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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1940

THE NEED FOR A POLICY

BY WICKHAM STEED

AS we enter the tenth month of the war the outlook seems more sombre than it has been at any moment. Time, which for eight months we treated as an ally, has worked against us. Hitler took it by the forelock while we dallied. Not until the second week of May did we get the *Government for War* which the country and the Allied cause had sorely needed from the outset. For the boon of being able to stand, in this grave hour, as a united people behind a National Government that we can trust, we have to thank the courage of the Labour Opposition in forcing a vote at the end of the House of Commons debate on May 9. Under Mr. Winston Churchill's leadership we have faced unflinchingly the fierce ordeal of the past seven weeks, and shall face whatever sacrifices and trials the future may hold in store.

Our aim is victory. Nothing short of victory can safeguard our national existence, the existence of France, and the freedom of the world. We are resolved to win it. How and when we cannot yet foresee. But if there's a way where there's a will, the way must be diligently sought and, when found, be firmly trodden. It may be long and hard. As I write, the "Battle of France" has been lost. Paris and a great, perhaps the greater, part of the country are in the enemy's hands. Marshal Pétain's emergency Cabinet has asked for a truce—without accepting the British offer of a complete Franco-British Union that would have fused France and the United Kingdom into one nation. The British Expeditionary Force has been withdrawn to our own shores. We fight on in good heart though hope of victory be deferred. For our fight we need superior strength. While we gather it we shall need a policy both for the waging of war and for the post-war period that must precede the establishment of a strong and stable peace. To the framing of this policy we have to bend our thoughts even while we fight.

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It is not always understood that a sound policy may be as potent an instrument of war as are the fighting forces in the field. Costly and cruel experience is now teaching us that our unsound policy in past years made war inevitable and brought us into it under unfavourable conditions. It allowed the enemy not only to seize and to hold the military initiative, to grasp the advantages of a sustained offensive, but also to seize and to hold the advantage of the offensive in a policy that his propaganda served. During the past ten months we have tried to cover our lack of policy, and of an efficient propaganda which policy alone can inspire, by declaring that we fight against "Hitlerism", for human freedom, and for the restoration of liberty to the nations which Nazi Germany has enslaved. We have not forced the enemy into a defensive position by working out and stating the only terms on which we could make peace. We have hardly thought about them. We have let our minds be governed by the obvious, albeit insufficient, truth that our first care must be to defeat the enemy. However imperative this truth may be, it is not the only truth. Even as we fight for victory we have to tackle the main problem of the war and of any peace that may follow—the German problem.

Few, if any, of us fully understand the German problem or realize that military victory alone would not avail to solve it. We say that we mean to destroy "Hitlerism". Do we yet perceive that Hitler, the man, might be driven from power, and Nazism be replaced by some other system, without touching the root of the German problem itself? Both before and since the advent of Hitlerism, I, for one, have brought to the study of this problem such wits and experience as I could command. Yet it has never ceased to puzzle me, perhaps because no English mind can readily grasp all its complexities. Nor are French minds much abler to master it, despite the painful knowledge of the German character and of German methods that Frenchmen have acquired by dint of suffering invasion. I doubt, indeed, whether Britain or France can, severally or jointly, find the answer to the German problem by themselves. They need the help of German minds and, perhaps, the co-operation of the German peoples. I say "peoples", not "people", advisedly.

German writers often refer to the German *Stämme*, a term which may be rendered inadequately by "tribes" or "tribal stocks". I prefer "peoples".

How is German help to be got? Primarily by working with Germans of upright mind—there are many such—who possess a "European sense" and are determined opponents of Nazism as destructive of what is best in Germany. During the past six or seven years I have constantly sought to enlist the help of some of these men. I have asked them to outline a policy that might enable the Western democracies to discomfit Hitler and Hitlerism in the interest of the German peoples. Before the war these men were agreed upon one thing only. It was that of all conceivable policies the "appeasement" which British and French Governments were obstinately practising was the worst, and would be the most fatal to European peace. Since the war began my German friends are all agreed upon another point—a point which non-Germans can appreciate as fully as they. It is that the first step in any approach to successful treatment of the German problem must be the military discomfiture of the Third Reich. Upon what should follow so salutary and difficult an achievement they are neither at one among themselves nor in full agreement with non-German students of the German problem.

This may be because the scope and the character of the war transcend the political framework within which the problem of Germany has usually been examined. In the FORTNIGHTLY for October, 1939, Mr. A. A. Milne recognized this circumstance when he wrote:—

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. 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.

In a memorandum which I have before me a well-known German, whose knowledge of Hitler and Hitlerism has been directly gained by personal experience, puts a similar view in different words. He says:—

As in the religious wars of the Middle Ages, fronts are formed in this war along spiritual lines, not according to nations, classes, or races. It is the spiritual and ideological question of personalism or collectivism, of the rule

of the people or of the Totalitarian State, that divides Europe into two hostile camps from the Tagus to the Urals, and really makes of this war a "European Civil War" with fronts that cut through all peoples.

For this reason smaller or larger parties are to-day to be found in every European nation in opposition to the official watchwords, parties that are fighting either practically or spiritually in the enemy's ranks against their own Government. It is a fact, a fact pregnant with consequences, that the fronts in this war are not formed according to the national standpoints of peoples but from the spiritual standpoint of each individual. The "religious question" on which Europe is now fighting is: "Shall Europe in future be organized under a totalitarian order of collectivism (of a class or a race) or in accordance with a renovated order of democracy, personalism and Christianity?"

No Allied policy that may be framed or pursued in this war can be completely successful unless it gain, first, the tacit support and, presently, the active help of the considerable minority of Germans in Germany whose opposition to Nazism is uncompromising, and of the less clearly-defined body of Italian opposition to Mussolini and Fascism. Up to the eve of Mussolini's dagger-stroke at the back of France, Allied policy was as mistaken in dealing with him as it had been in dealing with Hitler. It clung to "appeasement", it declared Franco-British readiness to settle by negotiation all "legitimate" Fascist claims, and it showed no understanding of the elementary truth that the only language that gangster-dictators heed is the language of force. Any other speech they look upon as the idiom of weakness or of fear.

So we are now at war against Mussolini and Fascism as well as against Hitler and Nazism. The fate of the two men and of their systems is henceforth inseparable—as, indeed, it always was. Not to have recognized the certainty that the defeat of Mussolini in the Abyssinian war must entail the downfall of Hitler was the major folly of the impolicy that culminated in the Hoare-Laval agreement of November, 1935. British public feeling revolted against that notorious and immoral "agreement" but the harm was done. At a crucial moment it estranged British feeling from France to such an extent that Hitler's reoccupation of the demilitarized Rhineland zone in 1936 was widely looked upon in this country as just retribution for the behaviour of M. Laval in selling Abyssinia to Italy for the sake of a worthless Franco-Italian understanding. One popular British journal even went so far as to entitle its leading article

upon the Rhineland occupation: "Well done, Hitler!" Though we may now find that the overthrow of Mussolini and of Fascism is a necessary preliminary to the discomfiture of Hitler and Hitlerism, the fact remains that the German, not the Italian, problem will continue to be our chief preoccupation. For this reason it must be the main object of Allied policy.

Time and again since our war began against Hitler and Hitlerism I have tried to induce my German friends to concert and to set down the main lines of what they would think a satisfactory solution of the German problem in a Europe cleansed of Nazism and organized for peace. Any such solution, I urged, must recognize the need for valid security against future German aggression. The result was disappointing. Anti-Nazi Germans, I found, had many sound ideas but were unable to put forward any dominating principle beyond that of the military defeat of Nazism. I was almost driven to conclude that few, if any, Germans outside Germany could make up their minds upon the future of their country, or upon the course they would wish the Allies to follow, after Hitler and Hitlerism had been overthrown.

At this juncture the proofs of the most enlightening book upon Nazism and the Nazis that has yet been written were sent to me by a London firm of publishers. It has since appeared under the title *Germany: Jekyll and Hyde*, by Sebastian Haffner*. So keen was its analysis of Nazism, and so striking its diagnosis of the Hitlerite disease, that I wished to meet the author. I found him to be a North German "Aryan," of remarkable perspicacity, who had contrived to hold out in Germany until less than two years ago and then to make good his escape. Even more valuable than his analysis and diagnosis were his suggestions for the policy which the Allies should follow in dealing both with Nazism and with Germany after the destruction of Nazism. His book cannot be too warmly recommended to every serious student of the German problem.

No review or summary of this book can do it full justice. It must be read. Some account of its main purpose and thesis will nevertheless be useful. Here is a passage from the Foreword:—

*Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d.

This book attempts to do for British and French propaganda what the aerial photographs of the Siegfried Line and its "Hinterland", brought back by reconnaissance aircraft, achieve for British and French artillery. Propaganda hitherto has shot far less accurately than artillery. It obviously lacks a clear view of its target. Sometimes it speaks to Germans as if they were Englishmen. Sometimes it tries, in one and the same pamphlet, to influence Nazis and ingenuous patriots as well as the partisans of the German opposition—with the result that it misses all alike and arouses general mistrust. It relies on accidental chance hits. It has not yet studied its range.

