could ever bring these three countries together in opposition to Roumania, Greece and Turkey, but meanwhile it happens that a Hungary temporarily minus territorial ambitions is equally anxious to find friends to the south and east—though not necessarily for the same reason. The more friends Hungary has the less she need fear Germany. It is not generally known that Hungary recently offered to sign a non-aggression treaty with Roumania on the sole condition that the Hungarian minority in Transylvania should be granted new privileges. If Roumania had accepted, both Hungary and Hitler would no doubt have been delighted, though possibly again for different reasons. Hitler, of course, would have hoped that ultimately the effect of the arrangement would have been to bring Roumania as well as Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria more closely within the German orbit. But it is conceivable that Hungary might have used such an arrangement to present a somewhat more independent front to Germany.

Thus, all the time there are wheels within wheels in the drama that is being played in Central and South-East Europe. Meanwhile, it should not be forgotten that if Germany to-day has imperial aspirations in this part of the world, Hungary has an imperial past which relates to much the same regions. If Hitler, for example, makes no secret of the fact that he considers himself heir to the Habsburg Empire, Hungary equally remembers that many of the provinces of that Empire used to be her own possessions. She has especially close associations with Dalmatia, a district in which incidentally Signor Mussolini is also deeply interested. Many prominent people in Budapest believe it to be inevitable that one day Yugoslavia will break up because of Serb-Croat rivalry. If it broke up to-day, the beneficiaries would probably be the Germans, or possibly the Italians, certainly not the Hungarians. But if to-morrow, who knows? Be that as it may, if to-morrow the swastika should no longer be casting its ominous shadow over Hungary, there is scarcely a Hungarian who would not hail its disappearance with profound relief.

AIR DEFENCE AND ATTACK

BY GROUP-CAPTAIN L. L. MACLEAN

WHAT is the significance of Air Power? It permits of absolute surprise. It permits of the attack being delivered at that exact moment most favourable to the attacker and most disastrous to the victim, and the general plan of campaign need not necessarily be influenced by the success or failure of the blows in the first phase. It may be that the aim of the first attack will be to accomplish a knock-out. That this may not be achieved does not mean that the gamble has failed and that all is lost. If the first blow fails, the aggressor is not committed irrevocably to his original plan. The flexibility of his instrument and the elasticity of his medium allow him to redirect his strokes against targets less important perhaps, but, ultimately, none the less vital.

If a surprise attack were made on London, for instance, it is likely that the first blow, struck suddenly and without warning, would reach its objective without opposition. Falling as a bolt from the blue, it might find London teeming with jostling crowds on normal business or pleasure bent, quite unconscious of any danger. Stricken thus, the death roll would be tremendous but subsequent attacks on London would be met and the issue fought out, with perhaps such losses to the enemy as would compel him to draw off.

But there would still be nothing to prevent the enemy from directing his subsequent efforts against the ports of the country, exposed on our coasts and difficult to defend. If he could shatter the storage and distributive organization and prevent the ingress and egress of ships, he would, in fact, establish a condition of blockade and food shortage which must in time sap the morale of the whole populace.

Nearly eighty-five per cent. of the country's population depends for very life on imported ship-borne food. The

industrial activity of the country continues only because essential raw materials, including the ores for our steel industry, can be transported in a similar way and to a similar extent. Moreover the very waging of war would only be possible if an uninterrupted flow of oil continued to pass through those ports equipped to receive it. In fact the whole resources of the country are represented by its ships, and the primary economic centres are in consequence the ports and not the inland manufacturing centres. It is against these resources and economic centres that air attack would achieve its greatest effect and with the least loss to the attackers.

The destruction of shipping by a comparatively small number of submarines during the last war, reduced us to the verge of starvation in 1917. To-day Germany possesses a greater number of submarines than in 1917 and the added possession of aircraft, whose cruising range is of the order of 3,000 miles, has infinitely extended the scope and possibilities of this form of warfare.

Except in co-operation with submarines, however, the use of aircraft in large numbers for independent action against shipping is unlikely, because it would involve considerable dispersion of effort, much of which would inevitably be wasted in searching the oceans to find targets, and Germany, pressed for fuel, is unlikely to waste an ounce of it in unproductive work, especially as the same ships could be destroyed with far less expenditure of effort and with more certainty of success by direct attacks on those comparatively few ports, which must inevitably harbour them.

In order to attack such ports as Aberdeen, Dundee, Leith, Newcastle, Hull and other large towns on the East Coast, enemy raiders travelling at 300 miles an hour and attacking from a height of fifteen to twenty thousand feet, could release their bombs on to their coastal targets from a distance of three miles out to sea, while their aeroplanes would barely brush the fringe of the defence system.

They could practise a similar form of attack on the West against such ports as Swansea, Liverpool, Belfast and Barrow, providing they could operate from Spanish bases.

It may be argued that bombing in these circumstances would make no pretence at accuracy, but what has to be realized is that

accuracy would not be attempted. The objective for attack would be the docks and the adjacent area, and methods suitable for area bombing would be employed. That is bombing would be carried out by a number of aircraft flying in formation, each aeroplane laying a row of bombs at evenly spaced intervals.

Three bombers, each carrying one ton in the form of eight 250lb. bombs, flying at 300 miles an hour in line abreast at 200 yards apart and each releasing one bomb a second by time release gear, would create a stricken area 1,100 yards long by 450 yards broad, or 102 acres. If the blasting zone of each bomb is taken at the conservative figure of fifty yards, it is not an unreasonable assumption that very little will be left intact within the pattern created by three such rows of bombs, each row 200 yards apart and each row containing eight bombs 150 yards apart.

On this basis it would require some 400 aeroplanes completely to cover Hull, 300 for Newcastle and 120 for the Port of London dock area. In attempting to estimate the amount of damage that bombs would do, it may be possible to get some guidance from the last war.

In the twelve months, May, 1917 to May, 1918, German aeroplanes dropped about 900 bombs in London of which about 350 were incendiary. Two hundred and twenty-five fires were started. Seven hundred and ninety-three houses were destroyed or seriously damaged, and the total casualties in London were 2,900 injured and killed. Nearly half the bombs, representing the load of two hundred and thirty aeroplanes fell into an area of approximately one thousand two hundred and eighty acres in the Cheapside, Shoreditch district. Two hundred and thirty modern bombers, each carrying one ton of bombs and using automatic distribution, to ensure that their bombs fell at exactly spaced intervals, could destroy a built-up area of about 7,800 acres. The German striking force, to-day, probably exceeds ten times that number of aircraft. Its potential for damage is therefore easily calculable.

There can then be no illusion about the extreme necessity of preventing bombing aircraft reaching our vital ports. Prevention or the deflection of raids can only be achieved if the raiding bombers are struck before they reach our shores, whereas

the mere infliction of casualties may be attempted after the enemy is over our territory. It seems obvious that we cannot prevent raids which are coming in at a speed perhaps in excess of five miles a minute from reaching their objectives, if we only attempt interception in the vicinity of the targets.

In the first place the raiders have got to be found, they may be anywhere from twenty to twenty thousand feet, and unless the fighter is in approximately the same strata of air as the bomber he will never catch sight of it. Once found the raiders can be attacked. It would be absurd, however, to assume that the climbing fighters will invariably have picked a line which would bring them on to the most advantageous position to begin an attack straight away, or that the first attack will invariably be successful. If it fails, manœuvre for fresh position will ensue, requiring both time and space. Climb, search, pursuit and attack may well absorb some thirty minutes, during which the raiding aircraft may have travelled 150 miles. The necessity for meeting the incoming raider at least 150 miles out, if our ports and coastal towns are to be protected, is clear. Yet the defence system lacking a long distance fighter, and depending entirely on the Spitfire and Hurricane interceptor types, can not carry out this essential function of defence.

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What of our offensive power? In retaliatory bombing attacks we shall obviously have to strive to inflict on the enemy an ordeal not less severe than that to which he may be able to subject us. It will not be sufficient to limit our attacks to objectives on the periphery of Germany such as Bremen, Hamburg, Cologne and so on. We shall have to strike deep, it may be at the sources of his steel and iron production, his chemical factories, his aircraft industry or possibly at his seat of government.

It will not be sufficient to confine attacks on the enemy's industry to those centres which are accessible in the Ruhr. In order to make such a campaign effective, we shall also have to strike at the complementary industrial areas in the South and East of Germany. If Germany strikes at London, we, most emphatically, must counter on Berlin.

How then do we stand in relation to Germany as regards bombing attacks?

The distances from bases in North-West Germany, to such places as London, Hull and Newcastle vary between 350 and 400 miles, including in the case of London, a distance of perhaps 50 miles during which raiding squadrons would be exposed to attack by fighters and by anti-aircraft guns. Whereas the shortest route from our Eastern bases in this country to, say, Berlin is 570 miles of which 250 miles would have to be flown over enemy territory in the teeth of opposition.

While over enemy territory, pilots encountering anti-aircraft fire will fly in zig-zags and at irregularly varying speeds, both of which will contribute to heavily increased fuel consumption and reduced ground distances actually covered. When engaged by fighters they will fly at top speeds, when fuel consumption will be nearly three times that of cruising speed.

The figures to illustrate the extent to which our bombers must be superior to those of Germany, to bring us on to terms or relative equality as regards the power to strike, say, at Berlin and at London respectively can be obtained as follows:—250 miles from the coast to Berlin and back is 500 miles in a zone subject to attack and therefore flown on a zig-zag course and at high speed. This represents in terms of petrol at cruising speed a range of 1,750 miles. Add to this the 700 miles for the double North Sea crossing at cruising speed, and we have a minimum range requirement of 2,450 miles.

The corresponding figures for a German aircraft attacking London would be:—700 miles for the double North Sea crossing at cruising revolutions, plus 100 miles from coast to objective and back, flown at full speed and on an irregular course representing 350 miles in petrol, at cruising rates of consumption. This shows the German requirement to be an aircraft with a cruising range of under 1,100 miles.

It is thus apparent that though the medium bomber of 1,200 mile range will put Germany in a position to attack our vital centres, we shall require a machine of at least 2,500 miles range to attack only as deep into Germany as Berlin, and over 3,000 miles if we are to be able to reach really important industrial areas on the far side of Germany. While the German can do with

a comparatively small aeroplane, our standard equipment must be the big aeroplane.

The present situation is, however, that the greater part of the striking force of this country is composed of medium bombers with a range too short to allow them to operate from bases in this country. As a result they must either be based on aerodromes in France or they must operate from home bases, and refuel at aerodromes in France, with all the consequent handicaps and inefficiencies that such a procedure will entail.

The public is persistently deluded by propaganda about our aircraft and their capacity for long distance flights. For long distance record breaking flights additional petrol tanks are fitted in place of the normal load of bombs, guns, ammunition and so on and the aeroplane is overloaded to an extent that would not be permissible in any conditions of ordinary use. For instance, the Wellesleys, which flew non-stop to Australia were designed originally to be worked at a certain load per square foot of wing surface. The load of fuel under which they took off at the commencement of that flight must have imposed a wing loading nearly twice that of the normal.

The whole circumstances of flight in such conditions are abnormal. The aeroplane is flown at an engine speed calculated to give the most economical fuel consumption, and in consequence the airspeed is absurdly low. The average speed of the flight to Australia worked out at 135 m.p.h. Such a speed bears little relation to the 300 and 320 m.p.h. at which we must expect war flying to be carried out, and few of the lessons learned from flights at that speed are of any value in relation to flights at higher speeds. Such flights, in fact, absorbing a vast amount of specialized energy, time, and personnel, and costing a great deal of money, do nothing to delude the technical experts of foreign countries, and are of little value except for publicity and propaganda in this country.

It is only too apparent that we have not even yet appreciated that our geographical situation imposes upon us, technical requirements peculiar to ourselves. To defend ourselves we must have the large long distance fighter. To fight back we must have the large long range bomber, of equal or superior

performance to the smaller types which will answer Germany's purpose.

The recent flight across America by the Boeing flying fortress, and the demonstrations given by the Seversky long-distance fighter in this country, show that such machines already exist and, presumably, could be purchased to fill existing gaps as an interim measure while those of our own design are coming into being.

PALESTINE POLICY

BY CAPTAIN VICTOR CAZALET, M.P.

THERE have been two debates on Palestine in the House of Commons during the recent session. Both debates covered a wide range of subjects dealing with the Middle East. The second of the debates was occasioned by the decision of the Colonial Office to suspend all certificates for Jewish immigration into Palestine for the next six months owing to the large number of illegal immigrants which have been recently pouring into the country. On each occasion the Government has had a fairly substantial majority, but not one which any member of the Government could regard as wholly satisfactory. In the first debate there were twenty-one supporters of the Government who voted against it and, in addition, a considerable number who abstained.

How many of those who supported the Government disliked its policy, it is impossible to tell. It is clear, however, that the Government's Palestine proposals are viewed with disfavour, if not active opposition, by, at any rate, a fair number of Government supporters. It is frankly and openly opposed by every member of the Opposition with, perhaps, two or three exceptions.

Personally, I believe for a number of reasons, some of which I shall mention later, that the Government will find itself unable to carry out its policy and will once again have to follow the example of former governments, swallow its pride and revert to an alternative scheme. I fully recognize, although I strongly oppose the Government's present proposals, that the members of the Government who support them are just as concerned as I am for the honour of the British Empire and the peace and prosperity of Palestine. It would appear to me, however, that some of them have allowed certain considerations of present expediency to colour their views. I take the view that the proposals in the White Paper of June of this year

are definitely against our obligations under the Mandate and politically impracticable.

In order to see the picture in its proper perspective one must go back two years to the time when the Report of the Royal Commission came to the conclusion that a scheme of "partition" was the best solution of the problem. In offering their reasons for this decision the Commissioners gave an exhaustive and incomparably the best and fairest history of Palestine and its problems since the War. Never has the Arab case been more adequately set forth. No one, who has not read that report and weighed carefully the arguments which finally persuaded the Commissioners to come to their decision, should be dogmatic about the Palestine problem.

The Royal Commission recognized that certain promises had been made both to the Jews and Arabs. They admitted that the interpretation of these promises was difficult, as some of them had been made many years ago and different impressions had been both given and received by the parties concerned. At all events, the Jewish National Home had already been established to the extent of over 400,000 Jews. The Report also made it perfectly clear that whatever may be the individual qualities of both Jews and Arabs, their two forms of civilization and standards of life were, at the present moment, many hundreds of years apart.

To endeavour to administer under one Government people so different as the Jews and the Arabs was almost an impossible task. It was complicated by the fact that the administration had to take into account the Christian as well as the Jews and Arabs. Three different holidays each week, three languages, three standards of life, all in an area not bigger than Wales, presented almost insuperable problems.

The Royal Commission, therefore, decided that the simplest method was to divide the country primarily into two parts, one Jewish and the other Arab. In these areas, they should create their own governments and eventually be in complete control of everything within their borders. There was to be a third area which included the holy places and which was to remain permanently under British control.

The Government accepted the Report of the Royal Com-

mission in principle. Details as regards boundaries, currency, transport, customs, etc., were to be worked out by a further Commission. The House of Commons decided that the plan should be sent to Geneva for its views before it should be asked to come to a definite decision. The Jews, who at first felt that they were being deprived of a large portion of their legitimate rights in Palestine, finally accepted it by a very considerable majority of the elected members of the National Jewish Congress. The Arabs turned it down.

Later the Government, after what I consider unforgivable prevarication and delay, appointed the Woodhead Commission to inquire into certain details, with terms of reference which made it almost impossible for that Commission to report on certain matters otherwise than against the scheme of partition. As it was, the Woodhead Commission, which consisted of four men, produced three different reports.

Nearly two years after the Report of the Royal Commission, the British Government decided to call a conference of Arabs and Jews in London. After very extended conferences and after an incredible display of patience on the part of the Secretary of State, no agreement was reached. Hence the White Paper of May, 1939, which has been the subject of two recent debates on Palestine in Parliament.

This is the story, briefly told, of the Government's efforts to solve the Palestine problem in the past few years. My own conviction—and I have reason to believe that it is supported by many others—is that if the Government had definitely declared in favour of partition and had been determined to put it into operation, you would have had by now a considerable measure of co-operation between Jew and Arab. Each nation would have been busy building up and creating its own state. Jew and Arab would have been forced to deal with each other and to come to practical conclusions for their mutual benefit, instead of rivalling each other in creating problems for the British administration. I have no hesitation in saying that the authorities whom I saw in Palestine in the beginning of 1938 genuinely thought that some form of partition was the right scheme and that it was practicable. The delay, blunders and

muddle have accounted for many lives and have put back for a long time any equitable solution of the problem.

Perhaps it is only fair for all concerned to state that, the whole problem of Palestine was made infinitely harder by two circumstances neither of which could ever have been foreseen by the Government at the time of the Peace Treaties. First, the rise of Arab nationalism and secondly, the persecution of the Jews in Europe. Each, in its turn, has aggravated the situation in Palestine.

I do not myself see how the Jews can ever accept a definite limitation of the National Home such as that proposed by the Government's present policy. Nor do I think it fair to regard them as unreasonable. After all, what is their case? Two years ago they were offered a Sovereign State in Palestine. They were told that in return for accepting this comparatively small area they would get the prestige of being an individual Sovereign State. This, in itself, was a tremendously important consideration. For the Jews to have had a Sovereign State of their own after centuries of minority existence was no mean compensation for a very considerable curtailment of the Palestine area, which they had originally been offered for their National Home. A Sovereign State, it was argued, gave them certain other great advantages. They would never be subject to the majority Arab rule and in it they would also have complete control of immigration.

Looking back now, one wonders how any Jew could have hesitated for a minute before accepting this offer. After two years of delay they have been offered and, temporarily, at any rate, had imposed upon them, a solution which is the antithesis of the proposals in the Report of the Royal Commission. To my mind it is surprising how controlled and moderate has been the action of the Jews in the last few months.

It is true that a vast amount of illicit immigration has been going on. This, perhaps, is not unnatural when we consider the conditions to which the Jews are being subjected in Europe. In many cases the individuals concerned are blackmailed and bullied into leaving Germany. They are threatened that unless they do so within a given time they, or their relations, will be put into concentration camps. Whatever may be their fate

in Palestine, it must be better than that which awaits them in their own country. There is no doubt that their desire to get to Palestine has been exploited in many cases and their treatment in certain ships has been a scandal of the first order.

It is sometimes suggested that the Jewish authorities are in favour of this illicit immigration. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Jews dislike illicit immigration as much as anybody else. It gives them no control or powers of selection over the individuals who go to Palestine. They are obliged to take anyone who comes and many of them are by no means suitable subjects for building up their new National Home. It is obviously impossible for the Jewish authorities in Palestine not to do everything they can to welcome these refugees and make them contented and happy, once they have arrived.

I, myself, do not see how the Government will ever be able to prevent the continuation of this illicit immigration. It is quite possible to arrest them when they arrive but having arrived, the Government is faced with the alternative of either keeping them in Palestine, or turning them adrift again in the small rowing boats in which they land from the bigger ships in which they have crossed the Mediterranean. No British Government could send these unfortunate people back again to Germany, nor could they send them out into the sea again in boats or ships which are unseaworthy and which would simply mean that the great majority of them would be drowned.

They are, therefore, forced to accept the situation and allow these refugees to land—their only redress being to deduct the numbers of such entrants from the official quota for Jewish immigrants. In the last few weeks owing to the excessive number of illicit immigrants they have closed the quota altogether for six months. I think I understand, and appreciate, the Government's point of view, but I am not at all sure that it is the right way to deal with the situation. They will never be able to stop illicit immigration without the co-operation of the Jews. There will always be people who will prefer the possibility of arrest in Palestine to the certainty of concentration camps in Germany. If the Government deport them to some British camps in Cyprus the Jews would infinitely prefer that to continuing to remain in their own country. Unless the authorities

arrest ships outside the three mile limit they will never be able to prevent vessels remaining just outside territorial waters and then, at night, sending immigrants ashore in small rowing boats or indeed on floats or in some cases actually swimming.

My own suggestions for dealing with the situation comprise two lines of approach—one dealing with policy and the other with the question of immigration. If you want to control immigration, you must get Jewish co-operation. If you want Jewish co-operation, you must revert to some policy more or less along the same lines as that proposed two years ago and accepted by the Jews. I would begin conversations both with Jews and Arabs about some form of federalism or partition. I would offer them both areas in which, from the very beginning, they would have a very large measure of self-government.

As I said at the start of my article, I believe there are many directions in which the Jews and Arabs would have to work together if left to themselves. Take, for instance, the question of marketing the citrus crops. Here it is obviously so much in the interests of Jews and Arabs to work together that it is inconceivable, if left alone, they would not soon get on to a basis of co-operation. There are many other matters both in commerce and administration in which it is in the equal interests of both Jews and Arab to co-operate.

Where immigration is concerned I would give the Jews, first of all, the 10,000 already allotted to them under the White Paper proposals. I would add on the 25,000 extra and divide it equally between the next two years, giving them this year and next an official quota of 22,500. I would, in addition, give them a small quota for people over a certain age who can neither 'work, nor fight, nor breed'. There are numerous cases of Jews in Palestine employed in remunerative jobs who still have aged parents and relatives in Germany. All they ask is that their parents should be allowed to come to Palestine and die. I would suggest 2,500 certificates should be given for the next two years for people of this kind.

Altogether, this would mean that during the next two years the Jews would be able to bring legally 25,000 Jews into Palestine. By the end of that time we should have been able to allot certain areas in which the Jews would have complete control of their

own affairs and retain certain other areas in which no Jew could either settle or buy land except with Arab permission. You would then have the nucleus of two States which, before long, might well form part of a general federation of States linked up with Syria.

I am sure that until you give both Jews and Arabs a large measure of self-government you will never get any degree of co-operation between them. I quite appreciate that this would mean a reversal once again of government policy. Actually, it would only be reverting to their policy of two years ago. If in the immediate future some concrete proposals for Jewish settlement in other parts of the world could be made, no doubt this would have a considerable influence on the situation. So far such offers have been tentative, feeble and inconclusive.

I cannot here go fully into the question of what are or what are not British interests in the Middle East. No doubt in the course of the next year or two many problems will have been solved, both in the Mediterranean and in Europe, which will have a considerable influence upon our policy in Palestine. At the moment it seems to me that the vital point is we should have adequate forces to defend Egypt. As long as there is dissatisfaction in Palestine a large proportion of our forces will have to be kept there. Once you have divided the country into definite Jewish and Arab areas the Jews will, I am convinced, be able to defend themselves and in addition be able to produce a very considerable and highly efficient body of men to serve elsewhere.

I have no doubt that arguments will be produced that any such policy as I have outlined would immediately create more Arab discontent. Personally, I have never believed that either the Arab princes outside Palestine, or the Moderate Arabs in Palestine, would oppose any policy upon which Britain had made up her mind, nor are they averse to accepting what is to-day a *fait accompli*, namely the establishment of a National Jewish Home in some part of Palestine.

I am myself no enemy of the Arabs. Any one who has travelled in the Middle East or India must recognize the importance of good relations between ourselves and every sect of Moslems. I feel, however, that we have never given the

Moderate Arabs a chance of making their influence felt against the efficient and heavily subsidized propaganda of the Extremists. I have never minimized the extent of Arab feeling in Palestine, but I cannot see that we are entitled to allow Arab opposition, however legitimately or strongly felt, to prevent recognition of our definite obligations to the Jews not only in Palestine but throughout the world as well.

Far be it from me to have given the impression that the problem of Palestine is an easy one, or that there is any simple solution. I realize that the present Secretary of State has displayed patience and tact, and a complete disregard of red tape far beyond what might be expected of a man in his position. My contention is that all these points were carefully summed up in the Report of the Royal Commission and I, for one, am prepared to abide by its decision as, I believe, would the bulk of the people in this country if they were conversant with the facts.

Jew and Arab have got to work together in Palestine. As long as we continue to try and run them both, we shall be suspected by both, and we shall be used by each party as the butt of all their complaints and the cause of all their misfortunes. Left alone to bargain their own terms, I believe both Jew and Arab would come to a solution in a surprisingly short time.

The Jews have, in their leader, Dr. Weizmann, a man of infinite patience, wisdom and moderation. Neither the British Government, nor the Arabs, are ever likely to negotiate again, with a representative of the Jewish race, occupying a position of such unrivalled authority among his co-religionists throughout the world, as Dr. Weizmann. There will never be a truer and better friend of Great Britain, nor one more anxious to appreciate and understand the Arab point of view. Is it too much to hope that advantage will be taken by Great Britain and the Arabs of this fact so that all may find, in the near future, a permanent and an honourable solution of the difficulties, which will bring peace and prosperity to Palestine.

MEXICAN NOCTURNE

By HECTOR BOLITHO

WE came to Corpus Christi, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, in the late afternoon. It was pleasant, after the flowerless earth of Tennessee and Northern Texas to come upon stretches of grass. I saw a golfer making a mashie shot into a big, vicious clump of cactus. There were shrubs of gay blossom, placid water with little boats, and children, trailing their hands to keep them cool. Birds were flying home across the bay; they flew low and slowly, as if the day had been heavy with good food and heat.

When it was dark, we came to Edinburgh, set at one end of the Rio Grande valley. Here is rich land, succouring orange trees, grape-fruit, lofty palms, hibiscus, bougainvillea and irises. The air was warm and one sensed the laziness of the tropics. But we were still in the United States of America. It was the hotel manager who said, "Let's run over into Mexico and have a drink". But could we go? "Is there a way into Mexico?" I asked. I was helped into a car, and we tore out of the little American town, between lines of immense palm trees, across the Rio Grande river, deep and dark below us. I waved my passport to an official who brushed flies away from his lazy eyes, and then we climbed a dusty road into Mexico. We chose one of a cluster of dark buildings, opened a squeaky door and found ourselves in a musty bar-room. We joined a mixed gay company, and among them was one who became my friend. Let him be Richard for the sake of the story.

Americans laugh outright over some quip that tickles their sense of humour, but they seldom smile. Richard smiled with every square inch of his face. He was in his late twenties, already deep-rooted in the oil business. He wore a big Texas hat. After a little time, we all walked out into the darkness again. There was a low, lapis lazuli sky, peppered with stars. I murmured, "Mexico. It is hardly true".

It was then that Richard said, "Monterrey is only a hundred miles away. We could go there if you like".

We left in the crisp, cool morning. I drank my coffee at the open window of my bedroom. It was so dark that the motor-cars had their headlights on: so silent that I could hear the dew dripping from the breadfruit, on to the lower leaves. We dressed quickly and drove down the avenue of palms: past the white houses that were barely awake, over the rattling wooden bridge which spans the Rio Grande, and into a new country.

My brown shoes shone like a good meerschaum pipe. We all have some foible or other and I hate to enter a new country with dirty shoes. I remember crossing from Gibraltar into Spain one day and holding up the cavalcade while a little squib of a Spaniard polished my shoes. (I remember, too, that I paid him with a coin which showed the face of King Alfonso as a boy; a Greuze face, worn and scratched by much barter and exchange.)

My shoes were clean as I crossed the Rio Grande, to make my conquest of Mexico. How many accidents contribute to the pleasure of a journey! One must feel fresh, and the day must be good. One's companion must be able to talk and listen with equal sensitiveness. And the journey must not be hampered by time or any rigid purpose. In such circumstances almost any fresh landscape is exciting. When the talk is easy and the pace of travel not disturbing, the bushes and the trees, the cattle and the little houses take on unusual grace. One's mind is sharpened and one's eyes are wide awake, to take in every eccentricity of vegetation and every sign of human life: the dusty oleanders, the silver hat of a little Mexican boy playing in the velvety dust, the clumps of blazing cannas, the docile oxen with their slow motion ambling towards the water troughs, and, in one place, sparkling music that came to us through a screen of trees.

Sometimes, a little way back from the straight, dusty road, vultures would wheel in the air and then swoop down to satisfy their filthy appetites upon some dead thing in the bushes.

We came to the Don Juan river, ninety-seven miles from the Rio Grande. It was deep cut into the parched land and the ferrymen moved their hips lazily and their ancient boat glided

as if it were a spirit boat, waiting to bear us into another world. The sun was magnificent. It rode imperially in the sky, scorching all the world about us and making our minds drowsy. When we had crossed the Don Juan, we moved into different country. There were more signs of life; ramshackle houses in plantations, baked and still, and howling dogs, and, a little later, a red cart with yellow wheels. Sometimes a few poinsettias grew beside the wall of a house, but they looked as if they flourished by chance rather than design.

As we drove on, we allowed our minds to play with an idea: that human beings belong, irrevocably, to the earth from which they spring: that they grow from it as naturally as trees and that just as the stern pine grows in Scandinavia and the graceful palm upon the shores of the Mediterranean, so do Nordic men grow rightly in the north and Latins languish in the south and neither the fanaticism of reformers nor the interference of legislators can change their character. Thus the zones into which the human race must be classified and understood spread in bands *about* the earth, from east to west, and never from north to south. I think one may search back into history and prove that this is true. With all the blood and iron policy of Bismarck, he never taught the Bavarian to comprehend the Prussian. Nor can one believe that in the great spaces of time Herr Hitler's crazy dreams can come true. The Berlin-Rome axis is against nature. Who could reconcile the gimcrack creation of Berlin and its strutting parakeets with the ancient beauty and repose of Rome! And I doubt if Signor Mussolini supposes that he can snatch the guitars away from the Italians and deny them their siestas, for ever.

I said to Richard, "One of the blessings with which we may console ourselves is that reformers are usually ignorant men". He answered, "Yes, they have as much history as you could balance upon a dime". Their own violent self-assurance prevents them from taking human nature into consideration in planning their dizzy schemes for change. Perhaps it is because they are so blind to the subtleties of human nature that most reformers and dictators are boring figures in history. It is significant that you will often find flowers about the pedestal

of Charles the First's statue in London, but never a blossom at the feet of Cromwell.

Soon after we had crossed the Don Juan river we saw mountains on the sky line. They rose suddenly from the desert and as we came nearer, they revealed cultivated green valleys which hinted that there might be a city on the other side. Houses appeared, some with bee hives in their gardens. There was an advertisement for Palm Olive soap and another for *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. We turned into a valley and found Monterrey spreading before us. The city was not beautiful, but neither was it as ugly as other industrial towns seem to be. We found a hotel in which the clock had stopped and we found a book shop in which they sold Jules Verne, Fennimore Cooper, Maryat, Homer, Virgil, and Plato.

We had only one evening in Monterrey. Richard was obliged to return for his work next day, and I was pledged to spend Christmas in California. So we chose our adventures carefully. The first was unexpected. I wished to know if the Emperor Maximilian had even been to Monterrey and I asked the barman if he could tell me. "I just can't say. There's a fountain up there, in the Plaza Purisimo that he gave to the town. But there is an American woman here, married to a Mexican, and she knows more about it than anybody else". He even telephoned her for me and, within a minute, I was listening to a soft, pleasant voice, not merely telling me of Maximilian, but asking Richard and myself to dine.

We found our way to a quiet street with placid houses, built level with the pavement. The moment the door opened and we were in a cool, dimly lighted hall, we felt that we were in a happy house. Fresh assurances were pressed upon us as we found a high, quiet sitting-room, a children's play pen in the patio, and a serene American woman who moved with all the confidence of somebody who is intelligent and contented. We had been asked to eat tamales. The sight of a kind old servant and the pungent, sweet smells of food excited us.

This is how tamales are made. You "take" four pounds of dried corn, as they say in the cookery books. This must be soaked all night in a tin of lime water and next day it should be

ground coarsely to make the *masa*. Now you turn your back upon the corn and spend your next efforts upon some boiled meat from a pig's head. This is shredded and mixed with the following seasoning : Take a pound of dry red Mexican peppers (chiles) and fry them in hot lard. Drain them and plunge them into boiling water. Then grind or scrape them to loosen the soft pulp and discard the skins. Fry this pulp with garlic comino, salt, a bit of sage and marjoram and lard. The corn *masa* should be beaten with the gelatinous pork broth until it is spongy and light and mixed with a small part of the sauce. Now you take some corn husks and line them with *masa* and then wrap within each one a portion of the spiced pork. The corn husk thus forms a skin about the succulent heart of pork and *masa*. You steam them in kettles for about an hour and they are ready for eating. It is usual for Mexican families to make a great store of tamales and heat them each day in a dry frying pan.

While we were eating, a celebrated Mexican actor joined us. He came from Mexico City, with stimulating stories of the life there. Then we settled down to aimless, pleasant talk of Monterrey. The city with the ringing name is not quite as full of charm as one might wish. It is the centre of the Mexican experiment to raise the standard of living through fatter wages and mass production. So you have factory chimneys polluting the air and offending the panorama of hills. And you have countless shops filled with mass-production, gimcrack ornaments and flimsy garments. I thought this part of Monterrey trashy and sad. Our hostess told us that the story book customs of the early Spanish life survive ; they still struggle to hold their own against the invasion of machines. The boys and girls still gather in the plazas at night, with the shade of the high trees and the scarlet petals of the poinsettias catching the lamp light, and the splashing of the fountain that Maximilian gave them, to play at courtship. And there, as they encircle the plaza, the hearts of the love-sick boys beat quickly and the eyes of the girls flash and their lips part in mock disdain, just as if they still heard some ancestral voice from the Ramblas in Barcelona, long before the sweet summer evenings were shattered by the booming of insurgent guns.

Our hostess made us like Monterrey. In the end, the memory of our evening was wrapped about her serene smile. We met also the plump old Mexican cook who had made the tamales. (We had heard the gay clattering of her pots and pans in the distance). She came, with fruits and coffee in her wide, capable hands. Last year, her mistress gave her a wonderful present. She allowed her to make the long journey to San Luis Potosi to renew the vows she had made to Saint Francis when she was a little girl. The old cook wept with joy over such a gift—and told her mistress that a miracle would surely happen in such an amazing time. When she came back, she said that the miracle *had* happened. The church of Saint Francis was upon a lonely spur of land ten miles from the present railway line. The good old woman had to trudge along the abandoned track by which people once travelled to San Luis Potosi. On the way, she walked through an old railway tunnel and this was her miracle. "I walked under the earth", she said. "I told you, Signora, that a miracle would come out of your kindness".

About half-past ten o'clock, Richard and I left the beautiful house. We dared not change the even serenity of our dinner, so we called a horse carriage instead of a mad, quick motor car. For two hours we drove gently through the dark streets. There were Christmas lights in some of the windows and in the sumptuous part of the town, where the houses were big and white, there were lighted trees, in celebration of the coming Christmas holiday. Again the poinsettias hung down and burned like sharp-pointed flames when the lamp light from the carriage caught them. We talked of ourselves and of nothing; a sleepy conversation with no accompanying sounds but the clip clop of the horse's hoofs, and the hoarse pleading of a prostitute who clattered open her window shutters, to show us a sad, lighted room within. When we paused in the Plaza Purisimo, where the horse willingly ceased his clip clopping, we descended and walked under the trees. The only sound was the gentle splash of Maximilian's fountain; a sound so faint that it came from the heart of the last century. The sculpture rose from four fabulous stone dolphins. It was a melancholy fountain and the water did not dance upon the stone; it fell sadly, like water in a dark cave. The rose bushes were lighted by one monstrous

glaring lamp about which a thousand bewildered moths fluttered; so many that you could hear their wings beating on the glass.

Next day, we travelled back to the Rio Grande. The weather was still kind to us. We stopped here and there, sometimes to watch the indolent Mexicans dozing upon their doorsteps, sometimes to smell the mosquito wood fires and once, when we turned the knob of the radio, to listen to a Chopin polonaise. The full wonder of wireless came to me then. When the polonaise was ended, we looked out and saw the level desert, with its great sweeps of purple sage, mocking birds darting among the wild sunflowers and above, the slow wheeling vultures cutting the air with their scissor wings. Far away, from a curve in the road, one languid rider appeared in a cloud of dust.

We conquered one more sweep of the desert and found ourselves looking towards the frontier. The adventure was over and, with sentimental appreciation, the radio in the car began the opening phrases of *Autumn*, by Chaminade.

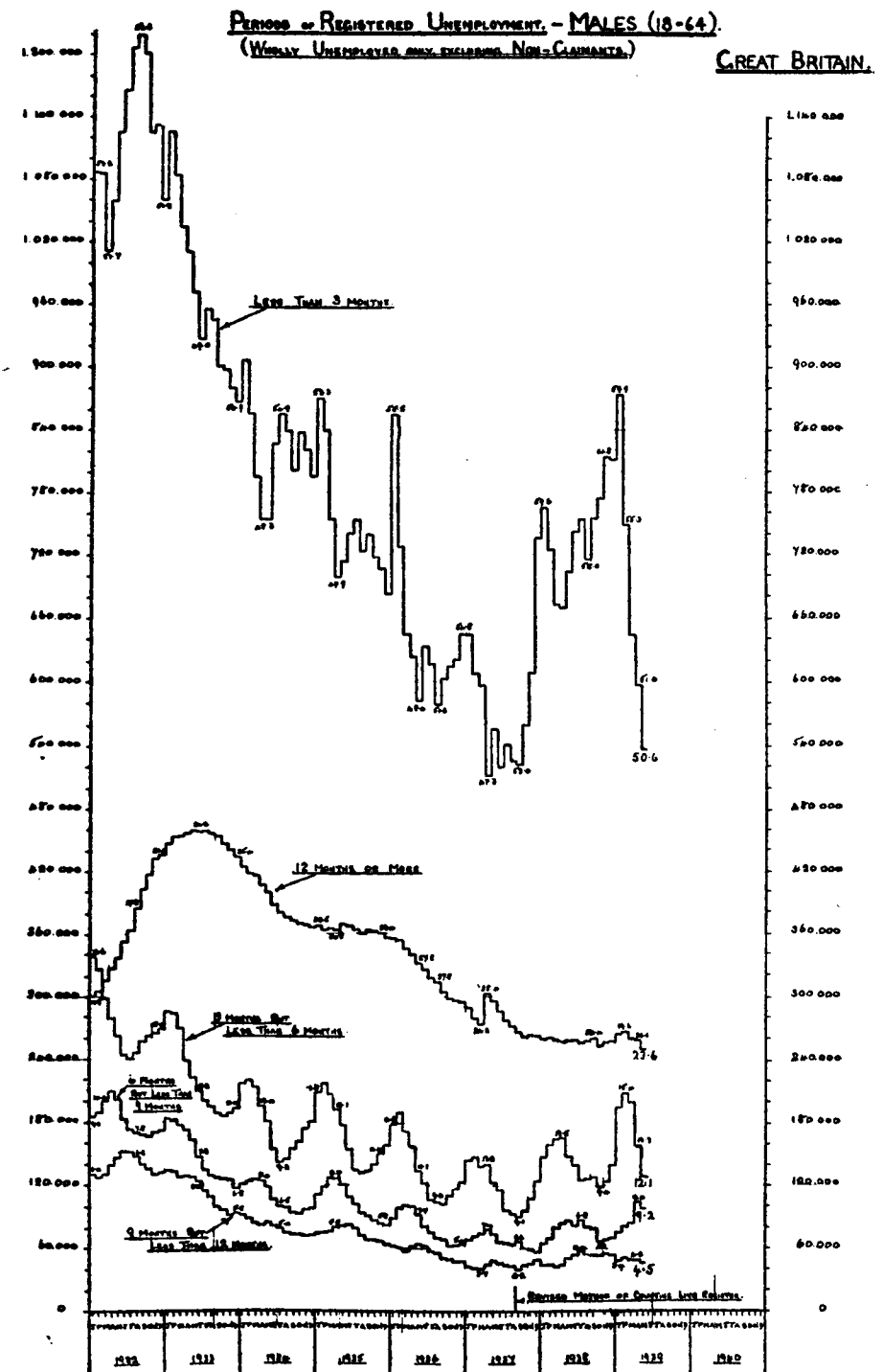
MR. ERNEST BROWN'S THREE QUESTIONS

BY JOHN ARMITAGE

FORTUNATELY, for those who have yet to find work, the recent improvement in employment figures has served to quicken interest in the whole problem of unemployment and not to lessen it. True, Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Labour, allowed himself in the House of Commons on August 3, the luxury of a single reference to himself as "a happy Minister"; true, also, that he was at pains to point out to the Opposition that not all the improvement in employment was due to rearmament but, in their several ways, the Government, the Opposition, the Trades Union Congress and others are fully alive to the difficulties which may face this country when, and if, the rearmament race ends. Speaking on the meaning of "full employment" and pointing out that "there is no demand for labour in general and no supply of labour in general; instead, there is a great variety of demands for specific kinds of labour in specific places", Mr. Brown went on to say, in the House of Commons,

There are three questions to be asked about an unemployed man. First, who is he?—which means, is he fully employable?—secondly, what has his craft been if any, or has he ever had a craft? and thirdly—and this is vital nowadays in view of the disproportion of long-term unemployed in certain areas—where is he?

A study of the chart on the opposite page makes clear certain aspects of unemployment. Whatever is done, whatever schemes are put into operation, there must be a body of men, who, on any given date, are not in employment. These men are represented on the chart as having been unemployed for less than three months. As the chart shows, the men have never been much more than 60% of the total number of unemployed and never much less than 48%; moreover, in recent years, the percentage has never represented less than 500,000 men. Concerning these men there is very little need to worry; they



include everyone, who has been unemployed for a short time, and many of them have been unemployed only for a matter of days. Certain industries make it necessary for men to be without employment for short periods, but since these men are covered by an insurance scheme their position is quite sound, economically, and very few of them, at the present time, are finding their way into the ranks of the long-term unemployed. To regard many of these men, with pity, as unemployed is little short of an insult. They are fit, they have a craft and in answer to Mr. Brown's first question, they are fully employable.

The other groups represented on the chart offer a very different problem. After six months unemployment the men are moving dangerously towards the long-term unemployed group (12 months or more) and once they arrive at this sinister goal, many different factors, apathy, indifferent health, and all the penalties of long idleness conspire to keep them there. There are 250,000 long-term unemployed and many of them have been unemployed for five years or more.

I am afraid that we must accept the fact that many of the older men, who have been unemployed for a very long time, will not again find work. But, for the rest, it is of paramount importance that as many men as possible should be rescued from their plight while others must be prevented from ever getting into it. In order to do this a certain number of men should first of all be removed from the unemployment register. These are men who, for physical or mental defects, are not normally suitable for industry. When this has been done, there will be left men whose health and fitness needs attention, because capable of improvement. Only a proportion of these will be suitable for further skilled or semi-skilled training but it is very necessary to see that all those, who have the ability, are given the opportunity. What Mr. Brown's questions mean is first, every man must be fully employable; secondly, he must have a craft; thirdly, he must be in an area where suitable work already is, or suitable work must be brought to his area.

Recently, I have had the opportunity of visiting many training centres for the unemployed. In particular I was able to see a good deal of what is being done in the Newcastle, Gateshead and Durham areas. Whatever may be the objections

of employers and the Trades Union Congress to Government training schemes—and these objections are not without substance—I think it must be admitted that the administration of these centres is very carefully carried out, while the keenness of the instructors, and the interest and enthusiasm of managers and officials are everywhere apparent. Nor can the suggestion that the Ministry of Labour official is not interested in the man, or the man's place in industry, be accorded the slightest factual support.

There are a number of different training centres under the direct control of the Ministry of Labour, but it is best to begin a brief review of their work with the Juvenile Instructional Centres, which are run by the local education authority with the help of a Ministry of Labour grant (in the case of the Special Areas 100%), the Ministry of Labour having the right to inspect and report. Junior Instructional Centres are only to be found where the number of unemployed juveniles (14—18) warrant the setting up of a centre. All unemployed juveniles may be required to attend, and the boys in their centre and the girls in theirs are given very useful instruction in work which is likely to be of value to them, together with a certain amount of applied arithmetic and physical training. The success of the Junior Instructional Centres depends very largely upon the enthusiasm of the Director of Education and his staff, but in Durham, for instance, where there is every reason to believe that the Junior Instructional Centres are particularly well managed, it has been found that in addition to aiding juveniles to fit successfully into industry, the influence of working in a house, which is economically and pleasantly run, has had a marked effect upon the girls' home life, helping them very substantially to make a good home when the time comes for them to marry. The drawbacks to a Junior Instructional Centre, however, are obvious. In the first place, when work is offered, the juvenile must accept it whether or not the work is really suitable. Secondly, as employment prospects improve, the good juveniles are swallowed up into industry, often in blind-alley occupations, leaving the training at the Junior Instructional Centres to be lavished on the weaker brethren who are the least likely to benefit from it. Further, a centre will sometimes be closed,

and this is a real tragedy, if it is believed that the Junior Instructional Centres have a wider, educational function than that of placing a juvenile in his first job.

In addition, the education authority, under a similar grant from the Ministry of Labour, have under their control re-conditioning centres for juveniles, these centres providing for a period of three months, an open-air life, mostly gardening, in addition to some school subjects and physical training. The Ministry of Labour also have re-conditioning centres, known as Instructional Centres. To these centres are sent men whose fortunes and physical well-being are at a low ebb due, generally, to long unemployment and for whom a complete change of three months seems necessary. Men know that while they are away their families are well cared for. In these centres the men are housed in huts, given substantial meals and a certain amount of instruction in carpentry and machine shops together with simple applied arithmetic and physical training. Later, they go out into the open, quarrying stone, helping to build roads and bridges. Seeing them there it is difficult to imagine that they are the so-called unemployables.

There are other types of centre but the chief work of training is done at the Local Training Centres, attended by men who live at home, and Government Training Centres where the serious business of giving a man a six months' training in a particular craft is undertaken. Men attending Government Training Centres live away from home in lodgings, going to work at the centre under ordinary conditions of employment. Little attempt is made to place men direct into industry from Local Training Centres, which, generally speaking, are regarded as a preparatory school for the Government Training Centres. A man, obviously suitable for training, would be sent direct to a Government Training Centre, but an applicant of doubtful ability would be sent first to a Local Training Centre, to see if he had sufficient capacity for further training, or until he had reached a required standard, which, in any case, he must do within three months.

The work in the Local Training Centres is of a more elementary kind but it is craft training, nevertheless, and a man passes very quickly, if competent, through the early stages of learning to

use his tools in the machine shops, in bricklaying, in house decorating or whatever it is he has chosen to do. Every man is required to pass a regular test to make sure that he is maintaining progress, while in Local Training Centres unlike Government Training Centres, a man comes under a certain amount of medical attention, particularly for teeth and eyes, and he attends regularly a physical training class. Many people, myself among them, would like to see facilities for physical training established at Government Training Centres in spite of the argument that Government Training Centres are supposed to reproduce normal factory conditions. It is possible to train for a great many crafts in the Government Training Centres. Naturally, with the demand as it is, the engineering trades get the lion's share of the trainees. Different centres, however, will specialize in different trades and Park Royal, in London, which is one of the biggest centres, almost wholly devoted to engineering, runs a most successful training course for waiters with a public restaurant attached. Soldiers, who are just finishing seven years with the colours, take advantage of this waiters' course, as they do of other forms of training. Wallsend, another Government Training Centre I have had the opportunity of visiting, in addition to large classes for engineering and bricklaying, takes pride in its hairdressing department, the trainees having excellent records in this class of work.

I have written of a Physical Training Centre in a previous article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. This type of centre is confined almost entirely to the Special Areas and it is a drawback to the excellent work that it does that the man who has attended such a centre gets no priority in obtaining a job through the Labour Exchanges. The official attitude is that the most experienced man must be offered the job.

The training centres have done excellent work. Whatever may be the objections to them, and these objections must be examined, the fact that they have been putting 15,000 men a year back into work cannot lightly be dismissed. Conditions of labour have changed and are changing. There is a place in industry for the process worker, who although not skilled in the accepted sense of the term, is yet fully competent to work many of the modern machines. There is the tremendous growth

of the light industry, able to absorb large numbers of juvenile and women workers. The light industry offers juveniles high rates of pay until they are 20 ; afterwards it has no use for them at a man's rate of pay. The light industry, it is argued, is a blind-alley occupation far more insidious than the recognized blind-alley jobs like errand boy. Lured by the pay it attracts boys, who, in former times, would be starting a long period of apprenticeship. Yet the light industry is a valuable economic unit ; it has come to stay and must be manned. The trainee, says the employer, is valuable under certain conditions but, at the best, he is only a process worker and is not worth the wage of a really skilled man ; moreover, he runs a serious risk of being unemployed under changing conditions as he is not readily employable in another capacity without another course of training. The trainee, says the Trades Union Congress, is a menace to the skilled craftsman who has served his apprenticeship. He is not worth the wage of the skilled man, but if he is admitted at less than the skilled rate of pay, he may prove capable of doing a particular job, at present held by a skilled man with the result that the skilled man loses his job and wage levels are lowered.

No easy solution of the problem presents itself. It would appear that a planned entry into industry, meeting with the approval of employers and the Trades Union Congress, is necessary if the good work of the Government training centres is not to be jeopardized by the determination of the Trades Union Congress not to give an inch for fear that the employers will take an ell.

There is now the Military Training Act which requires all men of the age of 20 to spend six months of their lives in military camps. If this Act is renewed in more peaceful times, it may be turned to great advantage in a world not of war but of industry. The fact that soldiers nearing the end of their service take advantage of Government Training Centres gives a lead. I submit, and I believe that it should be possible to carry it out, that a system of training should be evolved whereby every young man, who did not possess a proper job to which to return, should, at the conclusion of his militia training be given the opportunity to join an industrial training centre, wider in

scope than that at present offered by the Government. There would be two advantages of such a plan. The blind-alley jobs, including the light industries, could be supplied with their full complement of workers from the age group 15—20, and in the case of the light industries, by women. Secondly, if the training scheme were sufficiently wide, meeting the employers argument that the present six months course is too short, there would be the beginnings of a planned entry into industry which was to the best advantage of every man able to display sufficient ability to warrant training for a skilled or semi-skilled occupation.

Nevertheless, it seems unlikely that the Trades Union Congress will ever agree to any such scheme unless the planning goes further and considers the whole question of wages. The grading of jobs and the grading of wages throughout industry would be an obvious solution to this problem. Skilled men, working on a particular machine, would then know that their job could not be usurped by a trainee at a lower wage, although, naturally, the trainee would be entitled to take the job if he were also paid the wage. There are many objections to such a course, and in practice it would be difficult to carry out, but at least it is clear that agreement between Government, employers and the Trades Union Congress is vitally necessary if we are to escape from the position of the unemployed man, without a craft, being used as an issue of contention between the Government and the Trades Union Congress.

A Royal Commission has been appointed and is shortly to issue its report on "Location of Industry". It would be premature, before the findings of the Royal Commission are made known, to attempt to find a solution for Mr. Brown's third question, but this much is certain, a situation whereby men still live on in villages around a derelict mine, without work and without hope of work, is intolerable, and problems such as these cannot be allowed to solve themselves by the departure of the young and more adventurous and the gradual dwindling of a colony of older people. The whole question of location of industry is stuffed with difficulties. So far few people seem to have advanced further than a general idea that light industries should not be allowed to string out, nose to tail, along the Great West Road. No doubt this is so, but we are

not going to solve our industrial difficulties by insisting that factories of this type should go elsewhere. For, as I see it, training remains the first consideration for the unemployed, and training will never be any good until the three most interested parties, the Government, the Trades Union Congress, and the employers are agreed upon its form and value, and until the man himself, can feel certain that there is work of long duration at the end of it.

MECHANIZATION AND THE ARMY

BY R. ANSELL WELLS

AN article which was published in a contemporary a few weeks ago contained the following passage:—" . . . a plain saddle or, better still, a government universal saddle. *The latter may now be obtained at a very nominal figure from the surplus stocks released since the mechanization of the cavalry*".

It was as a direct outcome of the drastic reductions which were made in the strength of the army that those in command turned their attention to mechanization; they argued that with a small army it was essential that those forces which we did possess should be on equal footing with the forces of possible enemies; that meant mechanization, and with so small an army we were told that it was essential that mechanization should be complete if it was to have any hope of success. So, in the dark days of disarmament, mechanization was undertaken as a sort of last resort upon the part of those responsible for maintaining the efficiency of the army.

They carried on with this policy in spite of the warnings of experienced cavalry soldiers and in the face of the weight of public opinion, in which connection it is interesting to note that history shows that measures which have been contrary to the expressed opinions of both the experts and the majority of the people have had but short lives before them. So, we have to-day an army which is mechanized right through and contains but two cavalry units, the 1st Royal Dragoons and the Royal Scots Greys.

To study for a moment actual conditions of active service in these days of "modern" warfare we may turn our attention to recent events in Spain and Palestine. In Spain, throughout the civil war there was ample use for cavalry, and in Palestine we have seen the complete collapse of action by motorized forces.

In the latter country we quickly found that armoured cars and similar vehicles were quite useless in the face of barricades upon the roadways of a hilly and rocky district; the cars could not proceed along the roads or strike off into the surrounding country, and their crews were sniped when they endeavoured to clear the barricades. It must be obvious that such circumstances will be the rule rather than the exception, and that the case for complete mechanization can only be founded upon the experience of pen-and-ink soldiers in the government, whose knowledge of service conditions does not extend beyond those which are met with in the course of manœuvres on Salisbury Plain.

In this country where there are more and better roads per square mile than in any other country in the world, and where we have a large military zone which affords practically perfect "going" it is not surprising that mechanized forces can operate with success, though there have been occasions in the past when there has been a severe dislocation of manœuvres due to the flooding caused by heavy rains and the ensuing immobility of the motorized units. Such conditions as these do not exist in those parts of the world where the next war, if it ever comes, is likely to be fought; in Central Europe roads are few and far between, and there are large areas of bog and marsh and equally large areas of forest in which the trees will effectively prevent the movement of mechanized units. In addition to which we have an Empire which embraces every kind of country and which it is our duty to protect with troops which are able to operate properly in those districts to which they are sent.

Other countries, less favoured in regard to their manœuvre grounds and in closer touch with possible war zones, have long ago realized that mechanized forces are a luxury item in the armament programme. They have appreciated that those units will only be efficient under certain conditions and for no longer than the roads along which they must proceed, and by which their petrol and spare parts must reach them, escape the heavy shelling to which they will surely be exposed when once the opposing forces have consolidated the positions which they will take up after the first few weeks of hostilities. Russia is buying horses and is taking the long view by fulfilling not only the immediate requirements of her cavalry, but also laying firm

foundations upon which to build up a sound breeding programme. France is paying a great deal of attention to the improvement of her already excellent cavalry, and Germany has gone in for horses on a larger scale than ever before. An example of this is to be found in the fine new cavalry school at Munich where picked officers and men are engaged upon the training of young horses under ideal conditions, and where the establishment is so large and so well run that it can deal with 1,000 horses per annum.

We have seen the failure of our own mechanized troops when they were called upon to do what was for them the impossible, and we have witnessed the edifying spectacle of men who had lost no opportunity of curtailing the cavalry being compelled to fall back upon the few horses which public opinion had forced them to retain, in order to extricate themselves, and the country, from what would otherwise have been a very awkward predicament. It is only natural that we should ask, after having seen all this, whether those to whom the Nation's defences are entrusted have learned their lesson, but the answer to that question is far from reassuring. It is said that when it was thought desirable to reinforce the Scots Greys, who were doing such excellent work in Palestine, another regiment was ordered to stand by, with its horses, ready to go abroad at a moment's notice. To this order the colonel commanding replied that he could not comply as his horses had all been taken away and sold two and a half years before! There have certainly been large dispersal sales of army horses up and down the country, in which we have wantonly scattered sound animals which knew their job. Not only have we disposed of the horses but we have also sold their saddlery and equipment with them, and thereby created a joke at which foreign soldiers are still laughing while they ride our horses in our saddles and bridles.

That is the position at the moment and the public is now anxious to know whether those in responsible positions are sufficiently broad-minded to admit their mistake, or whether they are blindly and pig-headedly pursuing their own policy in the face of proved facts. Again, the trend of events is not altogether what one could hope, though some belated appreciation of the state of affairs has led the army authorities to make

some purchases of horses for military purposes. The country districts have been visited by officers who have instructions to purchase up to 10,000 horses for the army, the animals which they require being young horses likely to make troop horses. These horses are being sent to Weedon, which is now the only depôt which is at full working capacity, and the prices which are being paid for them are up to 80 guineas apiece. This is a very welcome contribution to the finances of the horse-breeding farmers and a very necessary step, but it is poor value for the taxpayers' money when it is realized that the trained animals which were taken from the army were sold at prices ranging from 7 to 30 guineas and averaging somewhere about 15 guineas.

So much is known; what further developments may be contemplated will only be appreciated when they are put into force, but there are certain things which should be taken in hand without delay. First and foremost, the yearly grant which the War Office used to make to the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society and which was discontinued last year, should be renewed without delay; the army need horses and they should bear some of the burden of the production of those horses and not leave it entirely to private enterprise to supply them with such a necessary implement of war. It is no fault of theirs that the continued supply of light horses is assured through the unselfish efforts of the officers and members of the Society in question and the welcome grant which they receive from the Racecourse Betting Control Board; the army must shoulder at least some portion of its own responsibilities. Then, when this has been done immediate steps should be taken to re-open the remount depôts at places such as Melton Mowbray, so that the horses which are purchased can commence their schooling without delay.

The re-horsing of the army must be undertaken upon rather more logical lines than was the mechanization, and there can be no better suggestion than that which has been made by a contemporary, that the first step should be the re-institution of the Union Brigade which would mean returning their horses to the Inniskilling Dragoon Guards so that they could take their place once more with the Royals and the Greys. Other regiments with the fine cavalry tradition which still exists, despite the

reek of petrol and oil, should once more have their horses, but they should be given them soon, before they have enlisted so many recruits that the old cavalry soldiers are in the minority, and while there is still time to carry out the training which is so necessary for both man and beast.

The spirit of the cavalry regiments, The Cavalry Spirit, is the spirit of the army and the mainspring of all that is best in our fighting forces. It still exists but influences are at work which aim at crowding it out and forcing it to give place to an era of cheap publicity and stunts of a kind which are usually associated with mountebanks. Now, when the first men of the new militia are being called to the colours, is the time when an enlargement of the cavalry should be undertaken. These young men, many of them from offices, have come through their medical tests with flying colours, but it is one thing to have the essentials of physical fitness and quite another to bring a sound body up to that pitch of strength and fitness which is necessary in time of war. The majority of these young men have followed sedentary occupations and their muscles are not yet up to the standard of "hardness" that the rigours of an expeditionary force would require; they have a knowledge of motors and internal combustion engines gained in the course of their ordinary lives, but no knowledge of horses.

It has been said, with truth, that in such a mechanical age as the present, the average young man of normal intelligence can be trained to drive a motor car and to look after it, in a period of six months, but that training will have no effect upon his physique. The training of a cavalryman, on the other hand, the schooling in horsemanship and horsemastership, will need a period of three years before the finished article is produced, self-reliant, a good horseman with the initiative to act on his own when the occasion demands such action, and the *esprit de corps* which will enable him to work with others on all other occasions. Would it not be better, therefore, if the new militia was to be trained as cavalry? The majority of them have the ground-work of mechanics already, they should now start upon the training which will make cavalrymen of them and will, at the same time, make their bodies fit and able to withstand the rigours of active service should such ever fall to their lot.

If those in command were to take this view of the training, they would be following a precedent which has already been established by so famous a regiment as the Honourable Artillery Company which, last year, decided to retain their horses for use at the annual camp, although the regiment is mechanized. Their reasons for doing this were just those set out above; they realized that cavalry drill had an effect upon a territorial unit which mechanized drill could never have, and that the exercise which it entailed raised the standard of fitness to a pitch which could otherwise only be attained by a considerable amount of arduous physical training, undertaken in time that could either be more profitably employed in other forms of training, or which could be devoted to recreation.

Is it too much to hope that after all this time and the bitter experience which has been gained, the War Office will come to a true realization of the geography of Europe and of the Empire, and the very pressing need for a proper force of cavalry, which are the only troops that can operate successfully over a great part of the earth's surface? Let us hope that some steps will be taken to restore the horse to his rightful place with the Colours so that we may say with Nestor,

“Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;”

what time the army once more follow the instructions of their own cavalry training manual and “make much of their horses”.

THE NOVELS OF JOHN STEINBECK

BY ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

I HAVE always held, as an article of faith rather than anything else, that the distinction between ‘popular fiction’ and ‘literature’ was a false one. I believed that much ‘high-brow’ literature, despite its stylistic nicety, and its sensitive appreciation of mood and character lacked the action, the dramatic timing and humanity of novels, which from an æsthetic point of view were definitely inferior. A great masterpiece, I told myself, would combine these qualities. The distinction between highbrow and lowbrow would be resolved. Those who read merely for ‘story interest’ would be satisfied as much as those who looked for deeper literary and psychological subtleties.

In ten years of reviewing, I have read many novels which interested me, stimulated me or gave me the feeling of æsthetic satisfaction. Yet I have never once even been tempted to use the word ‘masterpiece’ about contemporary work. Never, until I read John Steinbeck’s *The Grapes of Wrath*.

The Grapes of Wrath was published in the spring of this year in the United States. It was chosen by practically every book society, and praised as highly in the literary magazines as in the popular press. It swept the country. The film rights were bought for thirteen thousand pounds. Alexander Woollcott devoted the whole of one of his Sunday night broadcasts to England to its praise. It has already been heralded by discerning English critics, and when it is published by Messrs. Heinemann on September 7, I am prepared to prophesy that its success in this country will be as immediate and as widespread as it was in America.

The success of *Gone with the Wind* or *Anthony Adverse* is easy to understand. But it has little to do with serious literature. The success of *The Grapes of Wrath* on the other hand is remarkable

and encouraging. It is not an escapist book. It is devoted to contemporary America and concerned with the fortunes of a group of poverty-stricken and dispossessed farmers, whose way of life has none of the glamour of the French Revolution or the Civil War. The facts from which it is made are harsh and the problems it presents are ones which many people are only too anxious to ignore. Yet it is written with such beauty and restraint; the delineation of character is so honest; the incident is so rich, that the reader is compelled to share the fortunes of the Joad family.

Before criticising this latest novel of John Steinbeck's, I am going to give a short review of his previous work, because except for *Of Mice and Men*, it is almost unknown. Yet in this earlier work, we can find the seeds of *The Grapes of Wrath*.

John Steinbeck published his first novel, *Cup of Gold*, in 1929, a few months before the depression struck America. It was an odd novel for a young Californian to write, because it was based on the life of Sir Henry Morgan, the Elizabethan pirate, a theme far removed from the realities of life on the Pacific coast in the late twenties.

What distinguished it from other first novels was the way in which it was bad. It was free from contemporary influences, Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway or anyone else. It was gauche. Conversation was stilted and unreal. The symbolism stuck out a mile. Landscape and incident were manipulated to fit the jigsaw in the author's mind. Though at rare intervals he struck the right metaphor, more often than not the press of rich images obscured rather than clarified his meaning.

After reading *Cup of Gold*, a critic could say no more than that John Steinbeck would grow either into a writer of genius or into an incompetent romanticist. The odds were 99 to 1 on the latter.

The depression came and for three years no book was published by John Steinbeck. If anybody had been sufficiently interested, they would have said that like so many romantic young men, John Steinbeck had been knocked out by the slump. He couldn't take it.

In the autumn of 1932, however, a loose collection of short stories appeared in the guise of a novel, called *The Pastures of*

Heaven. The locale was California, the time the present. It was very different from *Cup of Gold* superficially. The crude romanticism was gone; an attempt was being made to understand the life of his time, and especially the problems foreshadowed in the first book, namely, what drives a man to leave the security of his home and seek fortune elsewhere; what is the tie of love and hate which links man to the land he tills.

In any age, Steinbeck is interested in the pioneer; the man who in Elizabethan times took ship and sailed the Spanish Main, the farmer leaving the middle west to open the new land of California, the labour organiser going into the field and risking his life to get a bunch of working stiff's ten cents an hour more. He picks the man, in whom self-interest is subordinated to the vision of a new land or a new order.

"You are a little boy," says Merlin in *Cup of Gold*. "You want the moon to drink from as a golden cup; and so, it is very likely you will become a great man—if only you will remain a little child. All the world's great have been little boys who wanted the moon; running and climbing, they sometimes caught a firefly. But if one grow to a man's mind, that mind must see that it cannot have the moon and would not want it if it could—and so, it catches no fireflies".

In *In Dubious Battle*, the epitaph of Jim Nolan, shot by the vigilantes, is given by Mac. "This guy didn't want nothing for himself". Casy, in *The Grapes of Wrath*, whose last words are "You fellas don't know what you're doin'". You're helpin' to starve kids" as a club crashes into his head, is the same type, as Joseph Wayne, who thirty years before must leave home because "they're homesteading the western land. You have only to live a year on the land and build a house and plough a bit and the land is yours. No one can ever take it away".

In different ages, the spirit of the pioneer is the same, but his activity is different. One may be an explorer, another a farmer breaking new land, a third a preacher or a trade union organizer.

In *The Pastures of Heaven*, Steinbeck was feeling his way towards his later work. His stories are novelist's sketches, many to be taken up and filled out later.

But underlying them all is an irony which springs from the contrast of appearance and reality, or what is and what might be. *The Pastures of Heaven* is the name given to a valley by an 18th century Spanish soldier, who looking down from the

mountains saw the land stretching beautiful below. The valley still shows beautiful from the mountains. But in the valley itself, life is narrow and hard and mean.

These stories are nearly all tragic in intention, but the reader often feels that the tragedy is not implicit in the material, but is thrust on it by the author's will. The same fault runs through the next novel, *To an Unknown God*.

To an Unknown God is the story of Joseph Wayne and his brothers who come to the Salinas Valley, California, from Vermont at the turn of the century. They open up the land and it bears a rich yield. The herds and the family grow. But always there is the shadow of the drought and finally the drought comes, and with it ruin.

This, the theme of the struggle between the farmer and the elements, should have been perfect for Steinbeck, sensitive to the earth's feel, the thrust of the bull, the seeds pushing to the light and drinking from the soil, the silence and intimacy of simple lives, and the curious marriage of the farmer to his farm. His work is photographic in that best sense, when the camera shows us sharp angles of nature which we have never picked from the multiple impressions of form and colour.

But a philosophical confusion made Steinbeck tie a mystical neo-paganism in with the story. The tree beneath which Joseph built his house becomes the living symbol of his dead father, and a rock in a near pinewood, from which a deep spring gushes, is an old pagan object of worship. When Joseph's wife, fascinated but repelled, climbs the rock 'to tame it', this is what happens.

"Her heel dug for a third step. And then the moss stripped off a little. Her hands gripped them and tore it out. Joseph saw her head describe a little arc and strike the ground. As he ran toward her, she turned slowly on her side. Her whole body shuddered violently for a second, and then relaxed. He stood over her for an instant before he ran to the spring and filled his hands with water. But when he came back to her he let the water fall to the ground, for he saw the position of her neck and the grey that was stealing into her cheeks. He sat stolidly on the ground beside her and mechanically picked up her hand and found the fingers clutched full of pine needles. He felt for her pulse and found none there . . ."

Though the weakness of this passage is partly due to bad paragraphing, the central objection is that the death has been determined by symbolic and not psychological or natural needs.

She doesn't die. Steinbeck kills her, to make her fit into a preconceived pattern.

Again, when Joseph commits suicide by opening his veins, he floats into the sky and the rains come. "I should have known", he whispered, "I am the rain". . . . "I am the land", he said, "and I am the rain. The grass will grow out of me in a little while".

Steinbeck's first three books brought him small fame and less fortune. Instead of going to New York and meeting the 'right people', he continued to live in a fishing village on the Californian coast, fishing for his food and writing stories and novels for a public that didn't seem to want to read them. His most famous short story, "The Red Pony" was written at this time, though it was not published in book form until 1937.*

The Red Pony is a semi-autobiographical story, falling into three parts. These are so loosely connected that it would have been better to print them as three separate stories. But with that proviso, it is the finest thing which Steinbeck had written up to this time, and one of the finest stories in the English language.

"Then Jody stood and watched the pony, and he saw things he had never noticed about any other horse, the sleek, sliding flank muscles and the cords of the buttocks, which flexed like a closing fist, and the shine the sun put on the red coat. Having seen horses all his life, Jody had never looked at them very closely before. But now he noticed the moving ears which gave expression and even inflection of expression to the face. The pony talked with his ears. You could tell exactly how he felt about everything by the way his ears pointed. Sometimes they were stiff and upright and sometimes lax and sagging. They went back when he was angry or fearful, and forward when he was anxious and curious and pleased; and their exact position indicated which emotion he had".

It is not an ambitious story; but it is as simple and perfect as that description of the pony. The reader is infinitely more concerned about whether that pony lives or dies, than he is about the death of Joseph Wayne's wife.

The next novel Steinbeck published gave him success and publicity. But it was not the success or publicity he wanted. *Tortilla Flat*, a loose collection of stories written about the Mexican paisanos of Monterrey, California, was written in a pseudo-naïve style more reminiscent of Anatole France than of Steinbeck. It was written out of love for these people, whom

* Published in *The Long Valley*.

Steinbeck knew well. But the American public pounced on it as being 'cute' and in an introduction to a reprint of the book, Steinbeck wrote disgustedly

"I wrote these stories because they were true stories and because I liked them. But literary slummers have taken these people up with the vulgarity of duchesses who are amused and sorry for a peasantry. These stories are out and I cannot recall them. But I shall never again subject to the vulgar touch of the *decent* these good people of laughter and kindness, of honest lusts and direct eyes, of courtesy beyond politeness. If I have ever done them harm by telling a few of their stories I am sorry. But it will never happen again".

In *Dubious Battle*, the novel which followed, was written in a very different mood. Turning from the struggle of the farmer against the elements, which he had treated in *To an Unknown God*, to the struggle of the agricultural labourer for a livelihood, he laid his action in a strike of apple-pickers, those itinerant workers who go from state to state harvesting, here fruit, there cotton, there vegetables.

Though *Tortilla Flat* may in a sense be described as the study of a community, *In Dubious Battle* is his first attempt to show a community in action. Two communist organisers, hearing of a cut in wages in the fields, go out and begin organizing the fruit pickers. Mac, finding them sitting disconsolate, begins right away to start them acting in common. London's daughter is having a baby. Mac, without experience, delivers it. All the pickers in the camp make contributions. Some boil water, others give their linen for swabs, one steals a lantern.

When the child is delivered, Mac tells London to burn all the cloths, whether used or not. Jim Nolan, his assistant, says afterwards

"You didn't need all that cloth. Why did you tell London to burn it?"

"Look, Jim", Mac answers. "Don't you see? Every man who gave part of his clothes felt that the work was his own. They all feel responsible for that baby. It's theirs, because something from them went into it. To give back the cloth would cut them out. There's no better way to make men part of a movement than to have them give something to it. I bet they all feel fine right now".

In the course of the book, we see a herd of hopeless individuals become a group of resolute men, with pride, discipline and self-respect restored. It is a grim struggle. Men suffer and lose their lives. But the suffering is borne in common as well as the advantages.

In the *Daily Telegraph*, the reviewer wrote "One of the few successful propaganda novels I have read. It is really dangerous because really readable: *In Dubious Battle* has not got a word too much; it is a concise, utterly realistic account".

It would be more accurate to say that the book is successful propaganda, because the author was not concerned with propaganda, but with portraying in human terms the social struggle involved in the strike. Human sympathy is naturally on the side of the strikers, not because of any political bias, but on account of their distress and their courage.

In Dubious Battle is the first novel of Steinbeck's maturity. The early awkwardness has disappeared. The conflict between incident and symbol has been resolved. The story grows as naturally as a plant from its seed.

Of Mice and Men proved to be more popular than *In Dubious Battle*. But I think that time will prove it to be a work unworthy of Steinbeck's genius. Devoted to the vagrant worker's landhunger, it conceals beneath its finished technique a fundamental sentimentality. Lennie, the giant who is strong with his hands and weak in his head, is the over simplified noble simpleton. Subordinate characters such as the negro Crooks are convincing enough. On the stage, it may be possible to present the theme convincingly. The simplicity of treatment which mars the novel may make the play. But to me, Curley and his wife will always be rehashed versions of the bully and the vamp, that are familiar from the old fashioned Westerns.

And now to the *The Grapes of Wrath*. *The Grapes of Wrath* has a breadth and richness which make *In Dubious Battle* seem parochial. Whereas the reader watches the spread of the strike among the apple-pickers, he *lives* the story of the Joad family.

The Joads are carefully characterized individuals. There is Grampa, who lived all his life on the farm, now senile and bawdy; and his wife, as senile but religious. There's Uncle John Joad, lost his wife because he thought her birthpangs were the bellyache, always trying to make it up to children and getting pie-eyed to ease his sense of sin. Ma Joad, tranquil, seeing everything and quietly governing, the moral balance of her family. Pa, losing grip because he lost the farm, and sort of guilty about Noah, because he wasn't born right. Noah, the eldest son, turned in

on himself, and Tom, just from prison on parole because he killed a man in hot blood, a fighter but not a mean killer. There's Al, the next brother, romanticising Tom for a killer and secretly hoping he's broken jail, girl-mad and car-mad. Rosasharn, crazy for love of her young husband, Connie Rivers, and big with child. The two youngest children, Ruthie and Winfield, to whom time is to-day and the world what you see around, so much and no more. And to complete the picture, an old evangelist called Casy, who preached hellfire and Jesus until all the farmers lost their land and now he's puzzling out a gospel which is 'Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow, but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up'.

These Joads have a simple code of life. They may murder or fornicate or get drunk, but they 'ain't mean'. Meanness is a way of doing things. You can be meanly charitable just as you can be meanly treacherous. You can never do a thing they call sin and be mean all the same. And you can violate the decalogue and still not be mean. Meanness is what makes you feel dirty and ashamed of yourself.

These Joads are a single family, but they are the type of hundreds of thousands of families, whom bad times and new farming methods and the banks are sweeping out of the middle west. They have lived and died on their home farm and now they are homeless.

But from the far West come men with handbills saying there's work and wealth in California. Fruitpickers are wanted in thousands; and in hundreds of thousands the dispossessed farmers and their families trek out to California, the land of plenty.

The Grapes of Wrath is the odyssey of one and all of these families. The furniture is sold at half its value. An old car is bought at twice its price. The last pig is killed and salted. And all the family is bundled on the old car, with the tent and the saucepans, clothes and tools, and dogs, to make the two thousand-mile journey across desert and over mountains to the Pacific.

There is little enough money for petrol; not a cent to spare for food above bare minimum. They camp by the roadside and

the first night out Grampa dies and there is no money to bury him proper and it is a crime to bury him without telling the law. So they bury him beside the creek and write on a scrap of paper torn from the end of a Bible, in case he's found and thought to be murdered.

"This here is William James Joad, dyed of a stroke, old old man. His fokes bured him becaws they got no money to pay for funerls. Nobody kilt him, Jus a stroke and he dyed".

They join up with another couple, the Wilsons, and spread the load. Day after day, mile after mile, they go, meeting up with others making the same trek. We are concerned with the small but vital questions, will the tyres last? Will the money give out? How will Granma take the old man's death? With the tragedy of the dogs run over by the roadside, the helpless laughter of Rosasharn and Connie as they watch the funny people passing through a city; ought Ruthie and Winfield to have an ice cream; where is the next garage and will they have the right spare parts?

Every moment of this crazy journey becomes an intimate part of our lives and when the Joads meet the other families returning from California with tales of how there's no work and the Californians call you Okies and push you around and if there is work, they cut the wages so low there's nothing in it, we refuse to believe, just as the Joads refuse, because it is impossible that such endurance and sacrifice could be brought to nothing. We close our eyes to the distant future and pray that they will get across the mountains and we half-believe Rosasharn's dreams that Connie will take a correspondence course in something and they will get rich and have a refrigerator.

They come to the edge of the desert and there is a broad cool river and Noah cannot go any further. He wanders off down the river. He is gone for ever. And they part company with the Wilsons, because Mrs. Wilson is too ill to go on. Impelled by this vision that when the journey ends, there will be work and money, they push on, crossing the Californian border with Grandma lying dead under the tarpaulin in the back.

There is a wonderful moment of joy as they top the mountains and see the rich valleys lying below.

They stood, silent and awestruck, embarrassed before the great valley. The distance was thinned with haze and the land grew softer and softer in the distance. A windmill flashed in the sun, and its turning blades were like a little heliograph, far away. Ruthie and Winfield looked at it, and Ruthie whispered: "It's California".

Winfield moved his lips silently over the syllables. "There's fruit" he said aloud.

It is merely a moment. In California, they find what they already knew in their hearts, that all the men returning from the west had said was true. They land in what is called a 'Hooverville', an encampment outside a country town. There is no work and the vigilantes burn down the camp. They get into a government camp and for a time they are happy and comfortable there. But finally they are driven to leave, in order to get work. They get work and find that they are being used as strike breakers. They need the money so badly, they stick on. But as soon as the strike is broken, their pay is cut to the rate the strikers refused to take.

There is no end to the story of the Joads and there will be no end until the system which makes the presence of cheap migrant labour necessary is ended. The end which Steinbeck has chosen is an artificial and symbolical one. It is the only flaw in the whole book, a book which I have no hesitation in saying is the most important novel to come out of America for twenty years.

Tragic though the theme of *The Grapes of Wrath* is, it is a book filled with a sense of hope. The Joads and the people whom they meet on the road are fundamentally so fine that one feels that any changes that must be made can be done so. In the whole course of the novel, one never feels pity for them, chiefly because one is so identified with them that it would be self-pity and the Joads do not pity themselves.

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LEGAL AID FOR POOR PERSONS

By F. ELWYN JONES

AT the Kent Assizes last year a prisoner at the bar pleaded guilty to bigamy. When, however, the facts were being outlined to him by the prosecution, Mr. Justice Humphreys interposed to say that the accused should be defended. When the defendant re-appeared, after having had the benefit of legal advice, he withdrew his plea of guilty. So complete was his answer to the charge made against him that the prosecution then offered no evidence—and a verdict of "not guilty" was returned. The judge commented:

"I hope the time will come when every accused person unable to afford legal aid will be given it at the expense of the State. It is very necessary for those who preside in these Courts to be most vigilant not to sentence people who should not be sentenced, although they plead guilty. This man had an answer in law but did not know it".

This case throws light on a big gap in Britain's social services—the failure to provide proper facilities for legal aid for poor persons. The necessity for this provision was recognized in Britain as far back as 1495, when Parliament instituted a poor persons procedure. Justices were to "assign counsel which shall give their counsels, nothing taking for the same" and also to appoint "an attorney for such poor person and all other officers requisite who shall do their duties without any reward".

Since that time spasmodic attempts have been made in a haphazard way to bridge the gap between rich and poor in the Courts. So little progress was made in the nineteenth century however that before 1903 a prisoner whose means were insufficient for him to employ a solicitor and counsel in the ordinary way and who could not afford £1 3s. 6d. for a "dock brief" (entitling him to pick any barrister sitting in court) was forced to be unrepresented at his trial.

The Poor Prisoners Defence Act, 1903, brought the resources of the State to the aid of the prisoner. But the Act became a dead letter by virtue of the ruling that legal aid should only be

granted in cases where the prisoner had disclosed his defence at the time when the original crime was being enquired into. To remedy this harsh ruling was one of the purposes of the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act 1930, which is now the basis of the system under which State aid is granted in criminal cases.

The 1930 Act provides for the grant of legal aid to persons committed for trial for an indictable offence (*i.e.* one triable before a judge and jury) and the assignment to him of solicitor and counsel if a "defence certificate" is granted to him. These certificates cover the cost of solicitor and counsel.

As under the 1903 Act, before a certificate can be granted it must be proved to the satisfaction of the visiting Justice or the Judge to whom the application is made, that the prisoner's means are insufficient to enable him to obtain legal aid. A prisoner charged with murder need show nothing further than his poverty and, once he has done this, legal aid must be granted. In other cases it must appear to the Justices or Judge that "having regard to all the circumstances of the case (including the nature of such defence, if any, as may have been set up) . . . it is desirable in the interests of justice that the accused should have legal aid in the preparation and conduct of his defence at his trial". This provision makes it possible for legal aid to be granted even in cases where the prisoner is clearly guilty, but it appears desirable that he should have counsel to plead for him in mitigation of sentence.

The Act obviously gives room for much variation in practice. That which is "desirable in the interests of justice" is variously construed by different benches. Some appear to grant legal aid on the same principle as under the 1903 Act, that a defence must be disclosed upon the depositions; others hold that any person committed for trial for an indictable offence is entitled to legal aid if he wants it and cannot pay for it.

What has been the outcome of these two attitudes? Between 1931 and 1937 the average number of defence certificates granted was 1,561 a year. An average of 735 applications for legal aid was refused. Between 1930 and 1934 the tendency, particularly in the magistrates courts, was for the number of Defence Certificates to increase. Since 1934 however, the tendency has been the other way. Thus whereas in 1934, 1,880

Certificates were granted out of 8,675 indictable cases—a proportion of 1 in 4.6, in 1937 only 1,713 certificates were granted, whereas 9,083 cases were tried—a proportion of 1 in 5.3. It has been calculated that in 1934 only in 18.7 per cent. of the cases tried were defence certificates granted.

What was the fate of the remaining 81.3 per cent.? Information is not available as to their means or the number who were in fact represented in the usual way. For this reason it is difficult to generalize about them. It should be noted, however, that motoring has brought far more men of substance before the criminal Court who can afford solicitor and counsel. Even allowing for this, however,

*"it remains the case that the bulk of persons tried at Assizes and Quarter Sessions are persons who have not the means to pay for their own defence or who can only do so with the greatest difficulty."**

A generous estimate that as many as half the number of accused persons who appear without defence certificates are able to pay for their own solicitor and counsel, still leaves the figure of over 40 per cent. of those so tried who have to appear unrepresented at their trial for the more serious forms of crime.

The bulk of criminal charges are, of course, heard in the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction. They consist either of summary offences or indictable offences dealt with summarily. Summary offences are those which can only be tried by a petty sessional court consisting of magistrates.† In 1934 as many as 631,117 persons were charged with summary offences, of whom 592,027 were found guilty. In 1937 there were over 735,000 summary cases. Though many of these cases were comparatively unimportant, a large number were serious and in 1934 as many as 11,468 persons were sent to prison without the option of a fine after being convicted of summary offences.

In addition to these cases, in 1934 the Magistrates Courts (with the prisoners' consent) tried 51,436 (in 1937 over 45,000) indictable offences summarily instead of committing the accused for trial before a judge and jury. Over 80 per cent. of those charged with the more serious forms of crime are now tried by magistrates sitting without a jury.

What legal aid is given to the impoverished prisoner in the

*Haldane Society Report.

†Or Metropolitan Magistrates or, in some large towns, a Stipendiary.

court where he is most likely to be tried? The machinery for aid does exist. The Poor Prisoners' Defence Act provides that if it appears to a Court of Summary Jurisdiction or examining Justices that the means of a person charged before them with any offence are insufficient to enable him to obtain legal aid and that by reason of the gravity of the charge or of exceptional circumstances it is desirable, in the interests of justice, that he should have free legal aid in the preparation and conduct of his defence, the Court or Justices may grant him a legal aid certificate. The terms "gravity of the charge or of exceptional circumstances" are not explained or defined in the Act and complete discretion is given to the magistrates to interpret them.

Statistics show that in fact the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act is practically a dead letter in the Magistrates Courts, where its protection is most needed. In 1937, 780,397 cases were tried before the magistrates courts. Yet only 263 applications for legal aid were granted. 132 applications were refused. 52 unasked for certificates were given—a total of 315 certificates in over 780,000 cases—a proportion of 1 in about 2,500.

When Justices are considering whether to commit the accused for trial, the Act is used more often. In 1937, 429 applications for legal aid were granted, 136 refused and 77 offered unasked. The accused was sent for trial in 9,232 cases.

These figures speak for themselves. It is sufficient to quote the comment made by Sir Archibald Bodkin (Director of Public Prosecutions until 1930) :

"Legal aid might be more frequently granted both in serious summary cases and in indictable cases and I think that recent judicial strictures on Justices who had granted it even in a case where no legal answer to the charge was possible were unfortunate. Justices need not wait to be asked for a Certificate."

Why is this vital machinery allowed to rust? Partly because accused persons are ignorant of its existence. Prisoners who are remanded in custody are able to see printed on the wall of their cell a notice drawing the provisions of the Act to their attention. But no regular machinery has been devised for telling a man whose case is tried summarily or who is allowed bail, that he can receive free legal help.

Moreover, it often happens that a prisoner may believe

himself guilty when he has a defence—but through ignorance of the law pleads guilty without asking for legal aid (*e.g.* the statutory defence open in certain circumstances to a man charged with carnal knowledge of a girl under the age of 16 and over the age of 13).

The expense involved is a possible explanation of reluctance to use the Act. The costs of free legal aid are paid out of the funds of the local authority responsible for the prosecution. Justices who may be active in local politics may be loth to be reproached with extravagance. Time is another factor. Defended trials take longer than those undefended, while the presence of a solicitor or counsel for the defence is likely to prolong proceedings. It is not suggested that all magistrates are influenced by the excusable desire to get through their work quickly. But this factor does come into play in some of the over-burdened Courts.

Some magistrates take the view that they themselves will adequately look after the prisoner's interests and that legal representatives are for this reason superfluous. Before some Benches this is probably true. But however anxious a Bench may be to see that justice is done, magistrates elucidating the facts from the accused in open court cannot possibly have as adequate cognizance of the relevant facts as a solicitor discussing the case privately with the accused. Nor, in the interests of impartial justice, would it appear to be proper that magistrates should, by reason of the absence of legal representatives for the accused, turn themselves into counsel for the defence when their function is to consider impartially whether the facts before them justify beyond reasonable doubt a conviction.

What of criminal appeals? Here the position is rather more satisfactory. By the terms of the Act which founded it, the Court of Criminal Appeal may assign counsel, or solicitor and counsel, to an appellant whose means are insufficient, if it appears desirable in the interests of justice. The Registrar may also report to the Court cases in which it appears to him that legal aid ought to be assigned. Figures do not appear to be available as to the extent to which these powers are used, but it would appear that in most cases in which leave to appeal against conviction is granted, legal aid is also assigned if the appellant's

means warrant it. Legal aid is, however, rarely given in appeals against sentence only.

There are also appeals from the decisions of the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction to Quarter Sessions. In 1937 there were 884 of such appeals. 190 convictions or orders were quashed. 134 Appeal Aid Certificates were granted and 130 refused to appellants. 10 Certificates were granted to Respondents and 2 refused.

* * * * *

The recent resolution of the Associated Law Society of Wales and its Poor Persons Committee declining to deal with any "poor persons cases" after June 30th of this year unless certain reforms are granted, brings into relief the unsatisfactory machinery for legal aid in the civil courts. Thirty years ago a Chief Justice of the United States, Mr. Taft, said :—

"I believe that it is sufficiently in the interest of the public at large to promote equality between litigants, to take upon the Government much more than has already been done the burden of private litigation."

In Britain the State does not intervene in civil cases as it does in criminal trials and the gap between the "haves" and "have nots" remains unbridged. All that exists is a certain amount of organized professional charity in the High Court, and occasional unofficial charity in the Court which most concerns the majority of British people, the County Court.

This is not to decry the valuable work done by the Law Society in Civil Proceedings in the High Court, particularly in the Divorce Court, work whose scope may be judged by the estimate that 16,000 "poor persons" obtained a divorce during the 10 years ending 1936-7 by means of the Poor Persons Procedure.

By the Poor Persons Rules any prospective litigant with an income below £2 a week and worth less than £50 (in London £4 and £100), may apply to the Law Society of his district. If that body is satisfied that the applicant has reasonable grounds for initiating, defending, or being a party to Proceedings in the High Court, the applicant is granted the services of one of the solicitors and one of the counsel who have agreed to take such cases. The applicant pays for disbursements (witnesses expenses, etc.), and deposits £5 for this purpose, but counsel and

solicitor give their services free, and the State makes a contribution by remitting all Court fees.

For the litigant this system on the whole works satisfactorily. In a typical year, 1934, the number of poor persons proceedings commenced was 2,134. Poor persons were unsuccessful in 94 of these and successful in 1,848, of which 5 were in the Court of Appeal, 33 in the Chancery Division, 97 in the King's Bench Division, and the remaining 1,710 in the Divorce Court, whose work has been augmented since the passing of Mr. A. P. Herbert's Divorce Reform. For accident cases, however, the slow-moving Poor Persons Procedure is not generally considered satisfactory. The Approved Societies fill this gap for many people. Indeed, one of the earliest reforms required in this sphere is to equip the National Health Insurance system with a legal department comparable to the departments run by the Approved Societies. The Trades Unions and the hospitals, the Poor Man's Lawyer Centres, Associations of Pedestrians, Cyclists, etc., also provide some assistance, but, as the Haldane Society has reported, the great majority of poor persons who press their accident-claims do so through some semi-speculative or speculative solicitors. A contemporary Sam Weller could still find :—

"... them Dodson and Fogg as does these sort o' things on spec., as well as for the other kind and gen'rous people o' the same perfession as sets people by the ears free, gratis, for nothin', and sets their clerks to work to find out little disputes among their neighbours and acquaintances as vants settlin' by means o' law suits."

The Law Society, however, has issued rules to stop the practice whereby speculative solicitors obtained their clients from legal aid societies or claim assessors. And it should be noted that not all solicitors willing to run the risk of not recovering their costs by taking up a poor man's case are Dodsons and Foggs. Many solicitors have not the heart to turn away clients who patently need their help yet cannot afford to pay for it unless they succeed in their claim. In such cases the solicitors may either grant long credits or undertake the cases upon payment of out-of-pocket expenses only. Without assistance of this kind the lot of many a poor litigant bringing forward a serious claim, perhaps for damages for loss of a limb, would be a grave one indeed. It is not enough to drive out the speculative solicitor. Equally important is to provide the

people whom they hitherto have served (however ineffectively) with adequate legal aid.

Except for divorce cases and serious accident cases, poor persons comparatively rarely litigate in the High Court. The County Court is the poor man's court. And in this court no official provisions whatsoever exist for those without means to pay for it. The seriousness of this defect in our social services is increased by the fact that matters of immense importance to the parties concerned are adjudicated in the County Court. Judgments in Workmen's Compensation cases for instance may mean the difference between complete destitution and some provision, however inadequate, for an injured workman. So complicated is the law relating to Workmen's Compensation (the handbook most generally used by lawyers in connection with it runs to 1,000 pages) that the workman is virtually obliged to engage the services of a solicitor. The costs of conducting a Workmen's Compensation case amount to £50 or £60. Many solicitors, to protect themselves from having to pay the fees of Counsel and doctors, demand this sum from the workman before the case begins. Most workmen are unable to find £50. If they cannot, then, however deserving their case may be, no official assistance of any kind exists for them in the County Court.

Here again the Trades Unions and Friendly Societies play a vital rôle in assisting the poor litigant. Unofficial Charity has also done a little to mitigate the evil. There are in London and to a smaller extent in some of the larger provincial towns a number of places where lawyers sit regularly as "Poor Men's Lawyers" to give advice free to poor persons. Some of these are connected with settlements like Toynbee Hall, some with local political and religious organizations, some are independent. In addition there are such bodies as the "Bentham Committee" and the Society of "Our Lady of Good Counsel" which provide for legal assistance. Despite the fund of goodwill in these organizations and the hard work put in voluntarily by solicitors and counsel in connection with their work, they are unable to do more than scratch the surface of the problem of legal aid for those needing it but unable to pay for it.