This German psychological landscape, with its zigzag contours, is not only the artillery range of war propaganda. It is the foundation of future peace. One can already mark those of its sites whereon peace can and cannot be erected, and determine the exact character of each. Such research cannot begin too soon.

By way of helping in this research the author dissects the character of Hitler in a chapter so well written that enjoyment of its literary quality is apt to hide from readers its psychological penetration. Two excerpts may be given. After demonstrating the egocentric criminality of Hitler's character, Sebastian Haffner writes :

... if the criminal, in this most dangerous power-centre (the State) where every switch releases untold consequences, takes the place of the responsible, benevolent statesman, universal catastrophe is inevitable. It is tragic that the statesmen did not instinctively grasp this in time in Hitler's case. This man, from the first day of his advent to power, has had full diplomatic recognition *de jure* and *de facto*, and has negotiated as an equal at the conference table with people whose first duty it was to have had him locked up. Now we are in the midst of the catastrophe. The one way of saving ourselves is immediate riddance of Hitler, dead or alive. But this is by the way.

We have seen the only stable idea behind Hitler's policy. It is, in a word, Hitler. However, we have not fully probed into his method, the method that made possible the stupendous rise of a down-and-out, first to civic reputation and finally to the highest rank, and that is still employed by the "statesman" with obstinate monotony.

This method is again so immensely simple and obvious, that in their search for Hitler's secret of success men have almost always overlooked it. It is called "Force".

But "riddance of Hitler" must be brought about with insight into German conditions if the world is not to be cursed with the survival of Hitlerism, in the form of a potent Hitler myth, after Hitler himself has been got rid of. Otherwise, Herr Haffner insists, Nazism would possess what it now lacks—an indestructible myth. "Hitler would simply return in the rôle that Lenin is playing in Stalin's Russia and Dollfuss played in Schuschnigg's Austria". So he concludes :

The removal of Hitler must be total to be effective : political, moral, physical. Whether the physical removal should take the form of execution or permanent exile, such as to St. Helena, is of secondary importance. What is important is that it should have the character of an execution of judgment, and that the judgment should leave no doubt that a continuation of the Hitler régime is impossible, that rule can no longer be carried on in Germany in his name. Only in this way can we oust the firmly entrenched Nazi leadership which would otherwise keep Hitler alive beyond his death. It is true that the Nazi leaders have no firm hold on the nation, not even on the Nazi rank and file, but depend on Hitler. Failing his power and his person, the Hitler myth would suffice to maintain them in their position. If we are to be rid of him, Hitler would have to be three times done to death—as institution, man, legend. The institution, the Führer, must be abolished, the man removed and the spurious glory of his successes obliterated.

If Hitler be thus thrice exterminated, the Nazi régime will automatically come to an end.

No whit less shrewd are Sebastian Haffner's successive chapters on "The Nazi Leaders", "The Nazis", "The Loyal Population" (by which he means the large percentage of Germans who support Hitler in success and would turn away from him in failure); "The Disloyal Population" (who passively oppose him yet fear the consequences of his downfall); and "The Opposition", whose resistance is absolute and irreducible and with whom no German can get into touch without absolute guarantees of trustworthiness. In a further chapter upon "The Emigrés" Herr Haffner rightly criticizes the failure of the British and French Governments to treat these men as friends and allies in the great fight against Hitlerism. By "émigrés" he does not mean the mass of fugitives or refugees from Nazi brutality, but the men of moral and political worth and eminence who left Germany for the definite purpose of working abroad against the arch-enemy of their people. But in present circumstances, and with an eye to the future, it is the final chapter on "Possibilities" that will receive most attention, though the pertinence of this chapter to the author's main thesis cannot be appreciated without careful reading of his whole book. And, like the book itself, it cannot be summarized without danger of distortion.

In view of its importance I shall, nevertheless, try to place it in what seems to me its proper setting. Since the beginning of the war there has been much discussion, and some controversy, among Germans as well as non-Germans, upon the expediency

and the feasibility of resolving the Nazi Reich or, rather, of pre-Hitler Germany, into its component parts so as to forestall the danger of future German aggression and to organize Europe for lasting peace. In this discussion I have taken a modest part by seeking to put British and French students of the German problem on their guard against the danger of any policy that should be inspired solely by the idea of "breaking up Germany". It seemed to me, on the one hand, that to proclaim this idea as an Allied war aim would be to play Hitler's game by helping him to demand and to get support (even from his opponents in Germany) as the champion of German national unity. On the other hand, any crude attempt on the part of Germany's foes to break her up, even were it successful for a time, would provide the majority of Germans with a cry and a rallying point for a future war of which the aim would be to unite Germany again. How to avoid both horns of this dilemma, without leaving any post-Nazi system of German Government in a position once more to imperil European peace by secret rearmament, appeared to me a major term of the German problem.

With one reservation, which I shall presently make, it is on this very point that Herr Haffner's book is most suggestive and helpful. He is a Prussian; but, unlike many Prussians and a very large number of non-Prussian Germans, he is singularly free from what is commonly understood by "the Prussian spirit". His outlook is German, and good German at that, for it is also European. Briefly, too briefly, it is this: *The Allies should decide and should declare that no dealings with any Nazi Government, however composed, will in any circumstances be possible, and that the preliminary condition of any peace negotiation or treaty with another German Government must be the punishment, inflicted on the very culprits, of all the crimes committed by the Nazis.* These two measures—the expulsion of the Nazi Government and the punishment of Nazi crimes—must figure among the results of this war if it is not to have been waged entirely in vain. But with what kind of German Government would peace negotiations or peace be possible? Certainly not with any Government that might be set up by German soldiers and officials, with a subsequent reorganization of the Reich on conservative-monarchical lines. To overthrow Hitler with the

help of the Army and, with the Army still intact, to treat for peace with a Government backed by the Army, would allow the German Reich to escape unweakened, and perhaps with some gain of prestige. To accept the Reich of the Generals would be to accept new threats, crises and wars. What distinguishes the Third Reich from the German Reich are shades of colouring. Otherwise they are identical. Their spirit of aggression, aggrandisement and world domination is the same. Herr Haffner continues: "And I should like to add more quietly that to Germany, too, they appear the same: utter contempt, neglect, and destruction of the German mission, make the Reich—Third or not—a German malady".

One needs to know a good deal of German history to understand the force of this argument. And only those who have lived and worked in German lands for considerable periods may be inclined to agree with the following powerful passage in Herr Haffner's final chapter:

The Germans feel an inescapable doom hanging over them, a magic spell. Indeed is it not magical—the dæmonic relentlessness with which the historical tradition of the German Reich defends itself against its foes? Nevertheless, if a real peace is possible, the spell must be broken. Which means: *the German Reich must disappear, and the last seventy-five years of German history must be erased. The Germans must retrace their steps to the point where they took the wrong path—to the year 1866. No peace is conceivable with the Prussian Reich which was born at that time, and whose last logical expression is no other than Nazi Germany. And no vital "other" Germany is anywhere to be found but that which in that year was worsted by the caprice of war—without ever totally succumbing.*

In no way, Herr Haffner insists, are the possibilities opened by this prospect to be confounded with the "partition" and "dismemberment" of Germany. They must be approached and realized by Germans themselves in the light of German history and on the principle that whereas the German peoples are suited for life in smaller States, respectful of and representing their diverse characters, their union in one German Reich under Prussian or Nazi control has brought nothing but disaster to themselves and to Europe. Salvation for Germany is only to be found in a return to forms of State life which were progressively crushed after the Prussian victory over Austria in 1866.

How Herr Haffner proposes that Germany should resolve herself into autonomous States such as "Austria", "Bavaria",

"Wurttemberg and Baden", "the Rhineland", "Lower (or Nether) Saxony", "Saxony-Thuringia", and "Prussia", and what the economic and political relations between them should be, readers of his book must study for themselves. A wise Allied policy might, he believes, be helpful in bringing about this desirable transformation which many Germans would welcome from the bottom of their hearts. In this, I think, he is right; and the chief reservation I have to make is that valid guarantees would be necessary to ensure that the transformation should be lasting, and should not serve as a temporary expedient to enable the German peoples, severally, altogether to escape the consequences of the havoc which they have repeatedly wrought in Europe when they were marshalled, jointly, for aggression by the Hohenzollern and the Nazi Reichs.

Enough has been said to show the significance of this remarkable book as a contribution to the indispensable search for a sound Allied policy. Unless I am entirely mistaken little or nothing has yet been done in Great Britain, and not much in France, to organize this search. This is why I have recently suggested that there be formed, without delay, a "Policy Committee" under our present National Government for the purpose of working out a policy which the War Cabinet could consider, adopt with such amendments as might be thought necessary and use as a basis for a propaganda offensive against the enemy. Such a Committee, which need not be large, would fulfil the function of a Thinking General Staff for the Allied cause. It would relieve responsible Ministers of much work and worry. It could keep in close touch with the leading anti-Nazi Germans, Austrians, Poles, Czechoslovaks and, of course, whatever centre of French resistance may still continue the fight.

If the Prime Minister could find time to consider this suggestion and to instruct one or more of his colleagues to take it in hand, he would, I believe, do something that might prove to be a step towards the winning of the peace when military victory shall have been gained, if not, indeed, a step that would hasten the advent of victory itself.