BOOTS AND QUENELLES—*A Story*

BY ERIC ALLEN

ONCE upon a time there was a certain foreign minister who was very fond of lobster quenelles. But the minister had a stomach, a fine large stomach which he carried around with him wherever he went, for no matter what the occasion or manner in which the foreign minister served his country he was always at some period in the proceedings called upon to make use of it. Through a ten-year campaign of banquets, balls and other minor beanfeasts it had gamely battled its way. Stormed at with oyster pâtés and zephyr of hare, bombarded by Russian timbales and blanquettes of sweetbreads, it had, nevertheless, lived to accompany its lord on his daily round of junketings and jamborees. A little jaded and wan, slave to the dread drug bicarbonate, it still stood up to the cunning onslaughts of the most diabolical of chefs. It complained, it rolled and roared with indignation at the unfair tactics of its enemies, but only when lobster quenelles hammered at its gates did it really lay down its arms. A pity this, the foreign minister always thought, for he really was exceedingly fond of lobster quenelles.

Now this story is not about the foreign minister, nor yet about that noble better half, his stomach. It is not even about lobster quenelles. It is the story of Petit Robert and how he won the war. But the lobster quenelles must come first. The Minister should have known better, of course. With a Cabinet meeting in the morning, which the journalists had already written up as one which would make world history, he would have been wise had he filled in the supper hour with a stroll through the Tuileries with, maybe, a café crème at the Rond Point. But were ministers wise the world would have no further need of them, for with their wisdom they would create a Utopia in which each man would be his own Premier and Parliament, and that,

as any cabinet minister will tell you, would be a most foolish thing to do. This minister, at any rate, though captain of his soul and master of his fate, was but a boy, and a greedy little dunce of a boy at that, in dealing with his stomach. That is why he let his mind be sponged clean of all thoughts of meetings or mornings at supper that night. History was due to be made on the morrow, but tonight let us live, he said. Let us eat, drink and be merry; or never mind the wine and laughter; two more plates of lobster quenelles will serve excellently instead.

Thinking it over later he decided that an infamous foreign Power, knowing his weakness for fresh boiled hen lobster pounded with butter, eggs and bread crumbs and served with a Provençal sauce, must have issued its instructions to the chef . . . or else! But in the morning he could think of nothing but the inferno within him. A Note must be written, his Premier said, to this unruly foreign Power. A Stern Note, a Forthright Note, but one in which there must be far more jam than pill. Damn the Note, blast the foreign Power, thought the minister. Oh my poor stomach! And with the feeble flame of his normal aversion fanned to a white-hot, heart-burning fury by great gusts of wind he sat down and inscribed a page of dyspeptic invective which would most certainly bring the foreigner's troops to his country's frontiers in a matter of hours. Dimly he realized it, but he did not care. Why should he be the only one to suffer? And what did it matter? Death, he was convinced, would have brought him release long before then, and death, at that moment, was the thing he desired before all else.

But his secretary took him in hand and poured into him glass after glass of a new and more potent brand of antacid. Slowly he struggled back to a point where life and death seemed of equal appeal, then past it, until finally he was washed ashore on great waves of foaming soda water. High and dry, and very much alive to his own stupidity, he grabbed for his telephone. With the sweat still cold on his brow he tried to take back his words. But the messenger, with that insane Note tucked safely into his portfolio, would by now be well on his way to the capital of the naughty foreign Power. If he could be caught before he reached the airport the minister would save his stomach

for further surfeits of lobster quenelles. But what a hope, with all roads cleared for the dashing official car. And there he must be left, one hand clutching his aching head, the other the telephone on which more than his life depended.

It is doubtful whether Petit Robert had ever heard of the foreign minister, but it is quite certain that the foreign minister had never heard of Petit Robert. How could he? Only once had his sumptuous Renault nosed its way down the market-stall lined street that was the highway of Petit Robert's home town, and then, its errhine organs offended by the stench of rotting vegetables and unwashed bodies, it had hurried along to the Bastille and the mass meeting at which its master was to speak. Both Petit Robert and the foreign minister were Parisians, but between the Bois and St. Paul there is a gulf that can only be bridged by something more solid than party programmes.

St. Paul is a bit of Bohemia. Not that Bohemia, though, where artists spend their days in daubing canvases with crude colour and their nights in painting the air of their favoured cafés in even brighter hues with their lurid talk. The Czechs and Slovaks who lodge there are far too busy quarrelling with the ever encroaching Poles to have heard of the liberties that have been taken with their country's name. But Petit Robert was not a Czech, or a Slovak, or a Pole. He was a Frenchman. A Frenchman of Paris. Once it had been hinted in his hearing that there were other cities. He had only laughed. What nonsense talk was this? Everybody knew that the world revolved around Paris and that the monument in the Place de la Bastille was the end of its axis sticking through.

He was a little man, not merely undersized, but stunted. A gnome, some wit had once described him, and a gnome he was. A little goblin man. And in the alleys between St. Antoine and the Seine they talked of changelings when he passed, and superstitious Slovak mothers frightened their children with tales of what Petit Robert might do if they were bad. He lodged at the top of an old house in the Rue de Charlemagne whose every room was a garret. A million weary feet had worn the stone stairs until any roystering Polak could return home drunk and yet remain erect as he toiled aloft. He had but to feel with his toes for the little hollows that marked the way.

The house was clean, as such houses go, but carbolic in the floor-washing water merely made a sickening melange with the stale unaired smell, and always from under one or another door a waft of sulphur would gossip of the hopeless battle against bugs. But the house had little to do with Petit Robert. He slept there, but his home was the restaurant Chez Albert in the Rue de André Croix.

One eats at Chez Albert for eight francs, wine and bread included. And one is fortunate to find a place at any popular hour. Up and down trots Françoise, still neat and trim after thirty years of serving at table, with eyes yet ready to shine at a compliment and a tongue still glad to toss around rude repartee. From table to service hatch, and back again. "*Deux haricots verts; une viande froide mayonnaise; un biftek, très saignant.*" One could hear her gruff voice with its broad Breton accent outbawling the clatter, and scrape, and hum, and rattle inside, long before Chez Albert's creaking door was reached. Forgetting orders, gossiping with old clients, she was as much an institution as the restaurant's famous *pâté de maison* itself. How she would chaff the old ones, and snub the young, but for one old friend she had nothing but courtesy and respect. She would fight to keep his corner table free and neglect the orders of the patron's friends to see that it was neatly spread with fresh white paper and fully furnished with soft new bread and brimming bottles of oil and vinegar.

It would be "*n'a plus de côté de veau*" to a dozen disappointed diners, but an order of this favourite piece would abracadabracally appear for Monsieur Robert when he arrived. He would tip-toe to hang his hat on the peg, always the same old well-brushed felt in winter and fantastically jaunty panama in summer, and under it his stick, or umbrella according to season. The little bag that held his table napkin was embroidered with his name in crooked, girlish stitches by the faithful Françoise. She would linger as she handed it to him, but his beady little eyes would already be on the *carte*. Moodily he would stare at it and as moodily eat his way through what was placed before him. He would stare into his empty plate, puffing out his ruddy cheeks like a pair of shiny pippins, as though searching behind it for the secret of the Universe.

When the adolescent body of Petit Robert decided to halt on the road to manhood his brain also gave up growing. He was not unintelligent. It was just that his mind remained the immature organ of a boy. He would talk of this and that to his few casual intimates, and read his *Paris Soir*, but always with a child's conception of all that was said or written. But he was no fool. When they chaffed him, drawing him out on subjects beyond his grasp, he would get angry. His little fist would pound the table and his black brows descend in a fearful scowl. But then, suddenly, he would shoot a glance from under them at his tormenters, and in it there would be a laugh. He did not begrudge them their fun. He was an institution there too, like Françoise and the *pâté de maison*, and if they got the better of him in arguments, he scored when it came to the question of food and service.

In the intervals between forgetting orders and serving *bière* instead of *vin blanc* Françoise would keep one bright eye on the table in the corner. Saying nothing she would divert some wag's mind from his butt by carefully spilling his *bouillon* over his knees or upsetting the salt in his carrot Vichy. Only one thing would press her sharp tongue into service on his behalf. When the position of France in the affairs of the world was discussed, Petit Robert would fling down his knife and fork and rush to his country's aid. There was a great lout with a wall eye who professed Communism, but drove up on Mondays and *fête* days in a well preserved Citroen. "France is finished", was his theme, "and a good thing too", he would add as a sub-head for the enragement of Petit Robert. Then those little black beads would sparkle with tears of impotent rage, and his tiny feet would stamp. There would be no laughter behind the scowl, only the agony of a soul in torment as his puny mind strained after the arguments that would not come.

What did Françoise care that in his passion for his beloved France her Monsieur Robert had no affection left for any other suppliant? She would whip round on the bully and tell him to find a box and a spot for it on some ghetto street corner for talk of that kind. Only Frenchmen were served at Chez Albert. Then the clouds on Petit Robert's face would drift away. He would nod to himself, and turn to his dinner, with never a smile

or a word for his champion. But she did not mind. He could not escape without a word to her, for they had a little game which they played each night. Monsieur Robert would push aside his cheese plate, drain his glass of watered wine, and wait. Françoise would bustle by without a glance. Miniature hands clasped before him, his shoulders hunched, and his eyes busy on their perpetual search for the answer to things, he would sit there for a minute without moving. Then his eye would search out Françoise's and with a look of incredible slyness he would exclaim: "My *café nature*, Françoise! You have forgotten it again". And she would "tut" happily and clatter off to fetch it. They were still lovers, she and Monsieur Robert. Only when he pushed back his chair at once when he had finished eating and reached for his hat without waiting for the post-prandial ceremony did she know that she had offended in some way.

And then there came a crisis in the affairs of France. Some haughty foreign Power had been speaking out of turn. The papers were full of it. Tomorrow a cabinet meeting had been called that would change the history of the world. Did they not say so, here in the *Soir* and in *Le Matin* too? They knew, these newspaper men. But all would be well. The destiny of France was in safe hands. Her ministers were wise. There would be no war. But what if there was? Had they not all served their time? Were they not all ready to fight tomorrow? Tonight, if necessary, even though they would sooner first finish up their confiture or fruit.

"*Alors, Robert*", they called, "and what of you? Will you fight for France?"

"Fight", answered Chez Albert's communist. "How can he? They have no boots big enough for such a giant to march in".

Françoise flashed from hot to cold as she watched Robert leave his plate and slink out into the street, but neither she nor anybody broke the silence through which he edged his way. Albert himself, broad and bovine, was the first to speak. He walked from behind his bar over to the taunter's table and said one word: "Out". And then four more: "And don't come back". It was a record. For years Albert had given his oldest client no more than a nod and a smile. But even the

knowledge that Jupiter had hurled his thunderbolt in the cause of right did not dispel the atmosphere of wrong that hung around.

Petit Robert patronized Chez Albert at noon as well as night. Ten minutes past twelve was his time to amble up to his corner. But that next morning he was late. Quarter past; twenty past; half past. Still no Petit Robert. And then old Foucauld wheezed in with the news. The car had been travelling fast, but Robert had stepped out from safety without a glance at the road. The driver could not be blamed. "Poor little fellow" he had said. "He seemed to be in a kind of trance". And the owner of the car, too, had been very kind. He was hurrying somewhere on important business, but he had insisted that his own car rushed Robert to the hospital while he himself continued in a taxi. But Françoise did not want to hear all this. One thing only mattered. She asked it. "No". Old Foucauld wagged his grey head. "He did not recover consciousness. *Pauvre Petit Robert!*"

Chez Albert is not the same now. For a week its little goblin man chased all other subjects from the minds of its regulars. Even the fact that war had been averted and the crisis proved to be a bubble took second place as a conversational topic. There was some talk of ducking the communist in the Seine, but the project remained such through lack of a leader to turn it into action. And then, when that was over, and St. Paul had subscribed its sous and walked behind the pitiful little box to the burial ground, they all expected a return to normal. Vaguely they were disappointed. Françoise rarely smiled now and was likely to snap back a tart rejoinder to any remark unessential to the important business of eating and drinking. And the table in the corner. They shunned it, and the stranger seating himself there came away with the definite impression that Chez Albert was a most unfriendly house.

The children around St. Paul are glad that their lives have one bogey less to scare them, but they miss Petit Robert too. It was fun to risk the unthinkable horrors which might follow when they called after him in the streets. Only the old house in the Rue de Charlemagne accepts his passing without concern. Grown use to sordid vice and hopeless misery it finds nothing in

the death of a little undersized moron to rock its foundations. And another who lost no sleep through the little man's sudden exit was the lobster-loving minister. He had never even heard of Petit Robert, but it was most fortunate for the future well-being of his stomach that the messenger carrying that naughty Note had been delayed so long by the business of knocking the little man down with his car, and picking him up again to rush him to hospital, that it was possible for that folly to be snatched back out of the flying plane into the fire.

THE CINEMA IN EUROPE

BY FRANK CLEMENTS

NOWHERE in Europe, not even in the most developed areas, and great capitals, has cinema-going become the wide-spread, almost automatic custom that it has in this country and the United States. The cynic would be tempted to attribute this to the higher standard of intelligence on the continent, and up to a point he would be correct, for presumably the greater the variety of easily available recreations the greater the standard of culture and the higher the general level of intelligence. For, whereas in England, the cinema has almost a monopoly of cheap entertainment, all over Europe it has to face the competition of the state supported theatre and opera, the cheap concerts, the cafes with their orchestras and that frugal habit common to nearly all continentals of parading in the main street, bowing to acquaintances with stately grace and blocking the sidewalk by gesticulating in delirious harmony with a group of passing friends.

Climate also plays a rôle, especially in the extreme north and in the south. Rain is the great friend of the picture-house, rain and drab, overcrowded, furtively dark streets. In the north the summer is too short for most people to wish to lose a minute of it away from the strands and rivers or the woods and mountains, which lie within the immediate reach of Oslo, Stockholm, Helsingfors and Tallinn (Reval); and the cold winters call the young people out to the sports with snow or ice and keep the older ones in by their stoves and steaming grog. In the South, people are still uncivilized enough to prefer the breezes and soft evenings below an open sky to the scientifically conditioned air of a cinema.

Moreover, a far higher proportion of Europeans live or work in close contact with the land or in those small towns where the inhabitants retire to rest only a short while after the equally

stolid and contented cattle. The cinema is a too artificial and sophisticated product ever to be at home near the soil; it offers essentially a substitute life, a dream world, and those people who live hard and in a vivid—if restricted—world of their own, have neither the time nor interest to spare for those unreal problems, peculiar to gangsters' girl friends and suburban housewives.

A contributory factor to the comparative lack of popularity of the cinema in Europe is certainly therefore the character of many American films, for these everywhere, except in France, Germany, Finland, the Baltic States and Italy enjoy a very strong position which approaches dominance. The Industry in the States pays small attention to the needs of the export market even to the peculiarities of those countries, such as Great Britain which are fortunate enough to share the same language. Because of the link of a common language, Americanization is more advanced here, but even so the great majority of American films achieve no brilliant success but are merely sufficiently understandable and tolerable not to drive the habit-drugged public away from the picture-houses.

The advent of the talking film was in some ways disadvantageous to the cinema in Europe. Except in Germany and France, the great majority of films shown have to be imported, and the foreign dialogue has either to be translated by sub titles thrown across the bottom of the screen, or substituted by a dubbed text in the local tongue. The Americans usually employ dubbing for France and for such films as are shown in Germany, but in spite of the technical advances made, and the ingenuity with which phrases are made to fit lip movements, dubbing must always remain an unsatisfactory process. The natural inflections of, for example, the French language in certain situations, too often conflict blatantly with the gestures and expression of a man talking American.

However, it is still perhaps preferable to the use of sub-titles. Not only do these spoil the pictorial quality of the film—in Helsingfors, for example, the titles are in both Finnish and Swedish, so that one has to peer through a barrage of lettering to see what is going on—but they constantly divert the eyes of the audience and thus prevent it from obtaining that complete

absorption which, for most people, is essential to the enjoyment of a film. Then, as most of the sound in talking pictures is made up of dialogue, talkies, when they leave their own linguistic area, become little more than poor silent pictures.

So much for what might be described as the natural conditions affecting the cinema. The screen also comes strongly under the influence of political considerations. State censorship is everywhere imposed; the public itself can either weaken or strengthen the effect of censorship by imposing a boycott of its own on political or racial grounds; because of the vast importance of the film as a medium of propaganda, governments actively assist their making with no regard to commercial and often small regard to aesthetic requirements.

The censorship varies greatly in all countries. In Scandinavia and Holland it is mainly based on moral principles, but already in Sweden, for example, there is a clause against films "which may be unsuitable with regard to relations with foreign countries". The new type of American film such as the "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" receives short shrift generally on the continent. The most liberal governments are now compelled to pay due regard to the susceptibilities of foreign powers, although in many of the democratic countries, particularly in Norway, official bans are avoided by the existence of a large number of private and club cinemas (Norway has nearly two hundred) where every type of film is shown.

No such possibility exists under the various forms of totalitarian *régimes* which abound on the continent, however, and here, in addition, the political censorship is much more stringently imposed. In Bulgaria, the extent of the censorship can be assessed by the composition of the censoring committee, which is made up of representatives of the cinema owners, the Church and the Ministries for Public Education, Interior, War, and Foreign Affairs. In most of such countries, there is, as in Poland, an absolute ban on films from Russia. In Germany and also less stringently in Italy, films are also banned in which Jews play a conspicuous *rôle* as actors, as producers, as technicians or even as owners. (However, by some ingenious methods best known to himself, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, has

managed to ensure that MGM are the most generally shown and the most popular American films in Germany).

As a whole, the political censorship works in favour of the American and French films at the expense of the German, although the advantage must be slight, and will be lost, as far as the United States are concerned, if there is any increase in the tendency to make films based on political events from a partisan point of view. In Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland, France and Poland, it is German films which are most likely to be forbidden or extensively cut on the grounds of political tendentiousness; in Estonia and Roumania the political censorship, one might say, breaks even; elsewhere it is more likely to work to Germany's advantage.

The influence of the Church on cinema censorship is particularly strong in Poland, Roumania, Spain, Portugal and Holland, and, although the Catholic Faith, dominant in three of these countries, is hostile to much of the new German outlook, this religious censorship nevertheless tends to react more unfavourably on the French and American film. This is understandable for many American films are, if made with due regard to puritan standards, frankly pagan in outlook (and anything duller than puritanical paganism has yet to be seen). Even when it does its best to 'get the religious vote' the American film often unwittingly offends; in many of the still strongly Christian countries it is found improper for any form of religious service to be pictured on the screen, and the local conception of the dignity and status of the priesthood hopelessly conflicts with the American and to some extent the British idea of the social parson or muscular Christian, both of whom are given undue prominence in American films.

It is again American films which suffer most heavily from what might be described as social censorship. Crime films, horror films and the like, which are made almost exclusively in the States tend more and more to be forbidden everywhere, not only for exhibition to children, but also for adult audiences.

Before leaving the subject of censorship, it is interesting to see that the system of "A" and "U" classification has been generally adopted. Although the guiding principle is roughly the same everywhere, the application varies. In Bulgaria

children may not attend any cinema performances except those specifically licensed for the juvenile population; in Sweden the ban in theory works on much the same lines as in this country but in practice it is more rigidly and conscientiously employed.

Private or group as distinct from official, opinion influences films and cinema attendance mainly in those countries where political feeling is high or where there is imminent danger from over the frontiers. In Norway and other countries whose political tendency is towards the left, German films have to overcome considerable prejudice among most of the population; especially in Denmark and Finland, this feeling is stronger in the rural areas than in the large towns. In Poland and Jugoslavia and similar countries, it is the threat of aggression rather than a belief in democracy that has given rise to anti-German feeling which automatically militates against the success of German films.

Government intervention or assistance on behalf of national film industries has not greatly affected the aspect of the cinema in Europe except in Germany and Italy. In most countries, preferential treatment is afforded home films, and in addition legislation is often introduced, as in Great Britain, to make the exhibition of a certain number of locally produced films compulsory. However, except for the Swedish film, which has always maintained high standards, the quality of most of these "quota" movies is lamentable. In Copenhagen cinemas showing one of the rare Danish films are visited only by those staunch citizens whose patriotism is always with them, and those critics and such of the brighter youth who go to raise a jeer.

But German state intervention has been much more successful. There was, however, always a flourishing film industry, both in Germany and Austria (and a creditable one in Czecho-Slovakia) so that the essential machinery to implement a film drive already existed. At the beginning, state interference with German films was catastrophic in its effects on their popularity and prestige both within and without the German frontiers. These were the days of what might be described as the "Stormtrooper Max Era", when the German cinema world was made up of the marching feet, stern nordic scowls and waving banners of the Nazi Conquerors, and the panic-stricken scurryings, low and

scruffy machinations and ignominious defeats of the Evil System.

This commendable exuberance was soon checked when its results on receipts became visible. It must be remembered that Germany's films bring her in an appreciable amount of the so much desired Devisen, and are furthermore a valuable way of paying off the blocked credits which such countries as Hungary and Yugo-Slavia have frozen in Germany. As was revealed recently in the Southern Tyrol, compromise with Italy, Germany is no less loath than any other Power to sacrifice her vaunted ideals and theories when political or economic interest is to be served.

To-day, the German film industry makes the closest study of the requirements of its best foreign markets, and since it was discovered after an exhaustive enquiry by German agents in every country in Europe that politically tendentious films were neither popular with the public, nor likely to pass unscathed through the censor, the proportion of German films which have any political colouring whatsoever is remarkably small. A few films, of course, are still made entirely for German consumption, and although these are no longer as crude as the earlier Nazi films, their propaganda content is still obvious, so obvious in fact that they defeat their own purpose, even with the propaganda saturated German public.

Germany has copied America's favourite trick for increasing the popularity of her films abroad, that is by offering foreign Stars very attractive contracts to make films in Germany. The name of the famous Swedish actress Zarah Leander is sufficient to draw large crowds to the cinema, not only throughout Scandinavia, but in the Baltic and even to some extent in the Balkan countries. For some years now she has been making films in Germany. The second highly successful method is to place the scene of the films in one of the desired markets and to make the heroes, for example, Spaniards or Hungarians, and to place them and their national culture in a very favourable light. Germany is even more scrupulously careful in the choice of nationality for her villains than the magnates of California. A large number of them seem to come from vaguely identified islands off the coast of South America, and the remainder are

for the most part Russians, either the smoothly cynical type of the pre-War era, or the hairy rascally Bolshies.

So much for the feature films. The short cultural or informative films are very popular in Europe, and in many countries such as Germany and Estonia their inclusion in every programme is made compulsory. It is in this field that even the smallest of States make some effort at production, and in this field only that the English film has any reputation at all on the Continent, and where the American film has a small market. These films hardly ever come under the ban of any of the various forms of censorship already discussed, and they are, moreover, a most potent means of indirect propaganda, in that by implication they all pay tribute to the scenic beauty, scientific achievement or the social progress of the land making and exporting them. Germany has exploited this aspect to the full, and her short films are particularly effective as tourist propaganda. One way in which she ensures that they will be widely marketed is by the working of an exchange system with, shall we say, Estonia. The Estonians see the technically brilliant films portraying the glories of Dresden or the grandeur of the Bavarian Alps, and go to Germany for their holidays. Even if Germany exhibited the Estonian films she takes in exchange, there would, because of the currency restrictions, be no danger of German audiences making for the beauties of Tallinn on their holidays.

The third type of film, and the one which often makes the most effective direct propaganda of all, is the news reel, and over this an open battle is being fought in all countries in Europe. Although the reputation of infallibility which the printed word enjoyed is declining, the majority of people still believe that the camera cannot lie, especially when it is depicting actual events. The news reels of every country in Europe nowadays are made with predominant regard to their value as propaganda. There are two main ways in which their distribution can be achieved. Firstly, the whole news reel will so to speak be supplied neat to cinema owners either favourably disposed towards, or in the pay, or under the control of the foreign Government concerned. (Also German Companies such as UFA themselves own cinemas abroad, like that palatial building that must be known to every visitor to Amsterdam). Secondly, news shots of particular

events will be supplied either free or at an entirely nominal price to distributive film companies in the smaller lands, who will incorporate these shots in their news reels and thus even further increase their propaganda value in that their country of origin is not given and that they appear under the local trade mark.

Although the increase in the propaganda content of this country's news reels has been obvious for some time, the commercial companies concerned still prefer to devote most of their footage to the most distressing trivialities such as the wedding of an earl's second cousin in a country vicarage, or a competition for the shapeliest ankles in Brighton. Moreover, the little material of ours which is exported to meet the overwhelming demand for English news, often lamentably fails to achieve the desired effect. I remember once, for example, I forget where it was, but think probably in Hungary, I saw a news reel which was devoted entirely to the war preparations of the various Powers. For three or four minutes we were regaled with solid ranks of prancing Italians, and trotting Bersiglieri; there followed a few rather crummy shots of some Arabs on camels taken at some function in French Morocco; this hardly impressive scene faded to give place to some crushingly imposing pictures of German planes and tanks in close formation, blocking the screen for what seemed to be about six minutes. To round this off neatly and to point the moral home, there followed an inspection in Hyde Park of a few bowler hatted gentlemen and sturdy females who—although their precise function was not stated—afforded in this programme the only and not over adequate pictorial representation of Britain's armed might.

The effect of this on foreign audiences, particularly those well-disposed towards England can easily be imagined. The vast amount of goodwill that can be capitalized, however, does occasionally receive an opportunity to demonstrate itself. In Belgrade I witnessed a similar "news" film, only this time it was devoted to the leaders of these four countries. We had Mussolini's chin filling half the screen and his eyes bleaching the landscape, while what looked like millions of his enthusiastic followers deafened us with their shouts; there followed a short

picture of Monsieur Daladier, with a cigarette dangling from his lip and with the pathetic hunted expression in his eyes of a man who is dying to smoke but cannot find a match; then we had Mr. Chamberlain, not looking at his best on a rainy day in Downing Street. Of course the umbrella raised its laugh, but much more surprising was the spontaneous applause which broke out and lasted the whole time the Prime Minister was on the screen, and it contrasted most oddly with the complete silence which greeted the arrival of Herr Hitler and the beaming bevy of S.S. men.

This last scene should show more clearly than anything else not only the urgent necessity of this country establishing a truly representative and enterprising film industry, but also the avidity with which any signs of British effort is welcomed where public opinion is still free to express itself, and finally the valuable and constructive achievement which such an industry could ensure not only on behalf of Great Britain, but on behalf of the causes for which this country and her Allies are making a stubborn stand.

THE ROUMANIAN PEASANTRY

By HUGH SETON-WATSON

MORE than four-fifths of the Roumanian people are peasants. Thirty years ago the great majority of these were landless labourers working on the estates of Roumanian, Hungarian or Russian landlords. Although no longer bound to the soil by law, they were economically dependent on their employer, and had no semblance of political freedom. In 1918 this situation was transformed by the Land Reforms, which divided up the estates of the great aristocratic families, and gave them to their cultivators. Not only the foreign rulers, but the Roumanian boyars themselves, suffered from the reform. It was the most radical and democratic measure undertaken in Eastern Europe since the war, and although a certain amount of obstruction and evasion prevented it from being fully executed, it undoubtedly transformed, within a brief period, the property structure of rural society.

Unfortunately it solved nothing. New economic difficulties arose in the post-war years. The smallholders had no capital, no means to buy agricultural machines, and no knowledge of scientific methods of exploitation. The birth-rate is high in Roumania, and the small estates, divided between the sons on the death of the owner, were split into ever smaller fractions, still less rentable than the original property. Those who had means, indebted themselves in order to buy cattle or implements. When the World Crisis broke, from 1932 onwards, the catastrophic fall of agricultural prices increased two or three times the burden of the debts. At the same time the cost of industrial goods rose in relation to agricultural products, and it became more and more difficult to pay taxes. Under the pressure of these new difficulties many were obliged to sell their land to their creditors. Those who had only two or three hectares of land to sell were compelled to eat less and to sell an increasing proportion of their small crop to acquire money with which to pay debts or taxes.

It is impossible to say with confidence what is the present property structure of Roumanian agriculture. The census of 1930, whose accuracy is not entirely certain, revealed that 74.9% of all holdings were of less than 5 hectares, and represented 28% of the land, while .4% of all holdings were of more than 100 hectares, and represented 27.7% of the land. These figures were collected before the Agricultural Crisis became severe. The process which has been described, became intense only after 1932. To-day it is certain that the number of very small and of very large properties has increased. Probably more than 80% of peasant properties have less than 5 hectares. It is generally accepted that one hectare per member of a family is a minimum for subsistence. Families are large in Roumania, the number of children being rarely less than three and often as many as seven, while ten or twelve are not exceptional. This means that in more than 80% of peasant households at least one member of the family is unemployed, or every member is only partially employed.

Conditions vary from region to region. The richest soil is to be found in the southern and eastern parts of the country. In Banat, where the frontiers of Yugoslavia, Roumania and Hungary meet, the peasants are rich. Large properties did not play a big part before the war, there is a tradition of medium holdings, and families are small. Having attained a certain level of prosperity, the peasants limit the number of their children, and most have a good prospect of a decent life. In Wallachia conditions are different. Here big estates still exist, or have been reconstituted. Either the original boyar has recovered his former lands, or a merchant or rich peasant has succeeded in forcing his debtors to sell to him. Prosperous and medium peasant holdings are rare. Most have small strips incapable of rational development and inadequate for their families. They are obliged to work for others during part of the year for a wage. A growing proportion have no land at all. They earn from 400 to 700 lei (5/- to 10/-) a month and some coarse food. Some find no work at all. The worst conditions are in Bessarabia, where competent economists have calculated that 80% of the peasants are a proletariat and 50% of the labour power of the villages is superfluous.

In Transylvania there is greater variety. In the south the land is very poor. The villages lie beneath the mountains, and the inhabitants gain their living from pasturing sheep. Here live the richest peasants of Roumania, a rural bourgeoisie, whose sons visit universities and become professors, doctors, officers and even ministers. In the centre of Transylvania, and in the plain of Bukovina, the soil is fertile, good crops are grown, and the percentage of prosperous medium holdings is higher. In the mountains west of Cluj (Muntii Apuseni) and in the northern province of Maramures the most terrible poverty of all exists. Some work as labourers in state or private forests. Others are able to find employment in industry. Most are forced to wander throughout the country, selling wooden planks or simple tools loaded on primitive carts drawn by emaciated horses. These pilgrimages, which last for weeks, bring them a little money with which to buy the maize which forms their only food. Their tiny wooden hovels are of a squalor probably without parallel in contemporary Europe. But they have the finest physical type and keenest intelligence of all Roumanian peasants.

Propaganda directed from countries unfriendly to Roumania has tried to spread in Western Europe the belief that Roumanians are degenerate, cowardly and dishonest. This propaganda exploits every scandal from Bucarest and represents it as typifying Roumanian "national morals". Yet the first visit to a Roumanian village will show the Western observer the stupidity of such tales. The Roumanian peasant is at least the equal in physique, courage, intelligence and honesty, of his Serbian, Magyar, Bulgarian or Polish colleagues. Yet it must be said that this splendid material has often been wasted. If the economic development of recent years has increased the hardships of the Roumanian peasant, his political experience has not been encouraging.

The Land Reform was carried through after the war by the Liberal Party. This party represented in the old Kingdom the rising commercial class, the small gentry and the bourgeoisie. Its traditional rival, the Conservative Party, represented the great land-owning aristocracy. The Liberals introduced the Land Reform and Universal Suffrage in order to destroy the economic and political power of their opponents who, in the

chaotic situation of the time, were obliged to accept them. The Liberals, however, were not moved by love for the peasants, as their subsequent policy showed. Until 1928, whether in or out of office, the Liberals ruled the country. Their economic policy was based on the principle of making the peasant pay for the industrialization of the towns. Export duties were raised on agricultural products, no attempt was made to give the new peasant owners cheap credit or technical instruction, and political freedom was falsified by corruption and pressure at the elections.

Opposition to this *régime* came from two sides. The National Party, led by Juliu Maniu, representing the Roumanian bourgeoisie and peasantry of Transylvania, opposed the economic dictatorship of Bucarest, while at the same time insisting on the unity of Great Roumania and denouncing any tendency towards separatism. In the old Kingdom a Peasant Party was founded in 1918 by Ion Michalache, which soon won mass support at the elections. In 1926 these two groups united to form the National Peasant Party. Great meetings and demonstrations were organized in different parts of the country. The movement took on an increasingly revolutionary character. In 1928 the Regency called Maniu to power. Free elections were then held and gave a majority of over 75% to the National Peasant Party. Great hopes were raised that a genuine democracy would be established, and that a new and honest administration would introduce economic reforms desired by the majority of the people.

These hopes were disappointed. The new administration was honest, and made important changes. But before it had had time to fulfil its programme the world depression broke it. Maniu had already resigned in 1930, and under the succeeding governments the party split, for reasons which are still obscure, into smaller groups and factions. In the elections of 1933 the Liberals returned to power. The years from 1933 to 1938 form a third period, marked by the rise of the Iron Guard. This party was led by discontented intellectuals of middle class families. It was particularly strong among university students and orthodox priests, and it had some support in military quarters. A section of the commercial bourgeoisie, jealous of

the commercial strength of the Jewish bourgeoisie, was attracted by its Anti-Semitism. At the same time great industrialists, and not only those of "Aryan" origin, gave it support as an instrument against any Left movement. Moreover, it received funds from abroad. Yet all this would not have given it importance if it had not been able to win mass support among the desperate peasants who, disillusioned with all political parties and crushed by the misery of the economic crisis, which no politician had done much to alleviate, looked to a revolutionary movement led by new men with courage and no compromising past. Since many village usurers are Jews, anti-Semitism was a means of canalizing this formless discontent, and was combined with the Radical slogan "One man, one acre" which, though quite insincere, had a remarkable effect.

Roumania was exposed to great danger when King Carol proclaimed his dictatorship in February, 1938, and for the following eight months the danger continued. Although it is probable that even before the elections of December, 1937, the Iron Guard was to some extent in decline, it did not abandon its terroristic activities, which reached their highest point in the weeks following the King's return from London in November, 1938. This state of affairs was ended by the Minister of the Interior, Armand Calinescu. For the last months the Iron Guard has been vigorously repressed. Its organization has been destroyed, and its remaining prominent leaders arrested. As a mass movement it no longer exists, although in intellectual circles its principles still enjoy sympathy.

The Government has not contented itself with repression. It is aware that the cause of the success of the Iron Guard's demagogy, and the main problem of Roumania, is the misery of the peasant and the enormous contrast in wealth and psychology between the towns, particularly Bucarest, and the villages. With the hope of bridging this gulf, the Government, inspired by the well-known Roumanian sociologist, Professor Gusti, has created the Social Service. This organization is intended to include all existing cultural, economic and social bodies engaged in work of benefit to the peasants. The aim is to create in every village a building known as a Cultural Hearth, which will serve as the centre of social life. Model properties

will be organized to show the peasants how scientific methods can improve productivity. They will be able to obtain selected seeds and agricultural machines cheaply, and to use the communal bulls and stallions for the breeding of a higher quality of livestock. Special efforts will be made to preserve and develop their national art and music. Books will be provided by communal libraries, and the village priest will collaborate in the work of "spiritual elevation". At the same time University and High School students are compelled to spend a year in work of research in the villages, under expert guidance, and necessary roads and buildings are constructed by military conscripts.

This ambitious programme deserves respect. But there seem to the writer to be two grave dangers. The economic misery, from which the Roumanian peasant suffers, has causes too complicated and too profound to be cured rapidly. Reforms will inevitably take time for their realization, and in the interval patience and sacrifices will be required of the peasant. If the peasant understands the policy of his government, if he has an opportunity to exert political influence, if he can see what difficulties prevent sudden changes, if he feels that the ministers are his representatives, and that their mistakes are his mistakes, then he will accept the necessity of sacrifice. But if he has no influence, if everything is done from above, if no explanations are given to him, but only fine promises, if his only contact with the Government is through the gendarme and the tax-collector, and if meanwhile no visible change in his conditions takes place, he will become sceptical or even hostile. Either economic prosperity or political freedom can be sacrificed, but loss of both is hard to bear.

The second danger is yet more fundamental. All the measures proposed by the Social Service can be of the utmost value to medium peasant holders, who have enough land to use modern methods of production, but who have been unable hitherto to exploit them rationally for lack of credit facilities which they are now receiving. At present, with the exception of certain regions mentioned, only the big estates are economically sound. If the present agricultural policy achieves its object, medium properties too will be made rentable. But, as we have seen.

80% of the peasant holdings are of less than five hectares and 50% of less than three hectares. For these there is little more to be hoped from the new policy than from the old. The present Minister of Agriculture, Cornateanu, is known to be an admirer of the German agricultural policy which, founded on the *Erbhofgesetz* of 1934, aims at creating a peasant aristocracy of owners of from 7 to 125 hectares, consciously condemning the rest of the rural population to the rank of a proletariat. Even if the lower limit were reduced from 7 to 3 hectares for Roumania, more than half of the peasant population would be excluded.

Inadequately employed by their properties, the peasants are compelled to work for part or all of the year in forest, mine or factory. But whereas in the Third Reich the surplus excluded from agriculture can be easily absorbed in the industrial machine, in Roumania industry, despite recent progress, is quite inadequate. Moreover, German influence is used to retard industrialization, and in 1938 the specialized German economic press conducted a campaign against industrialization in the South-Eastern States of Europe, whose destiny is to be agrarian and mining colonies within the German *Grossraumwirtschaft*.

The beneficial effects of the expansion of German trade on the peasant population have been exaggerated. Not only are the majority excluded but, already poor, they are threatened, in case of German domination, with a further fall of their standard of life. Politically, German domination is even less attractive. The Iron Guard won popularity, not for its devotion to Germany, but for its demagogic social programme. The treatment of Czechoslovakia, and above all the recent support of Hungarian designs, disillusioned most Roumanian supporters of the Reich. It is extremely unlikely that in the event of war with Roumania German propaganda could achieve big results among the Roumanian peasants. At the same time economic discontent is widespread. To what extent it is taking political form, it is impossible to say. Political groups exist, of every variety of opinion, from Left to Right. But the majority of the peasant population are probably politically indifferent. They hope that the Government will help them, but they do not know how to make their wishes felt.

EBB AND FLOW

By STEPHEN GWYNN

SIR Thomas Inskip conveys the impression that he is a good natured man and perhaps simple kindness of heart led him to assure a local audience in Scotland that war was not coming. He may have been surprised by the number of rings which went circling out from this splash in a Chamberlain's little pond; so unlike the speeches with which Mr. Choice Lord Halifax and Mr. Chamberlain said a brief goodbye to Lords and Commons. Lord Halifax was at his best, which is very good; his temper was perfect, with not a trace of frayed nerves. Mr. Chamberlain has not the same happiness of manner, but his outspoken utterance on the day when the House rose made amends for some regrettable lapses in an earlier debate as to the length of recess. He did then, what perhaps he might have done before; he took the House and the country frankly into his confidence. An immense chessboard spreads out its problems day and night before him and not even the resources of Great Britain permit him to take a high hand in answer to menace at all points on the board. He has admitted quite frankly that the attitude which he is constrained to assume in the Far East revolts his pride as an Englishman. Those who, since Munich, distrust him are inclined to hold that because he seeks, even at the cost of prestige, to avoid a clash with Japan, he will be found equally pliable in Europe. Yet the plain meaning of his speech on August 4 (a significant date) was that British power reserved its full strength so that commitments in Europe could be met without compromise. A choice has been made and it is fair to Mr. Chamberlain, and fair to the British people, that it should be understood what the choice is. In China, Great Britain has vast commercial and financial interests; three hundred millions at stake. In Europe, Great Britain is pledged to defend Poland, Roumania and Greece against the

* possible aggression of a usurping power. She is pledged to co-operate up to the very limits of her strength in defence of freedom. That interest has been put before the interest of finance and of commerce. Certainly it is not only to defend the freedom of other European States that Mr. Chamberlain has committed Great Britain with the full approval of the British people. Their own freedom is threatened, and with it, no doubt, their prosperity. But freedom and decent order against the pretensions of violent force have been put before business interests.

There are probably no two men living who have more dislike of war than the Prime Minister and his Foreign Secretary ; but it would be a very ill-advised ruler who believed that this dislike would hold them back from using the immense preparations which have been made, and continue to be made, or from playing their full part in the league which they have taken the lead in forming. So far as Poland is concerned, they have repeatedly declared that Poland shall be the judge when assistance is to be given. This has not been made equally plain about Roumania and Greece, but the same guarantee is implied. If it seems less likely to be called for there, that is because the joint action of England and France has brought in the formidable support of Turkey. But no candid observer can deny that Great Britain has undertaken vast risks, to the admitted damage of some of the greatest sources of her wealth.

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What Mr. Chamberlain refrained from saying about matters in China is worth noting. Japan's proceedings are resented in the United States as they were resented in America Takes Great Britain ; and President Roosevelt, acting Action of his own initiative, but with immediate approval from the American people, has terminated a treaty, which was of commercial value to Japan. Mr. Chamberlain might take similar action and has not taken it. He will be blamed in America for allowing the prestige and position of the white race to suffer by his toleration of indignities, at which he himself says that the blood boils. But his hands are not free, because of the European commitments to which he has given priority ; and since he is not in a position to use all the resources of British

power to protect British subjects in the Far East, he feels bound to avoid any policy which may add to their dangers and difficulties. Injury, even loss of life, to British subjects might help his policy ; but he has not the dictatorial ruthlessness, and avows that he is unwilling to jeopardize individuals. He did not say, but his words plainly implied, that if the prestige and the interests of the white race are to be defended against Japanese aggression, they cannot be defended by Great Britain only. Joint economic action which would cut off from Japan vital markets both of supply and of export would probably lead to war ; and the possibility of a British fleet acting in Far Eastern waters was named, without emphasis but significantly. Yet in fact the chances of its acting in isolation, or only with French support, are negligible. The other possibility could only be brought about by some flagrant unwisdom of the Japanese military party. But their valour is greater than their wisdom, and it is not impossible that Japan may have to face the most formidable of naval alliances.

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Meantime the military enthusiasm of Great Britain has had the British climate to contend with. Mud is the soldier's natural element, at all events in Northern Europe ; but the new levies have had to go into it at the deep end. Perhaps there has been less grouching than would have been heard if the men had not felt that they were really up against it ; for when that happens the British soldier becomes twice as good humoured. Still, a French conscript would open his eyes wide if he saw the parliamentary replies about the number and quality of meals, and the assurances that parents and newspapermen are welcome to come and inspect the camps. Old stagers from the last war—railway porters and the like—chuckle with approbation of the new dress. No puttees—no brass buttons ; those young fellows, the veterans think, won't know what trouble really was. Soldiering becomes a civilian kind of job ; the word may get a new meaning. A company commander in France, interviewing a draft just sent out asked one man if he had " done any soldiering before ". " No Sir ". " Where were you ? " " In Gallipoli ". " You don't call that soldiering ? " " No, Sir ".

Soldiering meant parade and brass buttons. The less trouble it involves for a man to be "properly dressed on parade", the better; but the old idea of the professional army was to invent ways of keeping the men busy in peace time. Nowadays their time will be fully occupied in mastering the complicated tools they have to handle; and the new dress is a sign that this is recognized. But there will certainly be a hang-over from the past days; and apparently there is, in regard to the dress of officers. Correspondence in the *Times* raises the question whether a special mess uniform should be exacted or permitted. We all know that if it is permitted, it will be exacted. Within the regiment there has to be uniformity, and till the War at least, it was exceptional to meet a British officer who had only his pay to live on; the well-to-do set the standard. Now, we are told, it is for the commanding officer to decide whether the special uniform shall be obligatory; but in fact, no regiment likes to be outdone in regimental smartness by others; and the very best of the old school had the cult of full dress, because it was part of the regimental tradition. Mr. Hore Belisha is not afraid of hostile criticism and he means that the new army should be in many ways different from the old. What was best in the old was and is too strong to disappear; but the army will be all the better school for gentlemen if it is made as easy as possible for any militiaman with military aptitude to become an officer; and the less he has to spend in order to take his place and hold it, the better for everybody. Many a man who could have been a fine soldier and a noble gentleman has been kept out of the service because of the unnecessary expenses imposed on him; the full dress uniform was an important item of expense, but it also signified a wrong attitude.

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Professor Coupland's nobly planned work on "East Africa and its Invaders" is of the rare books which enlarge understanding. By a few pages of illuminating geography he shows how and why Africa, except on its Mediterranean front, was merely a gigantic obstacle to European commerce and adventure, whereas its eastern coast invited Asiatic invaders by harbours to which from December to the end of February the monsoon would

African Story

carry them along the shores of the Indian Ocean while from April to September the south west trade wind would bring them back. So, from long before the Christian era, Arabs, Persians and Hindus from the North-West were bringing their iron tools and glass to East Africa and returning with ivory and slaves. But Arabs were dominant and in the fourteenth century Ibn Battuta of Tangier described the East Coast, studded with "Moorish" towns well built of stone and mortar. Then the Portuguese found their way round the Cape and were more successful in breaking up the outposts of Arab civilization than in establishing anything fruitful of their own. In recurring wars between Europeans and Asiatics, the native population suffered at both hands while the drain of slaves increased—America as well as Asia now craving a supply. Geography again explains that because East Africa afforded no rivers, up and down which transport was possible, there were dreadful advantages in a commerce which made human beings at once carriers and merchandise. But the offence of it stank to heaven, and if Britain became the leading Power on that coast, its energies were directed there by the crusade far more than by commerce. After the defeat of Napoleon, when no flag could challenge the British in the Indian Ocean, the navy is found co-operating ardently with an Arab ruler who transferred his main seat of power from Muscat to Zanzibar. Seyyid Said is a curious and not unsympathetic figure, and during his long reign he steadily helped to prevent export of slaves to America and the Indies, provided his own subjects might supply his own dominions. But when even this was no longer tolerated, the position of an Arab Sultan in East Africa became impossible. Europe—which meant England—had to take charge.

The story is carried no further in this long review of more than twenty centuries; for it is only preliminary to a study of England's action in opening up East Africa. Sir John Kirk was the central mover in that series of events, and a detailed account of his work by the same historian is promised. Here is an example of the spirit in which historical biography should be approached.

* * * * *

The house of Murray which burnt Byron's Memoirs, now makes some amends to public curiosity by publishing a selection from the letters written to the poet at various times by various women—all of which he appears to have hoarded, "like a jackdaw". That is the phrase employed by Mr. Peter Quennell who has finished the task of editing the selection, begun by the lady who chose to be known as "George Paston"; and it conveys a lack of admiration. No professional lady killer is ever at his best in that relation and Mr. Quennell observes with justice that Byron, though he could not get on without the excitement of women, was much happier with his own sex. Shelley and Walter Scott who had as little in common as was possible for two great gentlemen, liked him without reserve; but it is very hard to like the composite picture of Byron that emerges from this volume—"Letters to Byron." All sorts and conditions of adorers contribute to form it, from Susan Vaughan, a housemaid at Newstead, and Susan Boyce, an actress of walking-on parts at Drury Lane, to Lady Caroline Lamb, who lost her head completely about the poet, and Miss Mercer Elphinstone, who kept hers. Perhaps the oddest figure in the group is Harriette Wilson, the intimate friend of half the peerage, who wanted Byron to make love to her and did not bring it off, for all her cleverness, which her letters fully display. At all events she is never abject, as most of the others become. An honourable exception is Claire Clairmont, Mrs. Shelley's sister, who had far more than the others to reproach Byron with, for she gave him a child and he took the child away from her, to be brought up in a convent—the least forgiveable thing about Byron is his frequent lapse into a veneer of respectability. Stevenson, writing of 'Gentlemen' quoted as examples two famous men—Walter Scott and Wellington; and as examples of the cad, two others—Byron and Napoleon. This book bears out at least one of his estimates. But then we do not see Byron in his relations with Lady Oxford, who was at least *grande dame*, or with the Guiccioli, who may probably have known the best that was in him.

Letters to
Byron

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A FAMOUS DIARY

By PROFESSOR H. J. LASKI

A DIARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION 1789-93, by Gouverneur Morris. Edited by Berna Cary Davenport. 2 vols. Harrap. 42s.

It is good, at long last, to have this famous diary in an unabridged form. Morris was, on any showing, one of the outstanding Americans of his time. Cultured, in every sense a man of style, close to the heart of things, profoundly experienced in affairs both commercial and political, he was the kind of observer whose testimony is entitled to be considered representative. On any showing, he stands out among the foreign observers of the French Revolution. No account of its events is complete which fails to take account of his views.

He was, of course, a prejudiced witness. Deeply conservative, penetrated with the spirit of property, afraid of the mob, contemptuous of all who were not 'successful men', he approached the events he was to witness in a spirit not far removed from that of Edmund Burke. But he saw at first hand some of the great events of his time. He witnessed the opening of the States-General. He saw the riots which attended the dismissal of Necker. He watched Mrs. Siddons act and—a very different play—heard Burke and Fox at the trial of Warren Hastings.

He knew Pitt and negotiated with him on behalf of Washington. After he arrived in Paris in February, 1789, he saw, from the angle of the moderate royalists, almost everything of importance. He knew La Fayette well, and realized early how superior were his pretensions to his ability. He was acquainted with Madame de Staël; and he was as near the friend of Talleyrand as that enigmatic figure permitted anyone to be. He even had the distinction of successfully robbing the latter of his mistress, the Comtesse de Flahault. In all the intrigues which centred round the person of Louis XVI, he was a central figure. His *Diary* is an incomparable picture of a society in dissolution. It is also a remarkable study of the diplomat at work in the midst of complex and stirring events for which there are no precedents. Outside of Greville, it is difficult to think of any diarist who surpasses Morris in his particular *genre*.

He is not, it may be said, a sympathetic figure. Cold, self-centred, sensual, an intriguer by nature, with the slyness of temper that goes with his type, he saw the Revolution with but little realization of the forces in play. His sympathies, in his frigid way, were too settled to enable him ever to take an objective view of the events he witnessed. He made no effort to get into touch with

circles below those that fringed the interests of the Court; and the picture he drew is, accordingly, painted always from the angle of its attitude. He realized that the old monarchy was dead beyond revival; he did not understand the character of the new society that was being born. But he was a reporter of great skill, a kind of Autolycus of the unending stream of opinions that flowed his way. His mere record of these is of great value; and his own opinions of them enable us to realize how the winds of doctrine affected a Conservative American to whom the New Deal of France seemed, with all its drama, inevitably destined to break against the unalterable rock of a human nature built upon the inexpugnable rights of tradition and property. And the *Diary*, too, is invaluable because it makes once more clear how, even in the midst of world-stirring events, the little incidents of daily life flow on, unaffected by the storm outside. Morris pursues his love-making in the very shadow of the guillotine. He can consider the moods of his lady as calmly as he considers the effect of the Duke of Brunswick's Manifesto on the course of policy. He has the practical man's dislike of the doctrinaires like Paine; and the practical man's complete inability to see that history may be on the side of the doctrinaire. The *Diary*, on the whole, is a truthful record of events as he saw them; though the date at which it stops—the execution of Louis XVI—puts Morris in a more favourable light than he would have appeared had he recorded, for instance, his cynical lack of interest in the fate of Tom Paine when the latter was living in prison in fear of his life.

Only a small part of the *Diary* has previously been published; and what now appears is of hardly less value than what has hitherto been known. The account of Morris's own commercial transactions, before his appointment as Ambassador, are important for the light they throw on the attitude and interest of the Federalist Party in the United States. Even the long accounts of his love affairs are interesting. For they throw a fascinating sidelight upon the manners of the French aristocracy in its decline. On the ways of finance, on the character of the monarchy, on the rise of parties in a revolutionary period, on the technique of French government, on diplomatic methods in a Europe that has gone forever, Morris is a witness whose shrewdness and insight are of the highest value. He knew that he was living at a seminal time; and it is a tribute to his sagacity that he recorded so much of outstanding importance.

The *Diary* has been edited by Miss Beatrix Davenport, the great-granddaughter of Morris. It cannot, I fear, be said that she has done a satisfactory piece of work. Much of her own comment is written with a kind of forced sprightliness that is intensely irritating. Much of it, also, fails to take account of the fact that upon a great deal of what Morris wrote historical research has provided material which is fundamental to a judgment of his record. Most of her notes, also, are written in an historic present tense which reads abominably; and her accounts of the remoter personages are too rarely adequate. Morris certainly deserved a more competent annotator. Family devotion is rarely an effective substitute for serious scholarship.

THE DEFENCE OF BRITAIN, by Liddell Hart. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

Captain Liddell Hart's latest book falls into three main parts: an exposition of the present strategic situation, with emphasis on the modifications to their own disadvantage caused by the vacillations of the democratic Powers in the sphere of foreign policy; a discussion of the means of resolving the problems of our defence in this context, with stress on the advantage which the non-aggressor Powers enjoy from the present superiority of the defensive over the offensive; and an account of the recent Army reforms from which emerges, by implication, the importance of the part played by the author in their adoption. Intrinsically each of these parts is equal in interest; but while the first two represent mainly developments of ideas which are familiar to the very wide circle of Captain Liddell Hart's readers, the third part is wholly novel to all but a privileged circle with special information. If it be true, as the author claims, that "it may justly be said that more has been done in Mr. Hore-Belisha's two years of office than has been achieved before in a generation" it must follow that Captain Liddell Hart will go down to history as one of the greatest, if not the greatest of the influences in fitting the British Army for its contemporary rôle. For included in this volume appears memorandum after memorandum which he prepared and submitted to the defence authorities; and in most instances the substance of their recommendations has been adopted.

After the war a period of stagnation and indeed reaction ensued in British military organization, though happily

not to quite the same extent in British military thought. The Great War taught the superiority of fire-power to mere man-power, the machine gun's mastery of the battlefield except when opposed by tanks, and the increasing threat of air power to the security of civilian populations. Each of these lessons was neglected. The proportion which artillery bore to the number of riflemen in the division returned to its pre-war level; the Tank Corps, or Regiment as it is now called, languished in neglect, its most promising officers either being put on half-pay or given appointments in which they had no chance to make use of their special knowledge. While the Field Force was not brought up to date, the defence of the civilian population from air attack was regarded as altogether too static a task to be worthy of the attention of the soldier.

With the advent to the War Office of Mr. Hore-Belisha a drastic process of reform set in. Younger minds were applied to our military problems. The divisional organization of the Army was revised, largely according to Captain Liddell Hart's proposals, while drill was modernized and the conditions of service improved both for officers and for non-commissioned ranks. Above all, the gravity of the problem of air defence was appreciated, five anti-aircraft divisions were created, the creation of others is projected, and an adequate organization for air defence has been created in the War Office itself.

The author's proposals for reform, or many of them, have been accepted. Has their intellectual background? The confident but unhistorical assertion by Ministers that there can be no such

thing as a war of limited liability, the pledging of our resources irrespective of the question whether those resources will really be available, the loose talk in certain circles about training the Army "for victory" without an attempt to analyse what, in terms of the modern world, victory means: all these things raise doubts not only whether the author's ideas have been accepted—and he would not claim infallibility for them—but also whether they have been understood. The virtue of this book lies not only in its intense interest as a document in contemporary British history, but also on the one hand in its demonstration of the complexity of modern war, and on the other of the fact that "victory" in the ordinary sense of the term, is almost unattainable. And in this Captain Liddell Hart often regarded as something of a Cassandra, gives a message which is in reality a message of hope. To save democracy, and Britain, "victory" in the sense of the annihilation of the enemy, is not necessary. All that is needed is that aggression shall not succeed.

W. T. WELLS.

THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE, by The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

STEP BY STEP 1936-1939, by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS, by the Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

It is characteristic of our times that leading statesmen should experience no sense of indecency in stripping themselves naked to the public gaze by the assembling of their recorded utterances over a given period. No question of

any strip-tease: we see at once the man, the whole man, his character faithfully mirrored in the spoken word.

Mr Neville Chamberlain, it must be admitted, gains enormously by this device of a portrait in a mirror. That gawky figure, that rasping note, and that insufferable air of complacency—those traits which are such a drawback when the Prime Minister gets up in the House or on a platform—are no longer in evidence; instead we get the picture of a blunt honest patriot succeeding according to his lights, whose only cardinal error is to have ever dabbled in 'foreign affairs'. That he is, in his own words, "a man of peace to the depths of my soul", his actions no less than his speeches abundantly prove. But that, when dealing with the relations of States and those tiresome people, foreigners, with their different standards and modes of behaviour, he is woefully out of his element comes through no less clearly. Elsewhere I have dubbed him a diplomatic Parsifal—and I still maintain that this is to characterize the man correctly, not at all, as some maintain, as a secret sympathizer with the Fascist way of life. But, more fundamentally, as these speeches show—despite his father's Imperialist pattern—he is the perfect Cobdenite, concerned only that the benighted nations may cast off the panoply of armaments and ideology to enable trade and finance (made in Britain!) to resume its nineteenth-century sway. 'How can confidence be restored'—that is the continual refrain, revealing a complete failure to appreciate the conditions that operate in our international anarchy.

Considering that on the main question of what Mr. Churchill calls the Grand Alliance of States against the aggressor,

"the assembly of overwhelming force moral and physical, in support of international law", Mr. Chamberlain has had to eat his words—by the way what about that hat he was going to eat if he were shown to have miscalculated about the purpose of Italy!—Mr. Arthur Bryant's connecting matter is, in some cases, scarcely correct or felicitous.

Mr. Churchill may well ruefully reflect—in his Preface—upon the "leisurely progress along their own paths of thought" whereby His Majesty's Government "have at length . . . adopted even in detail the policy and theme" set forth in this chaplet of pertinent phrases. The foot-stones of 'Step by Step' are not, as it happens, speeches, but fortnightly letters which Mr. Churchill wrote over a period of three years and which make an admirable running commentary on events. The high lights are Mr. Churchill on 'The Austrian Eye-opener' March 18th, 1938, 'The Spanish Ulcer', December 30th, 1938, and finally that of March 24th, 1939, bearing the expressive title of 'The Crunch' and relating to the events of the Ides of March.

Mr. Churchill, a man of genius, is beyond time. Mr. Anthony Eden, on the other hand, is very much a survivor of 'the lost generation', whom a combination of hard work, ability and good fortune have brought early into the front-rank. His speeches on Spain, on the League of Nations, on British foreign policy, generally and on democracy are all sterling stuff, without, however, any of Mr. Churchill's artistry. Unlike Mr. Chamberlain, he does happen to understand his *métier* and the facts of the world to-day, in which the League of

Nations—or some such international polity—is an inherent necessity: as he says in his Foreword "our problem closely resembles that which confronted individual countries in respect of their internal order centuries ago". It is because he is acutely conscious of that problem that he is singularly fitted to conduct this country's 'foreign affairs'.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

CHINA AT WAR, by Freda Utley. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

This finely written and very moving book takes a high place among the many books, some of them admirable, already published on Japan's invasion of China. Miss Utley lived for some weeks during 1938 in Canton under continual Japanese air raids and was then in Hankow through the summer before its fall. Twice she visited the battle front on the Yangtze, getting within a short distance of the Japanese lines; she saw the Chinese soldiers on the march, in hospital, or dragging themselves painfully along with horrid wounds; and she interviewed most people worth meeting from the Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek downwards. All this she describes simply and with vivid effect. With her the reader, however little he knows of the Far East, may wonder that Europe can pay so little attention to the enormous tragedy that is being played in China. Miss Utley marvels that "the American Red Cross raised 30,000,000 dollars in four weeks (for the Japanese earthquake in 1923) whereas for China it has failed to raise even a million". Of the Japanese air raids, literally to be numbered by thousands, one does not know whether the more to be staggered by their cruelty or their

stupidity. Here is Japan continually declaring that she only wishes to be friends with the Chinese people; and her aeroplanes have wiped out hundreds of villages of no military importance and slain thousands of inoffensive country-folk. Yet terrorism has only recoiled on her own head, rousing the people of China in hatred of the invader as they have never been roused before.

The special value of Miss Utley's book, however, is its frank and clear-sighted criticisms of the way the war is being fought by China. Although she quickly fell under the irresistible charm of the Chinese nature, she kept her head and refused to be hypnotized by the propagandists of the capital ranting about the unity of China and the 450 millions; and she shrewdly wishes that China had fewer people, in which case they might be more highly valued. For the common soldier her admiration is unbounded; his dogged bravery and silent endurance of agonizing wounds are indeed beyond all praise. But Miss Utley strongly criticizes the Government for discouraging young men of the middle and upper classes from joining the army. This is not only bad for them, but, as Miss Utley says, until they do so, it will never occur to their mothers and sisters that it is their duty to see that military hospitals are clean and well supplied. There are exceptions, of course, and all praise is due to Dr. Robert Lim, head of the Chinese Red Cross, for the organization he has built up. But for the most part the care of the wounded is a shocking combination of indifference and mismanagement. Miss Utley called the attention of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek to this evil and reforms are taking place, but there is room for far

more in many directions. As the guerrillas have shown in North China, success in wearing down the Japanese depends on enlisting the peasants' help, which can only be done by agrarian reform on the largest scale. "This has hitherto been resisted by the mandarin mentality" of the conservative Kuomintang. But Miss Utley thinks that General Chiang is moving more and more towards the radicals, as he must if he is to convince the people that fighting for China means fighting for a better life for all.

The book is profusely illustrated with interesting though often gruesome photographs.

O. M. GREEN.

INVITATION TO ROUMANIA, by Derek Patmore. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.
THE MIRRORS OF VERSAILLES, by Elizabeth Kyle. *Constable*. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Patmore enjoyed himself in Roumania, staying with friends in Bucharest and in the country. Despite the introduction of agrarian reform whereby the landowners (and even charitable institutions) have lost a great deal of their property, it is still possible for life in a country-house to be pleasant, and Mr. Patmore does full justice to the amenities he encountered. The photographs by his friend Herbert List are particularly good, especially that of the old fortress of Hotin on the Russian border. Mr. Patmore does not seem to have penetrated further than that into Bessarabia where he would have found the country house of an unusual host, a well-known astronomer whose expeditions are subsidized by King Carol. Of course he does not rival Mr. D. J. Hall in penetrating to the heart of the

Roumanian peasant, but although he associated with the sophisticated rather than with the peasants, he doesn't ignore the latter. It was a pity that when a blond young convict, probably from Bucovina, asked him if he spoke German that he had to reply in the negative, for something of interest might have resulted. And among what might have been we must deplore the fact that Mr. List did not take a photograph of Miron Cristea, the late Patriarch, for that prelate was perhaps the most handsome bishop in the world. However, his studies of gipsy children are delightful.

Comparisons may be odious, but occasionally they are unavoidable. Miss Elisabeth Kyle, whose knowledge of Roumanian, to say nothing of Hungarian, Czech, Russian and Latvian, affairs is more extensive and profound than that of Mr. Patmore (which he would be the first to acknowledge) speaks in her latest book of 'the perfervid descriptions which travel-writers visiting Central Europe give of smooth country-house splendour . . .'. Referring to the Roumanian nobles with whom Mr. Patmore spent his time and whom he celebrates, 'these families' she says, 'are of Greek and not Roumanian origin at all, and their hearts are in Paris, though their estates may be in Roumania'. It is interesting to compare Miss Kyle's account of a visit to a Roumanian country house with the same environment in Mr. Patmore's pages. He describes a dining-room aglow with lights, he is rather inclined to tell us the names of the prominent persons who are present and to repeat parts of the political or literary conversation. Miss Kyle, out of the fullness of her

knowledge, may place before us people who are too knowledgeable for human nature's daily food, but she avoids every trace of society gossip. She is a literary artist, while Mr. Patmore's chronicle is matter-of-fact. He writes of the architecture and paintings of Roumanian monasteries (which, after all, others have done before him), whereas Miss Kyle gives us a most attractive account of 'The Hosts of the Lord', a movement which has been started by men who allege that the Orthodox Church is dying of over-ceremonial and senile decay. She tells us of the simple country priest, Father Trifa, so different from Wesley and yet . . .

It is characteristic of Miss Kyle that when a prominent Roumanian drives her to his country place from Brashov she does not give his name, but their conversation on the way is much more encyclopædic than anything attempted by Mr. Patmore. Yet, although his book is rather superficial and not very critical, it is quite pleasant.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MEN AND THE FIELDS, by Adrian Bell. *Batsford*. 8s. 6d.
EAST ANGLIA, by Doreen Wallace. *Batsford*. 8s. 6d.
THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE. *Batsford*. 6s.

If in the future anybody should think it necessary to compile a serious study of the causes and effects of our increasing interest in books on the English countryside, the name of Adrian Bell will certainly have to figure prominently in the index. As a writer who was also a farmer, he was one of the first to indicate the direction which the

literature of the rural scene was destined to follow. True, there were earlier pioneers. Edward Thomas's nature poems were as accurately informed as they were delicately attuned; and George Bourne's prose descriptions of Surrey and the Surrey labourer were, for twenty years ago, unusually factual. But it was the popularity of Mr. Bell's trilogy that revealed the reader's point of interest as having definitely shifted from the aesthetic to the informative. After *Corduroy*, raptures would never again suffice.

If *Men and the Fields* is not Mr. Bell's best book, it is still streets ahead of the majority of country books now being published. It is intelligent, unsentimental and extremely sensitive: you do not have to scratch very deep to find the poet in Mr. Bell. Though it is perhaps not quite on the same level as his earlier book, *The Cherry Tree*, it is somewhat in the same category—and anyway books like *The Cherry Tree* are as choice and rare as butterflies in February. The fourteen chapters of the present book carry us through the seasons, only this time they are less the main subject-matter than a convenient string on which the author may thread reminiscences and descriptions of his various excursions. But whether Mr. Bell writes as the farmer in Suffolk or the holiday-maker in the West Country, his view of country matters is always the same, that of a practitioner who is also a poet.

It is just this uncommon blend in him that makes his work so valuable. Here, for instance, is a random example of how the poet in him sees things. "For centuries horses must have gone out of that gateway to water at the pond across the road—gone out by

themselves, the marks of the harness fresh on their coats, then turned back with streaming mouths to the stable where the horsekeeper waited". But Mr. Bell also knows the facts that inform the poetry—the bones behind the featuring flesh:—

"These buildings have the haphazard look that is called picturesque. They were built so, some would say, haphazard. I don't believe it. Nothing is done haphazard on a farm. Take merely the siting of a stack. There is the whole stackyard to put it in. But stand by the farmer as he is giving the word where to build it. The men with the first wagon-load wait ready. He paces here and there, looks about him, then plants his stick. That is the place. The stack rises there, and has its relation to the buildings according to its use, and of what it consists. If so much forethought goes to the placing of a stack, how much more to the construction of a building?"

In fact, it will be a happy year that produces a second country book as genuine as *Men in the Fields*. Moreover, the production of the book beautifully accords with its contents. John Nash has been called in to illustrate it, and his numerous drawings and coloured lithographs are as accurate as they are poetic and not without a delicious sense of humour.

To write adequately of the whole of East Anglia in 114 pages of text must have been an extraordinarily difficult thing to do, and Mrs. Wallace was wise to be "rigorously selective". She might with advantage have been even more selective. Neither the place nor the reader can glean much help from such information as this:—

"Farther south still are Ugley, which belies its name, and Stansted Mountfitchet—a name with a glorious feudal ring, denoting a small village of considerable dignity. The road brings us eventually to Bishop's Stortford, a regrettable place, very much overgrown with industrial houses".

In fact, the greater part of Mrs. Wallace's book is a sort of gazetteer, the remainder of the book consisting of a short section on farming in East Anglia (very lively and informed), another on architecture, a tantalisingly brief section on the local dialect (in which it is amusingly suggested that the close-mouthed speech of East Anglians is due to the biting east wind: "folk let as little as possible of it into their mouths"), and two rather sketchy sections on flora and fauna. Nevertheless, Mrs. Wallace knows her country well; and if she conducts us across it at rather too brisk a pace, her observations are at least first-hand and accurate.

It is hardly necessary to add, perhaps, that *East Anglia* is well illustrated; and the same may be said of *The English Countryside*, a symposium in which the various contributors survey the several aspects of English landscape, fen and valley, down and moor, and so on. Indeed, to say a Batsford book, these days, is at least to say a book of superb and apposite illustrations.

C. HENRY WARREN.

PORTRAIT OF STELLA BENSON, by R. Ellis Roberts. *Macmillan*. 15s.

Stella Benson is not everybody's novelist. When she died, in December, 1933, some felt that England had lost her greatest contemporary woman writer; others could not, and still cannot, read her books at all. The remarkably personal quality of her writing, even when her characters seem detached and humorous creations quite independent of her brooding mind, must be held responsible. So many readers look for originality of plot but not of conception, and are discomfited by work that flouts the normal premises

of fiction, being produced with almost aching honesty by a spirit forever diffident, questioning and self-tortured. Stella Benson had the precious unhappiness of being a fairy—lonely, desolate, aware that she must make an obstinate effort to fit in where others naturally belonged, and yet with enough pleasure in that normal life to despise the oddity she was half proud of.

No account of her life could signify if it did not dwell on these spiritual perplexities that underlay the plain facts of her career. Mr. Ellis Roberts, writing as a very close friend of her latter years, has felt this necessity very strongly. He appears as interpreter rather than chronicler. He inverts, as she did, the positions of reality and illusion, by showing her charity work in Hoxton, her visits to California and her contacts with the dreary official society of small Chinese towns, as the mere setting for, and influence on the true Stella. This Stella never could and never would be identified with Mrs. O'Gorman Anderson, wife of a British Customs official—a lady who appeared to her own nervous sensibility as someone inordinately dull and old and stupid, someone who could not possibly be liked. Mr. Roberts, in his affectionate anxiety to encompass his strange subject, is to be found coaxing a recalcitrant heroine, pleading against her own perversities, analyzing the too-analytical mind, carefully handling spots so tender that the very reader is inclined to shrink, and murmur, "Oh, that hurts". Gentle, loving and immensely intimate, he makes point after point that if not identical differ only by the finest shades. One seems to be eavesdropping, and wonders at last if this merciless kindness is not too revealing, if it is not too near what Stella Benson might say in her own

novels, behind the veil of an invented character, but would never have published frankly about herself.

"Stella is a fool, in the Pauline sense; down in the dust in the arena, chattering at the silly merry cocktail parties, wounded, tormented, perplexed—only differing from the ordinary people she portrays because she holds tight in her left hand the magic crystal of her old fairies, and at night looks into the cupboard to see, with disapproving surprise, that still in the corner is the broomstick that gives her the freedom of the real world".

To over-interpret a complex personality is an unusual fault and a venial one. Despite its abundance of psychological probings, this unconventional biography of an evasive spirit has a fascination hard to withstand. Those who already admire Stella Benson's work will feel their understanding deepened, and some who have formerly been baffled may find a key in their hands. Forty-five years must pass before her diary becomes public property; but the letters printed here are fine enough to make us hope that Mr. Roberts will publish her entire correspondence. "It is difficult", Stella wrote in one of those letters, "to know how much one owes to oneself, how far one ought to go to keep one's own soul alive". It was her insistence on keeping that soul alive and burning that made her intolerant of the eyeless communities in China, and unhappy even in a happy marriage; while it matured and intensified art which she could never allow to die. The incurable loneliness of the artist, and the clash of art with the demands of practical life are the leading motives in her brief career. Mr. Roberts has more than adequately revealed the drama of them.

SYLVA NORMAN

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN MONARCHY, by Sir Bernard Pares. Cape. 18s.

Sir Bernard Pares has probably done more than any other Britisher to bring before us the Russia of the Tsars. Although one may differ from him in the estimate of this or that event, it would be difficult to do other than admire the thoroughness with which he has collected his materials and verified his data before beginning to write. Still more must we appreciate the way in which he has made his materials available to us. The "Fall of the Russian Monarchy" is a story well told by a man who was intimate with many who fell with it. He saw the monarchy falling, knew it must fall and rather regrets its passing.

Sir Bernard seems to go out of his way to emphasize the personal charm of Tsar Nicholas II. and the simple sincerity of the Tsarina, as if these were the qualities by which history will judge them as rulers of a crumbling Empire. Yet the effect of the evidence here compiled is to leave the reader amazed that it were possible for two such utterly incompetent people to have the destinies of a nation thrust upon them.

The Tsar may have had charm, but the evidence here collated proves him to have been incapable of independent decision. The Tsarina may have been beautiful and sincere but she was also ignorant and superstitious and steeped in class prejudice. The story of her blind subservience to Rasputin is nauseating.

But the lives of the Tsar and Tsarina reflect the lives of the ruling caste which surrounded them. The wonder is not that the Russian Monarchy fell, and

with it all the feudal rubbish attendant on it, but that it so long endured. The record given by Sir Bernard, of the happenings in the Russian army during the war, of the men driven, without rifles and guns, to face the highly mechanized German forces and the desolation and corruption behind the front, leaves one wondering as to how much suffering and degradation humanity can tolerate before rising up against it.

Nevertheless, throughout the story of this welter of affairs, the author keeps us close to the personalities of the Tsar and Tsarina, their prayers, their personal aspirations, their family life which somehow or other to them had got caught up in a storm, the magnitude of which they did not know, and the significance of which they had not the wit to understand. Sir Bernard follows them right through to the end at Ekaterinberg and rounds off the story thus:

"If," he says, "twenty years after the March Revolution a stranger now visited the little palace at Tsarshoe Selo (the home of the Tsar and Tsarina) he would find it exactly as it was on the night when the family gathered with Kerensky in the semi-circular hall with the luggage packed for the journey to Tabolsh . . . and the guide might explain to him without a trace of animosity that the last Tsar was a healthy out-of-door man, delighting in his beautiful swimming bath, that the Empress' bathroom was also almost a nursery, the centre of the family life, that the two sovereigns were excellent parents and that their children were devoted to them. He would be left, as he came away, to shape his own memory of his visit and what he would inevitably

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feel would be that all this happened far back in the middle ages, when it was still thought possible to regard a sixth of the world as a personal estate and to govern a hundred and seventy millions of humanity from a lady's drawing room. Then he would say to himself that all this was gone, far away, never to come back again".

It would be worth while reading this book if only to remind us of the magnitude of the task undertaken by the revolutionaries when they took the reins of power.

J. T. MURPHY.

LOVE IN THE SUN, by Leo Walmsley. Collins. 8s. 6d.

THE BRIDE, by Margaret Irwin. Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

JONATHAN NORTH, by J. L. Hodson. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

These three novels have all been either 'Chosen' or 'Recommended' by the Book Society. They are all excellent examples of the kind of work that Book Societies are expected to select, large, solid, efficient stories which belong to the upper levels of popular fiction. Mr. Walmsley's *Love In The Sun* is the most interesting of the three, and will probably be widely read on the strength of private recommendation. It's just the sort of book that people bully their friends into reading. One of the widespread dreams of the present day is the escape from the stress of a 'Crisis' civilization to the innocence and self-contained economy of a Robinson Crusoe existence, where neither wars nor slumps can trouble the pure in heart. We all dream that dream, in one blissful form or another, but Mr. Walmsley has gone one better and made a novel of it. His hero and

heroine retire to a shack in Cornwall, fish for their dinner, cultivate their cabbage-patch and generally borrow as much from Crusoe as contemporary Cornwall permits. Various obstacles are overcome, the hero turns author and wins success, the heroine votes everything 'grand' and 'thrilling', a baby is born, and we—fingering our gas-masks in repulsive cities—are left to sigh deeply and reflect that here at last is a novelist who knows that it's the Real Things In Life that count. I imagine that, for quite three months, *Love In The Sun* will intoxicate a large section of the population. Mr. Walmsley has undoubtedly struck a gusher, in every sense. The craving that he satisfies is basically a decent and universal craving, whatever layers of sentimentality may blur it; and his novel is the perfect dream-satisfaction. The hero makes raspberry-canes yield heavily in the first season (for which alone I salute him); he also fishes expertly, carpenters with equal skill, salvages valuable flotsam and jetsam, and contrives to sell worms and cock-roaches at astonishing prices. These things are recorded with a robust simplicity and narrative skill which save the reader from considering his own ineptitude in such circumstances, and I shall be surprised if *Love In The Sun* doesn't make Cornish shacks as fashionable as Sussex cottages.

The Bride is an historical novel, devoted to the events of the same year as Mr. Jack Lindsay's recent novel, 1649; but whereas Mr. Lindsay's sympathies lie to the Left of Cromwell, Miss Irwin is a royalist in the romantic manner. Her concern is therefore with the exiles at The Hague and their attempts to effect a rising in favour of Charles II; and more particularly

with the Marquis of Montrose and his fiancée, Princess Louise (sister of the royalist commander, Prince Rupert). I lack the expert knowledge to check Miss Irwin's accuracy in detail, but her writing inspires confidence and the book has the air of being grounded in careful research. Her interpretation is another matter, and here it seems that history and fiction must always be incompatible since their aims and needs are so different. Miss Irwin makes a great effort to bring her characters back to life, but they are fairy-tale figures entangled in their own legends and touched up by a modern hand. Prince Rupert comes near to being an Ethel M. Dell hero, his sisters are a jolly group of suburban misses, and Montrose plays Fairy Prince from start to finish. The original flavour of that rich brew has evaporated, and synthetic romance is no equivalent. To recapture it fully is a prodigious task, if it is not quite impossible, and it is to Miss Irwin's credit that she has moments of success. *The Bride* (which incidentally completes a trilogy) is at least a worthy attempt to accomplish an extremely difficult aim. It holds the reader's attention, it is full of incident and colour, it has the misty sweetness and sadness of fairy-tale, and its drama has a theatrical power in spite of the plump upholstery of a nostalgic romanticism.

Jonathan North is another of those ample North Country portraits for which there seems to be a permanent and inexhaustible demand. Mr. Hodson introduces his hero at the age of twelve and follows his career to the threshold of old age. It is the career of a self-made man, a miner's son who uses his wits, thrives on the shady side without coming to grief, and quickly

makes his fortune. Life, for Jonty North, is a rough-and-tumble and he makes up his mind to get on top. Having got there he interests himself in left-wing politics and vigorously attacks familiar abuses: like most of us, he is more concerned with the sins of others than with his own. Some of the descriptions of the war-years are excellently done, and the whole story has that blustering, zestful, racy gale of energy which seems to blow constantly from Lancashire.

DESMOND HAWKINS.

RED STRANGERS, by Elspeth Huxley.

Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

LITTLE TIN GOD, by Frank Tilsley.

Collins. 7s. 6d.

THE DUCHESS OF POPOCATAPETL,

by W. J. Turner. Dent. 7s. 6d.

There is a glorified form of slumming these days that moves the beaten bourgeois to write books about the proletariat. Karl Marxes are two a penny, and these days you've got to walk to Hampstead to glimpse a pair of moleskins or corduroy pants. Mrs. Elspeth Huxley has introduced this pathetic trend into anthropology. She has written a novel about Africa, from the native's point of view. And obviously she imposes upon herself a severe handicap. She's a pinkie for a start, and to get inside the skin of a negro and record, in novel form, the life around you, with all the added complexity of having to receive these impressions through a subconscious crammed with all the symbolism known to Freud, Jones, Jung & Co., I submit, is a job for an African Dickens.

Mrs. Huxley, inspired by the best intentions in the world, has produced

an unsuccessful novel. Had she set herself the task of writing about the Africans from the District Commissioner's view-point, one side of the picture would, at least, have been clearly expressed. As it is, the picture one gets is one of general confusion and bewilderment. The West Africans cannot understand why little bits of copper or silver are better than goats as currency. After all, they say, you can always eat your goats on a rainy day.

This bit of logic adds a wrinkle to the brows of the African and D.C. alike. To the negro who gets along with his little tabus, his dark gods, his goats and enviably naïve laws of property the European (his boss), is just a dangerous eccentric, with his magic that smells of iodoform, with his murderous weapons blessed by his god, his inhuman laws

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of property, his incomprehensible moustache and obvious savagery.

One day he will learn what this Red Stranger really means. He will write a book about it too. And its message will not be obscured, for he will not write it from the pink District Commissioner's feelings about the African problem and its relation to Empire. It will be a much simpler book than *Red Strangers*, which is a grand jungle to grope around in.

In Frank Tilsley's new novel, *Little Tin God*, there is a little suburban *fürhrer* called Carl who marries a little suburban *hausfrau* called Jean, a straightforward case of X marrying Y. That Carl has German ancestry, and is proud of it, is incidental. He would have been a bowler-hatted and be-gamped *fürhrer* anyway. As it is he beats his wife (a very old suburban hobby), indulges in all the petty bickerings, and shares the ideals of his next-door-neighbour. Nothing new here. But yes! for Carl punches his boss on the nose and goes in for espionage. Naturally, one can't help feeling that this is a much pleasanter occupation than the one he leaves (clerking in a city Bank), and so, in a sense, he earns one's sympathy.

It's the wife-beating that's not cricket, and this, coupled with his nazi-spying leads to worse than domestic discord. Jean, at the very end of the book thinks: *I shall have to leave him now, she told herself, desperate, knowing perfectly well that she would not leave him; realizing how unlikely it was that she would ever leave him.*

On this note of indecision the story concludes. It is a pity that Jean didn't throw a custard-pie at the cad.

James Blow is the hero of the *Duchess of Popocatapetl*. We follow him

through his fantastic adventures, conscious all the time of W. J. Turner's magic prose, we listen-in to conversations, which are faithful recordings of the Bloomsbury 1920 Blues, and marvel at Blow-cum-Turner daringly de-bunking some literary gent who has probably de-bunked, and buried himself, long ago. There are discussions on isms, and the answer is a lemon. Blow and his friend Airbubble's talks positively scintillate. Blow's dissertation on the intellectuals who went a-fighting in Spain, and after Spain 'helped' China, sparkles like a paste diamond. After publicly announcing their intention of helping China, they would go "and get material for books, for which enterprising publishers found the money". Blow doesn't like these "intellectual vultures". Neither do I. So what? Is it any good telling the world, that rather little world called Bloomsbury, or, more significantly known as W.C.1, how bogus they all are? Being bogus happens to be their profession. Mr. Turner's book is clever, it was meant to be; it is fantastic and witty for it was meant to be. If you don't get my meaning, the Duchess will, I know, give me an understanding wink.

MAX WOOD.

WEEK-END WODEHOUSE. Herbert Jenkins. 7s 6d.

If there is nothing fresh to say about P. G. Wodehouse it is nevertheless true that Wodehouse remains fresh to his readers on every page. There is really no knowing what the man will say next and in this book, a new spasm of Wodehouse fun, the author gives us some old favourites and some pieces hitherto unpublished in book form.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

That master puppeteer, Herr Hitler, has kept all Europe dangling on a string throughout the best part of what used to be known as the holiday month. As we write the noise of war is everywhere apparent and our only satisfaction, and that a grim one, is that we are no longer unprepared and we can look into the future with fortitude if not hope. THE FORTNIGHTLY searchlight, casting its beam around to illuminate the darker spots, forgets Danzig and Europe for the moment, to draw attention to a peril, none the less dangerous for being distant, in the Far East. Freda Utey, whose recent and most excellent book, *China at War*, is reviewed this month, makes plain that Anglo-American co-operation depends largely on Great Britain's attitude towards the aggressor, Japan. Miss Utey has seen a great deal of the war in China and writes with a first hand knowledge of events. At home she is known to us as a very able writer on Far-Eastern affairs and editor of the weekly bulletin, *Far Eastern Service*.

Godfrey Lias, who brings the searchlight nearer home, has been for many years Diplomatic Correspondent, for Europe, of the *Christian Science Monitor*. A worker in the National

Labour cause, he serves on the editorial board of the News-Letter. Mr. Lias is discussing Germany's relationship with Hungary and another article which takes us in the same direction is by Hugh Seton-Watson, a son of Professor Seton-Watson, writing on the Roumanian Peasantry. Mr. Seton-Watson has recently been appointed Lecturer in the Department of International Politics, at the University of Wales, Aberystwyth.

Darker clouds tend to drive the problem of Palestine into the background and, accordingly, we welcome all the more Captain Victor Cazalet's article, which is not prepared to let the matter rest. Captain Cazalet has been Conservative M.P. for Chippenham since 1924 and has travelled extensively all over the world. Visits to the Near East have given Captain Cazalet a clear insight into the problems of Palestine.

The air 'war' which took place over Eastern England during August gave cause for some satisfaction as our defence services proved to be efficient, but Group-Captain L. L. Maclean paints another side of the picture in his article and gives cause for uneasiness which is shared by R. Ansell Wells, who makes no apology for his defence of the horse in warfare. Mr. Wells is a man of

many parts. A countryman, an authority on horses and a keen musician, it is something of a surprise to find that he speaks Icelandic and that his knowledge of that country is profound. Group-Captain Maclean has been, in recent years, in active command of a long distance night bomber squadron, Chief Air Staff Officer in a Bomber Group, and in command of a Fighter Station and the Special Air Fighting Development Establishment. In addition he has been Air Staff Officer at Headquarters Air Defence of Great Britain and Air Representative at the League of Nations.

Two writers, **Hector Bolitho** and **Arthur Calder-Marshall**, lend literary distinction to our pages. Like Mr.

Bolitho, Mr. Calder-Marshall has travelled much and returns to England from America with a wholehearted admiration for his subject, John Steinbeck.

Frank Clements, whose article on German Naval Aims, appeared earlier in the year, returns from a European tour to tell us something of the cinema in different countries.

Finally the two articles on domestic issues are contributed by **John Armitage** who has been making a particular study of unemployment, and **F. Elwyn Jones**, a barrister, whose name will be familiar to readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY, as a writer on European affairs. He is now editing a book, *Safeguards of Justice*, to be published by Cape.

THE FORTNIGHTLY MISCELLANY

What the eye does not see, the heart still fails to grieve over, if the object for grief is far enough away. Miss Freda Utley in her article, published in THE FORTNIGHTLY, this month, says quite truly that "even in the view of the Labour and Liberal parties the fate of China's Four Hundred Millions is obviously of infinitely less importance than the fate of the Poles, the Roumanians or some other white nation". But Miss Utley has seen the suffering in China, seen the masses of refugees creeping anywhere for shelter, seen the sick and the little children lying helpless, covered only by a few rags, while mothers with diseased babies in their arms fell on their knees before her crying, and asking for medical care. Everyone should read Miss Utley's book, *China at War*, and everyone, while reading it, should try to visualize the condition of the thirty million refugees in China. It is useless to pretend that one can do nothing to help: humanity demands that no effort should be spared. The British Fund for the Relief of Distress in China will tell you how to help. It is in the range of everyone's pocket to do something. Four shillings will feed, clothe and house a refugee for a whole month. Five shillings will do the same for an orphan in need of added care, while five pounds will provide for twenty-five or help to provide a hospital with its needed anaesthetics and medical supplies. Money is needed for food, money is needed for medical supplies and hospital dressings, money is needed for blankets, rugs and soap. Many people are giving up hours of time to help, drug firms have been generous, shipping companies are carrying everything you help to buy for the refugees, freight free. There never was a greater need for humanity to speak. Please do something about it; please send a contribution to Dr. H. Gordon Thompson, 121, Westbourne Terrace, London, W.2.

* * * * *

Something very remarkable and fine has just been noticed in the Press. Something which should have made us pause to think. For a little over a fortnight ago the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children helped its five millionth child. It is true that there is little satisfaction in the fact that the N.S.P.C.C. have found it necessary to help so many children, or that their work is every bit as necessary to-day, as when it was begun, but cruelty to children, though an ever present evil, seldom reaches the diabolical depths known to us through the pages of Dickens. That this is so is due very substantially to the work of the N.S.P.C.C., which makes it its business to hear about cases of cruelty long before the child's life has been ruined. For the last twelve years the N.S.P.C.C. has been under the direction of Mr. W. J. Elliott, O.B.E., who joined the Society as Secretary in 1922. Five million

children now owe their chance in life to Mr. Elliott and his predecessors, and to a Society which will continue to watch over the lives of children for many years to come.

* * * *

The National Council of Social Service has produced a handbook of sixty-four pages entitled *Out of Adversity*, a survey of the Clubs for Men and Women which have grown out of the needs of unemployment. The price is sixpence. It is hoped that for this modest expenditure many men and women will take the opportunity to learn something of the work of the National Council among the unemployed. It was in 1932 that the Government decided to place certain funds at the disposal of the National Council of Social Service to enable it to develop its work among the unemployed. The money has been spent on providing premises and encouraging activities of the best kind. To-day there are nearly 900 clubs for men and 500 for women with a total membership of 120,000 men and 40,000 women. It is believed that the clubs will establish themselves as permanent social institutions, serving those who live in the shadow of unemployment and on low wages. In most clubs members pay a weekly subscription of one penny or twopence. *Out of Adversity* gives a clear picture of the activities, discussing the clubs as they are at present and in relation to their future development.

* * * *

London has again had the opportunity of seeing James Bridie's lovely play, *Tobias and the Angel*, at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. Moreover, the weather at last decided to be really kind and the play enjoyed, as it deserves, a good run. Leslie French was Tobias, an invitation in itself to draw many to the Park, and Robert Eddison brought a rich dignity to the part of Raphael. The last play to be performed in the Open Air Theatre this year is *The Taming of the Shrew* by William Shakespeare.

* * * *

For some time a group of people has been working with Mr. Roberts, M.P., and the Parliamentary Committee for Spain to establish in London a Society for Anglo-Iberian Culture. The chief object of this is to provide a much needed cultural and social centre where exiled, refugee, and visiting Spanish and Spanish-American writers, artists, scientists and others can meet not only each other but also their English colleagues and English people interested in Spain and its culture. There are many distinguished patrons of the Society but money is required to finance the project. This is being raised by an appeal for donations and advance membership subscriptions, which are, Founder Members £25; Life Members, £5 5s.; London Members, 10s. 6d.; Country and Student Members, 5s. Remittances should be sent and made payable to the Hon. Treasurer of the Appeal Fund: A. R. L. Walton, Esq., Chartered Accountant, 59-60, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Cheques should be crossed "a/c A.I.S."

THE FORTNIGHTLY

OCTOBER, 1939

FOREGROUND AND BACKGROUND

BY WICKHAM STEED

WE are at war, and must pull together till the war is won. To pull together will be easier if we know exactly what we are fighting for, and why. Peace, when it comes, must not find us unready. In order to be ready we need to understand where we have been wrong in the past so that we may be right now and in future. If fighting is to-day in the foreground, the background out of which the bolt of war fell upon us—not from the blue but from sombre clouds long gathering—has to be borne in mind and pondered over.

Without fear or favour, and in the light of my own experience and knowledge, I propose to examine this background. The fact that we are at war does not preclude reflection upon past errors, or thought of what may be a grim future unless those errors be recognized and made good. Whatever views I may express or conclusions I may draw will be dictated by the twin convictions that nothing matters to-day so much as the winning of this war by the forces ranged in defence of human freedom, and that it will not be truly won unless the winning of it be followed by a peace that shall be more than an interval between the end of this war and the beginning of another.