INVASION

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

FOR at least the last three and a half centuries it has been one of the cardinal axioms of British foreign policy that the Low Countries should not fall under the domination of a great military and naval power. The reason is plain. Between and including the Texel and Dunkirk there is a series of harbours in which shipping capable of transporting large armies can be assembled, behind which bodies of troops can be secretly gathered for sudden embarkation, and from which the voyage to England occupies a few hours only. A great Power in possession of the Scheldt holds, in Lord Salisbury's words, a pistol pointed at the heart of England. Even though this country should possess that superiority at sea which is essential for the security of her trade and oversea interests and territories, she would be so much exposed, in peace, to a "bolt from the blue" that she would be forced, at considerable expense, permanently to take precautions against a treacherous attack; while in war, the keeping of an effective watch upon those many possible points of departure, with forces of a strength necessary to cope with the men-of-war and to deal with the transport vessels, was not possible.

The precautions which were needed to guard against surprise were, in the first place, an intelligence system, capable of giving warning of the assembly of land forces in the back areas and of shipping in the various ports or waterways; a scouting system off the ports to give notice of a movement, to follow it up, and to report whither it was bound; and fighting squadrons and ships so placed and in such readiness that they could at once move to overhaul and intercept the intended invaders before they reached their destination or had completed their disembarkation. On land, there were military commands so disposed as to offer opposition at the landing places and support

the larger bodies from central positions. In the great Napoleonic thrust of 1803-5, the regular army at home consisting, at the time of the resumption of war, of 57,000 men, was raised by the summer of 1804 to 87,000 regulars, 80,000 militia and 343,000 volunteers.

In the past there were at sea two principal tasks to attend to. The enemy had a force of capital ships with which to protect his transports directly, to keep a way clear for them to advance, or to divert our larger ships to some distant area or objective: a British squadron capable of dealing with this force was needed. The position in which it would lie, or from which it would operate, would be either the Downs or the Gunfleet, at such times as it was not actually cruising at sea. The transports themselves had also to be dealt with, and for this purpose there would be a flotilla force of small vessels, which, in the Napoleonic threat already alluded to numbered some 1,500 craft, of which some were cruising off the enemy's ports or bombarding his transports, and others were in anchorages on the British coast from which they could move rapidly in a strong body, or bodies, to whatever point upon the coast was in danger. Their instructions laid down that they should devote their whole efforts to destroying or disabling the transport vessels.

Further to the westward, on the Channel shore, there were other possible points of assembly—Boulogne, Calais, Cherbourg, St. Malo, none capable of harbouring large fleets but all spacious enough to accommodate numerous transport vessels; while finally, in the extreme west, there was the great naval base of Brest. In the Channel the same system was followed as in the Narrow Seas. A fleet watched the fleet in Brest, lesser vessels watched the minor ports, an intelligence organization kept ministers informed of troop movements.

It was never assumed that it would be possible to prevent small bodies of ships, accompanied by a few transports, from evading the watch and getting to sea without interception: and even of reaching some part of the British coasts. Such forces as might be expected thus to succeed must be dealt with by the land forces, whose object had a dual character. They pinned down the smaller bodies of invaders, and they forced the enemy,

if he desired a decision, to send forces in such numbers that evasion was difficult, that a great quantity of transport was needed, disembarkation took time, and the risk was vastly increased.

What is the position to-day?

In the geographical sense, the enemy has acquired the position which it was our object to keep in other hands. He occupies all the harbours on the western face of Europe from Narvik, recently evacuated by us, to the south of France. The port of Zeebrugge has been blocked, and it appears that obstructions have also been put into the ports of Boulogne and Dunkirk, so that these, at least, may not be available for his use for some time; and possibly other ports have received a similar attention. But he has all the deep water harbours in Norway, the Dutch naval base at the Texel is in his hands, and the port of IJmuiden and all the debouchments of the Rhine, the Maas and the Scheldt between the Hook of Holland and Flushing. He has his own ports in the mouths of the Elbe, the Ems and the Jade. Thus, from the point of view of position, he has many bases from which he can exercise threats. In a brochure by the German Professor Banse, lines of movement from the Dutch ports to several points on the East Coast are suggested, together with another to be launched from Ireland upon the region of the Clyde.

Positions are one element in the problem. Transport is another. One difficulty which confronted our invaders in the past was that of assembling a sufficient number of transport craft overseas to carry an army adequate to conquer the country; for to reach the ports at the eastern end of the Channel shipping had to run the gauntlet of British cruisers. Napoleon solved the problem by building large boats in the channel ports of Boulogne, Etaples, Wimereux and Ambleteuse. By themselves or with such flotilla protection as he had at his disposal, these flat-bottomed boats could not face the British flotilla craft, and his schemes for getting his battle fleets into the Channel and holding the crossing long enough for them to reach the shores of England, failed. Hence, they never moved from their harbours. Those difficulties of transport do not exist for the enemy to-day. The German, Dutch and Belgian ports in his

possession are connected with the interior of Germany, and with each other by an extensive system of inland waterways, by river and canal, which normally serve the purposes of traffic from the interior to the sea ports. Some of these are navigable by sea-going vessels for a distance, all are navigable by barges, those on the Rhine reaching a size as large as 2,500 tons, while others are of 1,500, 1,000, 700 and 500 tons : in fine, there is a choice of size and ample numbers. These are shallow draft craft, and though highly vulnerable to gun fire and to bombs, run less danger from torpedoes ; though from them they are not by any means immune. As these craft already lie within the country there is no difficulty in assembling them and embarking troops, without exposure to attack from the sea. For the longer sea voyages, from the Bight or from the Norwegian ports, sea-going ships are available ; for though the German merchant marine has lost, according to accounts, over 800,000 tons of shipping, there is ample still available ; and, as we have seen, it is not possible to prevent ships moving from the Baltic to the western Norwegian ports.

Having ports and shipping, the next requirement is to cross the sea. The dangers against which the transport fleet have to be guarded are the light cruiser forces in the Southern bases, the flotilla forces of a variety of types, mines, submarines and the air flotillas. It is one thing to move up the Kattegat, in which submarines only could be kept to oppose him, and quite another to move across the North Sea or the Straits of Dover. We may not assume, however, that because a thing is dangerous, or even though there should appear to be a certainty of heavy losses, the attempt would not be made. The old French schemes—there are many of them and doubtless the German Staff are as well acquainted with them as we are ourselves—were informed with every species of ruse, feint and diversion.

What the strength of the heavier ship forces of the German Navy now is, is doubtless known to the Admiralty ; and we may feel assured that a force, with an ample margin of superiority, is at hand to deal with whatever movement those vessels might make in conjunction with an attempted invasion.

Assuming that he should be satisfied that, either by evasion or by fighting their way, his transports can, without undue loss,

cross the sea in the face of the several forms of opposition they have to meet, they have then to land their men and material. Here they have a choice to make. Shall they attempt to seize a harbour, so that their ships are secured, while disembarking, against sea attack and have some landing facilities for the heavy material—or shall they land upon an open beach, as the British did at the Dardanelles ? Harbours are none too plentiful, and such as there are are defended by mines and guns, to say nothing of the aircraft which would rapidly be brought to the spot or spots. The beaches upon which landings are practicable are well known to us, and, as we experienced as landers on Gallipoli, small entrenched forces make these beaches very unhealthy spots. But as we must assume that the enemy is well aware of this, and as we know that he possesses air transport in the two forms, we have to consider what action is appropriate to prevent such defences being taken in the rear. One thing appears to the present writer certain : that with so many possible lines of action open to the enemy, hazardous though they all may be, we should call into the service of the home service battalions and local defence volunteers all who are not recruited for the army.

The task of the invader is not yet complete. He has now to conquer the country, or, if his object is limited to the destruction of selected centres of industry, to the completion of such destruction. In the former case he has to maintain his supplies of munitions. He must in that case keep open the sea lines of communication. In other words he must have obtained command of those particular sea zones, keeping them free from injury from the sea and the air forces of the country. This assumes nothing less than a domination of those forces by sea, or by air, or by a combination of the two, and the assumption is a considerable one ; but we are dealing with gamblers who play for high stakes, and, as was said of Napoleon in his day, we cannot say that though the operation appears reckless, the attempt may not be made.

DUNKIRK

By E. H. PHILLIPS

(An eye-witness account by one who operated the last Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteen at Dunkirk)

ASK any survivor from Dunkirk to describe what happened there and you will find his recollections extremely confused, though some may be unpleasantly vivid. It was like living through a succession of earthquakes which lasted several days and nights. For the majority Dunkirk was a climax to a fortnight or more of fighting and marching, and in my own case was the final scene of several days of intense activity and confusion.

On May 17, a week after Germany had invaded Belgium, I and other Y.M.C.A. workers were struggling to release three of our large Tea Cars (Mobile Canteens carrying tea, chocolate, cigarettes, soap, etc., for the troops) which had been marooned by the wreckage of a bombed building in Arras. During the afternoon we were surprised by orders to evacuate Arras within two hours, the suggestion being that German tanks had broken through and were rapidly approaching the town.