It has been said and written that the outbreak of war at this moment is due to one man and to one man alone—Adolf Hitler. This is a dangerous half-truth. Even did Hitler not represent the doctrines and ambitions of pan-Germanism in its extremist form, tricked out with mystic nonsense about "the Aryan race" and "blood and soil", the truth would remain that he has been, for years past, recognisable and recognized as a homicidal maniac possessed by the lust of power, and that his writings, words and deeds have certified him as such. If a homicidal maniac be not restrained by others, is he alone answerable for the murders he will continue to commit? How

came it, then, that British and other statesmen, with the fullest information at their disposal, could believe, or could behave as though they believed, that Hitler was a politician like unto themselves with whom every difference could be settled by "negotiation"? This mystery will one day need to be cleared up. So persistent was the fatuous yearning for a "settlement by negotiation" that it led us to one of the most critical moments in our recent history.

On the night of Saturday, September 2, more than thirty-six hours after the German invasion of Poland had brought the Anglo-Polish alliance into active force, official spokesmen in both Houses of Parliament declared that "If the German Government should agree to withdraw their forces, then His Majesty's Government would be willing to regard the position as being the same as it was before the German forces crossed the Polish frontier; that is to say, the way would be open to discussion between the German and Polish Governments of the matters at issue between them, on the understanding that the settlement arrived at was one that safeguarded the vital interests of Poland and was secured by an international guarantee".

If, at that moment, a vote of censure had been moved in the House of Commons it would have been very strongly supported. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, deputy-leader of the Labour Opposition, straightway became the spokesman of the country and of the House. He was greeted by cries of: "Speak for Britain!" from the Ministerial benches, and he had the whole House with him when he demanded "that there shall be no more devices for dragging out what has been dragged out too long". The moment we look like weakening, he went on, "dictatorship knows we are beaten. We are not beaten—we shall not be beaten".

Next day the news that we were at war was received with feelings of intense relief, so deep had been throughout the country what Mr. Greenwood then described as the "resentment, apprehension and anger" that had reigned over Parliamentary proceedings the night before. This was no exaggeration. In an observation of our public affairs which now extends over nearly half a century I have never seen the temper of our people so ugly as it became on that Saturday night after the Ministerial statements had been broadcast to the nation.

The prompt formation of the War Cabinet, with Mr. Winston Churchill in it and Mr. Anthony Eden on its threshold, increased the relief given by the prospect that "negotiation" and "appeasement" would henceforth be at an end. A War Cabinet is something. We do not yet know whether it will be the *Government for War* which the country needs and must have. As a reassuring element in the immediate background stands the seeming paradox that a nation which hated war and was devoted to peace should have felt relieved that war was at last declared. To this paradox the Prime Minister supplied the key when he, in his turn, won the cheers of the House on Sunday, September 3, by concluding a somewhat lachrymose personal statement with the words: "I trust I may live to see the day when Hitlerism has been destroyed and a liberated Europe has been re-established". The nation does not *trust*; it is determined to destroy Hitlerism.

By common consent "Hitlerism" is the enemy. "Hitlerism" is something more and something worse than the "Prussian militarism" which was the enemy in 1914—1918. Common to both is the immoral doctrine that Might is Right, and the Prussian conception of the State which Hegel deified as "God's movement in the world", "the absolute power on earth" and "an end in itself". New in Hitlerism is Hitler's own conviction that he himself is divine. In words which he used to one of his former advisers: "In so far as there is a God, I am He". Even William of Hohenzollern, whose familiarity with the Almighty astonished the world in the closing years of the 19th century, never went beyond speaking of "My old ally, God".

But behind Hitlerism stands, as it stood behind William of Hohenzollern, the Prussian militarist tradition which, it was fondly hoped, the war of 1914-1918 had broken for ever. The reasons why it was not broken enter largely into the background of the present war. They merit careful examination. Chief among them was the belief, sedulously inculcated upon the German people for generations, that under Prussian leadership the German army held the secret of invincibility—a belief founded upon its victories in the three wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870-71. All competent witnesses of the rise of Hitlerism in Germany agree that its most persuasive appeal to the German

people was its constant denial of the fact that Germany had been defeated in the war of 1914-18, and its emphatic assertions that just when the German armies were on the eve of triumph they were stabbed in the back and betrayed by Jews, Marxists and other traitors at home. As Mr. Edgar Ansell Mowrer truly said in his book "Germany Puts the Clock Back":

It was not imperialistic scheming, but vanity amounting almost to a vital need, that caused the people to deny reality in the form of its own war responsibility and defeat. What to foreigners seemed wrong-headedness or sheer duplicity was mere incapacity to face a truth incompatible with the national self-esteem. For a creed is doubly necessary to men who can never quite decide between opposites, who oscillate between jelly-like receptivity and pompous nationalism, unable to accept any form, yet unceasingly jealous of shapelier nations, conscious of immaturity, of lack of face, yet somehow proud of it all as far richer in promise than the neat outlines of Latins and Anglo-Saxons.

This analysis of the German national character by a sympathetic observer, who lived and worked in Germany for twelve years before Hitler came into power, deserves the attention of those who, quite honestly, say to-day that we are fighting Hitlerism but have no quarrel with "the German people". It suggests that Hitlerism will not be efficiently destroyed unless Nazi Germany suffers total and unquestionable military defeat, or blows up from within when defeat is in sight. It suggests also—in full conformity with the story of the Weimar Republic, of German rearmament and of the rise of Hitlerism—that we shall need to be wary about accepting any sudden political transformation of Germany as evidence that we are dealing with "the German people", not with Prussian militarism more or less cleverly disguised. Nothing could be more destructive of all the purposes for which this war is being waged than *negotiation* or a patched-up peace with a Germany in which a Nazi *moderate*, like Goering, or a group of Generals had taken over power from Hitler. We shall betray the German people, ourselves and Europe unless we follow, to the end of the way and beyond it, a policy of *Thorough*.

What this policy should be is clearly indicated by the answer to the question why, 25 years and one month after the outbreak of war in 1914, we should again have to go through a second ordeal by battle. The answer may not be flattering to ourselves

or to our former allies and associates, but it must be taken to heart. Broadly, it is that we and they have preferred our own unlimited national sovereignties to the organization of peace; and that if we and they wish to put an end to war we must abandon our unlimited national sovereignties in international affairs, and forswear neutrality.

It may be admitted, as an extenuating circumstance, that neither we nor others understood in 1914—1918 the essential postulates of any lasting peace. We said, and believed, that we were fighting "a war to end war". Yet, unless I err, only one prominent Englishman and one equally prominent American thought out and stated, before the end of the War, the indispensable condition of securing peace. Both of them were great lawyers. The Englishman was the late Lord Parker of Waddington who declared in the House of Lords on March 19, 1918:

The true line of development lies, not in regulating the hateful thing (war) but in bringing about conditions under which it becomes increasingly difficult and ultimately impossible, not in consulting the welfare or selfish interests of neutrals but in abolishing neutrality. Murders would increase if the murderer could count upon the neutrality of bystanders, and it is the same with war. The neutral, in fact, shirks his share of the burden of humanity.

The American was the late Mr. Elihu Root who, on August 16, 1918, laid down the doctrine that there could be no peace without "a universal, formal and irrevocable acceptance and declaration of the view that an international breach of the peace is a matter which concerns every member of the community of nations—a matter in which every nation has a direct interest and to which every nation has a right to object". The change to this doctrine from the older doctrine that war between two States concerns those two States alone, Mr. Root affirmed, is "really crucial" because the change "involves a limitation of sovereignty, making every sovereign State subject to the superior right of a community of sovereign States to have the peace preserved. The acceptance of any such principle would be fatal to the whole Prussian theory of the State and of government".

In the background of the present war lies a persistent refusal

on our part as well as on that of others to accept this "limitation of sovereignty". Out of the same background will come other wars unless and until that limitation be accepted and enforced all round. The right of a sovereign State to be neutral must disappear, for neutrality implies an affirmation of unlimited national sovereignty, and is derived from the conception that war is lawful, that war is, in the words of Clausewitz, "nothing but the continuation of policy by other means". If war were made, in practice as well as in theory, internationally unlawful like piracy or brigandage, it could not be the source of rights, neutral or other.

The League of Nations Covenant left open several loopholes for lawful war and for neutrality. Thus it stultified the unneutral provision in Article 16 of the Covenant. This Article says that if any member of the League should resort to war in disregard of its obligations under previous Articles "it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League". Countries against which an act of war has been committed cannot be neutral. This provision was intended to mean that in the League there would be no neutrals, that all its members would automatically make common cause against aggression. But when the United States failed to join the League, and became potentially neutral towards it, Great Britain made the first of a long series of shortsighted mistakes. Alleging fear of American neutrality, successive British Governments "hedged" upon their own obligations not to be neutral. Then Great Britain withdrew from the guarantee of French security against unprovoked aggression which she had given, jointly with the United States, in return for the abandonment by France of claims to hold German territory on the left bank of the Rhine. The result was that France, feeling she had paid in advance for a security she had not received, made the still worse blunder of occupying the Ruhr in 1923, and gave Hitler an opening which he was quick to seize.

In 1928 the United States made a serious, albeit an indirect, attempt to rid the world of the bogey of neutrality. This, as I have good reason to know, was the object of the so-called Briand-Kellogg Pact, or International Treaty in Renunciation

of War, which was signed at Paris on August 27, 1928. European statesmen would not believe that the deliberate intention of President Coolidge, whose Administration promoted that Treaty, was to make the United States unneutral towards the crime of war; and the only practical result of the Treaty was that Japan, Italy and Germany could successively dodge their "renunciation of war" by making war without declaring it. We declined to work with the United States when in 1932 Mr. Henry L. Stimson invoked the Briand-Kellogg Pact, as well as the Nine-Power Treaty of Washington, as a basis for opposing the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. In the case of Italy we began by mobilizing League resistance—and then compounded her felonious onslaught upon Abyssinia by the Hoare-Laval proposals and by making an Anglo-Italian agreement under which we recognized the King of Italy as "Emperor of Ethiopia". When Germany and Italy made war upon the lawful Government of Spain, a Government duly recognized by us and represented at the Court of St. James's, we first refused to sell it arms and munitions and then organized the ignominious comedy of the "Non-Intervention Committee"—with Italy and Germany as members of it!

This Rake's Progress led us—through our acquiescence in Hitler's rape of Austria, and through the Franco-British bullying of Czechoslovakia into submission to Hitler—into a predicament where further toleration of violent international crime became obviously perilous to ourselves. So, after the destruction of Czechoslovakia, we gave pledges to Poland, Roumania and Greece, and speedily transformed the pledge to Poland into a reciprocal alliance. Did our statesmen believe for one moment that this alliance would avail to deter Hitler? If so, they were the dupes of their own wishful thinking. If not, they must have understood that we should have to fight—though, to judge by their failure to declare war on Germany for more than 48 hours after the attack upon Poland had begun, and by their profession of readiness to overlook that attack if Hitler would withdraw his troops, they must still have hoped that a way out could be found by "negotiation". Even stranger was the behaviour of France; for the French ultimatum to Germany was

not delivered (with five hours to run) until after a state of war had been proclaimed between Great Britain and Germany.

These things, and the tendency (mitigated by rearmament) to compromise with recognized and admitted evil, formed the immediate background of the present war. But responsibility for its deeper background does not lie solely at the door of the various editions of our "National Government" since 1931. It is shared in some degree by all its predecessors since 1920. Not one of them would face the risk of upholding and implementing Article 16 of the League of Nations Covenant. It was the Labour Government which in 1924 rejected the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance for the provision of collective security, and it was the Conservative Government of 1925 which rejected outright the Geneva Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes instead of seeking to amend it. The late Sir (then Mr.) Austen Chamberlain read to the League Council a speech drafted by the late Lord Balfour in which collective security under the Geneva Protocol was denounced as an attempt to wage war "on the largest scale"! Meanwhile we closed our eyes to the secret rearmament of Germany. We refused even to publish the final report of the Inter-Allied Disarmament Control Commission in Berlin. We listened sympathetically to German protests against the alleged "war guilt" clause of the Versailles Treaty—though the clause contained only a declaration of German "responsibility" for damage done by German aggression. And despite the Locarno Settlement of October, 1925, which made us the ally of Germany against unprovoked French aggression, and equally the ally of France against unprovoked German aggression, we allowed our armaments to fall to a point at which we could not have been the effective ally of either. This we called "setting a good example". And when, at long last, we found ourselves compelled to rearm, we professed incredulity about the extent of German rearmament and pretended, in Mr. Stanley Baldwin's words, that "the democracies are always two years behind the Dictatorships".

This list of our shortcomings could be extended. Thanks to them, and after "Munich", "Prague" and the "Memelland", we are at war to-day "for Poland". If our Government

imagine that our people feel they are at war only for "Poland", and that peace can safely be made when German troops have been withdrawn from Polish soil, they seriously mistake the temper of this nation. They need to get it firmly in their minds that this nation means to-day to have done not only with "Hitlerism" but with predatory international violence of all kinds; that it is ready to go to lengths and to accept "sacrifices" which no British Government of the past imagined it would be capable of. This is why our people demand to-day that our war aims and peace aims should be set forth in such terms and such fashion that none can mistake them. I do not assert that the "common man" in Great Britain could state offhand what he thinks our war aims should be; but I am quite sure he would approve of the following general principles:

No recognition or toleration of any of the fruits of Hitlerite aggression. The watchword must be: "Back to the German frontiers of 1919!" This means that independence and the right of independent decision, must be restored to Austria; to Czechoslovakia within her pre-Munich borders; and, of course, to Poland with Danzig. The Memelland to be given an opportunity of choosing, without propaganda or pressure of any kind, its own allegiance.

The total disappearance of Hitler, with all the Nazi *personnel* and system, and the establishment in Germany of a Government based on a representative democratic system.

The formation, if possible during the war, of the beginnings of a federation or federal union between all the peoples allied or associated with the present enemies of Hitlerism.

After the conclusion of peace with a representative democratic Germany, the German people to be admitted to this federation, either as a political unit or as a sub-confederation of German States, when it has been ascertained that they have disarmed to the level requisite for the maintenance of internal order, and have set up institutions guaranteeing the personal freedom and individual rights of all Germans without distinction of race, class or creed.

Countries now neutral to be eligible for membership of this federation provided that their institutions correspond to the principles of the federation itself which must exclude future neutrality towards aggression in any shape or form.

No bartering or other concessions in respect of colonies. Colonial possessions eventually to be placed under a federal trusteeship for the welfare of their inhabitants, and in order to secure equality of access to raw materials for members of the federation, provision being made for the development of

present colonies, dependencies and protectorates into individual nationhood, eligible for membership of the federation.

The League of Nations, its Covenant and its institutions to be reorganized and amended so that they may become instruments of intercourse between nations within the federation and those that may remain outside it, on condition that war be not only renounced by all League Members but that all undertake to treat it as a felony depriving those who engage in it of intercourse with civilized peoples.

With war aims conceived on these lines the free peoples of the earth would feel this war to be a struggle for the right of entry into a new and higher phase of human existence. Short of such aims, or of aims akin to them, this war would prove to be merely another episode in a series of attempts to decide whether men and peoples are worthy and capable of peace.

THE WAR AND THE SMALL NATIONS

By C. A. MACARTNEY

IF, disregarding for the moment the position of any States outside the two protagonists in the present war, we regard the dispute between Germany and Poland only, the issue between them is in some respects comprehensible enough. Not that the question either of Danzig or of the "Corridor" is a simple one. On the contrary, there is on each side a whole medley of the most complicated claims and considerations, ethnographical, historical, claims of economic and strategic necessity, claims of prestige. It requires a real expert to understand all of these, and a man of such detachment and wisdom as does not, perhaps, exist upon this earth to appraise their relative weights.

But to anyone with even a smattering of the history of those parts, there is nothing incomprehensible and should be nothing daunting in the fact that such a conflict of claims exists. Most people in this century think of the "rights" and "wrongs" of a frontier dispute in terms of nationality. The political frontier should follow the national as closely as possible. Now, the ethnic border between German and Slav has never been either clear-cut or stable. Even if we disregard the doubtful period of pre-history, it is fairly certain that in the first century after Christ, Germanic peoples held not only the valley of the Vistula, but much of the great area lying south and south-east of it, in the present Hungary, Roumania and Ukraine. As a result of the invasions of the Huns and Avars—two nations which, for a wonder, are not complicating the present situation by unreasonable demands—the Germans began about the fourth century a long march which carried them far to the west, and Slav peoples took their places up to the line of the Elbe, and in much of the later Austria. About the ninth century the Germans began another slow advance, which ended

in their not only pushing their solid national front to a line approximating that of to-day (the Slavs being, for the most part, exterminated or assimilated) but also sending out isolated outposts far beyond that line: into East Prussia, into the Hanseatic cities of which Danzig was one, and many other places. What is now Central Poland contained, at one time, a large German population. These isolated settlements gradually weakened, in many cases disappeared, under a renewed Slavonic national revival in the Renaissance period, when Poland was a great State. It was left to Prussia after the Partition of Poland to endeavour (not always with success) to strengthen once more the German element in this disputed border-land.

Obviously, therefore, it must be a matter of the greatest difficulty to draw a "just" frontier between Germans and Poles even when both sides accept the ethnographical principle as the basis for "justice"; and when to this we add historical, economic and strategic claims on both sides it is small wonder the two parties should be—to use a legal phrase in a political sense—"in conflict as to their respective rights" even if both were agreed on an approximate definition of what constitutes a "right".

But the essence of the present dispute is that it does not turn solely round the question of what would constitute the fairest application of a principle admitted by both parties as just in itself. On the contrary, two principles are in conflict; and these appear to be absolutely irreconcilable. The real question is not within exactly what limits the Polish nation should enjoy its freedom and exercise its sovereignty, but whether it is to enjoy any freedom, in the true sense of the word, at all. On the German side, the problem is not only whether this or that disputable area shall join, or rejoin, the Reich; but whether much more far-reaching plans, of imperialistic nature, are to be realized. Put in terms of modern slogans, it is an issue between the principle of "national self-determination" and that of "Lebensraum". This fact gives it a character quite different from that of the innumerable post-war frontier bickerings, while approaching it very nearly to the wars of a previous epoch; it also gives it an importance deeper and more universal than any frontier dispute could pretend to. For the

appearance on the political field of the doctrine of "Lebensraum" means an attempt to reverse a process which had been regarded, almost universally, not only as historically inevitable, but also as "just" and desirable: the attainment by the various nations of Central and Eastern Europe of the maximum degree of political liberty.

The process had been delayed in Eastern Europe, long centuries after it had triumphed in the West, by successive invasions from Asia. The invaders—the latest of whom were the Mongols and the Turks—destroyed the incipient national states which stood in their paths, and founded huge, super-national empires. Those principalities or kingdoms which were not completely engulfed by the invaders' advance were forced to seek protection against them. The mutual alliances to which they usually resorted at first invariably broke down on the self-seeking or treachery of the partners and the forces of resistance, where they were able to crystallize at all, could do so only in a form somewhat similar to that of their opponents: in a super-national empire under single control. This was the origin of the Russian Empire—the defence against the Mongols—and the Austrian—the defence first against the Magyars (who began their European history as invaders, settled down and joined the Western community) and later against the Turks.

When the power of the invaders decayed, the various nations which they had held under their sway began to aspire towards national freedom. The struggle of this principle of "self-determination" to find satisfaction has determined the whole history of Eastern Europe for a full two centuries. The process has gone on, it must be admitted, very slowly, and that for a number of reasons. The resistance to be overcome, even in the case of the Ottoman Empire, was by no means inconsiderable, and was often reinforced by outside Powers who had reasons of their own for wishing the older state of things preserved. The different nations were at variance with one another over precisely the same sort of questions as constitute the problem of the Polish-German frontier (for exactly the same complications exist in the Danube basin, and in the Balkans).

But another, still more effective factor was at work to retard the formation of the national state in Eastern Europe. The

local nationalities were not the only candidates for the heritage of their former masters. Beyond their frontiers, the rulers of the old defensive Empires saw in the collapse of their ancient rivals a golden opportunity to extend their own dominions. The weakness, inexperience and mutual quarrels of the local nationalities gave these Empires their chance. Thus Russia, during the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, was able to secure for herself almost all the former dominions of her ancient conqueror, the Mongol Horde, with some of the heritage of the Turk; and to go further still and by the Partition of Poland to wipe off the map the nearest approach to a real national state which Eastern Europe of the day could show. The rulers of Austria, from Charles VI to Francis Joseph, entertained precisely the same ambitions, only they were less successful in realizing them, mainly because the challenge of Russia prevented the Habsburgs from doing what the Romanovs were able to do, and creating in their Empires a solid national core, stronger than the various alien elements. Thus Austria remained a multi-national state, a second Turkey, doomed to the first Turkey's fate; but maintained during the last half century largely by the grace of Bismarck, and out of his fear of Russia.

Thus up to the revolution of 1917, the collapse of the Mongols had brought national liberty only to one of the nations formerly under their rule—the Russian. All the others merely exchanged (not always to their advantage) the rule of the Khan for that of the Czar. Here imperialism defeated nationality at every encounter. In the Balkans, owing to the relative weakness of Austria, nationality, in a series of painful struggles lasting through the whole of the nineteenth century, succeeded in the main, in establishing itself; but the Austrian Empire remained intact, and even expanded southwards as recently as 1908, when it annexed Bosnia and the Herzegovina.

And yet, even in Austria-Hungary, every observer felt that the national principle, despite its apparent lack of immediate success, was destined ultimately to triumph. For, opposed by dynastic interests, it was accepted and demanded by practically all the peoples concerned, not least by the most advanced and powerful among them, the Germans, who, no less than the smaller nationalities, had been prevented by the existence of

Austria from achieving their complete national unification. The Germans of the day, moreover, accepted the principle, not only for themselves, but for others also; the Slav peoples, including the Poles, found no more inspiring examples, no more active sympathizers, than in the German Liberals of the beginning and middle of the 19th century.

Meanwhile, the successes of imperialism in Russia were more extensive than they were well consolidated. Although the numerical preponderance of the Great Russian stock gave the Russian Empire a certain solid core, there were already at the end of the nineteenth century signs of an incipient national struggle in Russia, particularly among the non-Russian peoples of its western fringe, which bade fair in time to equal that of Austria or Hungary.

Then came the war of 1914—1918 and with it the great triumph of the national principle. Not only did the Habsburg Monarchy disappear from the map, but the Russian Empire achieved its unique volte-face, shedding the most advanced nationalities on its Western border and transforming the rest of its huge area into a system in which, in theory and very largely, it appears, in practice, the multifarious nationalities enjoyed complete liberty and equality in strictly national, as apart from social or political, respects.

Germany at the end of the last war also accepted the principle of "national self-determination" upon which the area east of her frontiers was organized under the Treaty of Versailles and the minor Treaties. If she protested against the treaties, it was not because she rejected the principle on which they were based, but rather because she claimed that the principle had not, in fact, been impartially applied. And her complaints on this score were not without substance. Few people to-day will maintain that the allocation of territory between the various nationalities was carried out in a wholly equitable manner. Where two rival claims were advanced—and such cases were innumerable; indeed, there is not one frontier in East Central Europe which was not disputed along part, if not all of its length—certain nations, the friends or allies of the victorious Powers, were often unduly favoured at the expense of the ex-enemies. Germany, Hungary and Bulgaria were all left with legitimate grievances,

even on the assumption that the national principle alone counted and that their historic rights could rightly be ignored. It was impossible to satisfy everybody; but it would have been possible to distribute the dissatisfaction more evenly. And as the settlements were dictated ones, it is not to be wondered that the chief sufferers under them have taken every opportunity which presented itself to reverse them. In this, Germany naturally played the leading part, Hungary securing only a few scraps, while Bulgaria has hitherto come out empty-handed. And however repellant the methods adopted—and nothing could exceed the repulsive character of Germany's methods in Austria—it was still possible up to a few months ago for those in revolt against the Peace Settlement to claim that they were applying the very principles enunciated at the Peace Conference, and applying them in certain details more faithfully than the members of the Peace Conference themselves.

If the Germany of Ebert or Stresemann had produced, for negotiation, the proposals for a settlement in Danzig and the Corridor which, it appears, were *not* made to Poland, many people in England would certainly have regarded them as reasonable, at any rate as a basis of discussion. When, therefore, we say that two different principles are in conflict to-day, it is because these proposals must be taken in their setting: a setting consisting, in particular, of what has happened in Czechoslovakia but also, in less conspicuous fashion, of the demands which Germany has been making upon other States east of her frontiers the theoretical independence of which she has not—yet—questioned.

No one, up to this spring, had declared his respect for the principle of nationality more frequently or more stridently than the German Chancellor. Even since annexing Bohemia and Moravia, he has not yet wholly abandoned his lip-service to it. But his protestations had always to be taken in conjunction with his unconcealed doctrine that the supreme law, the only thing which really mattered, was the welfare of one nation, his own. And this fact differentiates his conception of the national question sharply from that of the Peace Conference, or, for that matter, of the earlier German Liberals. For with all its lapses, the Peace Conference did take its stand on the general principle

of national equality, and the League of Nations tried to make this effective. As President Wilson promised the utmost practicable satisfaction to "all well-defined national elements", so the League admitted all States which showed any prospect whatever of stability and survival, and even such small peoples as the Latvians, the Estonians or the Albanians were admitted as members of the world community; small in practical importance but equal to the greatest State in their enjoyment of full independence and sovereignty.

The new German doctrine, on the contrary, is based on the principle of national inequality.

Hitler, it is true, is justified when he claims that the Third Reich no longer seeks, as the Second Reich sought, to extend its frontiers and increase its population by the *simpliste* method of assimilating the non-Germanic peoples within its frontiers. To that extent he does in fact "respect the principle of nationality". But his new doctrine is in reality much more dangerous to the nations so unfortunate as to border on Germany, than the old imperial policy. Henceforward, it appears, the homes of these nations are to constitute Germany's "Lebensraum"—an area in which, for the present, the non-Germanic peoples would be allowed to exist, but their essential function is reduced to that of supplying Germany with raw materials and perhaps with labour for her factories and her cities. It is necessary to say "for the present", because there are in *Mein Kampf* certain passages, confusedly written but appallingly clear in their general trend, which show that Herr Hitler's ultimate ambition is the increase of the German population to a figure of 250 millions, and the acquisition for that population of an area sufficient for them to live, as Herr Hitler himself expresses it, "not squeezed together as factory coolies for the rest of the world, but as peasants and workers, who reciprocally assure each other's livelihood by what they produce". This area is certainly to be contiguous with that of the present Reich, forming a continuous whole from frontier to frontier. What, then, is to become of the present inhabitants—Poles, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Czechs, Slovaks, Magyars, Roumanians—all of these must indubitably be affected by this scheme? On this crucial point *Mein Kampf* is silent;

but its expansionist programme is not to be reconciled with the professions of respect which have since been made to each State individually, when it was desired to separate it from the rest. Only the recent decrees in the "Protectorate" of Bohemia-Moravia give some faint indication of the much more drastic methods the application of which we should have to expect if Germany were ever in a position to realize her programme. Since it is obvious that the German birthrate is not going to rise at the rate which Herr Hitler appears to hope and desire, we need not expect, even on the hypothesis of Germany's victory in the present war, an immediate and liberal fulfilment of the programme of *Mein Kampf*. But we must obviously reckon, in such an event, with Germany's organizing part, at least, of the area beyond her present Eastern frontiers as a sort of vassal, or more properly, helot area, whose peoples should constitute so many aphides for the swarming ant-heap of Germany. And immediately the question arises: what is the attitude of the U.S.S.R. to this prospect?

An increase of German influence over the States now separating Germany from Russia cannot leave the U.S.S.R. indifferent; still less any further extension of the *de facto* German military and political frontiers such as has been achieved in Slovakia. We do not know whether the Russo-German Pact contains any secret political clauses or not; but it is hardly conceivable that Stalin should have allowed Hitler the "free hand" in this area which Germany has so persistently demanded from Britain and France. The danger with which this "free hand" would threaten the Western Powers is, after all, only an indirect one; but one of the nationalities in the area now separating Russia from Germany is the Ukrainian, and for Russia to allow the Ukrainians of Poland, Hungary and Roumania to pass under German control would, in view of her own large Ukrainian population, and in view, especially of the plans so frankly expounded by the Rosenberg school in Germany, expose the territorial integrity of the U.S.S.R. itself to the gravest danger. It may be that the parties to the Pact have decided to partition outright the whole area which formerly separated them; but failing such an agreement (successfully carried into effect) it seems certain that unless the States at present occupying that

area can maintain and affirm their real independence, they must, at best, lapse into the position in which the Balkan States stood before the War in relation to Austria-Hungary and Russia; pawns and puppets of the intrigues of their powerful neighbours.

It was a devastating situation then, both for the small States themselves and for the peace of Europe. It will certainly be no better now. We shall have perpetual intrigue and counter-intrigue on the part of the two great Powers; and perpetual unrest among the nationalities which have lost their freedom. For the temporary success of the imperialist principle does not mean that the force of nationalism has abated, any more than the Partition of Poland meant the end of Polish nationalism. On the contrary, nothing did more than the Partition to strengthen not only the national feeling of the Poles, but the cause of nationality in general, which would probably have been taken less seriously had not one of the subjugated nations been a people so numerous and with such great historic traditions as the Poles. The strength of nationalism is by no means on the wane. "Nationalism", writes Dr. Gooch, "denotes the resolve of a group of human beings to share their fortunes, and to exercise exclusive control over their own actions. Where such a determination exists, there should be a state, and there will be no abiding peace until there is a state". And Proudhon, in his otherwise rather silly book on the "Principe Fédérative", writes with perfect truth: "*Les nationalités, c'est toujours la révolution*".

But this must follow unless, as we said, the nationalities concerned manage themselves to affirm and maintain their own independence. The Peace Settlement of 1919 and 1920 suffered from two great weaknesses. On the one hand, it was undeniably too hard on Germany—less in the east than in the south-east; but it did not allow the Germans the same measure of "self-determination" as it gladly accorded to the Slovaks or the Poles, and it thus made it inevitable that Germany should revolt against it when she recovered her strength. Its second weakness was much less easy to avoid, owing to the genuine impossibility, to which we have referred, of satisfying all claims, even those which seemed perfectly reasonable and legitimate in the eyes of those who advanced them. Nevertheless, it should

have been possible to leave no State in the position of feeling that it had nothing to lose by a German or a Russian advance. Probably there is no State which does feel so to-day; but there are still elements in both Hungary and Bulgaria who feel that at least the risks involved in propagating a general conflagration would, from their own purely national point of view, be worth the taking.

The imminence of the German danger has, however, undoubtedly convinced all but the most extreme irrealists in these countries that the risks are very grave indeed, and the prospects of eventual reward problematic, while the beneficiaries of the Treaties must in their turn be coming to feel that, with outside aid so uncertain as it must be to most of them, reconciliation with their neighbours would be worth the comparatively modest price which they would be called upon to pay. From the point of view of all parties, therefore, it is more desirable (and consequently it should be easier) to take the course which can in the long run preserve their freedom: the course of union in defence of their common interests.

"Union" is a large word, and the position probably demands large scale action, although it is not easy to say exactly what form that ought to take. There are some cases to-day—that of Bulgaria and Roumania is one—in which two States are only held back from the real friendship which both desire by the existence of a frontier dispute over a single, comparatively small area. But most of the unsolved national problems of Eastern Europe are of a more complicated nature, and it is doubtful whether all of them can ever be solved on the basis adopted by the Peace Conference, which was that of taking the main nationalities and carving up Eastern Europe into sovereign states, one state to each nationality. The Minority Treaties which were supposed to qualify this principle were obviously ineffective; and apart from them there was only one single case—that of the special obligations imposed on Czechoslovakia towards Carpatho-Ruthenia—in which the Treaties recognized any intermediate stage between full sovereignty and nothing. This solution has not proved satisfactory owing to the impossibility of reconciling the claims of the rival states; and it is worth recalling that those thinkers

who studied most deeply the problem of nationality in the old Dual Monarchy (mostly Austrian Social Democrats) believed that the large, multinational unit of the Monarchy could be so organized as to give better protection and fuller satisfaction to the nationalities inhabiting it than could ever be achieved by dividing it into national states. The wisest of the Hungarian political thinkers—Baron Eötvös—was equally convinced that Hungary, in the interests of all its inhabitants, should be kept intact, but so organized as to give equal national freedom to all; and generation after generation of Czech and German in Bohemia has made precisely the same plea for national equality within the (then) existing frontiers. Unfortunately, the ruling element was never prepared, in any of these states, to grant equality to the minority. Thus the solutions so widely preached have never once been attempted, and the resultant unity never achieved. It is, however, certain that if the peoples of Eastern Europe are prepared to put aside the narrow egotism which has ruined each of them in turn, again and again, the difficulties occasioned by the bewildering admixture of population can be circumvented by one method or another of federation, local or national autonomy, or even the queer system of "parity" between two or more intermingled nationalities which was practised with complete success, even in quite modern times, in certain outlying parts of Hungary. It would be in the interests of them all to attempt the task; for none of them presents so great a danger to the liberty, even the national existence of the other, as their larger neighbours present to all alike.

LIMITED OBJECTIVE STRATEGY

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

BEFORE Japan had laid her hands on Manchuria or Hitler's programme had attracted serious attention, I ventured to predict that the future would be marked by wars waged with limited objectives rather than by war *à outrance* between great Powers. On the one hand the peace Treaties had presented to dissatisfied nations a number of tempting objectives, and on the other the dread of renewal of war was especially strong in the satisfied peoples. Even had there been no Hitler it was easy to predict that a nation with the man power and resources of Germany would, sooner or later, seek to regain something at least of what she had lost. The general tendency, however, was still to think in terms of the Great War and to dwell on the possibility of Germany undertaking a war of revenge on France. That possibility, of course, existed and justified the measures France has taken to ensure her security. German minds too undoubtedly engaged on plans for the defeat of France by a lightning stroke. As French defences became increasingly stronger, however, the possibility of a lightning stroke succeeding diminished; and it became evident that an attack on France would almost inevitably result in a long struggle which the limited economic resources of Germany could not face. Before there could be any question of challenging the position of France and of re-establishing Germany's position as the dominant military Power in Europe, it was necessary for her to enlarge the field of her resources and to eliminate those lesser powers which France had drawn into her defensive system. Only if Germany could create a degree of self-sufficiency which would make her largely independent of sea-borne supplies, could she with any confidence risk a prolonged struggle. A strategic technique devised with that aim became necessary. Germany's strategy was war with limited objectives.

Of that strategy Hitler became the arch exponent, though Japan in Manchuria and Italy in Abyssinia also in a sense employed it. Obsessed by the fear of a recurrence of total war the pacific nations, assembled at Geneva, hardly foresaw the processes by which the gambit could be exploited when played by gamblers ready to run great risks. Yet it may be admitted that circumstances provided Hitler with exceptional opportunities. The Abyssinian crisis created a diversion which enabled him to re-occupy the Rhineland and openly to press on with the rearmament, necessary before he attempted his first aggressive move against Austria. Moreover, the crisis detached Italy from the group of Powers who might have taken preventive action.

Having re-armed and having occupied the Rhineland, Hitler was then able to exploit the modern power of defence to further his *fait accompli* gambit. Rearmament gave him power to crush Austria rapidly even if she should resist, and the power of defence enabled him to consolidate his position. To evict him from the new territory he had acquired, or to undertake punitive action against him, would have entailed an immensely greater effort on the part of the pacific Powers than it cost him to secure his limited objective. That effort we know France, Britain and their associated smaller Powers were unwilling or unable to make.

The widely held view that the union of Austria with Germany represented the consummation of a justifiable ambition was a factor in Hitler's favour. On purely military grounds, however, the fact that the modern power of defence has placed a new weapon in the hands of an aggressor, especially one who aims at limited objectives, needs emphasizing. Much has been written on the increased power of defence due to modern weapons, especially by Captain Liddell Hart, who is so generally accepted by the public as a leading authority on strategy. No one, I think, denies the increased power of defence, but I hope I am not misreading Captain Liddell Hart if I suggest that he has dealt with the subject mainly from the standpoint of pacific nations concerned for their security. He would have us base our strategy and training on defensive action and defer offensive action till an enemy had exhausted himself in unsuccessful

attacks. I have failed to find that he has dealt with the problem which arises, when an aggressor selects a limited objective with discretion and relies on the power of the defence to protect him from interference.

We are only too familiar with the developments of Hitler's limited objective strategy in the Czecho-Slovak coups of last September and March. It need only be observed that each limited objective gained opened the way for the next coup by the encirclement of the new victim. The attack on Poland is obviously now a further development of the same "limited objective" strategical technique, and it is only because the democratic nations have been compelled to find an answer to the technique that we are now involved in a war to which no limits can yet be foreseen.

I said above that the limited objective strategy is a gambler's strategy, and it should be noted that each of Hitler's earlier coups was opposed by the German General Staff, who are not gamblers however much they are prepared to bet when the odds are greatly in their favour. But a gambler's success will often upset the balanced judgment of his friends and Hitler's successes have no doubt hypnotized his army leaders. Yet it is worth considering the grounds on which the German General Staff opposed Hitler's gambles, and what their military policy is likely to be in the circumstances that have arisen.

As a result of their experiences in the Great War I think it may be assumed that the German General Staff has a wholesome fear :—

(a) Of a war on two fronts which the Franco-Soviet pact might have entailed in its most dangerous form while there was a probability of Stalin remaining loyal to his engagements.

(b) Of the economic pressure exerted by British sea power.

(c) Of the breakdown of German morale behind the lines when subjected to economic pressure and to air attack.

For over 100 years, except for the temporary invasion of East Prussia by the Russians in 1914, all German wars have been fought in her enemies' territories. Now Germany has no immunity from air attack.

So long as there was a possibility of Russia coming to the assistance of Poland I doubt if Hitler's hypnotic power would

have induced his army to march even if Italy had been an active ally. The dropping of the Russian bomb, of course, drastically altered the situation and presumably allayed some of the fears of the German Staff and fortified their belief in Hitler's star. But it is Hitler's war, not, as in 1914, one based on General Staff plans.

Even now it would seem that Hitler clings to the idea that he can make it a limited war—that having secured Danzig, the Corridor and other former German or Austrian territory, he can present a *fait accompli* and induce the Allies to call off the war. If he had not that obsession it is hard to believe that he would have allowed French and British mobilization to proceed smoothly and without serious air attack. It is hardly likely that the whole strength of the German air arm was required on the Polish front ; though no doubt there has been an immense concentration of force to achieve lightning results. Hitler's notes to France are consistent with Hitler's strategy, and the immediate initiation of submarine warfare is perhaps intended rather as a threat, than as a sign of his belief in the imminence of a long drawn struggle.

If, as we may confidently assume, the allies refuse to fall in with the Hitler conception, and insist on waging war till Hitlerism is abolished, what will be the reactions of the German General Staff when confronted with the probability of a long war waged with the hands of sea power on their throat ?

Is it conceivable that the General Staff, having found that Hitler's judgment has at last proved false, throw off his spell and take charge ? It is notorious that no love is lost between the General Staff and Hitler's entourage, and the Reichswehr alone has the power to eliminate it. If a military *coup d'état* took place it would no doubt receive the support of much suppressed dissatisfaction in Germany. The military leaders might then be in a position to negotiate terms provided they were prepared to withdraw the army from Poland. This may appear a wildly optimistic speculation but one may recall that after the battle of the Marne a considerable section of German military opinion, seeing that the original war plan had failed, favoured the immediate opening of peace negotiations. Assuming however, that Germany will now fight the war to the bitter

end, what are the alternatives open to her; and what factors seem likely to influence her decisions?

I suggest that her primary consideration must be to minimise the effects of the pressure of sea power. This may affect her further action in Poland. It can hardly be expected that Poland with munitions exhausted and with her main industrial regions over-run, will remain for long an active opponent. From purely military considerations Germany might shortly decide to consolidate the position she has won and employ minimum forces to shut in the remnants of the Polish armies in their eastern provinces. But for economic reasons it would seem necessary for the Germans to press eastwards till direct communication with Russia is established. Russia may, however, raise objections to such a course, which would entail the occupation of the former Russian territory by German troops. With the Baltic under German control Russia may insist that communication from the Gulf of Finland and through the neutral Baltic States should suffice. In any case as Polish resistance weakens, as it inevitably must, Germany will be able to withdraw large forces from the Polish front for employment elsewhere. Where will she employ them? Standing inactive in the East, will she concentrate all her forces for an offensive against France? To do so now that French mobilization is complete, and the stream of British reinforcement beginning to run, offers few prospects of success. It is hardly conceivable that an attack on France would be made without violating the neutrality of Belgium and probably also of Holland and Switzerland, entailing a certain diminution of non-warlike supplies which, so long as their neutrality is respected, might be drawn from those countries. Moreover, violent aggressive action against France if prolonged would rapidly exhaust reserves of war material difficult to replenish, even with the assistance of Russia. That Hitler and the German General Staff have shrunk from an attempt to over-run the Maginot defences is evident; and to attempt it now, when France is fully prepared, would be a desperate gamble.

Under such conditions would Hitler, breaking yet another promise, and regardless of world opinion, resort to ruthless air warfare, in the hope of destroying the morale of the French and

British people? It is a possibility that must be faced; but, obviously, if Germany ever contemplated such a course, she has lost the best opportunity of taking it. Moreover, her own people, having been so largely misled by Hitler's assurance of a short war, would be the more vulnerable to reprisal. Speculations as to an offensive against France must take into account the possibility of Italy abandoning her attitude of neutrality. Intervention by Italy would entail increased dispersion of the French Army, but, on the other hand, as British reinforcements become available there should be no shortage of man power; and it is unlikely that the action that Italy might take in Africa would divert British troops intended for France.

It is difficult to see how Italy would gain by active intervention and benevolent neutrality would probably suit Germany better, as an antidote to the pressure of blockade. Similarly, if Roumania were terrorised into supplying German needs, either from her own resources or by permitting the passage of supplies from Russia, Germany's economic position would be strengthened.

These considerations suggest another alternative open to Germany—that she should, having secured her objectives in Poland, fight a definitely defensive war. The Allies are bound to take offensive action against her, but their possible front of attack is very limited and it is well organized for defence. Such a course postulates a prolonged struggle but Hitler might hope to wear down the determination of his adversaries before the morale of the German people collapsed under the economic and moral strain. By exerting pressure on his neutral South-Eastern neighbours he might hope, for practical purposes, to enlarge his "living room" and self-sufficiency without the actual use of force.

It is an alternative which was open to Ludendorf at the beginning of 1918 before he decided to risk everything on a decisive March offensive. There are, of course, factors which make the analogy incomplete. Then Germany was in a more advanced stage of economic exhaustion. Then America was in the war and the chance of gaining a decisive victory over the exhausted Allies before the threat of active American intervention could mature appealed to Ludendorf's mentality.

end, what are ~~re~~estimated the danger from America and the seem likely strength and determination of the Allies we know. We

I suggest how his partial successes only accelerated American the effort and increased the magnitude of his final defeat. further, the armies on both sides are still fresh and the chance of Political collapse of either is not within measurable distance.

A defensive German policy would resolve itself into a struggle in which morale of the peoples and economic conditions would affect the final issue rather than purely military operations. Economic conditions are certainly all in favour of the Allies unless submarine warfare proved more difficult to control than is anticipated, and unless the resources of Russia and the Danube nations compensated Germany for the loss of overseas supplies. The morale of the Allies also stands higher, but Hitler might reckon on testing it by ruthless air action.

It is, of course, pure speculation as to which of the alternatives I have suggested and discussed Hitler might adopt. There may be other alternatives, or combination of alternatives. For the eventual attitude of Russia, Italy and other Powers great and small, at present neutral, cannot be foreseen. It would seem, however, that a defensive policy in the west, if uncharacteristic of German military traditions, would be the most logical continuation of Hitler's limited objective policy and be consistent with his belief in his ability to carry through a war of nerves.

What are the courses open to the Allies? The control of sea communications is the ace of trumps in their hand. But to give it full value Germany must be forced to exhaust her resources. To empty an overflowing bath you turn off the tap—that is the function of the Navy in respect to the tap it can reach. The other tap, which it cannot reach—namely the internal resources and productive establishments of Germany—can be partially closed by air action. It is, however, the Army assisted by the air forces which opens the exhaust pipe by forcing Germany to expend her resources.

I can only express personal views in broad terms, but if Germany attempts offensive action against France the problem is simplified. She would be met by an active defence, and counter-attack as the situation developed. Should she on the

other hand, as I have suggested is conceivable, adopt a defensive attitude there can be no alternative but to attack her.

In the Great War, while Germany stood on the defensive in the west, the Allies made desperate attempts to break through her defensive lines. It was only when those attempts failed that we fell back on a policy of attrition. Yet the policy of attrition was frequently marred by confusing attempts to gain, often unimportant, physical objectives on the ground with the real object, which was to make the enemy exhaust his man power and resources in defence. It was not till the final stages of the war were reached that Foch and Haig abandoned attempts to effect a sensational break-through and adopted a true policy of attrition by successive blows, each stopped when they had expended their energy on any particular part of the front. It will be remembered for instance that, on Haig's advice, Foch agreed to break off, for the time being, the 8th August Amiens offensive, when it had expended its dynamic energy, and to open a fresh attack elsewhere. From that date I suggest a true policy of attrition was followed. If then we have again to attack Germany on the defensive I cannot believe that we shall see a repetition of attempts to make a gap, this time in the new Siegfried line. I see rather attacks carried out with circumspection and carefully controlled to limited objectives. That is to say attacks with the object of attrition. The enemy must be made to fight hard and to exhaust his resources—material, perhaps, even more than human.

Our experiences of a war of attrition may make us dread the term; but a war of attrition, adopted as an alternative after failure to break through and carried out without clear understanding of its meaning, is different from a war of attrition deliberately adopted as a military policy, carried out with circumspection by armies which have practically unlimited material resources.

One thing evident is that we cannot carry on this war on a limited liability basis or with a purely defensive strategy. If the enemy does not attack we are bound to attack him. Nor is the war likely to afford opportunities of employing what is sometimes called—mistakenly I think—our traditional national strategy, *i.e.*, the use of our control of sea communications

to employ our land forces in operations against enemy outlying interests. Our control of sea communications does, however, enable us to employ our land forces and offensive air arm where they are required, which in this instance must be the main theatre of war.

* * * * *

The German initial successes in Poland were inevitable, Poland, west of a line drawn roughly north and south through Warsaw, forms an immense salient. Round it, fully mobilized and deployed, were the German armies, ready to march at Hitler's word. Superior numerically and immensely superior in armament, their advance could at the best only be delayed.

On the western front so far, the French advance is merely a preliminary approach to the main Siegfried position, which is evidently covered by an elaborate outpost zone. *The Times*, in its issues of September 8 and 9, published two very interesting articles by a military correspondent describing the Siegfried position, and German doctrines on defensive tactics. They are well worth keeping for reference as the situation develops on the extraordinarily narrow front—only some 120 kilometres so long as neutral territory is respected—of the western theatre.



The map on the opposite page shows the position of the German forces two days before Russia invaded Poland in the East.

WAR IN THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE opening moves in Hitler's War have already shown, somewhat to the surprise of prophets, that operations in the air can be as varied as on the ground. On the Eastern Front ruthlessness, as familiarly featured both in Spain and China, has marked the activities of the Nazi Air Force. On the Western Front, with the exception, up to the time of writing, of the Royal Air Force attacks on the Kiel Canal, Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven, it has been a game of hesitations or, better still, a situation as of that between two urchins who repeatedly request each other to 'it me first'.

The successes of the Nazi Air Force over Poland are readily understandable. To begin with it had a large preponderance of air power, in all probability outnumbering the air force of its adversary by as much as eight to one. The inevitable consequence of this has been a rapid seizure of the mastery of the air with a resultant ability to spread activities over a nationwide area for the purposes of terrorizing the populace, of destroying military objectives far away from troops or of assisting the advance. From the very first moment aerodromes were raided in order to place as many Polish aircraft as possible 'hors de combat', and concurrently with this Warsaw, the capital, was attacked by means of explosive and incendiary bombs. No exception can be taken to either method of conducting an offensive from the air and neither can it as yet be claimed, on indisputable authority, that the civilian populace has been wantonly selected for attack. As a surprise stroke bomber attack on aerodromes is an effective way of clipping an opponent's wings, and it is the avowed policy of the Royal Air Force to do the same. A capital is also a legitimate objective for where, if not at the seat of government, housing as it always must so much of resistant value besides, can an effort to paralyse

the national will to war be better placed? The same, in lesser degree, can be said of nearly every target for a bomb. A small town may be situated at a railway junction; a village may be built around a river bridge; a road may be effectively blocked by the demolition of substantial buildings at the wayside; even a farm may be known to contain supplies. All such are lawful targets for a bomb and if, in the process of attacking them, civilian life is lost then the demoralization that ensues merely adds fuller measure to a successful enterprise. These are hard words but they cannot be gainsaid, for air warfare is less kid-gloved than fighting on the ground and '*vae victis*' in such a connotation means woe to him who has lost the mastery of the air. It is time also for people to become aware that, except at low altitude or in the undisturbed atmosphere of peace practice bombs cannot be launched with accuracy. Even an artillery bombardment at long or medium range is spread about an area. How much more, then, must this be the case when the platform is itself in flight at a speed of 240 m.p.h., its crew is very likely being harassed from the ground, and the bomb must be released at a distance of two or three miles from the target, dependant on the aircraft's height. Bombing under such conditions becomes an operation against an area, the extent of which is necessarily widened when it takes place at night.

Another feature of this one-sided struggle in the air is this. As territory is overrun so must aerodromes be abandoned, with a probable loss of considerable material in the shape of aircraft in an unserviceable condition, of stores and ground equipment. That which is saved is removed to other aerodromes, or improvised landing fields, further from the zone of immediate danger, which becoming congested, work with increasing inefficiency, and offer to an enemy a brilliant prospect in repayment for a visit. In this respect Poland is singularly unfortunate owing to the political uncertainty under which she laboured of knowing whether her enemy would eventually come from east or west. With no settled policy a sound strategy was for her a sheer impossibility and her military aerodromes, in consequence, were placed with very little reference to their tactical security. Her air power has in fact suffered from every conceivable form of handicap. In addition

to the above her industry could not support a large manufacturing capacity; her adversary possessed an overwhelming superiority; his air force personnel had been trained in the Spanish school of war; and, last, but not least, he could afford the risk of serious losses so easily to be repaired from an unlimited home resource.

Have the efforts of the Polish Air Force been, then, entirely unavailing? They have, of course, co-operated with their armies, and we hear of aerial combats which have had a successful termination. But in the main it has been a sacrifice, and such must always be the case in the face of large superiority. In one way, however, it can be claimed that Polish air power, though slight, has made a contribution to the common cause. It has extended the German air machine. The Nazi Air Force has been putting in a lot of hours in the air and this, in the natural course of events, must have grounded many of its aircraft for the time being. There will have been losses inseparable from landing back after a strenuous flight, with equivalent damage to the equipment. Some of the nervous tissue of the flying personnel will by now be showing signs of wear. All this is to the good as a process of attrition which must have a cumulative effect, and evince itself when the air battle is really joined above the Western Front. It was obvious from the first that Poland would be hard put to it, for the Germans up-to-date have not been fighting on two fronts, but on one, and if they turn westward, though flushed with victory, their edge for fighting may not be as sharp in consequence of their experience at the hands of the enemy they have overborne. Finally, both in air combat and in fire from the ground, the Nazi Air Force has been put to loss, and a modern aircraft, in these days of elaborate construction and complexity, can be rendered unserviceable by enemy action without necessarily being brought out of the sky.

Turning now to the western theatre of operations the opening phase of air hostilities presents the strongest contrast. There was the Brunsbüttel affair to be sure, but that, although performed by a unit of the Royal Air Force, partakes of a naval character somewhat on the lines of Zeebrugge. In the Rhineland where the French Army is playing a game of military push-ball

against the Siegfried side, air operations have been at first of a minor nature in close co-operation with ground forces. The Royal Air Force, on the other hand, selected a psychological point of attack and, by means of night flying at high altitude, with the whole of Western Germany as its target, conducted a propagandist campaign with leaflet ammunition. This, no doubt, was a well thought out offensive presuming that the German populace is peculiarly susceptible to propaganda, and that Himmler's internal front is easily to be breached. But it did nothing to assist the Poles in their emergency by withdrawing Nazi aircraft from the East, and thereby lessening the bomber pressure against their interior towns and cities. It must have been small satisfaction to a retreating Polish army to learn that in reprisal for the partial destruction of many habitations Britain, the ally on whom their hopes were set, was bombing Germany with leaflets. The harvest of that campaign, if successful, will ultimately be reaped in the way that dripping water wears away a stone, but as a military diversion in the critical first stages of a brutal war it simply does not count.

A curious unreality pervaded at the first the atmosphere in the West. There was a mutual hesitancy to unleash air power which would appear, at first sight, to have operated to the advantage of the enemy. The response to Roosevelt's plea for humane air warfare by the nations so addressed acted undoubtedly as a brake, for in all the replies to that Presidential message it was clearly stated that the request would be observed conditionally on each opponent complying with its terms. Germany could place a full reliance on the Allies in this connection, for they have a moral reputation to keep up before the world at large, the preservation of which will mean to them a lot. Hitler, on the other hand, has not a thread of reputation left and, flouting world opinion, will laugh his word to scorn whenever it suits his book. That book will be suited with the military collapse of Poland, with Nazi forces of occupation ruthlessly suppressing the Polish people and the whole remainder of the vast machine of war, with special emphasis on air power, applied against France and Britain in the West. It is little likely, apart from the known fact that Hitler cynically glories in a broken promise, that the man who countenanced the sinking

of the *Athenia* will hesitate to tear up his solemn undertaking to the President of the United States.

In the above way, therefore, our own engagement to observe the decencies of air warfare may come back on our heads. In any case such undertakings concerning war are sheerly incapable of fulfilment. There will always be an incident, on one side or the other, which can be magnified until it becomes a definite breach of the engagement, and that one incident will release antagonisms which will reproduce in the air, in widespread fashion, such forms of conduct as the wanton destruction of human life at sea. The Royal Air Force bomb which accidentally fell on the Danish town of Esbjerg, in connection with the Kiel Canal attack, is a case in point. Had it been a German town in Schleswig-Holstein it could have been made at once to appear as the air bombardment of a non-military objective, following which, dependant on the suiting of the Nazi book, the fat would have been in the fire. Morally we have robbed ourselves of the air initiative by holding back from repeated bombing of many German places which, though mainly of a civilian character in peace, possess immense military significance in war. Leaflet dropping will have an undermining influence in the days to come, but determined pressure from the air at the commencement of hostilities might have stirred the Germans more to anger against their rulers, thus fulfilling a similar purpose, and would have been of direct assistance to the Poles.

Is it safe to prophesy the immediate future in the air? A war which has opened with such unexpected moves above is dangerous ground for prophecy, but yet a certain measure of prediction is justified by the opening situation in the West. As long as the forward play in the tussle between Maginot versus Siegfried remains on fairly level terms, without a decided break through by either side, then it is unlikely that indiscriminate bombing will be an early feature of the war. The reason is not far to seek. If, for instance, the Germans should break through and convert their operations into a successful war of movement then the French will naturally be given much reason to regret that they sprayed their bombs far outside the rayon of the ground hostilities. The same applies to the reverse situation.

Bombing, in such a case, will have a boomerang effect and involve a risk that is not worth the running. But once either line is well and truly breached, allowing motorized divisions to pour through, there will be no limit to depredations by air, for it is manifestly desirable, as already seen in Poland, to play upon the moral, as well as the material, front, and a stricken populace is both a liability to its country and an asset to the invader. The Rugby player who has got the ball is apt to go all out and brush opposition aside, staking every ounce of energy on his prospect of success. So also does a Commander-in-Chief, who would quickly be replaced if found wanting in a neglect of opportunity on humanitarian grounds.

Infringement of air neutrality is an interesting point. The Royal Air Force has already clashed with Belgian pilots for having unwittingly flown over Belgium, and German aircraft have trespassed in the air of Holland several times. So far these infringements are due to navigational errors, and the ensuing expressions of regret have been graciously received. But a time may come when it will be expedient for Germany to use the direct route, shorter by 60 miles, from her frontier with Holland or Belgium to south-east England. We ourselves would not willingly follow suit, for the good opinion of neutrals will always be our mainstay. In weather unfavourable for detection or attack there would be little risk in the course of a swift flight over Belgium at a ceiling height, about 40 minutes being requisite for such an undertaking. Alternatively Nazi bombers hard beset, and knowing that their normal homeward path is blocked, would not hesitate to fly back the same way, trusting that their pursuers would break off at the coast. It may happen, indeed, that air battles so arising will be staged over Holland and Belgium by night with those two neutrals pounding away at both contestants from the ground and having a glorious time in the surety of immunity for themselves. Protests will follow and, when possible, air action will be taken by both neutrals, but it is unlikely in the extreme that more active measures will be taken. It is hard to imagine either Holland or Belgium plunging into a devastating war for the mere reason that their air neutrality is being constantly infringed, and Germany will be almost sure to take a full advantage of the fact.

The nature of the full-dress air attacks on England may be disclosed ere this article appears in print. Our good defences will at all times take a severe toll of raiders and a high percentage of loss will soon restrain the enterprise. Meanwhile, however, some hostile aircraft will inevitably get through. It is encouraging to reflect that the small Polish Air Force has inflicted considerable loss already on the air power of Germany, as also that both the Nazi pilots and the populace at large can no longer pride themselves on the machine for machine superiority of their aircraft and crews. This is one among many salutary lessons which will sink home in Germany as the war proceeds, and as the people slowly discover that they have been deluded by the specious promise of a lightning war and then an everlasting German peace.

It comes to this. In the air, as with the forces on the ground, the German war machine has been constructed with all the faults and weaknesses of a mass production method. Ours, on the other hand, and that of France, have been built for durability. There can be no question about the allied superior resource or war potential, and those considerations combine to spell the one word victory.

NAVAL STRATEGY

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

IT is as yet early to write anything, except in very general terms, about the naval strategy of the war that is now in its beginnings. To attempt in any way to outline forthcoming events would be rash, to speculate upon the distribution of force and the measures that will be employed would be impolitic. Still, there are certain general principles concerning the use of naval force that may be broadly outlined, familiar though they must be to all who have made a study of war.

That every war is different from its predecessors is a commonplace statement. It is peculiarly applicable to the war in which this country and its allies are now engaged. In the present grouping of the Powers at war, with Germany as the sole enemy, the problem differs from that which has confronted Britain at the beginning of the great wars of the past including the last. In all those contests, whether the enemy of Britain were the United Provinces, France, or alliances of France, Spain and Holland, those enemies possessed fleets of powerful ships capable of contending with great Britain for what is called "the command of the sea". If the massed fleet of Britain could have been mastered and reduced to impotence the sea would have been open for an invasion, unchecked, of the country, the approaches to the Kingdom through which its trade must pass to reach its ports would have been sealed, and the defeat of the Kingdom would have followed as a matter of course. So long, too, as the fleet lay between the territories of her allies and those of the enemy, the armies of the enemy could not pass by sea into the allied countries, nor be supported and maintained by sea; while allied troops could move by sea.

Hence the first task of the British Navy in those wars was to oppose any movement of the concentrated fleet or fleets of the enemy, and for this purpose the main British fleet took up a

station from which it could intercept any movement of the main body of the enemy whether designed to protect the transport of troops into the United Kingdom, its overseas possessions, or the territories of its allies, or to fall upon the bodies of shipping carrying the trade. In other words, it took up a position on interior lines. So the main military object of the fleet was to disable, destroy or immobilize the main forces of the enemy.

At the same time the Navy had the function of defending the trade against those forces which the enemy simultaneously sent out to destroy the shipping. These forces were normally composed of lesser vessels, not fit for the line of battle, frigates or privateers of all sizes in the more remote past, cruisers and armed merchant vessels and submarines in the more recent war. Until all hopes and expectations had passed of defeating the main fleet, or of reducing it by attrition to a strength which gave promise of a victory, the commerce destroying vessels were confined, with but few exceptions, to these lesser classes. But when, either through defeat in battle or loss of efficiency through confinement to port or lack of naval stores to maintain the ships in an efficient condition, the hopes of obtaining this "command of the sea" were abandoned, trade attack assumed a new and more formidable form. Besides the smaller vessels, squadrons of heavy ships, released from the main fleet where they could no longer serve a purpose, were sent out to attack the convoys of merchants. The task which then confronted the naval administration was to provide adequate strength and powerful ships to accompany each convoy within those zones in which it could be calculated that the convoys were in danger from the stronger form of attack: and not unusually this proved difficult and heavy losses resulted. This was the form of "*guerre-de-courre*" which first took a formidable shape under the influence of the French administrator Vauban—better known for his great skill in the construction of fortifications—after the battle of La Hogue in 1692, which was renewed after the battle of Malaga in 1704 when the French abandoned the struggle for command; was readopted after the failure of the attempt at a surprise invasion in 1744; and was pursued with energy and skill after Trafalgar. In each case the losses to

British shipping were heavy; but in each case the danger was mastered. It was this theory, revived towards the latter part of the last century, that this was the most effective form of war against Great Britain that led, first Russia and latter France to construct the large armoured cruiser for the purpose of independent action, unsupported by battleships against trade; which in turn led to the building by Great Britain of great numbers of armoured cruisers in reply.

While it was possible, provided base facilities in suitable positions were available, for the large enemy fleets to be kept under sufficiently close observation to prevent them from undertaking any considerable operation without the risk of being brought to battle, it never has been possible to prevent the exit of smaller bodies either from the main ports of the enemy or from the numerous lesser ports which serve as subsidiary bases. Small squadrons and single ships could not be blockaded in harbour. Wind and weather, fogs, dark nights and the injuries consequent on the hard service made opportunities for escape. Hence, since such forces could not be stopped at the places of their departure, they must be met at the place where their blows would fall; that is, alongside the trade which was the object of attack. Trade was therefore assembled in convoys, each of which was given the protection of fighting ships; and the strength and constitution of these escorts was based upon the probability of the strength and constitution of the attacking forces.

In the present war we begin where our ancestors found themselves after those years of war during which the struggle for "command" had been in progress: we begin with an intensive "*guerre-de-courre*" into which all the naval strength of the enemy will be thrown. For Germany, to-day, has too few heavy ships of a type capable of contesting the command or of challenging any large force of the allied fleets. So, before the declaration of war she had sent out her submarines to take up positions on the trade routes and at once attacked shipping. The sinking of the *Athenia*, without warning (in deliberate violation of the treaty signed by Germany under no duress) was the first act in this campaign. Some later attacks, in which ships have been summoned to heave to, and the crew given an

opportunity to take to their boats, suggest that either the officer exceeded his instructions, or—which seems more probable—that orders to sink at sight have been, for the time, rescinded in consequence of the attitude of the United States. The submarine would then be acting as the raiding cruisers did in the last war: while she is at disadvantage as regards speed, for a fast ship may outpace her and escape, she has the advantage over a cruiser that she is able to disappear even if sighted.

Plainly, the German effort will not be confined to submarines and it is worth while to see how a German officer of standing regards the prospect of attack. Writing in the *"Militär Wochenblatt"* last year Vice-Admiral Meurer expressed the view that if the limitations upon submarine action, accepted by Germany, were adhered to—a course he appeared to doubt and deprecate—the submarine would lose her effectiveness. In a somewhat naïve manner he remarked that as the British Admiralty was making preparations for general convoy, it could not be for protection against submarines, whose teeth were drawn by the treaty, but must be to meet surface attack. It does not appear to have occurred to the gentleman that the British might have their doubts as to Germany keeping her word. He proceeded then to discuss the problem of defence against surface attack. Powerful surface ships can extend their operations far out into the ocean. To meet their attack equally powerful escorts would have to be employed. The weak older cruisers or armed merchant auxiliaries which sufficed to meet the armed raiders like the *Möwe* and the *Wolf* of the last war would be useless, and he pointed out that many British cruisers are scattered about the world on their foreign stations, while others are needed to work with the main fleet. The total British strength of cruisers he put at fifteen of the "heavy" type with 8in. guns and sixty odd of the smaller size.

"Against heavy cruisers with 8in. guns, and even less against armoured ships of the *Deutschland** type such escort cruisers (as the 8,000 ton type which were reported to be under construction) would indeed not be of any great avail: if such dangers were to be faced older battleships, as was the case on the

*The so-called "pocket battleships" of 10,000 tons, armed with six 11in. and eight 5.9 guns, lightly armoured have a speed of twenty-six knots.

Norwegian convoys in 1918, would be needed. . . . The less one would have to reckon in future with the clash of large battle fleets as at Jutland, the more trade warfare is going to become the main task in naval war."

What, then, are the forces of which Germany disposes for a surface attack such as Admiral Meurer contemplates? She has two battle cruisers, as we already know, of 26,000 tons, suitably armed with 11in. guns and with a speed, probably, of twenty-seven knots. She has also three heavy armoured cruisers of 10,000 tons, the so-called "pocket battleships", two unarmoured cruisers of 10,000 tons armed with 8in. guns, six "light" cruisers of 6,000 tons with 6in. guns: and on a lower scale ten large destroyers of 1,600-1,800 tons—vessels which in reality are light-cruisers capable of acting in more confined ranges and several lesser destroyers—possibly from 12-20, of about 800 tons. Other vessels are under construction and will join the fleet at intervals. There will be two battleships of 35,000 tons, possibly a year hence, unless their construction is delayed; three more of the 8in. type and four more of the 6in. type of cruiser, and an indefinite and unpredictable number of the flotilla craft.

There is thus material for a great variety of combination and distribution. To attempt any forecast of what dispositions will be made would be idle. The outstanding fact is that the oceanic convoys will need oceanic protection in strength adequate to meet any attack that may be made. Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking in March, 1939*, in criticizing the intention to scrap the older battleships of the *Royal Sovereign* class in accordance with the existing treaties, observed that under that most unfortunately conceived Treaty of London we had been prevented from building any 8in. gun cruisers while "Germany will have at an early date five 8in. gun ships which will be definitely superior in speed, armour and gun power compared to any vessel in our fleet except our battle cruisers and battleship-cruisers": and he strongly urged the retention of those five ships as "the very ships which would be the surest escorts of your ocean convoys" and "the ideal vessels to bring in a three-monthly convoy of sixty, seventy, or eighty vessels from

*Hansard, 16th March, 1939, p. 680.

Australia or the Cape or from South America quite safely across the ocean until they came into the regions where other escorts would be needed to deal with the submarine". Those ships have not been scrapped.

While we recognize the difficulties of protecting trade against the combined effort of heavy ships on the distant oceans, lighter vessels in the waters nearest home, and submarines both abroad and on the home waters, the difficulties of the enemy in conducting the oceanic operations must not be lost sight of. Ships need fuel. Germany possesses no bases overseas where she can re-fuel, victual or repair her ships. This disability was expressed by several German writers during the course of the last war. Thus Admiral Koester, of the German Navy League, wrote "our enemy possessed ample bases everywhere, our fleet abroad had absolutely none and consequently was without any assurance of being able to replenish supplies of ammunition, coal and provisions". If the reason for the demand for the return of the German colonies is sought, it is not to be found in their economic value, still less in their providing space for an over-crowded population, but for the possession of oversea bases for the fleet. "Of all the colonies", wrote the same officer, "those in West and East Africa are the most important and from the military point of view the easiest to defend. In order effectively to protect them and our world commerce we shall require a cruiser fleet which is able to depend upon a few strong land bases, supplemented by floating bases in the form of supply ships of similar speed and sea-worthiness to the cruisers". The same point was urged by Admiral Hoffman. "The support of the German sea must be secured by establishing colonial naval bases capable of defence." The chapters dealing with the colonial actions in Mr. Lloyd George's volume on the Peace Treaties confirmed to the full the importance attached to the colonies and in consequence of the needs of bases for the cruiser forces which, operating from them in West Africa would harass the trade in the South Atlantic and from those in East Africa the Indian and Australian trade.

Thus, in order to remain long on the trade routes, ships operating from the Home ports must be ensured of receiving fuel. The writer, previously mentioned, visualized that they

could be accompanied by fast supply ships: alternatively, arrangements may be made for supply ships to join them from neutral ports, while a third source lies in capture of tankers. Thus, it was by her captures of colliers in the Indian Ocean that the *Emden* was able to keep the sea. Protection to the oil carrying fleet has thus a double importance. Oil, in ample quantities, is an essential for all three of our own fighting forces: oilers falling into the hands of the enemy are a means whereby her efforts are made more effective.

One feature tends to repeat itself in defence by convoy. Convoy is forced upon shipping by attacks from the lesser type of vessel. If the escorts prove strong enough to repel the attack, the attacking forces are strengthened, followed by a corresponding increase in the defence. So, in the North Sea convoys of the last war, the initial protection was needed against submarines, and a small escort of torpedo boats or destroyers was allotted. In reply, stronger forces of German flotilla craft came into the North Sea and caused some losses, followed, when the escorts had been strengthened, by a cruiser attack: and as it became probable that this would be succeeded by forces of the greater ships of the High Seas Fleet, the escorts eventually consisted of squadrons of battleships, cruisers and flotilla. It was against this that, in April, 1918, the German High Command planned an attack by the whole high seas fleet upon the detachment; an attack which miscarried. Whether there will be this gradualness in the campaign at sea or whether an immediate use will be made of the heavier gunned ships cannot be foreseen with any certainty: but the situation is so familiar that we may be assured that the steps necessary in either case form an integral part of the convoy system which is coming into operation.

The preceding remarks apply to one side of naval strategy alone—the defensive. Security on the outer communications is an essential condition to success but it is not the whole of war. Pressure has to be brought upon the enemy and this can only be done by means of the offensive. The offensive element in naval strategy is of two natures. The Army, in order to reach those theatres where their employment is needed must cross the sea. At present, so far as one can see, that theatre lies in France:

but if changes in the international situation should arise other theatres might call for service in defence of the territories of ourselves or our allies—a situation which has frequently arisen in the past from Queen Anne's wars, when the enemy had to be prevented from moving troops and their supplies to Spain or Naples, to the last War with its operations in Egypt, Turkey and Salonika. Thus, over and above those ships needed for the protection of commerce others may be called upon to perform these services.

The second form of offensive is that of isolating the enemy from external supplies. In certain circumstances this is effected by blockade, and the situation of Germany by sea in the last war is commonly spoken of as the "blockade of Germany". It was not, however, by what, in international law, is known as blockade that the isolation was effected, for no juridical blockade was proclaimed, except in some localities such as the Macedonian coast and East Africa. Goods which contributed to the German war effort, which enabled her to continue to resist the armies of the allies, were made contraband, and lists of such goods were issued and amended from time to time. With the experience of that war a contraband list of goods has been published. It is the function of the Navy to ensure that cargoes containing such goods do not reach Germany either directly, via her own ports, or indirectly, via those of neutral States. The naval dispositions must therefore be such as will oblige all vessels to submit to examination at certain defined ports. There, as recently announced, are Weymouth, the Downs and Kirkwall in these islands, and Gibraltar and Haifa in the Mediterranean. Ships calling at these ports voluntarily for examination will, if they carry no contraband, be given passes to facilitate these voyages. The naval dispositions for this purpose include vessels, not necessarily of great strength but of sufficient force to compel the obedience of a merchant ship : and vessels of greater force to protect the patrol against attack of stronger bodies. Thus, while more armed steamers sufficed in the Straits of Dover to act the policeman, flotilla of destroyers were necessary to protect these patrols against attacks in force from the Flemish ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge. Similarly

in the northern area, the patrolling ships depended upon support from the fleet stationed in the Northern bases.

Finally, in this brief outline of some of the problems of strategy, there is the security of the naval bases. In the present political situation there is no reason to fear that any would become untenable owing to attack by land sea or air.

THE TOTALITARIAN WAR

BY A. A. MILNE

IT is difficult, and sometimes embarrassing, for an author to make the necessary assumptions as to the reader's previous acquaintance with his work. It would be as offensively mock-modest for one writer to begin: "I don't know if you have ever heard of me, but I once wrote a play called *St. Joan*", as it would be offensively vain for another to begin: "Doubtless you all remember the little sketch I turned out last year for *The Five Jolly Sailor-boys*". Yet with every wish not to be offensive I am completely unaware as to how many people who read this will have read an invocation against war, which I wrote five years ago, called *Peace with Honour*. Let me then say briefly that such a book was written: that it had, as I know from letters, a considerable influence on many who read it: and that it is still continuously quoted, as I know from press-cuttings, in the argumentative columns of local papers. For this reason anything which I say about the present war must be reconciled with, or excepted from, the things which I said then about war in general.

In that book, writing as a full-blooded pacifist, I examined all the arguments in apology for war, such as Ruskin's assertion that "all the greatest qualities of man come out in armed conflict", and all the excuses for the inevitability of war, as that it is only human nature, and proved, as I hoped, the vanity of them. I denounced war as the sublimation of wickedness and insanity. I said that no Church could support it, and that it should be renounced utterly. I insisted that there had never been a dispute between nations which could not be settled more economically and more fairly by arbitration; and I ended by saying that, if everybody thought as I did, a solemn renunciation of war by all peoples of the world would be in itself sufficient without any sanctions of force behind it.

Yet I am not now denouncing my country's participation in this war; on the contrary I am, mind and heart and soul, supporting it. And it seems to me that my first need is to explain this to myself, even if the explanation is not called for by any of my readers. The explanation, in any case, will be much clearer to myself than to my readers, for the reason that writing is much easier than reading.

Very few people can read. The average person follows the writer for a little way, and he observes that the path which they are treading together is a well-trodden path. At some moment the writer leaves the path and turns into untrodden country. The reader does not notice; here is the path clearly before him; he knows, or thinks he knows, where they are going. Perhaps the path ends suddenly. No matter; there is the goal in front of his eyes. He makes his way over the last few yards and arrives triumphantly. The goal is the Eternal City of Peace: how surely the writer had led him there! Or the goal is, as he knew it would be, a mirage in the desert, and the writer a blind leader of the blind. But the writer is, in fact, somewhere else; alone. Perhaps if he had been a better writer he would have been followed to the end, but he has got where he meant to go, and he feels that it was the reader's business to keep him in sight.

Let me give two examples of the way in which the reader reaches his own conclusions.

I began my book by saying that if the world thought as I did there would be no more war, and that I was therefore trying to persuade my readers in the hope that they in turn would persuade others. When I had been as persuasive as I could for fourteen chapters, I was met by the question: "Even if everybody did *want* to abolish war, how could they do it?" I gave my Plan. Three times within a few pages I insisted again on the obvious premise to the plan: that everybody *did* want to abolish war. Yet reviewer after reviewer wrote as if I thought that my ridiculous Plan could be put into operation now.

Again:

The Plan included a solemn universal renunciation of war, of defence no less than of aggression. Assuming the question

"What should England do if one nation broke its word and attacked her?" I said that the likelihood of this seemed to me to be negligible, but that, if it happened, England could obviously do nothing: that is, she had given her word and must abide by it. This was commended, or derided, according to the feelings of the reader, as a plea for immediate unilateral disarmament.

For misreadings such as these I do not hold myself responsible. But I am responsible for this: that a distinction in my mind which underlay all that I was writing was never definitely stated, but only implied; perhaps not even implied but only to be read between the lines by someone who had already made the same distinction. And it is this which explains why an apparent condemnation of all war allows me to accept this war; yes, even after scoffing at the pseudo-pacifist who always justifies the current war while professing an academic devotion to peace.

The distinction made in my mind was the distinction between international war and civil war. It is clear throughout the book that I am talking of international war, of war between nations; but though civil war is never mentioned it is never specifically excluded; and it may be that if I had tried to exclude it, I should merely have left my opponent with the logic with which to confound me. Yet I did so exclude it in my mind; perhaps not logically, perhaps only instinctively.

Forty years ago international war seemed the natural, reasonable and rather heroic way of settling disputes. If you killed anybody (and of course such things did happen) you only killed a foreigner. But civil war was an abomination; in civil war you were killing your own brother, and that was a horribly unnatural thing to do. For many years I have disagreed with this point of view. I have never thought that brotherly love was particularly "natural"; nor did it seem more natural to be fond of an Englishman rather than of a Frenchman, a German or an American. One might love anybody or hate anybody. But civil war seemed to me less immoral than international war for two reasons. First, that the fight was not for territory, nor, principally, for material gain, nor for a false prestige, but inevitably for an idea. And

secondly, that, again inevitably, it was a people's war, a revolt of the people against misrule, a war in which the common man was free to choose his own side.

This war seems to me to be a civil war: a war of ideas: a revolt, in which Germans are fighting on our side, or we on theirs, against an intolerable form of Government.

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This, then, is not an international war, a war between two Governments, but a war between two forms of government; between Democracy and Totalitarianism; or more simply a war between Liberty and Slavery.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about liberty. Communists, for instance, ridicule the claim that Britain is a free country; they say that it is a free country for the rich, but not for the poor, and they imply that only under (of all things) communism is complete freedom assured. There is no such thing possible as complete freedom. When I say that I am free to write what I like—as in Germany or Italy or Russia I should not be—it is no answer to tell me that the newspapers are in the hands of capitalists who will only print what seems good to them. For I am free to become a capitalist and start my own paper—if I can. And I am free to publish my views in a book, if a publisher, with freedom to refuse the book, decides to accept it. I am free to swim the rapids below Niagara—or should be if the rapidity of the water did not hamper my freedom. One is not less free because one has not the qualities to do all which one would like to do. The liberty which flourishes under democracy is freedom of soul, freedom to live one's own life according to one's opportunities and abilities and desires, subject to the right of every other person to enjoy the same freedom. It is not complete freedom; there is no such thing as complete freedom; it is because Hitler is claiming complete freedom to do what he likes that we are fighting him. But it is Liberty. And it is the business—one might almost say the whole business—of democratic government so to order affairs that the liberty of one man interferes as little as possible with the liberty of his neighbour.

A democratic government, in fact, bears the same relation to its people as the committee of a club bears to its members:

the State exists for the benefit of the People. A totalitarian government bears the same relation to its people as an Army Command bears to its human and material resources : the People exist for the benefit of the State.

But if the State is not caring for the people, but only using the people, for what purpose can it use them ? Even if we had not the example of Germany and others before us, we should know that the only purpose could be a military purpose. If individual life is to be sacrificed to the State, then the State must have a life of its own, and the only life it can have is in competition with other States ; not for the betterment of its people, for its people are of no account, but for the enlargement of itself. The individual is denied butter to provide guns for the State ; the mother gives up her children from the nursery to provide soldiers for the State. How else can the State enlarge itself, how else express the personality it has asserted, lacking guns and soldiers ?

A totalitarian State, then, can only fulfil itself in war or the threat of war. If German National Socialism has made any contribution to political science, it is in this new doctrine of the threat of war. This is where those of us who have been exposing the futility of war have gone wrong. War can bring no material gains commensurate with the losses it entails, but the threat of war can. To a world which remembers the last war the threat of another war of that magnitude has been a weapon in the hands of the unscrupulous almost impossible to resist. If the challenge be accepted, the challenger knows that he is doomed ; it is certain that he could not survive the universal ruin. It was for this reason that one hoped that war would not come : that one told oneself that totalitarian leaders had a special interest in preserving the peace, since their own power could not outlast a war. One sees now that that was a vain hope ; one sees also that the threat of war is as much the rule of force, as much a war, as war itself.

But there is another reason why the totalitarian State is a danger to peace. Such a State is an autocracy ; the decision between peace and war is in the hands of its ruler. Now one of the constant arguments of the anti-pacifist has been that war will always persist because you cannot change human

nature. . The answer to that has been : first that international war is *not* humanly natural (as civil war might be) and secondly, that even if you can't change human nature, you can control it, you can provide it with a different outlet. It is natural to eat if you are hungry, but a man can learn to control his appetite, and if one sort of diet seems likely to prove fatal to him, he will choose another. Whether human nature has changed or not, the attitude of the people to war has changed. A writer said the other day : " We are not in this war to reform mankind ". Mankind is in no need of reformation. There is an intense hatred of war, an intense longing to renounce war for ever, in the heart of mankind.

Of " mankind ". But mankind is of no consideration in a totalitarian State. Mankind does not make its voice heard ; the only voice heard is the phonographic voice of the Leader. The slow processes of civilization have already " reformed " mankind in many matters, but there will always be outlaws beyond the reach of reform. Mankind is less cruel, but there are men as cruel to-day as in the most brutal days of the past. Woman is more independent, but the completely dependent woman is still to be found. And so, in a State in which only one voice is to be heard, that voice may echo none of the lessons which civilization has so hardly learnt. The voice may still be the voice of the jungle. In which case jungle law will still be the law of Europe.

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Now it is the extreme of stupidity and cowardice to think that, because many people were expecting the last war to end war, and because the last war did not end war, therefore this war cannot end war. Why should the indomitable spirit of man fail only at this one challenge ? There have been many attempts to climb Everest ; is it conceivable that each new expedition says to itself : " Well, the last expedition hoped to do it, and didn't, so obviously this one won't " ? How are new discoveries made, how does civilization march, but along the familiar road from hope to disappointment and on to hope again ? " But you said the *last* steam-engine would work," Stephenson is told scornfully. " So I did ", he says sheepishly,

and tears up his new plans, and decides to collect butterflies. Is this man's unconquerable soul?

The Great War was a war to end war—we hoped. This war is a war to end war—we still hope. We shall go on hoping. For no humane man, no intelligent man, can fight a war without hoping that it will be the last war; without doing all that one man can do to ensure that it shall be the last war.

Why did we fail last time?

We began the war by saying that we were out to destroy Prussianism: that is, the Hohenzollerns and the military caste; we had no quarrel, we said, with the German people. We destroyed Prussianism, the Hohenzollerns and the military caste; a democratic government took their place; and it was with this government that we made peace. I doubt if even now the average Englishman realizes what that peace was like. He thinks of it in terms of surrendered territory to which Germany had no real right; the payment of indemnities which were, in fact, never paid; and the well-meaning but hastily conceived attempt to create new States which no geography could define. He forgets the agony through which the German people passed on their way to this haven of "peace": the slow starvation of the blockade after the war was over, the nightmare horror of the "inflation", when money had lost all value. And it was a democratic government which had signed the passport to these horrors. How could the German people not respond, when the military caste pushed up its head again and said: "*Now* what do you think of your democratic government? We would never have signed a peace like that". How could the people not hail as an evangelist this Corporal Hitler, the mouthpiece of the military, who was so soon to be speaking for himself, and then, so soon, speaking by order for the whole of Germany?

We need not make that mistake again. We have said, more emphatically this time because more truthfully, that we have no quarrel with the enslaved German people. Let us try this time to remember what we have said. However long the war, no peace with National Socialism; however short the war, peace, constructive peace, with the German people—a

peace which brings liberty to Poland, Austria, Czechoslovakia and, not least, to Germany herself.

And then what? A League of Free European Peoples; an economic league, with free trade within its boundaries, and preferences, if she wished to help, from the United States. A league which other nations would be eager to join: to which they would be elected as soon as they were qualified: from which they could be expelled if they forsook democracy. It sounds fanciful, perhaps impossible. But some such effort must be made to emerge from this lunatic half-world, in which peace-loving millions, with all the spiritual, mental and material resources of civilization at their command, yet find themselves at the mercy of half-a-dozen gangsters. For we in England are at the mercy of the autocrat no less than his countrymen who have surrendered their liberties to him. We are back in the jungle to-day because Hitler has ordered it. Is it not madness? And so long as one nation puts itself at the disposal of one man, is it not a madness whose shadow will always be darkening our lives?

But wherever the people's voice can be heard there will be no war. And wherever the autocrat's voice can be heard, there will be war. So the way to peace may be difficult, but it is marked very plainly for all the world to see.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

BY PATRICK RANSOME

THE European powder-magazine has exploded, and twenty-one years after the conclusion of the war fought to end war the peoples of the world are once more devoting their wealth, their talents and their lives to the task of mutual destruction. The immediate cause of this catastrophe is only too obvious, and resistance to brutal and unashamed aggression has become a bitter necessity. But it must not be forgotten that the real causes of this, as of every other, war lie deeper than in the senseless ambition of one man; they are to be found in the absence of any effective international order, in the determination of the omnipotent sovereign state to be judge in its own cause. If western civilization is to survive we must put an end, not only to Hitlerism, but to the menace of international anarchy. The peace which follows this war will be merely a truce in an endless succession of destructive conflicts unless it contains the seeds of a durable system of world order, in which the rule of law will replace the rule of force in international relations. The creation of such a system can no longer be regarded as the pious aspiration of political philosophers; it has become the one vital task for practical politicians.

The problem has two main aspects. First, what is the ultimate goal? Second, what path should be followed in our quest? In searching for an answer to the first of these questions we must, I think, examine the causes of the failure of the League of Nations. Was that failure due to mere political accident, or was it inherent in the very structure of the League? In the answer that is given to this question will be found an indication of the system we should strive to create. The immediate causes of the League's collapse are only too familiar. The absence of the United States and Russia, the consequent use

of the League by France as an instrument federal in character, status quo, the half-hearted support of the second half of the collective security by Great Britain, all cragraph of this article, story. But it is now realized by a rapitive? What are the opinion both in this country and abroacng the path which we reason for the ineffectiveness of the Leag

it was based on the conception of the absopen to us. One is and that until our reverence for this quite arague—to remove national sovereignty is dispersed there can be non it where we rational system of international order. Even veration to examination of the Covenant will show how carefully the changed right of the state to be judge in its own cause was presething The League was composed of delegates of State Governments, its decisions on all major questions had to be unanimous, withdrawal from membership was permitted. It had no authority to change the political status quo, it could not compel disarmament, it could not limit economic nationalism. It was a body which, in the field of positive solutions, could merely recommend action to its members, which might accept or reject such recommendations at their pleasure.

The idea of the personified, almost deified state, claiming absolute obedience from all its citizens and owning no superior authority on earth, is to-day an anachronism. Its origins are nasty, its methods brutish, and its life, we must hope, will be short. From it grow many evils besides the perpetuation of international anarchy. It is the enemy of individual freedom and the chief prop of economic nationalism. The days when a Byron and a Mazzini could equate Liberty with Nationalism are long past and it is now our duty to blaspheme against the sanctity of this ill-begotten myth.

Indeed for each state passionately to assert its freedom to pursue an independent policy is not only wrong but dishonest. For no such freedom in fact exists. In defence, in foreign policy, in the various forms of state interference in economic affairs, the actions of each state are dictated by the actions of others. The problem is no longer one of theoretical right—it has become a question of political mechanism. We cannot escape the conclusion that we need a common government for matters of common concern.

ould such a government be based?
 dispassionate examination, freed from
 ediciency, drives one to the conclusion
 t in some adaptation of the Federal idea.
 FEDE, broadly speaking, a system under which
 ly transfer their sovereignty over certain
 mental action to a newly-created sovereign
 n thereupon exercises exclusive control over

THE Europeans only, and in exercising it "claims directly the
 on of every citizen and acts immediately upon him through
 ces and executive officers". Its essence is that it is a
 of Peoples not a League of States. The individual
 citizen of a Federal State owes obedience in certain matters to
 the central government, and in others to his state government.
 The central government is chosen by and is responsible to its
 citizens, and exerts its authority directly upon them, not
 through the machinery of the various state governments.

The advantages of a Federation over a League are obvious.
 Under a federal system the boggy of national sovereignty is laid
 once and for all. Under a federal system the democratic
 principle of responsible government is extended beyond the
 frontiers of the individual state. Finally, Federation is the
 only form of inter-State organization that has proved both
 efficient and durable in the past. A Confederation, that is to
 say, an association of state governments, possesses none of these
 advantages. Based on the state as a unit, it has a history of
 almost unrelieved failure. The most famous example is perhaps
 that of the American League of Friendship. After the War of
 Independence the thirteen colonies set up a loose form of
 Confederation, having many of the characteristics of the League
 of Nations. The result was, as Washington said, little better
 than anarchy, and the Philadelphia Convention convened in
 1787 to "revise the Articles of Confederation" was impelled to
 devise a new and more centralized form of government. Largely
 owing to the genius of Madison and Hamilton, the federal
 principle was accepted as the basis of the new constitution, and
 the United States of America came into being.

For these reasons then, both theoretical and practical, it
 would seem unanswerable that the type of constitution which

the world ultimately requires should be federal in character.
 The question then arises, and this is the second half of the
 problem as stated in the opening paragraph of this article,
 how best can we achieve this objective? What are the
 immediate steps that we should take along the path which we
 should undeviatingly follow?

There would appear to be two courses open to us. One is
 to build on the framework of the existing League—to remove
 its more obvious sources of weakness, to strengthen it where we
 can, and to trust to the habit of inter-state co-operation to
 produce an atmosphere in which it can gradually be changed
 into a truly federal system. The other is to attempt something
 more dramatic, to seize the opportunity, which may not recur
 for many years, when all our hitherto accepted beliefs are being
 questioned and all our institutions are in a state of fluidity
 and to begin now the task of building the federal structure.

The proposition which it is the purpose of this article to
 advance is that these two methods should not be regarded as
 alternative, but as complementary. It is clear, in the first
 place, that to attempt to set up a World Federal Government in
 the present state of international society would be doomed to
 immediate and derisory failure. I believe also that to rely
 solely on a reformed League would be to encourage the delusion
 that in such a system can salvation be found. The true course
 is on the one hand to welcome and to encourage any development
 of the League, and on the other, to begin now to work for a real
 Federal Union between the European and American democracies.
 With the composition and powers of such a Union I will deal in
 a later passage. The relevant point here is that such a Union
 should be open to accession by any state that was prepared to
 accept its constitution. It would thus become an ever expand-
 ing nucleus of Federal Government, acting as a powerful unit
 inside the wider and looser League based on confederate
 principles.

The proposal for a Federal Union of the democracies has
 recently been advocated with great vigour in a book called
 "Union Now" by Clarence Streit. Mr. Streit suggests that
 such a union could be formed now between what he calls the
 Atlantic Democracies: the U.S.A., Great Britain, Canada,

Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian States, and Switzerland. He proceeds to define the powers which the Federal Government should possess, and with great courage even puts forward a draft constitution. Now it is quite unnecessary to be dogmatic either as to the exact composition of such a Federation or as to its constitutional structure. Political events will largely dictate the one, and extensive research is obviously necessary into the other. But certain considerations seem to be fundamental. Federation involves a common citizenship, and therefore a common belief as to the relation of man and society. The acceptance of democratic principles of government would therefore appear to be a necessary qualification for membership. It was, I think, Lord Bryce who said "I cannot define a democracy, but I know one when I see it"; an illogical but perhaps a satisfactory criterion. Secondly, it is essential that the characteristic of Federalism which has in the past proved to be its chief source of strength, the direct relationship between the individual citizen and the central government, should be preserved with jealous care. This does not necessarily imply that the Federal Legislature must be chosen by direct popular election on a strict population basis. It does mean, however, that in certain matters the citizen should owe obedience exclusively to the Federal Government, and that in those matters the Federal Government should issue its commands directly to all its citizens. Thirdly, the powers transferred to the Federal Government should be the minimum which would ensure effective control over matters of common concern. The problem here is the age-old one of the reconciliation of Order and Liberty. To take one example. In the sphere of economics, sufficient power should be given to the Federal Government to enable it to destroy that arch-begetter of war and poverty, economic nationalism, while leaving to the states sufficient freedom for internal social and economic experiment. Finally, while certain functions of government might well have to be placed under Federal control, e.g., communications, migration and colonial administration, there are a few which obviously must be transferred, namely foreign affairs, defence, and some degree of control over tariffs and currency policy: the Federal

Government, moreover, should possess taxing and borrowing powers sufficient to finance its own activities, and a system of Federal Courts to adjudicate on federal legislation.