Ten Y.M.C.A. Tea Cars were working from Arras and these were loaded with as much stores as they would hold, a considerable balance having to be abandoned. The convoy of Tea Cars with over 20 workers spent that night in the open a few miles from the coast, proceeding the following day to Boulogne. At Boulogne the news suggested that the Germans were being held (the B.E.F. were holding them) and, knowing that the troops and wounded needed tea and cigarettes, it was decided to send forward three expeditions—mine towards Lille, another towards Arras, and the third towards Amiens.

My contingent of three Tea Cars and nine men had a rough passage, the roads being so packed with refugees that we had to

travel in low gear most of the way, but Lille was reached on the second day. The city was deserted and we pushed on to the Belgian border, where at Lannoy a Y.M.C.A. centre was still operating. As we expected, there was a dearth of cigarettes and chocolate: officers, padres, and dispatch riders stopped us to ask for cigarettes for whole companies and battalions. We were preparing to settle down to work when the news came through that the Germans were in Amiens and that the B.E.F., though it was holding its line, was going to retire. After only a few hours at Lannoy, we had to evacuate, and were well on the way to Armentieres before putting up for the night.

It was difficult for the military authorities to advise us for the German break-through to the Channel coast was only half-confirmed and had happened with such bewildering speed. We felt that our best plan was to return to Boulogne—only a few hours by road—to seek fresh instructions from Y.M.C.A. headquarters. Again we encountered multitudes of refugees. An old man wheeled a bicycle on which sat his wife; great farm waggons piled high with baggage blocked the way, handcarts by the hundred followed each other in slow procession. There was no bread to be had, little water and always the menace from the air. There were roads lined with the bodies of refugees machine-gunned by Hitler's airmen.

Our three Tea Cars got through to Armentieres and from there to Cassel, passing thousands of fleeing Belgians. It was at Cassel that a new phenomenon was seen—refugees travelling in both directions. A few miles from there we met a convoy of British troops coming from the west: they had commandeered the queerest assortment of ancient French lorries. We asked for news and learnt that German tanks were supposed to be in St. Omer a few miles down the road, between us and Boulogne. The troops were trying to get instructions. The only obvious course for us was to try and reach Dunkirk, 15 to 20 miles away.

The stream of refugees dwindled and was replaced by convoys of British and French lorries, some going to the coast and others inland towards Armentieres, where every village along the road was held by our troops. We reached a marshy plain and in the distance saw a great column of smoke rising and

drifting like a thundercloud westwards to the horizon : we were in sight of Dunkirk.

So far this account has been in the nature of an introduction, covering as briefly as possible our movements during five days and nights, but omitting a hundred and one incidents, such as numerous air raids, the Tea Cars' service to the men, sections and convoys of troops who had lost touch with their headquarters and so on. This introduction should help, however, to show that even in our case we had little rest for more than a week before reaching Dunkirk, meeting all the time with rumours that German tanks were here, there and everywhere. For over a fortnight, before arriving at the port, the men of the B.E.F. had been on the move, first into Belgium, and then fighting a rearguard action, harassed by hundreds of German planes night and day with little or no food or water.

On the outskirts of Dunkirk we were stopped by a long line of lorries carrying petrol. The men needed tea, water, anything drinkable ; they had not seen a cigarette for days and they were hungry. The road was raised above the surrounding fields and sheltered by a tall avenue of trees, with a canal alongside. Twice in twenty minutes German bombers passed overhead ; fortunately these were intent upon raiding the port and missed the petrol convoy.

We met a Brigadier who was trying to trace a large unit of men. He advised us to camp out in one of the nearby farms for two or three days, until the position cleared. So that night the Tea Cars joined what was left of a Midland A.A. battery, sharing a most comfortable barn. This battery had only escaped from Arras at the last minute, having to abandon its guns. On their way they had run into a section of German tanks ; thanks to the heroism of the driver of the leading lorry, who pulled across the road to block the way, the others had managed to turn and get away.

Early the next morning a few rifles and some ammunition arrived and men of the battery were detailed to go and mount guard at a barricade two miles up the road to wait for German tanks. We had a busy morning boiling water for tea with the equipment in the Tea Cars and handing out cigarettes and

chocolate : there was no question of charging for anything in the circumstances.

During the afternoon we served several small parties of British troops, stragglers who had escaped from different centres cut off by German tanks. All these stragglers spoke of German tanks being in the neighbourhood. It appeared that Dunkirk was in imminent danger of being cut off like Calais and Boulogne. All day German 'planes were busy bombing the port. It was, therefore, decided to evacuate two-thirds of our Y.M.C.A. workers, leaving myself with three others to carry on.

After these workers had left we moved our three Tea Cars to Malo les Bains, the sea-side resort adjoining Dunkirk. Two of the Cars were prepared for service and by nightfall (about 10.0 p.m.) we set out for the docks to serve troops, stragglers and others, who were filtering into the town at all hours of the day and night. Dividing Malo from Dunkirk is a canal and at the bridge we were stopped by a formidable barricade. Here we learnt that no vehicles could pass and the impression was gained that German tanks were too close to be healthy. We had to leave the Tea Cars the wrong side of the barricade and scramble through barbed wire to reach the Dunkirk side of the canal. The position appeared so serious that I had to order the remaining three Y.M.C.A. workers to leave : we walked down to the deserted docks, taking shelter two or three times during air raids, and at dawn I saw them on to a torpedo boat.

Like other mornings the dawn came clear and fresh, and, like other mornings, with the coming of the sun the fears and doubts of the previous night to a large extent evaporated. This was Friday, a full four days before the Navy arrived to begin taking men off the beaches. Both Dunkirk and Malo had the scars of air raids with large numbers of burnt out buildings and bomb craters in the roadways, but it was still possible to drive round the streets with ease. Even the docks which had been the main target of the German bombers, were 75 per cent. undamaged. Many of the warehouses had been wrecked or gutted by fire and a great column of smoke still rose from one corner where an oil dump had been burning for two or three days, but the jetties were comparatively unharmed and some buildings were still in service.

By 5.0 a.m. I was able to get first one Tea Car and then a second through the barricade and into Dunkirk and start the boilers going for tea. The Cars were pulled up under trees near a small wooded park where scores of Army trucks were sheltering. Officers and men lined up for early morning tea, a packet of cigarettes, and a bar of chocolate. Everyone of the men had at least one hair-raising story to tell. The drivers of lorries had been on the move for days and were about to leave to try and get through to the B.E.F. with supplies.

There was the usual early morning strafe, repeated at two and three-hourly intervals, but the number of German 'planes was not large and their objective—the docks—was half-a-mile away. They might drop a few incendiary or one or two high explosive bombs in passing, but nothing serious at this stage. Most of the men were suffering from lack of sleep. There was a limited amount of bully and biscuit, but water was scarce, the town's supply having been well bombed some days before.

The chief sufferers at this time were the A.M.P.C., the pioneers, the "pick-and-shovel men", mostly men over military age, veterans of the last war, classed normally as non-combatants. I came across one company of "Amps" who had only been recruited early in April. They had a month's training at home, had reached France in the middle of May and had gone straight to the Belgian frontier. At the Belgian frontier they had been given rifles and set to guard a bridge against German tanks which were fortunately diverted a short distance away, leaving them free to continue a sixty-mile journey to Dunkirk.

It was the "Amps" who were on the docks unloading ships during these periodic strafes. One of the ships carried ammunition and the Germans seemed to know it, for they concentrated on that wharf. The ship and ammunition escaped, but more often than not a number of "Amps" were killed and wounded.

Though the two Y.M.C.A. Tea Cars I had with me carried 25 gallons of tea and a reserve of about 40 gallons of water, and issues were limited to half-a-pint per head, all was finished by the middle of the morning. There was nothing more remarkable than the eagerness of the men to get a cup of tea and the cheering effect it had upon them. The search for fresh supplies of water

was only solved by my discovery of a brackish well in the back garden of an old house in Malo. The house next door was burning merrily.

By the time I got back late in the afternoon there were more stragglers waiting. There were half-a-dozen youngsters who had escaped from Calais by creeping down to the beach at night, taking a small boat, and rowing out into the Channel where they had been picked up by a French destroyer. There were other survivors who had been walking across country for three or four days, hiding from German tanks in woods and fields; men who had stopped to blow up bridges and had lost half their comrades.

The following day—Saturday—saw a strengthening of defences of all kinds in and around Dunkirk. The number of A.A. guns seemed to be trebled. If anybody had a rough passage in Dunkirk it was the men on the A.A. guns: there was no time to rest or sleep for the raids were so regular: they had to carry on under constant bombing in sweltering sunshine with scanty supplies of food and water.

All this time hundreds of wounded from the B.E.F. were arriving in Dunkirk by rail and by road. Ambulance trains and lorries waited outside the town until a hospital ship arrived and were then rushed to the quayside. More often than not there was a raid while wounded were being put on board, but the work went on without break, R.A.S.C. drivers standing by their lorries and nurses carrying on making the men comfortable. The strain of standing by, of carrying on in the open with bombs dropping in quantity in the neighbourhood and A.A. guns filling the air with shrapnel is difficult to exaggerate, but there was no flinching—it had to be done. There were casualties, especially in the later stages, but they were surprisingly small and slight. While distributing cigarettes among one of these convoys of ambulances I saw coming down the line two wounded men supporting a third with a bandaged foot; the lame soldier was in agony but wanted to make sure of getting a cigarette.