Such are, in my view, some of the chief considerations which those entrusted with the drafting of a federal constitution would have to bear in mind. They do not pretend to be exhaustive, and into the details of such a scheme I have neither the space nor the competence to enter.

What is the relevance of this proposal to the situation which will confront us at the end of the war? It is of course impossible to dogmatize at a time when the political set-up which will then exist is completely unknown. But it is clear that one of the chief problems to be solved will be that of the ultimate destiny of the German people. We are apt to think of the problem of Germany as something quite new, as a menacing shadow that has emerged, no one knows whence, out of an unclouded sky. In reality it is the oldest unsolved riddle of European politics. From the days of the barbarian invasions, through the long struggle of Hohenstaufen and Papacy, during the bloody conflicts of the Thirty Years War, down to the foundation of the German Empire under Bismarck and the inconclusive victories of the War of 1914, the problem of how to fit this disturbing but powerful element into the framework of European civilization has remained unsolved. Incorporation in a federal structure is clearly the only final solution. The genius of the German people has never, owing largely to historical accident, expressed itself in the art of self-government. Association with other politically more mature nations in a Federation of the type we have been considering would give to Germany the opportunities which she demands and indeed deserves, and to Europe the security which it so obviously needs. As a short-range policy too this would seem to have considerable reality. Some concrete offer must, sooner or later, be made to the German people, and if they are to be invited to overthrow Hitlerism positive indications of a hopeful future must be laid before them. Knowledge that a share in the immense resources of a Democratic Union lies open to them should they be able to establish a democratic form of government in their own country would be an almost irresistible attraction to a

desperate and impoverished people. But the destiny of Germany is only one aspect of the wider problem of how a true system of international order can best be established. The vital point to be borne in mind is that we should not, for the sake of a closer approach to universality, set our feet once more upon a path that can only lead to disaster. If we are certain of the way we wish to go then let us set out in the right direction, however short the distance we travel. Any international institutions set up at the next Peace Conference should all, I would submit, be susceptible of development into a truly federal system. Furthermore, we should do our utmost to create a Federal Union of Free Peoples, based on the principles set forth above, and open to accession at a later date by any nation that would be prepared to accept the conditions of membership. There would thus be created within a looser inter-state organization the nucleus of an efficient and durable system of international government. To modify a famous phrase, "the Democracies would save themselves by their exertions and save the world by their example".

One question remains to be answered. Are we dreamers of an unrealisable Utopia? What chance is there in a world of rampant nationalism of achieving so dramatic an advance? The answer is, I think, that all great movements that have profoundly changed men's outlook, and through that change have modified the course of history, have been attacked as impracticable. In recent years both Lenin and Hitler refused to be discouraged by such criticism, and a transformation of society which in both cases seemed wildly improbable was effected within a few years only. To-day the most difficult part of any revolutionary activity has already been accomplished. Men are discontented with the existing state of affairs. Already they go in fear of their lives, and soon the interference of the omnipotent warlike state in every aspect of their normal existence will become intolerable. They are learning in a hard school, and when they realize that they are faced by an abyss they may well prefer to take a leap into safety rather than continue their march into destruction.

GANGSTERS ARE HUMAN—A Story

BY ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

LOVE-MAD MODEL HELD IN ARTIST'S KILLING . . .
POLICE SEEK TOT-MURDERER. . . . Headlines from the paper folded beside his plate caught Mr. Scunthorpe's eye as he came into the sitting-room and sat down to breakfast. He picked up the paper and glanced at it with amused tolerance. Mrs. Scunthorpe, opposite, fussed with the teapot. The dull roar of New York's morning traffic came faintly up to the eyrie of their hotel apartment.

"TWO SLAIN IN BRONX GUN-BATTLE. PATROLMAN FOILS RAIDERS SINGLE-HANDED," Mr. Scunthorpe read out. "Patrolman O'Riley, now lying in hosp. . . ."

"Why do they go on putting the tea in these silly little bags?" interrupted his wife. "I spoke about it the day after we arrived and . . . Yes, dear, I'm listening! Two slain! I do think this is a terribly lawless country. Day after day things like that happening".

Henry Scunthorpe put down the paper and spoke oracularly. "American police, my dear, are armed, and American criminals know it. That's why encounters between them are so frequently—ah—shot out. Now our English bobbies only carry truncheons, so . . ."

"Yes, simply wonderful, aren't they? You know, Henry, we've only been here a week, but I'm just longing to see a London policeman again. I d-o wish you'd hurry up with your business and let's get back. I don't really like New York—though I must say the hotels seem quite up-to-date".

"I'm seeing Adler again at five o'clock. I shall get something definite then". He scooped the last of his grape-fruit and stirred his tea reflectively. "I rather like New York, though. It has a peculiar tempo of its own. Up in Boston it's quite different. And further West, of course, different again".

Henry Scunthorpe had by now spent nearly seven days in New York and so, like many a visiting Englishman, knew all about America. Given an additional four days in Washington, he would probably have written "America From Within" on his return home.

"But Chicago's further West, isn't it?" pursued his wife. "And that's worse than here. It's hardly safe to walk about the streets at night, Maisie Styles was telling me..."

Rather patronizingly Henry again put her right. "That's all—ah—bunk, my dear Lucy." He hadn't quite cured himself of a slight self-conscious hesitation before giving vent to a newly-acquired Americanism. "Chicago's no worse than any other town of the size. Americans simply laugh at our conception of it as swarming with gangsters. They even have a joke about the Englishman who believed that the Chicago golf-courses have a local rule about being allowed to pick up balls found lying in casual blood..."

"No! Are they *really*?" exclaimed Mrs. Scunthorpe, who hadn't been listening all the time. "Well! Still, I'm not surprised after what Masie told me she'd heard from a friend who knew a man who..."

Her husband gave an exasperated grunt. He knew all about gangsters too. "There's a lot of nonsense talked about gangsters. They're really quite human".

"Oh, my dear!" Lucy Scunthorpe was genuinely shocked. "You don't call it human to—well, to shoot people in cold blood, do you, just because they won't hand over their valuables?"

"That's the very reason". Henry was irritated by her inability to see just what he meant. "They don't *want* to shoot you. If you'd hand over your valuables at once you wouldn't get hurt".

"But why should I hand over..."

"Because you're in the States", he snapped. "One of the first things I was told—by an American, mark you—when we got over here, was not to answer back! If suddenly somebody—ah—says 'Stick 'em up, buddy!'—or 'sister' to you", he added, hurriedly amplifying for his wife's benefit—"then you stick 'em up. 'The boys', this fellow said, 'don't ask twice'. And mind you"—well away now, he pointed his knife at Mrs.

Scunthorpe in the manner of a schoolmaster ramming a point home on the dullard of the class—"mind you, he *knows* several gangsters personally, and says they *are* quite human really. You—ah—play ball with them, and they'll play ball with you".

Mrs. Scunthorpe opened her mouth to question. Her husband forestalled her.

"And for God's sake don't look as though you thought playing ball was a *game*!" he said irritably. "I only mean you must forget your natural English law-abiding revulsion towards all criminals and look on them as men who in a business deal have got the upper hand. Treat them humanly—even sympathetically—and they'll respond". He rose from the table, drew out a pipe. "They're American, and the Americans are essentially a friendly nation", he concluded on a note of perfect anticlimax.

"Ah, well", said Mrs. Scunthorpe vaguely, and topped it with "Where shall we meet for lunch?"

They lunched at the Brevoort and later took in a news-reel. At four-thirty Mrs. Scunthorpe said goodbye and returned to the hotel, while Henry set off to his appointment with Mr. Adler of General Accessories, Inc.

By six the two men had finally settled their business, the deal which had brought Henry to the States, and went to celebrate the event with a Manhattan or so at a 'little joint' Mr. Adler knew round the corner, the "or so" being Mr. Adler's idea, for he had already told Mrs. Adler that he had a big deal on with an Englishman and wouldn't be back till late. At seven Henry telephoned his wife to say he'd be late for dinner; at eight to say he wouldn't be back to dinner at all. They went to a 'little joint' Adler knew for dinner, to a musical comedy, and to various other 'little joints' Adler knew, from the Fifties up to Harlem. Mrs. Adler kept her husband on a tight rein, and he knew how to make the most of his chances.

At about four o'clock in the morning Henry Scunthorpe found himself walking through almost empty streets somewhere in the West Seventies. He had been walking aimlessly for some time, had stopped twice for coffee to clear his head, and was once more comparatively sober. A rather maudlin farewell scene with Life-Long Friend Bob Adler was a thing of the past. He

was now looking for a taxi, but they seemed unaccountably scarce in those particular blocks. He rounded a corner eastward into a cross-street. It was deserted except for an empty sedan parked against the curb half-way down. Then as he drew nearly level with it he gave a jump. A man was lounging nearby in the shadows by the door of a small shop, as still and invisible as if he had been a shadow himself. For a moment Henry had a queer impression that he was actually going to be held up. Even as he recalled with some satisfaction that he had nothing but a few dollars and a watch on him, the impression passed, for the man did not move, merely regarded him with a coldly watchful eye over the top of his pulled-up collar.

On impulse Henry spoke. "Good evening", he said friendly and stopped. The man seemed to tauten. His hands were in his pockets. "Excuse me, but can you tell where I'm likely to get a taxi at this time of night? I'm a stranger to New York".

There was a moment's silence, as though the other were sizing him up. Then: "Further on, brother! Find one on Eighth, most like".

"Thanks. Nice night". There was no reply and Henry moved on.

As he approached the next corner a patrolman came round swinging his night-stick and passed him. Henry reached the avenue and glanced up and down it. Seeing what looked like a taxi away to the right cruising along from downtown on a distant batch of greens, he decided to wait.

Idly he looked round again, noticed the policeman had just reached the sedan. At that moment he, too, had apparently observed the man by the door, for he stopped. His voice came clear on the night. "Hey, what's going . . ."

Then everything happened as in a film. The officer suddenly took a quick pace back, dropping his hand to his hip even as a little gout of flame stabbed out from the shadows. On the heels of vision came sound, the quick report of a gun. Then the policeman was slumping to the sidewalk. His nightstick beat a momentary, feeble tattoo on the paving stones, and was silent. He lay still, a dark heap under the street light. Two men ran together from the shadows to the sedan. A third followed.

The self-starter whirled the engine to life. Then a door slammed jerking Henry out of his amazed immobility.

"Good God!" he gasped, suddenly ceasing to be a spectator of seeming unreality, aware with a rush he had actually seen a crime. "They—they shot him . . ."

His heart was beating quickly. His first, and British, impulse was to call for the police, to run for help, or to chase after the criminals. Then other considerations crowded into his mind. He would be held as a witness, would probably have to stay in America instead of going home next week, would be interviewed by pushful, overbearing pressmen. Much better keep out of it all. After all, it wasn't his country.

Almost before he had reached this conclusion, he had quickly turned again towards the Avenue, standing with his back to the scene, as if he had been like that all the time. Away behind him he heard the sedan slamming into second gear. The nearer Avenue lights were now green and the taxi was coming up. In ten minutes or so he'd be back in his hotel. He felt quite breathless with suppressed excitement. He began to wonder just how he'd tell the story when he got back to England. He wouldn't be able to resist retailing the adventure, but it might be hard to make people understand why he hadn't done something about it.

The taxi drew near, but, as he half-raised his hand in summons the main lights again changed to red. So he started to cross the road to it, when the sedan car, which he had subconsciously imagined would go across on the green, pulled up suddenly at his left elbow with a quick slurr of brakes. A soft, thick voice spoke in his ear:

"Get in, buddy, and no fuss!"

Henry turned in surprise. He saw the rear door was open, disclosing the muzzle of an automatic held by a large fat man in black. The other two men were in front, the one he had spoken to in the driver's seat.

"I—I beg your pardon?" began Henry.

"Get in quickly, and look as if you like it. See!"

"Really I . . ." began Henry again, and remembered his American friend's advice on dealing with gangsters. He got in. The door slammed; the car shot forward with a jerk that told

Henry only too clearly the gun was being held very close to his ribs. An argument promptly resumed between the driver and his companion in the front, who spoke with a rasping, petulant snarl.

"What's the big idea anyway, Ed, picking up this bozo? Want to advertise us all round town?"

"Tell you he spoke to me back there", retorted Ed, out of the side of his mouth, eyes ahead as he flashed across the intersection past the stationary taxi.

"Well, what of it? He'd . . ."

The fat man beside Henry spoke again.

"Maybe Ed's right, Dave. Best be on the safe side." His soft, thick voice held authority.

Henry, recovered from his first shock, decided he'd better come into this. The situation only needed handling calmly and with commonsense.

"Really, gentlemen", he began in his most affable manner.

"I'm a stranger to New York and I don't understand all this at all."

"See!" growled the man called Dave, twisting round to speak to Henry's companion, "See what you two smart guys done now? Picked up a blasted limey".

Henry tried again. "I was just standing there waiting for that taxi . . ."

"Never having turned round?" purred the fat man.

Henry, a little watchful now, answered very quickly. "Why should I? I was watching for the taxi to come up."

"Heard nothing, I suppose?"

"I—I heard a car back-fire."

"Ah! You heard a car back-fire?"

"Why not tell him all about it, Fats", sneered Dave.

At this point Ed, having worked several blocks across town, suddenly swung left-handed into an avenue and sped north. Again Henry felt the gun muzzle nudge his side.

"I'd be obliged if you'd stop pointing that gun at me", he suggested coolly. "I'm not armed. I'm just an English business man. If this is one of the hold-ups I've read so much about, you're welcome to all the—ah—berries I've got." He forced a lighter note. "Not many, I'm afraid."

"Can you tie *that*?" Dave asked of the windshield.

There was a silence, the man called Fats evidently considering. Then he put the gun away with a short laugh.

"O.K., Mr. English business man. You got a nerve!"

Henry felt better. Gangsters *were* human. He felt that the theory he had expressed to Lucy at breakfast was being justified in practice. Here he was talking with three criminals as though they were all sitting round a dinner table, showing them that he could understand their point of view. He laughed in answer, spoke again:

"Now, I don't know what you gentlemen . . ."

"Quit calling us gentlemen", snapped Dave, "or I'll beat your block off".

"Oh, can it, Dave", said Ed.

"I don't know what you men", amended Henry, with a cold look at Dave, "are doing, or were trying to do. It's no business of mine. I'm not in the least interested in your affairs. I got in your car because you pointed a gun at me and I'm a sensible man".

"I hope so", purred Fats oilily.

"Now why don't you drop me and let me get back to my hotel. Take what I've got first, if that's your game. I won't report it to the police. In fact, I promise you I'll—ah—play ball. You've won, I've lost".

"Where in hell'd this guy get that line?" snarled Dave.

"It seems a very reasonable line", said Fats.

"I'm a reasonable man", replied Henry. Next minute to his surprise and relief, the car pulled up suddenly at a corner. He considered he had handled the matter very well, though he didn't at all like Dave's attitude. Dave wasn't quite as human as a gangster ought to be.

They all got out.

Henry flashed a smile round and extended his hand. "Well, good n . . ."

"This way!" cut in Fats, motioning to a cross street.

"But what . . ."

"If you don't want to get hurt", continued Fats.

They left the sedan, walked half down the block. Henry now realized they had not pulled up to let him out, but at a pre-

arranged place. He eyed his companions uneasily under the street lamp. The driver, Ed, was white-faced, cold and bitter; Dave of fuller colour, more aggressive. Fats, hand menacingly in side pocket and moving very softly and quickly for one of his bulk, had a jowly face almost benign till Henry saw his eyes, and for the first time felt a twinge of real apprehension. It now looked to him like the start of a kidnapping. He shouldn't have mentioned that he was a business man; probably they thought he was rolling in money. Still, the only thing to do was to continue to live up to his theory; and soon they would see reason.

"Where are we going?" he began with assumed jauntiness.

"Round and about", answered Fats shortly.

Henry was not to be put off. He must show that he could take all this as a matter of course. "You leaving your car there?"

"Our car?" said Ed with a grim smile. "Don't they ever knock off a heap way back in England to do a job with? Or maybe you just wouldn't know".

"I suppose you . . ."

"Suppose you shut your trap", cut in Dave bitterly.

They stopped, entered a house, went through a hallway by a flashlight which Dave produced, and into a yard at the back, where facing a double-door beyond stood a big grey touring car.

"Get in!" ordered Fats.

"Certainly", said Henry affably, and climbed in the front beside Ed. Fats sat behind him with Dave, who had meanwhile opened the doors. They swung out of the yard into an alley and then a street going North.

Henry brushed a hand across his forehead, found it wet. He turned in his seat.

"I really must ask you what you intend to do. If you're kidnappers, you're out of luck because I've no money over here in the States. Besides"—he had a momentary mental vision of a Union Jack waving in the breeze and automatically straightened his shoulders—"remember I'm a British citizen".

"Yeah! We gotta think of that, Fats", said Dave suddenly without irony.

"I know. Now tell me, Mr. . . .?"

"Scunthorpe. Henry Scunthorpe".

"For the love of Pete;" exclaimed Ed. Dave merely gave a short laugh and drew out a pack of Luckies, Fats reaching over a white pudgy hand and taking one too. As he flashed a lighter, Henry, still turned round, saw for a moment the cold, glittering eyes fixed on him through the first whorls of smoke.

"Now tell me something, Henry?" Fat's voice was more gluey than ever, with a mocking undercurrent. "You can see by now we're big bad guys, and even if you are a British citizen we got to study ourselves. Get it? Now what did you see way back in that street?"

"I tell you honestly I didn't see a thing", replied the Englishman promptly. "Was there anything to see?"

"Nope!" snapped Dave.

"But I'll be frank with you. I gather you've been on some burglary job, but as I said, that's not my business. It's up to your police and", he added a little effusively, "I bet they'll have their work cut out. You gent..men seem pretty clever. And I've given you my word not to—ah—spill a thing. Anyway I'm going back to England next week".

There was a silence.

"That's fair enough", said the big man at last.

"But, hey . . ." began Ed, over his left shoulder.

"You bossing this outfit?" purred Fats silkily. "Or me?"

For answer Ed stood on the brake. Then as the car pulled up he turned deliberately in his seat and faced the other.

"Lookit here, Fats", he said without heat. "You're boss. What you say about this goes. But I gotta small beef coming first".

"Such as!"

"Such as I just don't get this turning him loose. The way I look at it is this. If he did see anything, we ain't safe trusting him because he's already been stringing us along that he didn't. And if he didn't see nothing, we ain't safe either, 'cos he'll read about what it is—and what you're forgetting, Fats, is he spoke to me in that doorway just before. That's liable to pin the thing on me. Now it wasn't me rubbed out that harness bull, and I don't want to find myself standing in a line-up with him down below, ending up with me taking the rap for it".

He turned back. The car slid off once more. Henry

Scunthorpe struggled against a feeling of unreality which had enveloped him as he listened to the discussion about himself as though he were merely a bale of merchandise.

"I assure you fellows . . ." he began.

"Aw, let it ride!" snapped Dave from the rear. "Ed's right, Fats", he added fiercely. "What you two damn fools wanted to pick him up for beats me. Now we're in a jam".

"I don't see that we are", said the other thoughtfully. He'll be a good boy. He won't talk".

"You bet I won't", laughed Henry over his shoulder. "Why, goodness me, this has been a great experience for me. I've never met gangsters before, but I've always maintained that they're as human as the rest of us." He laughed again on a note of relief. Then as he moved a little sideways in his seat the driving mirror showed him the back of the car—Fats' face, Fats' evil eyes, cold and merciless. The laugh froze, faded.

"Because I think", he heard Fats' gluey voice continuing, "your're right after all, boys. Can't risk letting him go." Then his jaw suddenly dropped in horror, for he saw the muzzle of the automatic quickly raised, and almost at the same moment felt its cold rim on the base of his skull. He sat paralysed, yammering in terror.

"Wouldn't be human", agreed Ed nonchalantly.

It was the last thing Henry Scunthorpe ever heard.

THE R.A.F.—THREE PHASES

BY PILOT-OFFICER HUBERT GRIFFITH

SUMMER, 1918

THE smell of mown grass from the aerodrome comes back to one in memory. It is midsummer in 1918. One's horizon is a group of huts and hangars, wood-and-tin officers' Messes and men's sleeping quarters, on a vast sun-baked field, north of Amiens.

It is so called "peace-time warfare". The great March Retreat of earlier in the year was over, leaving the Squadron with two or three of its best pilots and observers as casualties (a comparatively light let-off, seeing how long and intense the battle had been), and the August advance, that was to end the war, had not yet begun.

What are one's abiding impressions of the R.A.F. life of those days? Of work and of pleasure—of not too much work, and a lot of fun. With the front quiet, each pilot and observer had a daily job to do, and occasionally, though not often, two daily jobs to do—a three-hour patrol of "the Line", or the registering of batteries, or the photographing of enemy country. ("Contact patrol", the most exciting experience of all, when aircraft flew low enough to identify individual Germans and British in their trenches, was only in demand during actual battles). The three-hour daily job left plenty of time for relaxation. The Squadron had a bumpy tennis court attached to the aerodrome. Far back near Abbeville, almost on the coast, the Squadron had its own swimming-pool, a lovely tree-surrounded lake, where those off duty could bathe and sun themselves for long summer afternoons. In the evenings we played poker, or, as transport was always available in the R.A.F., groups of us would go off to dine in Amiens, or at the "*Quatre Fils d'Amon*" (who was Amon, and who were his four sons?) in nearby

Doullens. The little hotel kept a good table, and a particularly good Beaune, cheap. I and my pilot got on to this fact, and in the course of weeks cleared out the entire stock. Home leave came through regularly every three months or so, twice or three times as often as that of the ordinary Infantry subaltern.

The atmosphere of the war-time Flying Corps seemed always to be, if I may express it, "discipline without discipline". (Having passed previous years as a private in the infantry and as a junior staff officer before transferring to the R.F.C. I was in a position to appreciate this fact). As regards all essentials there was rigid discipline. Students of war-histories (and of casualty-lists) will probably admit that the Flying Corps went to the limit of human endurance in discharging its essential jobs. But outside flying hours—we were left alone. A thousand instances come back to me of where we were given an easy time—when, had we been the Army, we might have been goaded with minor annoyances. On one horrific occasion an order did actually come through from Headquarters that all officers of the Squadron were to parade for squad-drill each morning before breakfast. On the first morning the Squadron paraded before breakfast, to see what this new diversion might be. On the second morning many fewer officers paraded. On the third morning no one paraded at all; the order became quietly a dead letter, and was never referred to again. I do not believe that our flying suffered by it.

The average age of the flying-Officers of the Squadron was extremely young. At the age of twenty-one I was one of the older observers of the Squadron, the average age for observers being between nineteen and twenty. All the pilots were in their early twenties. Our commanding-officer, a Major, who gave us our orders and who stood between us and the wrath to come of the higher authorities, was looked up to as a man of advancing years and almost Methuselec wisdom. Working back now to get his age in retrospect, I find that he must have been about twenty-eight.

Unlike an English infantry battalion, an R.F.C. or R.A.F. Mess would always be enlivened by the presence of Colonials. Between a third and a half of our officers were Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, South Africans. They taught

us to play poker and baseball, and to speak their lingo that we had hitherto only known in Wild West romances. In addition to providing some of its most magnificent pilots and observers, the Colonials provided some of the best company in the Flying Corps.

A last example of the distinguished consideration that could be shown to junior Flying Officers by their superiors:—a few weeks before the end of the war, I was sent home (by routine) to do a pilot's course in England. After several hundred hours war-flying, tradition allowed me a fortnight's leave to begin with. I reported at the Air Ministry, and was given the usual leave-chit, ending "will report at 9 a.m. at Reading a fortnight from to-day's date". The day happened to be Monday. The Air Ministry staff officer that I was interviewing noted this fact, and added of his own accord:—"Oh, I shouldn't worry about the '9 a.m.'—midday will be quite good enough". Behold a miracle! A high staff-officer had bothered to work out for himself that the "9 a.m." at Reading would either mean catching a train in the dawn, or else missing the last Sunday night of one's leave. The Air Ministry treated its corps of officers humanly, and, one presumes to say, got devoted service in return for it.

One left the Service at the end of the war with feelings not only of respect but of genuine pride and love.

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EARLY SUMMER, 1939

Twenty-one years later—never, in the interval, having been in an aircraft nor near a Service aerodrome. The R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve had been formed. I and a group of three other officers, all of them senior to me—one of them had been a Lieut.-Colonel and a Wing-Commander, another of them a Major—found ourselves ordered to report in uniform at an Air Force Station somewhere for training. All of us had been re-gazetted as Pilot-Officers—the equivalent of 2nd-Lieutenant in the Army, the lowest of commissioned ranks. Being over forty years of age, we were unlikely to be called upon to fly modern three-hundred-mile-an-hour machines. But with the complexity of the modern organization, many staff-

officers and administrative officers were likely to be needed. We were to get a little training for this.

One noted first the differences—in this nostalgic return to the Service, half Dumas' "Twenty Years After", half Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth".

The differences were important. The speed of machines had changed out of all recognition. A machine on which I did my whole flying-time in France, called an R.E.8, could do an honest 70 M.P.H. The slowest machines on the station now do double this, and the fastest can multiply it by nearly five.

The standard of piloting has changed out of all recognition. We, the veterans, were taken up by courtesy on a Guard of Honour flight when the King's ship steamed past the Needles. The day was a foul one for formation flying—low clouds, rain, low visibility, and very bumpy. The machines took off in—to me—almost breathless proximity, circled, turned, did their patrol in mathematical formation, turned, wheeled and landed, still, as it seemed, tied together with a piece of thread. Only those who had done many hundred hours flying could know what brilliance of skill and training went to the making of this exhibition. (The Squadron pilots themselves, treating the whole thing as routine, made nothing of it).

I am aware that Air Force peace-time training is very different from war-time training. In the war, my own particular pilot had done *fifteen* hours solo flying in an aircraft when he came out to France (certain other pilots had done less). A modern R.A.F. pilot does something like 150 hours in the air before he ever gets posted to his Squadron. My point is not that he should be much better trained, but that he certainly *is*.

Beyond this, the similarities were much more important than the differences. Once again one was back in a Service that possessed its own "discipline without discipline". I have suggested that the standard of flying was beyond all praise. The keenness of the officer personnel is exemplary. Judging from Mess gossip it seemed that the worst punishment that a young officer could receive was to be forbidden to fly for a week or a fortnight, and to be condemned to do ground-jobs instead. The keenness among the mechanics and aircraftsmen equalled it. One of the crack pilots of the Station told me that he could

often go round the hangars late in the evening, when the hangars were technically closed, and find little groups of aircraftsmen still, without orders and without extra pay, working on tomorrow's aircraft. It was their intense technical pride that kept them at it.

Once again one was among Colonials, Canadians, South Africans, Australians, New Zealanders, forming about a half or a third of the Mess, and bringing their easy goodfellowship with them.

Once again one was back in a Service that was encouraged to get all the fun that it could once the days jobs were over. The Station had its own cricket-ground and its own tennis-courts, and its own sailing-boat.

We left, after a week that had included a certain amount of intensive training, but that had been on the whole more like a holiday than a job.

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SEPTEMBER, 1939

A rapid dash back from the South of France. A few hours in a darkened Paris, having missed a connection. A few hours in London, to collect kit and uniform. Back once again, on yet another Air Force Station, during days of Mobilization and the Declaration of War.

The smell of new-mown grass comes up once again from the aerodrome. It is a huge "mixed" station, with nearly a hundred pilots and machines on it—training machines, reconnaissance machines, bombing machines, fighting machines. (I use the old-fashioned terminology:—nowadays one never speaks of "machines"—it is always "aircraft").

Flying is continuous—is not the R.A.F., even though stationed in England, already "on active Service"? But there are not enough machines for everyone to fly all day long, and the ping-pong games and the gossip in the Mess are also unceasing. One is detached from the world, and knows nothing of the latest London inside news. Papers arrive a day late. The wireless gives us something non-committal every few hours.

In the Mess, in these first few days of mobilization and of war, one has an excellent opportunity of studying at first hand the

temperament and the temper with which the modern Air Service faces war.

The modern Air Arm is an immensely technical affair, and young as its pilots are, there is not one of them who has not had a year (or years) of intensive technical training and study to arrive where he is—posted to a Squadron as the responsible pilot of a first-line aircraft. I have seen no sign of any one of them—even the youngest—taking his responsibilities with anything but the deepest concentration and seriousness. But here again the lightness of touch comes in. The Mess becomes in the evening a place of relaxation. The ping-pong games and the billiard games go on—the tables are almost along-side, and the thoughtful “shots” of the billiard experts are made in competition with the leaping and gesticulating figures of the table-tennis devotees. Jokes are incessant. A little choral-singing is not frowned upon late at night.

One goes to bed at last, sincerely grateful that one is still a member, even a junior member and a ground-member, of a Service that has the greatest traditions in the world—the devotion of self-sacrifice—and the lightness of touch that can go with it.

RURAL COMMENTARY

BY DESMOND HAWKINS

THAT Sunday, it was fine and warm ; as if defying us to believe the news on the radio. It was the usual Sunday of late summer, and there was no thunder to serve as an ‘omen’. We were in the mood for omens, our ears already attuned to loud iron devastations ; but there was none. The afternoon lay calm and warm and brilliant about the town, and the usual people were walking up and down the High Street as they do on any Sunday when the weather is kind.

And then, suddenly, the town had become a town of women and children. The corner-boys were quenched and diminished, the men had become a minority. Everywhere women and children—the children pursuing their inscrutable purposes, the women lagooned in the silence of their thoughts.

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The feet go slowly up and down the High Street. The sun is still contradicting the official bulletins. Three people in mourning-black contrast sharply with the gay summer-dresses, and the sight of them takes one unawares.

There is a turning of heads as military lorries go trundling past. Opposite the Methodist chapel a party of soldiers is making a little square buttress of sand-bags round a harmless-looking gadget that might have been left there by a couple of absent-minded surveyors. A crowd leans on the railings, neighbour nudges neighbour, a voice every now and then whispers,

“ Anti-aircraft gun ”.

The soldiers proceed with the erection of their little shrine by the wayside. They are young, and conscious of the watching crowd. They move importantly, like footballers.

Aeroplanes are busy overhead. We have become accustomed

to them since the local aerodrome was built, paying no more heed to them than to passing cars. But to-day each one penetrates the nerves, like a dentist's drill.

Up the hill, outside the workmen's cottages, the children are beginning to reassert themselves. An old tennis-ball rolls along the gutter. In one doorway a woman stands weeping, her mouth ugly with grief. Someone pats her on the shoulder. The neighbours nudge the strangers and mutter,

"Her man's just now gone. They've called him up, d'you see?"

* * * *

In the evening people paste brown-paper over the windows they can do without. The more Victorian sort of curtain is exhumed from old trunks in attics. The affluent, the ingenious, the prudent, have already provided blinds, squares of pasteboard, wooden contraptions.

The air-raid warning comes like a school-bell at the beginning of a new term. New habits, a new discipline. We drink tea and decide to stay in bed next time until the danger is nearer. The children's indifference startles us into recollections of our own indifference, which astonished our parents twenty-odd years ago. For children, these midnight tea-parties have the glamour which goes with dormitory-feasts in schoolboy novelettes.

A man in a pub knows someone who heard a man describe the debris of three enemy planes near Ipswich. A friend from the coast heard gunfire out at sea. The radio reports all quiet on the home front, and warns us against rumours.

Germany is now knee-deep in pamphlets. Comic songs about Hitler have at last got past the radio censor, after years in the cupboard. People who take three lumps of sugar in their tea find it a little embarrassing to say so. There is no shortage, of course, but the hostess thinks jealously of the reserve stock she has stored away.

New habits, a new discipline.

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The London immigrants are settling down. The children have discovered the swings on the common, the broad lawns of

the public gardens. Their immemorial games are played over again in unfamiliar streets, until the corner wall and the white door-step can be visualized by memory at night in bed. And Mary learns that Peggy is now at number 17 up the hill and not in the old address at Tottenham.

If the first train that brought them had contained the world's front-page celebrities, we could hardly have provided a more impressive reception. Every sort and colour of local bus was lined up outside the station. The uniforms of nurses stood out among the waiting crowd. People came running down their gardens to wave and stare over the railway embankment, as the long train drew in. The Londoner, astounding in rumour and caricature, is no longer a legend in these parts.

In outlying villages groups of cockneys stand at the crossroads, waiting for something to happen. A few have already gone back home, stunned by the rural silence, the absence of shops and cinemas, the oil-lamps. In the town they herd together on the pavement and take up their interminable conversation where they left it off in the backstreets of London. A jewess of vast dimensions, with stockings rolled below the knee, pedals a groaning bicycle up the High Street. The town, so the natives tell each other, is not what it was. The great empty mansion by the war-memorial has come to life again. Its doors are unboarded, its sour rooms filled with children unfit for billeting in private houses. The partly demolished greenhouse has a circumstantial air.

Three evacuated women stand chatting outside the Co-op. Two of them are cross-eyed, which gives their companion an unexpected distinction. They are comparing their own favourite methods of disposing of Hitler. One is prepared to cook him a complicated and reliably lethal dinner. The second votes for lead poisoning. "That's it", she says, "red lead". And she adds reflectively, "Painful, that is".

The third, the one with normally synchronized eyes, has no immediate plan. "Let 'im wait", she says. "No 'urry. Keep 'im in suspense, see? It's the waitin' an' wonderin' as does it".

They nod their heads and laugh. The two cross-eyed women move away, one of them calling back,

"Cheerio. See you at the pictures. If they show one of them war-pictures I'll scream an' come out".

"That's right. Don't want it all the time, do you?"

* * * * *

These ingenious and resourceful ladies would have pleased Mr. Jarvis, whose invention is of a rustic crudity. No cooked dinners, however unwholesome, in Mr. Jarvis's plan; and no red lead either. Mr. Jarvis's mind does not turn aside to contemplate such refinements as that. His plan is simplicity at its simplest.

"The only solution I can see", said Mr. Jarvis, "is to exterminate them all. Wipe them right out. Divide the country up among the other nations. A bit here, a bit there"—Mr. Jarvis's hands carved the air in liberal slices—"and wipe Germany off the map".

"But Mr. Jarvis", I said, "it is a large nation! You can't massacre people by the million."

"I know, it's very difficult." Mr. Jarvis, like the Walrus, can shake his head very sorrowfully and sympathetically. "Very difficult indeed. But what are you to do? Can you tell me that, Mr. H.? This Prussian spirit can't be allowed to go on. We're too soft-hearted, that's our trouble. We should have finished them off last time. That's what a soldier said to me, after the Armistice."

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So far the soldiers have not said much this time. They are most vocal at the local cinema. Our first wartime film is one of Boris Karloff's Frankenstein horrors, and the young soldiers like to shout suitable jokes at the screen. But with all respect to Mr. Karloff, the high spot of the show is the news-reel, which is weeks old and therefore pre-war. It contains one supremely ludicrous line, three words making a grotesque echo from a past epoch.

'IF WAR COMES' says the news-reel, and the audience goes into a pandemonium of laughter and catcalls and cheers.

* * * * *

Outside the cinema it is completely dark. No light shows anywhere. No street-lamp, no lighted window. The black-out is perfect. We grope our way into the house, decide not to switch on the hall-light.

New habits, a new discipline.

War has come, we say, no doubt about that. One no longer expects the dream to pass, the absurd nightmare to dissolve in laughter; as Karloff might laugh, washing away make-believe horrors. This is reality. Our senses begin to collect the evidence, these momentary scenes and fragments of conversation; and War spreads through the mind like a stain.

YOUTH OF INDIA AT BAY

BY BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

LAKES of saffron-hued water stretched from skyline to skyline across leagues of cornfield, suffocating the tender shoots as under an enormous blanket. But the steel track of the East Bengal Railway ran unimmersed. Men, women, cattle, poultry, huddled by the lines. Homes—whole villages—had toppled before the fury of the Padma river in flood.

A long shabby train picked its way along the strip of upland, too self-aware before the hungry stares of the unsheltered, and clanged up to a wayside station. A youth, barely out of his teens, peered through a window. He caught sight of a figure shivering on the platform, a Bengali boy about his own age, unclothed save for some scanty dripping rags, gentle-featured, middle class marked on the pinched young-old face. The youth in the train stared. Then tears darted behind his lashes, and he suppressed them by thrusting his lower lip between clenched teeth. Quickly he slipped off his shawl and shirt, stepped to the boy on the platform and with humble diffidence offered him the apparel. The spectacle of miles of homeless peasants squatted on the railway embankment had stirred pity, but the sight of a single sufferer of a higher class roused bitter misery. Class sympathy must be thicker than philanthropy!

Three years later, that pale lean youth who wept at the poverty of a fellow-student was sent to the gallows on a charge of murder. Pistol in hand, he had attacked an Englishman and shot him down, mistaking him for a high Government official.

Political passions dyed by sentimentality have long dominated the mind and action of Young India, but they have now been mellowed, soothed, by the Constitution Act. The spirit of 'Terrorism' is gone (or so it seems). The present youth problem is concerned with a deep restlessness imposed by social forms, education and the technique of day-to-day living.

The central figure on the scene is the Indian University student, representing chiefly the Indian middle class in the most changeful moments of its history, and he has to be visioned as struggling in a kind of social crucible. He grew up in a home atmosphere of which the composition, until to-day, has been unvaried from century to century. He learned to revere his parents and a host of elders, often to take the dust from their feet, never to indulge in argument or criticism, always to offer unquestioned obedience. He ran errands, learned entire textbooks by rote, seldom read a newspaper or a children's magazine or a novel—novels would corrupt his morals—and shot up into a stripling whose personality had been all but crushed in the formative stage.

Then the mere act of passing the matriculation examination opens the road to an unexpected freedom. The pattern of college life in India is very much unlike the life at elementary or secondary school. There is better co-operation between teacher and pupil. The college teachers are often well qualified, intelligent, sympathetic, prepared to look upon their students as human creatures and not as dumb-driven animals; while teachers at school, miserably paid, fatigued by long hours of work which leave no time for private study, suffering all the ills of a low standard of living, are often embittered and liable to vent their feelings in an emphasis on discipline. Happily, the bulk of the middle class youth in India are sent up in time to the university and remain there until they take a degree. (In fact, of Indians who are educated at all, a larger percentage go on to institutions of higher learning than of secondary students in any other country.) College is no mere supplement to school. Here the pupil unlearns much of what he mislearned before—especially English pronunciation, grammar and style. Here, for the first time, he has the chance of grasping the essentials of true knowledge. Intelligence is at last rated higher than memory.

Bewildered by this sudden access of freedom, the university student steps warily through the first few weeks, steps into the wonderland of a new tradition. And, as he adjusts himself to college life and feels the pull between this and the home atmosphere he had so long breathed, something screams out

within him, and a quiet timid boy who never dared look his elders in the face has turned into a bold rebel. There are kindred souls about, tossed by the same inner storm, and a quick bond is built among them all. Boys who feel, even if vaguely, the need of an ideal, draw together and stride along toward the same goal.

This idealism is perhaps more noticeable in the Indian student than in his counterpart elsewhere. It is at once a blemish and a virtue. It takes the youth away from realities, feeds the romantic strain in him, makes him write sheaves of poetry (are there many Indian students who never wrote verses?) and produces often a certain effeminacy, a shrinking from the hard facts of life. On the other hand, it sharpens the mind and smooths the flow of imagination. A marked trait of the Indian student is his keen pleasure in intellectual discussion. He talks of religion, books, art, politics, world personalities, talks with an absorption that might seem exaggerated, wielding words as if they were swords. Youths of no other nation, I believe, are so fond of serious argument.

He displays a cosmopolitan taste in literature, but his favourite authors in fiction seem to be Russian and Norwegian: Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Turgenev, Maxim Gorky, Johan Bojer, Knut Hamsun, are in the lead. The melancholy vein, the sense of tragedy and tears grimly suppressed, running through nearly all Russian literature up to the NEP period, makes a special appeal to his mind, which is deeply emotional in spite of two thousand years of *Maya* philosophy, the doctrine that nothing transient matters.

It should, however, be stressed that even if the recent literature of England does not warm up the Indian student's enthusiasm (apart from Shaw and H. G. Wells), he has a rooted love of the English language, which is still his sole medium of communication with European culture. The teaching of English started in India under missionary auspices in the early years of the past century. The pupils, to begin with, learned little but terminology. In giving them certificates the missionary teachers noted the number of English words they had acquired. Indian boys tested one another's knowledge by the spelling of such words as Xerxes and Nebuchadnezzar. A change was ushered

in with the founding by Ram Mohan Roy, in 1817, of the Hindu College in Calcutta. The object was definitely to promote Western education. Then the Government itself resolved to disseminate Western learning in preference to Sanskrit in order, as its spokesman Macaulay said, to create a class of Indians "English in taste, opinions, morals and intellect".

A century of English education bore fruits both sweet and sour. The gain of a common language was allied with the further gain of ideas of liberty and equality, which had an explosive effect on the country's social consciousness. The Hindu College, the pioneer of Westernism in India, was the earliest home of democratic movements. It was also a herald of progressive social thought, denouncing caste and reorientating the Hindu view of life. This was the beginning of a new tradition. Colleges all over India to-day echo with the cries that first rose a hundred years ago in the debating halls of the Hindu College.

On the other hand, English, as the medium of general instruction, imposed heavy burdens on the student, strained his receptive power to the breaking point and gave his thought processes a quaint artificiality. (Significantly, the student-poets have often sighed over the melody of the nightingale, which they have never heard or seen, ignoring the familiar *kokil*!) Further, it threw the Indian vernaculars under a cloud. The purity of speech was gone. Not many Indians to-day can speak even a few sentences in their own tongue without English words copiously interspersed. Technical terminology in Indian languages is still undeveloped. The situation promises to improve with the growth of vernacular daily journalism, and far-reaching results will follow the recent decision of India's premier university, Calcutta University, with an enrolment of 30,000 students, to make Bengali its language of instruction. The Benares Hindu University has already made Hindi optional with English for certain subjects. If other universities follow this lead—India to-day boasts seventeen of them—the local languages will speed on the road of progress, and each Indian literature will be enriched.

Yet the student will not accept this essential reform without regret. Nostalgia will seize him. After so many decades of

English learning, he feels very much at home in that tongue. He has acquired a keen taste for its delicacy and vigour, its range of expression and genius. He uses it verbosely, with abundant decorative effects which are alien to modern prose style. Yet on the whole his grasp over the foreign language is remarkable. It will, however, be long years before India has a generation of university students with text-books on chemistry and political science and psychology in their own local tongues.

A new source of Young India's unrest is co-education, which is winning fresh ground every day. Convention has set up a steel bar that holds the two sexes apart even in college, and has been overcome only in a few institutions, such as Tagore's Santiniketan. But, as the years pass, the steel bar will bend and finally break. Co-education on a large scale is of recent origin. The winds of political movements since 1919 played havoc with *purdah*, and as grown-up girls marched out with boys there arose a new outlook, a fresh orientation of woman's social utility. Well-placed youths proclaimed their preference for college girls, and the matrimonial columns of newspapers had insertions such as this :

"Wanted—a handsome, healthy, educated bride, graduate or undergraduate preferred, . . . for a young man of respectable family, well-settled in life. Dowry no consideration."

Since education became a part substitute for dowry, even conservative parents have manifested a change of attitude.

The advent of the other sex in class rooms brightened the design of college life. The dreary atmosphere of lecture halls tortured by the droning of professors became charged with electricity. There was little communication between the boys and girls. But minds were in a state of tension. A passing glance, the shadow of a smile, the twist of an arched eyebrow, made up an eloquent language. The boys, imaginative, fed on romanticism, were deeply stirred. The mere presence of the girls was an attack on their emotions. The student-poets wrote hymns on intellectual beauty. Others, more practical, strained to strike up an acquaintance. Sometimes a friendship matured into love, which sought fulfilment in marriage. Then the placid flow of life became a whirlpool of bewildering problems.

The hidden rock for Hindu India is caste. The students themselves have little regard for it, since they look upon it as a

useless survival of a system that once served a historic purpose. The parents do not think on the same lines. Those liberal ideas might have moved them in their younger days, but the passage of years has sunk their feet deep in the conservative groove. The thought that their son would select a bride for himself is horrid enough. That he should want to marry a girl of a different caste is unthinkable. Not only must the partners be of the same caste, but the horoscopes have to tally. If the stars disapprove, the negotiations come to an end. For centuries the professional match-maker has been an intermediary between the parties with son and daughter. Even to-day "enlightened" parents seek the aid of matrimonial bureaux which have prosperous offices in large cities, or put an advertisement in the newspapers. Normally, this conventional arrangement of marriage goes well. But when, in defiance of the customary way, two young persons of different caste have set their hearts on each other, tragedy waits round the corner. There have been instances where such an attraction has led to suicide. Suicide of this sort is indeed not a common occurrence, yet it is a portent, a sign of romanticism, wounded by the harsh facts of life, springing into self-dissolution as a protest against social injustice.

It is hard for the parents, too. They have made splendid sacrifices so that their sons might pass through college, denying themselves all little luxuries, even many necessities. A college education in India, cheap as it is, cannot be achieved for less than Rs. 2,000 at the minimum, and that—for India—is a large sum. Then bitterly the parents realize that this sacrifice has been in vain. Their sons have drifted far from the traditional culture. They do not understand each other. The Time-Spirit has broken bonds that used to be unassailable, sacred.

One problem, however, outstrips all else, the economic problem. The freshman in college is given to dreams and laughter. These fade and vanish in the fourth year. Soon he will be taking the degree. What then? He must earn a living. How? Government service. There is little else that promises security. Law and medicine are packed professions. They are not much use unless one has, in the first few years of practice, some independent source of income. The number of openings for

the student trained in some special branch of science is constantly growing, to be sure, but so does the number of such students grow, and a graduate well trained in science is lucky to get a post paying Rs. 75 a month. Every country has, of course, been faced with the problem of "white collar" unemployment in recent years, but perhaps this is more acute in India than anywhere else in the world.

So the college student in the advance classes, if he has a practical turn of mind, strives to earn the qualifications which may lead him to Government service. (The bureaucratic administration commands a vast patronage, much of which is exercised, for example in England, by public bodies). He tries to win laurels on the hockey field with an eye to the future benefit. He works hard to get the secretaryship of one of the college societies. He makes himself a calculating machine and designs his life accordingly, always thinking of the service. Yet when he has come out of college, having taken his B.A. or M.A. degree, he may find that all has been wasted effort. The graduates form a vast reservoir of cheap labour. There are a scramble for a petty clerkship at Rs. 40 a month. Recently it was reported that a newly-created Government post on a salary of Rs. 250, evoked over 10,000 responses. (Each applicant had to make a payment of Rs. 5, so that the "fees" thus collected were enough to meet the salary of the single successful candidate for some years! These application fees, a normal feature of nearly all the public services, are an immense hardship for the unemployed).

What happens to the lucky youth who secures work? He marries, settles down, has children. In twenty years perhaps he has sons who must be admitted into college, daughters who must soon be given in marriage. College fees are heavier than ever before, and dowry is an ugly spot on the Hindu marriage system. The clerk who has lived from hand to mouth may now be drawing Rs. 60 a month. How to meet the heavy obligations? The question has echoed maddeningly in tens of thousands of minds. There is no answer.

Is the mass production of graduates all wrong, then? Is it simply the means of expanding and perpetuating middle class unemployment? It might be suggested that a good number of

students ought to pass into technical institutions. But the engineering line is over-crowded, and unless the pace of India's industrialization is hurried it will be futile to replace ordinary graduates by technicians. As for any "back to the land" solution, that is out of the question in India, where millions of peasants are already struggling to maintain themselves on the available acreage. Meanwhile, before they begin to look down into the black depths, why should not the students at least have some years of peace, and enrich their minds by the pursuit of knowledge? Even if the university is a stepping-stone to unemployment, it gives mental training and an enlightened outlook, the need of which can by no means be denied.

What wonder that the Indian student to-day is not only a staunch nationalist, but is increasingly leaning to Socialism, which is the gospel of only a minority on the National Congress? He expects leadership not so much from Mahatma Gandhi, as from Jawaharlal Nehru, whose Left tendencies, zeal for mechanized industry and human rather than ascetic ideals appeal to his imagination. ("I dislike the praise of poverty and suffering", Jawaharlal Nehru has written in a criticism of Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy of life; "I do not think they are at all desirable. Nor do I appreciate the ascetic life as a social ideal, though it may suit some individuals. Nor . . . in the least the idealization of the 'simple peasant life'. I have almost a horror of it"). Looking upon the two leaders, the student feels an aloof admiration for one, a soul kinship with the other.

Great movements have washed over the universities of India in the past decade. Economic discontent is said to have caused these demonstrations. That is probably not the whole truth. The picturesque wave of nationalism has rolled over many parts of Asia, and students in China and Japan, Turkey, Egypt and Syria have forcefully exhibited their avowed political aims. It seems to be an unmistakable sign of the times, a tattoo-mark on the twentieth century.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IF, as some writers have suggested, an ironic demiurge plans the long drama of human affairs, and watches a pageant played out with ebb and flow of emotion, with mounting climaxes of triumph or defeat, how he must have applauded his own invention through all the scenes of the last twenty years! Men had fought, not insincerely, and without regard of any cost, in order to give the world justice and freedom; they thought in terms of nations; they had revived nations, they had restored ancient frontiers—not without obliterating other boundary marks that had stood for generations. Yet not one of the enfranchised nationalities had respect in justice for any freedom but its own. The Czechs were in a sense the keystone of the whole structure, and, internally, as a nation, they showed themselves admirable; but externally, they denied, in their own imagined interest, Austria's claim to bring back her former sovereign; they grabbed at Teschen when Poland was on the point of being overrun by the Bolshevik forces; and so on two sides the keystone lost all power to bind and unite. Nations are not unlike human beings, but the human faults are exaggerated in them, and national vindictiveness, national grasping at the utmost of gain, made the nations deaf to ordinary motives of self-preservation.

Every State in Central Europe knew that its very existence was endangered by German ambitions—indeed, those ambitions were proclaimed in every marketplace; they knew that safety could be had by union among themselves, yet there was no union, because none would make concessions. Men behave like that, but seldom with such recklessness; the demiurge calculated rightly that in any mass the vices would outweigh the virtues, and folly master reason. Austria was swallowed

up; Poland and Czechoslovakia remained on worse terms than ever; the Czechs relied on help from the Western democracies, which only great forethought would have prompted them to make ready, and only great self-sacrifice would have made them afford. The pinch came and the help did not come; the whole defensive structure crumbled and Poland was left assailable on all flanks. Help was promised now, but could only take the form of a threat that if Germany attacked, it would be worse for Germany in the long run; for neither the English arm nor the French could reach to Poland. Only one power could intervene to protect immediately the victim immediately marked down. Thus by a superbly ironic combination the dramatist had so planned the play of forces that Hitler, with Mussolini as a not too active second, made Russia the arbiter of Europe; and who could overstate the artistic enjoyment which a detached spectator must have felt when Stalin, sued by both camps, decided to stretch out a hand for Hitler to grasp with enthusiasm?

* * * * *

We do not yet know the striking power of the democracies or the resisting power of the Siegfried line. We may reasonably hope that a widely spread liking in Italy for both France and England, and a still more pervading dislike of Germans, will deter Mussolini from any active part—from which his strong Latin good sense will also hold him back. But we can be perfectly sure that Stalin will see to it that Germany is not short of anything that Russia can supply (and, except rubber, what cannot Russia furnish?) so long as Germany can pay for it—and perhaps a little longer, by some tremendous mortgage. In any case the time may come when Russia can decide the war simply by refusing to supply further. It seems improbable that Stalin could desire to see Germany victorious; but even if she had won after such a struggle, Russia, unexhausted, could impose terms concerning her Western frontier far more rigorous than the Treaty of Versailles contained about France's eastern flank, and would be most unlikely to allow modification of them, such as was tolerated in those last years along the Rhine.

It is a grim outlook, for Germany, if victorious, will be intolerable

Stalin's
Part

and if defeated and in revolution, will be a plague spot in Europe ; but the only thing to do is to achieve the upper hand ; and one cannot but admire the temper of England. 1914 was a surprise to me and to most of us ; 1939 is what we expected, only much better. English people know now what war is ; there is no shouting enthusiasm ; they do what they are told to do almost as quietly as if they were French, which is remarkable, since they have not France's continuous experience of military organization. Yet things are being done now, and taken as a matter of course, that were never attempted before in the world's history ; all this evacuation of crowded areas is chief of them. Of course it has been attended with some hitches ; war means two things : mud and muddle ; mud is not always there but muddle never can be absent from the complete derangement of so intricate a social machinery. Evacuated human beings are overflowing with human nature, which does not mean the same thing as human virtues. Belgians also were not seen at their best when they came over in 1914, a swarm of huddling humanity.

* * * *

Further, there is now what did not exist in 1914, a means of issuing orders and instructions simultaneously to all parts of the kingdom ; and I think that the power of broadcasting is a temptation to organize too much. No doubt we shall learn to have our gas masks with us in places where they are likely to be wanted—and when they are wanted they will be wanted very badly, for eyesight as well as lungs are in danger and can be protected ; no doubt also we shall learn not to fuss at people for not having them in the depths of the country, where no one is likely to waste a bomb.

Broadcast Commands

Whether the promise given by Hitler not to use gas unless it is used against him will be kept, depends, of course, on a German view of Germany's advantage. I judge that view by the report brought back some years ago by an able doctor who had visited Germany to attend some course, and, speaking German fluently, had much talk with educated Germans. There was only one point, he said, on which all agreed ; Germany had lost the last war by not being ruthless enough. It looks as if that principle was acted on, when the first stroke was sinking an unarmed vessel without warning and firing (though ineffectively)

to disable its wireless. It must have been guessed that Americans in numbers would be on board ; but the German Commander, obeying the law of *Schrecklichkeit*, disregarded everything but the chance to inspire terror. Ruthless also and reckless has been the lying about it ; they lie impudently and care not who knows it. Equally characteristic has been the English first blow when planes flew over German territory dropping leaflets by the million. If I were a Pole, I should not be sure that bombs would not have been likelier to relieve the pressure on an ally attacked by overwhelming air forces. But it is a question of psychology, like the use of ruthlessness, and English judgment is not inferior to the German.

* * * *

An Irishman may be thankful for the restraint of the English press about Ireland's attitude. Sir Abe Bailey in an admirably genial letter to the *Times* has testified to the goodwill which he knows to underlie General Hertzog's policy, and that of his associates. He understands their difficulties. But South Africa can act as a whole and General Smuts is now in charge—facing local difficulties which every Irishman can well appreciate. If Ireland had been similarly in a position to decide as a whole, I think that Ireland would have decided in the same way, by a comparable majority. If Ireland had possessed—but this is much to ask—any statesman of General Smut's eminence and record, I should be sure that he would now be in command. As it is, we have Lord Craigavon and Mr. de Valera, and both have acted as all could foresee. But anyone who troubles to read these lines may be invited to remember that at the crisis of last September, Mr. de Valera at Geneva gave the most ardent support to Mr. Chamberlain's action, and it is certain that his admiration for the English statesman was cordial and sincere. No less certainly one may presume that his detestation of the flagrant breach of faith which followed is not less than even Mr. Chamberlain's ; and that like General Hertzog he will go as far in support of the democracies as he conceives to be compatible with the interests of the Ireland for which he speaks. The naval bases manned by Irish troops will be as much at the disposal of the British Navy as General Hertzog proposed that Simonstown should be. And,

frankly, if Mr. de Valera took any step that seemed to be helping Hitler, he would not be long in office. A fortnight before war began, a lady in Dublin coming back from Mass, asked her taxi-driver if he was going to the war—for already there was a steady flow across channel to the British recruiting offices. “Not yet”, he said; “I have a wife and children”. “Why do you want to go?” “I would like well to have a shot at Hitler”. That, broadly speaking, is the attitude of Ireland. There is, of course, the residuum which approve the actions of the I.R.A.; and what matters more, there is among practically all the men who sit or are likely to sit in the Dail, memory of the denunciations which they have never ceased to heap on the memory of John Redmond, who in their opinion gave so much—for so little. Thousands will fight, as they have fought in all British wars, but this time they will not have, as they had in the last, a hope to gain serviceable credit for Ireland. Except indeed in Ulster, where Mr. de Valera’s policy enables Lord Craigavon to stake out again the claim which an Ulster division so memorably established on the Somme.

* * * *

Jews, with the wisdom of their race, have put aside the Palestinian dispute, and promise (no small thing), the help of Jewry—which will not be in men only. Of men there will be no shortage. Australia and New Zealand are preparing to send again soldiers whose predecessors in the last war had no superior in any army. Canada in addition to her own resources can count on so many Poles as with an expected influx from the United States should furnish at least a full Polish division. A Czech legion in France is already on foot, with a glorious example to imitate. One thing is worth remembering: Hitler has been compared to Napoleon, but where Napoleon conquered, he found the material for devoted regiments—nowhere more than in Poland. Hitler’s only message to the Czechs is a threat of savage collective punishments, the only promise which he may be expected to keep. He does not count, as Napoleon could count, on appeal to the imagination or to a sense of benefits conferred.

* * * *

Even *inter arma* the Muses should be heard; and all who care for poetry will find rich interest in the little posthumous volume “Last Poems and Two Plays”, where the work of Yeats is (as it has been so often) hand-printed by his sisters at the Cuala Press. Not quite sixty pages; but the whole man is there—as the whole man was not yet, say, in “The Wind among the Reeds”. Yeats had grown like an oak tree: I think of Tennyson as a lime, towering up into a shapely pyramid; the lone oak turns knotty and rugged with years, it bears marks of rough weather. Yeats in his last years, one might say, cultivated roughness; often in this book there is a deliberate coarseness of speech. Since he declared (long ago now) that “there is more enterprise in walking naked”, he had chosen to show much that other writers have discreetly concealed—especially an old man’s preoccupation with sensuality. I don’t know that I like these passages; but like them or not, here as everywhere, what a writer! He cuts his thought out of granite—or say rather, the grey Galway limestone, which can polish like marble. One sees also here how his imagination was haunted by the surprise of “Nineteen Sixteen”. Three years before the War, he had written “Romantic Ireland’s dead and gone, it’s with O’Leary in the grave”; and then came this passionate adventure of young men, many of whom were known to him; a verse here is given to “the first man shot that day”—one of the minor actors in the Abbey Theatre. By all his instincts he had been drawn more and more to the aristocratic Ireland of “hard-riding country gentlemen”, and away from political movements, largely led by country shopkeepers and country attorneys; suddenly, he was called back to the ragged standard of revolt, which had no use for reasonings, and which his own work had upheld.

“Did that play of mine send out
Certain men the English shot?”

Most assuredly it was a potent influence with them. Yeats never was popular in Ireland, his poetry appealed only to the few; but they were the few that mattered. Looking back, he seems to me by far the greatest Irishman since Parnell, who was to him a legend and an example. He himself has in his

turn become an example. Ireland counts for more because of him ; he has educated the mind of Ireland—and never ignobly. Other poets and writers of Irish birth owe to him the chance of a wider hearing ; they owe also what they have learnt from the discipline of his work. Two of them, Seumas O'Sullivan and Austin Clarke, both of them bookmen as well as poets, have begun to bring out a series of "Tower Press booklets" in which for half-a-crown you can buy a sufficient sample of their own work, or the work of Padraic Colum, or of Lyle Donaghy (a follower of Mr. Eliot's, though working on Gaelic themes)—and of one or two new prose writers. It is all stronger work than was produced in Ireland forty years ago, when Yeats and A. E. had begun to be models. But what was produced even then had already begun to redeem Ireland from the reproach of having no poetry in the ordinarily spoken tongue, except Moore's Melodies and some rhetorical balladry.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

PERSONAL NARRATIVES

By HELEN SIMPSON

RAIN UPON GODSHILL, by J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

ONE WAY OF LIVING, by James Bridie. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.

GREEN WORLDS, by Maurice Hindus. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

These autobiographies appear at a moment when it is difficult to think of men as individuals ; yet such books provide most necessary reading for the times and for those of us who believe that by the individual comes salvation. These three men's minds offer some sort of assurance that the deadly weight of the mass shall not prevail, and that here and there the leaven still is working which leaveneth the whole lump.

Take Mr. Priestley first, "a popular author who considers himself not quite as good as most of his readers think he is, but a damn sight better than the remainder imagine", writing in a room whose view I know by heart. He is not primarily concerned to paint a self-portrait, though the book purports to be a chapter of autobiography. He sets the stage—tobacco, a fire, bare elms outside, the rain creeping nearer over the downs—for what is in effect the sort of good rambling talk that such a day among friends provokes. You and I are present, the various chapters are the responses to our questions.

Everyone, whether approving of him or not, wants to ask Mr. Priestley questions. "How did you feel when you took on that part in your own play?" "What is Dunne really getting at with his theory of time?" Well, here are the answers, and with them the portrait of a man whose imagination, not his famous Yorkshire shrewdness, is the driving power in his life. This is the quality which allows him to write in chapter 13 an analysis of the English character which ought to be etched on sheets of platinum and buried where the archæologist of the year 3000 cannot fail to find it, with a caption: This is what we were like when we stood on God's Hill before the Deluge came down.

Mr. Bridie has no chapter that I could wish to etch on platinum. Some recollection of the Scottish dialect informs me that a bridie is a sort of meat pasty to be eaten hot ; *One Way Of Living* lacks meat, is curiously luke warm. Some flavour is there, it is all as Scotch as a haggis (a dish, by the way, which has travelled from England north) but I miss in this record the provocative spice of its author's plays. He displays himself to his readers as a kind of Sleeping Clergyman, drowsing through life, but one way and another getting a lot done. There are moments

of grave delight, as when he describes his invention of certain traditional habits for Students of Glasgow University, now being traced back to the fifteenth century by historically minded persons. There are moments when the author shows what he could have done had he taken to criticising plays instead of writing them; his page or two on Barrie rings the metal of that genius on the right counter. There is a lecture on women which will displease all of that sex who maintain that they have an equal right with men to grow beards. There are good stories galore.

All the same, something lacks, and I believe the reason to be this; that Mr. James Bridie is not at his happiest with facts. The dramatist in him long ago got the doctor down, and now is more than a match for the autobiographer. He has decorated this story of his life with insertions of fantasy; the publisher has set these in italics so as to warn the reader that it is only Mr. Bridie's fun; but it is evident that only in these pages has Mr. Bridie enjoyed his job. The rest is dictated by conscience, sensibly, humorously, at so much per word. A phrase from Goldsmith may serve as tail-piece: "There is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence."

Mr. Maurice Hindus' book, *Green Worlds*, is, as he says himself, far more than a personal narrative. Yet for the reasons given in my first paragraph the personal narrative is that which at this moment the reader anxiously assesses. Here is a man who having lived in a Russian village goes straight from it to an American village. How do the two compare? It is inevitable

that we should try to guess from such data how these great civilizations will react to the stresses which await them and us. And here is a guide who not only has worked with his hands in both, but is a distinguished artist. He sees the steel plough opening up Russian life as surely as it tears Russian soil apart, delivering the people from age-old primary tyrannies—famine, the brutality inevitable when whole populations stand poised on the very verge of subsistence.

The symbol of this new life is the tractor. America has long settled down to its use, Russia experiments still. And the effect in Russia has been to bind the people more passionately than ever to their land from which now, "no war, whether civil or international, however lengthy or disastrous, can uproot them". In America, where one result of its activities has been the Dust Bowl, it is less evident that the tractor is wholly a blessing. Mr. Hindus does not say this. He takes short views, draws no moral, is content to write with simplicity and a good heart of the two Green Worlds he has known. It is not for a man of such integrity and kindness to speculate on the process in which so much of mankind is now involved, of "turning the green one red".

✓ SECURITY: CAN WE RETRIEVE IT?

by Sir Arthur Salter, M.P. *Macmillan*. 8s. 6d.

✓ PEACEFUL CHANGE (International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation).

There can be no one in the public life of this country who touches life at so many points as Sir Arthur Salter. Professor of political science by title, by vocation economist and student

of international organization, with an unsurpassed record of first-hand experience, and, latterly, most sane and knowledgeable of experts on civil defence, such a man, one would have thought, must have little time for composition of a consequential book. Yet here is this companion volume to *Recovery*, constructed diligently and skilfully from a motley pile of building materials. It reveals the author as withal an administrator, rather than a political practitioner—concerned pre-eminently with *administrative* reform, with plans for improvement of our present situation which, however, never leave the solid earth of established fact. In itself a rare and unusual quality in writers on politics, this intellectual restraint has its obverse side in a certain lack of imaginative warmth.

Sir Arthur is not an exciting writer, but if there are dull stretches in these 380 odd pages there are also memorable sections which deserve to be singled out for commendation. I have known no one, for instance, who has so well analysed the passing of our island immunity (Chapter II. of the first Part which is well called 'The Peril and the Prospect'): or who has so incisively defined the nature of the diplomatic game in which "everything is subordinate to the quest for power, and for prestige, its projected shadow", or who has so unerringly, yet sympathetically, hit off the character of Mr. Neville Chamberlain—in the special chapter in Part III. devoted to the Prime Minister. "He has the defects of his qualities, but he has also the qualities of his defects."

In one of his rare attempts at phrase-coining, Sir Arthur adopts what he calls Emerson's violent metaphor about

'hitching our wagon to a star' and goes on:

"Twenty years ago we looked too much at the star and failed to see when the wagon was in danger of falling into a ditch. Now we may be so concerned with getting it out of the ditch that we forget where we want to take it afterwards."

In these words is crystallized the purpose of the book—to consider and survey the dominant issues of the day in the light of a clear vision of our peace aims—and, if need be, as he says, our war aims.

Part I. reveals the background, with some pregnant passages on the fundamental psychological factors operating, without an understanding of which any political discussion is barren. The choice for America, for example, as he says in an admirable phrase, is "between being only a good neighbour or being also a good citizen". *Tout est là*. Part II. traverses familiar ground in an examination of the League of Nations idea and the reasons for its frustration. It is good to have someone of the author's standing pointing out that the failure of Article XIX. of the Covenant is not so much anything inherent in the Inter-State system which was set up in 1919 as "a special instance of the general failure of the post-War policy of the victorious allies". One may strongly disagree with Sir Arthur's continued fidelity to the 'inevitability of gradualness'; yet in his insistence on 'the League' being a system of government, looking ultimately to federation, he is on the side of the angels. And, granted the initial premiss of an intractable State sovereignty, no one can dispute that our immediate problem is not a new international order but to recreate the

political conditions under which such a collective system can function.

In Part III. on 'National Strength' we have Sir Arthur's new and original contribution. This is certainly the most readable section of the book. Afterwards Sir Arthur harks back to his main theme. An impenitent Liberal, hoping "to reach the mood of the German people" he outlines the basis of a General Settlement—including an actual Draft Manifesto of British Policy. Of this, one feels like saying, '*c'est magnifique!*...' but the facts being what they are, ... '*ce n'est pas la paix*'.

Sir Arthur Salter, as a good Liberal, is 'sold' on the idea of peaceful change—with special reference to colonies and trade opportunities, and he still hopes, somehow or other, to secure the collaboration of the revisionist Powers—which is something perilously like begging the question. Happily there lies to hand this massive volume recording the proceedings of the Tenth International Studies Conference, which met in Paris, June 28th—July 3rd, 1937, to collate the results of research on this very question. It is treated under four headings, Procedures, Population, Raw Materials and Colonies. Actually the only section dealing with Procedure appears to be the latter portion of the Introductory Report by Professor Maurice Bourquin, the Conference Rapporteur. This commentary, while dreadfully legalistic in its presentation, does bring out the essential point that 'peaceful change' is not at all a simple concept but a complex, umbrella-term, which may refer to a *legislative act*, a *judgment* (in a court of law) or a *political construction*. Hence the inadequacy of any ready-made solution.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE GOLDEN LOTUS, translated by Clement Egerton. Routledge. 4 vols. £4 4s.

There can be no doubt about it. If D. H. Lawrence had only had the good fortune to have been a Chinese living and writing in the declining days of the Ming Dynasty he would have been a much happier man. As it is, one cannot help regretting that Time's faulty sense of synchronization precludes us having parallel reviews by him and Havelock Ellis of Mr. Clement Egerton's translation of this sixteenth century novel 'Chin P'ing Mei'.

There is a legend that the reputed author Wang Shih-chêng poisoned the pages of his manuscript and offered it to his enemy, the Prime Minister Yen Shih-fan, in the hope that he would become so engrossed in the narrative that he would absorb the poison. The veneers of reserve which generation after generation of convention have laid upon us make it seem a delicate point whether this legend is not allegorical.

'The Golden Lotus' relates the awful warning of the lord Hsi-mên's rise, misdeeds, and appropriate end. Although he was only a petty local panjandrum he led a life of such riotous excess that all the vices of the Borgias concentrated into Don Juan Casanova de Sade would make such a monster seem anæmic. Murder came naturally to him; bribery was a mere sideline; seduction so much a habit that in order to avoid its tedium he had to devise a multiplicity of methods of taking his pleasure. His friends were scroungers and rogues; among his intimates were thugs, brothel denizens and a procuress. His vade-

mecum might have been *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.

He paid enough tribute to convention to make a number of the ladies his wives. He had six of them, the Moon Lady, Picture of Grace, Tower of Jade, Beauty of the Snow, Golden Lotus and the Lady of the Vase, and it is in the skill with which the characters of these six women are delineated that the author may claim to have written a masterpiece. One can hardly agree with Cordier that the book sets before us 'a whole company of men and women in all the different relations that arise in social life'. Actually the scope of both their emotions and their experience is limited. But they are penetratingly observed.

Ostensibly the story centres round the lord Hsi-mên's passion for (among others) the girl Golden Lotus, their murder of her husband, and the long delayed retribution that comes to them with the extinction of Hsi-mên's house and the particularly bloody murder of Golden Lotus by her brother-in-law Wu Sung. There is nothing more entertaining than the naïveté with which the author, after reciting the terrible and sanguinary details of Golden Lotus's death, adds 'This Wu Sung was a violent man'.

Such a superficial view is deceptive. It makes the novel, which runs to some 1,500 pages, seem unbalanced. 'The Golden Lotus' opens and closes with two rushes of action, but the heart of the story will be found in the long, seemingly flat narrative in between. To call it flat is perhaps ungracious, for there are lusts in plenty, misdeeds galore. But they take on a

certain sameness. It is from character rather than from action we must derive pleasure. And although, with one exception, all the characters are completely amoral, not one of them is wholly bad.

The exception is the Moon Lady, Hsi-mên's first and principal wife. She is a delightful mixture of gravity, propriety, expediency and common-sense. She reminds us of what life in a provincial Chinese well-to-do household under the Sung Dynasty was supposed to be. "It is very hard to know what people are really like", she avers, and in part 'The Golden Lotus' is an improvisation on this theme. It is not quite sufficient to agree with another obiter dicta of hers about these scallywags that "They are a rubbishy lot and none of them seems to have any morals".

Without a knowledge of Chinese it is impossible to judge Mr. Egerton's translation. It reads pleasantly and he has avoided preciousness or archaism. Some passages of the novel he has not been able to put into English at all. It is these parts which, alas, may cause 'The Golden Lotus' one day to find itself in that limbo of second-hand booksellers' catalogues—the section 'Curiosa'. If that be its fate there should, in all fairness, be included with each set a Latin dictionary.

JOSEPH SELL

KEAN, by Giles Playfair. Geoffrey Bles. 12s. 6d.

Kean was one of those geniuses of the stage whose art is based on peculiar streaks of personality and owes little to tradition. It is not possible to separate this actor from his background

—his sordid upbringing as a child, his unhappy marriage, and the pathetic decadence of his later life. Suffering and unhappiness made him the great artist that he was, and when all has been said about the shortcomings of his personal life, Kean's figure will always stand out as one of the most brilliant in the annals of the English Theatre.

Those of us who read "My Father's Son", and discerned in that book Mr. Giles Playfair's growing maturity as a biographer, will not be disappointed in his life of Kean. It is a study which combines scholarship with admirable gifts of writing, and more than that, it displays a remarkable sense of intuition into the mind of an erratic genius.

Mr. Playfair has not hesitated to reveal many of the facts about his subject's life off the stage. Too little concentration has, perhaps, hitherto been directed to this aspect in earlier biographies. But it is a marshalling of these very facts, which elucidates the success of the "naturalistic" medium in which Kean presented his many characters to the English stagegoers of the early nineteenth century. Readers will find this book as much a fascinating psychological study as an excursion into the realms of stage annals.

EDWARD LIVEING

✓ **GERMANY'S REVOLUTION OF DESTRUCTION**, by Hermann Rauschning. *Heinemann*. 10s. 6d.
✓ **MY YEARS IN GERMANY**, by Martha Dodd. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

Herr Rauschning's critique of National Socialism gets more deeply home than any other one has read because it is specifically German. There

is a library of books extant attacking the system from the general human standpoint: there is none which shows so tellingly the corruption of all that is best in Germany which the *régime* is bringing about. In this corruption there is no matter for surprise, since it is an Austrian who is running the country. Prussianism, which at its best meant a spirit of civil and military duty, has abdicated.

"Our infantry are Cæsars and our officers heroes," said Frederick the Great. One might have expected it the other way about. Frederick's manner of putting it underlines the essence of a German officer's function: he was meant to be non-political and to attend to duty, and in the main that is what he did. "An officer should be crafty," said Field-Marshal Blomberg: an inexpressibly *un-German* saying, implying the abandonment of every standard. Meanwhile the immense apparatus of civilian officials is divided into duplicate halves whose function it is to spy on each other and whose inefficiency is incredible to anyone who knew the officials of pre-Nazi Germany. The Wilhelmian officials stuck to their duty in 1918 and saved the country from revolution: one cannot imagine the beneficiaries of the present *régime* doing the like.

Or take a view of the country in its horizontal stratification. It is divided into what Herr Rauschning calls the "élite," and the "atomized" mass: the former unscrupulous, devoid of loyalty to leader, comrade or *Volks-genosse*; the latter nervous, weary, ill-fed, ill-clothed and profoundly dissatisfied; a privileged class ruling so many helots—the very negation of Frederick's *sum cuique*.

But the dark and grained spots which Herr Rauschning reveals in the nature of the *régime* are of relatively small concern to non-Germans. What is of the greatest interest is the conclusion one must draw regarding Germany's foreign policy.

The theory of appeasement was based on the notion that Herr Hitler's activities could be canalized. The idea was that his expressed demands might be unreasonable but that they were based on reasonable, if sub-conscious, aspirations: that it might be nonsense to aspire after an empire of 250 million Germans, but that it might be wise to let Germany extend her control, say, in South-East Europe since such an extension was supposed to be all that Herr Hitler really wanted.

Herr Rauschning's book shows that this was a dangerous delusion. Attempts have been made to canalize Herr Hitler before now: von Papen tried it before the *Machtergreifung*, and later the Army tried to establish its own dictatorship within the Nazi dictatorship. But von Papen is lucky to be alive to-day, and the Army has been brought to heel. The fact is that Herr Hitler has a Bismarckian gift for seeing what is at the back of the other man's mind—and is therefore always at least one move ahead.

The corruption which National Socialism has instilled into the inner life of the nation is something alien: the intoxication of foreign expansion is nothing new. Herr Rauschning gives some interesting details of, then, current plans; Great Britain cut off from Europe and concerned only with the Empire, Italy head of Mediterranean-Africa Empire, Germany mistress of all between Flushing and Vladivostock. (It is important to note that an

alliance with Russia figured in one at any rate of the Party's plans.) Such ambitions link up with pre-war dreams, and the fact that they might seem wild to an English critic is wholly irrelevant to the question whether an attempt would be made to realize them. Any statesman dealing with Herr Hitler must make up his mind that he is likely to try for the realization of his apparently wildest plans—that, in fact, he knows best what he really wants. Each new success does not mean that he is so much the nearer to satiety, nor on the other hand that his appetite will be so much the keener. It simply means the passing of one more stage to a fixed end.

Miss Dodd has one experience in common with Herr Rauschning: like him she began as an admirer of the Nazi *régime* and, having seen it for what it is, came to hate it. Here the similarity between these two intelligent observers ends. Herr Rauschning sees in National Socialism the complete negation of that "eternal Germany" which causes such mystical enthusiasm in the Nazi leaders: Miss Dodd feels for it the disgust naturally inspired by so much coarseness and cruelty. Her criticism would be equally valid against any one of the more flamboyant totalitarian *régimes*.

Her book stands out by the charm of her writing and the closeness of her observation. She has met the leaders of the *régime* and despite her dislike deals with them lightly and even with a touch of gaiety. But her civilized approach does not alter the fact that her book is inspired by a powerful missionary spirit directed to the eradication of what she regards as an evil thing.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE, by Amedée Ozenfant. *Gollancz*. 16s.

THE LAND OF FRANCE, by Ralph Dutton and Lord Holden. *Batsford*. 8s. 6d.

As the conversation between the very digressive author of "Journey through Life" and a French historian was, we are told, languishing rather dismally the historian exclaimed in the fine, mellow tones of the southerner: 'You're a revolutionary, Ozenfant. One is, at your age!' Thereupon Ozenfant went to call upon a prominent Socialist, who failed to reassure him. 'Take care! Take great care, Socialists of every country!' he says in a footnote. 'You are far less powerful than you think' and he reminds them that the German Social-Democrats did not last long under Hitler. . . . The publisher of this voluminous book does not vouchsafe any information with regard to its author, but it would seem that when he is not rushing about Europe, discussing the political situation with all kinds of people, he is a master at an art school. The four specimens he gives us of his own work certainly carry out one of the nine rules which he set himself, namely: 'Leave no hole in the composition. No empty spaces. Nothing but flesh!' He tells us that his pupils often ask him how one should start; he gives a philosophic reply, looking askance at those who prosaically copy the model, and then we are told that the Disarmament Conference drones away at Geneva, which is 'utterly disgusting' and, in fact, that 'Life is a wretched thing and where it isn't wretched it is idiotic'. Near the end of this very crowded book of nearly 400 pages we are told that 'art is silent!'

'The Land of France' is a book whose pages are crowded in a less fantastic manner. Here we have practically the whole of France with special emphasis on her architecture, history and gastronomy. Now and then we are entertained by the humour of understatement which we observed in Lord Holden's book on Ceylon. But he and Mr. Dutton have so much knowledge to impart that there is not much room for humour. As they have limited themselves to less than 150 pages it is a pity that on p. 82 we are told that Sens cathedral 'is of particular interest to the English' because William of Sens was probably responsible for the east end of Canterbury cathedral and on p. 87 we are informed that Sens cathedral 'has a particular interest for the English' because it was designed by William of Sens who later worked at Canterbury cathedral. It is odd that such well-informed authors should be inaccurate with regard to the expression *limogé*; on p. 49 and again on p. 110 it is stated that an officer said to have been sent to Limoges during the War was one of the prudent and lucky individuals who had secured a staff appointment at the base. But an officer *limogé* was one who had shown himself to be inadequate and was therefore removed from his job. With this book in his possession the tourist will be guided to the very essence of France; justice is done, for example, to the stained glass of Le Mans, it is also visited upon Monsieur Viollet-le-Duc who destroyed the soul of so much mediæval loveliness by his drastic restorations. One may regret that the 365 islands in the Bay of Morbihan are not mentioned, but it is very satisfactory to be told that Rabelais was the town

physician of Metz and that Paul Verlaine was a rather incongruous native of this stalwart fortified town. It is unnecessary to say that, as in all Batsford books, the illustrations are as numerous as they are beautiful. Perhaps the index is the least commendable part of this encyclopædic volume; we look in vain for the romantic Gorges du Tarn, though they are duly celebrated in the body of the book and surely the undistinguished little town of Pont l'Evêque is less memorable, despite its cheese, than the magnificent Pont du Gard. We may grieve that Pierre Loti is not passed over but that Renan's connection with Brittany is ignored. However it is easy enough to point out these omissions; perhaps they were done on purpose, so that the authors might produce a supplementary book. 'Soyez la Bienvenue', said Charles the Bold on a famous occasion and, if that book appears, we shall certainly repeat his words.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

ROGUE MALE, by Geoffrey Household.

Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

LEARN TO LOVE FIRST, by Amabel

Williams-Ellis. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

THE DARK STAR, by March Cost.

Collins. 8s. 6d.

THE FLYING GOAT, by H. E. Bates.

Cape. 7s. 6d.

Considering what has been in everyone's mind during the past year, it is not to be wondered at that two of the four books here under review should be concerned with dictators. Still less is it surprising that assassination of a dictator should be the vital theme in each case. Mr. Household allows his dictator to escape for the time being,

while Mrs. Williams-Ellis leaves her weltering in his gore; but both have succeeded in working up a genuinely tense atmosphere of excitement, however different the treatment of the subject may be.

Rogue Male is an intensely personal tale. It is the journal, in the first person, of a wealthy Englishman, a big-game hunter who went out after "the biggest game of all". His attempt at long-range assassination was a failure; and he even takes some time to convince himself that he really intended to press the fatal trigger. At any rate, he was caught, tortured, beaten and left for dead. He makes his escape to England by a combination of ingenuity and sheer physical courage, but even there he is pursued by the dictator's agents. His subsequent adventures, first in London, then in and about his dug-out in a remote country lane, are breathless; a misguided sortie betrays his hiding-place to the enemy, but his resourcefulness comes into play again, and he finally escapes—only to "disappear"—ready for another blow at the enemy of mankind. An ingenious touch is the way the wild tom-cat, Asmodeus (who shares the dug-out) avenges his own needless death. This is a first-class thriller, in the highest sense of the word, and its impassive relation of horrors recalls C. S. Forester at his best. It more than fulfils the promise of Mr. Household's first novel, *The Third Hour*.

Learn to Love First is very much more of a novel, with the social, and hence the feminine, element more markedly stressed. Here the anonymity of Mr. Household's hero is replaced by the Ruritanian quality of Mrs. Williams-

Ellis's country. "Carolia", however, has everything in common with the Germany of to-day except that we are told more about the dictator's appetites. The beginning, a state wedding that was no wedding, is a brilliant introduction, and the foul atmosphere of double-crossing prevailing in high places is vividly suggested. Let us hope that the sobriety and good counsel of the People's Party, and its eventual revolt, may have their counterpart in real life. The sudden awakening of the "bridegroom" to the falseness of totalitarian philosophy, and the "bride's" more gradual realization of the hopelessness of her degradation are made all the more heart-rending by the simplicity of their description. The sudden rush of events to a climax of murder, massacre, and revolution has the satisfying impetus of the inevitable. Only the most case-hardened reader could lay aside either of these tales unfinished.

In *The Dark Star* March Cost takes us into an almost equally incredible world—the world of the theatre—and an extraordinarily real picture she gives of it: its intensely personal feelings, its rivalries, its huge successes and equally colossal failures; and the characters of a great actor-manager and a brilliant actress are here for all to see. But the thing could have been better done in less than half the number of words; and the fashionable neglect of the time-sequence, where past, present, and future are mingled haphazard, seems falser and more pretentious every time it is met with. Any chapter of this book, taken by itself, makes pleasant reading, especially those concerned with Loring's early days in Glasgow; but in the aggregate

the mass of words becomes unwieldy. In brief, you can't see the wood for the trees.

The Flying Goat is Mr. Bates's seventh collection of short stories. I have been trying to think of a single adjective that might describe the peculiar quality of his writing; but the quality is as elusive as the adjective. Perhaps "unexaggerated" would come nearest the mark. Most of these stories deal with slightly sub-human or super-human phenomena, yet there is a curiously convincing sanity and possibility about even their most fantastic situations. For sheer solidity of atmosphere the first and the last stories are the strongest. Of the others, *I am not Myself* is a brilliant study of what we are pleased to call the abnormal, and owes something to the best work of De La Mare, though very far from being a copy. The aspects of the "normal" dealt with in *The Late Public Figure* and *Shot Actress—Full Story* raise eerie doubts about what normality really counts for. And for full measure there are one or two lighter sketches of pure fun. A very excellent and well selected assortment, and—a word for the publisher—a beautifully and carefully produced volume.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD

MARGINAL COMMENT, by Harold Nicolson. *Constable*. 5s.

Mr. Harold Nicolson's weekly thoughts throughout the last seven months of peace are here republished from *The Spectator*. From them it is possible to recall events in vivid lighting flashes and to live again our hopes and fears. Mr. Nicolson's style is very agreeable and he has a happy knack of opening his essays with a telling phrase.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

H. Wickham Steed: Renowned for fearless and clear speaking Mr. Wickham Steed has been a student of European affairs for nearly fifty years. Born in 1871 he studied, after leaving school, at Jena, Berlin and Paris Universities, and during his distinguished career as a journalist he represented *The Times* in Berlin, Rome, and Vienna. 1914 found him the Foreign Editor of that paper and in 1919 he became its editor. From 1923 to 1930 he was proprietor and editor of the *Review of Reviews*. Since that time he has maintained his reputation for a keen insight into international problems by his books, articles, broadcasting and lecturing.

Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond: Born in the same year as Mr. Wickham Steed, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, K.C.B., is now Master of Downing College, Cambridge. Admiral Richmond had a long and distinguished service at sea and after the 1914-18 war held a number of important posts, chief among them being President of the R.N. War College, Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Squadron, and Commandant of the Imperial Defence College. In recent years he has written a number of important books and until his appointment as Master of Downing, he was Vere Harmsworth Professor of Naval and Imperial History at Cambridge.

Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn: A brother of Stephen Gwynn, Major-

General Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., F.R.G.S., began his serious army career as a 2nd Lieut. R.E. in 1889. From that date promotion came at short and regular intervals and for three years before the outbreak of the last war he was Director Military Art, Royal Military College, Duntroon, Australia. After the war, during which he was mentioned in despatches, decorated with the Belgian Croix de Guerre, and created C.B. and Officier, Legion of Honour, he became from 1926-31 Commandant, Staff College, Camberley.

Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton: Serving with distinction in the South African War Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., served with the W.A.F.F. 1902-07 and in the European War. He was Air Attache, British Embassy, Washington and later Chief Staff Officer, Iraq Command. He, also, is Officier, Legion of Honour. His books and articles have been trenchant and exceptionally well-informed.

A. A. Milne: It was in 1934 that A. A. Milne showed his ability in yet another direction by writing a serious book on pacifism entitled *Peace With Honour*. Previously Mr. Milne, who started a romantic writing career by editing *The Granta*, had been known as a contributor to *Punch*—he was also assistant editor for eight years before the European War—and a successful

writer of plays, books and children's poetry and stories. But those who remember his war-time sketches, written when he was serving with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, will recall a depth of feeling, plainly visible beneath the cloak of fun.

C. A. Macartney : A Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, C. A. Macartney served in the European War and a few years later was a member of the Intelligence Department, League of Nations Union, where he remained until 1936 when he went to Oxford. He has made a profound study of Eastern European problems and his frequent writings testify to his unique knowledge of his subject. His most recent publication was a pamphlet in the Oxford University series, entitled, *The Danubian Basin*.

Anthony Armstrong : His real name is something different and he is a Captain, late R.E., and accordingly a very suitable choice for the writer of our short story in our first war issue. His initials 'A.A.' are as well known to *Punch* readers as A. A. Milne's used to be and few, who read them, will forget the sketches, *Livestock in Barracks* and *Captain Bayonet*.

Hubert Griffith : Being born in 1896 meant that Hubert Griffith was exactly 18 in 1914. For two years he served as a Private in the Royal Fusiliers; then he became 2nd. Lieut. Scottish Rifles; by 1917 he was Staff Lieut. (Intelligence) and finally he was in Royal Flying Corps as Flying Officer Observer. After the war he forgot all about soldiers and

aeroplanes and concentrated on writing plays and criticising other people's. He contributed regularly to *The Observer* and *The Manchester Guardian* and for a period was dramatic critic of the *Evening Standard*. Now he is in the Air Force again.

Desmond Hawkins : It is doubtful if Desmond Hawkins remembers anything of the last war. He is a young critic, whose first novel *Hawk Among the Sparrows* was published in the Spring and received with considerable enthusiasm.

Patrick Ransome : An International Lawyer, Patrick Ransome worked for some time at the International Labour Office at Geneva. He is one of those who is devoting much of his time to the ideas and ideals of Federal Union, his work being particularly on the research side.

Bhabani Bhattacharya : A writer, living at Nagpur, Bhabani Bhattacharya, has contributed many articles to British and American newspapers and periodicals. His style has a welcome charm and his subject, though serious, strikes a less harsh note than that of war.

Stephen Gwynn : No writer in recent years has maintained so great an output of literature at so high a level, as Stephen Gwynn. It is more than twelve years now since Mr. Gwynn wrote his first instalment of his monthly commentary *Ebb and Flow*; he has not missed a month, while his beautifully easy style and shrewd criticism has been a constant delight.

THE FORTNIGHTLY MISCELLANY

There is an indication, at the time of going to press, that social and cultural activities are beginning to show fresh signs of life and that London and the other big cities of England will not be entirely dependent on wireless entertainment and reading for their war time recreation during the dark winter months. As a working man said the other day, "I am glad that the cinemas are opening, for with only the churches and the pubs open, there's been nothing for the intermediates". Libraries, cinemas and theatres (up till 10 p.m.) should be well patronized for the next six months, but it is very good to hear that organizations, like Morley College, hope to continue with their usual evening classes and possibly their public lectures. Evening classes should be well attended everywhere. No doubt there will be a rush to learn foreign languages, particularly German and French, while numbers of people will have grown accustomed to the idea of spending their evenings in this way due to Gas and other A.R.P. courses.

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But also carrying on are the various organizations for the relief of distress. One of these, *The Save the Children Fund*, it will be remembered, did excellent work in Poland after the last war, and it is to be hoped that they will be able to do so again as the machinery for relief is still in existence. *The Save the Children Fund*, which is under the patronage of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the Moderator of the Free Church Council and the Chief Rabbi, among others, will shortly be appealing for funds. When they do, it is to be hoped that everyone will remember their great efforts during the last twenty years on behalf of children all over the world and will send a contribution to the Hon. Treasurer, 20, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

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On Monday, September 11, the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Frank Bowater) broadcast a message in support of the joint appeal of the Red Cross and the Order of St. John for funds for the relief of the sick and the wounded in the war. The following day it was announced that the King had opened the fund with a gift of £5,000, while the Queen had given a further £2,000. A week later the total stood at £83,000, while by the time these words are read the sum will, no doubt, be more than twice or three times as great. It is a cause to which everyone will wish to contribute, while as long as the war

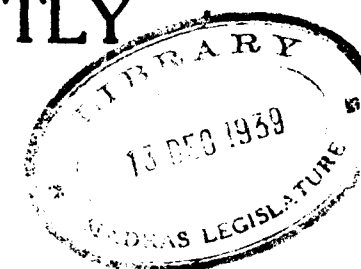
lasts the sum needed will have no limits. If you have not contributed and wish to do so, address your cheque to The Lord Mayor, The Mansion House, London, marking your envelope "Appeal".

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An article on Federal Government appears in this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY. Readers may, therefore, be interested to know that Federal Union, who now have their offices at Gatton, West Lulworth, Wareham, Dorset, are issuing a weekly News Sheet. According to the latest edition Federal Union is now directing all its energies towards the drafting of peace terms, which it would be their business to get accepted by the general public at the first opportunity. Federal Union's subsequent objective is to see that the British Government adopts the Union's programme as its peace aims.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

NOVEMBER, 1939



WORLD ORDER

Whether it is attainable, how it can be attained, and what sort of world a world at peace will have to be

By H. G. WELLS

THE END OF AN AGE

IN this small book I want to set down as compactly, clearly and usefully as possible the gist of what I have learnt about war and peace in the course of my life. I am not going to write peace propaganda here. I am going to strip down certain general ideas and realities of primary importance to their framework, and so prepare a nucleus of useful knowledge for those who have to go on with this business of making a world peace. I am not going to persuade people to say "Yes, yes" for a world peace, already we have had far too much abolition of war by making declarations and signing resolutions; everybody wants peace or pretends to want peace, and there is no need to add even a sentence more to the vast volume of such ineffective stuff. I am simply attempting to state the things we *must* do and the price we *must* pay for world peace if we really intend to achieve it.

Until the Great War, the First World War, I did not bother very much about war and peace. Since then I have almost specialized upon this problem. It is not very easy to recall former states of mind out of which, day by day and year by year, one has grown, but I think that in the decades before 1914 not only I but most of my generation—in the British Empire, America, France and indeed throughout most of the civilized world—thought that war was dying out.

So it seemed to us. It was an agreeable and therefore a readily acceptable idea. We imagined the Franco-German War of 1870-71 and the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 were the final

conflicts between Great Powers, that now there was a Balance of Power sufficiently stable to make further major warfare impracticable. A Triple Alliance faced a Dual Alliance and neither had much reason for attacking the other. We believed war was shrinking to mere expeditionary affairs on the outskirts of our civilization, a sort of frontier police business. Habits of tolerant intercourse, it seemed, were being strengthened every year that the peace of the Powers remained unbroken.

There was indeed a mild armament race going on; mild by our present standards of equipment; the armament industry was a growing and enterprising one; but we did not see the full implication of that; we preferred to believe that the increasing general good sense would be strong enough to prevent these multiplying guns from actually going off and hitting anything. And we smiled indulgently at uniforms and parades and army manoeuvres. They were the time-honoured toys and regalia of kings and emperors. They were part of the display side of life and would never get to actual destruction and killing. I do not think that exaggerates the easy complacency of, let us say, 1895, forty-five years ago. It was a complacency that lasted with most of us up to 1914. In 1914 hardly anyone in Europe or America below the age of fifty had seen anything of war in his own country.

The world in those days seemed to be drifting steadily towards a tacit but practical unification. One could travel without a passport over the larger part of Europe; the Postal Union delivered one's letters uncensored and safely from Chile to China; money, based essentially on gold, fluctuated only very slightly; and the sprawling British Empire still maintained a tradition of free trade, equal treatment and open-handedness to all comers round and about the planet. In the United States you could go for days and never see a military uniform. Compared with to-day that was, upon the surface at any rate, an age of easy-going safety and good humour. Particularly for the North Americans and the Europeans.

But apart from that steady, ominous growth of the armament industry there were other and deeper forces at work that were preparing trouble. The Foreign Offices of the various sovereign states had not forgotten the competitive traditions of the

eighteenth century. The admirals and generals were contemplating with something between hostility and fascination, the huger weapons the steel industry was gently pressing into their hands. Germany did not share the self-complacency of the English-speaking world; she wanted a place in the sun; there was increasing friction about the partition of the raw material regions of Africa; the British suffered from chronic Russophobia with regard to their vast appropriations in the East, and set themselves to nurse Japan into a modernized imperialist power; and also they "remembered Majuba"; the United States were irritated by the disorder of Cuba and felt that the weak, extended Spanish possessions would be all the better for a change of management. So the game of Power Politics went on, but it went on upon the margins of the prevailing peace. There were several wars and changes of boundaries, but they involved no fundamental disturbance of the general civilized life; they did not seem to threaten its broadening tolerations and understandings in any fundamental fashion. Economic stresses and social trouble stirred and muttered beneath the orderly surfaces of political life but threatened no convulsion. The idea of altogether eliminating war, of clearing what was left of it away, was in the air, but it was free from any sense of urgency. The Hague Tribunal was established and there was a steady dissemination of the conceptions of arbitration and international law. It really seemed to many that the peoples of the earth were settling down in their various territories to a litigious rather than a belligerent order. If there was much social injustice it was being mitigated more and more by a quickening sense of social decency. Acquisitiveness conducted itself with decorum and public-spiritedness was in fashion. Some of it was quite honest public-spiritedness.

In those days, and they are hardly more than half a lifetime behind us, no one thought of any sort of world administration. That patchwork of great Powers and small Powers seemed the most reasonable and practicable method of running the business of mankind. Communications were far too difficult for any sort of centralized world controls. *Around the World in Eighty Days*, when it was published seventy years ago, seemed an extravagant fantasy. It was a world without telephone or

radio, with nothing swifter than a railway train or more destructive than the earlier types of H. E. Shell. They were marvels. It was far more convenient to administer that world of the Balance of Power in separate national areas and, since there were such limited facilities for peoples to get at one another and do each other mischiefs, there seemed no harm in ardent patriotism and the complete independence of separate sovereign states.

Economic life was largely directed by irresponsible private businesses and private finance which, because of their private ownership, were able to spread out their unifying transactions in a network that paid little attention to frontiers and national, racial or religious sentimentality. "Business" was much more of a world commonwealth than the political organizations. There were many people, especially in America, who imagined that "Business" might ultimately unify the world and governments sink into subordination to its network.

Nowadays we can be wise after the event and we can see that below this fair surface of things, disruptive forces were steadily gathering strength. But these disruptive forces played a comparatively small rôle in the world spectacle of half a century ago, when the ideas of that older generation which still dominates our political life and the political education of its successors, were formed. It is from the conflict of those Balance of Power and private enterprise ideas, half a century old, with these ever-growing disruptive forces, that one of the main stresses of our time arises. These ideas worked fairly well in their period and it is still with extreme reluctance that our rulers, teachers, politicians, face the necessity for a profound mental adaptation of their views, methods and interpretations to these disruptive forces that once seemed so negligible and which are now shattering their old order completely.

It was because of this belief in a growing goodwill among nations, because of the general satisfaction with things as they were, that the German declarations of war in 1914 aroused such a storm of indignation throughout the entire comfortable world. It was felt that the German Kaiser had broken the tranquillity of the world club, wantonly and needlessly. The war was fought "against the Hohenzollerns". They were to be expelled from the club, certain punitive fines were to be paid and

all would be well. That was the British idea of 1914. This out-of-date war business was then to be cleared up once for all by a mutual guarantee by all the more respectable members of the club through a League of Nations. There was no apprehension of any deeper operating causes in that great convulsion on the part of the worthy elder statesmen who made the peace. And so Versailles and its codicils.

For twenty years the disruptive forces have gone on growing beneath the surface of that genteel and shallow settlement, and for twenty years there has been no resolute attack upon the riddles with which their growth confronts us. For all that period the League of Nations has been the opiate of liberal thought in the world.

To-day there is war to get rid of Adolf Hitler who has taken the part of the Hohenzollerns in the drama. He too has outraged the Club Rules and he too is to be expelled. The war, the Chamberlain—Hitler War, is being waged so far by the British Empire in quite the old spirit. It has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. There is the same resolute disregard of any more fundamental problem.

Still the minds of our comfortable and influential ruling-class people refuse to accept the plain intimation that their time is over, that the Balance of Power and uncontrolled business methods cannot continue, and that Hitler, like the Hohenzollerns, is a mere offensive pustule on the face of a deeply ailing world. To get rid of him and his Nazis will be no more a cure for the world's ills than scraping will heal measles. The disease will manifest itself in some new eruption. It is the system of nationalist individualism and unco-ordinated enterprise that is the world's disease and it is the whole system that has to go. It has to be reconditioned down to its foundations or replaced. It cannot hope to "muddle through" amiably, wastefully and dangerously, a second time.

World peace means all that much revolution. More and more of us begin to realize that it cannot mean less.

The first thing therefore that has to be done in thinking out the primary problems of a world peace is to realize this, that we are living in the end of a definite period of history, the period of the sovereign states. As we used to say in the eighties with

ever-increasing truth : " We are in an age of transition." Now we get some measure of the acuteness of the transition. It is a phase of human life which may lead, as I am trying to show, either to a *new way of living* for our species or else to a longer or briefer *dégringolade* of violence, misery, destruction, death and the extinction of mankind. These are not rhetorical phrases I am using here ; I mean exactly what I say, the disastrous extinction of mankind.

That is the issue before us. It is no small affair of parlour politics we have to consider. As I write, in this moment, thousands of people are being killed, wounded, hunted, tormented, ill-treated, delivered up to the most intolerable and hopeless anxiety and destroyed morally and mentally, and there is nothing in sight at present to arrest this spreading process and prevent its reaching you and yours. It is coming for you and yours now at a great pace. Plainly in so far as we are rational foreseeing creatures there is nothing for any of us now but to make this world peace problem the ruling interest and direction of our lives. If we run away from it it will pursue and get us. We have to face it. We have to solve it or be destroyed by it. It is as urgent and comprehensive as that.

OPEN CONFERENCE

Before we examine what I have called so far the " disruptive forces " in the current social order, let me underline one primary necessity for the most outspoken free discussion of the battling organizations and the crumbling institutions amidst which we lead our present uncomfortable and precarious lives. There must be no protection for leaders and organizations from the most searching criticism, on the plea that our country is or may be at war. Or on any pretence. We must talk openly, widely and plainly. The war is incidental ; the need for revolutionary reconstruction is fundamental. None of us is clear as yet upon some of the most vital questions before us, we are not lucid enough in our own minds to be ambiguous, and a mumbling tactfulness and indirect half-statements made with an eye upon some censor, will confuse our thoughts and the thoughts of those with whom we desire understanding, to the complete sterilization and defeat of every reconstructive effort.

We want to talk and tell exactly what our ideas and feelings are, not only to our fellow citizens, but to our allies, to neutrals and above all to the people who are marshalled in arms against us. We want to get the same sincerity from them. Because until we have worked out a common basis of ideas with them, peace will be only an uncertain equilibrium while fresh antagonisms develop.

Concurrently with this war we need a great debate. We want every possible person in the world to take part in that debate. It is something much more important than the actual warfare. It is intolerable to think of this storm of universal distress leading up to nothing but some " conference " of diplomatists out of touch with the world, with secret sessions, ambiguous " understandings " . . . Not twice surely can that occur? And yet what is going to prevent its recurring ?

It is quite easy to define the reasonable limits of censorship in a belligerent country. It is manifest that the publication of any information likely to be of the slightest use to an enemy must be drastically anticipated and suppressed ; not only direct information, for example, but intimations and careless betrayals about the position and movements of ships, troops, camps, depôts of munitions, food supplies, and false reports of defeats and victories and coming shortages, anything that may lead to blind panic and hysteria, and so forth and so on. But the matter takes on a different aspect altogether when it comes to statements and suggestions that may affect public opinion in one's own country or abroad and which may help us towards wholesome and corrective political action.

One of the more unpleasant aspects of a state of war under modern conditions is the appearance of a swarm of individuals too clever by half, in positions of authority, excited, conceited, prepared to lie, distort and generally humbug people into states of acquiescence, resistance, indignation, vindictiveness, doubt and mental confusion, states of mind supposed to be conducive to a final military victory. These people love to twist and censor facts. It gives them a feeling of power ; if they cannot create they can at least prevent and conceal. Particularly they poke themselves in between us and the people with whom we are at war to distort any possible reconciliation. They sit,

filled with the wine of their transitory powers, aloof from the fatigues and dangers of conflict, pulling imaginary strings in people's minds.

In Germany popular thought is supposed to be under the control of Herr Dr. Goebbels; in Great Britain we writers have been invited to place ourselves at the disposal of Lord Perth, a particularly brilliant choice, since he was secretary of the now moribund League of Nations from its days of hope to its day of decrepitude, and there is (or was) a curious organization, the creation I am told of Lord Lloyd, the British Council, which sends emissaries abroad, writers and other cultural personages, to lecture, charm and win over foreign appreciation for British characteristics, for British scenery, British political virtues and so forth. Somehow this is supposed to help something or other. Quietly, unobtrusively, this has gone on.

Maybe these sample British give unauthorized assurances but probably they do little positive harm. But they ought not to be employed at all. It is government treason against the people. I have described the activities and ideas of one of these missionaries of the British idea, Mr. Teeling, the author of *Crisis for Christianity*, in my *Fate of Homo sapiens*. He is a personal friend of the present Pope and apparently there is a suggestion abroad that the English will favour a revival of the Holy Roman Empire. Could anything be more stupid and ridiculous, more alien to normal English thought? But it is not so much the actual mischief of the British Council I would criticize as the conceited aggressiveness of the disposition it betrays. It is going to blinker and steer intelligences; it is going to allure and guide.

It is not only that these various Ministries of Information and Propaganda do their level best to divert the limited gifts and energies of such writers, lecturers and talkers as we possess, to the production of disingenuous muck that will muddle the public mind and mislead the enquiring foreigner, but that they show a marked disposition to stifle any free and independent utterances that may seem to traverse their own profound and secret plans for the salvation of mankind.

Everywhere now it is extremely difficult to get adequate, far-reaching publicity for outspoken discussion of the way the

world is going, and the political, economic and social forces that carry us along. This is not so much due to deliberate suppression as to the general disorder into which human affairs are dissolving. There is indeed in the Atlantic world hardly a sign as yet of that direct espionage upon opinion that obliterates the mental life of the intelligent Italian or German or Russian to-day almost completely; one may still think what one likes, say what one likes and write what one likes, but nevertheless there is already an increasing difficulty in getting bold unorthodox views heard and read. Newspapers are afraid upon all sorts of minor counts, publishers, with such valiant exceptions as the publishers of this matter, are morbidly discreet; there are obscure boycotts and trade difficulties hindering the wide diffusion of general ideas in countless ways. I do not mean there is any sort of organized conspiracy to suppress discussion, but I do say that the press, the publishing and the bookselling organizations in our free countries, are failing in their duty to provide a fair and stimulating distribution of discussion.

Publishers publish for nothing but safe profits; it would astound a bookseller to tell him he was part of the world's educational organization or a publisher's traveller that he existed for any other purpose than to book maximum orders for best sellers and earn a record commission—letting the other stuff, the highbrow stuff and all that, go hang. They do not understand that they ought to put public services before gain. They have no inducement to do so and no pride in their function. Theirs is the morale of a profiteering world. Newspapers like to insert brave-looking articles of conventional liberalism, speaking highly of peace and displaying a noble vagueness about its attainment; now we are at war they will publish the fiercest attacks upon the enemy—because such attacks are supposed to keep up the fighting spirit of the country; but any ideas that are really loudly and clearly revolutionary they dare not circulate at all. Under these baffling conditions there is no thorough discussion of the world outlook whatever, anywhere. The democracies are only a shade better than the dictatorships in this respect. It is ridiculous to represent them as realms of light at issue with darkness.

This great debate upon the reconstruction of the world is a thing more important and urgent than the war, and there exist

no adequate media for the utterance and criticism and correction of any broad general convictions. There is a certain fruitless and unproductive spluttering of constructive ideas, but there is little sense of sustained enquiry, few real interchanges, inadequate progress, nothing is settled, nothing is dismissed as unsound and nothing is won permanently. No one seems to hear what anyone else is saying. That is because there is no sense of an audience for these ideologists. There is no effective audience saying rudely and obstinately: "What A. has said, seems important. Will B. and C., instead of bombinating in the void, tell us exactly where and why they differ from A? And now we have got to the common truth of A., B., C., and D. Here is F. saying something. Will he be so good as to correlate what he has to say with A., B., C. and D?"

But there is no such background of an intelligently observant and critical world audience in evidence. There is no one, no reviewer, no letter-writer, who ever points out to B. politely and clearly that he has already been anticipated and disposed of by A. There are a few people here and there reading and thinking in disconnected fragments. This is all the thinking our world is doing in the face of planetary disaster. The universities, bless them! are in uniform or silent.

We are plainly drifting towards world catastrophe. None of us knows clearly and surely what is to be done; yet hardly any of us are talking enquiringly, plainly, unrestrainedly, frankly and modestly about the broad processes involved. The business is impossible unless we do that. Our species is going on blindly to irretrievable disaster, mumbling and gibbering, utterly muddle-headed.

We need to air our own minds; we need frank exchanges, if we are to achieve any general guiding understanding. We need to work out a clear conception of the world order we would prefer to this present chaos, we need to dissolve or compromise upon our differences so that we may set our faces with assurance towards an attainable world peace. The air is full of the panaceas of half-wits, none listening to the others and most of them trying to silence the others in their impatience. Thousands of fools are ready to write us a complete prescription for our world troubles. Will people never realize their own ignorance

and incompletenesses, from which arise this absolute necessity for the plainest statement of the realities of the problem, for the most exhaustive and unsparing examination of differences of opinion, and for the most ruthless canvassing of every possibility, however unpalatable it may seem at first, of the situation?

Before anything else, therefore, in this survey of the way to world peace I put free speech and vigorous publication. It is the thing best worth fighting for. It is the essence of your personal honour. It is your first duty as a world citizen to do what you can for that. You have not only to resist suppressions, you have to fight your way out of a fog. If you find your bookseller or newsagent failing to distribute any type of publication whatever—even if you are in entire disagreement with the views of that publication—you should turn the weapon of the boycott upon the offender and find another bookseller or newsagent for everything you read. It is an outrageous insult to the mental freedom of our people, who before almost everything else at the present time need to know what is being thought and said in America, that our British distributors are boycotting various American publications, partly perhaps out of muddle-headed loyalty, which resents even the friendly truth about eminent persons, but mainly I fear in order to favour inferior British productions. I am told that the boycott is not official and that these outspoken American publications can be got by post from America upon a yearly subscription. But for three weeks now as I write this my copy of the *New York Time* has been held up on its way to me.

The would-be world citizen should subscribe also to such an organization as the National Council for Civil Liberties; he should use any advantage his position may give him to check suppression of free speech; and he should accustom himself to challenge nonsense politely but firmly and say fearlessly and as clearly as possible what is in his mind and to listen as fearlessly to whatever is said to him. So that he may know better either through reassurance or correction. To get together with other people to argue and discuss, to think and organize and then implement thought is the first duty of every reasonable man.

This world of ours is going to pieces. It has to be reconstructed and it can only be effectively reconstructed in the light. Only

the free, clear, open mind can save us, and these difficulties and obstructions on our line of thought are as evil as children putting obstacles on a railway line or scattering nails on an automobile speed track.

DISRUPTIVE FORCES

And now let us come to the disruptive forces that have reduced the late-nineteenth-century dream of a powerful world patchwork of more and more civilized states linked by an ever-increasing financial and economic interdependence, to complete incredibility, and so forced upon every intelligent mind the need to work out a new conception of the world that ought to be. *It is supremely important that the nature of these disruptive forces should be clearly understood and kept in mind. To grasp them is to hold the clue to the world's present troubles. To forget about them, even for a moment, is to lose touch with essential reality and drift away into minor issues.*

The first group of these forces is what people are accustomed to speak of as "the abolition of distance" and "the change of scale" in human operations. This "abolition of distance", began rather more than a century ago, and its earlier effects were not disruptive at all. It knit together the spreading United States of America over distances that might otherwise have strained their solidarity to the breaking-point, and it enabled the sprawling British Empire to sustain contacts round the whole planet.

The disruptive influence of the abolition of distance appeared only later. Let us be clear upon its essential significance. For what seemed like endless centuries the swiftest means of locomotion had been the horse on the high-road, the running man, the galley and the uncertain, weather-ruled sailing ship. (There was the Dutchman on skates on his canals, but that was an exceptional culmination of speed and not for general application). The political, social and imaginative life of man for all those centuries was adapted to these limiting conditions. They determined the distances to which marketable goods could conveniently be sent, the limits to which the ruler could send his orders and his soldiers, the bounds set to getting news, and indeed the whole scale of living. There could be very little

real community feeling beyond the range of frequent intercourse.

Human life fell naturally therefore into areas determined by the interplay between these limitations and such natural obstacles as seas and mountains. Such countries as France, England, Egypt, Japan, appeared and reappeared in history like natural, necessary things, and though there were such larger political efforts as the Roman Empire, they never attained an enduring unity. The Roman Empire held together like wet blotting-paper; it was always falling to pieces. The older Empires, beyond their national nuclei, were mere precarious tribute-levying powers. What I have already called the world patchwork of the great and little Powers, was therefore, under the old horse-and-foot and sailing-ship conditions, almost as much a matter of natural necessity as the sizes of trees and animals.

Within a century all this has been changed and we have still to face up to what that change means for us.

First came steam, the steam-railway, the steamship, and then in a quickening crescendo came the internal combustion engine, electrical traction, the motor car, the motor boat, the aeroplane, the transmission of power from central power stations, the telephone, the radio. I feel apologetic in reciting this well known story. I do so in order to enforce the statement that all the areas that were the most convenient and efficient for the old, time-honoured way of living, became more and more inconveniently close and narrow for the new needs. This applied to every sort of administrative area, from municipalities and urban districts and the range of distributing businesses, up to sovereign states. They were—and for the most part they still are—too small for the new requirements and far too close together. All over the social lay-out this tightening-up and squeezing together is an inconvenience, but when it comes to the areas of sovereign states it becomes impossibly dangerous. It becomes an intolerable thing; human life cannot go on, with the capitals of most of the civilized countries of the world within an hour's bombing range of their frontiers, behind which attacks can be prepared and secret preparations made without any form of control. And yet we are still tolerant and loyal to arrangements that seek to maintain this state of affairs and treat it as though nothing else were possible.

The present war for and against Hitler and Stalin and Mr. Chamberlain and so forth does not even touch upon the essential problem of the abolition of distance. It may indeed destroy everything and still settle nothing. If one could wipe out all the issues of the present conflict, we should still be confronted with the essential riddle, which is the abolition of the boundaries of most existing sovereign states and their merger in some larger Pax. We have to do that if any supportable human life is to go on. Treaties and mutual guarantees are not enough. We have surely learnt enough about the value of treaties during the last half century to realize that. We have, because of the abolition of distance alone, to gather human affairs together under one common war-preventing control.

But this abolition of distance is only one most vivid aspect of the change in the conditions of human life. Interwoven with that is a general change of scale in human operations. The past hundred years has been an age of invention and discovery beyond the achievements of the preceding three millennia. In a book I published eight years ago, *The Work Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*, I tried to summarize the conquest of power and substances that is still going on. There is more power expended in a modern city like Birmingham in a day than we needed to keep the whole of Elizabethan England going for a year; there is more destructive energy in a single tank than sufficed the army of William I. for the conquest of England. Man is able now to produce or destroy on a scale beyond comparison greater than he could before this storm of invention began. And the consequence is the continual further dislocation of the orderly social life of our great-great-grandfathers. No trade, no profession, is exempt. The old social routines and classifications have been as people say "knocked silly". There is no sort of occupation, fisheries, farming, textile work, metal work, mining, which is not suffering from constant readjustment to new methods and facilities. Our traditions of trade and distribution flounder after these changes. Skilled occupations disappear in the general social liquefaction.

The new power organizations are destroying the forests of the world at headlong speed, ploughing great grazing areas into deserts, exhausting mineral resources, killing off whales,

seals and a multitude of rare and beautiful species, destroying the morale of every social type and devastating the planet. The institutions of the private appropriation of land and natural resources generally, and of private enterprise for profit, which did produce a fairly tolerable, stable and "civilized" social life for all but the most impoverished, in Europe, America and the East, for some centuries, have been expanded to a monstrous destructiveness by the new opportunities. The patient, nibbling, enterprising profit-seeker of the past, magnified and equipped now with the huge claws and teeth the change of scale has provided for him, has torn the old economic order to rags. Quite apart from war, our planet is being wasted and disorganized. Yet the process goes on, without any general control more monstrously destructive even than the continually enhanced terrors of modern warfare.

Now it has to be made clear that these two things, the manifest necessity for some collective world control to eliminate warfare and the less generally admitted necessity for a collective control of the economic and biological life of mankind, are aspects of one and the same process. Of the two the disorganization of the ordinary life which is going on, war or no war, is the graver and least reversible. Both arise out of the abolition of distance and the change of scale, they affect and modify each other, and unless their parallelism and interdependence is recognized, any projects for world federation or anything of the sort are doomed inevitably to frustration.

That is where the League of Nations broke down completely. It was legal; it was political. It was devised by an ex-professor of the old-fashioned history assisted by a few politicians. It ignored the vast disorganization of human life by technical revolutions, big business and modern finance that was going on of which the Great War itself was scarcely more than a by-product. It was constituted as though nothing of that sort was occurring.

This war storm which is breaking upon us now, due to the continued fragmentation of human government among a patchwork of sovereign states, is only one aspect of the general need for a rational consolidation of human affairs. The independent sovereign state with its perpetual war threat, armed with the

resources of modern mechanical frightfulness, is only the most blatant and terrifying aspect of that same want of a coherent general control that makes overgrown, independent, sovereign, private business organizations and combinations, socially destructive. We should still be at the mercy of the "Napoleons" of commerce and the "Attilas" of finance, if there was not a gun or a battleship or a tank or a military uniform in the world. We should still be sold up and dispossessed.

Political federation, we have to realize, without a concurrent economic collectivization, is bound to fail. The task of the peace-maker who really desires peace in a new world, involves not merely a political but a profound social revolution, profounder even than the revolution attempted by the Communists in Russia. The Russian Revolution failed not by its extremism but through the impatience, violence and intolerance of its onset, through lack of foresight and intellectual insufficiency. The cosmopolitan revolution to a world collectivism, which is the only alternative to chaos and degeneration before mankind, has to go much further than the Russian; it has to be more thorough and better conceived and its achievement demands a much more heroic and more steadfast thrust.

It serves no useful purpose to shut our eyes to the magnitude and intricacy of the task of making the world peace. These are the basic factors of the case.

CLASS-WAR

Now here it is necessary to make a distinction which is far too frequently ignored. Collectivization means the handling of the common affairs of mankind by a common control responsible to the whole community. It means the suppression of go-as-you-please in social and economic affairs just as much as in international affairs. It means the frank abolition of profit-seeking and of every device by which human beings contrive to be parasitic on their fellow men. It is the practical realization of the brotherhood of man through a common control. It means all that and it means no more than that.

The necessary nature of that control, the way to attain it and to maintain it have still to be discussed.

The early forms of socialism were attempts to think out and try out collectivist systems. But with the advent of Marxism, the larger idea of collectivism became entangled with a smaller one, the perpetual conflict of people in any unregulated social system to get the better of one another. Throughout the ages this has been going on. The rich, the powerful generally, the more intelligent and acquisitive have got away with things, and sweated, oppressed, enslaved, bought and frustrated the less intelligent, the less acquisitive and the unwary. The Haves in every generation have always got the better of the Have-nots, and the Have-nots have always resented the privations of their disadvantage.

So it is and so in the uncollectivized world it has always been. The bitter cry of the expropriated man echoes down the ages from ancient Egypt and the Hebrew prophets, denouncing those who grind the faces of the poor. At times the Have-nots have been so uneducated, so helplessly distributed among their more successful fellows that they have been incapable of social disturbance, but whenever such developments as plantation or factory labour, the accumulation of men in seaport towns, the disbanding of armies, famine and so forth, brought together masses of men at the same disadvantage, their individual resentments flowed together and became a common resentment. The miseries underlying human society were revealed. The Haves found themselves assailed by resentful, vindictive revolt.

Let us note that these revolts of the Have-nots throughout the ages have sometimes been very destructive, but that invariably they have failed to make any fundamental change in this old, old story of getting and not getting the upper hand. Sometimes the Have-nots have frightened or otherwise moved the Haves to more decent behaviour. Often the Have-nots have found a champion who has ridden to power on their wrongs. Then the ricks were burnt or the châteaux. The aristocrats were guillotined and their heads carried on exemplary pikes. Such storms passed and when they passed, there for all practical purposes was the old order returning again; new people but the old inequalities. Returning inevitably, with only slight variations in appearance and phraseology, under the condition of a non-collective social order.

The point to note is that in the unplanned scramble of human life through the centuries of the horse-and-foot period, these incessantly recurring outbreaks of the losers against the winners have never once produced any permanent amelioration of the common lot, or greatly changed the features of the human community. Not once.

The Have-nots have never produced the intelligence and the ability and the Haves have never produced the conscience, to make a permanent alteration of the rules of the game. Slave revolts, peasant revolts, revolts of the proletariat have always been fits of rage, acute social fevers which have passed. The fact remains that history produces no reason for supposing that the Have-nots, considered as a whole, have available any reserves of directive and administrative capacity and disinterested devotion, superior to that of the more successful classes. Morally, intellectually, there is no reason to suppose them better.

Many potentially able people may miss education and opportunity; they may not be inherently inferior but nevertheless they are crippled and incapacitated and kept down. They are spoilt. Many specially gifted people may fail to "make good" in a jostling, competitive, acquisitive world and so fall into poverty and into the baffled, limited ways of living of the commonalty, but they too are exceptions. The idea of a right-minded Proletariat ready to take things over is a dream.

As the collectivist idea has developed out of the original propositions of socialism, the more lucid thinkers have put this age-long bitterness of the Haves and Have-nots into its proper place as part, as the most distressing part, but still only as part, of the vast wastage of human resources that their disorderly exploitation entailed. In the light of current events they have come to realize more and more clearly that the need and possibility of arresting this waste by a world-wide collectivization is becoming continually more possible and at the same time imperative. They have had no delusions about the education and liberation that is necessary to gain that end. They have been moved less by moral impulses and sentimental pity and so forth, admirable but futile motives, as by the intense intellectual irritation of

living in a foolish and destructive system. They are revolutionaries not because the present way of living is a hard and tyrannous way of living but because it is from top to bottom exasperatingly stupid.

But thrusting athwart the socialist movement towards collectivization and its research for some competent directive organization of the world's affairs, came the clumsy initiative of Marxism with its class-war dogma, which has done more to misdirect and sterilize human good-will than any other misconception of reality that has ever stultified human effort.

Marx saw the world from a study and through the hazes of a vast ambition. He swam in the current ideologies of his time and so he shared the prevalent socialist drive towards collectivization. But while his sounder-minded contemporaries were studying means and ends he jumped from a very imperfect understanding of the Trades Union movement in Britain to the wildest generalizations about the social process. He invented and antagonized two phantoms. One was the Capitalist System; the other the Worker.

There never has been anything on earth that could be properly called a Capitalist System. What was the matter with his world was manifestly its entire want of system. What the socialists were feeling their way towards was the discovery and establishment of a world system.

The Haves of our period were and are a fantastic miscellany of people, inheriting or getting their power and influence by the most various means and methods. They had and have nothing of the interbreeding social solidarity even of a feudal aristocracy or an Indian caste. But Marx, looking rather into his inner consciousness than at any concrete reality, evolved that monster "System" on his right. Then over against it, still gazing steadily into that vacuum, he discovered on the Left the proletarians being steadily expropriated and becoming class-conscious. They were just as endlessly various in reality as the people at the top of the scramble; in reality but not in the mind of the Communist seer. There they consolidated rapidly.

So while other men toiled at this gigantic problem of collectivization, Marx found his almost childish simple recipe. All you had to do was to tell the workers that they were being

robbed and enslaved by this wicked Capitalist System devised by the "bourgeoisie". They need only "unite"; they had "nothing to lose but their chains". The wicked Capitalist System was to be overthrown, with a certain vindictive liquidation of "capitalists" in general and the "bourgeoisie" in particular, and a millennium would ensue under a purely workers' control, which Lenin later on was to crystallize into that phrase of supra-theological mystery, "the dictatorship of the proletariat". The workers need learn nothing, plan nothing; they were right and good by nature; they would just "take over". The infinitely various envies, hatreds and resentments of the Have-nots were to fuse into a mighty creative drive. All virtue resided in them; all evil in those who had bettered them. One good thing there was in this new doctrine of the class war, it inculcated a much needed brotherliness among the workers, but it was balanced by the organization of class hate. So the great propaganda of the class war, with these monstrous falsifications of manifest fact, went forth. Collectivization would not so much be organized as appear magically when the incubus of Capitalism and all those irritatingly well-to-do people, were lifted off the great Proletarian soul.

Marx was a man incapable in money affairs and much bothered by tradesmen's bills. Moreover he cherished absurd pretensions to aristocracy. The consequence was that he romanced about the lovely life of the Middle Ages like another Belloc, and concentrated his animus upon the "bourgeoisie", whom he made responsible for all those great disruptive forces in human society that we have considered. Lord Bacon, the Marquis of Worcester, Charles the Second and the Royal Society, people like Cavendish and Joule and Watt for example, all became "bourgeoisie" in his inflamed imagination. "During its reign of scarce a century" he wrote in the *Communist Manifesto*, "the bourgeoisie has created more powerful, more stupendous forces of production than all preceding generations rolled into one. . . . What earlier generations had the remotest inkling that such productive forces slumbered within the wombs of associated labour?"

"The wombs of associated labour!" (Gollys, what a phrase!) The industrial revolution which was a consequence of the

mechanical revolution is treated as the cause of it. Could facts be muddled more completely?

And again: ". . . the bourgeois system is no longer able to cope with the abundance of the wealth it creates. How does the bourgeoisie overcome these crises? On the one hand, by the compulsory annihilation of a quantity of the productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets and the more thorough exploitation of old ones. With what results? The results are that the way is paved for more widespread and more disastrous crises and that the capacity for averting such crises is lessened.

"The weapons" (Weapons! How that sedentary gentleman in his vast beard adored military images!) "with which the bourgeoisie overthrew feudalism are now being turned against the bourgeoisie itself.

"But the bourgeoisie has not only forged the weapons that will slay it; it has also engendered the men who will use these weapons—the modern workers, the proletarians."

And so here they are, hammer and sickle in hand, chest stuck out, proud, magnificent, commanding, in the *Manifesto*. But go and look for them yourself in the streets. Go and look at them in Russia.

Even for 1848 this is not intelligent social analysis. It is the outpouring of a man with a B in his bonnet, the hated Bourgeoisie, a man with a certain vision, uncritical of his own sub-conscious prejudices, but shrewd enough to realize how great a driving force is hate and the inferiority complex.

Stripped down to its core in this fashion, the primary falsity of the Marxist assumption is evident. But it is one of the queer common weaknesses of the human mind to be uncritical of primary assumptions and to smother up any enquiry into their soundness in secondary elaboration, in technicalities and conventional formulæ. Most of our systems of belief rest upon rotten foundations, and generally these foundations are made sacred to preserve them from attack. They become dogmas in a sort of holy of holies. It is shockingly uncivil to say "But that is nonsense". The defenders of all the dogmatic religions fly into rage and indignation when one touches on the absurdity

of their foundations. Especially if one laughs. That is blasphemy.

This avoidance of fundamental criticism is one of the greatest dangers to any general human understanding. Marxism is no exception to the universal tendency. The Capitalist System has to be a real system, the Bourgeoisie are organized conspiracy against the Workers, and every human conflict everywhere has to be an aspect of the Class War, or they cannot talk to you. They will not listen to you. Never once has there been an attempt to answer the plain things I have said about them. Anything not in their language flows off their minds like water off a duck's back. Even Lenin—by far the subtlest mind in the Communist story—had not escaped this pitfall, and when I talked to him in Moscow in 1920 he seemed quite unable to realize that the violent conflict going on in Ireland between the Catholic nationalists and the Protestant garrison was not his sacred insurrection of the Proletariat in full blast.

To-day there is quite a number of writers, and among them there are men of science who ought to think better, solemnly elaborating a pseudo-philosophy of science and society upon the deeply buried but entirely nonsensical foundations laid by Marx. Month by month the industrious Left Book Club pours a new volume over the minds of its devotees to sustain their mental habits and pickle them against the septic influence of unorthodox literature. A Party Index of Forbidden Books will no doubt follow. Distinguished professors with a solemn delight in their own remarkable ingenuity, lecture and discourse and even produce serious-looking volumes, upon the superiority of Marxist physics and Marxist research, to the unbranded activities of the human mind. One tries not to be rude to them, but it is hard to believe they are not deliberately playing the fool with their brains.

Or have they a feeling that revolutionary communism is ahead of us, and are they doing their best to rationalize it with an eye to those red days to come?

Here I cannot pursue in any detail the story of the Rise and Corruption of Marxism in Russia. It confirms in every particular my contention that the class war idea is an entanglement and perversion of the world drive towards a world collectivism, a

wasting disease of cosmopolitan socialism. It has followed in its general outline the common history of every revolt of the Have-nots since history began. Russia in the shadows displayed an immense inefficiency and sank slowly to Russia in the dark. Its galaxy of incompetent foremen, managers, organizers and so forth, developed the most complicated system of self-protection against criticism, they sabotaged one another, they intrigued against one another. You can read the quintessence of the thing in Littlepage's *In Search of Soviet Gold*. And like every other Have-not revolt since the dawn of history, hero worship took possession of the insurgent masses. The inevitable Champion appeared. They escape from the Czar and in twenty years they are worshipping Stalin, originally a fairly honest, unoriginal, ambitious revolutionary, driven to self-defensive cruelty and inflated by flattery to his present quasi-divine autocracy. The cycle completes itself and we see that like every other merely insurrectionary revolution, nothing has changed; a lot of people have been liquidated and a lot of other people have replaced them and Russia seems returning back to the point at which it started, to a patriotic absolutism of doubtful efficiency and vague, incalculable aims. Stalin, I believe, is honest and benevolent in intention, he believes in collectivism simply and plainly, he is still under the impression that he is making a good thing of Russia and of the countries within her sphere of influence, and he is self-righteously impatient of criticism or opposition. His successor may not have the same disinterestedness.

But I have written enough to make it clear why we have to dissociate collectivization altogether from the class war in our minds. Let us waste no more time on the spectacle of the Marxist putting the cart in front of the horse and tying himself up with the harness. We have to put all this proletarian distortion of the case out of our minds and start afresh upon the problem of how to realize the *new and unprecedented possibilities of world collectivization* that have opened out upon the world in the past hundred years. That is a new story. An entirely different story.

We are human beings facing gigantic forces that will either destroy our species altogether or lift it to an altogether un-

precedented level of power and well-being. These forces have to be controlled or we shall be annihilated. But competently controlled they can abolish toil, they can abolish poverty, they can abolish slavery—by the one sure means of making these things unnecessary. Class-war communism has had its opportunity to realize all this, and it has failed to make good. So far it has only replaced one autocratic Russia by another. Russia, like all the rest of the world, is still facing the problem of the competent government of a collective system. She has not solved it.

The dictatorship of the proletariat has failed us. We have to look for possibilities of control in other directions. Are they to be found?

(To be continued.)

STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

I.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

GERMANY'S lightning victory over Poland has given her little cause for self-congratulation. It may be that the gallant resistance to aggression offered by the Poles will have even more far reaching influences on the final issue than had even the Russian invasion of East Prussia in 1914, which ended so disastrously at Tannenberg. Then, the dispatch of Divisions from the Western front in response to a call from East Prussian Junkers for protection was one of Von Moltke's grosser errors which made the miracle of the Marne possible.

What price has Germany paid for her victory this time? Her direct losses in men and material have been considerable but, of course, not crippling—though they are probably higher than Hitler has announced. Much more important is the fact that, while the Polish campaign was in progress, France was allowed to complete her mobilization without interference and that the British Field Army, with its multitude of vehicles and its elaborate base Depot organization, has been landed in France without the loss of men or equipment. These are astonishing and totally unexpected events of a purely military character and we are left wondering to what the immunity of the Allied forces and their communications was due. Was it simply that so large a proportion of Germany's forces was needed to secure lightning results in Poland that it was thought that a weak effort in the West would be overwhelmed by the superior forces of the Allies and that it was better, therefore, to wait till the whole power of Germany could be concentrated for the struggle in the West?

Or was it because Hitler had convinced himself that Britain and France would again accept the *fait accompli* when Poland

was destroyed and that all he need do, therefore, was to protect his Western frontier from invasion and to avoid inflaming the temper of the allies until the *fait accompli* could be presented? Or, again, was it because he knew that no far reaching bombing attack could be carried out without involving civilians and that he feared reprisals? Probably all three considerations influenced him and led to the amazing result that in the first 6 weeks of the War not a bomb was dropped by either side on the Western front except those used in purely naval operations.

The political and moral losses Germany accepted in order to achieve her victory in Poland, and they, of course, have great Military significance, and may have an even greater effect on the final result of the War than the Military opportunities she sacrificed. Hitler's bargain with Russia has cost Germany direct access to Roumania, and has placed her absolutely in Stalin's power for the continuance of the supplies of food and raw material she needs for carrying on a long War now that she is cut off from overseas supplies. Stalin has interpreted the bargain in a sense which has enabled him to control the resources of the Baltic States, to say nothing of the pressure he can exercise on the Balkan States which depend on Black Sea ports.

So long as he uses his power to her benefit Germany may have gained something by the bargain, though economists doubt the ability of Russia to meet Germany's requirements. Russia and her subordinate countries certainly cannot meet them all. That the bargain has alienated neutrals formerly benevolent, or at least not hostile, must be taken into account as must also the loss of prestige Germany has suffered by the willing or unwilling concessions made to Russia. To all the world it must be obvious that the political strategy, which hitherto has served Hitler so well, has at last led him into difficulties, the magnitude of which is proved by the desperate efforts he has made to escape them. If Hitler himself is disturbed by the situation in which he finds himself, what must his General Staff think of the problem he has set them?

With winter coming on, a civil population already suffering great hardships, and at the best uncertain economic prospects ahead, an early victory over the Allies is almost essential. The

General Staff by this time can have little hope that Britain will be brought to her knees by submarine warfare or air attack on shipping. Either victory must be achieved by the German Army or by air attack on the morale of the Civil population. With the French Army fully mobilized, holding strongly fortified positions, and backed by a powerful and ever growing British contingent, how can an early and decisive defeat be afflicted on the Allies. And how can ruthless air warfare be waged without endangering the German civilian population, whose morale cannot be entirely relied upon?

A direct attack on the French defensive lines may be attempted, but the prospects of anything beyond a partial success, if experience of the last war is any guide, are remote. If France were exhausted after a long struggle possibly such an attack might succeed, but with her Army fresh, and with no shortage of men or material, the utmost that could be expected is that she might be driven back on to the main defence of the Maginot Line, and that only at great cost. If the German General Staff shrinks from such an enterprise will they attempt to turn the French main defences by violating neutral territory—possibly with the hope that the Allied Armies would be drawn out of their defences in their efforts to prevent the countries invaded falling into German hands. If it were earlier in the year, and weather conditions more favourable, the Germans might be tempted by their success in Poland to try the alternative by one route or another. Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg and Switzerland can none of them hope by its own efforts to repel invasion. Switzerland, however, without Italian co-operation, is an unpromising line of approach to France; and with every week that passes Holland and Belgium increasingly become unattractive countries in which to carry out mobile operations. Luxemburg has no defence or Army with which to oppose an invader, and at this time of year, perhaps, a limited turning movement through the Duchy, combined with a direct attack on part of the present front of contact, may be the most probable development: Luxemburg, however, contains many hilly and forest covered areas which would not offer opportunities for the use of German armoured formations. Moreover, when the French frontier was reached, a formidable position would be

encountered, as the Maginot Line, in less elaborate form, has now been extended along the Northern frontiers of France.

There can be little doubt that, if there were not an economic urge for a quick victory, the Germans would prefer to stand on the defensive, hoping that the Allies would be compelled to attack. With time on his side, and with constantly growing strength, there is little prospect of General Gamelin giving up his cautious and life sparing tactics. Nor, in its present temper, is public opinion, either in this country or France, likely to put pressure on to him to do something sensational.

So far operations on the Western front have been of an exploratory character but we have arrived at the beginning of the real war, so Hitler tells us. The main German army and air force have been transferred from East to West, although probably many formations are held back in reserve, so far behind the front that little indication has been given as to where they will be employed. How many troops have been left as an army of occupation to keep the hostile population of Germany's recently acquired territories in control we do not know. This number is probably large but as, presumably, they would not be first line troops that would not entail a serious diminution of Germany's striking force—unless, indeed, it was thought advisable to hold back some reliable first line troops to keep an eye on Soviet activities.

The maintenance of a large Army of occupation cannot but add to Germany's labour difficulties and, thus, by interfering with munition production, influence major operations. This is another item to be added to the list of troubles now confronting the German General Staff as a result of their victory in Poland.

II. THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

THE extent to which the ships of the fleet are vulnerable to attack from the air, and the effects of that vulnerability upon the operations of the fleet, are questions which naturally arise in every one's mind. The problem is a new one, to which no very positive answer can be made from experience, for the air operations of the wars in Spain and China were conducted on too small a scale, and under conditions of efficiency so different from those of the present war, that they afford no conclusive evidence of what may happen in this larger struggle.

The aircrafts' weapons are the bomb, the torpedo and the machine gun. To what extent are the ships of the Navy vulnerable to these weapons and in what conditions is it to be expected that the course of events will be affected by them?

The vulnerability of a ship depends upon several factors. Of these the first, and outstandingly the most important, is the efficiency of her anti-aircraft armament. No defence is so effective as that which either destroys the attacker or deters him from approaching close enough to his target to make accurate shooting. Both the bomb and the torpedo are slow moving missiles and they are discharged from a very rapid-moving platform; hence a very close approach is necessary to obtain a hit, though random shots may find a billet. The improvements which have been made in anti-aircraft artillery in recent years have developed them into very different weapons from those that used to be called "Archibalds"; and so far we have seen very little inclination to press home attacks in face of their fire. Possibly that may come later: but it would seem proper to expect that the practice which guns have now obtained from their encounters will proportionately improve their skill.

The second factor is the static defence provided by the armour of the decks and by the underwater construction of the ships in the form of what are known as "bulges" and subdivisions

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of the hull. No ship can be made invulnerable to injury but there is a wide gap between injury and destruction or disablement. While the great ships have the protection afforded by armour, the smallest—the destroyers—have the protection of their smallness, their speed and their powers of manœuvre. Air attack upon a fleet at sea, supposing it to consist of a body of the great ships with their attendant flotillas, would have therefore to pass through a zone of barrage fire of a very considerable intensity before it could reach a position close enough to make any except “browning” shots. Certainly thick weather may favour an approach and contribute to surprise, and luck may bring about a meeting unexpectedly as it has often done in war; in which conditions—conditions which, it is understood, obtained in the attack upon the German ships in Kiel—hits must be expected; but even then the artillery may also be expected to take a sharp toll of the attackers; and, as that attack showed, a ship hit is not a ship destroyed though she may be temporarily crippled to a larger and smaller degree. Ships are built to sustain injury and a single bomb is no more to be expected to be decisive than a single shell; and we have seen in past actions between ships how many hits a well constructed man-of-war can suffer without being put out of action.

What, however, is the position of ships in harbour? At sea they have the advantage of being in movement. In harbour they are motionless and, in some harbours, they may be moored very close to each other. If a fleet is to perform its duties it must occupy a position from which it can move to intercept any movement made by the enemy. The range of modern aircraft is such that the bases from which the fleets and squadrons of the Navy must operate are within the range of aircraft. Does this mean that it is impossible for ships to use those bases, that they must withdraw to more distant positions? I do not think this would be a proper conclusion. Defence against aircraft in harbour consists in a combination of warning of approach, of obstructions in the air which force the attacking craft to fly at a considerable height, and batteries of guns both on shore and on board; and to these is to be added the counter attack of local aircraft in many circumstances. No one could say that these measures furnish immunity or prevent aircraft from penetrating

to positions from which they could discharge their bombs, as the gun batteries, booms, breakwaters, nets and mines prevent the surface torpedo craft and the submarine from pushing into an anchorage. But it may be with confidence assumed that the combination of obstructions and artillery will force attacking craft to fly at a height which will render accurate aim impossible though injuries may be suffered from the random shots or indeed from some bold spirits who are prepared to take extreme risks. But here let us bear in mind that the dangers of the sea off Brest or Rochefort did not deter the British fleets from maintaining their position off those ports, exposed though they constantly were to the dangers of shipwreck, to the straining of their hulls and the loss of their spars. The old seaman faced these dangers and became expert in so doing. So to-day we can no longer look upon the spells in harbour as spells of complete rest but, like our predecessors, accept the fact that like them we have to be perpetually *en vedette*. And in the same way as it was then necessary that there should be a margin to allow for repairs and refits, so to-day a margin is necessary. With the great repairing establishments, themselves effectively protected, we shall not be guilty of undue optimism in expecting that the strength can be maintained.

Events move quickly in war, and often unexpectedly. Methods of attack which when first attempted fail are improved and result in success; for there is no such word as “impossible” in war. While therefore we cannot draw any final conclusions from such attacks as have taken place from the air up to the time of writing (mid-October), we can nevertheless look with some reasoned satisfaction on the prospect, and the results of the efficiency of modern anti-aircraft artillery in ship-defence. Our own aircraft which attacked the German ships in Kiel met with a very warm reception in spite of the weather conditions of their approach, and in both the engagements which have taken place between squadrons of enemy aircraft in the North Sea the attacking craft, though working in respectable numbers, caused no injury and themselves appear to have suffered some losses.

The battleship, owing to her armour, and the destroyer owing to her size, have each a form of passive defence. The cruiser,

less armoured than the former and larger than the latter, lies between the two in vulnerability. She will depend therefore more upon her armament; but as that is the prime factor in security she is not to be considered much lower in the scale than them. Finally, the submarine. Judging from the experience of these first weeks of war she appears to be the most vulnerable of all types. Thus the Secretary of State for Air has told us that during the first four weeks of war submarines were sighted on 72 occasions and attacked on 34, with "undoubtedly successful" results in some of the attacks. "We have confirmed", he said, "from prisoners' statements that the mere presence of an aircraft is sufficient to make a submarine submerge and remain submerged, and that the presence of an air escort often prevents a submarine from attacking a convoy." This is a satisfactory situation. The submarine occupies a more important place in enemy strategy than in our own, for it is no purpose of ours to sink enemy merchant ships: we control shipping by our surface ships, and it is the submarine which, in Captain Castex's so much discussed pronouncement of a few years ago, acts as a martingale to the freedom of movement of naval squadrons. So, while the aircraft are an undoubted hindrance and a new danger to fighting ships, the type which they, so far as we can see, hinder most is that which is the greatest nuisance to ourselves and our Allies.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE curious condition of partially suspended animation in the air is still obtaining on the Rhineland front and signs are not as yet apparent of a coming change. Nor is there any indication of a forthcoming offensive in the air similar to that which harried the inhabitants of Poland throughout the length and breadth of that unhappy country. What activity there is still belongs to a preliminary and preparatory stage of flight. There have been some bold reconnaissances by air and, by now, what we and our allies do not know about the dispositions of the Siegfried Line must be hardly worth the knowing. Among these, four especially stand out in couples as notable, respectively, for failure and success. In the former case our aircraft, apparently unescorted, flew at height and in each of these flights they were attacked in outnumbering force by Messerschmidts, which sprang on them from above and inflicted heavy loss. In the latter instance our aircraft were flying low, with the result that they were unmolested and flew back with complete reports.

One wonders, rather, at the fact that the high-fliers went out unattended on so short a flight, for the inference is obvious that they were engaged in reconnoitring the rearward approaches to the Siegfried system. Otherwise there would appear to be little purpose in the dangerous expedition. In the case of long, back area reconnaissances it is understandable that aircraft must take their chances with the enemy unsupported. The fuel capacity of fighters does not permit them to stay up long or fly too far afield. But on a short reconnaissance over a lap of country which contains such closely guarded secrets as the Siegfried Line, and which the enemy is therefore particularly concerned to patrol with vigilance, it seems to be asking for trouble if the reconnoitring machines are left entirely to their own device. In the last war our aircraft employed on such missions were supposed to be indirectly protected by a constant

patrol of fighters which flew high up and well over the line. It was a rashly expensive system and brought us heavy loss, for a damaged aircraft meant descent in enemy territory, whereas, nearer home, the pilot might have struggled back. In the aggregate our air losses exceeded those of the enemy in the proportion of four to one, and would have occasioned a deterioration of our pilot personnel had the war gone on. Heaven forbid we should adopt such tactics now, for there is a mean between perpetual patrol and lack of all protection in the provision of an escort system for reconnoitring aircraft of which their missions do not take them far away. Our casualties on these two occasions explode the idea that a bomber flight in close formation is impervious to attack by fighters, though it is well to note that the enemy did not go off scot free. The account of these affairs, as issued to the Press and B.B.C., relates that the enemy broke off the engagement as soon as he had had enough. It is much more likely that all his ammunition was expended, for the aero-machine gun rate of fire is so rapid, and the mountings themselves so many, that it is impossible to sustain long combat in the air to-day.

An interesting point appears in the statement of one of the pilots who flew successfully at hedge-hopping height while reconnoitring the Siegfried system. It may be remembered that the only opposition encountered was from a solitary machine gun on the ground, and that the enemy below waved fraternal greetings as the flight passed low overhead, in the mistaken belief that the aircraft were their own. In his statement this pilot said that at one time he detected Heinkels up above and so flew low in order to foil the possibility of an attack. The lower one flies, with modern aircraft, the safer one remains from air attack. At the excessive speed of flight to-day it is impossible for an attacker to manoeuvre for approach if his would-be victim is flying low. He cannot come up from under to take advantage of a blind spot, and fall away again to repeat the process. Neither can he make a diving onset from above, for miscalculation by a split second would cause a collision with the ground. Low flying, quite low down, is also safer from the point of view of anti-aircraft ground attack, excepting, perhaps, from machine guns on a pivot mounting. In the case of bigger armament the

sights cannot be aligned on a target that is whisking by at a speed of about a fifth the rate of sound, while the gunner is powerless to follow such a fleeting object flying by just overhead. By day, and in the dusks of twilight and of dawn, this war may see the development of low flying into a recognized system as providing large immunity from ground and air attack.

The enemy's efforts to bomb our ships-of-war have so far been unavailing, and even in the case of solitary destroyers, ill-armed against air attack, they have had no measure of success. It is early for a positive pronouncement on the subject, but Nazi air tactics over water have not been notable for enterprise, and the offensive spirit so far shown has suffered check through loss. No air attacks on convoys have been recorded, and no advantage has been taken of the opportunity to bomb neutral shipping lying in the roadsteads for inspection as to contraband. We hear of the fairly frequent appearance of enemy reconnaissance aircraft over the North Sea, but they have found no prey to speak of and, when encountered by our own reconnoitring machines, they have so far been worsted in the combat.

Meanwhile there has been an entire absence of raiding in the large sense of the word. It seems, in this respect, that an unpremeditated truce still reigns, both combatants being reluctant to release the mischief that would ensue. This was clearly shown in Hitler's Reichstag speech when he described the reciprocal results, on either border of the Rhine, of long artillery duels and bombing attacks if his peace efforts were brought to nothing. If it is true, as one hears, that the German population as a whole go unprovided with gas masks, and must purchase, if they are desired, at the people's own expense, it is easily understandable that he himself is anxious to postpone the evil day which will unmask him as a boaster when he claims his native air to be inviolable from air attack, and Goering's Air Force to be irresistible. To manufacture 80 million gas masks is a tall order for a country which is short of rubber for the face-piece, and the manufacturing energy of which is wholly absorbed in other, and more important, war activities. It is a well-known fact, moreover, that the compound material 'Buna', which is the Nazi substitute for rubber, cannot be used in the manufacture of masks. It would not be surprising if gas were

altogether eschewed as a weapon from the air, and the same, in less degree, might be applied to full scale city bombing, the boomerang effect of which is liable to hit the enemy hardest.

At present both sides would appear to be economizing on their air power, which is no more than the soundest commonsense. To undergo air losses for an insufficient reason would be courting danger, for the lesson of Poland has taught us once for all what happens when a country is deprived of air power. It spells defeat. Next in importance to a due economy is a continuing ability to replace wastage in material and personnel, as also to provide a reserve for necessary expansion. It is all the more enheartening, therefore, that we are to make such full use of our Empire resources in both, building up an accessory air power in the Dominions, in Canada especially, which before long will provide for all contingencies and safeguard the situation. It is a bold and well-considered scheme and repeats on more massive scale the part played by Canada in the last war in ensuring the flow of trained personnel to fill the gaps among the pilot ranks. On that occasion our training organization out there provided more than 200 fully trained pilots monthly during the last year of the war, and brought a huge relief to those who until then, had been faced with the prospect of increasing difficulty in the production of this vital reinforcement. The present scheme is more embracing still, including as it does the advanced training in every branch of flight of elementary graduates from Australia, New Zealand and, even, home. Parallel with it runs a companion scheme for material production of aircraft and accessories, so that the training can be carried out on Dominion manufactured aircraft and the organization, as a whole, can be self-supporting. With such foresight and Imperial co-operation our air power cannot fail.

STALIN'S NEW POLICY

BY WILLIAM J. OUDENDYK, K.C.M.G.

DJUGASHVILI and Bronstein fell out over the true meaning of dead Ulianov's utterances. It led to a great feud which definitely divided the leaders of the Communist Party in Soviet Russia. Stalin won and Trotsky lost; Lenin was no more.

Stalin proclaimed as his policy that, above all, Soviet Russia had to be made into a militarily and industrially powerful country, and that socialism had first to be firmly established in one single country alone. He did not care whether his work was in strict agreement with Lenin's sayings. After all Lenin himself had not been able to make his Utopian theories work in practice. But let there be no doubts about Stalin's ultimate aims. He rejected Trotsky's ways of spreading Bolshevism over the world but he himself did not renounce that ideal. Far from it. In 1932, on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, he laid stress on his mission to lead the revolutionary elements in foreign countries to the final and complete overthrow of the existing forms of government. "Be not impatient," he said, "and do not chafe at delays; universal war has now become inevitable and is not far distant."

So he struck out along his own lines and in his first Five-year Plan he pursued industrialization and peasant "collectivization", ruthlessly causing the country to endure hardships and privations. He did not hesitate to introduce measures utterly in contradiction with the elementary tenets of socialism.

Far from preparing the State to wither away, as Marx had asserted it should, Stalin developed it to its greatest power and efficacy. It became like a capitalists' board of company directors and the workers were deprived of their right to strike. Far from striving towards the development of a classless society in which "each would receive according to his needs", he

allowed the growing up of new social classes of officials, intellectuals, artists, etc., standing apart from the workers, and the old system was reintroduced of "giving to each according to his work".

It must be admitted that through this partial reversion to "capitalistic" methods, and assisted by immense credits which only "capitalistic" countries were able to furnish, he did succeed in building up an enormous industry and an enormous army and air force and thus accomplished to a very large extent what he had set out to do.

But the pace had been fast and the Russian workman cannot be changed overnight into a conscientious skilled labourer. Even the "Stakhanovists" who boasted so much about the amount of work they performed did not do more than the ordinary workmen in the West do as a matter of course. Much of what was created was shoddy and very bad, and discontent was heard in many quarters. This was awkward. Scapegoats had to be found. So it was discovered that every branch of industry and of the Administration was swarming with "enemies of the people", "wreckers" and "Trotskyists" among whom a veritable reign of terror was instituted which reached its height in 1937. The strange trials where every accused confessed his guilt according to the prosecutor's wishes are still in everybody's memory.

Stalin felt that he and he alone must remain in command, and together with the scapegoats for the failures in his endeavours he "liquidated" every one of the "Old Guard Bolsheviks" as well as the military leaders whom he believed or suspected to be an opponent or a potential rival. In his speech on the 3rd March, 1937, he mentioned Germany and Japan as the countries working hand in hand with the "Trotskyist wreckers".

It seemed to fit in with Stalin's new policy to grant the peoples of the U.S.S.R. a new and liberal constitution and even a parliament. His promise in 1935 was hailed by all the Soviets' sympathizers throughout the world as another sign of Russia's desire to tread the path of true democracy. Others, however, who studied the situation closely, saw that Stalin here also had followed his usual tactics of making those ideas his own which he saw being entertained by a majority at the council table. He

felt that a Parliament might curtail his powers, but he cleverly took the lead and became president of the preparatory commission. The "Supreme Council" as this new parliamentary institution was to be called, came into being in 1937. The whole of the election work, however, had been entirely and strictly official, no chance was given to "class-aliens", and when this "Parliament" met with Stalin as its president, it proved in reality to be nothing more than a Hall of Praise and Assent like the Reichstag in Berlin. It did not in any way diminish Stalin's position as the centre of all power. But a queer sequence was that most of the members of the preparatory commission soon were numbered amongst those who were buried with a bullet in the back of their heads.

As a practical politician, Stalin realized that the exhaustion after the completion of his Five-year Plan might lead to general discontent. Creating a heavy industry and a powerful army would be of little use if the people were feeling that there was little in the country worth defending. Abandoning internationalism was seen to be insufficient, and the notion of a Russian fatherland had to be revived. The well-worn war bogey came in handy for this purpose and Stalin never omitted in his speeches to refer to foreign countries as enemies ready to attack Russia out of sheer jealousy. At the same time many old "bourgeois" rights were re-established as that of ownership, inheritance, and sale of agricultural produce to enhance the general feeling of well-being.

As exports to the "capitalistic" countries remained of the same importance as the obtaining of huge credits in order to be able to reconstitute everything that had been ruthlessly smashed in the early exhilaration of the Revolution and to realize the grandiose schemes of the next Five-year Plan, a certain stability in world affairs was necessarily considered a prerequisite. Thus we come to Stalin's New Policy in Soviet Russia's foreign relations, a question which naturally interests the outside world much more than the evolution which he brought about in the internal conditions of his country.

Here he, again, boldly struck out an entirely new line which not only his friends but also many liberals abroad greeted and applauded as the surest sign of a sincere change of heart. It

was a comforting thought to many that the Comintern was losing its dangerous aspect, that the scheme of world revolution had been relegated to the rear and that henceforth the great Soviet Republic intended to work in harmony with the democracies.

It must not be lost sight of, however, that the Comintern, although its history contains ups as well as downs, could boast of few if any lasting successes, and that on the whole it must have caused the men in Moscow not a few bitter disappointments that Marx's social revolution persisted in staying away.

Stalin's scheme was more subtle and far-seeing. It was much less provocative than the Comintern's activities. The word revolution was to be never or seldom heard. Peace and collaboration were the new watchwords. They dated from 1933-34 and combined Stalin's socialist philosophy with Russia's national exigences.

Japan had left the League of Nations in a truculent mood. She was a potential enemy in the Far East who felt herself threatened by the "dangerous thoughts" so sedulously being instilled by Soviet Russia all over Eastern Asia and in China and Mongolia in particular. Germany had followed suit and had quitted Geneva after Hitler had unequivocally pointed in *Mein Kampf* to the Ukraine and Russia as the most desirable direction of German expansion. Moreover, he had made the fight against Bolshevism one of the main tasks of the German nation. Having these two countries bordering in the East and at close quarters in the West, things might at any moment become distinctly unpleasant for Moscow.

Stalin, no doubt influenced in this instance by Litvinov, then discovered that this "League of Collective Impotence", as the Bolsheviks had always irreverently dubbed the very consequential institution on the banks of Lake Lemman, might with advantage be turned into an exceedingly useful instrument for the protection of the U.S.S.R. through "collective security". Besides, it fitted in with his bid for respectability for Soviet Russia among the nations. It was indeed nothing less than a master-stroke; it strengthened countless people in the illusion of the support of the U.S.S.R. for the peace of Europe, and it hid the fact from them that that country was seeking above all

to keep itself ready for the final and decisive struggle for the triumph of Bolshevism.

Litvinov played his part in Geneva with consummate skill. He had already shown his mettle during the Disarmament Conference when, without moving a muscle of his face, he urged universal and complete disarmament, which elicited from M. Madariaga the remark that the Russian bear would then be better able to hug the other animals to its breast.

The Bolshevik members on the League Council were always to be found on the side which stood for maintaining the existing state of things in Europe, which, as was clear to many, held within it only too numerous causes for conflict and war. This evidently suited them to perfection.

Joining the League of Nations, however, was only one item on the programme of the New Policy. There were other even more important items. Henceforth Bolshevik penetration in foreign countries had to be worked by collaboration between the communists and other political parties. The former had to pose as patriots instead of internationalists. Also adhesion of the Soviet trade unions to the International Federation of Trade Unions had to be achieved at all costs. The communist parties in the various countries were ordered by Moscow no longer to obstruct the military preparations of their respective governments by voting against the budget. Finally, they were forbidden to form a parliamentary group apart, but to seek alliances with socialist and radical parties, whom they were to persuade to accept their collaboration along constitutional lines. This was called the creation of a United or Popular Front. It was an ingenious device, thought out by Dimitrov, the talented secretary-general of the Comintern, for unobtrusively undermining the enemy bastions which had so obstinately withstood the Bolshevik frontal attacks. Political liberty, still existing in democratic countries, made the execution of this plan possible. One can imagine what would happen in Soviet Russia herself if some such scheme were, *mutatis mutandis*, proposed there. The real object of the communist parties abroad was in the meantime never lost sight of, and Stalin himself was very instructive on this point when he said at the Congress of March, 1939: "The principles of the sister-parties must consist in facilitating

the outbreak of a general war. . . . Revolutionary action on a large scale will only be possible if we succeed in exploiting the antagonism between the capitalistic states to precipitate them into an armed conflict."

A little example of what was implied was furnished in France after the September crisis of 1938 when the spectre of war stood grinning on the threshold. A sigh of relief was heaved all over Europe when that evil spirit was exorcized by Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier. Not so, however, in Soviet Russia, where disappointment over the safeguarding of peace was openly voiced. The communist Maire of the little French town of Vallauris resigned from the Party utterly disgusted by the action of the headquarters which, believing war to be inevitable had secretly asked all the members for the most detailed denunciations of their relatives and friends for the coming "terreur". These revelations were not relished by the Party, but they were an eye-opener for many who had believed Stalin's Russia to be without danger. In fact Russia had become so harmless that it was quite fashionable to pooh-pooh any idea that there was still subversive propaganda to be apprehended. Did not Comrade Maisky attend conferences on Collective Security, did he not give soothing lectures all over the country and go to dinner parties and social gatherings? It was deemed to show deeper political insight by asserting that Soviet Russia had changed her heart as well as her complexion.

Yet nothing had happened to demonstrate any change in the set purpose of the Russian Communist Party, of the Soviet Government or of the Comintern's organization to create disorder abroad. "Led by the great Stalin, and ed by Marshal Voroshilov, we the young people of the U.S.S.R. have the most important historic task—to decide who shall destroy whom in the whole world," cried Kosarev in the presence of Stalin, Voroshilov and Molotov at a Young Peasants' Conference in Moscow in January, 1936. The recent events in Poland are there to show that he boasted not in vain.

During this period of Soviet Russia's respectability and of her labours for peace there has not been a corner in the world where fighting has been going on where the Bolsheviks from Moscow have not had a hand in it. In China the generals first fought

among themselves with the aid of the Soviet Embassy in Peking, as the papers showed which were seized in the raid on the Russian barracks there in 1927. Only British tact and patience prevented hostilities breaking out between the British and the Chinese, instigated by Soviet Russia in the same year.

Under Moscow's guidance the youth of China never ceased clamouring for war with Japan. They and every Bolshevik never tired of denouncing General Chiang Kai-shek's policy as that of a traitor for whom no name was bad enough. In the end they succeeded through the well-known incident in Sian of December, 1936, to induce the men in Nanking to stiffen their attitude towards Japan, which led directly to that country's provocative action near Lu Kou Ch'iao in July, 1937. Moscow's goal was then reached and war has been raging ever since. It must be gratifying for Moscow to watch Japan exhausting her national resources in a war waged not against Soviet Russia.

Spain was already looked upon by Lenin as the most promising field for Bolshevik action from where his blessings could most conveniently be showered upon France and the rest of Western Europe. Under Stalin's New Policy it was there that the programme of the creation of a Popular Front, of strikes and disorders, civil war and the establishment of a Soviet government seemed to insure complete success. Large numbers of revolutionary experts were dispatched from Moscow; Rosenberg went as Ambassador to Madrid; Antonov-Ovseenko as Consul General to Barcelona. Everything appeared to be going according to plan. Unfortunately for Stalin the civil war went wrong. Meanwhile poor Spain had become the battlefield where Soviet Russia, Italy and Germany fought out their ideological differences.

Next to his action in Spain came that in France. A two-years' rule of the Popular Front played fast and loose with the country's economic position as well as with its finances. But the country saw through the scheme after the war scare of September, 1938, and far from falling asunder in internecine strife the whole nation was roused in the hour of danger by a wave of patriotism and rallied around democracy's high ideals.

It being so evident that Stalin's peace policy was absolutely insincere and nothing else than a masked gesture for leading the

world into war, it seems almost incredible that responsible statesmen of Great Britain and France could have entertained the slightest hope of inducing that great Bolshevik leader to join a Peace Front. Nothing could be further from that man's mind. His own utterances as well as those of his collaborators and the expositions of Soviet Russia's policy were there to prove this.

In my book *Ways and By-ways in Diplomacy*, published last August, I wrote in the Epilogue dated the 15th May, a warning against any optimism about the negotiations then going on in Moscow. I quoted Mecklis, chief of the political department of the Red Army, who on the 5th April declared once more that the invincible Soviet ship would be steered by her great captain Stalin to final combat with capitalism and to the triumph of communism in the whole universe. This was a grave warning considering the moment it was given. In connection with it I could not help cautioning against a repetition of the betrayal at Brest-Litovsk in March, 1918. Yet the British and French went on trying to win over the Soviet Government to some arrangement in the interest of peace. Did they rely on Stalin's noble statement of March, 1939, that he and his Government stood for the support of nations which are victims of aggression and are fighting for the independence of their country?

* * * * *

The Poles were victims of wanton aggression and were fighting desperately for the independence of their country. Stalin's army marched in on the 17th September and annexed two thirds of it.

On the 25th September the Polish officers who defended themselves in Vilna and Polish landowners were put against the wall and shot.

That was Stalin's Old Policy.

GERMANY AND THE ECONOMIC BLOCKADE

By C. W. GUILLEBAUD

IN assessing the economic strength of Germany in relation to the blockade, it is well to recall the previous occasion on which this country found herself at war in Europe. In the last war Italy was a neutral, until September, 1915, and the United States till April, 1917. The greater part of the Poland which, under the new Russo-German agreement, is to be incorporated in Germany, lay either in the old Reich or in Austria. Austria-Hungary included, apart from Polish Galicia, the new Austria and Czechoslovakia, which are both within the orbit of the Greater Germany of to-day. On the other hand, the South Tirol is now Italian, Hungary is a neutral, and so are the considerable territories belonging to the old Austro-Hungarian Empire which now form part of Yugoslavia and Rumania. Of former belligerents, Belgium, Turkey and Bulgaria are still neutral, while Russia is linked up with Germany, though her precise relationship is, and may very possibly remain, ambiguous. It is this last difference, which on the face of it, affords the greatest contrast with the situation in 1914. Finally, Alsace and Lorraine, which then belonged to Germany, now form part of France.

It is not sufficient, however, to take the situation as it was in August, 1914, for within a few weeks it had changed profoundly to the detriment of the Entente Powers. Belgium was rapidly overrun, and the richest engineering, coal and textile producing areas of Northern France had fallen into the hands of Germany. In the East the most important industrial districts of Russian Poland had been, or were in process of being, acquired by Germany.

Over and above the general economic dislocation caused by these events, and the additional strain thrown upon Great Britain and the Empire, there was a disastrous weakening of

the vital resources of the Allies, due to the losses they had incurred in coal, iron and steel.

Before August, 1914, the annual coal producing capacity of the Allies (France, Great Britain and Belgium) was 425 million tons against 365 million tons in the case of the Central Powers. By the end of September, 1914, the invasion of France, Belgium and Russian Poland had almost exactly reversed the position. The coal capacity of the Allies at the pre-war rate of output was only 370 million tons as compared with 430 million tons in the hands of the Central Empires. In the case of iron and steel the Allies' annual iron capacity before the war was 22½ million tons and that of the Central Powers 21½ million tons. Here the tables were turned even more effectively, for within two months the iron capacity (again on a pre-war basis) of the Allies had fallen to 16 million tons and that of the Central Powers had risen to 27½ million tons. It was only the power, which the command of the sea and the great financial strength of the Allies gave them to draw on the resources of the rest of the world, above all the United States and also Canada, that in all probability, saved them from military defeat.

If we turn now to the present war, we find so far as coal is concerned that England and France on the one side, and Germany on the other side, are amply supplied with coal for all their requirements, though France is likely to have difficulties with providing coke for her Lorraine ores. The principal limiting factor in all these countries is labour.

In the case of iron and steel the output of steel in 1937 in the German Reich (1937 boundaries) was approximately 20 million tons, as compared with just over 21 million tons for England and France. If the whole of the steel output of the then Poland together with Austria and Czechoslovakia be added to the German total for 1937, her output figure would rise to just over 24 million tons.

But this presents the situation in much too favourable a light for Germany. For the ultimate basis of steel is iron ore (apart from scrap), and here Germany is very deficient. Whereas in 1914 she produced much of her ore within her own territory (she then held the Lorraine ore fields), in 1937 she produced only 27½ per cent. (in 1938 about 33 per cent.) of her total

consumption of ore, so that she had to import over 70 per cent. Moreover, her most recent acquisitions have not helped her in this respect, both Czechoslovakia and Poland being importers of iron ore on balance. Although she has been working feverishly to expand the output of her domestic ores and has constructed the vast Hermann Göring Works at Salzgitter, the ores are of very low grade and are not the equivalent of the ores she had been importing from France and other countries. At the same time the seriousness of the dependence upon foreign supplies is lessened by the fact that so long as she controls the Baltic she can draw large quantities from Sweden—always provided that she can pay for them. But even the whole of the export of iron ore from Sweden to all destinations in 1937 did not amount to more than 50 per cent. of Germany's total consumption in that year.

If iron and steel and coal were, as has been stated, the fundamental bases of the last as they are of the present war, another product—oil—must be added to-day, owing to the vital importance of the air arm in modern warfare. Now in 1937 Germany imported approximately 4,300,000 tons of mineral oil. Of this total, 3,100,000 tons came from the American Continent and only 300,000 tons from Russia and 520,000 tons from Rumania. When it is remembered that a mechanized army, with an air force on a war basis, is likely to require much greater amounts of petrol and other oils, especially lubricating oil, than correspond to normal consumption in time of peace, it can be seen what a formidable problem confronts Germany in the organization of her oil supplies.* No doubt she can, in theory, greatly expand her imports of oil from Rumania, but this raises very serious questions of finance and transport which will be considered later.

Turning next to food, it is clear that the Germans have profited by the experience of the last war when they failed to ration consumers at the outset, and later fixed rations which had to be progressively reduced as the war continued, and

*In 1937 Germany produced from her own wells only 11 per cent. of her total domestic consumption of crude oils. But taken by itself this figure, which has been often quoted, exaggerates the degree of her dependence on foreign supplies. Thus the figures for 1938 show that, while her output of crude natural oil did not exceed 553,000 tons, her output of synthetic fuels (chiefly from lignite) was 1,700,000 tons; in the same year she imported approximately 5,000,000 tons in all of mineral oils.

which, partly owing to faulty distribution and control, were by no means always maintained. Now they have begun by announcing rations, which—though meagre—can probably be maintained (with the important exception of fats) for a long time to come. There will no doubt be local and temporary shortages due to transport difficulties, such as have already been reported from Berlin, but it would be easy to exaggerate their importance when considering the country as a whole.

Germany has very large stocks of food accumulated from her recent good harvests, above all the bumper cereal harvest of 1938; she can probably continue to draw appreciable supplies from South Eastern Europe and possibly Denmark, and there seems little prospect of the German people being “starved into submission”. The women and children and the weakly (is it unpatriotic to welcome the fact?) will not die of famine as so many of them did in the “fodder-beet winter” of 1916-1917. But the official ration of meat, fats and sugar is very small and the long-run effects of what doctors call “a low diet” are calculated to weaken the morale of the home front and to diminish the efficiency of a working population already tired and overstrained by the long hours and exhausting toil of the last twelve months of intense war preparations.

The value of the Russian alliance in the economic field is highly problematical, for it may be pointed out firstly that the Russia of to-day produces many of the things which Germany can export and that the kind of goods which Germany exported to South America and other countries are not likely to be what Russia will require; secondly, that Russia is likely to want many products which Germany will need for her own war efforts; thirdly, that Russia is far away, the communications in Poland must have been badly damaged by the war, and were at no time based on a large east-west traffic. Even if Russia is willing to supply raw materials on credit it will be very difficult, it may well prove impossible, to transport them in large quantities to Germany. Moreover, in recent years Russia has not appeared in the world markets as an exporter of large quantities of food or raw materials and there is no reason to suppose that she either could or would transport supplies,

sufficient to make a big difference to Germany, to the north-western frontiers of her vast country.

Viewing Germany's foreign trade problem as a whole it would seem to turn on two main factors, transport and finance. She is cut off by the British Navy from all her overseas sources of direct supply other than from the Baltic countries, and she must re-orientate her supplies to travel over-land instead of the very much cheaper and easier method of sea-borne trade. In 1937 not more than one fifth of her total imports (measured in value) came to her from the countries to the east and south of her boundaries, while of the remainder by far the greater part was carried in ships before reaching a railhead on the European Continent. Most of this will be cut off by the blockade and what does get through will have to proceed by devious and round-about routes. It can readily be appreciated that, surrounded as she is by countries, whose means of communication in most cases is by no means highly developed, the mere change-over of the former lines of trade must raise transport problems of a formidable magnitude.

Even inside her own country she has great difficulties to face. Hamburg and Kiel and similar places on the north-west coast of Germany have always imported their coal from England; now that must all go by rail, and the German railways are known to have deteriorated considerably in recent years. During a few weeks in the winter of 1938-39, when hard frosts immobilized the inland waterways, and the whole burden had to be transferred to the railways, the latter proved incapable of taking the strain, and though some necessary repairs have since been effected to rolling stock and permanent way, too little time has elapsed and too much iron and steel have been needed for armaments and fortifications and public buildings, for the railways to have been restored to a high level of efficiency. Transport then, both within and outside Germany, is one of the weak spots in the German armour.

Another weak spot is the finance of her foreign trade. Unlike 1914, Germany has neither gold reserves nor appreciable holdings of foreign securities with which to pay for her imports. She must either export goods or obtain what she requires by means of credits. During the last year or two Germany has developed

her trade with South-Eastern Europe to a high degree. In 1938 the former German Reich, Austria and Czechoslovakia together did approximately 50 per cent. of the total export and import trade of Yugoslavia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece, combined. It does not seem probable that there is much room for further expansion here and there might well be a contraction. Thus the fact that many raw materials previously imported from overseas countries (*e.g.*, textile raw materials) are no longer available, will hit Germany's exporting industries which will not be able to supply what these countries need. At the same time the intensification of the demands of war upon man-power, materials and productive capacity in general must react adversely on Germany's ability to keep her exporting industries going on their pre-war scale. It may be objected that all the exporting capacity which previously went to buy overseas goods can now be concentrated on the neutral countries which border on Germany's frontiers. But here again it must be observed that Balkan peasants and British and American consumers do not want the same kind of goods. Of course, pressure of all kinds can be employed, but it was already being used before the outbreak of the war and to intensify it further *effectively* may not prove to be easy.

There remains the possibility of obtaining goods on credit. A victorious Germany might be both able and willing to honour her obligations, though the record of all belligerents in the last war can scarcely be regarded as encouraging in this respect. A vanquished Germany certainly could not pay. It can reasonably be presumed, therefore, that neutral countries, and Russia also, will not be over anxious to sell goods to Germany against nothing better than a promise to pay at some future date with industrial products—and the longer the war continues the more reluctant are they likely to become.

If we compare Germany with Great Britain and France there is one important difference. In the allied countries there was a considerable volume of unemployment before the war broke out and many industries were by no means working to capacity. There is, therefore, a great deal of slack in the economic system that can be taken up, and large reserves of productive resources that are available. The standard of living in both countries has

been relatively high in the immediate past, and that means that there are many superfluous things which have been produced and consumed, which can be dispensed with in war time without trenching upon the vital necessities of life. In Germany on the other hand, industry has been working to full capacity ever since the summer of 1938. Hours of work have steadily been increased, the dregs of the labour market have been drawn into employment, and the standard of living, as measured particularly by the quality of food and other consumption goods, has been falling. At the same time overwork and the dragooning of the population has produced symptoms of strain and tension which were commented on in the German Press already in the Spring of this year. Productivity per head in certain industries, *e.g.*, coal mining was showing signs of falling, the accident rate was rising alarmingly, quality was deteriorating. For several years now the German people has been kept working and living at high pressure and from the point of view of morale and endurance they may be said to have entered this war in much the same condition as they were in 1917 after they had been fighting a major war for three years.

But apart from the factor of morale, the economic difficulties of Germany are much intensified by the high pressure at which the whole system was working before the war. The withdrawal of millions of men from industry and agriculture and their absorption in the fighting services must involve more disturbance and dislocation than if the last ounce of effort had not already been mobilized. No doubt the accumulation of war materials that has been going on in recent years is very great, but modern war is an insatiable monster and must be continually fed by current output. Substitutes can be used for many of the things which Germany can no longer import, but they are firstly less efficient and secondly require much larger quantities of labour and productive resources for their manufacture.

This article has been mainly concerned with drawing attention to the chinks in the German armour and to the problems and difficulties with which she is faced. But there can be no graver error in a conflict than to under-estimate the strength of one's antagonist. Germany has devoted many years to making preparations against the eventuality of war and she is a very

powerful industrial country with great resources, at least for a short war. Nor are *all* the time factors against her even in a long war. She has conquered Poland and can use the labour of hundreds of thousands of Polish prisoners in her fields and mines. The re-organization of lines of transport is certainly a difficult problem and takes time, but it must be remembered that the Germans are great organizers, while their authoritarian system has the advantages of rapidity of decision and ruthlessness of method.

To show where the shoe pinches is not necessarily to prove that its wearer cannot walk, and it must be borne in mind that a German economist making a similar review of the economic situation of Britain and France, from the point of view of their capacity to stand a long war, would have no difficulty in picking out many problems with which we are confronted whose solution is likely to be far from easy. It would be unsafe to assume that the economic blockade by itself must speedily and inevitably reduce Germany to submission. The course of military events, the mastery of the air, the cohesion of the Government and of the Army, the willingness of the German people to endure sacrifices and still support their Government, these are ultimately the deciding factors. The economic factor is not so much a separate independent element as one which is a potent force influencing all the others; for military success depends largely upon material equipment; the mastery of the air is not merely a question of skill and bravery but also of supplies of oil and the quality and quantities of aeroplanes; while the unity of those in command, and the morale and solidarity of the home-front are affected, but not solely determined, by the degree of the sacrifices which must be borne by the population as a whole, as also by the prospects of ultimate success.

Finally, we hear much of economic warfare and have even established a Ministry of Economic Warfare. What can such a Ministry accomplish?

In the first place, it is pre-eminently a Ministry of Blockade. Direct supplies to Germany from overseas may be assumed to be kept out by the Navy. But the Ministry has the difficult and delicate task of seeing, that so far as possible, contraband

does not reach Germany through the channel of imports into neutral countries. Towards the latter stages of the last war this was accomplished with such thoroughness that neutrals were only allowed to import what they needed for their own domestic requirements, and if they sold goods to Germany it was at the expense of their own permitted quota reckoned on a very restricted basis. How far similar methods can be employed to-day remains to be seen.

Apart from this there is the control of finance, exercised through the different financial centres of the world, and directed to making it as difficult as possible for Germany to obtain the money with which to pay for such imports as she can still draw from outside. But even before this war by far the greater part of all German foreign trade was based on a direct exchange of goods against goods; it was predominantly bilateral rather than multilateral and therefore did not make much use of such instruments as bills of exchange drawn on London—in marked contrast with the situation in 1914. One important method, therefore, of preventing goods from reaching Germany, is to provide a market for products which otherwise would be sold to Germany and to furnish supplies of coal and similar things which otherwise these countries would have to draw from Germany. If we can do little by restricting financial facilities, we might be able to do much by replacing her in her own external markets. Every ton of Rumanian oil that we can buy means one ton of oil less which is physically available for export to Germany. For this purpose the most effective weapon that can be used against Germany, and one that should be in the front line of the economic blockade, consists in the greatest possible expansion of the export trade of this country, above all with the European neutral countries.

Thus on its economic side, the main strategy of the war consists in drawing the net so closely about Germany that what is within cannot get out and what is without cannot get in.

THE CONDITION OF FARMING AND ITS FUTURE

BY LORD ADDISON

THE war has brought into prominence once more the long neglect of the productive possibilities of our farm lands. If only we could arrive at sufficient agreement on a scheme of agricultural policy that could be pursued steadily for a term of years, and that did not need a war to stir us up, it would be possible in less than a generation to make rural England more prosperous than ever, and something like what it ought to be.

The present emergency programme of increasing the acreage of arable land by a million and a half acres is on the right lines. If the land is wisely chosen and up-to-date methods are applied to its cultivation, it will provide a valuable instalment of what needs to be done. But, unless it is backed up by a sound long-term policy, its effects will be dissipated and we shall be presented by a repetition of the slump in cultivation that followed the last war.

If we remind ourselves of the main features of the present war-emergency programme and of the circumstances out of which it has arisen, we shall discern the causes of the decline that has taken place, because the rapid passage of land out of cultivation that followed the last war was only the continuation of a process that had been in operation for thirty years before.

The main feature of the present effort to secure the ploughing up of 1,500,000 acres of grassland is that it is accompanied by the payment of a premium of £2 per acre on land that has been down to grass for seven years or more. At present the premium is only payable if the land is ploughed up before the end of the year, but it is to be hoped that, owing to the exceptional dryness of the weather during September and the consequent difficulty of good ploughing on many lands, as well as because of the abundance of late grass, the date for earning the subsidy will

be extended to February or March. It is a necessary condition of the scheme that an appropriate food crop shall be harvested from the land in 1940. We may expect that a high proportion of the crop will be wheat.

The chief fact underlying all this is, that land, when ploughed and properly cultivated, will produce three times as much, or more, human or animal food, as the same land under grass unless it is an exceptional pasture. In this connection we should also remember that more than half the land that is at present grass would provide two or three times as much animal food weight per acre, even as pasture, if it were first ploughed and then, after arable tillage, re-seeded with good grass mixtures. It would be a good thing if some special inducement could be provided to encourage this being done in addition to corn growing, as it would increase the supply of animal feeding stuffs.

Professor Stapledon, whose main conclusions are now accepted, has put the acreage of land now down to grass that should be so ploughed up and re-seeded at no less than ten million acres.* If we put this immense extent of poor, food-yielding grass alongside the facts that since 1891 no less than 4,389,195 acres of land that were formerly ploughed and actively cultivated, have either been let down to poor grass or allowed to become derelict and ground for nettles, thistles, brambles and all manner of rubbish, we obtain a glimpse of the food-productive capacities that are at present wasted.

It is to be recognized that the steadiness introduced into milk prices by the Milk Marketing Board has contributed to an increase of grassland and to its better treatment, but to be set against this is the increased dependence on imported animal feeding stuffs that has accompanied the larger milking herds. In any case it does not alter the fact that much more animal feed can be produced from land ploughed and re-seeded than from good pastures.

This persistent and long continued decline in arable cultivation has been accompanied by other changes, which, in themselves, present a cumulative handicap on restoration. The increased dilapidation of farm equipment, the increasing extent of land

*Address at the Chartered Surveyors' Institution, January 11th, 1938.

that needs drainage, and the continued decline in the number of agricultural workers, are examples of these conditions.

The dilapidation of farm equipment, taking the country as a whole, is appalling. Farm buildings in a state of disrepair are almost universal in some districts with their roofs and walls in holes and the floors broken up. Farm yards becoming quagmires in wet weather, farm gates broken or patched up anyhow, and fences in a dreadful state are to be found almost everywhere.

Here and there, as we go about we see a cheering exception. Sometimes there is a farmer with plenty of capital and with special business qualities, or an owner possessed of some income other than that derived from farm rents that enables him to keep his estate buildings in good order; but such cases are hard to find. A careful estimate was furnished to me, when I was Minister of Agriculture, of the expenditure that would be required to bring farm land equipment up to what it ought to be if work was to be conducted to the best advantage, and the figure was £250 millions. Every year that passes must increase the cost.

With regard to Drainage, a startling statement was issued in January of this year with the authority of the National Farmers' Union behind it.* It was to the effect that land fertility schemes cannot succeed "until the Government deals with the urgent problem of field drainage", and it was estimated that there were no less than "seven million acres of fields and pastures whose stock-carrying capacity could be immeasurably increased if they were once restored to a state of fertility".

I confess I was staggered at the figure of seven million acres; because in the discussions on the Land Drainage Act in 1930 I had been led to talk about 2½ million acres in these terms. But the larger figure may well be right, since field drainage has practically ceased for many years. In the present, war-time ploughing programme we are confronted by widespread reports of good land that it would be useless to plough up until it has been drained. But whatever the figure of acreage of land requiring drainage may be, it is certain that every year that passes will add to the cost of its reclamation.

The migration of Labour from the land has so long been

a commonplace amongst national lamentations that people have almost come to accept it as inevitable. The process has continued year after year and has even been accelerated recently so that we have lost a quarter of a million land workers during the past forty years or so, and the total number of those employed in agriculture has diminished by more than 25 per cent.

The main reason for this decline in employment is the decline in arable cultivation. They go together; because ploughed land employs, on an average, four times as many men per hundred acres as the same land under grass. The increased spread of mechanization has contributed to lessened employment; but it is to be noted that some well-managed large-scale farming enterprises, that make the fullest use of machinery, are found to give employment to more men than were previously occupied on the same land. The reason is that a fuller use is made of the land and more stock is carried that requires labour in its management. Where large-scale enterprises are concerned with the production of market-garden supplies the increase in the labour employed on the same land has sometimes been very substantial; so that, with up-to-date methods, machinery does not displace human labour to as great an extent as might be supposed.

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The main causes of the decline in agriculture are not far to seek. They may be summarized as follows:—

Complete uncertainty of price, and often long continued depressions in price, have undermined the confidence of farmers. They have led to widespread impoverishment, and driven younger men in thousands to other occupations. These price-depressions have sometimes been almost freakish in their character, and out of all proportion to changes in supplies, whether from home or foreign sources. The fall in sheep and barley prices, for example, two years ago when good lambs or good barley made less than half, or about half, what they made the year before, is perhaps the latest illustration. No industry can be carried on successfully on this insecure basis.

These price depressions, together with other circumstances—such as the effect of Death Duties—have led to a progressive impoverishment of land-owners so that the former, landlord-

*Quoted in *The Farmers' Weekly*, January 20th, 1939, p. 20.

tenant, partnership has almost disappeared. The landlord used to provide and maintain buildings, contribute to the cost of land drainage, supply lime and otherwise assist in the maintenance of fertility, but this has almost ceased to exist. The case also is little better with the multitude of owner-occupiers who bought their farms after the last war. In most cases they only could do so by the aid of heavy mortgages which left them very short of working capital, so that, in the mass, it only meant the exchange of one owner who was hard up for another in the same plight.