During the week-end the air raids became more frequent and bombs began to drop in Malo and Dunkirk as well as on the docks. The strengthening of A.A. gun defences, however, was most reassuring. At first we had retired under trees and into

cellars and shelters and the one constant complaint had been—"If only we could hit back we wouldn't mind." There is no question that constant air raids can be most demoralizing: the whine of the 'plane when it power-dives, the whistle of falling bombs and the concussion of their explosion, coupled with the firing of numbers of A.A. guns creates an illusion that the world is coming to its end at any moment. Gradually, afterwards, it dawned on the men that a good shelter meant safety and that the damage done by one or two air raids is surprisingly small, whatever the noise. Wave after wave of bombers for hours at a time are a different matter and can and did produce chaos. Another question heard in every air raid shelter was—"Where's our R.A.F.?" Again men gradually realized that the R.A.F. would, to be effective, be fighting and intercepting some distance away, but the perfectly natural desire was to see our machines, for "seeing is believing".

It was a Sunday night that the first large bodies of B.E.F. troops began to arrive in Dunkirk. As far as I could gather every use had been made of these troops by those in command to create a strong land defence for a respectable radius round the town. Through this defence now began to pour thousands of men, British and French, all with orders to concentrate upon the port.

At 8.30 a.m. on Monday, May 27, a day of intense bombardment, I was in the centre of Dunkirk outside the local military headquarters, when the all-too-familiar drone of 'planes was heard. We waited for the A.A. guns, but nothing happened; it was a squadron of the R.A.F.—much to everyone's surprise and relief. Ten minutes later came the drone of 'plane engines again; nobody took any notice until suddenly the A.A. guns went wild. I only had time to crawl underneath my Tea Car with one or two other men when the 'planes came swooping down, one dropping a salvo of four bombs about 150 yards away, the blast lifting us all clear off the ground. There were odd bits of shrapnel, dust and grit flying about, but like all raids it passed. Judging by previous experience we then concluded that we were safe for an hour or two, but five minutes later along came another wave of about thirty bombers. Fortunately there were good shelters nearby and everyone took

to them. Wave after wave of bombers—sometimes ten, sometimes thirty—now followed each other at regular intervals. The ground shook continuously under the rain of bombs; clouds of dust filled the air and settled on the leaves of trees.

At headquarters nearby there were officers and men coming and going, reporting their arrival and that of their units and asking for instructions. In the air raid shelters men were describing to each other what they would like to do to Hitler; veterans of Mons and Gallipoli were agreeing that this was the hottest spot they had ever struck.

Nearby in the street a lorry carrying ammunition was hit, setting off an adjoining lorry, starting a blaze punctuated by explosions. Three "Amps" who had been lying flat on their faces thirty yards away came staggering down the steps of the shelter bleeding from three or four wounds caused by flying metal. Three bombs dropped within twenty yards of the Tea Car (I was not there at the time), but left it uninjured, except for a large piece of concrete crashing through the roof.

After six or seven of these raids, it was obvious that it would be impossible to continue serving, and I decided to get back to Malo for more water and stores. Already the intensity and widespread nature of the bombing had begun to make progress difficult; dozens of fires had been started, and many streets were newly blocked by bomb craters and wreckage. Although it was barely two miles to my centre at Malo I had to stop twice and wait for air raids to pass. More bombs had been dropped in Malo, and, many of the houses being built of wood, the small town was beginning to burn from end to end.

The air raids continued incessantly. During the afternoon more troops appeared on the beach at Malo, having come in from the direction of Belgium. They were hungry, parched, and dog tired. Few, if any, carried any kit, except a rifle and ammunition belt. Some of the men shouldered Bren and anti-tank guns. Many of the men lay out on the wide sandy beach during the air raids, for the Germans were still concentrating upon wrecking the port and buildings of the town. Others sought shelter in the cellars and the ground floors of buildings.

Late in the afternoon I tried to get through to Headquarters in Dunkirk. The bridges were still intact, but the roads were a

maze of bomb craters with here and there the mutilated remains of some of our men. It was impossible to get through, and, after sheltering once or twice, I got back to Malo.

Soon after six o'clock in the evening, there was a surprising lull. Men appeared from doorways, groups collected on the beach. Everybody guessed that the R.A.F. was active some miles away. It was a calm after an inferno. And then we spotted ships coming over the horizon; two or three destroyers, a hospital ship, half-a-dozen tiny trawlers; the Navy had arrived to begin the most amazing evacuation of troops of all time. Men rubbed their eyes unable to believe what they saw. They could not realize what had happened until, from nowhere, sailors and naval officers came along and the word went round for all officers to report.

Officers were told off to take charge of sections of men—for there were many parties without officers. Everyone was told to lie low until the word was given. The sun set and darkness came and with it groups of men began to file in orderly fashion on to the beach. It was a nightmare setting, for two oil dumps were blazing in the docks sending up vast sheets of flame and immense billowing clouds of dark grey smoke; an ammunition dump was going up in a series of cracking explosions, while from end to end Malo and Dunkirk beaches were lit by a line of burning buildings.

The troops were asked to spread themselves evenly over the beach, and this was done without question, many retiring as far back as the promenade. There must have been about 5,000 men on the beach that night.

About 10 p.m. came the sound of 'planes and the cry went round—"Drop flat and stay still." It seemed that we were a perfect target for the whole beach glowed in the light from the burning towns. On the other hand the dense smoke from the numerous fires must have afforded a useful screen. Backwards and forwards the 'planes went. At the edge of the sea small boats began to appear and take off walking wounded and stretcher cases.

Bright magnesium flares were dropped by the enemy, but fortunately they were a long way up the beach, away from the main loading points. A few bombs began to fall—I never

knew what casualties were caused. Slowly, six or eight at a time, the small rowing boats from the trawlers began to take off men. A thin line of troops stood at the edge of the sea; in front of them were one or two sailors with an officer in charge. As a boat appeared the officer shouted—"How many?" When the boatman replied, the requisite number of men waded down the shallow beach fifty to a hundred yards out to the boats. As the number of men at the edge of the sea diminished they were replaced by those from behind, who crawled or wriggled forward on their stomachs. All night long this went on. When dawn came there were still hundreds, probably thousands left on the beach, waiting their turn.

And so the great evacuation began and continued, with the German 'planes making continuous air raids during the day, bombing and machine-gunning the long beaches, bombing and machine-gunning the scores of craft, large and small, as they took off the men. Troops were kept under cover inland until their turn came to move to the beaches. There was tension, it was unpleasant (to put it mildly) there were many killed and injured, many boats were sunk, but through it all there was an orderliness and steadiness that had to be experienced to be appreciated.

For myself, I was able to salve some cigarettes and chocolate after an incendiary bomb struck the hotel where I had unloaded my stores and parked by Tea Cars, and these came in useful for some of the men on the beaches. The Y.M.C.A. had lost centres, lost equipment, lost huts and tents, Tea Cars and stores, had lost more than £35,000 in that way. But nobody had left until he had to, and a grand job of work had been done.

INSIDE ITALY

BY KARL WALTER

OF all the diplomatic tasks in a period of sorely tried diplomacy none can have been more exacting than that of our representatives in Rome. In circumstances outside traditional forms and experiences, they were bound by our interests and by established practice to treat as a neutral a Government which had repudiated that status yet continuously sought all the privileges and profits of it. And, to do this wisely, they had first to unravel the contradictory motives and caprices, and to avoid the deliberate mystifications, of a régime which even without the complication of war presented unusual difficulties.

Seen from outside, especially by those whose intelligence had taken shelter in ideological premises, the prospect seemed clear—Italy was simply Fascist, and we all knew, they assumed, what Fascism means. But seen from inside, instead of a set piece, instead of a “still”, one had to watch an interminable moving picture with a swift and disjointed sequence out of which one knew significant scenes were purposely cut.

The story of diplomatic endurance is for others to tell, but having freely and without responsibility watched the unrolling of events in Rome, I could not begin mine otherwise than with some tribute to those who, less free, and weighted with unceasing cares, stuck to their posts without respite and served British interests in a manner none can more fully appreciate than the outsider observing them in their trenches, as it were, from amidst the entanglements with which they were faced.

Living among Italian workers, and working in harmony if not always in complete understanding with thoughtful and progressive Fascists in whose personal sincerity and civilized motives I still believe, I was under no illusion about the drift toward reaction and war which began to take possession of the

régime after Munich, the nature of which change will be indicated later. As a focus point let me first give some idea of this progressive element in the régime, comparatively unknown yet important enough to-day and likely to be more so to-morrow.

The commonest error is to take the uniformity of totalitarianism at its face value. Thousands of members of the Fascist Party joined it with the greatest diversity of motives. Some for selfish ends, some because otherwise they could take no active part in the political and social life of their country. Others, early or late, went in to support those tendencies in the evolution of the régime which expressed their own convictions—Liberals, Socialists, Syndicalists, Republicans. Much has been achieved by these progressives and proletarians, and more was in sight until obscured by the clouds from the North. Needless to say there was no semblance of any formal unity in a system which allows no such opposition. What united their minds and purposes can best be expressed by giving at some length a passionate outburst provoked in one of them, a person in high official standing, by something one of our political leaders had said—I think it was Mr. Chamberlain in the innocence of his diplomatic heart—about England being indifferent to whatever régime was supported in Italy.

“So anything is good enough for us Italians, is it? That’s what you think of us! It’s just that lack of comprehension, your aloofness and superiority, that makes one despair. For we have always looked to England for understanding, and never in vain until recent years. Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour, you understood and aided in their dark days. We took our political ideals from you; you started us on our colonial path; the future spirit and form of our political and economic evolution depends more upon you than any other foreign nation. Yet you flatter Mussolini; and this régime of to-day—do you think we fought alongside of you for this, to live for ever under a police régime, under the thumb of a man who may have been great once but is letting the power we gave him for a very different purpose drift again into the hands of profiteers, pedants and gangsters?”

“Do you know any thoughtful Italian, any Fascist even, who is content to go on living like this? Can you conceive

any other end to the régime but a chaos worse than that out of which it was born, unless we develop representative institutions out of this stalemate of a dictatorship fitted only for war or subordination to our age-long enemy? And for this we need English understanding, English support, we who are looking beyond to-morrow. And England talks as if anything was good enough for us.

"You chatter about a New Europe," he went on, "You knew you had to fight Hitler to enable the German people to create the new Germany without which a new Europe is unthinkable. What have you done for Italy? There were better ways of helping us than by fighting us also. But the very people who should have been the first to appreciate progressive elements and help to give them influence and a place of dignity in the state, thrust us back into our totalitarian obscurity by repeating their indiscriminating abuse of everything and everybody labelled Fascist. Your Labour people, I mean. They refused to have anything to do with us at a time when friendly relations with them might have made all the difference, might have made the Anglo-Italian Agreement an agreement backed by our two peoples instead of a sterile diplomatic event. But with a mentality that belongs to the pre-machine-gun age they clung to their notion of a proletarian revolution, friendly only with those Italians who had deserted their own country or those who at home were unwilling or unable to work inside with us for the peaceful changes or the revolution that could only come from within.

"Your Labour people, as well as your Chamberlains and Edens, are much to blame. They could have given us a place of influence in foreign relations such as we had won in class relations at home, when friendly relations with you were desired. Lansbury's visit gave the signal for it. He had vision; his colleagues were blind. And now, with Fascism rivetted on us in its crudest form by their blind hatred of a word we are weary of ourselves, with your leading statesmen deriding us as worthy of nothing better, with our country committed to a desperate gamble in company with a power we detest—now it is too late for agreements, too late for representative institutions peacefully evolved, too late for anything except to hope that out of the

violence of nations we may snatch by violence in the humiliation of defeat that political freedom which has been denied us for eighteen years."

The desire for representative institutions—needless to say alive also in the hearts of non-Fascists—is the common bond between those Fascists who are better designated as the progressive, or the discontented, than as a minority, to avoid the formal implications of the word. Nor is it possible to say that they are, in fact, a minority of the Party. There are no means of ascertaining the opinion of a body which more than ever to-day is simply a disciplinary institution. What can be stated with assurance is that its active membership is a minority, and a small minority, of the whole—those who in all circumstance will "believe, obey, fight". They are the hard core of the party as recently reformed by Muti, which can extend its discipline, by persuasion, by admonition, by threats, by violence if necessary, among the less zealous, the indifferent, the cynical and even disloyal members.

Moreover, by the means indicated and with the aid of an elaborate police system, this fraction dominates a people and gives to Mussolini the assurance that he can pursue his odious German policy to the bitter end without fear of a popular rising. Naturally they are given fresh power by the immediate patriotic sentiment which war engenders. We must not picture a people, or even "progressives", coherently opposed to their Government.

Yet we can, without fear of error, look across the ravaged continent and see millions of Italians on their knees praying for "a just peace", by which they mean just what the Pope means, defeat of the powers of hell that are scourging the world. Nor is this defeatist sentiment limited to the masses who look to their Holy Father for guidance. There is a scattering of "Trotsky" defeatism also. And widespread among all simple people, in the fields and offices and workshops, and among the professional and cultured no less, is a conviction which withstood the months-long barrage of the dictated press, that our cause is their own.

Some reasons why this sentiment has not been effective have been indicated. Two others, for which we are responsible, are worth examination, and must be considered if we want to

understand the deviation of Italy: Sanctions, and our Mediterranean policy. They are closely related.

Opinion was divided among our friends at the outset of the Abyssinian adventure. The non-Fascists had high hopes that we should firmly oppose it, even at the risk of war, by simply closing the Suez Canal. Mussolini's hold on the country was not so strong physically as it is to-day, the Party was not so well disciplined; and there has always been a strong feeling against colonial gambles which would have risen to condemn a major war on that issue. Many believed that it would have meant the end of Mussolini's dictatorship. Our Fascist friends, on the other hand, were just as hopeful that the Hoare-Laval or other compromise would lead to the same end, by bringing Italy into closer relations with France and England whose influence could not fail to be reformist. The pinpricks policy we adopted—I say we, because our leadership is always the gravamen of their complaint—offended everybody. Most Italians think we did our utmost to thwart Italy. Some are silenced when told that sanctions were not prohibitive only because we did not fully apply them; but others reply that they were effective enough to consolidate Mussolini's position; and to this there is no answer.

From this period dated the fatal change in Mussolini's Austrian policy, the Nazi-Fascist collaboration in Spain, the tragic invasion of Italy by German influence, the visit of Hitler and his thousand agents, the foothold of the Gestapo on Italian soil, the Pact of Steel. And, as originators of this course of events, not only Mussolini but thousands of his followers and those who do not follow him, blamed us.

The effects of the German invasion began to be felt after Munich. It was an insidious thing at first, before it was proclaimed by the Pact of Steel. The now well known German method was adapted to the particularly favourable circumstances. One most fruitful field of it was Italian labour headquarters, with which our own Labour people would have nothing to do although the door at that time was open to all and the French were not so inhibited. When the Italian mercenaries came home from Spain and the country was threatened with a serious unemployment problem, the German Labour Front seized the

opportunity to invite Italian headquarters to send as many agricultural and industrial workers as they liked to Germany on very advantageous terms. I happened to meet the chief German agent about that time—his office was already in Italian labour headquarters.

"Send us your two million English unemployed, too," he said. "We can use them all." He went about criticizing "the sloppy Italian way" of doing things. "But we'll soon teach them," he said. He became so objectionable at headquarters that an order was issued for his expulsion from Italy. Other incidents show that there was some resistance to the invasion. A proposal for the amalgamation of the Italian and German labour propaganda was turned down by the Italians. Even after the war began, when Ley applied for 50,000 Italian workers to replace those returning home, the demand was at first refused; it was only granted in April.

On the other hand, Italy was systematically flooded with German tourists, by the trainload. Among them, 3,000 visited the nearest Riviera resort to the French frontier in a succession of special trains up to within a few weeks of the war, well equipped with maps and personal guides and their accommodation arranged by the Italian authorities. What spare money they had they spent on extra food, hungrily, some of them exchanging cameras and field-glasses for butter and fruit to take home. The least unfriendly comment made by the Italians of the district was, "Ah, if only they were English!" Much more outspoken comment was to be heard any day and in full view of the memorial stone set up in every Italian town to commemorate the "iniquitous sanctions".

Our friends could have weathered the odium of sanctions and possibly made effective that heartfelt expression of preference for us, had we been able to formulate a conciliatory Mediterranean policy. We never stated one except in the most vague terms. We accepted none too graciously Mussolini's contention that the Mediterranean for us is a *via*, for Italy, *vita*. We did not follow that up, although we knew that Italy was not satisfied with the *status quo* of the Agreement, although we knew how vain it was to pretend that Italy's apprehension about the Suez Canal, vital channel of her acknowledged imperial

responsibilities, ought to be at rest for ever simply because we had not closed it against her rape of that empire. Yet Mussolini was only putting in his pithy way, so far as our positive interests were concerned, what was memorably said by a great Conservative more than half a century ago.

"You will be told that Egypt is the high road to India and that Britain must hold it at all costs. This is a terrible and widespread delusion. . . . Egypt is not the high road to India. The Suez Canal is a commercial route to India, and a good route, too, in time of peace; but it never was, and never could be, a military route for Great Britain in time of war. In time of war there are no well-marked high roads to and fro across the British Empire. The path of Britain is upon the ocean, her ways lie upon the deep; and you should avoid as the greatest danger any reliance on transcontinental communications where at any time you may have to encounter gigantic military hosts."

That was Lord Randolph Churchill's view in 1883. Mr. Churchill, who gave it immortality in the biography, had nothing to do with framing policies the outcome of which he has been called upon to shoulder. It may seem idle to-day—since hold Egypt now we must—to speculate whether he could have shown Mussolini that we had not abandoned the basis of his father's policy, nor grafted upon it a purely obstructive design against Italy. Had we been able to do so, had we ever suggested, for instance, bringing France and Egypt into conference to transform our hold upon the Canal into a condominium, from which none more willingly than Italy would have excluded Germany, we should have stolen from Mussolini the one great argument which has made his war policy formidable at home. Indeed, that policy never would have taken shape. Just as he had no original intention to annex the whole of Abyssinia, no more had he a year ago any thought of consolidating his empire by the conquest of Egypt and the Sudan. When we speak of his inflated ambitions let us remember the process of that inflation and our part in it, and that any collaboration of Italy and the democracies, in Egypt or elsewhere, would have been infinitely more dangerous to the evil spirit of dictatorship than to us.