The chief blame for all this, in my judgment, rests, not on the landlord or the farmer, but upon ourselves as a Nation. For the last two generations, those, who have been most influential in determining the character of national industrial policy, have had their minds on overseas investments and markets. They have been looking at distant lands and have not noticed our own fields. It seems to require a war to make them realize the folly of this oversight.

There is no more significant illustration of this national frame of mind than has been provided by war departments for years past—and is now being provided. I have before my mind's eye a great extent of splendid land that was taken by a war department and an excellent tenant turned out. The land is used, in bits, it is true, but a large part of it is growing thistles and weeds instead of corn. In another case a great industrial enterprise bought a large tract of land to work the chalk beneath. For years most of it has reverted to a waste. Just now, happily, 140 acres that could not possibly be used by the industry for years to come, are being reclaimed in the war-time ploughing programme.

These instances of prodigality and waste of land are symptomatic of a point of view. National policy should demand that we use our precious land with frugality and forbid this reckless waste. There is no question of the productive capacity of our land. There is no question of the high quality of farming knowledge and experience to be found in the country, although the industry has been so steadily depleted of enterprising young men. The wonder is that so much has survived. There is no question of the excellence of our livestock and many other

products. We possess, moreover, the best food market in the world.

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What can we do to arrest this process, and to secure the application of common sense and modern knowledge to our land so that the use is made of it that every experienced person knows to be right and possible? I suggest that success cannot be achieved unless we can secure these three things *together*.

1. Such an up-to-date Equipment of the land as will enable a proper use to be made of it.
2. A Price-system that can be relied upon; that will enable a competent cultivator to use the land for the best food-production purposes, so that he will know that, if he does so, he will have a decent living for himself, and be able to provide good wages and working conditions for those whom he employs.
3. Such conditions of employment and living for the worker as will satisfy him and his family, and make him wish to stay on the land.

It would be too long a story to develop these three suggestions at length, but an indication of what they appear to involve should be given.

As regards the first: I am convinced myself that there is no other way in which the vast amount of money required for farm equipment, drainage, water supplies and the rest, can be provided on an acceptable basis, except by making it a national responsibility, and this expenditure could only be based on the public ownership of farmlands.

I am well aware of the objections that may be brought to such a proposal. It would be the responsible duty of those in charge to frame and administer the scheme so as to meet these objections fairly so far as they possess reality. No system can succeed that was swathed in 'red tape' or that smacked of "farming from Whitehall" or that failed to give full scope for initiative and for a variety of methods of farming and management.

There would require to be a Central Land Fund with separate Bonds representing those issued for Compensation on purchase and those required for Development and Equipment purposes. It would be necessary also to have a fair-rent system that did not saddle individual holdings with an excessive burden because of equipment expenditure. With the low rates of interest

possible on public borrowings it would certainly provide a great relief to many present owner-occupiers with heavy mortgages at high rates of interest.

I can imagine no better national investment. It would remove a hundred obstacles that stand in the way of the well-planned development of re-equipment, of a rational water-supply system, of a proper scheme of drainage, of afforestation and many more. It would also secure the preservation of amenities and rural beauties far more effectively and expeditiously than the present tangle of inoperative Planning Schemes.

It is necessary to say that, however fair and sensible might be the national system of land management, it could not succeed in restoring agriculture unless it were accompanied by arrangements that provided the competent agriculturalist with a fair and reliable Price System.

It is imperative that agriculture should be free from the price uncertainties that have paralysed it in times past. It is the only major industry that conducts its operations on the basis of a gamble; and it is useless to expect that the long-term tillage operations, required on a great scale, will ever be carried out if the industry is to be the victim of these periodic price slumps. The seasons cannot be controlled; but bulk supplies, bulk distribution and prices can. I am convinced the public would support the endeavour, vast and difficult as it would be, if they were satisfied that the consumer was not being exploited whilst necessary safeguards were being provided for the home producer.

I do not believe myself that a system of commodity subsidies can survive. The right principle to secure is that, where both home and imported produce enter into the total supplies, the end-price should be as moderate as an efficient marketing system can make it, whilst containing within it a proper payment for the home producer.

The business would have to be managed on a Commodity, or a grouped-Commodity, basis and the levy subsidy principle on imports would certainly enter into the final price on the wholesale market in some cases.

It could undoubtedly be managed. But it would involve drastic changes in our present system of distribution, and it is

useless to shut one's eyes to this fact. Retail prices are often out of all proportion to what the producer receives. But, with goodwill and resolution, the difficulties could be overcome and I believe that the endeavour would enlist the assistance of the best men engaged in marketing operations.

A good standard of wage arises out of, and must be associated with a reliable price system. The agricultural worker is a highly skilled worker. He deserves a good home and a good standard of life, and his children are entitled to have hope in the land where they were born and not feel compelled to drift away from it.

Notwithstanding all that has been done in Housing since 1919, the problem of the agricultural labourer's cottage has scarcely been touched. The recent survey proves this up to the hilt. If it, with other records, is a guide, we need at least 250,000 decent well-provided cottages for agricultural labourers. They are entitled to them; and when a son wants to get married he should be reasonably certain of a good cottage instead of having to drift off to a town to start his home.

The achievement of Agricultural Restoration—involving re-equipment, a sound price system and attractive labour conditions, calls for a progressive programme of development and above all, of consistent and well-directed management.

I should like to see a National Agricultural Commission operating on an agreed programme put in charge of the business.

There are certain lines of increased food production that cry aloud for encouragement, and particularly they relate to those classes of foodstuffs which our land is well fitted to produce, and which, as it so happens, the community requires much more of if it is to be properly nourished. Milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, and many fruits, stand out amongst these.

The programme also should take account of national security-needs where these are plainly associated with our productive capacity, and this means that our wheat production should be more than doubled, and that we should be much less dependent than we now are on the importation of animal feeding stuffs and meat.

The present danger of a stoppage of butter supplies from Denmark is demonstration enough of the existing absurd

position. With some of the finest milking herds in the world we produce less than 10 per cent. of our annual requirements of butter. But there is little hope of improvement so long as the farmer has to be content with 5½d. or so, per gallon for milk sent for butter making. This is a case in which a remedy could be found in a levy-subsidy system that brought imported foreign butter into 'hotch potch' so as to enable a better payment to be made for milk for manufacture. It could be done at half the cost of the present tariff.

It would be a delight to continue to develop this theme but I will satisfy myself by saying that there is to-day, I think, a greater measure of agreement amongst men of all parties on the necessity of agricultural restoration than ever before. If the war could lead to common action for a common purpose, a great good would have come out of it that might go far to compensate for the loss and misery it must otherwise inevitably entail.

REGIMENT OF WOMEN

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

WE were discussing the failure of the General Strike of 1926, and had come to the usual and woolly conclusion that it was beaten by the ability of the public to run the essential services for themselves.

"No:" said Bill. "I was of the public, and I recognize my incompetence. So would you, if you had ever seen a big 4-6-2 Great Western locomotive stopped three yards from the east-bound tunnel in Earl's Court station."

I did see it. There must have been thousands of Londoners who saw it. At a platform meant for District trains skittering like mice from one hole to another was this great green monster which had never moved without space and due ceremony, immobilized, sweating steam, and obviously terrified. The arch into which it would have been driven, had the six-foot driving wheels made half a revolution more, was of less height than the boiler. This was before the rebuilding of the station, and the approach from the west was fairly open.

"Anarchy!" Bill went on. "The skilled workers couldn't stand it any more than a trained nurse can bear to see an ignorant mother pick the baby up wrong way round. They had to interfere or bust. It wasn't our ability that beat them; it was their horror at our inability."

Somebody said that paradox had no place in serious argument, and that the waiter was waiting. Bill pointed out that he had already ordered a pink gin and that since he was a papist—as it pleased him to call it—paradox was permitted to him. Had he been a Methodist, he said, we should have been slightly shocked at any sign of wit. Which proved the respect of the English for established rights. Which led to the necessity for caps with gold braid on them. Which brought us to the Great Western locomotive in Earl's Court station.

"I was the guard of that train," said Bill. "I had no feeling one way or the other about the ethics of the confounded strike, but I hate specialists; I fear and resent them, whether they are bankers or biologists or skilled tradesmen. So naturally I was on the side of the non-specialists; the public, that is. I volunteered to be a porter, but when I ran into Jimmy Fell on Paddington station he appointed me his guard.

"Jimmy was a constructional engineer on leave from the wilds of Africa. He had been working with black labour a year or two longer than was good for him, and felt imperial; in fact he once left me behind in the Exeter station buffet, and I only caught my own train because they ran him into the engine sheds by mistake.

"He had driven all kinds of locomotives in his time, so the Great Western gave him a main line express and the *County of London* to pull it. He treated her as a pet car, and when he wasn't on the foot-plate he was wandering about inside her guts like Jonah with an oil-can. I call it an express, but all the signals were permanently at danger, and we used to feel our way down to Devon from block to block, stopping to argue with other amateur railwaymen whenever we found ourselves on a line where we had no right to be.

"After ten days or so of this, the Company chose us to take an excursion to Pangbourne. Yes, they actually wasted time on an excursion. It was a gesture, you see. Old Flugenheim always gave the sales ladies of Nelson, Gordon & Co. an outing in the same week of June; and Flugenheim, being both Nelson and Gordon and something in the City as well, was determined upon Business as Usual. The nation was paralysed, but he wouldn't disappoint his girlies, as he called them.

"Well, the Great Western were moved by this touching faith in their organization, so they agreed to the excursion. Britain you see, with her Back to the Wall. They cleared the line to Pangbourne, and at 9.30 a.m. we pulled out of Paddington with Jimmy Fell at the levers and five coach loads of chattering females between myself and him. Flugenheim and his manager naturally went by car; their lives were of value.

"We reached Pangbourne about midday—our average of 25 miles an hour was excellent considering that Jimmy had

climbed down twice to see which way the points were set, and had been hit by half a brick that was meant for the fireman. We never had the slightest trouble with the strikers—we were free entertainment for dull days—but the fireman thought he was entitled to call them names which would earn him half a brick at any time. He was a sort of fascist, or whatever they labelled themselves in those days, and all out to smash the reds. In private life he sold silk stockings from door to door, and he was hungry for any job that needed more muscle but just as little brain. He used to splash himself with oil and coal-dust to look like a real fireman. He didn't. You'd have taken him for a travelling prize-fighter who had been sleeping in a garage pit.

"The girlies trailed off to a tent by the river to hear Flugenheim's annual speech and eat some lunch. We could see the flags on the top of the marquee and hear the band playing a welcome. It was a blazing June day with thunder in the air, and when we had run the train into a siding the station was as peaceful as a country halt on a Sunday.

"We ourselves lunched at the local pub, and the bar had a few jokes at our expense—five coaches of women among three men and so forth. We didn't think them very funny jokes. There was something unnatural about those 250 females, mature but giggling. We had a sense of uneasiness, as if there had been a wagon-load of gelignite just behind the engine. Perfectly safe, of course—safe as a cartload of plasticine. A man used to explosives would think nothing of going to sleep with a stick of it in his pocket, though it could blow him into just as many pieces as a wagon-load. But there's room for confidence. Whereas quantity—well, one is appalled by sheer quantity.

"At three o'clock we went to work again. It was no job for amateurs to get the train from the down to the up line with the engine at the right end; but Jimmy was a positive chap with a commanding manner, ready to take responsibility when lesser men were doubtful. An invaluable quality in Africa, I expect. He ran the Holyhead boat train into a siding, blocked a down freight and borrowed its locomotive, and by using most of the main line between Pangbourne and Reading had hitched the *City of London* to the front of the train soon after four. The

girlies were lined up and doing a little community singing on the platform. They were sun-burned, tousled, perspiring and shrill.

While they climbed into the coaches, Flugenheim paced up the platform and made a little speech to Jimmy on his patriotism and what-not, shaking his hand with decent condescension. He mistook the fireman for the real thing and congratulated him on not being led away by subversive and anti-Christian agitators. He made his money, I believe, in the Far West where a strike's a strike; he couldn't be expected to know that English labour leaders are generally fervid chapel-goers.

"When this delicate ceremony was over and the doors were shut and Flugenheim and his managers lined up to wave good-bye till next year, the *County of London* whistled and drew out of the platform in smart main-line style. I just had time to wave the green flag and blow my own little whistle, but I doubt if anybody was taken in.

"Before we were fairly out of the station, Jimmy stopped with such a jerk that an empty oil-drum charged down the guard's van towards London by itself. I looked out of the window. A down train was creeping at us on the up line. We had forgotten one set of points after all our shunting, and the new arrival was proceeding with caution in search of authority.

"While Jimmy and his vis-à-vis straightened matters out, the girlies skipped back on to Pangbourne platform and began to dance. There was a lot of horseplay and shrieking, for they had the place to themselves. Flugenheim and his henchmen had left, and I was the only male in the station. I kept discreetly to my van. I don't know if you've noticed that young women by the mere fact of being in a group can reach a state of excitement that would take six whiskies on an empty stomach for the ordinary man.

"The intrusive train passed on its correct line, and Jimmy and the fireman returned to the locomotive. I shepherded the girlies back into their compartments and walked down the train shutting doors and turning handles. We were forbidden to start till all door handles were in the horizontal position. A strict rule. Even Jimmy observed it.

"When I was half way down the last coach I heard giggles.

I turned round. The passengers had opened the doors again.

"Now then, young ladies!" I said.

"I thought my voice had just the right hearty note of tolerant authority—an amused policeman. They thought so, too. They thought I was perfect. One of the girls hollered:

"Ooh! Ain't 'e a duck!"

"I trotted back up the train with the proper brisk officiousness and shut the doors. They fell in with my absurd wishes. There was no question of a struggle with door-handles or direct disobedience; but just as soon as I was a dozen compartments up, the doors began to open behind me—one at a time, as neatly as a line of poppers bursting open from the bottom when you've nearly done them up to the top.

"I stood by the locomotive wondering what A did next. Hitherto my job had been easy. I had to manhandle the contents of the van, keep the way-bills, brake whenever I got an S.O.S. from the locomotive, and sometimes inspect tickets. With the ordinary mixed bag of passengers, points of discipline didn't arise. I had been accustomed to think myself as good a guard as the next; but now I was conscious of being a plain chap in flannel trousers and a sports coat.

"Jimmy said I had no character. He put his cap on the side of his head and walked down the platform. He was lean, brown and clean-shaven, a maiden's dream, born and fashioned for a uniform. But the overalls of an engine-driver were not, I think, the right uniform; he looked too much like a matinee idol in a stirring drama of life on the rolling rail.

"Ladies," he appealed, mounting a luggage barrow, "you've been given a nice day, and we have to go back to London. Now be sensible, and don't behave like babies!"

"A-oh, bybies!" protested a voice, half yearning, half insulted.

"Somebody else started a first-class imitation of a baby crying and they all joined in. You never heard such a row. Then they chose to regard Jimmy as the baby (for he was eminently motherable) and the more excitable spirits leaned out of the windows and made gestures of maternity at him. Jimmy turned white and strolled—yes, strolled—back to the locomotive. I think they must teach 'em a special walk for the casual entering

of cannibal villages. He started the train. They were all safely inside, and shut the doors themselves as soon as we gathered speed.

"At Reading the staff of the junction had forgotten our existence, and we were held up. But Jimmy didn't stop. He thundered slowly ahead at walking pace, and when there was doubt he reversed; he kept the *County of London* plunging back and forth as if he had been a dutiful gigolo guiding his grandmother through a crowded ballroom. The girlies stuck their heads out and yelled encouragement to us, but they didn't dare to step out on the platform.

"Once clear of Reading, we ran along with professional smoothness; there was no indiscipline except on the part of one young woman who tried to work her way along the footboard to the guard's van. I spotted her in time, and I didn't try any 'dear young lady' appeals on her. I opened fire with a paper-weight and told her that if she didn't get back into the train I should aim to hit next time. That worked. But my civil authority had gone. We obey a bus conductor or a guard or any honest fellow with some braid on his cap just as unthinkingly as sheep a dog. The moment his authority is tested it ceases to exist; it passes to the armed forces of the Crown—or to a paper-weight. The real trouble was that I hadn't even got a braided cap.

"At Maidenhead we stopped. There was nothing else for it; some damned fool was marshalling a milk train and had tied up the line. The girlies started cheering everything and everybody. They got down on the platform. There were no passengers about, only the usual skeleton staff of amateurs.

"By this time they had a ringleader. The excitement was still spontaneous, much too spontaneous, but its direction had been taken over by one Rhoda—a magnificent creature, loudly dressed, with the luxurious figure of a roly-poly angel sitting on a cloud, but the face, I tell you, of an ageless mule. Lord, how she must have despised men! Unaccountably cold and conceited she must have thought us.

"Led by Rhoda, the girlies cleaned up the station. They formed into bands, and played ring-ring-a-roses around every man on the platform until the whole lot had sheepishly taken

refuge in the ticket-office. They didn't run, you understand. They just drifted away on business, and found their business, as it might be accidentally, behind a door that could be locked. You know the feeling of being slowly followed through a field by a large herd of lowing cows. There's nothing to be afraid of. You don't run away. But you do climb the nearest fence rather than the farthest.

"Jimmy and the fireman took refuge in noise and fog, making the *County of London* spout steam from its nether parts. I can't tell you the mechanics of the process, but he caused it to throb and rejoice in its strength, pawing the lines and crying Ha Ha like the war-horse in Job. The girlies kept at a respectful distance.

"As for me, I climbed down to the track and watched through the intervals between the coaches. Whenever I caught a female eye, I started tapping at the wheels with a hammer. They left me alone. I suppose they felt that I knew what I was doing, and that it was necessary to their journey.

"Now up to this point it had all been clean fun. Men do after all arouse a certain pity in the female breast; they knew they had the upper hand and would have been quite content to treat us with good-humoured scorn if an official of their own sex hadn't interfered. She was the ticket-office clerk.

"I imagine she had been calling her male colleagues, who kept drifting into the office on improbable excuses, a bunch of incompetent cowards. At any rate she was a woman of character, and she was having no nonsense on her station. She marched out to deal with the mob, and began to round them up with all the efficiency of a Y.W.C.A. secretary. At that I began to tap my wheels more industriously than ever. When I thought it safe to look up again, Rhoda had crowned her with a fire-bucket, and she was quietly crying in a puddle of water. The girlies paid no further attention to her. They were bush smashing the slot machines and eating chocolate.

"This was going too far. I shouted "All aboard!" waved my flag and blew a blast on the whistle. The line wasn't clear, but Jimmy caught on. He took the brakes off, and the *County of London* shattered the artificial fog with one colossal

whoosh of steam. In fact we put up a most convincing show of a train just about to leave.

"They were just piling into the compartments when Rhoda spoiled the picture.

"You stay there, mister!" she carolled. "We'll get in when we're bloody well ready:"

"That called our bluff, of course. We couldn't start without them—or rather it hadn't yet occurred to us that we could.

"It was then that the fireman lost his temper. His contempt for Jimmy and myself had been slowly rising. After all he had sold silk stockings through the suburbs, whereas Jimmy had only had to overawe a lot of savages. He got down from the footplate and walked along the platform, wiping his hands on a black yard of oily cotton-waste. A horrid weapon against best frocks in a rough and tumble. It gave him authority.

"Get on in, you silly bitches!" he roared.

"It wasn't courage; it was sheer lack of imagination. But his cave-man stuff damn near worked. His silk stockings had taught him a few of the more elementary facts about women. They were so startled that they began to get into the train.

"Come on, ma!" he ordered Rhoda, who was rather hesitantly standing her ground.

"She was only about nineteen, and that 'ma' infuriated her. It struck her right on the sorest spot in her soul. She snatched his oily rag and wiped his face with it.

"That was the detonator in the gelignite. They exploded. All the worry about fathers and brothers on strike, all the years spent behind counters controlling their natural instincts to be rude to people who were rude to them, all was released in one blast of females over that fireman. Before we could get up to the rescue they had dragged him into a compartment. They were yelling with rage. I suppose the only people who hear that sound are the officials of a woman's prison. There was no doubt that the fireman was for it if we couldn't pull him out.

"It was no good calling for police; there weren't any. We dived under the train and opened the door of the compartment that gave on to the tracks. The fireman's legs were sticking out from a tangled mass of femininity, and still waving feebly. We took a leg each and heaved, and he came out, leaving his

coat and shirt behind. On our rush to the engine his trousers dropped off him—not round his ankles, I mean, but vanished, disintegrated.

"Jimmy opened up his steam screen to throw off the pursuit, and we started. This time there was no bluff to call. They knew we were running for our lives and didn't care how many of them we left behind. They all got in, so far as I could see.

"I wiped the worst of the blood and muck off the fireman and dressed him in Jimmy's overalls. He had lost a good deal of skin and part of his scalp, but all his members were present and correct. He gibbered a bit, as was not unnatural, and kept grabbing at my knees.

"Jimmy had the *County of London* pounding along at a steady forty. It was risky, but we were on the main line and we could see a mile ahead. We had it to ourselves. Those damned fellows at Maidenhead had held us up a good ten minutes longer than was necessary. All went well till we were just outside Ealing. There the *County of London* took a horrible lurch to starboard and nearly flung us off the footplate. By the time Jimmy had jammed on the brakes, we were careering through a goods yard surrounded by acres and acres of trucks.

"'I'm not stopping till we get to police,' said Jimmy, setting his lips.

"I agreed with him. Anything was better than loosing our five coaches of lunatics into a London unprotected.

"We cut down to ten miles an hour, and at that speed we could hear the turmoil in the coach next to the engine. Somewhere they were singing songs, but most of them were sobbing and yelling. Whenever a door opened, I flung a lump of coal at it.

"The line was clear. Lord knows for what mysterious traffic the points had been set! Once we were in a cutting between houses where the rails were rusty with disuse, and once running alongside a maze of District lines, all of them electrified. The *County of London* was bouncing like a dinghy in a tide-rip. She squealed, rocking, round those switch-back curves. I could see that Jimmy was in agony, for he loved that locomotive and the driving of it; but we looked at each other and at the fireman, and we kept going.

"We must have been dodging through the London suburbs for nearly a quarter of an hour when we staggered round the worst of all the curves and down an improbable gradient and saw a deserted station ahead of us.

"Royal Oak?" asked Jimmy, as if he had just sighted the coast of America in the wrong place.

"Must be!" I said.

"Of course it was absurd. When you're running into Paddington on a fast express, Ealing and Royal Oak go by in two flashes. But we hadn't the faintest notion where we were, and it never occurred to us that we had left the Great Western system altogether for outer space. We thought we had merely taken a very roundabout route to Royal Oak, and we blessed it; for Paddington and whole posses of police could only be two minutes away.

"Jimmy opened her out a little, and it was then that we saw a huge notice of EARLS COURT, and the arch over the east-bound line. As I say, we stopped a matter of three yards from it. We made one collective jump for the stairs, dragging the fireman between us, and got away before the terrors behind us realized what had happened.

"I heard that when the strike was over, they took the *County of London* apart, and lifted her out with a crane and a breakdown gang. The professional railwaymen said it was impossible to drive a 4-6-2 locomotive round those curves. I dare say it is; I swear the leading bogey jumped the track once, and then bounced back again. But what really horrified them was anarchy. I don't think it was coincidence that the strike ended two days later."

WAR WITHOUT END

BY LORD PONSONBY

ON the outbreak of war, Truth is the first casualty; or as the Germans put it:

*Kommt der Krieg ins Land
Gibt Lügen wie Sand.*

So the ordinary citizen, although he may not believe all he is told, remains ignorant and mystified and falls back on the simple slogans which are offered to him and hears nothing of the similar slogans which are offered to those against whom he is fighting, but with whom he has no quarrel whatever. The downright falsehood circulated may not be as effective as concealed truth. No shred of justification for the enemy's attitude can be allowed. He must be painted all black in attacking unjustifiably those who are pure white. Obviously this is necessary in order to enflame public opinion sufficiently for purposes of recruiting and organization. To explain the truth, even tilting the balance of blame against the enemy, might encourage doubts and discussion. It must be remembered that this is done on both sides. Statements which may come through from the other side must be quickly branded as lies. Passions are roused and as time goes on atrocity stories keep them at boiling point. Of course there are atrocities in war time. But no war atrocity can equal the atrocity of war itself, determined on, as it is, in cold blood by chosen and respected governments. But the noticeable lack of enthusiasm this time shows that the people as yet have by no means been enflamed.

The middle-aged and old can remember the last war vividly enough and they can notice precisely the same routine being followed with a great many additional precautions on what is called "the Homefront". Germany is again the enemy with Hitler as the arch fiend instead of the Kaiser. They remember that the much heralded object of the war was to crush German

militarism and depose the Kaiser and so "make the world safe for democracy". It was "a war to end war". They were told then, as they are told now, that this could only be done by a "knock-out blow". Some of them rejoiced at the crushing victory and fully expected that all the desired objects would be achieved. To make this doubly sure a punitive treaty must be framed to keep Germany in subjection, carve out strategic frontiers to prevent her recovering her power, exact a fantastically exorbitant indemnity from her and reduce her armed strength to nothing more than a police force. In case there might be any hitch, the blockade was continued for six months after the Armistice so as to weaken by semi-starvation the coming race of Germans. Germany had to sign under duress and the Conference at Versailles broke up rejoicing at their success.

The words of President Wilson uttered during the war were set aside and forgotten. But they are worth quoting to-day.

It must be a peace without victory. Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently but on a quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last.

So as time passed it happened that the victorious allies defended and enforced the terms of their Treaty, established an institution, the League of Nations, to maintain the *status quo* and watched the sufferings of the Germans without any qualms. Any suggestions on the part of the New Republican government were turned down although some of the preposterous absurdities connected with the indemnity had periodically to be mitigated. The elementary truth was realized that nations cannot thrive on the ruin of any nation. The economic prosperity of each depends on the prosperity of all nations.

There is no need to describe in detail how every one of the declared objects were falsified as the years passed. The Kaiser in course of time was replaced by Hitler. A German militarism grew up which became a far greater menace to European peace than the militarism which existed in 1914. In many countries democracy was threatened and parliaments fell and were replaced by Dictators. Instead of peace war was carried on

more or less incessantly in various parts of the world. Finally, the republican German Government was overthrown and ruthless and unscrupulous methods were used by a sensational dictatorship to restore to Germany all and more than all she had lost. Attempts were made to avoid a crisis but exasperation grew and, in despair, resort was had to threats and to force, the one method which could not finally solve the complex problems which had arisen.

So here we are again calling out for the overthrow of the present German Government, declaring again we are fighting in defence of "democracy" to which we add "civilization" owing to the diabolical nature of modern engines of war. We are to restore world peace and adjust the insoluble problems of the Central European States. The knock-out blow is described in phrases such as "Stop the Bully!" or "Hitlerism must be shattered for all time."

Many, indeed an ever increasing number, are asking whether the death of another million young British lives, the destruction of families in their own homes, the loss of irreplaceable buildings and treasures and the long lasting impoverishment of the nation is a fitting price to pay for a victory which yet again will be barren. The ideals may be high, their attainment this way is impossible.

No one wishes to defend Hitler, his policy, his method, his detestable persecutions or his selection of colleagues. Arguments enough can be found and declarations of his can be quoted to demonstrate his untrustworthiness. The Germans alone can deal with him and remove him. Every attempt to try and do so from outside may only strengthen his position. Dictators never last and never have successors. But it is our own countrymen we are thinking of and our native land when we declare that a prolonged carnage should at all costs be avoided and it is humanity itself we have in view when we protest against such an outrage.

But it will be said that death is better than dishonour. We were bound by a pledge to defend Poland. This pledge was given it appears before consultation with the high military command. Mr. Lloyd George wrote :

The Chief of our General Staff was abroad in France when this hare-brained pledge was given. I have good reason to believe that on his return he and his advisers pointed out that we did not possess the means to redeem it.

Not only the high command but any junior subaltern knew that the defence of Poland by us was impossible. Now that Poland has been conquered and devastated, the valiant resistance of the people having been stimulated by the prospect they were encouraged to expect of our help, we have shifted our war aim to the restoration of an independent Polish State. But, of course, it was not Poland primarily we were thinking of. After all from the last partition of Poland in 1795 up to 1918 a period of 123 years, we accepted, not the reduction of Polish territory but the complete extinction of Poland as an independent State. No, Poland was simply the last straw in Hitler's series of advances in the process of tearing up article by article the Treaty of Versailles.

Austria, although protected by the League of Nations, had been swallowed up. Czechoslovakia was the next prey. In this case the effective defence of this newly created state was admitted to be impossible. In his speech at Birmingham on March 17th, the Prime Minister said :

Really I have no need to defend my visits to Germany last autumn for what was the alternative ? Nothing that we could have done, that France could have done, or Russia could have done could possibly have saved Czechoslovakia from invasion and destruction. Even if we had subsequently gone to war to punish Germany for her actions, and if after frightful losses which would have been inflicted upon all partakers in the war we had been victorious in the end, never could we have reconstructed Czechoslovakia as she was framed by the Treaty of Versailles.

This was absolutely true. Substitute " Poland " for " Czechoslovakia " in the above passage and it is true again.

But after the failure of Munich, the Prime Minister changed his policy. The failure on one occasion of a policy is no adequate reason for its abandonment. In framing any policy account should always be taken not only of its probable or possible success but of what will happen if it fails. The Munich policy of consultation and discussion may have been doubtful considering the character and reputation of the negotiations on the German side and its failure may have been a diplomatic defeat. Yet there was nothing on our side which we need be ashamed of. But at any rate it saved Czechoslovakia from the devastations

to which Poland has been subjected not to mention the serious loss of lives. But the government had meanwhile changed its policy. Driven by the more bellicose section of opinion, Mr. Chamberlain speeded up rearmament and accepted the idea that threats from Britain and France would be enough to prevent Hitler from proceeding further. This proved to be his first mistake. Sir Edward Grey's warning, in his reflections on the last war, that the chief cause of it was the competition in armaments which preceded it and that such a competition again would inevitably lead to another war, was disregarded. Then followed a series of inept diplomatic blunders. The adherence of Russia to the cause of Britain and France in spite of long drawn out negotiations never came to an agreement. It would have required no great astuteness to realize that a simple alliance with the Western powers would not suit Russia's book. With their proverbial astuteness they were surveying the whole scene and having heard the point of view even of a military mission from England, the U.S.S.R. ostensibly joined the German side. Although this appeared to be a diplomatic defeat for us, it is by no means certain that Russia may not be more embarrassing as an ally than formidable as an opponent.

But the Government's worst mistake was the entanglement produced by the pledges of protection given to States in Eastern Europe, notably Poland. The pledges gave them no security as has been already proved ; they are a source of embarrassment to us and give the warmongers an opportunity for raising the fatuous cry of ' British Honour ' with the prospect of an interminable war. Is there no statesman among our governors who understands that the question of the frontiers and ownership of the different nationalities, races and civilization in Central Europe is positively incapable of final solution. The number of times there have been frontier changes in this part of Europe during past centuries cannot be counted. The make-shift of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, whatever may be said against it, was infinitely preferable to the settlement reached at Versailles in 1919, which only sowed the seeds of certain conflict. The idea of supposing that we and our allies after a great victory are going to carve out this territory in such a way as to satisfy the nationalities which are not compact but scattered and at the

same time also to meet with the approval of their powerful neighbours, is futile beyond belief.

But very special consideration ought to be given to the long established, highly civilized and progressive neutral states near to us in Western Europe. Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, whose sole desire is peace, must inevitably suffer in any conflict between the Great Powers. Even if their territory is not actually invaded the economic loss they are bound to suffer may be very serious, yet they are in no way participants nor are they involved in the constantly recurring disputes of their powerful neighbours. As to our one sure ally the possible loss of life and destruction if French soil again becomes the battlefield, are likely to be far greater than our own.

When, therefore, it is argued, we cannot come to terms with Hitler; we cannot trust the word of the Nazi government, consequently we must go on till that government is overthrown, we must consider first of all whether such a complete military victory and a change of Government in Germany will lead for certain to a peace which, to be lasting, must be based on general consent. With 1919 in mind no one can venture to assert that it would. We must then count the inevitable cost of the endeavour to accomplish this highly questionable and uncertain aim.

A prolonged war possibly against both Germany and Russia must involve :

Casualties amounting to several millions of the youth of each nation—their most valuable possession.

Casualties beyond reckoning of men, women and children in their own homes.

Starvation by blockade of children of the coming generation.

Destruction of buildings and treasures of irreplaceable value.

Debt and bankruptcy and the dissipation of all funds for the building up of the nation's economic and cultural life.

The spread of the poison of hatred and violence, the lowering of the moral standard and the degradation of social and political life for years to come.

Just before this article was written, Hitler delivered his Reichstag speech. Detaching his boasting and bombast, those who advise peremptory and wholesale rejection of all the suggestions made can find justification and will receive support from the advocates of the "knock-out blow". The tentative

proposals in the second part of his speech can be interpreted as an admission of the grave apprehensions he feels for Germany's fate if war continues. The course of wisdom would seem to be to ignore the *Führer's* language, rhetoric and bluster and by careful and calm argument to open the door to diplomatic discussion. Difficult as this may be considering the record and temperament of the Dictator, it must never be forgotten that a crushing and even rapid military victory for the Allies (which hardly seems likely if Russia has to be fought as well) cannot possibly secure a real and durable peace; and moreover is bound to lead yet again to devastating armed conflict in not many years to come.

The war weapon is supposed by victory to make a sharp, decisive and conclusive cut. In these days it can do nothing of the sort. It is a cruel but blunt weapon that strikes with equal force the hand that wields it and inflicts on all festering wounds which may never heal.

THE ECONOMICS OF THE FAMILY

BY ELEANOR F. RATHBONE, M.P.

IT is a mistake to think of Family Allowances as merely a device for preventing absolute poverty, in the sense of the insufficiency of the family income to provide the basic necessities of physical life. That is one aspect of the problem and probably the most urgent. Poverty of that kind is more widespread than is generally supposed. But it is only one aspect of the maladjustment between incomes and reasonable needs, which arises from the lack in our economic system of any provision for directly meeting the normal but temporary incidence of child dependency. This lack produces results which affect not only the happiness and welfare of individual families in every class except the really wealthy, but also society as a whole—results which crop up as factors in problems apparently quite diverse. For example, there are the problems of the quantity and quality of the population and consequently the nation's capacity for self-defence and the future of the British Empire; the distribution of the nation's expenditure as between necessities and luxuries; the relative costs of production in industries employing chiefly adult male labour and of those employing chiefly female and juvenile labour; the relation between men's and women's wages; the relation between rates of benefit and public assistance which take account of family dependency and wages which take no such account; the distribution of housing subsidies; the status of motherhood and maternal mortality. Interest in one or other of these very different problems has led experts in economics, sociology and hygiene, feminists, finally even politicians, to recognize this particular lack in our social system and to consider family allowances as a remedy for it; just as people travel to a market town to satisfy their varying needs from smaller towns, hamlets and farms, by high-roads and by-paths all converging on one

common centre. The wonder is that the subject has not aroused general interest long ago.

For consider, merely as a matter of numbers, the extent of the defect. Even now, in this period of small families, dependent wives and children constitute nearly half the population. They outnumber employers, employed persons and self-employed, all put together. The Census of 1931 for England and Wales showed a population of roughly 40 millions, of whom about 16½ millions were actually "occupied" persons; over 2 millions were normally occupied but unemployed. Of those described as "unoccupied", about 17½ million were wives or children under 20.

This large army of 17½ million has no spending power directly behind it. Except for the provision of education and certain other social services, society provides no channel by which any portion of the community's wealth reaches this half of its members. They are expected to be kept by the male head of the family out of earnings which make no distinction between those with or without dependents.

Yet the importance of this section of the community is not merely numerical. Its members are not really unoccupied except in the Census sense of unremunerated. The children and young persons are preparing for their future as citizens and workers. At least five-sixths of the mothers keep no servants, observe no working hours, are engaged from morning to night on tasks essential to the welfare of their families and their homes. When any of them bears a child, she does it at a risk to life greater than that of a miner who pursues his notoriously dangerous occupation for a whole year.

It seems platitudinous to insist that children have a value to the State none the less real because its realization lies in the future and that the production and rearing of them is a service financially onerous to the father and laborious to the mother. To deny this merely because some children turn out to be useless citizens is as silly as it would be to deny that manual labour generally speaking has a value for the State on the ground that some manual labourers produce commodities which prove unsaleable or noxious.

Yet neither the quality nor the quantity of this section of the

community—the children and their mothers—receives any recognition in the economic system, which provides reserves for the renewal of material capital but not of human capital. Hence the various anomalies of a wage and salary system which is expected to fulfil the double function of directly remunerating the individual labourer and indirectly providing for the recruitment of future generations without distinction between those who are or are not actually contributing to the latter service.

Here in its broadest aspect is the problem we have to discuss. Is this feature of the economic system just and does it work out well? Some advocates and most opponents of family allowances are interested not at all in the justice side of the problem, but only in the expediency side. Their attention has been directed to one or more of the many disadvantages arising from the present system and they are concerned only to prove or disprove the utility of family allowances as a means of meeting that particular difficulty. But those who take a wide view see the problem as though a number of people were seated round a table engaged in sharing among themselves the nation's wealth. There are represented the public authorities, the landowners, capitalists, employers, employed and people paid by the job. The representative of each group and grade within it puts forward its claims to the share he thinks its due. Then from behind them all steps forth a new claimant—the Family—and says, "Here, what about me? Haven't I a right to a share? Without me where would you all be? You wouldn't exist. The numbers and the quality of your successors depends on me. Whether you can defend your liberties, people your colonies, supply your markets depends on how I do my job. But you ask me to build A.I. men—and enough of them—out of the scraps that fall from your tables. What if I go on strike? Give me my share."

The usual reaction to that voice has hitherto been to ignore it; not so much to feign deafness as subconsciously to block the ears. Those who feel impelled to reply never do so by disparaging the Family, but by sentimentalizing it. Husbands are reminded in effect that "to make a home for weans and wife is the true pathos and sublime of human life"; that the joys of parenthood should be their own reward, and are not only

joys but responsibilities freely assumed and to be freely discharged, that to subsidize parenthood would be an insult to the right kind of parent and an encouragement to irresponsible breeding in the wrong; also an injustice to those who for perhaps good reasons have abstained from the pleasures of family life yet would be required to contribute towards the indulgence of others.

These arguments betray lazy thinking. In no other form of service is the fact that it is undertaken for motives other than gain made a reason for demanding that those who practise it should be not only unremunerated, but should provide all the materials for their task, out of income derived from some quite different form of service. It is as though a doctor were required to give not only his services free but also the medicines and diet he prescribes.

As for encouraging irresponsible parenthood, it is the present system which does that. It has resulted in rigid birth control by just those parents, in every class, who have relatively high standards for their children, while it has thrust millions of others into conditions of poverty and overcrowding which leave them with none but sensual pleasures and so induce intemperance and reckless breeding. At present the filtering downward of knowledge of contraception is changing the problem of a differential birthrate into one of an absolute deficiency in fertility, which threatens race suicide. According to Dr. Carr-Saunders, one of the principal experts on population, "we are not only not replacing ourselves, but are between 25% and 30% below replacement rate". We have already the lowest birthrate in Europe except Sweden and nearly the lowest in the civilized world. We have to consider whether it is safe for ourselves, or good for the world, that the proportion of the white races to the coloured and of the Anglo-Saxon race to all the others should be a steadily diminishing proportion.

The problem therefore is one both of justice and of expediency. It may be well to summarize here some of the main results of the lack in our economic system of direct provision for child maintenance.

First, this lack is the main permanent cause of primary poverty. Sir John Orr's investigations showed that 10 per cent.

of the population were living on incomes of 10/- or less weekly and were spending an average of 4/- weekly on food. But the proportion of children living on these low incomes is far higher than that of the general population. About 25 per cent. of the child population is estimated to be so living. Yet we have heard much, lately, of the difficulty of keeping evacuated children on 8/6 per week !

Secondly, the present system encourages expenditure on luxuries rather than necessities. This is so even in the poorest class. Young men brought up in poverty become relatively affluent when they first enjoy a man's wages. They form habits of expenditure on drink, tobacco, cinemas, betting, which are hard to break when they marry and have to keep a wife and children out of their wages. This impetus to the luxury trades has a special significance in war time. The principal necessities for a family are house-room, bread, meat, milk, butter, vegetables, clothing, coal, light. If we are producing less of these things than is needed for national safety, it is largely because the potential purchasers, the mothers, have had insufficient purchasing power.

Thirdly, the maladjustment between wages and provision for the unemployed is due to the fact that the latter provision includes, as wages do not, allowances for wives and children. Even so, the present scales of statutory benefit and unemployment assistance are insufficient, where there are several children, to cover bare physical needs as computed on any recognized scientific standard. Yet to increase those scales would mean enlarging the already considerable proportion of the unemployed who are as well off out of work as in it and have therefore little inducement to seek work energetically. "If," says the Statutory Committee, "the wage system made allowance for dependency, the main objection to further increase in rates of benefit would be removed."

Fourthly, so long as men's wages have to fulfil the double function of rewarding the individual labourer and providing for the recruitment of future generations, the problem of competition at once free and fair between male and female adult workers seems insoluble. There is a strong sentiment for keeping the best paid and most skilled occupations for men

on the presumption that they "have families to keep". This hinders the full utilization of women's capacities. Further, the system throws an unfair burden upon the heavy industries which employ chiefly males and are in effect providing the future workers for the lighter industries and the distributive trades.

Fifthly, the system tends to depress the status of married women and mothers. It encourages self-indulgent or tyrannical husbands to regard their wages as something to which they have an indisputable right, even when pushing their claim to higher wages on the ground of the needs of "our wives and families."

Cash allowances for dependent children would meet all these defects in our social system. Extended provision of school meals, milk, etc.—the method preferred by some—should be regarded as supplementary rather than as an alternative. Such provision cannot meet the needs of children below school age and when extended to cover holiday periods is an expensive form of provision.

How could a system of Family Allowances be introduced and how should it be financed? So far, apart from the separation allowances paid in the armed Services, experiments in this country have been few. The Wesleyan Church for over a century and several Anglican dioceses recently have paid allowances for the children of their ministers and clergy. The London School of Economics pays allowances to its staff on the generous scale of £30 per annum for each child up to 13 and £60 up to the end of university education. Within the last year or so, at least twenty large manufacturing firms have introduced the system for their employees. In most of these the payment is subject to an income limit and commences with the third child.*

But however useful as an experiment, these individual schemes, if widely extended, are certain to come up against the difficulty which wrecked the system in Germany during the post-war years, that they risk discrimination against the married man. There are three methods of universalizing the system which avoid this difficulty.

The first method is that of Equalization Funds or Pools. Each employer co-operating in the scheme, which may be

*Particulars of these schemes can be obtained from the Family Endowment Society, 72, Horseferry Road, London, S.W.1.

either on an industrial or a regional basis, pays into the Pool his quota of the cost estimated according to the number of his employees, whether married or single, or alternatively according to the total of his wage-bill; and out of the Pool the allowances are paid on the agreed scale. This method is of French origin. Introduced in 1919 on a voluntary basis, it spread rapidly and proved so successful that in 1932 it was made compulsory and provision was made for its progressive extension to all employers in industry, commerce and agriculture. In Belgium a similar system has had an almost exactly parallel development. In both countries Trade Union opinion, at first suspicious or hostile, became increasingly favourable and the system is now universally accepted as part of the economic structure. The Pool method has the advantage that it combines universality with great adaptability to the varying conditions in different occupations or localities. Its disadvantages are that it throws the cost entirely upon the back of industry; that it is inapplicable to those who are self-employed or paid by the job; and that it is resolutely opposed by British Trade Union opinion, as tending to give the control mainly to the employing class.

The second possible method is through an extension of compulsory contributory insurance, on similar lines to unemployment and health insurance. This plan is discussed by Mr. J. L. Cohen in his book on "Family Income Insurance." He estimated that in 1926 equal contributions from the State, the workers and the employers of 1/4 in respect of each adult workman and of 8d. in respect of each woman or juvenile worker would yield an allowance of 5/- weekly per child under 15. The cost would be substantially lower now owing to the fallen birth rate. This method again fails to provide for any but employed persons. But it has the merit of familiarity, of using existing administrative machinery, and of sharing the cost between the three parties chiefly interested in child recruitment.

A third alternative is that of a wholly State-paid system. A Joint Committee of the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party, after a very thorough examination of the whole subject in 1929, recommended such a system by a majority of 8 to 4. On the statistical data available the cost of State-paid schemes can be only roughly estimated. A Report issued by P.E.P.

reckoned that in 1936 the cost of an allowance of 5/- weekly for every working-class child in the United Kingdom would have then been about £113 million. I am permitted to quote a calculation—made privately and in no way official—by Mr. F. Lafitte, of P.E.P., that to begin with the second child in the family would reduce the cost to £58½ million, with the third child to £23½ million, with the fourth child to £10½ million. Resultant economies in public assistance, in unemployment assistance, and in the cost of medical aid to victims of malnutrition have also to be taken into account.

A further possibility is to combine either a contributory insurance scheme or a State-paid scheme with voluntary schemes on the Pool method, applied to sections of society which are either left out of or insufficiently provided for under the general scheme. If part of the aim is to remove the economic obstacle to parenthood, it is futile to ignore differences in standards of living. Teachers, ministers of religion and doctors are presumably not especially self-indulgent or un-child-loving people. Yet the fall in fertility has been steepest in just those professions. Whatever methods are adopted, the following considerations should be borne in mind.

First, the allowance should be adequate, if it is to have the desired effect either upon fertility or upon health and contentment. If the widely extended French system has done too little—and it has done something—to check the falling birth rate, it is because the scales at their highest met only part and usually a small part of the minimum cost of child maintenance.

Secondly, the allowances should start at least with the second child. To assume that men's wage rates should be sufficient at the lowest to meet the needs of man, wife and three children is to ask industry to make provision not only for about eight million real children belonging to families of wage-earning grades but also for some eighteen million non-existent children. Neither here, nor in the U.S.A., nor in Australia, has this desired objective of Trade Unionism been reached, and for all three it is estimated that if reached it would absorb so much of the product of industry that little would be left for salary and wage payments above the minimum.

Thirdly, payment should be to the mother rather than to

the wage-earner, because this emphasises the distinction between wages and allowances and so avoids arousing the jealousy of childless workers. This is borne out by the experience of France and New South Wales.

Fourthly, the best moment for introducing a general system would be when the wage movement is upward, not downward, so that the allowance comes as an alternative to a small flat rate wage-increase rather than as a solace for a wage-cut. In the latter case, it tends to be regarded as a cause of the cut. This observation again is a fruit of French experience. Such a movement is likely to come soon as a result of war conditions.

Fifthly, while no general system could be introduced without the consent of the workers' organizations, the somewhat suspicious attitude of these towards the proposal should not be taken too seriously. When dependants' allowances were first introduced into Unemployment Insurance, many anticipated that the unmarried workers would resent paying contributions calculated to provide allowances for "other men's wives and children". This fear proved groundless. Though only a minority of workers are at any one time responsible for the maintenance of children, the great majority are in this condition during the best years of their maturity. British workers are not less likely than those of France to appreciate the value of the system to themselves as well as to Society, if first won over by judicious propaganda and experiment.

JUSTICE SHALL PREVAIL

BY HENRY BAERLEIN

ONE of our objects being the restoration of the independence of the democratic State of Czechoslovakia, it will be useful to learn how the Czechs themselves, in their own country and outside it, are facing the future. A great many able-bodied Czechs and Slovaks who are happily, or will be, outside the Protectorate, will be taking up arms as they did in the previous war, when the legionaries in Russia and Siberia (to say nothing of those who fought with the French and Italian armies) covered themselves with glory. The news of the formation of the Czechoslovak army on French soil has worried the Germans to such an extent that the so-called Prague Government has been compelled to issue warnings that it is treasonable to join such a force and that prisoners captured from it will face the death penalty. When the time comes for the legions to go to the front they will treasure the words which Masaryk addressed to their predecessors on the eve of the battle of Zborov in Russia :

Remember that the whole enslaved nation turn their eyes upon you who are free to act, with hope and faith, expecting you to bring them liberation. We are proud in the knowledge that the descendants of the Hussites, having fought in the name of liberty, justice and self-determination, have observed and are executing their duty towards the nation, democracy and humanity.

What is going on in the Protectorate? You will have heard of outbreaks that have taken place in various parts and it may have been imagined that they would be able to shake off the German yoke. In this article I propose to give the simple facts, avoiding exaggeration and what is known as wishful thinking.

With regard to public property, the land belonging to the State, hitherto administered by the Czechoslovak Directorate

The title of this article, President Masaryk's motto, became the motto of the Republic.

of State Forests and Estates, had to be handed over to the Germans after July 20th on the basis of an 'agreement' concluded between the former Directorate and the Land Section of the Ministry of Agriculture. This was preceded by the arrest and imprisonment of the Director General of State Forests and Estates, Dr. Siman, and his deputy, as well as a number of members of the Land Section of the Ministry of Agriculture. The methods in use are best illustrated by the following case: in Benesov, a town in a purely Czech district within the boundaries of which is situated the well-known castle of Konopiste with all the forests and lands belonging to it, the judge refused to enter the transfer in the land registry, on the ground that the legal basis prescribed by the Civil Code did not exist. He was warned that he would be arrested if the registration were not carried out within four hours and ultimately he had to comply. In this manner the Germans seized a vast property belonging to the Czech nation.

With regard to private property, the sale or leasing of property beyond a few acres is subject to the approval of the German authorities. Experience has shown that only such contracts obtain approval where the persons concerned are of German race and Nazis. For example, Count X...*, the owner of a large estate in Moravia is an old man, so that he entrusted the administration to a younger Czech aristocrat who, like himself, was a member of the Czech National Union. Both gentlemen were ordered to enlist in the Nazi party and when they refused they were set aside, while all the Czech employees were dismissed, their places being taken by Germans from the Reich.

The Dresden Bank, closely connected with the present *régime*, compelled the chief Czech bank, the Zivnostenská Banka, to sell the majority of its shares in the Escompte Bank whose existence had been prolonged by the strong financial support of the Zivnostenská; the Escompte was then turned into an instrument of penetration in Bohemia and Moravia. For this purpose it had to be provided with capital, which was ruthlessly brought about. Czech currency circulating in Sudete territory included 1½ milliard crowns of State notes; the Government

*His name, which I have given to the Editor, is for obvious reasons suppressed.—H.B.

forced immediate payment of the State-notes debt, thus creating the most primitive form of inflation, without shouldering even the negligible burden of ordinary inflationary operations—the printing of paper money. The effects upon Czech currency and upon the level of prices, and the pauperization of Czech capital, comprising mainly the savings of the lower and middle classes, is easily imaginable. The same methods have been brought to bear in every direction, for instance the Witkowitz Iron Works employing 40,000 hands and valued at 10 million sterling, were bought by the Germans for 1½ million pounds; needless to say the Czech directors were arrested and discharged from the service of the company.

The Escompte Bank has been entrusted with the highway-robbery transactions whereby any Jewish banker, financier or merchant before going abroad has had to deliver to the tender mercy of the bank his entire property. 'I give you the right of priority' so runs the precious document, 'in the purchasing of all my property. You are entitled to alienate a part or the whole of it'. In the overwhelming majority of cases it has been acquired for a song by German Nazi leaders. When the Jewish proprietor could not decide to go abroad the will to sell out under similar conditions has been helped by arrests and imprisonment. Considerations of space prevent me from entering more fully into the measures by which the ruin of the Czechs is being effected, for example, a special department exists for the permission to import raw materials from abroad, permission which German firms obtain and which is all too often withheld from a Czech firm.

Of course, when Dr. Nebesky, the chairman of the National Unity Party, signed a declaration of loyalty to the Germans in the hope of saving the lives of 160 Czechs in whose houses the Gestapo had discovered arms, this declaration was estimated at its true value by the rest of the world. It talks of a prosperous future under German protection, but the Czechs are bitterly aware of the price they are paying for this future 'happiness'. To take a single instance, the price of potatoes has gone up four hundred per cent. The Government has demanded that Prague should express its loyalty to the Reich by floating a large war loan to be paid mainly in goods. Prague is said to

have taken refuge behind the great economic difficulties which the Protectorate is experiencing as a result of German requisitioning and, according to the latest reports, has refused.

Following Himmler's refusal to accept responsibility for order, the onus of keeping the Czechs quiet has been thrust on the military authorities, a task which it is estimated demands the presence of 250,000 to 300,000 men who would otherwise be at the front. The fear of a Czech rising is so strong that the German deputy Mayor of Prague, Dr. Pfitzner, was ordered on August 15th to provide accommodation for 5,000 tanks and ammunition lorries. The Germans do not seem very confident of their tenure of Bohemia and Moravia. Many German-owned buildings in Prague and other towns have recently been offered for sale, mainly to Czech banks. The Gestapo headquarters at Prague are in the former Cadets' college. Trenches have hastily been dug in the grounds and a generous supply of barbed-wire fences been provided. Special motor-buses have left for Germany with the families of the police—the Schupo—who had been drafted into the Protectorate. Many of these families had only just arrived.

When the war began wholesale arrests were carried out in Prague and throughout the country. It would almost be simpler to give a list of those who have not yet been arrested. Members of the Executive Committee chosen by the Germans themselves, the Lord Mayor of Prague, the eighty-year-old Abbot Zavoral, Monsignor Stasek, head of the Catholic Party, and about 5,000 others were imprisoned on September 1st. Tenants of apartments overlooking the prison courtyard at Pankrác, near Prague, have been forbidden to look out of their windows and drastic also are the penalties if they admit to their dwellings any friends or relatives of the prisoners. Nevertheless people have been recognized in the yard. Machine-guns have been mounted on many roofs in Prague, Pilsen and elsewhere. These, it was given out, are anti-aircraft weapons; but it has since become apparent that they are ordinary machine-guns to be used in case of rioting.

German ruthlessness has had an effect contrary to the expectations of those directing it. Slovak soldiers refused in thousands to obey orders and have been disarmed; great

numbers crossed into Poland and Hungary. The highly skilled workers at the Skoda establishment and at the Brno Small Arms Factory have declined to turn out weapons for the Nazis. Moreover the Czechs and Slovaks who are organizing from within the attack against the hated Nazi *régime* have been joined by democratic Germans. More than half the Czechs in the world live abroad and all are working in the service of the Republic that will be re-constituted, aiding their compatriots in the rapid organization of sabotage. Funds are being supplied chiefly by the American Czechs, as during the World War. From their mother-country they receive reliable reports in spite of the strict censorship. Between Paris and Prague there is a regular 'underground' system of couriers by means of whom money is sent into the country and information brought out. The secret organization distributes pamphlets encouraging the Czechs to remain loyal to their tradition and to trust Benesh. Illegal printing-presses abound and continue to work. When the Nazis gave the names of Hitler and Horst Wessel to Masaryk and other streets the 'underground' workers painted out the new names overnight and restored the old ones. The whispering campaign is almost as effective as wireless messages; after one person has listened in to London or Paris the news circulates with amazing thoroughness.

There has just appeared an interesting book, 'Czechs and Germans'*, in which the author, Philip Paneth, gives an admirable account—particularly in the second part—of what the Czechs are now enduring. As they are a singularly dour people we can well understand that their resistance to the Nazis has been intensified. Here we have only space for a few passages from Mr. Paneth's book. The Landed Property Office of the Czech Government now contains sixty German officials, the Czech officials previously in charge having been imprisoned and treated with a brutality that must be revolting to any normal person. They were not even allowed to change their blood-stained linen after ill-treatment. Similar humanitarian standards have been introduced at Kladno where 'as a sequel to the murder of a German policeman by another German, there have been wholesale arrests of Czech citizens, among them

*Nicholson & Watson. 8s. 6d.

M. Pavel, the mayor, who was beaten to death by the Gestapo and then thrown into the castle moat, to give the impression that he had committed suicide. His body, however, revealed the fact that he died of a ruptured kidney for which the Gestapo was obviously responsible. The wife of the deputy mayor has received from the concentration camp in Dachau an urn containing her husband's ashes. Of the many citizens of Kladoň who were arrested 800 are still in prison, including Dr. Niederle, who reported the true cause of the death of the German policeman and refused to change his report to suit the wishes of the authorities.' By the way, a new concentration camp has been opened at Schlackenwert near Karlsbad, where the prisoners include a large number of disillusioned Sudete Germans who have too publicly expressed their regret at having voted for Henlein and Hitler.

Baron Neurath, head of the Protectorate, recently threatened that he would adopt the severest measures if the Czech Press did not mend its ways and loyally publish what was supplied to it. The famous daily, the *Narodni Listy*, had ventured to suggest that people in Prague should not be forced to speak German; for this grave offence it was suspended for ten days and fined a million crowns, which was afterwards reduced to the modest sum of 330,000 crowns on the understanding that if the paper gives the least sign of being anti-German in future the whole sum will have to be paid.

The censorship has now been extended to the official weather reports. Not long ago it happened that the meteorological office in Prague published the following forecast: 'Cold and rainy weather will continue for a time, but fine weather is approaching. Cloudy in Germany, with the likelihood of disturbances.' The German authorities would not allow this report to appear, although the office which issues the bulletin protested that it was merely a weather forecast.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

WE are now going to see what Hitler has really meant to the German people. If his rule continues to be supported by them, even for a year, under the existing conditions, he must have created an enthusiasm for himself, which could not exist without a sense of gratitude. It is agreed that he has imposed heavy and continuing sacrifices; but perhaps they have felt themselves paid in pride. The enslavement of Czechoslovakia and the swift overthrow of Poland may have given to the whole nation a jubilant sense of power. That may seem an adequate return for the acceptance of narrow rations, and for the loss of very many lives; logic does not enter into these matters, and so long as the series of triumphs continues unbroken, Germany may feel for Hitler what France, even when bled white, continued to feel for Napoleon.

But the testing time has only just begun. War in the West is not yet impressive; though those who can remember back for five-and-twenty years will realize that this time it is being fought on German soil. In the East, victory has been decisive, but if the labour and the military credit go to Germany, the booty is divided with a claimant who scarcely needed to fire a shot. Germany has recovered the "Corridor", and much more to boot, but at the price of establishing along her eastern frontier the contact of a creeping and insidious contagion. The Poles, we are told, hated and feared Russia much worse than Germany, and naturally, for Poland, though a democracy, was organized about a framework of aristocracy. Soviet troops were hardly across the border before Polish peasants were encouraged to cut the throats of their landlords and to seize their lands. Germany as the price of victory takes over the government of some fifteen million Poles—one widespread nucleus of trouble; but

close at hand, across a barrier which can never be made germ-proof, will be a state in which the under-dog has definitely been put on top. East Prussia itself will be in no way immune from this infection.

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Add to this the effect of disclosures which cannot be kept from spreading through the people. Mr. Knickerbocker, the **Mr. Knickerbocker's** American journalist, has, perhaps, dealt the most dangerous blow to Nazi authority which it has **Disclosures** yet received. How far it can be established that Hitler's chief counsellors have possessed themselves of large fortunes, and lodged their fortunes outside Germany, who can say? But unless it can be disproved most conclusively, the rumour will spread like a plague, and among people on whom great privations are imposed, its action must be formidable. It may be that Hitler has so far won the confidence of his people that nothing will be believed even for an instant against the men he trusts; if so, his achievement is great, and some of the credit should go to these associates of his. But from what one knows of human nature, it is hard to credit that such charges will not be listened to, or that, if listened to, they can fail to shake allegiance to its roots.

Add again the fact that Russia is not longer merely on the Polish frontier; the whole line of Baltic States from Lithuania to Estonia is now passing virtually under her control; and manifestly Germany's domination of the Baltic begins to be challenged—a singularly unforeseen result of the Polish adventure, and one which Russia has attained, after Hitler's own fashion, without firing a gun. These are considerations which may not weigh at first with a populace, impressed with the triumph of conquering within thirty days a warlike people of over thirty millions; but they will begin to weigh when the price of that victory is seen to be a new war against the whole strength of England and of France. They must weigh already with the permanent organization of the German army which is the central armature about which the whole life of modern Germany is built up. Here indeed is the one element in the nation which seems capable of independent and reasoning volition. It is said that the army was against risking the

re-occupation of the Rhineland; it is said that it was against forcing the issue in Munich: if so, the success (from the army's own standpoint) of both moves gave the *Führer* an overwhelming authority when—with or without the army's approval—he forced this issue also in Poland, counting, as it would seem, on a swift attainment of the *fait accompli*—in which he was not wrong; but counting also on a fresh acceptance of it by the western powers, in which his judgment was not so happy. Certainly also Russia's intervention and its consequences, if they went according to plan, did not go according to any plan of Hitler's.

* * * *

It is then possible that the military element in Germany may decide that Hitler and his adherents are too dangerous a government for Germany to entertain. Even if **Hitler and the Army** from the army's point of view he has been worth much to the nation, it may not seem worth fighting a long war to keep him—and his satellites; especially if, in military judgment, the chances of ultimate victory are very doubtful. Lord French of Ypres, when he was in Ireland, said after the first allied successes that he thought the war would last another year. But there was one chance of an earlier end; German discipline was the most wonderful that the world had seen, yet it had one limitation; it postulated success. Troops like ours, he said, which had in comparison no training, may be thrown back without any considerable effect on their morale: the Germans expect that an operation undertaken will be carried through. The one thing that might end the war would be, he said, “a strike of the German army.” And in fact the German *moral* collapsed; yet, so far as I have been able to ascertain, it was not in the army that the breakdown came, but in the navy, too long kept in port, and in the civilian population. From them it spread at last even to the troops. But it spread.

It is possible that the German High Command, knowing what Lord French knew, and lacking confidence of success, may decide for what may seem to them the lesser of two evils. A military revolution in Germany would be the best thing that seems possible for Europe—the one way to an early and not ruinous peace. Yet the instinctive force of such a discipline

as theirs is almost unbreakable ; and to reach peace, the chiefs must know it necessary to relinquish the conquests, bloodless and bloody alike, of these last twelve months. That surrender seems to be beyond reasonable hope ; and indeed nowhere stronger than in Germany is the feeling " My country, right or wrong ". English papers in the last few weeks reported one singular instance ; a Jewish refugee demanded his passage back to Germany, that he might play his part in serving his country. For he said, he was a German first.

* * * *

But it is precisely this spirit which the Russian contagion saps. All the elements of class war lie strewn about ; good men and bad men, honest fanatics, honest folk who are simply sickened (as well they may be) by much that honest folk have endured—all may be readily turned into a seething mass of disaffection. If that ulcer bursts, the poison of it will not be confined to Germany ; yet that it may burst, is the likeliest hope of an early end to the conflict which as yet, in this third week of October, has hardly begun. Here is the real strategic justification for what seems to many a wanton dispersal of effort, in this campaign of leaflet dropping. It seems to us, in the outside world, that if the Germans knew the truth of things, they would rid themselves and us of Hitler ; and since admittedly he and his spare no effort to prevent admission of the truth, as the outside world sees it, there is strong argument for striking measures to get it in.

Meantime we have to face the fact that in the regions which border on the Baltic England and France can do little. It is, however, probable that Russia will desire to continue the supply, especially of timber, to Great Britain ; and if so, some collision between her interests and the German submarine campaign must occur. Sweden and Norway, naturally incensed by Germany's high-handed action, seem likely to accept the offered chance of convoy and Sweden at least shows a disposition to defend the freedom of her own coastal waters. Finland, threatened by Russia with the same alleged advantages which the lesser sea-bordering states have been constrained to accept, puts up a stiff back ! Finland was never easy under Russian

domination, and some League between her and the Scandinavian States is indicated as desirable—though hazardous. Italy, meanwhile, stands aloof ; the moment has not come when she may put up to auction a decisive aid. Probably the monarchy exercises more influence in Italy than is generally believed ; the *Duce* is a less uncontrolled autocrat than the *Führer*. At all events on a computation, it looks as if Russia's interposition between Germany and Rumania had increased the chances for Italy of a leading part in the Balkans and the Danubian region ; it is therefore not likely that it will suit Mussolini's game to strengthen Russia. Or, for that matter, Germany.

* * * *

People begin to talk of Russia's moving towards India. They do not realize how vast a field lies open to Russia in the Farther East, nor how necessary it is for her to anticipate Japan in occupying what lies west of China, and is not, like all inside China, over-peopled. Between the Far East and the Baltic, she has enough to engage her—and more than enough chance of making trouble. In the Near East signs are gratifying and Jewry has taken up an attitude which shows its trained intelligence and sense of realities. The recent decisions of the British Government about Palestine were a bitter disappointment to them and must even have seemed a betrayal : a temperamental people (such as the Irish) would have seized the first occasion to throw obstacles in England's way—even if it were to their own detriment. The Jews, however, realized that in this contest what mattered to them was that Germany should be beaten ; nor was it only that. A long minded race, they remember benefits as well as injuries ; they have cause to be grateful to England and they do not forget it. Once they took this stand, it was clear that the Arabs would be obliged to rival their loyalty—unless they believed that England was going to be beaten. It is an interesting fact that the whole Moslem world seems to expect England to prevail—as many of its leaders would earnestly desire. But not all ; yet all act as if England were the horse to back.

Then there is India, where both Moslem and Hindu show at least their sense that a Nazi victory would be disastrous ; and there is evidence that Lord Linlithgow has been successful in

conveying to India at large the impression that the English power desires to see India become more and more completely self-governing. The difficulties, as everyone knows, arise from the clash between various Indian ideals rather than because any one of those ideals cannot be reconciled with British interests or principles. But one thing is clear. This war comes at an unlucky moment, when a vast constitutional experiment was being peacefully worked out. Now that it has come, movement must be quickened. Great Britain has the luck to have in Mr. Gandhi a man of good will, whose influence with the Hindu majority will certainly not be used in any spirit of hostility to the English power. If I had the chance, I would implore the Government of India to consider urgently, not what is the least that Mr. Gandhi may possibly accept, but what is the utmost that they can offer to him, consistently with their obligations; and then to propose it without delay.



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EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION

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THE RISE OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION, by Charles Seignobos. *Cape.* 18s.

THE RACES OF CENTRAL EUROPE, by G. M. Morant. *Allen & Unwin.* 5s.

If it be possible at all to give in a single volume a coherent account of the development of European civilization from the earliest times up to to-day, then few historians are better qualified for the task than the veteran French Professor, Charles Seignobos. He has great learning, great accuracy, and the widest of interests. These qualities are well in evidence in his latest book, which summarises a life's work. It is a genuine "history of civilization" which gives the political framework only in the barest outline, concentrating its effort on the attempt to show how men—and women, who are not forgotten—lived in different ages and lands. Religion, social and economic systems, arts and letters, the discoveries of sciences down to such details as the discovery of an improved method of harnessing horses—all have their place in a story told in a lucid and lively style which the translation by C. Alison Philips has not impaired. No reader can set this book down without feeling himself the richer by an enormous store of interesting material.

It is, however, doubtful whether this history, able as it is, will ever rank as a classic. Waters so wide must run shallow and the author's conscious enumeration of as many facts as possible reduces some of his paragraphs to little more than lists of names (this being so, it is rather curious that he does not give more dates). One misses imagination, the synthetic touch—in a word, genius. A broader, more impressionist style would have given much more satisfactory results to most readers. This remains something of a text book, with the disadvantage that with its immense field, it is too scanty on almost any individual subject to be a satisfactory text book on it. Nor does Professor Seignobos altogether succeed in what seems to have been his main object to show the development of a distinctive European civilization, of a single Europe. In spite of the regular treatment by epochs rather than by countries, in spite of a reasonable degree of impartiality (although France does perhaps receive rather more than her due share of space), somehow the figure of Europe refuses to come alive. But to say that this is not a masterpiece does not imply that it is not an extremely able, and a very successful, piece of work.

Mr. Morant's little book on the races of Central Europe is very interest-

ing, if somewhat inconclusive. He does succeed in showing that, by the various anthropological standards the "racial" theories current in parts of Central Europe, and particularly in Germany, are entirely absurd. Judged by any of these standards, the Germans are about the most mixed "race" of any people in Europe. Not that the Germans are the only people to come off ill; both cephalic indices and criteria of stature show the Slovaks to be more closely related to the Magyars than to the Czechs. Interestingly enough, the one people which (according to the data collected by M. Morant) really stands apart is that of the Szeklers in Transylvania, whose cephalic index differs markedly from that of the surrounding Roumanians, while in their percentage of blood-group O they are unique.

It is difficult for a layman to judge a highly specialized book like this. It is perhaps legitimate to suggest that the data used seem to be rather limited, and that insufficient regard is paid to known varieties of origin within a given country. Thus the maps showing both cephalic index and stature mark as "Austrian" (and show as differing notably from other "German" peoples) an area in which the population is notoriously of Slovene origin; or at any rate Slovene-speaking to-day, and not of Germanic origin. And it is hard for a traveller who has often seen, but never measured, the heads of the inhabitants of Western and Eastern Hungary respectively to be satisfied with maps which treat these as one people. But Mr. Morant certainly has the better of his argument with Herr Hitler (except, indeed, on the not unimportant point that the average

German does differ physically from the average Jew or gypsy). Whether the belief in racial theory can be in the slightest degree affected by any demonstration of its falsity is, unfortunately, another question.

THE FATE OF HOMO SAPIENS, by H. G. Wells. *Secker & Warburg.* 10s. 6d.

THE DISCOVERY OF MAN, by Stanley Casson. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

In this volume Mr. Wells looks round the whole world to see what hope there is for us. It is a very good book; it accomplishes just what we want—a review and an examination of all the significant forces to discover if there is anywhere a real progressive plan. A despairing search. Mr. Wells never loses sight of the one movement which could save us—a pool of the world's intelligence and information, a World Brain as he calls it. "There exist", he urges repeatedly, "already scattered about the world all the knowledge and imaginative material required to turn not merely these seething four hundred million people but the whole world into one incessantly progressive and happily interested world community. All that is needed is to assemble that scattered knowledge and these constructive ideas into an effective form. The world cannot go on, a hydra-headed confusion of sovereignties; it has to concentrate its direction in a World Brain. The organization of a few thousand workers and the expenditure of a few score million pounds could bring that indispensable organization into being. And I doubt if it will ever be done." He looks round and admirably sums up the situation in China, Japan, America,

Africa, India, England, and the Totalitarian countries, and in none of them can he discern any responsible vital progressive movement—though he tries to give Russia its due. He says what he chooses throughout; and if he says of Hitler, "It is plain that the Führer is insane" he is just as outspoken about the Jews and the English Oligarchy and the Catholic Church—chapters in which a plain man speaks his mind. This is a book to study and not rush through. What he has to say about the frustration of the young men the world over, goes very deep.

The Discovery of Man is an attempt to sketch "the outlines of a single story—the story of how man has come to be studied objectively". It is an academic work, a volume of information. It has no new line. The author has nothing of importance to say. When speaking of the Greeks he says in connection with the problem of evolution "already we encounter that great crux in human enquiry which has often been left unsolved and on whose solution depends the future of scientific study. It is a vital test for mankind. If it is triumphantly overcome, human progress is possible. If man fails in the ordeal, all human speculation, all human invention, all human advancement, will decline and man may degenerate into a mere unspeculative human animal." This statement is too jumbled in its thought to give dynamic to the work. But the information is at times most interesting, and Mr. Casson gives us some fascinating extracts from the Greeks. Take this from Anaxamander—"Men were first produced within fishes and nourished like mud-fish. . . . Animals came into existence by a process of evaporation by the sun;

but man came into existence in the likeness of another animal, in the first instance of a fish." This was the Sixth Century B.C. That gives us pause for thought.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

THE MARCH OF LITERATURE, by Ford Madox Ford. *Allen & Unwin.* 16s.

THE JACKDAW'S NEST, A FIVEFOLD ANTHOLOGY, by Gerald Bullett. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

Reading will go on; it may increase. The darkness that has descended on us will make a warm room, well-shuttered, the safest place on a winter evening. From the varied life of six months ago we are led back to the eighteenth-century amusements which Cowper admired, and among them prominently the book. These two volumes though not designed for these abnormal conditions, admirably fit the purpose. They are both generous in length, varied and human in content. Mr. Gerald Bullett is one of the most fully proved anthologists. He has novelty, alertness and a deeply impressive sincerity. The sincerity abides in all his varied choice in the "Jackdaw's Nest". Above all, he has a skill in avoiding the usual pieces. All moods find a place, the comic, tragic, and ridiculous; stories, poems, philosophy and anecdote. Dorothy Wordsworth is here and P. G. Wodehouse, Henry Vaughan and Sterne, Donne and Conan Doyle. As Mr. Bullett writes, in his preface, "you will meet, I believe, nothing merely painful, nothing calculated to assault the emotions and lacerate the nerves to no purpose. Whatever its shortcomings it is at least a peaceable anthology, and as

such may be not unwelcome to a harassed generation."

The selection extends to over a thousand pages, and to my mind it is one of the most successful volumes of its kind that has appeared for years. From such abundance it is difficult to quote, but as I turn these pages I come back constantly to a clever little whimsy by that veteran of all anthologists, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch :

Two students of Psycho-Analysis
Corresponded on Sexual Fallacies
Till confusion arose

And now nobody knows

Which Algernon was or which Alice is.

This trifle gives no impression of the more ambitious extracts where the mind comes back through pathos, beauty and colour to the memory of those emotions which have given human life its quality.

Mr. Ford Madox Ford's volume, which covers literature from the earliest days to modern times, is less easy to define. Most of these "outline" volumes follow a well-known design, and eschew independent judgments. Mr. Ford is far more like Don Quixote than Baedeker. In the retreat of Olivet College, Michigan, Mr. Ford allowed his mind to range over literature from Confucius to Oscar Wilde, and from Xenophon to Conrad with surprising results. Like all the work he produced it has some strain of genius mingled with pose, sound judgments mixed with caperings and an ever certain absence of order and proportion. On ancient and medieval literature Mr. Ford is an entertaining but not always an adequate guide. In the later periods his vehemence and high spirits are excellently stimulating. Characteristic is his defence of Smollett against Fielding :

That this writer should immensely prefer the coarser Roderick Random to the perfumed, coloured and heartless paragraphs of Fielding's *magnum opus*, the reader will probably by this time be in a position to anticipate.

The whole view is fantastic and preposterous, but the argument is stated with such energy that the reader must consider the whole issue afresh. The specialist who reads this book will be exasperated and the general reader surprised; but as with Mr. Bullett's Anthology the mind will go back to those humane things which from time to time, only too rarely, have occupied humanity.

B. IFOR EVANS

THE PADEREWSKI MEMOIRS, by Ignace Jan Paderewski and Mary Lawton. Collins. 21s.

MOZART, by Annette Kolb. Gollancz. 16s.

The publication of the first volume of Paderewski's memoirs, written in collaboration with the American author Mary Lawton, comes at an appropriate moment, when our thoughts are so much with Poland, for as well as being a great musician he is one of that unhappy country's staunchest patriots. This first volume, which contains in the foreword a letter from Bernard Shaw, is mainly concerned with Paderewski's musical career up to the outbreak of the Great War. The history of his political career, as the first Prime Minister of Poland in 1919, will be told in a subsequent volume.

Paderewski was born in 1860 in a remote Polish village in a part of the country then under Russian rule. The child developed at a very early age an intense love of his country and a desire to see it freed from opposition—a desire

which was fostered by the hardships and injustices to which they were constantly subjected. This ardent patriotism developed as he grew older. Throughout his musical career, when he travelled all over the world, he never forgot his country's troubles but was always watchful for the occasion when he could serve it. Here is a remarkable instance of his feeling: "When I was ten years old, I read the description of the battle of Grūwald, which was fought in 1410 against the Knights of the Cross, (the Germans) and which was a tremendous victory for the Poles. I conceived then the idea that as the year 1910 would be the 500th anniversary of that victory how wonderful it would be if I, at that time, could erect a monument for that great anniversary." This youthful ambition was actually fulfilled; in 1910, when he was fifty, he presented the city of Cracow with a monument to the battle.

Paderewski's musical talent showed itself at a very early age and, thanks to the foresight of his father, he was eventually sent to the Warsaw Conservatory. He suffered the hardships and disappointments usual to the artist fighting for recognition; he was often subjected to insults on account of his nationality and he was living in an age when musical giants were numerous. In time, however, his genius was acknowledged and acclaimed and his romantic personality—and wonderful hair!—gained a hold on public imagination. The story of his later years is revealing in the devastating picture it gives of the life of a world-famous celebrity—the constant travelling, bad food and conditions of work, and all the attendant, and often importunate,

publicity. The tale is simply, indeed naively, told. One rather wearies of reading of the adulation of kings, princes and noblemen, so frequently recounted, but on the other hand one is grateful for the delightful portraits of musical, literary, artistic and political personalities, and the book is packed with anecdotes. It is to be hoped that the second volume will not be too long delayed, so that we may continue the story of this great and lovable man.

Paderewski's life has little in common with that of Mozart. Both men were supremely sure of themselves as musicians; a self-assurance which gave them a certain arrogance, particularly in the case of Mozart. But whereas Paderewski's life, after he had conquered the early setbacks, went from triumph to triumph, Mozart's, alas, was in many respects the opposite. As a child he was fêted and idolized as the most remarkable musical prodigy ever known, but it is one of the greatest tragedies in the history of music that this recognition did not follow him in later years, for throughout most of his short adult life he had to suffer neglect and slights to a heartbreaking degree.

Miss Annette Kolb's biography is not concerned with Mozart's music, except for passing discussions of his operas, but by drawing on his letters, and many from his father, she gives us a vivid picture of his life and character. If there be any who still think of Mozart as a 'sweet' and rather artless person they should read this book for they will then realize that underneath a charming and courteous manner was hidden a virile, and often ruthless, nature.

ELIZABETH VOSS.

DEMOCRACY IN THE DOCK, by
Gideon Clark.

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SCENE,
by Frank Darvall.

Nelson Discussion Books, 2s. 6d. each.

Mr. Clark cross-examines his prisoner in much the same terms as Jeremy Bentham would have employed had he been writing *A Fragment on Government* as articles for the *Daily Express*. "One test alone is of real importance. It is: Does democracy make for the greatest happiness, material and spiritual, of the greatest number?" And the goals of such a democracy? Why, one of them of course is, to "recreate a British peasantry tilling their own fields, growing their own food". This being so, it is hardly surprising that Mr. Clark turns a kind eye on the achievements of totalitarian régimes, accepting their own estimates of their own success, and never seriously questioning how far total abolition of unemployment implies forced labour, how far "Winter Help Schemes" are extortion in the guise of charity, how far, in fact, democracy and the insect state differ from one another. But despite the prosecutor's avowals, the Benthamite wig does not fit him perfectly. He is worried at "working class snobbery and subservience". But if the working man is happy in his snobbery and subservience, are they not ministers of real democracy? Consistency collapses under the vigour of Mr. Clark's attack. The defendant stands condemned, and grievously, on the count of class prejudice, of allowing himself to be governed by the Right People. And he must be reformed, by abolition of the House of Lords and hereditary titles, by universal, com-

pulsorily uniform education (How democratic in fact is that?) and the disestablishment of the Church of England. To inconsistency Mr. Clark adds a few eccentricities; he believes the English press has improved, that the worst that can be said about our films is that they falsify the past (if so, what do they do to the present?). From all of which you may guess that Mr. Clark's book admirably fulfils its duty of provoking discussion and of asking just the awkward illogical questions that somehow have to be faced up to.

Mr. Darvall, on the other hand, realizes, as no doubt his work at the English-Speaking Union has taught him, that with regard to American democracy the British public needs, not more discussion, but more information. That at least is what he has provided, with great accuracy and even more remarkable compression, in 230 pages that give, first an analysis of the American political system, and then an account of the workings of the system since 1921. He concludes with an estimate of the success and prospects of the New Deal. His book contains nothing about American foreign policy, no doubt for the excellent reason that the British public is relatively over-informed about that aspect of American politics. But in compensation he sets out the background and antecedents of the New Deal with a fullness and fairness which is rarely found in British accounts. Without withholding his admiration of Roosevelt, he has done the much needed service of redeeming Hoover from the obloquy, often undeserved, which he still enjoys in a country which is determined to applaud his successor with the enthusiasm the

British public reserves for liberalism on other shores. It would be interesting if Mr. Darvall had given us his opinion on that 'dishonesty' which is charged by Roosevelt's detractors—discernible to many eyes in the Supreme Court Bill and now in the new Neutrality measure. Is this the grease, which Mr. Clark deplures, necessary to make democracy work? Anyway here is a President who has made democracy work, despite the fantastic obstacles which 48 states and an outmoded Constitution scatter in the way. It is the success of Mr. Darvall's book that he makes us understand why.

H. G. NICHOLAS

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, by
Richard Llewellyn. *Michael Joseph.*
8s. 6d.

FOUR-PART SETTING, by Ann Bridge.
Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

THE SEA TOWER, by Hugh Walpole.
Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

TRANCE BY APPOINTMENT, by G. E.
Trevelyan. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

Richard Llewellyn's book has that unique quality of timelessness, a quality shared by the Bible, Marx's Capital, Plato's Republic, most of Epstein, Shakespeare and Ibsen. And this quality is becoming extremely rare in literature. D. H. Lawrence looms still as the one influence likely to survive or resurrect from an ever-growing pile of literary cadavers. Each phase since the Great War till to-day has been written up, written round, from a bird's eye view, from a worm's eye view, from under beds, through keyholes, from behind curtains, and all the novelist's Man and Woman have become are things we see through the neuroses

of the moment. So it is that since the last war Man and Woman have changed their neuroses according to the colour of the political, economic or religious background of the phase. As these phases have lasted anything from six months to two years Bloomsbury has bloomed every possible shade between dull grey to pale pink. And each little phase has had its Trollope, greatest of whom was Aldous. And that is why Gumbriel is dead. He had passed away peacefully with most of Huxley's character's by 1930. R.I.P.

Richard Llewellyn's book is autobiographical and is about a Welsh pit village. His father, mother, brothers and sisters are the immediate influences in his early life. Gradually as he grows up his green valley reveals the mysteries of human relationships, the struggle of man under the earth fighting the coalface and man on the earth fighting his boss. It is more than the story of a Welsh mining community, it is the microcosm of that world that lives by its labour and fights for its freedom. Richard Llewellyn's book is vitally alive in spite of the fact that most of the characters are dead to-day. The last page in the history of the workers fight for a new world has yet to be written. And that is why there is the breath of life in *How Green Was My Valley*.

In *Four-Part Setting* and *The Sea Tower* we are treated, yet again, to the sight of frustrated middle-class characters tripping over one another's problems. *Four-Part Setting* gives us Rose Pelham, an innocent victim of her middle-class values, who works out her problem in front of a Chinese background. The Chinese setting helps her to see how very green is Golders. She has been

unhappily married, her child dies and she is left, immature and inexperienced, to find the key to her happiness and her ideals of Love. She puts all the theories she knows—Freud, Jung and Aldous Huxley—to test and finds they ring hollow. Although of a blighted generation, Rose Pelham is skilfully untangled by her creator, Ann Bridge.

Again, in *The Sea Tower*, Love has to fight through a text-book of Freud to get a break. This time Oedipus is in the prompt-corner. A domineering mother tries to break up her son's marriage, wielding in the process every weapon in her power. She almost succeeds by wholly subconscious means to attain her ends, but she fails. Translating her wishes into a more material expression of jealousy, she attempts to brand her daughter-in-law with a red-hot fire-iron. Again she fails, with the inevitable consequence. She loses her son, who, with his wife, unites in everlasting Love. It is quite a time since Oedipus peeped through the pages of a modern novel. And, in a sense, it is refreshing to make this old gentleman's acquaintance again. Were it not for Hugh Walpole's craftsmanship, however, he would have palled. As it is the story is told convincingly, without the least danger of inspiring matricide in the breast of any pimply youngest son of a really loving mama.

Miss G. E. Trevelyan very successfully debunks astrology, horoscopy and hocus-pocus generally in her latest novel, *Trance By Appointment*. Jean, as a young girl, is credited with second sight. She is encouraged to go queer and see things. She comes to believe quite genuinely in this faculty ascribed to her. She is trained by a professional clairvoyante and exploited by a

Professor who marries her. Gradually her eyes open sufficiently for her to see the whole business as a cheap fraud. Her trances, which she can usually throw at will, become more and more difficult to perform. She realizes that her 'child spirit' Daisy is no longer real after the birth of her first child, whom she was sure during pregnancy was Daisy materializing. So she decides to practise crystal-gazing for just as long as people want it. You will say that this is a rather gentle and convenient way of letting oneself out of a racket. Perhaps her solution, on the other hand, is an honest one. For she at least knows that all the crystals in the world will not cure a world sick with fear. A woman like Jean might discover old man Marx smiling at her in her tea-cup.

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being the author of the most recent issue on *Propaganda in International Politics*. All the contributors maintain a high standard of interest but since Eastern Europe is our main source of worry at the moment, *Turkey, Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean*, by G. F. Hudson, *The Danubian Basin*, by C. A. Macartney, *The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk and Germany's Eastern Policy*, by J. W. Wheeler-Bennett and *Czechoslovakia*, by R. Birley, have a strong appeal as have 'Race' in *Europe*, by Julian Huxley and 'Living Space' and *Population Problems*, by R. R. Kuczynski.

I HAVEN'T UNPACKED, by William Holt. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

Too few autobiographies to-day have anything more to recommend them than

the rather doubtful pleasure which they give of sharing the author's thoughts and opinions as he travels, more or less like the rest of us, through life. Mr. William Holt's story, however, is in quite a different category, for, from the time he started work in a Yorkshire shirt factory at the age of twelve, he has had adventures by the dozen. He taught himself French and German, while working as a weaver, and later learnt Spanish and Russian. He joined up in the last war when sixteen, was a sergeant two years later and at the Armistice was being trained as an officer. He travelled to Spain and Canada for work and round the world as a sailor. He became a communist and was put in prison, and at the same time held several jobs which demonstrated his originality and ability. But easily the best part of the book is the style in which it is written. It is an account of life. It is written well with a refreshing openness, without excuses, and without malice. He is free from that almost universal crime, self-pity and self-justification.

THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT, by Graham Greene. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Graham Greene has written another 'thriller' without remembering the recipe which made *Brighton Rock* a really brilliant book. The tale concerns a confidential agent, who experiences a rough time in England from the 'enemy' while trying to buy coal for his Government, now engaged in civil war. Looked at from the worst side the agent has a series of improbable adventures, and ends the book, happily but equally improbably, by escaping from the clutches of the police as he falls, presumably for ever, into the arms

of his lady-love, the daughter of the coal-king. The plot of any 'thriller' can be made to look ridiculous and inadequate but one expects from Mr. Greene a richness of characterization, which, in this book, is entirely missing.

IT'S TOO LATE NOW, by A. A. Milne. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Milne may not be, as he claims, "inordinately fond of or interested in children", but he has done well, as usual, to devote the larger portion of his book to telling us how the boy became a writer. There was little enough to suggest that he would, when, at the age of eleven, he followed his brother Ken, as a scholar to Westminster. "When I was twelve, everybody thought I was going to be a Senior Wrangler. But at twelve I stopped working. I no longer thought mathematics grand." This was a sad disappointment to Alan Milne's father, who, having built his castles in the air, found himself wondering if his son was good enough to succeed him as Headmaster at Strete Court. The fear that A. A. Milne would never earn a living at writing was swiftly allayed, when he joined the *Punch* staff at the age of 24. From that time it was plain that childhood, school, and undergraduate days had not been wasted, and the account that Mr. Milne now gives of his life has the same charm which is associated with his books and plays.

DEATH'S OTHER KINGDOM, by Gamel Woolsey. Longmans' 6s.

Malaga again makes the setting for a book on the Spanish Civil War, and like Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, Gamel Woolsey lived just outside. A personal narrative, it possesses all the vividness of truth, simply and beautifully told.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

H. G. Wells : It is rather more than forty years ago that Mr. H. G. Wells contributed his first article to the pages of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. Even in those days he was a well known writer although not so well known, apparently, for the Editor to think it superfluous to add "Author of *The Time Machine*, *The Wonderful Visit*, etc., etc.", after his signature. On that occasion Mr. Wells was writing on *Human Evolution*, *An Artificial Process*. The return of Mr. Wells to our pages is very welcome.

W. J. Oudendyk, K.C.M.G. : Sir William Oudendyk is the famous Dutch diplomat to whom not a few Englishmen owe their lives. At the time of the Russian Revolution he was the Netherlands ambassador in Moscow, and it was through his intervention that many lives were saved. Sir William, whose eventful life is recorded in his recent book, *Ways and By-Ways in Diplomacy*, spent a considerable part of his diplomatic life in China.

C. W. Guillebaud : A Cambridge economist, whose original views are held in high respect, Mr. Guillebaud wrote an important book, dealing with the same subject as his article, *The Economic Recovery of Germany*.

Lord Addison : A man of wide interests, Lord Addison was trained as a doctor and later became a Professor of Anatomy. He entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1910 and soon won distinction in a new sphere. He held office on many occasions in the Liberal, Coalition, and Labour Governments, his last appointment being, Minister

of Agriculture and Fisheries, 1930-31.

Geoffrey Household : A novelist, who will not long be denied a place in the first rank, Mr. Household won immediate recognition with his first book, *The Third Hour*. His second novel, *Rogue Male*, was exciting and important.

Lord Ponsonby : The long and distinguished political career began for Lord Ponsonby some years before he finally entered Parliament in 1908 as a Liberal. Becoming a member of the Labour Party, he represented the Brightside Division of Sheffield from 1922-30, during which time he held office several times. Lord Ponsonby was Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords 1931-35.

Eleanor Rathbone, M.P. : An independent. Miss Rathbone has represented the Combined Universities since 1929 with a loyalty and courage which does credit to herself and to her many causes. A strong speaker, the welfare of all people is her concern.

Henry Baerlein : Only those who have travelled so frequently and so happily as Mr. Baerlein can claim to know their Europe as well as he. One must expect to find Mr. Baerlein in the most unlikely places and afterwards to read one of his attractive and discursive volumes. He travels everywhere and knows everybody.

Notes on our contributors, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, General Sir Charles Gwynn, Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton and Mr. Stephen Gwynn, appeared in our October number.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1939

THE NEW WORLD ORDER

Whether it is attainable, how it can be attained, and what sort of world a world at peace will have to be

BY H. G. WELLS

(Continued)

UNSATURATED YOUTH

WE have now to examine these disruptive forces a little more closely, these disruptive forces which are manifestly overstraining and destroying the social and political system in which most of us have been reared. At what particular points in our political and social life are these disruptive forces discovering breaking-points?

Chief among these breaking-points, people are beginning to realize more and more clearly, is the common, half-educated young man.

One particular consequence of this onrush of power and invention in our time, is the release of a great flood of human energy in the form of unemployed young people. This is a primary factor of the general political instability.

We have to recognize that humanity is not suffering, as most animal species when they suffer seem to do, from hunger or want in any material form. It is threatened not by deficiency but by excess. It is plethoric. It is not lying down to die through physical exhaustion; it is knocking itself to pieces.