Everything else is now secondary to him, including Gibraltar. Tunis would fall into his hands, with Egypt won. Nice, Savoy, Corsica, Jibuti, bits of the Balkans, these are bagatelles.

"If we do not hold Egypt at the end of the war, Hitler will not give it us, he will give us nothing," I was told by an ardent believer in totalitarian victory.

Defeat, Mussolini certainly will not survive; he stands or falls by his inflated ambition. The odds against him abroad grow with every day of our endurance; we may add one other to those already set against him at home: he no longer commands the respect won by the subordination of selfish interests and indulgences to public service. There has been an attempt in these months to revive the mystic "school" of Fascism, "Mistica Fascista", reconsecrating the Milan *covo*, the original den or lair of the god. But you cannot make a god of an elderly gentleman snatching at his passing youth; and with his example before them, the youth of Italy are turning to older gods, resuming an ancient and more pleasurable worship. And this also will be a factor in what must be endured. The "great" period of Fascism lies in the past.

That is not to say that the fruits of that period are all rotten. Many beneficial social institutions still stand, though perverted by the new German spirit in them. The Italian Navy has been made a formidable weapon, technically and morally. It took the British Navy for its model in many things, and markedly those of the spirit; the highest ambition of its officers was "to play the best team". The air force was not so homogeneous. Strenuous efforts have been made to bring it up to date in equipment and tactics, especially by continual desert exercises. But the limits of Italian resources are known, and the German contribution was not expected to be great, even before her spectacular losses in war.

The pick of the army has been in Africa, for some time, shrouded in the mystery of its desert manœuvres, and no men on leave to tell the tale. So little attention was being paid to the armies of the North that it seemed unlikely any strenuous performance could be designed for them. To an amateur eye, a defensive rôle seemed indicated by the concentration on frontier fortifications, the siting of heavy guns in positions

closed by mountains to any advance with them, and the accumulation of heavy shell near other gun emplacements far behind the main line. There was extreme confusion in all branches when this French frontier was first manned, so much that more than one young soldier remarked, "Now I know what happened at Caporetto!" There have been months to put this right, but months of demoralizing idleness. Boredom, broken only by morning parade and intermittent exercises, aggravated by insufficient food and the most meagre pay, was scarcely relieved by a relaxation of discipline unheard of even in regiments in which it is notoriously lax. By French or English standards the fighting morale of the armies of the Northwest would have been deemed catastrophic, faced by an enemy even a fraction of their numerical strength.

On the Yugoslav frontier also the greatest attention had been given to fortifications, and this seemed to fit in with the theory of inner Fascist circles that Mussolini was "sincere" in his efforts to preserve peace in the Balkans. He might make another Poland of them, it was said, by agreement with Germany and Russia, but only events would force him to fight for that; otherwise he would concentrate on the one "worthy" prize, Egypt.

And now, with the news of his terrible decision coming through even as these closing lines are being written, there seems little to add or to amend. My thoughts are with our friends in that dear country, Italy, with those who will be praying for our success and for the downfall of the tyrant who has brought them to bitter shame and humiliation. And I know that in the end, in Italy as elsewhere, the rightness of our cause will help us.

(Mr. Karl Walter lived in Italy and worked, as a journalist, in close contact with the Fascist régime from 1934 until the end of May, 1940)

ITALY'S PART IN THE WAR

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

MUSSOLINI like Hitler has evidently gambled on a short war; and it is perhaps a sign of Germany's doubts as to whether quick decisive results are obtainable that she has persuaded Italy to make the plunge.

While Italy remained a non-belligerent the assistance her attitude gave Germany was often of first importance. It compelled France to retain a substantial force in the south, and it was one of the main reasons why neither Britain nor France could reduce the size of their army in the Middle East. Naturally too it greatly affected the dispositions of the allied naval and air forces. Equally serious was the effect on the efficiency of the blockade; for in addition to the opportunity Italy was given to build up reserves, reduced by the Abyssinian war and her participation in the Spanish war, many concessions were made in the attempt to conciliate Mussolini. There can be no doubt that Germany benefited by the loophole thus created.

With so many advantages accruing from Italy's non-belligerent attitude one may reasonably speculate as to whether her entry into the war will strengthen the Axis powers to any considerable extent; for many of the advantages of non-belligerency will obviously be lost. The loophole in the blockade has been closed, the allied forces, naval, military and air, which for so many months have been lying idle, are now free to come into action; Mussolini's reserve supplies will be tapped and the resources of the Balkan neutrals, on which Germany so much relies, will to an increasing extent be shared with Italy.

How far psychological factors will affect the situation one cannot say definitely, but clearly the Italian people, war weary as the result of Mussolini's Abyssinian and Spanish enterprises, were well satisfied to remain non-belligerent. They are not likely to display enthusiasm for another war—one moreover in which their own country and their colonies cannot escape

damage. They have grievances against Britain over her sanctions policy in the Abyssinian affair and in connection with the blockade; but they do not love Germany and have no desire to be her catspaw. They may share Mussolini's ambitions to create a new Roman empire, but one may doubt whether their ambitions are deep-rooted or confident except in the younger generation. The immediate intensification of hardships and the loss of shipping and many sources of wealth are bound to come as a blow to an important section of the community.

What contribution can Italy make towards the rapid and decisive victory Germany and now Italy are striving to achieve? The possibility that Italian troops may be transferred to Germany has obviously to be considered. It is hardly likely that the German General Staff would welcome the direct co-operation of Italian troops in their main operations. It would introduce complications of command, of lines of supply and of language, from which allied armies always suffer. Moreover, the German General Staff has no great confidence in the reliability of Italian troops. It is more probable that Italian divisions might be used to release German formations at present retained to exercise pressure on Rumania and on the Balkans generally. She might also accept mechanized troops should her own mechanized resources eventually give out. This, however, seems less probable because Italian tanks are in the main of obsolescent and inferior design. Moreover, they are likely to be needed in Libya where mechanized formations are already stationed and where they are essential to the conduct of desert operations.

As regards the part Italy's colonies will take, the essential factor is their isolation. Sea communication between Libya and Italy is precarious and in the case of her East African possessions non-existent. Air co-operation in any land operations undertaken from Italian overseas possessions is, owing to the nature of the physical characteristics of the countries, of special importance. Air reinforcement can to a greater or less extent be sent to them depending on their respective remoteness but they must depend on accumulated reserves of oil owing to lack of sea communication to maintain supply.

Italy we believe has an army of some 200,000 men in Libya with a large mechanized component and the possibility of powerful air co-operation. This force constitutes a threat to Egypt in the east and to Tunisia in the west. But in both directions the Allies have taken extensive defence precautions and have adequate forces to meet attack. They are also capable of taking counter offensive action especially should the Italian force concentrate its attack on one flank.

In Abyssinia the situation is different. Obviously if Italy attempted offensive action there it would have no effect on the main issue, but it might have nuisance value and we must assume that neither of the allies maintain strong forces for the defence of their territories which adjoin the block of Italian East Africa. There are probably some 60,000 Italian white troops in the country and a larger number of coloured troops of different races—Libyan Arabs, Somalis and Abyssinians, including Eritreans—of varying degrees of reliability. The whole must constitute a large army but the greater part of it must be required for the internal security of Abyssinia where disaffection is still seething.

The most obvious objective for Italian offensive action would be French and British Somaliland. Possession of Jibuti has been for long an Italian ambition and, as the port serves the only railway into the heart of Abyssinia, it would be of great value for the entry of supplies carried by Japanese shipping. The Italian ports of Massawa, serving by a short railway into Eritrea, and Assab, serving a motor road to Addis Ababa, are of less value as they both lie on the Red Sea coast and are therefore affected by the blockade exercised from Aden.

For an attack on Jibuti and Berbera, the British Somali port, the Italians would have the advantage of using the railway from Addis Ababa and the motor road from Berbera to Harar. This would relieve them of much of the difficulty of supplying their forces in the semi-desert coastal region.

The possibility of raids into Kenya Colony and into the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan cannot be ignored. They would, however, have many difficulties to overcome if attempted on any considerable scale. There would, in the first instance, be the difficulty of assembling and moving the force to the frontier

regions, especially during the summer months which on the Abyssinian plateau are the rainy season. That difficulty might in some measure be relieved if the motor roads, on which the Italians have worked hard, have reached the frontier. Where roads and bridges have not been constructed, mechanical transport cannot be used during the rains and movement of any sort is difficult. From the frontiers, which in most places correspond with the escarp of the Abyssinian plateau, raiding forces would have to traverse long distances of semi-desert plain before reaching any objective of importance. Local supplies would be unobtainable and water supply precarious. Roads in Kenya and the Sudan do not yet, I believe, connect with those constructed by the Italians and mechanical transport could not be relied on even if petrol supplies could be maintained. Generally speaking British defending forces would be much better served by road and railway communications. Moreover, in the Sudan the waterways of the Nile and the Sobat rivers, for a considerable part of the year, are valuable lines of communication. The British forces possess steamers whereas the Italians would have no boats of any sort.