Measured by any standards except human contentment and ultimate security, mankind appears to be much wealthier now than in 1918. The quantities of power and material immediately available are much greater. What is called productivity in general is greater. But there is sound reason for supposing that a large part of this increased productivity is really a swifter

and more thorough exploitation of irreplaceable capital. It is a process that cannot go on indefinitely. It rises to a maximum and then the feast is over. Natural resources are being exhausted at a great rate, and the increased output goes into war munitions whose purpose is destruction, and into sterile indulgences no better than waste. Man, "heir of the ages", is a demoralized spendthrift, in a state of galloping consumption, living on stimulants.

When we look into the statistics of population, there is irrefutable proof that everywhere we are passing a maximum (see for this Enid Charles's *The Twilight of Parenthood* or R. R. Kuczynski's *Measurement of Population Growth*) and that a rapid decline is certain not only in Western Europe but throughout the world. There is sound reason for doubting the alleged vast increase of the Russian people (see Souvarine's *Stalin*). Nevertheless because of the continually increasing efficiency of productive methods, the *relative* pressure of this new unemployed class increases. The "mob" of the twentieth century is quite different from the almost animal "mob" of the eighteenth century. It is a restless sea of dissatisfied young people, of young women who no longer bear children and young men who can find no outlet for their natural urgencies and ambitions, young people quite ready to "make trouble" as soon as they are shown how.

In the technically crude past, the illiterate Have-nots were sweated and overworked. It was easy to find toil to keep them all busy. Such surplus multitudes are wanted no more. Toil is no longer marketable. Machines can toil better and with less resistance.

These frustrated multitudes have been made acutely aware of their own frustration. The gap of their always partly artificial disadvantage has been greatly diminished because now they all read. Even for incidental employment it has been necessary to teach them that, and the new reading public thus created has evoked a press and literature of excitement and suggestion. The cinema and the radio dazzle them with spectacles of luxury and unrestricted living. They are not the helpless Hodges and factory fodder of a hundred years ago. They are educated up to what must have been the middle-class

level in 1889. They are indeed largely a squeezed-out middle class, restless, impatient and as we shall see extremely dangerous. They have assimilated almost all of the lower strata that were formerly illiterate drudges.

And this modernized excess population has no longer any social humility. It has no belief in the infallible wisdom of its rulers. It sees them too clearly; it knows about them, their waste, vices and weaknesses, with an even exaggerated vividness. It sees no reason for its exclusion from the good things of life by such people. It has lost enough of its inferiority to realize that most of that inferiority is arbitrary and artificial.

You may say that this is a temporary state of affairs, that the fall in population will presently relieve the situation, by getting rid of this surplus of the "not wanted". But it will do nothing of the sort. As population falls, consumption will fall. Industries will still be producing more and more efficiently for a shrinking market and they will be employing fewer and fewer hands. A state of five million people with half a million of useless hands, will be twice as unstable as forty million with two million standing off. So long as the present state of affairs continues, this stratum of perplexed young people "out of it" will increase relatively to the total community.

It is still not realized as clearly as it should be, how much the troubles of the present time are due to this new aspect of the social puzzle. But if you will scrutinize the events of the past half century in the light of this idea, you will see more and more convincingly that it is mainly through this growing mass of unfulfilled desire that the disruptive forces manifest themselves.

The eager and adventurous unemployed young are indeed the shock troops in the destruction of the old social order everywhere. They find guidance in some confident Party or some inspired Champion, who organizes them for revolutionary or counter-revolutionary ends. It scarcely matters which. They become Communists or they become Fascists, Nazis, the Irish Republican Army, Ku Klux Klansmen and so forth and so on. The essence is the combination of energy, frustration and discontent. What all such movements have in common, is a genuine indignation at the social institutions that have begotten and then cold-shouldered them, a quasi-military

organization and the resolve to seize power for themselves embodied in their leaders. A wise and powerful government would at any cost anticipate and avert these destructive activities by providing various and interesting new employment and the necessary condition for a satisfyingly successful life for everyone. These young people are life. The rise of the successful leader only puts off the trouble for a time. He seizes power in the name of his movement. And then? When the seizure of power has been effected, he finds himself obliged to keep things going, to create justification for his leadership, exciting enterprises, urgencies.

A leader of vision with adequate technical assistance might conceivably direct much of the human energy he has embodied into creative channels. For example, he could rebuild the dirty, inadequate cities of our age, turn the still slovenly countryside into a garden and playground, re-clothe, liberate and stimulate imaginations, until the ideas of creative progress became a habit of mind. But in doing this he will find himself confronted by those who are sustained by the pre-emptions and appropriations of the old order. These relatively well-off people will bargain with him up to the last moment for their money and impede his seizure and utilization of land and material resources, and he will be further hampered by the fact that in organizing his young people he has had to turn their minds and capacities from creative work to systematic violence and militant activities. It is easy to make an unemployed young man into a Fascist or gangster but it is hard to turn him back to any decent social task. Moreover the Champion's own leadership was largely due to his conspiratorial and adventurous quality. He is himself unfit for a creative job. He finds himself a fighter at the head of a fighting pack.

And furthermore, unless his country is on the scale of Russia and the United States, whatever he attempts in order to make good his promises of an abundant life, has to be done in face of that mutual pressure of the sovereign states due to the abolition of distance and change of scale which we have already considered. He has no elbow-room in which to operate. The resultant of these convergent difficulties is to turn him and his fighting pack

relentlessly towards the simplifying, liberating and releasing flux of predatory war.

Everywhere in the world, under varying local circumstances, we see governments primarily concerned with this supreme problem of what to do with these young adults who are unemployable under present conditions. We have to realize that and bear it constantly in mind. It is there in every country. It is the most dangerous and wrong-headed view of the world situation, to treat the totalitarian countries as differing fundamentally from the rest of the world.

The problem of reabsorbing the unemployable adult is the essential problem in all states. It is the common shape to which all current political dramas reduce. How are we to use up or slake this surplus of human energy? The young are the live core of our species. The generation below sixteen or seventeen has not yet begun to give trouble, and after forty, the ebb of vitality disposes men to accept the lot that has fallen to them.

Franklin Roosevelt and Stalin find themselves in control of vast countries under-developed or so misdeveloped that their main energies go into internal organization or re-organization. They do not press against their frontiers therefore and they do not threaten war. The recent Russian annexations have been precautionary-defensive. But all the same both Russia and America have to cater for that troublesome social stratum quite as much as Europe. The New Deal is plainly an attempt to achieve a working socialism and avert a social collapse in America; it is extraordinarily parallel to the successive "Policies" and "Plans" of the Russian experiment. Americans shirk the word "socialism", but what else can one call it?

The British oligarchy, demoralized and slack with the accumulated wealth of a century of advantage, bought off social upheaval for a time by the deliberate and socially demoralizing appeasement of the dole. It has made no adequate effort to employ or educate these surplus people; it has just pushed the dole at them. It even tries to buy off the leader of the Labour Party with a salary of £2,000 a year. Whatever we may think of the quality and deeds of the Nazi or Fascist

régimes or the follies of their leaders, we must at any rate concede that they attempt however clumsily to reconstruct life in a collectivist direction. They are efforts to adjust and construct and so far they are in advance of the British ruling class. The British Empire has shown itself the least constructive of all governing networks. It produces no New Deals, no Five Year Plans ; it keeps on trying to stave off its inevitable dissolution and carry on upon the old lines—and apparently it will do that until it has nothing more to give away.

“Peace in our time”, that foolishly premature self-congratulation of Mr. Chamberlain, is manifestly the guiding principle of the British elder statesmen. It is that natural desire we all begin to feel after sixty to sit down comfortably somewhere. Unprogressive tranquillity they want at any price, even at the price of a preventive war. This astonishing bunch of rulers has never revealed any conception whatever of a common future before its sprawling Empire. There was a time when that Empire seemed likely to become the nexus of a world system, but now manifestly it has no future but disintegration. Apparently its rulers expected it to go on just as it was for ever. Bit by bit its component parts have dropped away and become quasi-independent powers, generally after an unedifying struggle ; Southern Ireland for example is neutral in the present war, South Africa hesitated.

Now, and that is why this book is being written, these people, by a string of almost incredible blunders, have entangled what is left of their Empire in a great war to “end Hitler”, and they have absolutely no suggestion to offer their antagonists and the world at large, of what is to come after Hitler. Apparently they hope to paralyse Germany in some as yet unspecified fashion and then to go back to their golf links or the fishing stream and the doze by the fire after dinner. That is surely one of the most astounding things in history, the possibility of death and destruction beyond all reckoning and our combatant governments have no idea of what is to follow when the overthrow of Hitler is accomplished. They seem to be as void of any sense of the future, as completely empty-headed about the aftermath of their campaigns, as one of those American Tories who are “just out against F.D.R. Damn him !”

So the British Empire remains, paying its way down to ultimate bankruptcy, buying itself a respite from the perplexing problems of the future, with the accumulated wealth and power of its past. It is rapidly becoming the most backward political organization in the world. But sooner or later it will have no more money for the dole and no more allies to abandon nor dominions to yield up to their local bosses, and then possibly its disintegration will be complete (R.I.P.), leaving intelligent English people to line up at last with America and the rest of the intelligent world and face the universal problem. Which is : how are we to adapt ourselves to these mighty disruptive forces that are shattering human society as it is at present constituted ?

In the compressed countries which have little internal scope and lack the vast natural resources of the Russian and Atlantic communities, the internal tension makes more directly for aggressive warfare, but the fundamental driving-force behind their aggressiveness is still the universal trouble, that surplus of young men.

Seen in this broader vision, the present war falls into its true proportions as a stupid conflict upon secondary issues, which is delaying and preventing an overdue world adjustment. That it may kill hundreds of thousands of people does not alter that. An idiot with a revolver can murder a family. He remains an idiot.

From 1914 to 1939 has been a quarter of a century of folly, meanness, evasion and resentment, and only a very tedious and copious historian would attempt to distribute the blame among those who had played a part in the story. And when he had done it, what he had done would not matter in the least. An almost overwhelmingly difficult problem has confronted us all, and in some measure we have all of us lost our heads in the face of it, lost our dignity, been too clever by half, pinned ourselves to cheap solutions, quarrelled stupidly among ourselves. “We have erred and strayed We have left undone those things that we ought to have done and we have done those things which we ought not to have done and there is no health in us.”

I do not see any way to a solution of the problem of World

Peace unless we begin with a confession of universal wrong-thinking and wrong-doing. Then we can sit down to the question of a solution with some reasonable prospect of finding an answer.

Now let us assume that "we" are a number of intelligent men, German, French, English, American, Italian, Chinese and so forth, who have decided in consequence of the war and in spite of the war, while the war is still going on, to wipe out all these squabbling by-gones from our minds, and discuss plainly and simply the present situation of mankind. What is to be done with the world? Let us recapitulate the considerations that so far have been brought into the case and then examine where they lead us, what other general considerations can be brought in, and what prospects they open, if any, of some hopeful concerted action, action that would so revolutionize the human outlook as to end war and that hectic recurrent waste of human life and happiness, for ever.

Firstly then it has been made apparent that humanity is at the end of an age, an age of fragmentation in the management of its affairs, fragmentation politically among separate sovereign states and economically among unrestricted business organizations competing for profit. The abolition of distance, the enormous increase of available power, root causes of all our troubles, have suddenly made what was once a tolerable working system—a system that was perhaps with all its inequalities and injustices the only practicable working system in its time—enormously dangerous and wasteful, so that it threatens to exhaust and destroy our world altogether. Man is like a feckless heir who has suddenly been able to get at his capital and spend it as though it were income. We are living in a phase of violent and irreparable expenditure. There is an intensified scramble among nations and among individuals to acquire, monopolize and spend. The dispossessed young find themselves hopeless unless they resort to violence. They implement the ever-increasing instability. Only a comprehensive collectivization of human affairs can arrest this disorderly self-destruction of mankind. All this has been made plain in what has gone before.

This essential problem, the problem of collectivization,

can be viewed from two reciprocal points of view and stated in two different ways. We can ask, "What is to be done to end the world chaos?", and also "How can we offer the common young man a reasonable and stimulating prospect of a full life?"

These two questions are the obverse and reverse of one question. What answers one answers the other. The answer to both is that we have to collectivize the world as one system with practically everyone playing a reasonably satisfying part in it. For sound practical reasons, over and above any ethical or sentimental considerations, we have to devise a collectivization that neither degrades nor enslaves.

Our imaginary world conference then has to turn itself to the question of how to collectivize the world, so that it will remain collectivized and yet enterprising, interesting and happy enough to content that common young man who will otherwise reappear, baffled and sullen, at the street corners and throw it into confusion again. To that problem the rest of this book will address itself.

As a matter of fact it is very obvious that at the present time a sort of collectivization is being imposed very rapidly upon the world. Everyone is being enrolled, ordered about, put under control somewhere—even if it is only in an evacuation or concentration camp or what not. This process of collectivization, collectivization of some sort, seems now to be in the nature of things and there is no reason to suppose it is reversible. Some people imagine world peace as the end of that process. Collectivization is going to be defeated and a vaguely conceived reign of law will restore and sustain property, Christianity, individualism and everything to which the respectable prosperous are accustomed. This is implicit even in the title of such a book as Edward Mousley's *Man or Leviathan*? It is much more reasonable to think that world peace has to be the necessary completion of that process, and that the alternative is a decadent anarchy. If so, the phrase for the aims of liberal thought should be not *Man or Leviathan* but *Man masters Leviathan*.

On this point, the inevitability of collectivization as the sole alternative to universal brigandage and social collapse, our world conference must make itself perfectly clear.

Then it has to turn itself to the much more difficult and complicated question of *how*.

SOCIALISM UNAVOIDABLE.

Let us, even at the cost of a certain repetition, look a little more closely now into the fashion in which the disruptive forces are manifesting themselves in the Western and Eastern hemispheres.

In the Old World the hypertrophy of armies is most conspicuous, in America it was the hypertrophy of big business. But in both the necessity for an increasing collective restraint upon unco-ordinated over-powerful business or political enterprise is more and more clearly recognized.

There is a strong opposition on the part of great interests in America to the President, who has made himself the spear-head of the collectivizing drive; they want to put the brake now on his progressive socialization of the nation, and quite possibly, at the cost of increasing social friction, they may slow down the drift to socialism very considerably. But it is unbelievable that they dare provoke the social convulsion that would ensue upon a deliberate reversal of the engines or upon any attempt to return to the glorious days of big business, wild speculation and mounting unemployment, before 1927. They will merely slow down the drive. For in the world now all roads lead to socialism or social dissolution.

The tempo of the process is different in the two continents; that is the main difference between them. It is not an opposition. They travel at different rates but they travel towards an identical goal. In the Old World at present the socialization of the community is going on far more rapidly and thoroughly than it is in America because of the perpetual war threat.

In Western Europe now the dissolution and the drive towards socialization progress by leaps and bounds. The British governing class and British politicians generally, overtaken by a war they had not the intelligence to avert, have tried to atone for their slovenly unimaginativeness during the past twenty years in a passion of witless improvisation. God

knows what their actual war preparations amount to, but their domestic policy seems to be based on an imperfect study of Barcelona, Guernica, Madrid and Warsaw. They imagine similar catastrophes on a larger scale—although they are quite impossible, as every steady-headed person who can estimate the available supplies of petrol knows—and they have a terrible dread of being held responsible. They fear a day of reckoning with their long-bamboozled lower classes. In their panic they are rapidly breaking up the existing order altogether.

The changes that have occurred in Great Britain in less than a year are astounding. They recall in many particulars the social dislocation of Russia in the closing months of 1917. There has been a shifting and mixing-up of people that would have seemed impossible to anyone in 1937. The evacuation of the centres of population under the mere exaggerated threat of air raids has been carried out by the authorities in a mood of frantic recklessness. Hundreds of thousands of families have been broken up, children separated from their parents and quartered in the homes of more or less reluctant hosts. Parasites and skin diseases, vicious habits and insanitary practices have been spread as if in a passion of equalitarian propaganda, from the slums of such centres as Glasgow, London and Liverpool, throughout the length and breadth of the land. Railways, road traffic, all the normal communications have been dislocated by a universal running about. For a couple of months Great Britain has been more like a disturbed ant-hill than an organized civilized country.

The contagion of funk has affected everyone. Public institutions and great business concerns have bolted to remote and inconvenient sites; the B.B.C. organization, for example, scuffled off headlong from London, needlessly and ridiculously, no man pursuing it. There has been a wild epidemic of dismissals of servants employed in London, for example, and a still wilder shifting of unsuitable men to novel, unnecessary jobs. Everyone has been exhorted to serve the country, children of twelve, to the great delight of conservative-minded farmers, have been withdrawn from school and put to work on the land, and yet the number of those who have lost their jobs and cannot find anything else to do, has gone up by over 100,000.

There have been amateurish attempts to ration food, producing waste here and artificial scarcity there. A sort of massacre of small independent businesses is in progress mainly to the advantage of the big provision-dealing concerns, who changed in a night from open profiteers to become the "expert" advisers of food supply. All the expertise they have ever displayed has been the extraction of profits from food supply. But while profits mount, taxation with an air of great resolution sets itself to prune them.

The British public has always been phlegmatic in the face of danger, it is too stout-hearted and too stupid to give way to excesses of fear, but the authorities have thought it necessary to plaster the walls with vast, manifestly expensive, posters, headed with a Royal Crown, "*Your courage, your resolution, your cheerfulness will bring us victory.*"

"Oh yus," said the London Cockney. "*You'll get the victory all right. Trust you. On my courage, my resolution, my cheerfulness; you'll use up 'Tommy Atkins' all right. Larf at 'im in a kindly sort of way and use him. And then you think you'll put him back again on the dust-heap. Again? Twice?*"

That is all too credible. But this time our rulers will emerge discredited and frustrated from the conflict, to face a disorganized population in a state of mutinous enquiry. They have made preposterous promises to restore Poland and they will certainly have to eat their words about that. Or what is more probable, the government will have to give place to another administration which will be able to eat those words for them with a slightly better grace. There is little prospect of Thanksgiving Services or any Armistice night orgy this time. People at home are tasting the hardships of war even more tediously and irritatingly than the men on active service. Cinemas, theatres, have been shut prematurely, black-outs have diminished the safety of the streets and doubled the toll of road casualties. The British crowd is already a sullen crowd. The world has not seen it in such a bad temper for a century and a half, and, let there be no mistake about it, it is far less in a temper with the Germans than it is with its own rulers.

Through all this swirling intimidating propaganda of civil disorder and a systematic suppression of news and criticism of the most exasperating sort, war preparation has proceeded. The perplexed and baffled citizen can only hope that on the military side there had been a little more foresight and less hysteria.

The loss of confidence and particularly confidence in the government and social order is already enormous. No one feels secure, in his job, in his services, in his savings, any longer. People lose confidence even in the money in their pockets. And human society is built on confidence. It cannot carry on without it.

Things are like this already and it is only the opening stage of this strange war. The position of the ruling class and the financial people who have hitherto dominated British affairs is a peculiar one. The cost of the war is already enormous and there is no sign that it will diminish. Income tax, super tax, death duties, taxes on war profits have been raised to a level that should practically extinguish the once prosperous middle strata of society altogether. The very wealthy will survive in a shorn and diminished state, they will hang on to the last, but the graded classes that have hitherto intervened between them and the impoverished masses of the population, who will be irritated by war sacrifices, extensively unemployed and asking more and more penetrating questions, will have diminished greatly. Only by the most ingenious monetary manipulation, by dangerous tax-dodging and expedients verging on sheer scoundrelism, will a clever young man have the ghost of a chance of climbing by the old traditional money-making ladder, above his fellows. On the other hand the career of a public employee will become continually more attractive. There is more interest in it and more self-respect. The longer the war continues, the greater and more plainly irreparable will be the dissolution of the old order.

Now to many readers who have been incredulous of the statement of the first section of this book, that we are living in the End of an Age, to those who have been impervious to the account of the disruptive forces that are breaking up the social order and to the argument I have drawn from them, who may

have got away from all that, so to speak, by saying they are "scientific" or "materialistic" or "sociological" or "high-brow," or that the Providence that has hitherto displayed such a marked bias in favour of well-off, comfortable, sluggish-minded people is sure to do something nice for them at the eleventh hour, the real inconveniences, alarms, losses and growing disorder of the life about them may at last bring a realization that the situation in Western Europe is approaching revolutionary conditions. It will be a hard saying for many people in the advantage-holding classes, and particularly if they are middle-aged, that the old order has already gone to pieces and can never be put back. But how can they doubt it?

A revolution, that is to say a more or less convulsive effort at social and political readjustment, is bound to come in all these overstrained countries, in Germany, in Britain, and universally. It is more likely than not to arise directly out of the exasperating diminuendos and crescendos of the present war, as a culminating phase of it. Revolution of some sort we must have. We cannot prevent its onset. But we can affect the course of its development. It may end in utter disaster or it may release a new world, far better than the old. Within these broad limits it is possible for us to make up our minds *how* it will come to us.

And since the only practical question before us is the question of *how* we will take this world revolution we cannot possibly evade, let me recall to your attention the reasons I have advanced in the second section of this book for the utmost public discussion of our situation at the present time. And also let me bring back to mind the examination of Marxism in the fourth section. There it is shown how easily a collectivist movement, especially when it is faced by the forcible-feeble resistances and suppressions of those who have hitherto enjoyed wealth and power, may degenerate into an old-fashioned class-war, become conspiratorial, dogmatic and inadaptably, and sink towards leader worship and autocracy. That apparently is what has happened in Russia in its present phase. We do not know how much of the original revolutionary spirit survives there, and a real fundamental issue in the world situation is whether we are to follow in the footsteps of Russia or whether we are going to pull ourselves

together, face the stern logic of necessity and produce a Western Revolution, which will benefit by the Russian experience, react upon Russia and lead ultimately to a world understanding.

What is it that the Atlantic world finds most objectionable in the Soviet world of to-day? Is it any disapproval of collectivism as such? Only in the case of a dwindling minority of rich and successful men—and very rarely of the sons of such people. Very few capable men under fifty nowadays remain individualists in political and social matters. They are not even fundamentally anti-Communist. Only it happens that for various reasons the political life of the community is still in the hands of unteachable old-fashioned people. What are called "democracies" suffer greatly from the rule of old men who have not kept pace with the times. The real and effective disapproval, distrust and disbelief in the soundness of the Soviet system lies not in the out-of-date individualism of these elderly types, but in the conviction that it can never achieve efficiency or even maintain its honest ideal of each for all and all for each, unless it has free speech and an insistence upon legally-defined freedoms for the individual within the collectivist framework. We do not deplore the Russian Revolution as a Revolution. We complain that it is not a good enough Revolution and we want a better one.

The more highly things are collectivized the more necessary is a legal system embodying the Rights of Man. This has been forgotten under the Soviets, and so men go in fear there of arbitrary police action. But the more functions your government controls the more need there is for protective law. The objection to Soviet collectivism is that, lacking the antiseptic of legally assured personal freedom, it will not keep. It professes to be fundamentally a common economic system based on class-war ideas; the industrial director is under the heel of the Party commissar; the political police have got altogether out of hand; and affairs gravitate inevitably towards an oligarchy or an autocracy protecting its incapacity by the repression of adverse comment.

But these valid criticisms merely indicate the sort of collectivization that has to be avoided. It does not dispose of collectivism as such. If we in our turn do not wish to be

submerged by the wave of Bolshevization that is evidently advancing from the East, we must implement all these valid objections and create a collectivization that will be more efficient, more prosperous, tolerant, free and rapidly progressive than the system we condemn. We, who do not like the Stalinized-Marxist state, have, as they used to say in British politics, to "dish" it by going one better. We have to confront Eastern-spirited collectivism with Western-spirited collectivism.

Perhaps this may be better put. We may be giving way to a sub-conscious conceit here and assuming that the West is always going to be thinking more freely and clearly and working more efficiently than the East. It is like that now but it may not always be like that. Every country has had its phases of illumination and its phases of blindness. Stalin and Stalinism are neither the beginning nor the end of the collectivization of Russia.

We are dealing with something still almost impossible to estimate, the extent to which the new Russian patriotism and the new Stalin-worship, have effaced and how far they have merely masked, the genuinely creative international communism of the revolutionary years. The Russian mind is not a docile mind, and most of the literature available for a young man to read in Russia, we must remember, is still revolutionary. There has been no burning of the books there. The Moscow radio talks for internal consumption since the Hitler-Stalin understanding betray a great solicitude on the part of the government to make it clear that there has been no sacrifice of revolutionary principle. That witnesses to the vitality of public opinion in Russia. The clash between the teachings of 1920 and 1940 may have a liberating effect on many people's minds. Russians love to talk about ideas. Under the Czar they talked. It is incredible that they do not talk under Stalin.

That question whether collectivization is to be "Westernized" or "Easternized", using these words under the caveat of the previous paragraph, is really the first issue before the world to-day. We need a fully ventilated Revolution. Our Revolution has to go on in the light and air. We may have to accept sovietization *à la Russe* quite soon unless we can produce a better collectivization. But if we produce a better

collectivization it is more probable than not that the Russian system will incorporate our improvements, forget its reviving nationalism again, debunk Marx and Stalin, so far as they can be debunked, and merge into the one world state.

Between these primary antagonists, between Revolution with its eyes open and Revolution with a mask and a gag, there will certainly be complications of the issue due to patriotism and bigotry and the unteachable wilful blindness of those who do not want to see. Most people lie a lot to themselves before they lie to other people, and it is hopeless to expect that all the warring cults and traditions that confuse the mind of the race to-day are going to fuse under a realization of the imperative nature of the human situation as I have stated it here. Multitudes will never realize it. Few human beings are able to change their primary ideas after the middle thirties. They get fixed in them and drive before them no more intelligently than animals drive before their innate impulses. They will die rather than change their second selves.

One of the most entangling of these disconcerting secondary issues is that created by the stupid and persistent intrigues of the Roman Catholic Church — .

Let me be clear here. I am speaking of the Vatican and of its sustained attempts to exercise a directive rôle in secular life. I number among my friends many Roman Catholics who have built the most charming personalities and behaviour systems on the framework provided them by their faith. One of the loveliest characters I have ever known was G. K. Chesterton. But I think he was just as fine before he became a Catholic as afterwards. Still he found something he needed in Catholicism. There are saints of all creeds and of none, so good are the better possibilities of human nature. Religious observances provide a frame that many find indispensable for the seemly ordering of their lives. And outside the ranks of "strict" observers many good people with hardly more theology than a Unitarian love to speak of goodness and kindness as Christianity. So-and-so is a "good Christian". Voltaire, says Alfred Noyes, the Catholic writer, was a "good Christian". I do not use the word "Christianity" in that sense because I do not believe that Christians have any monopoly of goodness. When I write of

Christianity, I mean Christianity with a definite creed and militant organization and not these good kind people, good and kind but not very fastidious about the exact use of words.

Such "good Christians" can be almost as bitterly critical as I am of the continual pressure upon the faithful by that inner group of Italians in Rome, subsidized by the Fascist government, who pull the strings of Church policy throughout the world, so as to do this or that tortuous or uncivilized thing, to cripple education, to persecute unorthodox ways of living.

It is to the influence of the Church that we must ascribe the foolish support by the British Foreign Office of Franco, that murderous little "Christian gentleman", in his overthrow of the staggering liberal renaissance of Spain. It is the Roman Catholic influence the British and French have to thank, for the fantastic blundering that involved them in the defence of the impossible Polish state and its unrighteous acquisitions; it affected British policy in respect to Austria and Czechoslovakia profoundly, and now it is doing its utmost to maintain and develop a political estrangement between Russia and the Western world by its prejudiced exacerbation of the idea that Russia is "anti-God" while we Westerners are little children of the light, gallantly fighting on the side of the Cross, Omnipotence, Greater Poland, national sovereignty, the small uneconomic prolific farmer and shopkeeper and anything else you like to imagine constitutes "Christendom".

The Vatican strives perpetually to develop the present war into a religious war. It is trying to steal the war. By all the circumstances of its training it is unteachable. It knows no better. It will go on—until some economic revolution robs it of its funds. Then as a political influence it may evaporate very rapidly. The Anglican Church and many other Protestant sects, the wealthy Baptists, for example, follow suit.

It is not only in British affairs that this propaganda goes on. With the onset of war France becomes militant and Catholic. It has suppressed the Communist Party, as a gesture of resentment against Russia and a precaution against post-war collectivization. The Belgian caricaturist Raemaekers is now presenting Hitler day after day as a pitiful weakling already disposed of and worthy of our sympathy, while Stalin is

represented as a frightful giant with horn and a tail. Yet both France and Britain are at peace with Russia and have every reason to come to a working understanding with that country. The attitude of Russia to the war has on the whole been cold, contemptuous and reasonable.

It is not as if these devious schemes can take us somewhere; it is not that this restoration of the Holy Roman Empire is a possibility. You confront these Catholic politicians, just as you confront the politicians of Westminster, with these two cardinal facts, the abolition of distance and the change of scale. In vain. You cannot get any realization of the significance of these things into those idea-proofed skulls. They are deaf to it, blind to it. They cannot see that it makes any difference at all to their long-established mental habits. If their minds waver for a moment they utter little magic prayers to exercise the gleam.

What, they ask, has "*mere size*" to do with the soul of man, "*mere speed, mere power*?" What can the young do better than subdue their natural urgency to live and do? What has *mere life* to do with the religious outlook? The war, these Vatican propagandists insist, is a "crusade" against modernism, against socialism and free thought, the restoration of priestly authority is its end; our sons are fighting to enable the priest to thrust his pious uncleanness once again between reader and book, child and knowledge, husband and wife, sons and lovers. While honest men are fighting now to put an end to military aggression, to resume indeed that "war to end war" that was aborted to give us the League of Nations, these bigots are sedulously perverting the issue, trying to represent it as a religious war against Russia in particular and the modern spirit in general.

The well-trained Moslem, the American fundamentalist, the orthodox Jew, all the fixed cultures, produce similar irrelevant and wasteful resistances, but the Catholic organization reaches further and is more persistent. It is frankly opposed to human effort and the idea of progress. It makes no pretence about it.

Such cross-activities as these complicate, delay and may even sabotage effectively every effort to solve the problem of a

lucid collectivization of the world's affairs, but they do not alter the essential fact that it is only through a rationalization and coalescence of constructive revolutionary movements everywhere and a liberal triumph over the dogmatism of the class war, that we can hope to emerge from the present wreckage of our world.

FEDERATION.

Let us now take up certain vaguely constructive proposals which seem at present to be very much in people's minds. They find their cardinal expression in a book called *Union Now* by Mr. Clarence K. Streit, which has launched the magic word "Federation" upon the world. The "democracies" of the world are to get together upon a sort of enlargement of the Federal Constitution of the United States (which produced one of the bloodiest civil wars in all history) and then all will be well with us.

Let us consider whether this word "Federation" is of any value in organizing the Western Revolution. I would suggest it is. I think it may be a means of mental release for many people who would otherwise have remained dully resistant to any sort of change.

This Federation project has an air of reasonableness. It is attractive to a number of influential people who wish with the minimum of adaptation to remain influential in a changing world, and particularly is it attractive to what I may call the liberal-conservative elements of the prosperous classes in America and Great Britain and the Oslo countries, because it puts the most difficult aspect of the problem, the need for a collective socialization, so completely in the background that it can be ignored. This enables them to take quite a bright and hopeful view of the future without any serious hindrance to their present preoccupations.

They think that Federation, reasonably defined, may suspend the possibility of war for a considerable period and so lighten the burden of taxation that the present crushing demands on them will relax and they will be able to resume, on a slightly more economical scale perhaps, their former way of living.

Everything that gives them hope and self respect and preserves their homes from the worst indignities of panic, appeasement, treason-hunting and the rest of it, is to be encouraged, and meanwhile their sons will have time to think and it may be possible so to search, ransack and rationalize the Streit project as to make a genuine and workable scheme for the socialization of the world.

In *The Fate of Homo sapiens* I examined the word "democracy" with some care, since it already seemed likely that great quantities of our young men were to be asked to cripple and risk their lives for its sake. I showed that it was still a very incompletely realized aspiration, that its complete development involved socialism and a level of education and information, attained as yet by no community in the world. Mr. Streit gives a looser, more rhetorical statement—a more idealistic statement, shall we say?—of his conception of democracy, the sort of statement that would be considered wildly exaggerated even if it was war propaganda, and though unhappily it is remote from any achieved reality, he proceeds without further enquiry as if it were a description of existing realities in what he calls the "democracies" of the world. In them he imagines he finds "government of the people, by the people, for the people".

In the book I have already cited I discuss *What is Democracy?* and *Where is Democracy?* I do my best there to bring Mr. Streit down to the harsh and difficult facts of the case. I will go now a little more into particulars in my examination of his project.

His "founder democracies" are to be: "The American Union, the British Commonwealth (specifically the United Kingdom, the Federal Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, Ireland), the French Republic, Belgium, the Netherlands, the Swiss Confederation, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland."

Scarcely one of these, as I have shown in that former book, is really a fully working democracy. And the Union of South Africa is a particularly bad and dangerous case of race tyranny. Ireland is an incipient religious war and not one country but two. Poland, I note, does not come into Mr. Streit's list of democracies

at all. His book was written in 1938 when Poland was a totalitarian country holding, in defiance of the League of Nations, Vilna, which it had taken from Lithuania, large areas of non-Polish country it had *conquered* from Russia, and fragments gained by the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. It only became a democracy, even technically and for a brief period, before its collapse in September 1939, when Mr. Chamberlain was so foolish as to drag the British Empire into a costly and perilous war, on its behalf. But that is by the way. None of these fifteen (or ten) "founder democracies" are really democracies at all. So we start badly. But they might be made socialist democracies and their federation might be made something very real indeed—at a price. The U.S.S.R. is a federated socialist system, which has shown a fairly successful political solidarity during the past two decades, whatever else it has done or failed to do.

Now let us help Mr. Streit to convert his "federation" from a noble but extremely rhetorical aspiration into a living reality. He is aware that this must be done at a price, but I want to suggest that that price is, from what I judge to be his point of view, far greater, and the change much simpler, more general and possibly even closer at hand, than he supposes. He is disposed to appeal to existing administrative organizations, and it is questionable whether they are the right people to execute his designs. One of the difficulties he glosses over is the possible reluctance of the India Office to hand over the control of India (Ceylon and Burma he does not mention) to the new Federal Government, which would also I presume take charge of the fairly well governed and happy fifty-odd million people of the Dutch East Indies, the French colonial empire, the West Indies and so on. This, unless he proposes merely to re-christen the India Office, etc., is asking for an immense outbreak of honesty and competence on the part of the new Federal officialdom. It is also treating the possible contribution of these five or six hundred million of dusky peoples to the new order with a levity inconsistent with democratic ideals.

Quite a lot of these people have brains which are as good or better than normal European brains. You could educate the whole world to the not very exalted level of a Cambridge

graduate in a single lifetime, if you had schools, colleges, apparatus and teachers enough. The radio, the cinema, the gramophone, the improvements in both production and distribution, have made it possible to increase the range and effectiveness of a gifted teacher a thousandfold. We have seen intensive war preparations galore, but no one has dreamt yet of an intensive educational effort. None of us really likes to see other people being educated. They may be getting an advantage over our privileged selves. Suppose we overcome that primitive jealousy. Suppose we speed up—as we are now physically able to do—the education and enfranchisement of these huge undeveloped reservoirs of human capacity. Suppose we tack that on to the *Union Now* idea. Suppose we stipulate that Federation, wherever it extends, means a New and Powerful Education. In Bengal, in Java, in the Congo Free State, quite as much as in Tennessee or Georgia or Scotland or Ireland. Suppose we think a little less about "gradual enfranchisement" by votes and experiments in local autonomy and all those old ideas, and a little more about the enfranchisement of the mind. Suppose we drop that old cant about politically immature peoples.

That is one direction in which Mr. Streit's proposals are open to improvement. Let us turn to another in which he does not seem to have realized all the implications of his proposal. This great Union is to have a union money and a union customs-free economy. What follows upon that? More I think than he realizes.

There is one aspect of money to which the majority of those that discuss it seem to be incurably blind. You cannot have a theory of money or any plan about money by itself in the air. Money is not a thing in itself; it is a working part of an economic system. Money varies in its nature with the laws and ideas of property in a community. As a community moves towards collectivism and communism, for example, money simplifies out. Money is as necessary in a communism as it is in any other system, but its function therein is at its simplest. Payment in kind to the worker gives him no freedom of choice among the goods the community produces. Money does. Money becomes the incentive that "works the worker" and nothing more.

But directly you allow individuals not only to obtain goods for consumption, but also to obtain credit to procure material for types of production outside the staple productions of the state, the question of credit and debt arises and money becomes more complicated. With every liberation of this or that product or service from collective control to business or experimental exploitation, the play of the money system enlarges and the laws regulating what you may do with your money, what interest you may take for it, the company laws, bankruptcy laws and so forth increase. In any highly developed collective system the administration will certainly have to give credits for hopeful experimental enterprises. When the system is not a collectivism, monetary operations for gain are bound to creep in and become more and more complicated. Where most of the substantial side of life is entrusted to unco-ordinated private enterprise, the intricacy of the money apparatus increases enormously. Monetary manipulation becomes a greater and greater factor in the competitive struggle, not only between individuals and firms, but between states. As Mr. Streit himself shows, in an excellent discussion of the abandonment of the gold standard, inflation and deflation becomes devices in international competition. Money becomes strategic, just as pipe lines and railways can become strategic.

This being so it is plain that for the Federal Union a common money means an identical economic life throughout the Union. And this too is implied also in Mr. Streit's "customs-free" economy. It is impossible to have a common money when a dollar or a pound or whatever it is, can buy this, that or the other advantage in one state and is debarred from anything but bare purchases for consumption in another. So that this Federal Union is bound to be a uniform economic system. There can be only very slight variations in the control of economic life.

In the preceding sections the implacable forces that make for the collectivization of the world or disaster, have been exposed. It follows that "Federation" means practically uniform socialism within the Federal limits, leading, as state after state is incorporated, to world socialism. There manifestly we carry Mr. Streit farther than he realizes he goes—as yet.

For it is fairly evident that he is under the impression that a large measure of independent private business is to go on throughout the Union. I doubt if he imagines it is necessary to go beyond the partial socialization already achieved by the New Deal. But we have assembled evidence to show that the profit scramble, the wild days of uncorrelated "business" are over for ever.

And again though he realizes and states very clearly that governments are made for man and not man for governments, though he applauds the great declarations of the Convention that created the American Constitution, wherein "we the people of the United States" overrode the haggling of the separate states and established the American Federal Constitution, nevertheless he is curiously chary of superseding any existing legal governments in the present world. He is chary of talking of "We the people of the world". But many of us are coming to realize that *all* existing governments have to go into the melting pot, we believe that it is a world revolution which is upon us, and that in the great struggle to evoke a Westernized World Socialism, contemporary governments may vanish like straw hats in the rapids of Niagara. Mr. Streit, however, becomes extraordinarily legal-minded at this stage. I do not think that he realizes the forces of destruction that are gathering and so I think he hesitates to plan a reconstruction upon anything like the scale that may become possible.

He evades even the obvious necessity that under a Federal Government the monarchies of Great Britain, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Holland, if they survive at all, must become like the mediatized sovereigns of the component states of the former German Empire, mere ceremonial vestiges. Perhaps he thinks that, but he does not say it outright. I do not know if he has pondered the New York World Fair of 1939 nor the significance of the Royal Visit to America in that year, and thought how much there is in the British system that would have to be abandoned if his Federation is to become a reality. In most of the implications of the word, it must cease to be "British". His Illustrative Constitution is achieved with an altogether forensic disregard of the fundamental changes in human

conditions to which we have to adapt ourselves or perish. He thinks of war by itself and not as an eruption due to deeper maladaptations. But if we push his earlier stipulations to their necessary completion, we need not trouble very much about that sample constitution of his, which is to adjust the balance so fairly among the constituent states. The abolition of distance must inevitably substitute functional associations and loyalties for local attributions, if human society does not break up altogether. The local divisions will melt into a world collectivity and the main conflicts in a progressively unifying Federation are much more likely to be those between different world-wide types and associations of workers.

So far with *Union Now*. One of Mr. Streit's outstanding merits is that he had had the courage to make definite proposals on which we can bite. I doubt if a European could have produced any such book. Its naïve political legalism, its idea of salvation by constitution, and its manifest faith in the magic beneficence of private enterprise, are distinctly in the vein of an American, almost a pre-New Deal American, who has become, if anything, more American, through his experiences of the deepening disorder of Europe. So many Americans still look on at world affairs like spectators at a ball game who are capable of vociferous partisanship but still have no real sense of participation; they do not realize that the ground is moving under their seats also and that the social revolution is breaking surface to engulf them in their turn. To most of us—to most of us over forty at any rate—the idea of a fundamental change in our way of life is so unpalatable that we resist it to the last moment.

Mr. Streit betrays at times as vivid a sense of advancing social collapse as I have, but it has still to occur to him that that collapse may be conclusive. There may be dark ages, a relapse into barbarism, but somewhen and somehow he thinks man *must* recover. George Bernard Shaw has recently been saying the same thing.

It may be worse than that.

I have given Mr. Streit scarcely a word of praise, because that would be beside the mark here. He wrote his book sincerely as a genuine contribution to the unsystematic world

conference that is now going on, admitting the possibility of error, demanding criticism, and I have dealt with it in that spirit.

Unfortunately his word has gone much further than his book. His book says definite things and even when one disagrees with it, it is good as a point of departure. But a number of people have caught up this word "Federation", and our minds are distracted by a multitude of appeals to support Federal projects with the most various content or with no content at all.

All the scores and hundreds of thousands of nice people who were signing peace pledges and so forth a few years ago, without the slightest attempt in the world to understand what they meant by peace, are now echoing this new magic word with as little conception of any content for it. They did not realize that peace means so complicated and difficult an ordering and balancing of human society that it has never been sustained since man became man, and that we have wars and preparatory interludes between wars because that is a much simpler and easier sequence for our wilful, muddle-headed, suspicious and aggressive species. These people still think we can get this new and wonderful state of affairs just by clamouring for it.

And having failed to get peace by saying "Peace" over and over again, they are now with an immense sense of discovery saying "Federation". What must happen to men in conspicuous public positions I do not know, but even an irresponsible literary man like myself finds himself inundated with innumerable lengthy private letters, hysterical postcards, pamphlets from budding organizations, "declarations" to sign, demands for subscriptions, all in the name of the new panacea, all as vain and unproductive as the bleating of lost sheep. And I cannot open a newspaper without finding some eminent contemporary writing a letter to it, saying gently, firmly and bravely, the same word, sometimes with bits of *Union Now* tacked on to it, and sometimes with minor improvements, but often with nothing more than the bare idea.

All sorts of idealistic movements for world peace which have been talking quietly to themselves for years and years

have been stirred up to follow the new banner. Long before the Great War there was a book by Sir Max Waechter, a friend of King Edward the Seventh, advocating the United States of Europe, and that inexact but flattering parallelism to the United States of America has recurred frequently, as a phrase thrown out by Monsieur Briand for example, and as a project put forward by an Austrian-Japanese writer, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, who even devised a flag for the Union. The main objection to the idea is that there are hardly any states completely in Europe, except Switzerland, San Marino, Andorra and a few of the Versailles creations. Almost all the other European states extend far beyond the European limits both politically and in their sympathies and cultural relations. They trail with them more than half mankind. About a tenth of the British Empire is in Europe and still less of the Dutch Empire; Russia, Turkey, France, are less European than not; Spain and Portugal have their closest links with South America.

Few Europeans think of themselves as "Europeans". I, for example, am English, and a large part of my interests, intellectual and material, are Transatlantic. I dislike calling myself "British" and I like to think of myself as a member of a great English-speaking community, which spreads irrespective of race and colour round and about the world. I am annoyed when an American calls me a "foreigner"—war with America would seem to me just as insane as war with Cornwall—and I find the idea of cutting myself off from the English-speaking peoples of America and Asia to follow the flag of my Austrian-Japanese friend into a federally bunched-up Europe extremely unattractive.

It would, I suggest, be far easier to create the United States of the World, which is Mr. Streit's ultimate objective, than to get together the so-called continent of Europe into any sort of unity.

I find most of these United States of Europe movements now jumping on to the Federation band-waggon.

My old friend and antagonist, Lord David Davies, for instance, has recently succumbed to the infection. He was concerned about the problem of a World Pax in the days when the League of Nations Society and other associated bodies were

amalgamated in the League of Nations Union. He was struck then by an idea, an analogy, and the experience was unique for him. He asked why individuals went about in modern communities in nearly perfect security from assault and robbery, without any need to bear arms. His answer was the policeman. And from that he went on to the question of what was needed for states and nations to go their ways with the same blissful immunity from violence and plunder, and it seemed to him a complete and reasonable answer to say "an international policeman". And there you were! He did not see, he is probably quite incapable of seeing, that a state is something quite different in its nature and behaviour from an individual human being. When he was asked to explain how that international policeman was to be created and sustained, he just went on saying "international policeman". He has been saying it for years. Sometimes it seems it is to be the League of Nations, sometimes the British Empire, sometimes an international Air Force, which is to undertake this grave responsibility. The bench before which the policeman is to hale the offender and the position of the lock-up are not indicated. Finding our criticisms uncongenial, his lordship went off with his great idea, like a penguin which has found an egg, to incubate it alone. I hope he will be spared to say "international policeman" for many years to come, but I do not believe he has ever perceived or ever will perceive that, brilliant as his one inspiration was, it still left vast areas of the problem in darkness. Being a man of considerable means, he has been able to sustain a "New Commonwealth" movement and publish books and a periodical in which his one great idea is elaborated rather than developed.

But I will not deal further with the very incoherent multitude that now echoes this word "Federation". Many among them will cease to celebrate further and fall by the wayside, but many will go on thinking, and if they go on thinking they will come to perceive more and more clearly the realities of the case. Federation, they will feel, is not enough.

So much for the present "Federalist" front. As a fundamental basis of action, as a declared end, it seems hopelessly vague and confused and, if one may coin a phrase, hopelessly

optimistic. But since the concept seems to be the way to release a number of minds from belief in the sufficiency of a League of Nations, associated or not associated with British Imperialism, it has been worth while to consider how it can be amplified and turned in the direction of that full and open-eyed world-wide collectivization which a study of existing conditions obliges us to believe is the only alternative to the complete dégringolade of our species.

(To be continued)

The first instalment of Mr. H. G. Wells's work appeared in the November issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

I.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

UP to the time of writing the war remains stagnant. Whether Hitler's open threats to Britain, and the threat to the Low Countries implied by troop movements, will be carried into execution before this number of the FORTNIGHTLY is published, remains to be seen. Who in Germany is urging immediate action, and who is advocating delay till next spring, is still a matter of speculation. Hitler himself, to judge by his utterances, seemed to favour an immediate attack on Britain, and his attempts to detach France from the alliance indicated that he was thinking in terms of air and submarine warfare. We may suppose, however, that his air and naval advisers have pointed out that such operations might be devastatingly costly and have little chance of success unless bases for fighter aircraft and submarines were secured in Holland and Belgium. His Army chiefs, on the other hand, can hardly contemplate with equanimity a winter campaign, even of limited scope in countries where the nature of the soil and inundations would place many restrictions on mechanized forces, and expose non-mechanized troops to casualties on a scale impossible to estimate, and to hardships of all sorts. Such a campaign would be a poor preparation for major land operations next year. It is, however, conceivable that the Army chiefs, realizing the effects of the British blockade and the growing strength of the Allied forces, may prefer a major winter offensive with combined land and air forces to postponement. That it would be a desperate gamble they must know, but it might seem less dangerous than the prospect of having to meet the full strength of the Allies in the spring with weakened German forces. If the Army chiefs were assured of the stability of the economic

and internal condition in Germany there can be little doubt that they would vote for a winter of inaction and preparation. If Hitler can give such an assurance it is possible that his threats are merely a manoeuvre in the war of nerves designed to stimulate the resistance of the Low Countries to British blockade restrictions. That there is hesitancy in reaching decision as to which of the various alternatives should be adopted we may safely assume, and controversy may be acute.

That Holland and Belgium would fight to defend their neutrality whether one only or both were attacked, we may be certain, and neither would be an easy prey now that they have had full warning of their danger. It is true that portions of both countries might be overrun without much difficulty, but those portions would be of little strategic value to Germany. Unless she could reach the sea, what she gained would in no way balance the odium she would incur.

If Holland alone were attacked and Belgium elected to remain neutral it might seem that so small a state could not put up prolonged resistance. The Dutch, however, are a stubborn folk and the inundations which protect the heart of the country though not impassable, are a formidable obstacle, and the Dutch army is sufficiently numerous to cover the front of vital attack.

Not long ago there were those who maintained that, owing to the long range of bombing aircraft, the security and neutrality of the Low Countries is not now of strategic interest to this country. The developments of the last month prove that both in the interests of sea traffic and of the security of this country from air attack they concern us as much or more than ever.

Last month I commented on the effect the Polish campaign might have on Germany's future prospects in the war. Since then reliable reports tend to show how high a price Germany may have to pay for her victory. One perhaps need not give too much credence to reports from neutral countries that inside information places German losses in men and machines at a much higher figure than Hitler admitted. A figure which it was said came as an unpleasant shock to the German Army chiefs. The report that the consumption of petrol during the operation had far exceeded expectations and had dangerously reduced reserves is perhaps more important and more likely to be true.

It is reliably estimated that in the campaign the Germans were using, and using very actively some 4,500 armoured vehicles and 2,500 aircraft. Add to that the immense number of unarmoured motor vehicles required to maintain supplies of food and munitions for something like one and a half million men and one can realize that the amount of petrol expended must have been enormous, even in the few weeks of the war. The Polish railways can have contributed little to keeping down the petrol requirements of transport vehicles, for we have learnt from German official sources that some 600 railway bridges and many miles of track were destroyed by the Poles. That would mean that maintenance services over long distances must have depended on motor transport. Further confirmation of the belief that the Germans are already forced to economize petrol is afforded by the fact that the whole of the transfer of the armies, including mechanized formations, from East to West, was carried out by rail, in spite of magnificent motor roads being available. It may be of course that it was thought advisable not to run vehicles that had been doing strenuous work until an opportunity occurred for their thorough overhaul.

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Those who are interested in the German Army will do well to read the account of it given by Dr. Rosinski in his book "The German Army."*

Dr. Rosinski is a refugee in England but he retains his admiration for the German Army. His book planned and written before the outbreak of the war, is a history of the German military machine from the time of Frederick the Great down to the beginning of the present year. The whole is very interesting as throwing light on the mentality and traditions of the German Army, but it is the later chapters dealing with the period since the Great War which specially concern us.

The 100,000 picked officers and men which after the Kapp Putsch General Von Seeckt shaped into the Reichswehr of the Weimar Republic, formed probably one of the finest and most highly trained body of troops, within the limitation of their armament, that ever was organized. By force of circumstance it was mainly an infantry force, and it is possible that it

*The German Army, by Herbert Rosinski. Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

elaborated infantry training to a point which may confuse the German conscript army of to-day, led as it is in large part by N.C.O.s of little experience and with many officers of inferior quality.

In Von Seeckt's Reichswehr the officers were drawn mainly from the traditional officer producing classes, and they kept aloof from party politics till they thought they had found in Hitler one who would support their rearmament schemes. The author shows us how the Reichswehr lost the controlling influence it had exercised over rival political bodies and by degrees passed under the domination of the man they had allowed and even helped into power. Whether the army will regain control in war, or whether its strategy will be dictated by the political leader, is the final question he discusses.

Throughout the XIXth century, although it was accepted that war was the continuation of policy, yet the "act of war" was purely a military affair. To-day there are two schools of thought. The General Staff visualizes a war of little mobility, a prolonged struggle fought out till one side collapses. Nazi circles, which include certain of the high army commanders, on the other hand, pin their faith on a lightning war. The military act in this case is only one, and perhaps a subsidiary, factor, in the strategy which is a mixture of "propaganda, diplomacy, economic and military pressure", designed to weaken the enemy to a condition of unpreparedness or point of collapse before the blow is struck. The aim is to achieve victory by stealth, avoiding a fair trial of strength. This strategy would entail political direction leaving only the execution of the final blow in military hands.

The Polish campaign gives an example of the application of this doctrine, but one can well believe that the General Staff doubts whether it would be applicable in Western Europe. The existence of the two schools of thought may account for the conflict of opinion and hesitation that appears to exist in the German camp. At the same time whichever theory is put into operation we must count on the German Army playing its part with skill and determination.

II.—THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

THE expectations that a very vigorous "Cruiser" warfare would be set in motion immediately on the outbreak of war has been fulfilled in part only. The submarines, despatched before the outbreak of war, began their "Cruiser warfare" at once, but other types of vessel—the "cruiser" and the armed merchant vessel—made no instant appearance on the outer oceans. Now, however, we see that one, or probably two, of the so-called "pocket-battleships" (more correctly they should be called armoured cruisers) are out in either the Atlantic or Pacific, or both. It was to be assumed that, if these or other cruising-type ships attempted to get out of the North Sea, they would succeed in doing so, as their predecessors, the armed raiders of the last war succeeded; and that we should hear nothing of them until their depredations began. Reports of their movements are, naturally, lacking. One appears to have scored a success by the capture of the *Clement*, but where this occurred has not been made public, though there are indications that it was in the region of Pernambuco, the happy hunting ground of the *Karlsruhe* in the last war. There she captured some 76,600 tons of shipping. Her end came from an internal explosion during November, 1914. It is too soon, as Mr. Churchill very properly observed in his speech of November 8, to estimate what injuries these "Deutschlands" may inflict on our shipping. For the moment all one may say is that it is surprising that so little should have been done, so far as is known, until now.

The convoy system has been organized during these two months—a very remarkable performance, though the organization is not yet complete. Beyond all doubt it restricted the submarines' careers of destruction. It is of interest, at this phase of the war, to note the figures of shipping losses during the first period of the cruiser warfare in 1914 and compare these with those up to date. Though the cruiser menace was ended

with the destruction of Von Spee's Squadron off the Falklands on December 8, 1914, four months after the outbreak of war, the *Dresden* was still at large, hunted and harmless, for sometime, and the last raider of that period an armed merchant ship, crept into a United States port on April 4, 1915, short of coal and provisions, foul-bottomed and in need of repairs. In these eight months in which they were effective, the German cruisers had caused losses of cargo and shipping estimated altogether at £6,691,000. In the same period the Imports and Exports of the United Kingdom amounted to £77½ Million. If to this (says Sir Julian Corbett*) we add the value of the tonnage employed, the total value risked at sea was not far short of £1,000 million, so that the percentage of damage was not more than two thirds of one per cent." Mr. Churchill, giving the figures for the eight weeks of war up to November 8, stated the similar percentage of losses during that period was one third of one per cent. While the proportions are nearly the same in the two periods we have to realize that the cruiser warfare has not yet assumed its possible dimensions.

The traditional factors and principles in convoy work run on these lines. The areas in which an attacker, whether a fleet, squadron or a single ship, will desire to operate are those in which the trade is forced to concentrate in consequence of geographical conditions. Such areas are the approaches to important ports, narrow waters through which it must pass (e.g., the Straits of Gibraltar, the Channel, the Malta Channels) or coastal tracks. Thus it was in areas of this character that the captain of the *Emden* was intending to act if he had not met his fate at the Cocos Islands. He would have made, he says, for Socotra, cruised in the Gulf of Aden and followed along the steamer track between Aden and Bombay.

It has therefore been the custom to escort the convoys of merchant vessels, while passing through at least the more important of these areas, with forces calculated to be capable of dealing with any reasonable or probable strength of attacking force. When, for example, the Brest fleet threatened the Soundings, and blockading it effectively in port was not deemed practicable, the danger zone lay in the Channel approaches and

stretched, normally, some three hundred miles to seaward. The Convoys were therefore shepherded through this zone of the Channel Fleet and, when clear, would proceed across the Atlantic under a small escort, sufficient to deal with an individual raider; for the danger in the open sea was regarded as comparatively slight although occasions arose when this confidence proved misplaced. On the approach to their oversea destinations where their might be strong bodies of enemy force the Convoys would be met by the squadron, or part of the squadron, stationed in those seas. Miscalculations of the extent of the danger zone might occur. It was due to an underestimate of the distance to which the Brest fleet might range that the great disaster of the Smyrna Convoy occurred.

Those principles, adapted to the changed conditions, were applied in the late war. The same area was the principal danger zone, but the threat, in 1914 as in 1939, was not from a battleship fleet but from submarines. The extent of the zone tends to widen, as the defence becomes increasingly effective, and counter attack by the escort renders the risk to the attacker considerable (for defence does not mean merely defending but, and more importantly, destroying the attacker) she goes further afield—we see her recently operating some 400 or more miles to the westward of Spain. Hence there is a constant need to extend the protection to a greater distance before detaching the guard; and this calls, in short, for a greater number of escorting vessels. It is a misfortune that recent Governments failed to understand these principles and imposed limitations upon the building programmes of cruising vessels and craft.

"Cruising" is a method largely used in the past and to a lesser extent in the late war. It consists of stationing vessels to patrol (as a policeman patrols his beat) those local areas referred to, so that if a raider enters them he risks being brought to action. Such cruising craft may be of any type. The essential thing is that they should be capable of threatening the existence of, and of damaging, the intruder. All are, properly, "cruisers", whether classed as battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines or aircraft. Thus the possibility that submarines may be lurking in an area is a double inconvenience to an intending visitor; he risks being injured and because of the

*Maritime Operations, vol II, p. 257.

risk cannot cruise in a leisurely manner, saving his fuel: he can therefore remain at sea for a shorter time and the problem of refuelling becomes more acute.

The deprivation of oversea bases and of the means of resting, supplying and repairing the commerce attacker is the third principal measure of defence. In the last war one of the initial main objects of the expeditions sent to the enemy's colonies was to take away those advantages. To-day, he has no such positions. He may use neutral ports, but for twenty-four hours only; and if he does, his position is disclosed. Nevertheless, there are many remote and unpeopled anchorages in various parts where shelter may be found and whither supply ships may be sent from neutral ports or from home. To intercept these ships is a measure of the first importance. Some successes have been reported but it is not to be supposed that it is an easy task; the sea is wide and there are many potential supply ships.

In addition to these active measures there is the self-defence of the merchant ship herself. Though this had been employed by all countries (including the Hanse) for centuries without question, the German authorities in 1913 with great effrontery challenged its legality and propriety. Dr. Georg Schramm of the German Admiralty advanced the wholly novel doctrine that such self defence had no legal foundation.* His flimsy arguments were effectively answered both in the legal and historical aspects. The pretension that a parallel could be drawn between such ships and *francs-tireurs* in land warfare were shown to be specious by Professor Oppenheim. Nevertheless that claim has again been made as a justification for sinking any merchant ship without warning. But a number of merchant men have been armed during these two months and some have already given a good account of themselves.

Though I have used the term "cruiser warfare" in the particular sense of attack and protection of shipping there is also another aspect of cruiser activity which absorbs the attention of numerous cruisers. The old interpretation of the word "cruiser" embraced all vessels employed on cruising services from line of battleships to brigs and cutters. To-day the word

should be similarly interpreted. We should regard as the cruising forces all vessels so employed—the battle-cruiser, the heavy and light cruiser, the destroyer, submarine and aircraft. It is in the intelligent and imaginative co-ordination of effort with all of these that effective action in controlling the seas is to be achieved: which, indeed, is no more than saying that the military doctrine of liaison of arms is as essential in sea warfare as in land warfare. It is no less proper to include in "cruiser warfare" all these operations in which squadrons composed of all these types are engaged in such areas as the North Sea, where the bulk of the force of the enemy, in all its corresponding variety, is to be found. It is opportune that an account of cruiser operations has recently appeared*, for therein the reader will be reminded of the character of cruiser work, its importance and its difficulties. Mr. Bywater has written an excellent series of accounts of cruiser fights. Thus a cruiser force composed of cruisers in the fourfold form of battle-cruisers, cruisers, destroyer and submarine strikes one of the early blows in the Heligoland Bight. A cruiser squadron or armoured and light cruisers, escorting an Australian Convoy, gets contact with the *Emden* and brings her to destruction. The *Königsberg* is tracked down and destroyed, but the *Karlsruhe*, though sought for is never found. Two armed merchant cruisers, *Carmaine* and *Cap Trafalgar*, fight a battle to the death, a cruiser force of battle-armoured and light cruisers reverses the defeat of Coronel off the Falklands; and, at Jutland, the cruisers of all those types bear the brunt and suffer the losses. Mr. Bywater's book can be strongly recommended to all who wish to know something of the nature of the cruiser and her work.

*Armed Merchant Ships, by Dr. A. Pearce Higgins. 1914.

*Cruisers in Battle, by Hector Bywater. Constable. 10s.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

ENOUGH has happened in the air by now to enable us to draw a few conclusions on the subject of the battle above and the effect of a military stalemate on Nazi air strategy. They must be of a tentative nature only, for air warfare is a leap-frog process during which the production of new aircraft types bears directly on tactical development, the two together unexpectedly reversing situations in mid-air, so to speak.

There is little doubt, for instance, that the latest type of fighter has the requisite superiority over the bomber whenever it can bring its overweight of armament to bear. It follows, therefore, that air-raiding over the British Isles, by night as well as day, must suffer great restriction, or be attended by deterrent loss, unless and until the Nazi bombers can be escorted by their Messerschmitts throughout the raid. At present, however, it would seem that these same Messerschmitts are considerably outclassed by our Hurricanes and Spitfires, not to mention the French Curtisses, so that even with an escort the balance of advantage still rests with Britain as regards the outcome of sustained attack on her home front. The reverse side of this picture, in logical evaluation, is that our own bombers would be similarly handicapped when raiding far afield over Germany. But even so it does not constitute an equal handicap, for Germany and France are not divided by a strip of sea, and fighter mileage over Nazi territory will therefore count for more than fighter mileage by the enemy over Britain as and when new type development makes it possible.

The Nazi threat to obliterate the British Fleet and the main industrial areas of Great Britain is so far empty bombast, and will continue so until a change in the strategical situation below renders those objectives much more accessible to the Dorniers and Heinkels than they are at present. The desultory attempts, at Scapa Flow and in the Firth of Forth, to carry out those threats have been a miserable failure, while the approach flights

towards our East Coast further south have met invariably with disaster. In this way of late 15 heavy Nazi aircraft, flying-boats and land machines, have been brought down in combat without the loss of a single British aeroplane. Such losses over the fighting fronts might be a small, if not an inconsiderable, proportion of the total force engaged and would be taken as in the natural order of events. But these missions to our Fleet Bases and elsewhere are long and solitary flights over wastes of water by a chosen few, and severe losses thus incurred, with their waiting periods of doubt followed by the certainty of misfortune, bear heavily on the morale of a Service which has been told *ad nauseam* that the game is all their way.

Many people cannot understand the purpose of these long distance flights over the widest stretches of the North Sea when, they argue, the Thames, the Medway, and even Portsmouth Harbour, are so much easier of attainment judged by mileage out and back. A little reflection will go far to explain the matter. There is first of all the superior attraction of the target in the North, for the Home Fleet at anchor is a powerful magnet to draw the Nazi bomber overhead and the lucky hit could disable a capital ship if it found the vulnerable spot. That which we accomplished at Brunsbüttel can be duplicated elsewhere. And yet the destruction of London's dockland, a perfectly legitimate objective, or serious damage to the Naval Establishments at Portsmouth, would equally repay a raid, while being easier, purely from a bombing point of view, to bring about.

The fact is that at present the long North Sea flights are by far the safest, the danger to be encountered existing only during the momentary appearance of the bombers at the thither end, with very little likelihood of interception on the homeward route. They are never near land at all until they sight the coastal indentation which marks their objective, and they are far outside of any warning area that might report them on the way. And now consider the alternatives with that, remembering well the configuration of the East Coast of England and how the hump of Norfolk protrudes into the sea. Suppose the raid were directed against the Midlands, entering, say, at the Humber for the sake of argument. Our fighter-interceptors then could

easily cut in behind from Norfolk aerodromes and, kept well informed of the raiders' path, would be in the best possible position to attack with a major prospect of success.

In the event that they should strike at London, however, or even further to the south, they would be in worse case still. Our fighter-interceptors, flying off their Norfolk aerodromes as before would bend southwards to cut them off, but they would have an easier task. For the neutral coasts of Belgium and the Netherlands would circumscribe the enemy's homeward path, and pin the raiders within that narrow compass, between Ipswich and the Hague, which is formed by the North Sea as it trends towards the Channel. On the first occasion, and possibly the second, the Nazi bombers might infringe neutrality and seek safety by flying over Holland, and part of Belgium, back to their aerodromes in north-east Germany. But they would be fired at by the anti-aircraft defences of those countries and be attacked, if time allowed, by Dutch and Belgian fighters, while the protests which such action would arouse could hardly be derided by the leaders of the Reich as long as their intention held to respect neutrality. If the Nazi bombers have already suffered serious loss while attacking Fleet objectives in the north, how much more severe would those losses be if they disturbed the hornets' nest constituted by our defences in the heart of England itself.

This weakness of the Nazi air strategy cannot be overcome until they either produce long distance fighters which can accompany their bombers all the way, or until they radically curtail the mileage to be flown. As to the former solution of the difficulty it presents a formidable problem in constructional technique that would require a long period of development to produce, for a fighter is nothing if not manœuvrable and the conflict will forever lie between heavy tankage and a light wing loading. But for the curtailment of the distance to be flown there is nothing for it except such hardening of the heart as will embolden the Nazi High Command to attempt an invasion of the Low Countries, therein to establish aerodromes from which their bombers, under escort all the way, could attain our main objectives over London and nearby.

It is easy to see, therefore, how strongly they must be tempted

to cross those frontiers, for unless they do so their air power, as applied to hated Britain on her home front, must remain in leash. As a measure of high strategy it is unanswerable, the military difficulties are not too great, and the preparation seems to be well in hand. It looked two weeks ago as if the blow were about to fall, and it may well be that it has been delivered ere this should appear in print. If not it may be withheld until the spring, or until every other expedient has been tried to obviate the necessity. But in the long run, and failing a successful penetration of the Maginot Line, it is sure to be undertaken, for desperate ills require desperate remedies and a prolonged military stalemate will inevitably bring down the Nazi power.

At the same time there are certain factors, besides the moral standpoint, which weigh somewhat against the full success which might be looked to in the case of such invasion, both strategical and economic. There is the question of Holland as a food and material provider for Germany. In spite of our blockade her great port Rotterdam is an entrepôt for distribution from which Germany cannot but derive much benefit while Holland's neutrality remains. Holland at present supplies the Reich with considerable quantities of agricultural products, a source that would be dried up if the land were devastated by war. Germany would also have on her hands the problem of feeding a conquered populace deprived of its indigenous supplies. Such factors count. Moreover, although Nazi air strategy would be advantaged to a great extent, even the situation thus created would cut both ways. For we ourselves could then send out our bombers as the crow flies to assail the Ruhr and all that industrial region lying snugly behind the frontier of Holland, the unimpaired productivity of which means so much to Germany. It is difficult to see how the deadlock will be broken without recourse to such a drastic measure, for the sea fight, on which the Nazis count so much, is going clearly against her. If Germany is finally constrained from invasion of the Low Countries, then, however long the struggle and whatever may be the ultimate point of her defeat, the battle is already won.

IN SEARCH OF ASSURED PEACE

By THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL

THE bid for peace made in Herr Hitler's speech of October 6 was not surprising. In spite of all talk about British "warmongers", he knows well our peace-loving temper, and he must have hoped for a conference that would leave him in effect, if not in name, master of all Poland west of the Russian occupation.

And for him it was an urgent matter to secure agreement on a conference before the American Neutrality Act could be amended. Even if the conference ultimately broke down, there would always be a chance that unforeseen circumstances might cool off interest in amendment and make it difficult to carry through.

Nor is it surprising that more recently the sovereigns of Holland and Belgium, with German troops massing on their frontiers, should make a fresh offer of mediation. But what evidence has either the German Chancellor or his Foreign Minister given us of any change of heart which might lead us to hope that methods of brute force in international relations would be dropped? Until some tangible proof of this can be given, conference would be not only useless but dangerous. It is heartening to find that, in spite of controversy as to future status, the Indian Congress Press is reported as saying that it would be a betrayal bordering on treachery, for the Allies to lay down their arms while Hitler enjoys the fruits of his aggression.

Meanwhile, there is much to encourage us. The Neutrality Act has been amended, throwing open to the Allies the vast industrial resources of the United States; the U-boat menace is being steadily countered; our Air Force, including men of the Auxiliary Force, have successfully repelled all attempts so far made at raids; and our Expeditionary Force begins its campaign under very much more favourable circumstances than its

predecessor did in 1914. It has had time to take up a strong position and "dig itself in", well camouflaged. Last but not least, the *Führer* must have found scant comfort in the Comintern's recent manifesto inciting the German working classes against their rulers.

The delay, however, in launching any big offensive and the passionate desire that neutral opinion, more especially American, should fully realize for what we are fighting, have led to pressure on the Government to formulate their war aims more precisely than hitherto. They are right, I think, to limit themselves at this stage to stating them in general terms, without defining the methods by which they hope to bring them into effect. That we have no selfish or revengeful aims has been made clear in the Prime Minister's statement that we have no territorial ambitions for ourselves, that we seek no vindictive peace and that we hope for a peace settlement reached through negotiation and agreement, but that we are determined, so far as it is humanly possible, to see to it that Europe shall not again be subjected to a repetition of the tragedy of war. In view of the recent appalling revelations of brutality in German concentration camps, Lord Halifax, in his recent broadcast, has done well to add that we are fighting not only to maintain freedom and the rule of law, but "the quality of mercy in dealings between man and man and in the great society of civilized states".

But there is much discussion of "peace aims" by others, and some important facts tend to be forgotten. Many, for instance, accept at its face value Hitler's charge that the Allies broke a promise to Germany to disarm, and therefore seem to desire that at the peace there should be simultaneous disarmament of both sides. But the Treaty of Versailles contained no such promise on the part of the Allies—on the contrary, a promise on the part of Germany "strictly to observe" the clauses providing for her disarmament "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations". Everyone remembers that these clauses were repudiated by Hitler in March, 1935, but how many realize that the work of the Allied Commission appointed in 1919 to control German disarmament had been brought to an end by the Treaty of Locarno in 1925, and *before it had been completed*?

Yet Mr. J. H. Morgan, K.C., a senior member of the Commission, in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1924, had told us that the disarmament which, under the terms of the Treaty, should have been carried out within six months, was still incomplete after nearly five years. Even a Socialist Government had endeavoured to "scrap" the military clauses of the Treaty. But, as Mr. Wickham Steed reminds us in the *FORTNIGHTLY* for October, the final Report of the Commission, which would have made clear how much still remained to be done, was never published.

The conditions, therefore, which under the Peace Treaty were "to render possible" the initiation of general disarmament were never fulfilled. Herr Hitler's charge consequently falls to the ground.

If we bear this fact in mind we shall understand Mr. Steed's insistence on the disarmament of Germany to the level requisite for the maintenance of internal order as a condition of her entry into the Federation he desires. He says nothing as to disarmament by allies and neutrals. Though one must hope for a general reduction of arms at the earliest possible moment compatible with security, security must come before everything. No fear of Communism must be allowed to interfere with German disarmament. It was used as an argument for obstruction in 1920, but did not prevent the signature of Rapallo in 1922.

And in this matter of disarmament, surely we may hope for some help from the fact that the armed forces of Germany since 1933 have been the instrument of a terror unknown in 1914? Disarmament should be welcomed by those who have suffered from the terror. In any case, is the question of disarmament one on which the ordinary householder has strong feelings? The German working class twenty years ago showed no hostility to the work of the Allied Disarmament commission. Workers at Krupps indeed readily helped to break down guns and smash shell presses. Is not rather the important matter, if we wish to secure the co-operation of the German people in building up a safer Europe, to avoid demanding reparations which involve a crushing burden of taxation?

But as Mr. Steed makes clear, the mere disarmament of

Germany will not make safe the rule of law and justice in Europe. The burden of preventing further aggression in a continent containing powerful elements cherishing nationalistic ambitions, is one in which all European nations, at least, who value freedom, must share. Unprovoked aggressive warfare is so clearly a crime against all that civilized nations most value that for a European people to stand aside and "keep out of it" is, as has been well said, shirking a country's share of the burden of humanity. It increases the danger for others whom it leaves to fight a more difficult battle without help. Yet neutrality may be no guarantee of safety. It may ultimately involve the would-be neutral in a struggle all the more desperate because of its former neutrality, and which, had all made clear beforehand their united resistance to aggression, might never have taken place.

But effective collective defence implies collective arms sufficient to deter a potential aggressor, and members of the League too long allowed themselves to forget that the Covenant only asked its members to disarm within the limits of national security. Hence preparation for a disarmament conference began at Geneva in 1925, though the representatives of France and Britain, anyhow, must have known that Germany had not fully carried out the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. And the movement for the conference, backed as it was by powerful opinion in this country and supplemented by the signature of the London Naval Treaty in 1930, assumed so much momentum that it went on without interruption, though in the years of preparation for the conference there was considerable evidence of German rearmament. Even when Hitler, after eight months of dictatorial rule, withdrew his delegates from the conference and announced his intention of leaving the League, a British National Government was not prepared to take the responsibility of breaking up the conference by embarking on a policy of rearmament.

Had they done so, the course of the next few years might have been very different. Would Laval have made his agreement with Mussolini in January, 1935, if we had shown that we clearly recognized the danger of Nazi Germany and were preparing to meet it? If there had been no Franco-Italian

Pact, and we had not been as weak as we revealed ourselves to be at the General Election of October, 1935, would we or the French have hesitated to add an oil sanction to the others imposed on Italy? If not, would the Italians have won the day in Abyssinia, or the Germans have reoccupied the Rhineland? It is needless to mention the further tragedies which might have been avoided had we begun to rearm in 1933 instead of in 1935, and had declared our firm adherence to the principle of collective defence against aggression. We could have kept loyal to that principle and to rearmament, many countries now leading an uneasy existence as neutrals. But it was a failure for which all political parties must share the blame.

And Hitler himself has given us convincing proof of his recognition of how the principle of collective defence can interfere with his ambitions. Recollections of Nazi efforts to create prejudice against the Franco-Soviet Pact, and to prevent any pact between ourselves and Russia and between ourselves, France and Turkey, are fresh in our minds. Even to-day, flushed with victory over Poland, the *Führer*, as we have seen, has been trying to avoid carrying on war in the west in spite of his agreement with Russia.

Neutrality, then, is what we must seek to end, in Europe anyhow, and those who join in collective defence of peace must recognize a common duty to maintain sufficient arms to deter any potential aggressor. But through what machinery can collective security best be achieved? Mr. Lionel Curtis* and Mr. Clarence Streit† both tell us that the League has failed because its members would not renounce their national sovereignty. Granted that most were not prepared to renounce their sovereignty to the extent necessary to ensure an effective collective defence, both writers ignore that signing the Covenant implies renunciation of considerable sovereign powers. The articles requiring members to devote a certain time to negotiation before proceeding to war demand very definite limitation of sovereignty. So even more does Article 16, and over fifty nations complied at least with that part of it which required the imposition of economic and financial sanctions on Italy.

**Civitas Dei* (1937). †*Union Now* (1939).

Both Mr. Curtis and Mr. Streit further overlook the weakening of the League's position due to the too prolonged disarmament, though Mr. Curtis tells us that by February, 1932, the secret rearmament of Germany was well known. Mr. Streit actually makes light of this rearmament, estimating German military expenditure at not more than the French, and declaring that all countries had been secretly rearming.

Both, therefore, conclude that the League is useless and propose, instead, a Federal Union—a step which obviously demands a much greater abrogation of sovereignty than the League. Mr. Streit would commence with uniting the European democracies, the British Dominions and the United States, and to the Federal Government of these fifteen states he would transfer all powers in regard to foreign policy, defence, currency, tariffs and communications.

There is no need to dwell on the enormous deterrent power which could be exercised by such a Union, but it is disappointing to find Mr. Streit, none the less, revealing doubts as to whether even so powerful a body would be willing to shoulder the burden necessary to prevent aggression in Europe. For though he includes Finland in his fifteen states, he fears that other countries might hesitate to join the Union on account of Finland's common frontier with Russia. An article, moreover, in his draft constitution for the Union, which gives each state the right to maintain a militia and a police force but allows them to engage in war only "if actually invaded or in such imminent danger as will admit of no delay," suggests that he fears that states in exposed positions may feel uncertain of getting immediate help if attacked, and may therefore be obliged to raise their own military forces in addition to contributing to the support of the Union's. There may indeed be others besides Mr. Streit who will doubt whether a Union mainly directed by the United States, as his proposed one would be, would find it easy to deal sufficiently promptly with the problems which might arise for small exposed European states if any of their more powerful neighbours still harboured aggressive aims.

On the other hand, if the United States could enter a union with the European and British democracies, it should give a real hope for curbing aggression in the Far-East.

But does Mr. Streit fully realize the magnitude of the task he envisages? To cite the success of the Federation of the thirteen original American states as an argument for his Federation is to leave out of account the many differences of race, of language, and of tradition involved—difficulties which only existed to a very minor extent among the American states. He stresses that the Union must be one of citizens, not of governments. But will it be easier to secure a genuine sense of common citizenship between the untravelled masses of the democracies than friendly co-operation between their statesmen?

Nor does he seem to realize the difficulty of British men and women, accustomed to government by Ministers directly responsible to Parliament, accepting a federal rule under which, as he proposes, the Federal Prime Minister and Cabinet would be merely assistants to a Board of five members, three of whom would be elected by the electorate, and the other two by the Federal Parliament, the three first holding office for varying periods, as determined by the vote of the Board? How should we ever get the clear association of a member of the Board or the Prime Minister with a policy, and be able to fix responsibility, as we are accustomed to do in this country?

Or how does Mr. Streit hope to secure French acquiescence in the prospect he foresees of the French manufacture of motor cars being killed by the influx of American ones, as a result of the complete free trade which he desires within the Union? This part of his proposals obviously bristles with difficulties.

Mr. Curtis shows himself much more alive to the magnitude of the problem. He evidently realizes the barriers caused by difference in language, and holds that any Federation would have to begin with Australia and New Zealand, and if possible, Great Britain. But he does not visualize this coming into existence "for a few generations", and perhaps not extending beyond it, for another two. Obviously, therefore, he sees no help in federation for our present troubles.

Mr. Steed also desires federation or federal union, but on a very different basis. Writing, as the other authors do not, since the outbreak of war, he urges the formation, if possible during the war, "of the beginnings of a federation or federal union between all the peoples allied or associated with the present enemies of

Hitlerism." This obviously would be an organism aimed at dealing directly with the future maintenance of peace in the most troubled parts of Europe, and it could rely on links both of fellowship and of machinery forged on the terrible anvil of common effort and suffering. It would not be likely to ignore the needs of exposed members.

On the other hand it means beginning with the federation of two countries of very different languages, traditions and temperament. There may be a vast difference between the relationship of those who stand shoulder to shoulder in a common danger and those who set up a joint household. Union must give many opportunities for friction which co-operation through a League does not offer, and if prematurely brought about may well be harmful to the friendship we all desire to strengthen. But Mr. Steed no doubt is alive to these dangers, and many people will be anxious to see further details of his scheme when he gives them to us, as it is understood he will do shortly.

Meanwhile, it is important to note that he does not regard the League as being so useless as do Mr. Curtis and Mr. Streit. He wishes its Covenant and its institutions reorganized and amended "so that they may become instruments of intercourse between nations within the federation and those that may remain outside it, on condition that war be not only renounced by all League members but that all undertake to treat it as a felony depriving those who engage in it of intercourse with civilized peoples." That Mr. Steed should find room in Europe for both Federation and League is to the good, for nothing could more surely hamper clear understanding of the questions at issue than that those who desire closer co-operation in Europe should be split into warring camps.

A League, however, whose members were not actually pledged to collective defence could not be as powerful an instrument for peace as one so pledged, and if by the end of the war Federation would probably only comprise one or two states, might not the friends of peace get further if they worked from the first for the strengthening of the League? This could be done by speeding up the procedure for dealing with aggression, by abolishing the unanimity rule, by making disarmament strictly conform to general security, by making military sanctions obligatory if

economic ones had not proved sufficient. This is really required in an interpretation of Article 16 in Annexe F of the Locarno Treaty and would therefore only mean making the whole of the article binding—a step which would involve much less limitation of sovereignty than any form of Federation.

But, as Sir Walter Layton points out*, if France and Britain and any other Great Power are willing to accept a definite obligation of collective defence, they have the right to require that smaller states should federate in groups according to geographical propinquity. This should greatly increase their capacity to resist sudden attack, and should ensure a fairer balance of influence in the League's counsels. The Scandinavian states might form one such group, with or without Holland and Belgium. Another group might usefully be formed in Central Europe to include a future Czechoslovakia, perhaps a Poland, and states in the Danubian basin.

Again, it may be enquired whether it might not be easier for Germany to enter a League rather than a Federal Union, and does not the same doubt apply to Russia? In spite of the many and vital respects in which her system of government differs from that of the democracies, she showed herself for five years a loyal member of the League. But would the democracies find it easy to admit her to citizenship of a Union? If not, is it advisable to set up an organization which would not be open to all who were ready to take their share in the collective defence of peace? The genuine co-operation of a Germany once more enjoying freedom and justice, must for us be a major aim.

Finally, Mr. Steed, while opposed to any "bartering" with Germany about colonies, desires all colonial possessions ultimately placed under a federal trusteeship for the welfare of their inhabitants and in order to secure equality of access to raw materials for members of the federation. Such a trusteeship has long been the declared basis of British administration, but should we find it easy to combine our methods with those, for instance, even of our great Ally? Her aim is to make her colonial subjects citizens of France; ours, to make them good

citizens of their own country. Would backward peoples benefit from conflicting purposes in administration?

Again, in the case of colonies held under mandates A or B (i.e. those in which preferential trade is forbidden) or those to which the Congo Basin treaties apply, Mr. Steed's proposal would mean the introduction of a preferential trade system where there is now free trade. In other cases his proposal might cut across trade agreements made by the colonies themselves. The West Indies, for example, and Mauritius, have a system of preferential trade with Canada on which their prosperity mainly depends. This agreement would lapse under Mr. Steed's proposal, if Canada had not joined the Federation. In the event of all colonies being put under mandate as others suggest, it would certainly be lost, unless the mandate were of type C, under which there is no restriction of preference. This is the type of mandate held by the Dominions.

Nor could the extension of mandates be safely applied to colonies such as Gibraltar, or to the Straits Settlements, with their special strategic importance. But once the principle of collective defence was fully established, it would become evident that such bases were held in trust for others as well as ourselves—for all, indeed, who were ready to undertake obligations for the preservation of peace.

Annual reports, moreover, could well be made to the League on all colonies, as in the case of mandates. This procedure, exposing colonial administration to international examination and inevitably engendering a healthy spirit of emulation between the officials of the different mandatory powers, is, I believe, a surer method of securing that colonies are administered first and foremost in the interests of their people, than hurling them into a maelstrom of conflicting systems.

* *Allied War Aims* (News Chronicle Publication Dept.), 1939.

THE FUNCTION OF THE CHURCH IN WAR-TIME

BY THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

WHAT is the Church to do and say in time of war? It is an old problem, which has exercised people's minds over and over again. There are some who take it for granted that where the nation leads the Church must follow, and say there is no question worth discussion. There are others who consider the teaching of the Church and the conduct of war so utterly incompatible that they demand that all churches should be closed for the duration. There are not very many who go so far as this. But we cannot forget the judgment of the historian Lecky in his *History of European Morals*:

In looking back with our present experience, we are driven to the melancholy conclusion that, instead of diminishing the number of wars, ecclesiastical influence has actually, and very seriously, increased it. We may look in vain for any period since Constantine in which the clergy as a body exerted themselves to repress the military spirit, or to prevent or abridge a particular war with an energy at all comparable to that which they displayed in stimulating the fanaticism of the crusaders, in producing the atrocious massacres of the Albigenses, in embittering the religious contests that followed the Reformation.

The question is one of peculiar importance. The churches are as a rule much fuller in the first onrush of war. But there are numerous critics, who point the finger at the clergy in the different warring nations when they claim that their nation's cause is the righteous cause, and implore God to bless it, and to give their nation the victory. And when the war is over, there is plenty of disillusionment. Many of the very people who have thronged the churches will be the first to attack the Church, if they think that the Church has simply echoed the popular cry, if the Church leaders have only said what the statesmen have said, and if the sermons they have heard seem to have been overmuch concerned with the justice of the nation's cause.

It is, therefore, important to consider the question—What is the function of the Church in war-time? and I am going to

urge in this article that it is the function of the Church at all costs to remain the Church.

The war of 1914-1918 was a very testing war from the point of view of the Church. I can speak with first-hand knowledge of the actual exercise of the Church's Ministry; for I was the late Archbishop of Canterbury's Chaplain at the time. As I look back I recall the strength of the national uprising in every country. Everywhere, in every people, the national emotions were strong. Germany was great and powerful, and the German national spirit was powerful too. The insistence on the rights of the smaller nations, in face of Germany, fanned the flames of nationalism elsewhere. The nationalist spirit grew as the war went on. It grew in all countries. It grew in England. There was the agitation against people with German names; the campaign against aliens, starting in 1915; the demand for reprisals. There were men (including Church leaders in all countries) who stood out against the nationalist fever. But the fever was fierce, and the strain on the national resources great. Nor was there any counter-balancing force resolute enough to resist it. The Church itself in each nation became more and more the Church of the particular nation. It failed to strike the universal note.

It is not difficult to find illustrations. In September, 1914, some of the most famous German theologians issued an "Appeal to Evangelical Christians Abroad", which was nothing but a lining up of the German Protestant Church with the German State in the conflict with England and France. It contained these words:

We know that we are at one with all the Christians among our people, that we can and must repudiate on their behalf and on behalf of their Government the responsibility for the terrible crime of this war and all its consequences for the development of the Kingdom of God on earth. With the deepest conviction we must attribute it to those who have long secretly and cunningly been spinning a web of conspiracy against Germany, which now they have flung over us in order to strangle us therein.

It was immediately met by a reply from eminent British Church leaders, headed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, which, in effect, ranged the British Churches solidly behind the British Government. They wrote:

It has not been a light thing for us to give our assent to the action of the Government of our country in this matter. But the facts of the case as

we know them have made it impossible for us to do otherwise... We have taken our stand for international good faith, for the safeguarding of smaller nationalities, and for the upholding of the essential conditions of brotherhood among the nations of the world.

The prayers issued in England during the war also gradually took on a more and more decided tone in relation to the national effort. So did the Addresses or Homilies officially issued. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson) himself time after time stood out nobly against reprisals, on the ground that they debased our moral currency. Thus he said (May 2, 1917):

I do know that the Christian judgment of England—and I do not shrink from using that term in its fullest sense—is that when we come out of this war (scarred and wounded, yes; bereft of some of our best and noblest and most hopeful, yes), we mean to come out with clean hands and with the right to feel sure that in the coming years, whatever record leaps to light, we never shall be ashamed.

He protested also against anti-Christian hate and the spirit of vindictiveness; and he made many appeals in the House of Lords in aid of prisoners of war. But, generally speaking, it was the national cause, the national effort, the national honour, that coloured the Church's teaching and witness; and the exemption of the clergy from military service was urged partly on the ground of the rôle they played in "what will be the nation's path to victory".

I am quoting from English sources; but similar sentiments found expression in the Churches of Germany and other countries. It was no wonder that many of the soldiers on both sides, in the furnace of suffering, felt a sense of desolation; no wonder that they should ask their Churches to give them something more than patriotism, and that they got little comfort in the thought of a Holy War. Here is an extract from the letter of a German soldier written in 1915. It might equally have been written, with the change of a couple of words, by an English soldier at the very same date.

They (our pastors) speak of a Holy War. I know of no Holy War. I only know one war, and that is the sum of everything that is inhuman, impious, and beastly in man, a visitation of God and a call to repentance to the people who rushed into it, or allowed themselves to be drawn into it. God has plunged men into this Hell in order to teach them to love Heaven. As for the German people, the war seems to be a chastisement and a call to contrition—addressed first of all to our German Church.

It was with this strong national background in each country that the peace negotiations were conducted in 1919. The temper

of the victorious powers was bad. There was no large counter-balancing body of opinion to resist it. Hence came the Treaty of Versailles. In none of the warring countries had the Church sounded the super-national note. Had it done so, we should have had a different world to-day.

There will be the same issue in the present war. Will the Church in the warring countries strike the universal note, or will it say ditto to the State? If the Church is purely national, it will fail. If it fails in war, it will be powerless in the making of peace. If the Church does not fulfil its function now, how will it ever persuade mankind that it has a function?

This matter of functions is vital. The State has a function, and the Church has a function. They are distinct. The State is the guarantor of order, justice and civil liberty. It acts by the power of restraint, legal and physical. The Church, on the other hand, is charged with a gospel of God's redeeming love. It witnesses to a Revelation in history. It speaks of the realities which outlast change. It aims at creating a community founded on love. So when all the resources of the State are concentrated, for example, on winning a war, the Church is not a part of those resources. It stands for something different.

I set this out first, in order that my later remarks may be seen to stand on foundations of principle. Men owe very much to the State. There is no doubt of that. But it does not by any means cover the whole field of human experience, or need. It has to do with changing things, and to make the most of what is practicable. The Church, on the other hand, touches the invisible, the unchanging, the supernatural and the super-national. It is not the nation. It is not the State's spiritual auxiliary with exactly the same ends as the State.

When war breaks out, there is always a great marshalling of the nation's forces. The Church, which stands within the nation, is expected to express its solidarity with the nation. Indeed, even if it were desired, it would be impossible to make a clean cut between Churchmen and citizens. There can be no contracting out of the national destiny. It is the Church of men, and there are no men save those belonging to nations. The Church has a share in all that affects the individual nation. It rejoices in the good gifts God gives the nation. It suffers in

all the burdens which the nation must bear. What is the Church to do when there is a war?

We must insist on the distinction of functions. The Church has a specific task to perform at all times. It owes it to the nation, as well as to itself, to discharge that function to the best of its ability. If the Church has a function, war is not a time when it should be abandoned.

But we must interpret it further. There is first the question of right and wrong—the moral law. The Church, in the persons of its clergy, primarily represents the Gospel which brings forgiveness and salvation. But it witnesses also to eternal realities; and the moral law is both super-national and supernatural, as the Gospel is. The Church then ought to declare, both in peace-time and war-time, that there are certain basic principles, which can and should be the standards of both international and social order and conduct. Such principles are the equal dignity of all men, respect for human life, the acknowledgment of the solidarity for good and evil of all nations and races of the earth, fidelity to the plighted word, and the appreciation of the fact that power of any kind, political or economic, must be co-extensive with responsibility. The Church therefore ought to declare what is just. It has a right to prophesy, to analyse the issues which lie behind a particular conflict, and to rebuke the aggressor. But two conditions are vital. The Church must be humble. It must acknowledge its own share in the guilt of the common injustice and lack of charity. Further, its witness must be disinterested and independent. It should speak only what the moral law compels it to speak, whether that is favourable or unfavourable to its country. Besides, the Church must guard and maintain those moral principles in the war itself. It must not hesitate, if occasion arises, to condemn the infliction of reprisals, or the bombing of civilian populations, by the military forces of its own nation. It should set itself against the propaganda of lies and hatred. It should be ready to encourage a resumption of friendly relations with the enemy nation. It should set its face against any war of extermination or enslavement, and any measures directly aimed at destroying the morale of a population.

But, although it must be free always to witness to basic moral principles, both in the social and in the international order, the characteristic function of the Church is of a different kind. And therefore the characteristic expression of its solidarity with the nation is also different. The Church stands for the Cross, the Gospel of Redemption. It cannot, therefore, speak of any earthly war as a 'crusade', for the one thing for which it is impossible to fight with earthly weapons is the Cross. Its supreme concern is not the victory of the national cause. It is a hard thing to say, but it is vital. Its supreme concern is the doing of the Will of God, whoever wins, and the declaring of the Mercy of God to all men and nations. The Ministers, especially the leaders, of the Church have a great responsibility for making this plain. It is not only that the Church, if its Clergy preach the Gospel, offers a counterbalancing force of undoubted authority to the waves of national emotion, and so helps to preserve spiritual integrity. That is important. But what is still more important is the fact that the Church is the trustee of the Gospel of Redemption; and unless the Gospel is preached, the Church is not the Church.

It is implicit in what I have written that the Church is universal. Its message is for all nations. The Church in any country fails to be the Church, if it forgets that its members in one nation have a fellowship with its members in every nation. The Church also stands for a supernatural event as the centre of life. That event is the Incarnation, the Cross and the Resurrection. The Church fails to be the Church if it does not make that the centre of its teaching. It is a God-given reality. It is not a society for exhorting men or peoples to have good aims. It is not even a Society for improving international morals. It sees the world lying in the Evil One, which Christ by his Cross has overcome. It declares that the fundamental problem is a spiritual problem, that the deepest need of the social and international situation is spiritual. Its witness is that so long as life is conducted on a secular basis it will go wrong. It asserts that idealism and humanitarianism are not enough; that no national or international organization which is without God can be effective. The Church offers the world the Gospel of the Incarnate, Crucified and Risen Christ. This is no special

war-time Gospel. It is the Gospel for human needs in all times and countries. If it is for us, it is also for our enemies. It applies equally to every time and place.

The Church may have a difficult task in war time. But it has an extraordinary opportunity. Over against human selfishness and national divisions it sets the Gospel of the Love of God, and the community of Christians. And the Church is not a figment of man's mind, but a living spiritual reality, created by God.

The Church at present is not visibly united. Christians are nevertheless one in Christ through faith and prayer. The opportunities for expressing and emphasising that unity are greater than they were. The Roman Catholic Church has always been an international Church, though it has not overcome the national cleavages resulting from war. In the Non-Roman world in recent years an immense step forward has been taken in actual fellowship of Christian with Christian, Church with Church, overriding both denominational and national boundaries. A Movement called the Oecumenical Movement has steadily gathered strength. There is a fundamental distinction between "oecumenical" and "international". The term "international" necessarily accepts the division of mankind into separate nations as a natural if not a final state of affairs. The term "oecumenical" refers to the expression within history of the given unity of the Church. The one starts from the fact of division and the other from the fact of unity in Christ. There is a whole literature connected with the Oxford Conference of 1937, with its Report entitled "The Churches Survey their Tasks". At this very moment a preliminary organization of a World Council of Churches exists. Moreover, the very torments of a world stricken by persecution and war, have brought Roman Catholics, Orthodox and Protestants together in a new way, outside the dogmatic field.

The Church, wherever it is found, is the Universal Church. The Roman Catholic Church is universal. So also (in this sense) are the Evangelical, and Orthodox, and other Catholic Churches. It is the function of the particular Church, especially in those countries which are at war, to do whatever it can to maintain brotherly relations with all the Churches it can reach, as within the Universal Church.

The Church which I have described above is a preaching and worshipping Church. In the smallest village, as well as in the centre of the national life, the church of the place has its own gift to offer to the whole of such witness and worship. The Minister of that local church will gather the flock to do their part in the common praying and offering. The church which is his special cure he will regard as a part of the Church Universal; bearing its witness that God is the supreme Lord over men and nations, and that in Christ alone, and in His Church, even the deepest divisions are overcome. He can, and should, call his flock, and among them especially the relatives of those on service, to hear the Gospel, to proclaim their faith in the Living God and in the Resurrection, and to share in the praises and prayers, and sacraments, week by week, and often day by day. The humble chapel in the village, and the great Cathedral in the town, would each be a fountain of prayer, whether the chapel be in Bavaria, or Sussex, or the Cathedral in Paris or Cologne. The Minister will be leading his people in prayer to their Father. He will act as their intercessor who pleads for them and their kin, and for all those serving in the war. But he should never forget the other intercessors in other countries with the same prayers on their lips, and he and they alike should each pray that God's will may be done, and each pray for the nation to which the other belongs, and for all the nations engaged in the conflict. He should do this, not only because Christ said "Love your enemies", but because those others are members of the same Universal Church. It is the function of the Church in war-time to preach the Gospel of Christ. It is its function also to witness to the universal fellowship, and to keep the fellowship of prayers unbroken. In a word, it is the function of the Church in war-time to be still the Church.

WHIGGERY

BY H. BELLOC

A CERTAIN political force grew up in the XVIIth century which in its growth foreshadowed the English Political Revolution from a Monarchy to an Aristocracy, and in its maturity was the fruit of that change.

This force is known to Englishmen themselves by the half-humorous term of "Whiggery." It is a social thing quite unknown outside England. It is among the most English of English products and without a comprehension of it no man can really know how modern England was made or what modern England is. It was essentially Whiggery that destroyed the English Monarchy in that monarchy's last phase, after the Crown had been undermined by the whole series of seventeenth-century transformations from the last Tudor kingship to the nominal rule of Dutch William. It was essentially Whiggery that supported Shaftesbury and inspired Russell. In 1688 is Whiggery enthroned.

Since this great change from kingship to oligarchy—from the people represented and governed by one Great Person to the people governed, but hardly represented by, a comparatively small group of rich men—is, in its largest aspect, a victory of Money-power over its only serious rival in large societies, Monarchy, men who do not know England may easily confuse Whiggery with mere plutocracy.

To do this—and it has been done by many a foreign historian and onlooker, including so great a judgment as Napoleon's—is like mistaking port for alcohol. Whiggery is full of plutocracy; it is based upon plutocracy. It connotes government by the rich. But it is far, far more particular, individual and national, local and as it were, personal, than mere plutocracy.

When an Englishman who knows his own country and its past, talks of the "Whigs," there arises in his mind at

once the image of a special kind of Englishman who gave its tone to the English governing class as a whole (but especially to the dominating section of that class) from the revolution of 1688 almost to our own day. In our own day there is a strong survival of Whiggery, very vital and likely to endure, even though it be somewhat changed in quality as time proceeds.

Whiggery is a combination of two things which have no rational connection but which happen to have coalesced in England, and in England only, under the accidents of English development from the middle of the seventeenth century to nearly the end of the nineteenth century. Those two things are : —

All that is meant by the Liberal theory of the State : freedom of the individual, an inviolate rule of law secure from personal interference ; the equality of all citizens before that law ; a necessary patriotism without which no abstract principles could preserve the State, and, with this patriotism, a strong conviction that the nation thus loved and served is in every respect superior, necessarily and essentially superior, to all others. There is the first element.

The second element is something quite other and nearly contradictory. It is the conception that the wealthy are the natural leaders of the community. On this account their wealth should be as permanent and stable as possible. On this account they must be dignified by sundry titles, often high-sounding. It is inconceivable to the spirit of Whiggery that men not enjoying the best advantages of wealth should preponderate in the commonwealth. To this conception of wealth as the natural and inevitable conductor of society there is added that without which class government could not arise—the worship of wealth both on the part of those who possess it and on the part of those who do not, and more on the part of the latter than of the former.

Now if you will consider these two principles, they will be found as little common in nature as oil and water. It would seem impossible to make them mix. The foreigner (by which approbrious term not only Whigs but all their fellow-citizens denote the inferior alien), has now for generations been baffled in the attempt to understand how that mixture could conceivably

have taken place, or rather, how that mixture can have actual existence. He sees it is so in England and the more incomprehensible does it make England to him.

Consider the two principles separately. On the one hand, equality before the law, the flower and product of that mystical doctrine, the equality of man, which is dimly recognized in the souls of all but which we inherited, in its full definition, from the civilization of Greece and Rome and especially from that civilization's conversion to Catholicism some fifteen hundred years ago. On the other hand, the conviction rather than the pretention, the instinct or appetite rather than the claim, that wealth not only must, in the nature of things, but *should*, for implied moral reasons, conduct the State.

There is here an active contradiction in definition, but more than that, there is an incompatibility of stuff. It does not seem possible that men defending and even worshipping the ideal of an equal law should, at the same time, hold this strongly inherited religion of Mammon. Yet the marriage has been consummated and has borne fruit, and its still well-established child is the English governing class. Two dissimilar things have come together and have made a third. It is the practice of nature in every department, animate and inanimate, to administer Change in this fashion and to preside by such a generation, over the course of development in every field.

You may notice in the neighbouring but hostile culture of the French, a combination of two dissimilar things: a passion for strict deductive conclusions, following from admitted first principles and therefore absolutely true, not to be denied, compelling acquiescence—and, on the other hand, a mere association of ideas or even a mere association of words, a process which has no more to do with logic than Mammon has to do with human equality.

The same Frenchman who has proved, or rather affirmed by an implied syllogism, that every individual should cast one vote and no more than one vote, will angrily deny this right of voting to that half of the herd which is of the female gender. The same Frenchman, who will affirm religion to be a purely private matter whereon no exceptional laws may impinge, will actively support a policy forbidding a particular religion to

be taught by men and women devoted to it and acting in common. He thus contradicts himself from an association of ideas in either case, and yet self-contradiction is what he most detests.

A man observing England from the outside and coming across Whiggery in its great historical examples of the eighteenth-century nobles, and of many a modern statesman glorying in the strength of England, will, I think, without exception fall into one of two errors: he will either think that Whiggery is an ideal republicanism living by the principle of equality, or he will denounce it, as did the great Irishman, in the phrase: "Bloody, base and treacherous Whigs."

It is neither to be praised or denounced. It is to be appreciated.

Had I the space, and my readers the patience, I might print fifty pages of clinching anecdote wherein is visible the nature of this hybrid creature, the Whig. I might tell you the story of that old gentleman in Sussex, who denouncing the looseness of young women in these, our post-war times, said in my hearing (with some vehemence), "Such things were unknown in my youth," and then added softly, as though musing, "except of course, in the old Whig families." Or one could recite the example of that excellent rhetorician of about a century ago, who after a speech proclaiming the inviolable rights of the free Englishman to his home, was reproached for turning a number of poor tenants out of doors, and replied with beautiful simplicity: "May not a man do what he likes with his own?" The same man would have harangued by the hour against the vileness of the Russian relations between Lord and serf. He could not discover his own parallel because a cloud of Whiggery lay before his eyes.

It was essentially the Whig spirit which defended the French Revolution in the case of some extreme enthusiasts among the wealthiest of English families. It was the same spirit which, with some excuse, defended the rebellion of the American Colonies. It was, above all, the spirit which was irreconcilably hostile to active personal monarchy and which yet desired to preserve the title thereof. It was Whiggery which killed the English Crown, as one might murder a living man, but which set

up the symbol thereof as one might set up the statue of the murdered man.

How did this strange, most vigorous and exceedingly national product arise? I will reverse the right order in the answering of that question and talk first of the name, which is unimportant, and next of the thing.

The name "Whig" contrasted with the word "Tory," first appeared long after the thing had become of the first importance in England. "Whig" was the nickname given at first, I believe, to those enthusiasts north of the border who rebelled violently against the authority of the King of England and Scotland because that authority clashed with their extreme religion. There were connected with such rebellions, as with all rebellions, various extravagances and crimes. "Whig," therefore, was used as a term of opprobrium, as one might say, "you dirty rebel." "Tory" was similarly used in the third of the three kingdoms, Ireland; it was the nickname there given to men in conflict with English law and the society it had set up in the English effort to conquer Ireland. Outlaws, bandits, raiders, these were Tories. So the men who appealed to law and civic equality against the traditional kingship of England denounced their more conservative opponents by the name of "Tories," as who should say: "You irrational supporter of violence; you mere superstitious follower of ancient names and forms."

But I say that "Whiggery" the thing, was full grown and active long before the name "Whig" had come above the surface. The name "Whig" (as an appellation given to one who stood for that new English mixture of liberalism and money power, following on the quarrel between money-power and monarchy), was not heard in political discussion, I believe, until the violent dissensions between petitioners and abhorers, during the effort to exclude the Duke of York altogether from succession to the Throne. But the Whig theory of the State, the Whig social practice, the Whig mind, consciously and unconsciously at work, you have appearing in the seed or embryo before even Elizabeth is dead. It is tumultuously growing during the Civil Wars and behold, against all expectation

and all logic, it is mature and triumphantly established in practice, within half a dozen years of the Restoration.

That strength of wealth in the Commons of the Restoration Parliament, those claims to power by squires and rich merchants, advanced, as it were, instinctively and without definition and increasingly acted upon, even during the first decade of Charles II's activity, were essentially Whig. Whiggery, like everything else, went through its stages of development. It was conceived, was born, was nurtured, grew and came of age. We may dispute as to the exact date of its majority, but it was more than a boy—it was certainly a full grown man, when the crisis of 1670, the Treaty of Dover leaking out, came to stamp it for good and gave it a character which it has not yet lost. All the violent nearly successful attacks on the King, especially the Popish Plot, were Whiggery, Whiggery, Whiggery. The unscrupulous, determined and convinced further rebellious drive against James II was Whiggery roaring for a prey, and the Revolution of 1688 was as I have said Whiggery triumphant and enthroned.

Let those who see the intense and comic contradiction between the liberal theory of Whiggery and the mammonite practice thereof remember that Whiggery led England to her highest summit of political power, and that when its chief representatives confused patriotism with the ideas of their own class, they could advance the plain fact that they had both created and exalted modern England.

When I say that Whiggery made modern England, I must modify that statement by one obvious exception. The great modern European nations have none of them been made by any one spirit to be discovered in them during modern times. They all proceed from a common foundation of Greek and Latin culture and of that Christendom into which the ancient pagan civilization was baptized. There is, moreover, in every great European nation a mass of qualities especial to itself which are superior to, and broader than, the political forces which may have formed them in their social or constitutional structure. Still it is true to say that Whiggery was the *chief* formative of what we call to-day England. Its traditional opponent, Toryism, with its lingering respect for monarchy and

even for feudal memories may be cited as a sort of foil or contrast to Whiggery, but Whiggery was the master throughout. It was conquering, before it appeared above the surface towards the end of the first decade in Charles II's reign; by 1674 it had taken on a personality unmistakable; it had by 1681 a name of its own, by the end of the century it bid for complete power and throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries or even into the twentieth, it led the dance.

Now Whiggery in its very considerable achievement used two main forces. It wrote modern English history and it established a religion of what it called "the British Constitution," to which, by ceaseless iteration, it pledged the political mind of the whole country.

As to how it wrote English history, everyone who has read that history in any textbook of the last two hundred years and more may understand. Every Whig presumption, every Whig doctrine is taken for granted by our historians. Those who are in reaction against Whiggery are useful as exceptions or oddities, and they are quoted as such. They do not affect the general truth that Whiggery took the story of England and told it in its own terms, suppressed what it would, told what lies it felt inclined to tell, and at last made them all pass—the suppressions and the falsehoods—as current coin. It caused men to take for granted what was true about it; such as, for instance, the fact that it established a reign of law (but a law of its own kind very different from the moral code of Christendom) or the fact that its devotion to wealth increased the wealth of the community. But it also made falsehood take root, as in the pretence that Parliamentary oligarchy is democratic.

There are in the last two centuries many outstanding protests against Whiggery, many powerful literary monuments which rebuke it—for instance, Bolingbroke's "Patriot King." Disraeli, with his acute alien vision and honesty of purpose analysed it adversely, and his analysis was successful; but he did not, any more than had Bolingbroke before him, affect the great volume of the thing. He diminished in no way, for all the volume of his protest and for all its verve, the bulky political stuff of Whiggery, whereof the England of his time, as of earlier and later days consisted. The man lived in the very atmosphere

of Whiggery, and his efforts at satirizing what was over-Whig only resulted in a sort of sentimental caricature which was just as Whiggish as could be, permeated with that same humbug of false lineage and very real adoration of wealth which made the Whig what he is. Nor would Disraeli have dared to attack the "constitution"; he would perhaps have been intellectually incapable of conceiving a political England built upon other lines.

As examples of the way in which English history has been written by Whigs and how their thesis has thoroughly permeated the scholarly, as well as the popular mind, consider such a major instance as the monstrous legend that James II was planning the *forcible* conversion of this country to Catholicism. One might as well say (and there were men found to say it), that the dull Radicals of Joseph Chamberlain's day were planning to set up an egalitarian republic. Or consider the still more monstrous legend which will have it that the title to the English Throne is parliamentary. Or consider the way in which, all through our textbooks, the phrase "English people" is used, as though it were identical with Whiggery. The revolution of 1688 is acclaimed as the action of the "English people." The second Dutch War, because it is fought in alliance with Louis XIV is repulsive to the "English people," although not ten years before, the whole mass of England was in a fever of hostility to the Dutch and their commercial power. It is Whig history which has represented the English House of Commons as being primarily a mirror of this same "English people," though it took away their land, forbade their association to combine against the evils of nascent capitalism and maintained the grossest iniquities in popular suffrage and the grossest corruption in administration.

Whig history would have it that the Habeas Corpus Act was something of a divine sort, whereof foreigners were unworthy. Whiggery pretended to have secured for the subjects of the great Whig families an independence unknown to the peasants on the Continent and to the publicists of the English eighteenth century (or of to-day for that matter), a freedom of expression which is unknown outside this island. Again Whig history will have it that the continued misgovernment of Ireland was

due in some way to the exceptional incapacity or exceptional dishonesty of the Irish people.

Like all official history, Whig history, as it approached the term of its natural life (it is still vigorous but its decay is manifest), sank from level to level in the community. To-day it is still the orthodox history of the elementary schools; it is defended, though with increasing difficulty, in the national universities (by Professor Trevelyan for instance); but its native ground still remains the great mass of the lower middle class, and there it is of greatest effect in those historical novels with which we are blessed or cursed. A future generation, perhaps the next, may watch with interest the appearance of some real piece of historical fiction wherein our fathers shall be made to behave as they did behave; the effect will be startling.

The whole story of English law and government is warped to fit in with the framework of Whiggery. Whether we shall ever get it out of its cramped and distorted stage may be doubted, for by the time we have done so, the interest in these things, with which Whiggery has dealt on its historical side, will be dead.

But what will not die for a long time will be the essentially national tone of Whiggery. It will survive by its virtues and especially by the virtue of patriotism. Were England to suffer some major and permanent defeat, it is probable that this great business of Whiggery would go under for ever; but so long as England is prosperous and proud, prosperity and pride being the twin pillars of Whiggery, Whiggery will stand; and who would wish it otherwise?

THE BEAUTY OF THE DEAD

BY H. E. BATES

GRIMSHAW finished stopping up the cracks of the bedroom window with the putty knife and the scraps of dirty rag. Outside it was already snowing, in sharp wind-scurried bursts, with particles of ice that bounced like grains of rice on the black dry pavements. But it seemed warmer in the bedroom now, so Grimshaw thought, the east wind deadened by the rag in the cracks, and at last he turned with satisfaction to look at his wife, who was dying on the bed.

"Feel any different?" he said.

"No. No different."

"Warmer now, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's warmer," she said.

"Doctor said I'd gotta git a fire," Grimshaw said, "but you don't want a fire do you? Have one if you want one," he added quickly.

"No. I'm warm enough."

"Never had a fire in this room," Grimshaw said. "Don't see why we should start now, do you?"

"No," she said.

Grimshaw's wife lay in a large and beautiful mahogany four-poster without hangings, its canopy looming over her like a dark attendant angel with carved scrolls for hands. As Grimshaw looked at her, a small meek-eyed woman with high blood pressure that showed in the sharp colour of her face and the root-like veins of her hands, his eyes dwelt on the bed too. To Grimshaw's way of thinking the mahogany itself, deep as burgundy, gave out enough fire to keep the room warm. It was a very beautiful piece: one of the finest pieces he had. Yes, it was very beautiful. Over the small figure in the bed was laid a brown horse-blanket with a yellow scorch-hole in it, and over that a tasselled white quilt that had been darned

along the edges. Lower down the bed Grimshaw had laid an old Inverary cloak, and there was a bucket for slops under the bed.

"Feel like anythink t'eat?" Grimshaw said. "It's goin' uphill for twelve."

"I don't fancy much," she said.

"I got that cold rice-pudden," Grimshaw said, "I could hot that up."

"All right. Hot that up for me."

"I could go out and git a bit o' pig's fry. On'y it's snowing. I could go out though."

"No," she said, "hot me the rice pudden'."

Scratching his thin grey hair, Grimshaw began to go towards the door, feeling his way between several Hepplewhite chairs and a William and Mary occasional table and a carved commode that were crowded together between the four-poster and the wall. At the door he stopped and peered back at her over his string-tied spectacles.

"How shall I hot it?" he said.

"Jist stand it over the kettle," she said. "It'll hot itself like that."

"Ah. All right," he said. "A bit o' warm pudden'll do you good."

Grimshaw went out of the bedroom and along the dark landing and downstairs between rows of pictures and furniture and many pieces of china suspended by wires from the frieze-rail. He went through the living-room, fireless too and crowded like the bedroom and the passages with many pieces of furniture, and so through to the kitchen. The kitchen was dirty, with a day's unwashed crockery in the sink, and in the range a small acrid fire of leather-bits that Grimshaw cadged twice a week from the shoemaker round the corner. In the middle of the floor stood a pembroke-table, not a good specimen, that Grimshaw had once got for two shillings and had repaired in the workshop up the yard. On the table were spread sheets of newspaper, for a table-cloth, and on the newspaper stood a dirty cup and plate and a broken egg-shell, the remains of Grimshaw's breakfast. A brown teapot was stewing on the hob, the kettle simmering on the trivet beside it.

Grimshaw cleared the table of the dirty crocks. He put the crocks in the sink and the egg-shell in the fire and then, in the pantry-cupboard, found the remains of the rice-pudding, a chunk of solid brown-skinned substance in an enamel dish scorched at the rim. He put this on the kettle after taking off the kettle-lid, swinging the trivet across the fire.

While waiting for the rice-pudding to warm Grimshaw fell into a kind of trance. The door from the kitchen to the living-room stood open, and from where he sat Grimshaw could see the little room crowded with furniture. His eyes, greyish-yellow, rheumily protuberant and almost lidless, were the focal point of his scraggy face. He was wearing several dirty waistcoats and now that the weather had turned bitter again he had wrapped a dirty scarf round his chest, tucking the ends into his armpits. In this trance-like attitude, his scarf giving him the appearance of a man who is waiting to go out somewhere, he sat for some time and gazed at the furniture. The tops of the tables, the chair-seats, the face of a bureau seemed, like the bed upstairs, to give out an indefinable air of warmth. They seemed very beautiful. The sight of them touched Grimshaw's senses, colouring his acute and jealous sense of possession with a remotely poetic feeling. From his eyes, still protuberant but softer now, it was possible to see that the shape and tone of antique wood affected him like words or music. He seemed to be listening to its beauty in the semi-dark silence of the house round which the snow was now beating in thicker waves.

After some moments he remembered the rice-pudding. He found the enamel dish warm to his touch. He took it off the kettle and poured a little hot water into the pudding, stirring and mashing it up with a spoon. Then he poured water into the tea-pot, stirring the stale stewed leaves with his finger. Finally he poured out a cup of tea, giving it a look of the milk and a bare half-spoonful of sugar. The cup of tea, with half the pudding on a plate, he took upstairs.

His wife was lying just as he had left her. On this side of the house the snow was beating in thick white flakes at the windows. It was settling untouched on the roofs and the street-trees, and the reflection of it in the mahogany was like a soft solution of silver.

Grimshaw, moving to set the pudding and the tea on a table, a Georgian pedestal, thought better of it, and set it on the floor. His wife began to struggle feebly up in bed, her lips pale and exhausted, and Grimshaw helped her into an upright position, giving her the tea and the pudding a moment later.

"You manage?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "I can manage. You go down now and have yours afore it gets cold."

"Doctor'll be here soon, without the snow holds him up," Grimshaw said.

He felt his way among the chairs and tables again and went downstairs. In the kitchen he sat and ate his dinner off the newspaper, eating the same as his wife, the now luke-warm pudding mashed with water, swilling it down with the rank stewed tea. What was good enough for her, he thought, was good enough for him. Yes, they shared and shared alike. They always had shared and shared alike. They always would.

He bolted the food quickly, staring outside at the now rapidly falling snow. The food did not mean anything to him. He had forgotten what good food was like. She never had been able to cook and now it didn't matter. You didn't eat so much when you got old anyway, didn't need so much. They had lived in the house now for forty years, after marrying fairly late, and gradually the furniture had accumulated round them like a silent family of children. All their money had gone into it, had been made out of it. At first Grimshaw had been a carpenter, repairing bits of furniture in the evenings for other people. Then gradually the furniture had bitten into him, had got hold of him like drink, until it had become a sort of single-minded passion.

The jealousy and madness had got into her too. She was passionately mad on china and glass. In the front-room and the hall and in some of the never-used bedrooms there were cupboards and cabinets of china to which no one had ever had the key. And now no one would ever have the key, because no one except the doctor came into the house. Grimshaw and she were alone in the house. They wanted to be alone. They were quite happy like that, all alone, living on bread and tea and rice-pudding, with the silent family of furniture about

them and the countless pieces of china blooming in the dark and unopened cupboards like rows of everlasting flowers.

As he sat there finishing the pudding and the tea, Grimshaw heard the heavy front door open and swing to, and then quick feet mounting the stairs.

He knew that it was the doctor. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and went upstairs too, following the diminishing chips of snow on the newspapers that covered the turkey-red carpet on the stairs.

In the bedroom the doctor was sitting on the edge of the bed with a stethoscope in his ears. He took off the stethoscope and turned to look at Grimshaw as he came in.

"You ought to have a fire in here. I distinctly said that yesterday."

"She says she's warm enough."

"Never mind what she says. It's ten degrees colder to-day and it looks like being colder," the doctor said. "You must get a fire in here this afternoon."

Grimshaw did not speak.

"There's another thing. It's more than time your wife had proper nursing."

"She don't like strange people about," Grimshaw said.

"Never mind that. What about relatives?"

"She ain't got none. Only a sister. And she never comes near."

"Wouldn't she come if she knew about this?"

"She might."

"Then get her to come. If she can't come you must tell me. I'll get a trained nurse instead. Of course I can't force you, but —"

The doctor got up from the bed and packed away the stethoscope into his bag. The woman on the bed did not stir and Grimshaw, looking at her for a sign of acquiescence or denial, did not speak.

As he went out of the door the doctor made a sign to Grimshaw and Grimshaw followed him downstairs.

"Now listen," the doctor said. "The fire and the nurse are both very essential. If you don't give your consent to a nurse I am afraid I can't be responsible for what happens. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"How is she sleeping?"

"Says she sleeps all right, doctor."

"Well, keep on with the medicine. I'll give another injection tomorrow."

When the doctor had gone Grimshaw went upstairs again. He walked slowly, aggrieved and resentful at the idea of a stranger intruding in the house: a strange woman, with fresh bright hands scratching like pins at the virgin skin of the furniture, a woman breaking in with new and regular routine on the old sanctified system of the house. He did not want that. And what about her? If he knew anything about her she didn't want it either.

Still he was troubled, and was greatly relieved, on going into the bedroom, to hear her voice from the bed, gentle and small and scared, entreating him:

"You ain't goin' to get Emma in, are you?"

"She wouldn't come here," Grimshaw said. "You know that."

"You ain't goin' to get a nurse or nobody in? I'm all right. I don't want nobody."

"I'll do jist as you like", he said. "You want somebody, I'll git 'em in. You don't want nobody, you neent have nobody."

"I don't want nobody."

He was relieved, almost glad. He stood by the bed, over her. She was so small and frail and tired-looking, in spite of her high colour and the large veins on her hands, that he experienced a moment of tender anxiety for her, a spasmodic flutter of gentleness that had nothing to do with the starved cold remains of the rice-pudding, the rags with which he had stopped up the window, the miserliness that in her eyes and after so many years did not seem like miserliness at all. The emotion fluttered his heart and he made a vague gesture or two of restlessness across his unshaven face with his yellow, dirt-clotted hands. "You have somebody in if you want somebody," he said.

"No. I don't want nobody here," she said desperately.

"All right," he said. He picked up the dirty rice-pudding plate and the dirty cup. "You goin' to git some sleep now?"

"I'll try," she said. "Where are you going to be?"

"I'm going to be up in the workshop." He shuffled his way among the crowded snow-gleaming period pieces towards the door. "Shall you be all right?"

"I shall be all right" she said.

Grimshaw went downstairs again, put the dirty crocks into the sink and then went out across the asphalt yard behind the house and into the workshop at the end of it. Snow was falling faster and more softly now, settling everywhere in a crust of an inch or so, so that he made no noise as he walked. The big door of the workshop soundlessly pushed back an arc of snow as he opened it, and when he shut it again behind him the whole world seemed to dissolve into a great calmness. Falling softly into the dead air and catching itself now and then on the dead twigs of the plum-tree growing on the side of the workshop, by the window, the snow seemed to be the only living thing in the world.

On a set of three trestles, in the middle of the workshop, lay several planks of elm covered with sacking. Grimshaw took off the sacking and stood looking at the new, smooth wood. Presently he ran one flat crude hand along the surface of the uppermost plank. The wood had a beautiful living response which smoother things, like glass and steel, could never give. Under the slight pulsation of pleasure that the wood gave him he put his other hand on the plank and ran that too backwards and forwards. The wood was smooth, but he knew that he could get it smoother still. He had spent all yesterday afternoon planing it. Now he could spend all afternoon rubbing it down. In time he would get it as smooth as ebony.

It had been several years since Grimshaw had made a coffin. In his day as a carpenter there was always a hurry for a coffin, but now he did not want to hurry. Even though he knew she was dying, he wanted to make this coffin with care, with his own hands; he wanted to make it lovingly. He wanted to put a little decent scroll-work on it and silver handles, and make it as smooth as ebony. Above all he did not want anyone else to make it. He had had the handles for a long time, put

away in a box on the top shelf at the end of the shop. They didn't eat anything. The elm was the best he could get. It would be a beautiful coffin and there was another thing: because he was making it himself it would come out cheaper.

There was the grave too. He thought about it at intervals as he worked on at the job of rubbing down the elm throughout the afternoon, with the snow falling more thickly than ever outside and the snow-light falling more and more brightly on the wood-shavings, the tools and the elm, the snow at last standing like flowers of coral on the black branches of the plum-tree. In the silence he could think of the grave without interruption, and gradually it too took shape in his mind as a beautiful thing.

He had long since decided that the grave was going to be something more than a hole in the ground. Every inch of it was going to be lined with painted tiles. There were three or four hundred of these tiles packed away in a chest upstairs: painted with flowers, birds, bits of scenery. He had watched her collect them over a period of years. He had watched her gradually collect her own grave together, and now no one in the world was going to be buried more beautifully.

He worked at the elm until, even with the snow-light, it was impossible to see any longer. He packed up at last and went back into the house, not realizing until he crossed the yard in the three or four inches of snow how bitterly cold it still was. When he realized it he went back into the workshop and scraped up a handful of shavings and wood-chips and took them into the kitchen. The fire was dead, and he put a match to the shavings and the wood, piling a handful of leather-bits on top. He swung the kettle over the trivet, and then went upstairs again.

It was very dark on the stairs and almost dark in the bedroom. He went into the room very quietly, greeting her with a whisper, "You all right? You bin to sleep?" which she did not answer.

He stood by the bed and looked down at her. She lay exactly as he had left her, but he knew that there was something different about her. At last he put down his hand and touched

her face. Her eyes were cold and closed and he realized that she had gone to sleep and had died without waking up again.

For some moments he stood looking at her, perfectly motionless. Then his thoughts went back to the workshop. Then gradually he came to himself and began to move with the gentle deliberation of a man who has for a long time had something deeply planned in his mind. He pulled back the horse-blanket and the quilt and began to lay out her body.

It was quite dark when he had finished, and downstairs in the kitchen he lit the tin lamp that stood on the mantelpiece. The kettle was boiling and he poured water on to the stale tea-leaves for the third time that day, adding half a spoonful of fresh leaf to the pot. He poured out a cup of tea and spread himself a slice of bread and shop-lard, salting the lard, eating it standing up.

When he had finished the tea he took the lamp and walked across the yard into the workshop. It was still snowing and again an enormous calmness closed in behind him as he shut the door, the calmness of snow and darkness and the thought of death.

He turned up the lamp and set it on the bench and began to work straightaway at the coffin. From that moment, and on through the night, he did not know whether it snowed or not. He did not know anything except that the conception of the coffin took shape under his hands. He did not feel the crystallization of any emotion. He kept back his emotions as a policeman keeps back the crowd from the scene of a disaster.

It was about eight o'clock next morning when he really looked up and saw that the snow had ceased, that it lay thick and frozen like years of coral-flower on the bowed branches of the plum-tree. When he blew out the lamp, the strong snowlight came in at the windows, turning the almost completed coffin quite white. He worked on for just over another hour, not hungry, still not feeling any emotion, fixing the silver handles at last; and then soon after nine o'clock he slid the coffin on to his shoulders and took it into the house.

When he moved across the yard in the foot-deep snow he heard the sound of shovels scraping on pavements as people moved the snow up and down the street. The sound whipped

up in him a realization of the outside world. It died almost immediately as he went into the house. He had stopped thinking what the outside world felt or did or thought. He was alone in the house, with her, the coffin and the tiles with their flowers and birds, but he did not feel alone. They had lived alone together for a long time. The furniture and the glass had taken the place, gradually, of people and fields, friends and outside things.

And as he went upstairs, very slowly, bending himself almost horizontal so as to take the weight of the coffin, he felt the presence of the things about him acutely, more real than anything of the outside world had ever been. He felt the beauty of the polished wood as he steadied himself between the tables and chairs with a sudden outstretched hand.

In the bedroom the blinds were still undrawn and the room was filled with the strong light of the snow. It melted in the shining surfaces of walnut and mahogany and hung on the ceiling like a cotton sheet. It struck brightly in his eyes after the gloom of the stairs, filling him with momentary tiredness. But he did not stop. He laid the coffin on the bed and after a time succeeded in laying her in it.

When it was all finished he stood away from the bed, with his back to the snow, and looked at her as she lay in the new bright coffin. As he stood there the grief he had kept back during the night gradually flooded over him. The light of the snow was very white on her face and he stood looking at her with his ugly stained hands loose at his sides and his ugly tired face sunk on his shoulders.

With tears in his eyes he stood like that for a long time, taking in the beauty of the snow-light that was growing stronger every moment, and the beauty of the dead.

THE CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRACY

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

IN the excitement aroused by the Russo-German confabulation we are in danger of forgetting first principles. Reams have been written about the effect of this Moscow stratagem in the sphere of power-politics; and of its importance for Germany's economic potential there can be no two opinions. But what it all means in terms of "ideology" (*horresco referens*) has somehow been missed. The English, with rare exceptions, do not take kindly to ideas, and it has been left to a discerning foreigner*, Peter F. Drucker, to portray the whole cosmological process of the past twenty years—"the end of economic man", he calls it—of which this Nazi-Bolshevist embrace is the *dénouement*. It is not enough to revile Hitlerism or to define our war aim as the stamping-out of 'Prussian militarism'; the issue with which our West European society is confronted to-day goes much deeper. And until and unless responsible opinion in this country attains a new awareness of the challenge to which we are now committed there will be no future for democracy.

Nothing is more revealing and more depressing than the testimony of misunderstanding afforded by the final exchanges between the British and German Governments published in the White Paper of August 31. It shows that, after all these years of constant diplomatic negotiation—apart from the extensive friendly intercourse among individual Englishmen and Germans—the two nations, represented fairly enough, be it said, by their spokesmen, were simply not speaking the same language, not meeting on the same plane.

It is in the last analysis to this irreconcilable difference of national idiom that this second German war is due. Not that Germans are peculiarly branded with original sin—they are to a certain extent the victims of their country's geographical

**The End of Economic Man*, by Peter F. Drucker. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

position; no, the challenge which Nazi Germany embodies is inherent in *any* National-Socialist order—a fact which in itself condemns the prevalent wishful-thinking about Italy and Spain. The point is that, beyond all considerations of national interest, which are obvious enough—which are measurable and therefore susceptible of settlement—lie the deepest issues of political morality.

That Mr. Chamberlain and his associates had little or no conception of these fundamental issues is apparent in their utterances and their actions; it came out clearly enough in the White Paper. There is in the latter, continually, for example, the same old pathetic appeal for restoration of an atmosphere of confidence. Our rulers, to the end sahibs at sea*, clung to the idea that Herr Hitler and his kin were *really* high-minded gentlemen, as eager as Mr. Chamberlain himself to settle the affairs of Europe by peaceful negotiation—or if not *quite* gentlemen, at any rate shrewd men of affairs, who would never actually, for all their bluff and blackmail, launch their peoples on war, because, among other things, it would be 'bad for trade'. This kind of language to a Government which, by its every action since 1936, has shown that it despises utterly these vestigia of 'Liberalism', that it repudiates the British-made capitalist system and deliberately condemns the very idea of international obligations! The antinomy, in this respect, is clear as noonday. As Mr. Middleton Murry says in his latest book†: "just as the totalitarian *régimes* recognize no validity in the persons of their own citizens but regard them simply and solely as component parts of the omnipotent State, so they recognize no moral validity in other national societies." Poland was obstructing the path of German expansion; therefore Poland must be destroyed, and all means of violence, propaganda and intrigue are justified, in the gangster mentality, to compass that end.

Mr. Murry, an incorrigible idealist, is moved to condemn the behaviour of the British Government in recent years as being "completely confusing to the moral sense of the nation". He detects in Mr. Chamberlain, the quintessential business man, an

*Vide article by R. H. S. Crossman in *The Fortnightly*, May, 1938.

†*The Defence of Democracy*, by J. Middleton Murry. Cape.

appalling indifference to moral issues—for example in his insistence on paying a personal visit to Signor Mussolini at a time when the latter's flouting of non-intervention with regard to Spain was as brutal as it was barefaced. The charge applies no less to our present acquiescence in Italian 'non-intervention' to-day, when Signor Mussolini has for years vied with Herr Hitler in operating the self-same footpad technique which we are solemnly sworn to resist. The less we prate about morality, however, the better we shall be fitted to take up the challenge to democracy that has been thrown down. It behoves us to discard all shibboleths and face the facts. For Fascism, as Dr. Drucker observes, is not a positive reflex; but it *is*, emphatically, the result of the collapse of Europe's spiritual and social order.

Both Mr. Middleton Murry and the author of *The End of Economic Man* agree in denying to National Socialism any claim to a theory of society. This new twentieth-century phenomenon is, nevertheless, as Mr. Murry says, a formidable pragmatic criticism of modern democracy—"a protest against the lethargy and cowardice in democratic societies whose members have not the imagination to 'tender the whole'." The use of that Cromwellian phrase is significant. It is because capitalist democracy has failed, in the national and international sphere, to establish an effective social order, to achieve a *commonwealth*, that the world is sick. Communism does constitute, on the other hand, a respectable social doctrine, offering a vision of a societized humanity which cannot but appeal to the atomized men and women that a century or so of capitalist development has produced.

Of the essentials for a new international order—a new commonwealth in the international sphere—I have myself written many a time. Mr. H. G. Wells is hard at it expounding the new-old problem in his own inimitable way, and Mr. Patrick Ransome's article in the October number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* pointed the way forward. Where Mr. Murry's critique is so valuable—he has recently elaborated it in a series of articles in *The Times Literary Supplement*—is in his probing of democracy's historical origins. He has the courage to re-state democracy's substantial affinity with Christianity itself, and to plead for a re-birth of

the Christian consciousness as the one means of stopping the rot.

As we know from R. H. Tawney's classic the themes of religion and capitalism were at the outset closely intertwined. Marxist doctrine arose, Mr. Murry reminds us, just at the moment when the last vestiges of Christian morality were vanishing from the economic structure of society. Landed property—by the enclosure of the commons *etc.*—had liberated itself from the human obligations to which it had been bound. The process of 'grinding the faces of the poor', sanctioned by the law, had already set in before the period of industrialization. As industrial society developed, a new class of men was thrown up—the result of the unconscious activity of capitalism in dehumanizing, depersonalizing and de-Christianizing social relations—which was thrust clean out of society, and it was this "proletariat" which, according to Karl Marx, would destroy because it must destroy capitalist society.

What did Marx mean? According to Mr. Murry—and his critique is the most illuminating that has yet appeared—in so far as capitalism is regarded as a purely economic system he envisaged the destruction of that property-right by which the working-man was forbidden his creative access to the instruments of production on any save the owner's terms. In practice, of course, the development of trade union power and the small capitalist has to a large extent invalidated the Marxist postulate: capitalism in this sense has been scotched though not destroyed. But Marx was also, and mainly, tilting at capitalism as a system of human relations, and destroying capitalist society meant the destruction of the institution of property without human obligations. Now, in practice again, we have witnessed in the past forty years an increasing degree of human obligation being enforced upon 'property'—not direct as in the feudal society but indirect, through the great increase in the taxation of property (*plus* the application of money so obtained to the social services) and the withdrawal of political power from the men of property as such. (The new war budget, incidentally, carries this process in England to unimaginable limits.) Thus, as Mr. Murry does not fail to point out, both the "proletariat" and "capitalist society" of *Das Kapital* have ceased to exist: yet Marx's fundamental

criticism of bourgeois society remains true—the charge of systematized irresponsibility. Moreover, 'poverty in plenty' is still our wretched lot, just because the national and social factors have been continually sacrificed to the individual profit-motive.

Now it may be said that Mr. Middleton Murry has, characteristically, 'piled on the agony' about our spiritual malaise, that, in Great Britain, at any rate, democracy is not so hopelessly discredited, for all its association with capitalism. Granted! Yet the practical problem remains, if the National Socialist menace is to be met, how to dissociate the one from the other. And, if we are even to begin to face up to the challenge, it is imperative to re-think the basic values of democracy, as Mr. Murry bids us, and, on the other hand, to see Fascism for what it really is. It is at this point that the theme may be usefully taken up from Dr. Drucker's analysis. For here, in Continental experience, is the same process described by Mr. Murry, translated into catastrophic terms.

The key to the understanding of the new revolutionary movement, he argues, is the despair of the masses. Never mind whether capitalism has failed as an economic system. The contrary can easily be demonstrated. But the economists, capitalism's chartered defenders, are prone to forget that economic expansion and increase are not aims in themselves—they attract men's allegiance only as means to a social end. Now, 'capitalism', as a social order and a creed, is the expression of a belief in economic progress as leading towards the freedom and equality of the individual in a free and equal society. The idea was that the free and equal society would result from the enthronement of private profit as supreme ruler of social behaviour; just as Marxism, on the contrary, assumed that it would result from the abolition of private profit. These twin-postulates have been discredited throughout Central and southern Europe. On the one hand, the promise of 'equality' has been shown to be illusory. And, on the other hand, the masses of Germany and the countries south and east of her were driven by their sufferings in the Great War, the inflation period and the great depression to repudiate utterly the notion of the supremacy over society of economic values. The European

belief in capitalism as a social order would, in Herr Drucker's view, have perished much earlier but for two factors (1) the economic imperialism of the XIXth century, which provided overseas outlets and, for the middle classes, sundry pickings, and (2) the lure of the U.S.A., the country of unlimited possibilities. Immigration barriers have thrown Europe back upon itself. And the peoples, beset by economic insecurity and moral bewilderment, seeing only the bankruptcy of statesmanship in the West, have found solace in a blind faith, in a sorcerer like Hitler or Mussolini who takes upon himself all their responsibilities—and contrives to restore their self-esteem in the apotheosis of the nation itself.

Dr. Drucker is the first of the political philosophers to have understood the dimensions of the National Socialist revolution. He sees that the totalitarian State is not a new pattern within the traditional political and social context, that it marks a complete break with the European tradition. And he makes the point that the masses have rallied to the National Socialist standard not because they believe in the Government's promises but just because they do not believe in them! It is the *credo quia impossibile* brought up to date—believing against belief because the alternative is too terrible to face. Not otherwise has the British Government proceeded in a five years' course of self-deception! But if that be so, propaganda to convince the Germans—or Italians—by rational argument is so much beating the air. The masses demand a hero-Leader who works miracles—in whose service is perfect freedom.

One specific achievement stands to the credit of the *Führer*, as indeed also of *Il Duce*—to have exorcized the demon of unemployment. And they have done it by a successful attempt to substitute non-economic for economic satisfactions as the basis for the rank, function and position of the individual in industrial society. Starting with the *dopolavoro* and *Kraft durch Freude* organizations, these lead up to the military autarchy, the 'managed consumption' economy of Germany to-day. But the non-economic society of *Wehr-Wirtschaft*, as Dr. Drucker says, can prove its validity only if war—the other demonic threat to modern society—can be made to appear not only rational and sensible but definitely desirable: "if war

be accepted as an end in itself—in the same way in which bourgeois democracy and Marxist socialism accept economic progress as an end in itself". Here the Fascist witch-doctors have fallen down. They have failed utterly to convince their peoples that war—real war as distinct from a punitive military expedition against a hopelessly inferior foe like Poland—is anything desirable or necessary. Hence Signor Mussolini's new rôle as the Prince of Peace. Hence too, Herr Hitler's desperate efforts now to 'call it a day' and pose once more as a peacemaker.

The upshot of Dr. Drucker's analysis, of which only the bare skeleton is portrayed above, is that this supposititious new order of Fascism or National Socialism is nothing of the sort; it is a mirage not a miracle. But, none the less, it will hold the field until and unless we of the democracies can erect and establish a genuine social order grounded in some new non-economic concept—based, in fact, on a re-formulation of the old European values of tradition, freedom and equality. Dr. Drucker does not, unfortunately, tell us how it is to be done. What he does do in a brilliant final chapter is to castigate both Right and Left conventicles in the democracies for their failure to appreciate the true nature of Fascism—and incidentally to predict the very situation of a Russo-German compact which has now arisen.

If our rulers are not past praying for, let them at least read, mark and inwardly digest what Dr. Drucker has to say, and let us all realize that "the only real resistance to the totalitarian onslaught would be to release new basic forces in our own society", that intelligent men and women, dimly conscious of these trends and portents which this German scholar has brought to light, will not endure the terrible ordeal of war unless it be fought for positive values, instead of the negative 'smash Hitlerism' of to-day.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

"HOW you can write about things past and want to have a library near you at this moment I cannot imagine." So an intimate friend wrote to me a few weeks ago. A more illuminating observation I have rarely read. It throws a flood of light upon the conception of 'History' entertained by people who, like the writer of those words, are—if somewhat lacking in imagination—highly intelligent and highly educated. What wonder that they find 'History' dull, if they imagine, as he evidently does, that 'History' is a "thing past", which has no reference to the living, palpitating present.

Some histories are, of course, very dull. When I think of the text-books, current in my youth, I can only marvel that my interest in 'History' survived the study of them, that I did not turn in despair to Natural Science or something 'living'. Fortunately for myself, and I hope for my readers, I had found in my father's library a little book by Anthony de Fonblanque—"How We are Governed". How a boy of ten came to read that book I cannot imagine. For it is dull. Yet for some reason or another it fascinated me: I read and re-read it; unquestionably it was that book that made me a politician, a publicist, an historian.

I mention, with all appropriate apologies, these autobiographical details because they point a moral on which I have often insisted, and which derives much additional force from the collection of essays just published by Sir Charles Oman.*

The temple of Clio may be approached by many different avenues: the two broadest may be distinguished as the archæological and the political. From the 'political' avenue several side-paths diverge, with such signposts as 'Constitutional', 'Economic', 'Social' and so on. Sir Charles

*On the Writing of History, by Sir Charles Oman. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

Oman is both an archæologist and a politician. Can anyone be a real historian who is not also a 'politician'? That term is not necessarily confined to men who have taken an active personal part in public affairs: it embraces all those who possess the political mind. Mr. George Trevelyan, for instance—one of the greatest of living historians—has never sat in Parliament, or (as far as I know) engaged actively in public affairs. Yet who that has read his "England under the Stuarts", or his trilogy on the reign of Queen Anne, or his memorable contribution to the history of the Italian *Resorgimento* (to name only a few of his works) can doubt that he is "politically-minded"? It would, indeed, be remarkable if the son, the brother, the grand nephew of men who have distinguished themselves in the House of Commons, was himself not a politician. Sir Charles Oman has not only been teaching History for more than half a century at Oxford, but has also for nearly twenty years, represented the University in Parliament. That advantage he has shared with the four most eminent English historians: Lord Clarendon, Edward Gibbon, Lord Macaulay and George Grote all sat in the House of Commons; three of them held office.

The debt which Gibbon, as an historian, owed to his service in the Hampshire Militia, is the commonplace of critics. Less frequently is it recalled that he sat as member for Liskeard from 1774-80, and for Lymington from 1781-3. He himself acknowledged the debt very handsomely in his *Autobiography*. He refers to it modestly: "After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by Nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice. '*Vincentum strepitus, et natum rebus agendis*.' Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice." He concludes a particularly interesting passage thus: "The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian."

"A school of civil prudence." What an admirable phrase! And what a fine testimony to the value of the discipline that school is calculated to impart. The privilege of sharing that

discipline with Gibbon and other masters of his craft has not been denied to Sir Charles Oman.

Of the political partisan there is, however, no trace at all in his volume now under review. To his parliamentary experience there is, indeed, hardly any direct reference. The fourteen chapters are almost exclusively devoted to the subject indicated by the title—the Writing of History. These chapters I have read with almost complete agreement (the slight divergence I will mention presently), with unmitigated admiration, not to say amazement. Has any man, living or dead, seen History as a whole so completely as Sir Charles has seen it? His erudition is simply colossal, his memory miraculous. Let it not be thought, however, that erudition makes for dullness. There is no sign of a jaded mind or a tired pen. The style is as vivid and lively as in any of Sir Charles' earlier works, and though there is no straining after epigrams, good sayings (eminently characteristic withal!) abound. "The philosophers are the enemies of history"; "envy is the enemy of enthusiasm"; "Two 'rights' in collision are much more dangerous to world-peace than a right to a wrong"; "The real foe to final conclusions in ancient history is the spade not the parchment"; "the ideal complete and perfect book that is never written may be (this is à propos of Lord Acton's vast erudition and meagre output) the enemy of the good book that might have been written"; "It is the bias of interpretation which makes what we may really call 'history' which is a way of looking at facts rather than a mere capitulation of them!"—but I must not extract all the plums.

This volume leaves us in no doubt as to Sir Charles Oman's own conception of History. History to him is "not a logical process, and those who try to explain it by the popular slogans such as are inspired by the words 'Evolution' and 'Progress' are not to be trusted—least of all when they, consciously or unconsciously slip in philosophical or moral deductions from their observation or world-annals. . . . Whenever I run upon a writer whose papers (? pages) are full of abstract general terms such as Liberty or Anarchy, Natural Man, inimitable ideas of morality, Free Thoughts or Free Trade, State Socialism, the rights of the individual, Orthodoxy or Heresy, economic

desiderata, constitutional or unconstitutional, I know that I have come upon a propagandist, and must go warily in accepting either his premises, or his conclusions. Wherefore popular phrases about the 'Philosophy of History' leave me very cold."

How, then, does Sir Charles himself look upon History? In chapter after chapter of the present volume he reiterates his conviction that 'history is not so much a record of Progress or Evolution, but a series of happenings of various tendency. . . Let us never talk of the world-stream, or of inevitability, but reflect that human record is illogical, often cataclysmic, anything, rather than a regular progress from the worse to the better all down the ages.' Consequently, he confesses to a good deal of sympathy with the "much decried theory of Thomas Carlyle that (history) has been largely affected by the working of individual men of mark on their contemporaries". Greatly daring, Sir Charles even compiles a catalogue of the men who "really changed the course of history". Carlyle includes in his hero-list Moses as well as Zoroaster, Buddha and Mohammed. If Buddha was a "somewhat shadowy figure" the "founder of Islam", says Sir Charles, "was certainly a cataclysmic personage whose career could not have been foretold from any consideration of antecedents." Among the 'cataclysmic' men of action, Sir Charles includes without hesitation Alexander the Great, Augustus (but not Julius) Caesar, Charlemagne, Pope Gregory VII, William the Conqueror (somewhat apologetically), Peter the Great, Napoleon (more doubtfully than Peter), and perhaps Frederic the Great and Bismarck. It is, of course, easy to criticize such a catalogue—especially on the side of omission. We may agree that neither the Renaissance or the Reformation threw up a "cataclysmic man", though many would plead for the inclusion of Columbus and Calvin. Again, if Bismarck is included why not Cavour? Was Frederic the Great's work more permanently important than that of Lord Chatham or even Warren Hastings? But such a catalogue must be more or less a matter of opinion.

There is, however, one point on which my own conception of 'history' differs fundamentally from that of Sir Charles Oman. I have never prated about a "Science of History", or even a

"philosophy of History". The two volumes I contributed to "The History of England", edited by Sir Charles Oman, do not, I think, reveal any difference of method or approach from his own. I do not share the Positivist Creed either in religion or in philosophy, but I have always been grateful for the lessons in method which I learnt from J. H. Bridges—one of the most eminent of Comte's English disciples. Bridges's little book on "*Richelieu, Mazarin and Colbert*" has been for half a century one of the most treasured books in my library. Bridges's view of history would, I am afraid, incur Sir Charles Oman's severest reprobation. To the latter history is "a series of interesting happenings . . . not a logical and orderly development from causes to inevitable results. In short, history is full of 'might-have-beens' and these sometimes deserve as much attention as the actual but by no means necessary course of events." Nobody would dispute this: nobody denies that big men do from time to time come upon the stage and upset the apple-cart; nobody questions the fact that happenings are often illogical and sometimes "cataclysmic". But is it not equally true that Great events—the Protestant Reformation, for example, the French Revolution, the American Civil War can be traced back to certain 'causes' and did in fact produce certain very definite results? Sir Charles Oman has himself written on the Peasant Revolt of 1381. Would he ascribe it to the personality of Wat Tyler, John Ball or even John of Gaunt or John Wyclif? Had the Economic upheaval consequent upon the visitation of the Bubonic Plague in 1348-9, nothing to do with it? Was it wholly independent of the preaching of the Lollards, which were in turn inspired by the ecclesiastical abuses of the day? Was not the Tudor 'dictatorship' a logical result of the premature attempt of the Lancastrians to make Parliament the direct instrument of Government and of the social anarchy resulting from the weakness of the Executive? To me, I confess, there would be little interest in History if it consisted mainly of isolated 'happenings', still less could I conscientiously recommend it as an indispensable element in the school of citizenship.

While differing from Sir Charles Oman on this point I am none the less lost in admiration for the amazingly wide range of his

knowledge. The easy familiarity with which he assesses the value of books I have never read, and discusses personalities I have never heard of, leaves me positively dizzy. He has his prejudices of course; they are indeed refreshingly strong and very candidly confessed. He "detests" the "superior person"; he shared Disraeli's aversion to Goldwin Smith who was Regius Professor of Modern History from 1850 to 1866 (preceding Stubbs in the Chair) Disraeli called Goldwin Smith "an itinerant spouter of stale sedition" and "a wild man of the cloister who goes about the country maligning men and things". Goldwin Smith was undeniably a disagreeable man and a terrible contrast to his benign successor, but his pen if dipped in gall was incisive and his style brilliant. I know nothing better of their kind than his lectures on *Three English Statesmen*, and I owe a real debt to his little book on *Irish History and Irish Character*. Does Sir Charles forget that, with all his anti-imperialism, he died (in 1910) a staunch Unionist?

One at least (perhaps many) of Sir Charles Oman's prejudices I share to the full. He announces as one of the two "messages" that he had to deliver, "that the writing of history is a matter for individuals, and that joint stock history is a mistake". Every student must acknowledge his debt to some of the individual contributions that great scholars made to the ponderous tomes issued in recent years from the Cambridge University Press. But were the fashion of the Cambridge *Historics* to become universal, 'History' even if it became (as it never will) an exact Science, would soon be a lost art. The value of the work of the 'specialist', though great, may easily be exaggerated, particularly if history be regarded primarily as a "school of civil prudence", as an indispensable element in the training of the citizen and the politician.

It is thus that I have myself always regarded it. I hope that four or five of my books have made a definite contribution to learning, but the rest, some thirty odd volumes have been frankly written with a view either to University Students or to the "General Reader" or both. Among General Readers I have particularly in mind those who are interested in public affairs—politicians. Between 'History' and 'politics' no distinction can, indeed, be drawn except in the matter of tense. Even

there it is a fine one. What is history but past politics? What is politics but present history? Nay more; politics *is* history in the making; history is the record of the doings of men and women as members of the Commonwealth. That is why the complaint of the esteemed correspondent, quoted in this article, appears to me so remarkable. How anyone who is interested in the happenings of to-day can afford to neglect the happenings of yesterday is to one historian at least difficult to understand. I conclude on a note of interrogation which Sir Charles Oman, at least, will not deem irrelevant. Will he include Herr Hitler among his "cataclysmic personages" in some future edition of his fascinating book? I suppose it will depend on events, and events I trust will not justify his inclusion. Yet it is disquieting to recall the tag *nemo repente fit turpissimus*—Adolf Hitler is not the product of an hour. But perhaps the question smacks of "evolution"!

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE most comforting fact in the present stage of our fortunes is that democracy works. Whatever else may be said about Mr. Chamberlain, under his guidance there have been established exemplary relations with organized labour. This means not only good relations with the Government but with the capitalist employers—people whom Mr. Chamberlain thoroughly understands and out of whom he can probably get more than in the last war was possible either for Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George. Unless we are all being grossly deceived, the machinery of production is running smoothly. Another aspect; Labour is now for the first time since 1931 proving a valuable opposition and scores of speeches from the Government back benches (not so very far back either) answer to a lead given by Labour speeches; and the House of Commons is something very different from a mere registering machine. It has forced the Government to tackle resolutely some of the more intolerable consequences of defects in foresight which were to be expected in such an upheaval—and also the maddening results of arrogant stupidity which at such a time gets extraordinary opportunities to display itself. Certainly, Labour speakers and journalists (the *Daily Herald* is a live paper) do not allow impunity to such exploits. On the whole parliament is doing its job in a way that must give satisfaction to all who have at any time belonged to the House of Commons—a body which leaves friendly affection in all but a few of its ex-members; and the Upper House too, makes a pleasant impression. One has the sense that Lord Snell and his colleagues find themselves just as welcome as Mr. Atlee, Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Morrison in the "other place."

At the same time one gathers that parliament now, as in

the last war, is a meeting place of alarming rumour. Everyone who had the experience—as so many had—of returning there from France must have found that within its walls the war looked much more desperate and dangerous than in trenches. However, nowadays when we are all, as the phrase goes, in the front line, one can see everywhere the same stolid and no doubt ignorant assurance which the troops had at all events up to the Passchendaele business, and so far as I can judge from hearsay, even after that. Especially after the unity of command was established, which, thank heaven, is this time present from the first.

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Many of us would like to know, and there is no obvious reason why we should not be told, what proportion of seasoned men is mixed with these new levies on the actual front. Experience is worth a deal, especially in economising life. One fact has reached me that is of extraordinary comfort. A medical man of very old and high standing found himself presiding over a board for the examination of recruits and was greatly impressed by the high average quality. His experience had been mostly Indian, but his colleagues who had done the same work twenty-five years earlier were even more astonished. The C3 class appeared to have disappeared; and notably among the young men from towns. Agricultural workers did not make at all so good a showing; the inference is plain. A great rise in the standard of wages has brought with it a great improvement in national physique; and the class where this improvement is lacking is the class where wages have remained deplorably low.

Meanwhile, as we all know, the pinch has not come and there is probably an undue optimism abroad, which the press at large does nothing to check. The only serious estimate of the general situation which I have seen was given by Mr. Belloc in *The Weekly Review* which he in part controls. Twenty-five years ago everyone read him with avidity—naturally, because he was not only a first-rate writer, but one of the very few English critics who had a continental training and had thought seriously of war. To-day most people think they know as much about it as Mr. Belloc. That is a great mistake. At the end of the

last war the most highly trained soldier that I knew well said to me that on the whole Belloc had been more right than anybody else; and his review of things as they are will be useful reading to those who are busy settling what shall be done with victory. One fact, however, is certain: Hitler's amazing redistribution of peoples, which has not stopped short within the boundaries of states actually engaged in war, has made the problems infinitely more difficult for civilized Europe—if indeed civilized Europe has the last word to say. Poland for the Poles is assuredly one of the allies' chief war aims; but what is civilized Europe to do with the Balts who have been dumped into Polish territory? and still a thornier question, what is to become of the German Jews, if a Jew state is planted there, by the rough methods of war time colonization?

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Lord Lothian speaking in the comparative tranquillity of Washington gives it as his opinion that if civilization is to continue, at least the continent of Europe must come under the common direction of one central authority. Everybody knows that several centuries ago England and France put an end to local wars and competing jurisdictions by the over-riding rule of a monarch. But the monarchy was there, and had already at least a partially established claim to impose its own system of laws and its own policy. As between the nations, no such overlord exists. Every nation went into the League of Nations with full determination to preserve its own sovereign independence. In the case of the United States which had been the League's chief sponsor, this determination was so strong that it proved irreconcilable with membership, even from the beginning. England and France, on whom the chief burden lay, as of right, refused at various points complete solidarity. That is no wonder; the commitments were too enormous; and failure came first outside of Europe. Planning next time must be on a more modest scale. But the vital thing is that whatever is laid down by the Concert of Europe shall not be altered without the consent of Europe. It was perhaps a fault to make the settlement made at Versailles, it was infinitely worse not to maintain it, except where alteration was agreed to by the same authority.

The Indian situation is distressing. Lord Linlithgow's original proposal appeared at least to some Anglo-Indians as going much too far on the side of caution. For after all to promise that something, and that something indefinite, will be done after the war is over, looks very like a postponement till the Greek Calends. Three years hence at such a time is a considerable instalment of eternity. Mr. Gandhi makes a positive suggestion, which is that a Convention should be elected to draw up a constitution for all India and which should make provision for minorities. We had a somewhat similar Convention in Ireland, set up in 1917, more than a year after the rebellion, and after Sinn Fein had begun to win seats in the name of a Republic. That body if assembled in 1915 would have had incomparably more chance of success—and above all, one reason: Redmond's influence was not then weakened. As it was, he died while the Convention was sitting, and so did the one Ulsterman who appeared to have the will and the ability to bring matters to a useful conclusion. The British Government cannot count indefinitely on the presence of Mr. Gandhi or on the continuance of his influence—which is certainly for a settlement not unfriendly to the British connection.

* * * *

Russia's intervention, by extending very largely the encirclement of Germany, has lessened the probability that war will spread to the Balkans. By the cramping effect of this move, she has however increased the chances of a spread westward, to turn the Maginot line; and what is still uglier, her own action may involve the Scandinavian block, through Finland. A war forced upon Scandinavia, and still more a war forced upon Holland would inevitably have formidable reactions in the United States—where, I imagine, feeling towards these countries is warmly affectionate and not restrained by any controversial memories, as it is towards France and (notoriously) towards England. Europe may well be thankful that America was in the last war; for the memory of that intervention carries a menace which has a powerful protecting influence, and may very well restrain Stalin who is under no necessity to attempt further acquisitions in the Baltic. He has no cause to fear France and England,

Russia's
Intervention

whose resources unhappily are fully engaged; but America is the incalculable. For Hitler the case stands otherwise; delay means that his present superiority in men and material must lessen week by week till the balance turns the other way; and even dangerous action might be imposed by policy.

* * * *

There are signs that the Balkan States begin to consolidate themselves into a *bloc* for mutual protection, and Italy's influence, increasing as Germany's diminishes, may help to bring Hungary into friendlier relations with her neighbours—which would be a great benefit to Europe. But the notable fact is the growing co-operation between Turkey and Greece. If ever in the world two states seemed vowed by history from ancient times to within a young man's full memory, these were they; and their accord is a singular tribute to the wisdom of both peoples and their leaders. I have been reading a book called (somewhat fantastically) *Dusty Measure* in which Colonel Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame recounts his experiences as England's Military Representative in two capitals at moments of supreme interest. What he observed at Vienna during the period from 1912 to Sarajevo and the outbreak of war makes fascinating reading, but has less importance because Austria, in any sense, has ceased to exist and the Austria which he knew and loved crumpled in 1918. But all that he has to say about Greece from early in 1915 till after the failure of the Dardanelles expedition impressed me powerfully when it was said in evidence before the Dardanelles Commission; and it should be read and digested. Briefly it comes to this; the Greeks offered the Allies an army of a quarter of a million men, in the eastern Mediterranean to support the naval expedition; and their offer was not merely thrust aside but scarcely even acknowledged. It sounded so incredible that on hearing the evidence one looked for a reason, and the conclusion I came to was that English military men regarded Greek forces as having no fighting value. Sir Thomas Cuninghame (perhaps because he is a Scot) is free from the British tendency to dismiss all southern Europeans as dagoes and therefore negligible. His period in Vienna gave him full opportunity to observe the Balkan war, and the

Balkan
Co-operation

conclusion he reached was not only that the Greek troops were as good as Bulgarians or Serbians, but that their leaders had exceptional military brains. Greece was from his point of view a priceless asset wasted, and wasted out of ignorance because the authorities in Whitehall thought that no one in Greece counted but Venizelos, and that the King was pro-German—being in fact nothing but pro-Greek. There is not space here to discuss the “might have-been” which this book presents, nor the deplorable “have-beens”; but a useful purpose will have been served if the governing persons in the Western democracies (for France was as bad as England) realize that Greece may be a powerful factor in Mediterranean events and should be handled carefully, as is right in dealing with a power whose friendship is instinctive.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE LITERATURE OF FARMING

By S. L. BENSUSAN

YEOMAN CALLING, by Christopher Turnor. *W. & R. Chambers. 7s. 6d.* Mr. Christopher Turnor one of the Nestors of Agricultural Councils (the other is Sir Daniel Hall), has made a valuable contribution to the literature of farming. It takes a place by Lord Addison's fine book “A Policy for British Agriculture” to which, despite certain difference of opinion on fundamental issues, Mr. Turnor finds himself able to pay tribute.

In writing *Yeoman Calling*, Mr. Turnor, with all the authority of a considerable and enlightened landowner, criticizes ‘our over-urbanized and lop-sided civilization’ and does not hesitate to show how, in the handling of the land, German and Italian authorities have shown a larger vision and formulated a far more effective programme of home production. He asks for some measure of equilibrium between town and country; at present only 7 per cent. of our population are engaged in agriculture though the world average is 70 per cent. and in the past twenty years 300,000 of our skilled landworkers have gone to other jobs. To-day industry, in terms of finance, receives several times as much protection as agriculture. His plea for pigs and potatoes recalls an earlier and similar claim by another experienced agri-

culturist, Viscount Bledisloe, and he emphasizes a point made by many of us for years past, the unreasonable profit of middlemen. The producer receives five hundred million pounds for produce that costs the consumer twelve hundred, *cæteris paribus* four producers take less than one middleman. If the farmer could gather a fair share of what the consumer pays farming would be prosperous. Mr. Turnor asks that agriculture may be divorced from politics and states that the practice of robbing land must be stopped. He quotes Sir Albert Howard's ‘Indore’ system of giving back lost humus to the soil but oddly enough ignores the magnificent teachings of the late Dr. Rudolph Steiner. Another weakness of the author's position (in this reviewer's opinion) is a certain tolerance for “artificial” the source of denatured food and deficiency diseases, but he makes atonement when he reminds his readers that the land is the greatest asset any nation possesses. He deals fairly with the Land Settlement Association in which the politicians have played too large a part and though he does not credit Mr. Lloyd George with certain great proposals for a reformed agricultural system, he adopts some of them. His plan for a mental morning and a manual afternoon in

schools is of highest value and his proposals for remodelled County Agricultural Committees are worth close study. "What is needed" he writes in a brief illuminating sentence, "is a greater inclination to the land." As a result of the last ten years trading, the capital of landlords and farmers has shrunk by upwards of 250 million pounds while the state of housing in rural England is shown by his record of a Lincolnshire village in which during two years ten out of seventeen couples were forced to leave on marriage for lack of accommodation.

There is not a chapter in Mr. Turnor's book that does not deserve study; the one devoted to criticism of the Astor Rountree Report is particularly valuable because it combats a point of view that maintains many present errors. *Yeoman Calling* does not merely draw attention to evils, it points to well considered remedies. Students of the plight of agriculture in England, Scotland and Wales, could not do better than study Mr. Turnor and Lord Addison for clear light on the present agricultural confusion. It is in complete understanding of the vital problem of adequate nutrition that the best hope of betterment lies.

PRE-FASCIST ITALY, The Rise and Fall of the Parliamentary Régime, by Margot Hentze. *Allen & Unwin*. 16s.

THE LIVING THOUGHTS OF MAZZINI. Presented by Ignazio Silone. *Cassell*. 2s. 6d.

Miss Hentze has made an intensive study of the Parliamentary Régime in Italy, and presents the results of it in

an interesting form. The significance of her study extends, however, far beyond the boundaries of Italy. It is now commonly anticipated, if not generally agreed, that the European States-system will, at the conclusion of the present conflict, be radically refashioned. Various prescriptions for the cure of a grave disease are already in preparation, and some of the more impatient and less wise practitioners are already staking out claims to be allowed to apply them. That groups of students should devote themselves to the study of all possible—and even impossible—solutions is entirely praiseworthy. But it surely is the part of wisdom to abstain from publishing their prescriptions prematurely *et urbi et orbi*.

Inexperienced practitioners may well take warning from the story so impressively told by Miss Hentze. The history of United Italy between 1871 and 1922 grievously disappointed many ardent hopes. The Italian *Risorgimento* was, unlike any other movement of our time "It was the one movement of nineteenth century history when politics assumed something of the character of poetry." So Mr. Lecky wrote in 1896, and he reflected the common sentiment of the time. But only a few years later he was constrained to admit that "the events of the last years have filled the well-wishers of Italy . . . with profound misgiving." In particular he noticed "the manifest incapacity of a democratic parliament to command the confidence of the Italian people."

Miss Hentze might well have taken those words as the text of her Sermon. Quoting the famous witticism that "Italy found herself endowed with a

constitution imitated from Britain imported in a bad French translation", she insists that the whole administrative system of United Italy was "not derived from Italy's antecedents and life," but was "a queer compound of foreign borrowings and foreign adaptations, of undigested ideas and alien traditions, selected more or less according to the intellectual fashions of the day, and grouped arbitrarily together in the hope that they would coalesce into a satisfactory whole."

That is the root of the whole matter. Of despotisms, aristocratic oligarchies, and direct city democracies Italy had plenty of experience. Of a representative parliamentary system she had none. Moreover, the new political experiment was initiated under conditions, social and economic, which foredoomed it to failure. Wholly admirable is Miss Hentze's analysis of the "damnosa hereditas" with which the young Italian Kingdom was saddled, and very illuminating her description of the second or third-rate men, who successively attempted to foster the growth of a plant which had no roots in tradition and lacked the nurture derived from experience.

Would things have been better had Italy advanced towards unity, more slowly, and perhaps through an intermediate stage of federalism? It is hard to say; but certain it is that it was a grave error to increase the difficulties of unity by a centralized uniformity. And the new system was terribly expensive. Many of the old Governments were inefficient but the burdens they imposed on the tax-payer were light compared with those of a parliamentary system which was largely

based on corruption—personal and regional. Nor had the new tax-gatherers any large resources on which to draw. Italy was very poor; industry was hampered by lack of raw materials and means of communication. Roads were bad; harbours were few, and the railway system was chaotic.

To problems of administration, finance and industry, was added the immensely difficult problem of Church and State, hardly tackled and never solved until Signor Mussolini and Pope Pius XI concluded in 1929 the Lateran Treaties. But that is outside the scope of Miss Hentze's book. Her object is to *explain* the advent of Fascism, to analyse the conditions which allowed it to arise and which, in the eyes of many Italians and the many Englishmen to whom Italy is dear, largely justified Mussolini's bold experiment.

Mr. Silone's little book deals with a much earlier phase in the Italian *Risorgimento*. Mazzini was not a great statesman. He could never have done the work which called for a Cavour; he would have disdained to use the weapons which that great diplomatist employed, reluctantly perhaps, in order to achieve his purpose. But if Mazzini was no statesman like Cavour, and not like Garibaldi a knight errant, he was, in the eyes of his own generation a great prophet whose function it was to inspire his countrymen with the enthusiasm for an idea to which Cavour and Garibaldi gave actuality. Mazzini was the prophet of Nationalism; but the nationalism whose gospel he proclaimed was, as Mr. Silone justly observes, wholly unlike the nationalisms so popular to-day. It was, on the contrary,

"tolerant, conciliatory, humanitarian, cosmopolitan, progressive." His gospel was a stern one; it was based upon the unpalatable truth that "the sole origin of every right is in a duty fulfilled." Mr. Silone deserves thanks for recalling it to the mind of a generation that has half forgotten both the prophet and his gospel.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

MY CAMPAIGN FOR HUNGARY, by Viscount Rothermere. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 5s.

ROUMANIA UNDER KING CAROL, by Hector Bolitho. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 7s. 6d.

NAZI GERMANY CAN'T WIN, by Wilhelm Necker. *Lindsay Drummond*. 10s. 6d.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode show a certain rough sense of justice in publishing these two books by Lord Rothermere and Mr. Bolitho respectively; in the first we learn at considerable length about the infinite nobility of the Magyars and how closely theirs resembles the character of the British, and in the second the same things are impressed upon us about the Roumanians whom they so much despise. It seems strange that an Englishman should write down Hungarian propaganda word for word. Lord Rothermere does not seem to notice even its most striking contradictions; he is able to dilate about Magyar feeling for the Crown of St. Stephen and for the integrity of the lands it once united, and at the same time to declare that of course the Hungarians are not so greedy as to wish to re-absorb the non-Magyars, roughly 50 per cent. of the whole population of Hungary in 1914. As

Mr. Bolitho points out, Hungary did not hesitate to annex non-Magyar Ruthenia in March, 1939, and the reason why Hungary's neighbours do not love her as Lord Rothermere would wish is that they know that the big majority of Hungarians are brought up to believe in the full restoration of pre-1914 Magyar rule. As for Lord Rothermere's indifference towards the facts of Hungarian history, it, too, is astonishing. If ever a nation stored up trouble for itself by attempting to denationalize others, it was the Magyars, and if ever a caste stored up trouble for itself by perpetuating social injustice, it was the Magyar aristocracy and squirearchy. If the agrarian reform carried through by the Czechs, the Roumanians and the Yugoslavs, and so completely misunderstood by Lord Rothermere, had been applied also to Trianon Hungary, how much better off she could be. As for the suggestion that British and Magyar institutions are alike, is Lord Rothermere really anxious to imply that the police forcibly prevent the opposition from voting in England as they often have even in recent Hungarian elections? Dr. Eckhardt could supply interesting details.

Mr. Bolitho's book is at least taken up with what King Carol, not the author, has done for Roumania. His descriptive passages are attractive, and he does bring out the importance of the tremendous pressure of the Germans upon Roumania in the last year or so. Only, one wonders, *must* a popular book be inaccurate? Mr. Bolitho tells us that the Saxons were settled in Transylvania in the reign of Maria Theresa; since the Saxons arrived there in the twelfth century, he is presumably

referring to the Swabians of the Banat. As for the vexed question of the Hungarian minority, why pretend? Mr. Bolitho admits that he spoke to only four Magyars in Roumania and he came to them, after all, as the chosen friend of the Roumanians; even then, only two spoke favourably of the Roumanian régime.

Though it is shapeless and straggling and includes a good deal of generally familiar matter about the habits of National Socialism, *Nazi Germany Can't Win* is a more serious piece of work. The author, Dr. Necker, once worked with a big railwaymen's union in Weimar Germany, and this makes his sections on German transport difficulties particularly interesting. He discovers a serious shortage of locomotives and a fallacy in the boasted reliance of the Nazis on their new roads which are much more vulnerable than railways. He also insists upon the poverty of Germany's resources in iron, coal and oil.

Dr. Necker's book is valuable, too, for its plentiful extracts from the writings of German military men, evidence to which far too little attention has been paid in England. His quotations from Dr. Grävell, head of the German Statistical Office, are also important for their frank exposition of the view that Germany should help herself to territory and domination until she controls an immense *Wirtschaftsraum* large enough to enable her to perpetuate this domination. Indeed Dr. Necker makes abundantly clear, what it has taken us all too long to realize, that National Socialism created a system which could only survive by extensive conquest, either bloodless or bloody. One hopes that Dr. Necker is

not too sanguine about the strength of the opposition in Germany, but leaving aside the Diplomatic Revolution created by the Russo-German pact of August 23rd, 1939, events have hitherto justified his predictions; we wait from day to day to see whether he is right that Germany will once again violate Belgian neutrality.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

ST. JUST, by J. B. Morton. *Longmans*. 15s.

THE GAMBLE, (Bonaparte in Italy) by Guglielmo Ferrero. *Bell*. 12s. 6d.

These two books deal with consecutive periods in the history of the French Revolution. The first with the transition to the terror culminating in Thermidor. The second, with the rise of the Napoleonic dictatorship. Both provide fascinating studies of two great men dominated by totally different motives, in circumstances which drove them to ends they did not foresee—the one to the guillotine, the other to an island prison from which death alone could release him.

St. Just, idealist, doctrinaire, worshipper of abstract principles, probably contributed more than any other man of the French Revolution to the creation of the terror which slew him and which was the antithesis of what he set out to accomplish. Napoleon, here depicted as the adventurer who served the directorate of the Revolution in order to conquer it and himself become supreme. His conquests melted beneath his feet. The isolated power of his creation was transformed into the isolation of banishment.

Both books are brilliantly written. *St. Just* begins in drama and ends in melodrama. St. Just's career is short though crammed with incident. He was young in years and his spell of glory was brief. He figured in the front ranks of the Revolution only for two years. He is remembered largely for his part in the destruction of a greater leader, Danton. It was not a great rôle to play. The material was poor but he handled it unscrupulously in the service of his friend Robespierre though Mr. Morton's brilliant advocacy almost makes us believe he was inspired more by his loyalty to the Revolution. Indeed it is St. Just's loyalty to Robespierre, his friend, that is his final undoing. It is a sad fact, although Mr. Morton shows St. Just's devotion to high principle and great aims, that he never appears to have challenged Robespierre, who from an instrument of the revolution became one of its greatest dangers.

Although Professor Ferrero's book on Bonaparte is confined to Napoleon's conquest of Italy, his analysis of the man in the process of making his conquests is so penetrating that what follows in the life of the French Emperor could hardly bring new surprises to the reader. The book is described as the study of the rise of dictatorship. Professor Ferrero critically destroys much of the romantic nonsense surrounding the famous name, but I think he is in danger of finally underestimating the genius of the "little corporal". He brings to light documents which show that behind Napoleon at least in the Italian conquest, stood a directorate which issued orders, planned the campaign, and had an eye on Napoleon himself, who Professor

Ferrero would have us believe was little more than an efficient executor of the orders from France.

Nevertheless, all he has to say is important, especially in his description and analysis of the social forces which Napoleon let loose by his conquests in Italy. It is interesting indeed, to observe the fears of the French directorate concerning the possible spread of the revolution to the Italy it had conquered. It is quite clear that these leaders did not regard themselves any more than did Napoleon, as banner bearers of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

Professor Ferrero says "Italy was the glittering trap that destiny laid for the Revolution rushing across Europe in search of adventure." That is an interesting proposition for the students of history to consider. But more important still is the appropriateness of these two studies in relation to our own time. A century and a half ago the French Revolution blazed across Europe new principles for the governance of society. Those principles are now challenged by the totalitarian power of Nazi Germany.

J. T. MURPHY.

THE TOWN THAT WAS MURDERED :

The Life Story of Jarrow, by Ellen Wilkinson, M.P. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

From Miss Wilkinson one expects courage and conviction and *The Town That Was Murdered* certainly does not lack in either of these qualities. Moreover the style in which the book is written is vigorous and pleasing, the narrative is well sustained, while the case for socialism is so well argued, and her argument so well documented, that

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Miss Wilkinson commands more attention with her pen than she does, on occasions, with her voice in the House of Commons.

When Miss Wilkinson has told us of the very early days of Jarrow; when she has described in vivid sentences the condition of the people during the prosperous days of Palmer's shipyard; when she has commented upon the closing of that yard and the frustration of Jarrow's future hopes, she sums up thus:

Charles Mark Palmer started Jarrow as a shipbuilding centre without considering the needs of his workers. They crowded into a small colliery village which was hurriedly extended to receive them. They packed into insanitary houses. They lived without any social amenities. They paid with their lives for the absence of any preparation for the growth of such a town. And in 1933 another group of capitalists decided the fate of Jarrow without reference to the workers. A society in which the decisive decisions are invariably taken by one group, and in which those decisions are reached only by considerations of their own welfare, is not a just society.

And she goes on to tell us of the fight for the steelworks and the great Jarrow march—a march organized not by a group of malcontents, but by a town, asking for the right to live.

Miss Wilkinson tries to be fair and she does manage to convey the impression that she can appreciate a strong opponent, but a crusader gains strength from his blows and Miss Wilkinson has no intention of giving a capitalist a second chance. In conclusion Miss Wilkinson raises many points of interest and controversy over the question of relief. Charity is not enough, "they want jobs", and she complains, I think rightly, that unemployment is not the proper basis for social service

work. "A man," she says, "without a job is no subject for experiments in social organization." I find myself in less agreement with her opinion of Juvenile Instructional Centres, disliked, apparently, and as I have heard, in Jarrow, but appreciated elsewhere, certainly in Bishop Auckland to name another Durham town.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

HERE LIES: The Collected Stories of Dorothy Parker. *Longmans*. 7s. 6d.
THE SCRAPBOOK OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD, edited by J. M. Murry. *Constable*. 7s. 6d.

One extraordinary thing about Miss Parker's book is its small number of stories: few authors can have presented the public with a Collected Edition containing only two dozen stories, and not long stories at that. But it is very evident that Miss Parker's considerable reputation has not been built up on quantity but on a systematic devotion to a certain rigid technique, by a brilliant mastery over self-imposed limitations. As a satirist she has taken charge of a very small world: composed, generally, of extremely small people, so small and silly and so helpless that Miss Parker is often touched by them into tenderness. This tenderness, deviating sometimes into sentimentality, and continually underlying the bright enamel shell of her style, makes her the softest hard-boiled egg in American literature. Her mastery of a cool satiric style is super-efficient; as a technician, superb in economy, she is primarily a writer's writer. For example the implication of the dialogue in *The Sexes* and again in the famous *Here We Are* are lessons for anybody. More than

anything she is like a surgeon, immensely acquainted with the anatomy of the human mind, performing delicate and indelicate operations with the same terrifying skill and the completest exposure of everything under the skin. She writes with irony, but never cynically, and always with an underlying sense of devotion that is, perhaps, the secret of her success. Naturally her very limitations expose her to criticism. Such emotion as the stories contain often seems, for example, synthetic; where beauty is allowed to come in you sometimes feel, as is often the case with satirists, that it has been borrowed from elsewhere and stuck a little obviously on the page, for colour effect. But she is so good a writer that even to such a stricture she produces an exception. The story of the big negro woman in *Clothe the Naked* is full of beauty and poignancy and suggests, perhaps, that Miss Parker has deep resources beyond her self-imposed limitations. Meanwhile, within these limitations, she remains a classic.

Mr. Middleton Murry has collected together a book of oddments from the scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield; fortified by the knowledge "that there are now many people in many different countries—in France, perhaps, above all others—who take a peculiar personal and loving interest in all that pertains to Katherine Mansfield." I am sure this is true; but for my own part I wish the book had never been published. No writer of our day has suffered quite so much as Katherine Mansfield from well-meaning persons sifting her literary remains. The present volume contains all sorts of scrap-book material from 1905 to 1922; bits of abandoned stories, notes for stories subsequently

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to become famous, random thoughts, quotations that either seemed to fit her philosophy or challenge it; criticisms, among them a shattering hit at D. H. Lawrence's *The Lost Girl*, which she found completely false; a few unimportant poems, quotations from other poets, from Tchekhov's letters. There are one or two terribly poignant and intimate confessions, chiefly about love and her illness, for the inclusion of which I do not think Mr. Murry escapes censure. Indeed, for my part, I hope we may at last be left to judge and appreciate the author of *The Garden Party* in peace.

H. E. BATES.

MISCELLANEA

LET THE RECORD SPEAK, by Dorothy Thompson. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.

One would like to be present at a meeting between Herr Hitler and Miss Dorothy Thompson, providing, of course, that the meeting was 'on the level' and Miss Thompson had not got one foot in a concentration camp. This book is composed of Miss Thompson's writings over a period of three years in the *New York Herald Tribune* and elsewhere. Like Hitler, Miss Thompson speaks her mind but she wins easily on logic as remorselessly she builds up her case. Hitler had much in common with Miss Thompson, at least until the end of the Polish campaign, for she is always on the attack, breaking down resistance, taking up positions from which there is no drawing back, and thundering away with all the ammunition at her command. It is excellent newspaper stuff but in book form rather overwhelming.

But let her speak for herself in the comparative quietude of her preface:

It (National Socialism) is, more than Communism, a complete break with Reason, with Humanism, and with the Christian ethics that are at the base of liberalism and democracy. It is, like Communism, a break with the ethic or science that elevates the search for truth into the noblest of human passions. Much more than Communism—in theory, if not in practice—it denies the very concept of the inviolability of human personality, and unlike Communism considers all of life as the unrelenting struggle of tribal groups for biological survival.

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STATUTE LAW RELATING TO EMPLOYMENT, by F. N. Ball. *Thames Bank*. 10s.

It is the aim of this new publishing Company to produce legal and other technical works, which will be of daily practical use to professional men. *The Statute Law Relating to Employment* makes an excellent beginning. The Table of Contents shows the wideness of its scope, dealing, as it does, with the Common Law in Part I, The Workmen's Compensation Acts in Part II, National Insurance (Health and Unemployment) in Part III, and the Factories Act, 1937, in Part IV. The book is splendidly documented, and there is a Table of Statutes and a Table of Cases to which reference is made. The whole book is very carefully planned to give immediate access to any section which the reader wishes to consult.

THE HIGH COST OF HITLER by John Gunther. *Hamish Hamilton*. 3s. 6d.

Broadcast talks relating to events are seldom of much importance by the time they are published. Mr. Gunther,

however, is very nearly in a class to himself as a narrator, and in these ten broadcasts, sent out to the United States of America from all over Europe in the closing weeks of peace, he cinematographs events in well focussed pictures. The fact that the sagacious Mr. Gunther was unable to foresee the swift collapse of Poland, or to anticipate the Russo-German pact, in no way diminishes the pleasure of reading this small volume. Contrariwise, he allows us to recapture our misguided judgments of a few weeks back, although, he did at least say that "It may even happen that we are not going to get the plastering here—from the air—that almost everyone expects". He was speaking, then, from London.

FROM NATURAL CAUSES, by Josephine Bell. *Longmans*. 7s. 6d.

MR. PINKERTON AND THE OLD ANGEL, by David Frome. *Longmans*. 7s. 6d.

DEATH TO THE SPY, by Bernard Newman. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

Miss Bell continues to show her strength as a writer of thrillers. This particular story has a less compact background than is usually the case in Miss Bell's work, but it is good stuff none the less with death taking its toll through the medium of perforated ulcers. Moreover, Miss Bell has no foolish sympathies for her criminals; she sees him or her safely on to a rope before the end.

Mr. Frome gives us the setting of an hotel but with more characters to confuse the issue. The hero, Mr. Evan Pinkerton, falls obviously into the lovable old dodderer class but I cannot convince myself that he helps this story, which is a straightforward piece of

detective fiction with a good strong plot and quite half-a-dozen nasty bits of work, who might have done it. Like Miss Bell, Mr. Frome can write and that makes all the difference.

Death To The Spy has espionage for its theme, Corsica for its setting and the troubled state of Europe up till August, 1939, as its background. The story is hardly convincing but 'Papa' Pontivy has a real 'lovely' for an assistant and there are some fine bits of signalling done by morse with a gun, the batting of eyelids, and washing on a pole; this last effort, the re-arrangement of the week's washing every five minutes in full view of the road, was enough surely to attract the attention of every housewife in the vicinity. However, the excitements are plenty, including, I hope, a highly unconventional end.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Duchess of Atholl : Possessed of abounding energy 'The Duchess of Atholl was a distinguished member of the House of Commons from 1923 to 1938, as Unionist representative of Kinross and West Perth. Her disagreement with the Government over foreign policy led to a by-election and her defeat. Since that time she has not been quite so active in public life and accordingly her statement in this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY will be read with even more than usual interest. From 1924 to 1929, she was Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Education, and all her life she has taken a tremendous interest in Nursing.

The Bishop of Chichester : Greatly interested in social and industrial problems, The Rt. Rev. G. K. A. Bell has always been concerned with the practical application of Christianity in the modern world, a fact which was illustrated only a fortnight ago when the University of Basle honoured him with the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity as a recognition of his efforts for the unification of the Churches of Europe and his constant help given to the German Christians of Jewish extraction.

H. Belloc : Writing as well as ever Mr. Belloc promises us yet another book early in the New Year. The article we publish this month is part of one chapter of that book. In war-time it may be interesting to recall that on leaving school Mr. Belloc served as a driver in the 8th Regiment of French Artillery, but this was before

he went up to Oxford in 1893. Later Mr. Belloc was a Member of Parliament in the Liberal interest for S. Salford from 1906-10.

H. E. Bates : If we remember rightly Mr. H. E. Bates has now published nine volumes of short stories, a considerable achievement for one who sets himself the highest standard for all his work and who has not yet reached the age of 35. Many people would put the name of H. E. Bates at the top of their list of the best short story writers of to-day.

W. Horsfall Carter : A former editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY, Mr. W. Horsfall Carter has written regularly for this paper over a number of years. His swift diagnosis of the ills of Europe is coupled with the ability to express himself on paper with unusual vigour and colour. He has travelled much, although Spain remains the country of his choice and affection.

Sir John Marriott : One of the oldest friends of THE FORTNIGHTLY, Sir John Marriott, who was born in 1859, has been lecturer, Member of Parliament, and author of countless books. As a historian he ranks very high, and his recent enforced absence from London has shown him to be, in Letters to the Times and in other ways, very loath to consider himself in any way retired from public life.

Notes on our contributors, Mr. H. G. Wells, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, General Sir Charles Gwynn, Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton and Mr. Stephen Gwynn appeared in recent issues.

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J.L.

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