The chief advantage held by the British is that whereas the native population in our territory is loyal that in Italian territory, if provided with arms, would be a constant source of danger to our enemy.

THE COUNTRY WARDEN

BY JOSEPH BRADDOCK

EXTREME beauty of the night sky. The sky has been swept, washed clean of cloud by the wind and the day's rain. Now it is clear. There is no wind. But at five hundred feet, looking out over the blacked-out countryside from the hill's crown of pine trees, a big soughing sound comes suddenly from nowhere. Threatening. Crunch of our steps on the shiny road. The Milky Way arches broadly across the country. The bigger stars and planets have the brightness, the detached globularity of balls on a Christmas tree. There are myriads of stars of varying sizes and intensity from crystal-clear to faint luminous powder; they are millions of light-years away. The stars are like seeds sown in the sky—who knows—of happier worlds than this, but they cannot be more beautiful. A beam from the earth, a searchlight stabs the whole darkness, swings over, peers, examines for death-birds, is extinguished.

It seems fantastic to be fitting gas-masks under the low cottage rafters. The room is lit by the stub of a candle stuck in a bottle; it is crammed with crockery and nick-nacks. Onions hang from the oak beams. The evening meal has not yet been cleared away. We fit the labourer and his wife; but we leave the old lady's ninety years alone, for she sits lapped in a shawl by the wood fire, a wisp of white hair and shrunken flesh, removed from our trouble.

Outside, darkness again; then the stars. A fox gives sharp, wild mating cries; eerie. Our steps on the gravel.

"Do you know the stars?"

He points to the cluster of the Pleiades. "Used to call it the butcher's block when I was a boy in Bedfordshire."

* * * * *

There is a contrast in the interiors of these cottages where the wardens go to examine gas-masks. Identical in size and

convenience the sitting-room of one will be revoltingly squalid while next door will be cosy and inviting, clean as a washed stone.

In 'the pig-sty' the husband, a labourer, has more than a touch of 'silly Sussex'. He says he feels "snouty". He is not nice to handle in fitting his mask—still he is a high-spirited wag and can see a joke. His woman is about as pleasant as a toothless, scrawny vulture. She is masticating something that looks like congealed bacon fat. Her eyes are drink-sodden.

In 'the Englishman's home' the wife is as buxom and wholesome as Vermeer's 'Maid-servant Pouring Milk'. In a fat, rosy face the eyes are beads, brown, alight. A flowered chintz apron undulates over her fruitful breasts. The straps slip easily across her newly washed hair. Her husband is not in. "I'll run and fetch him," she says. "He's down at the shop *jauring*."

* * * * *

The only cantankerous one is a high light in the village. I had upset him a few nights previously by pointing out that he had a yellow window showing. "One candle-power!" he had said. "Yes, but it's the whole window."

To-night the light is still showing. The head warden knocks on the door of the cottage. Sound of a body lumbering to open the door. "Hullo, George, can we see your gas-mask? You've got a light showing."

The burly form glares sourly. "One-candle-power. An' 'ow about that light over there quarter of a mile away? You want to look to that."

"Ah, that's only a crack."

"I don't know as I shall show you me gas-mask."

"All right—we can't make you. But better get your window covered."

Impression of irate bushy eyebrows. "I ain't so windy as some people."

"What's made you twisty, George? Get out of bed on the wrong side, eh?"

"I ain't windy I tell you. Some of you young chaps 'ud do well to git out to France. One candle-power!"

* * * * *

A little smiling woman who seems to find our presence very funny. We have come back to try and persuade her, finally, to have a gas-mask, and at the same time to see that her son's mask fits properly. The son slumps on a wooden chair, a shapeless sawney youth with a big red, naked face. His lower lip droops like a baby's. As the head warden holds a card in front of the container and tells the boy to "breathe in", I catch the mother's eye, bright as a robin's. She has not moved. She is standing rigid, arms akimbo, smiling at and not with us.

"Won't you change your mind and have a mask, Mrs. Pagham?" I ask her. "It's a present from the Government."

"No, thank you." She is smiling.

I continue the jocularly. "It's about the only thing in this life you'll get free," I urge.

She is smiling as though with contemptuous amusement, and yet, somehow, harder. "There's plenty more things free," she says.

"Come now, you ought to have one you know."

"Yes, you ought," echoes the head warden.

"No, *thank* you." The robin's eye has become flinty. She is still smiling.

"But why won't you?"

"Because I trusts in the Good Master."

The head warden regards her with the patience of an ex-policeman. "Quite right," I reply, "but don't you remember what Oliver Cromwell told his troops before the day of battle? Trust in God and keep your powder dry. Now Cromwell was a religious man."

"That's it," says the head warden.

The woman smiles and smiles. "No, thank you, I don't want the horrid thing," she says, her voice rising.

"We won't make you try it on. We can just leave it in the hall. You will be glad of it if the raids come."

The woman's hand goes to the door-handle. She throws back her head and laughs at us heartily, with real amusement straight from her stomach. "Oh dear me, can't you understand? You are wasting your time. I've told you, I trusts in the Kind Master." Now she is smiling again. She opens the door and says politely "Good evening", as we pass out.

"Crank," says my companion. "Can't do nothing."

But, as we grope for a minute in the darkness, I begin to wonder who is the madder in this crazy world—she or us?

* * * * *

The black-out has at least given us back the night sky. Walking home through several miles of darkness we have leisure to think about the constant references to daylight and darkness, to the night sky, to the moon and the stars in Shakespeare. There is in the plays the frequent antithesis of 'fair daylight' to 'black night'.

'Good morrow, masters; put your torches out.'

I smile as I walk through 'the collied night' up a hill, envying Shakespeare because he escaped electric torches and air-raid wardens. But over the hill, now as then, 'the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold'; it is the same 'majestical roof fretted with golden fire'—'Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light', if not as light as we could wish. There, marches the splendid constellation of Orion, the dog-star at his heel. The skies are still 'painted with unnumbered sparks'. There tilts the Bear, the pointers leading the eye as ever to

'the northern star,
Of whose true-fixt and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.'

Ah, we are a generation of little Hamlets! Above, the Dictator speaks, but at least it is a dictator with a claim to nobility. We top the hill, and a biting wind cuts us; which sets me thinking of another poet.

'Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art.'

I think that night is the best time for contemplating this war, for the shame of it lies on us all. We are imbroiled in 'the common muck of the world'.

* * * * *

At the cross-roads the other warden goes his way, I mine. I am alone with the stars. There is a sinister soughing from a row of black fir-trees. The telegraph wires are dull ropes against night's brilliants. Now I look down. How bright is the starshine—it is Jupiter—in a puddle.

AMERICAN WHITE PAPER

BY PROFESSOR R. B. MOWAT

THE British public has never had a very clear conception of American foreign policy. The British are convinced that they have the sympathy of the American people. They believe that the American Government and people is disposed to be helpful within the limits of neutrality. Sympathy is one of the intangibles which help to shape victory or defeat when the tangible forces on each side are in balance. A people fighting for their existence or at any rate for their "way of life"—and incidentally for the way of life of all free peoples—is apt to say, sometimes with irritation, "Sympathy is not enough". If there is any irritation, it is unreasonable and due to lack of understanding on the part of individual British men and women. A timely publication, called the *American White Paper**, gives to all who can read the opportunity of understanding.

This is not an official "white paper". It is the work of two young Washington journalists who are obviously extremely well informed, and who have made a very careful documentation of Mr. Roosevelt's policy, not only from published but also, it appears, from unpublished sources. The book is not propaganda, that is to say it is not argument, is not tendentiously biassed. It is a record of fact that is therefore the most convincing kind of writing.

Like the policy of every state, United States policy is determined by history. The American Revolution, which is the origin of the United States, was made in order to detach the Americans from the politics of Europe. They found their way of life—based on detachment from European politics—satisfying. Their great early leaders, Washington and Jefferson, solemnly advised them, in words which have become tradition and principle, not to depart from this detachment. President

*By Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner (Simon and Schuster N.Y. 1940).

Monroe's Message to Congress, December 2, 1823, explicit and forcible in language and argument, erected "non-intervention" into a doctrine. No politician, party, administration, could possibly ignore or resist this doctrine, tradition, habit of the American public. It is within the limits inexorably set by these things that the most enlightened statesmen's policy must operate. President Wilson's mistake, his almost irretrievable mistake, was in thinking that he could enter into long-term commitments without taking account of the limits imposed by the tradition and habit determining American policy.

Mr. Roosevelt's dilemma has been almost insoluble. He has for years known as much about the European situation as any European statesman. He has as keen an appreciation of the issues at stake, for Europe, for America, for the world. He has the instinct, the experience, the judgment of statesmanship and he has laboured—as the record indicates—literally night and day, to avert the impending catastrophe. He has laboured with inexhaustible patience, faith, courage and skill. And all the time he has had to operate within the limits of neutrality, non-intervention, isolation, of an age-long political "flight from Europe".

Mr. Roosevelt's dilemma in these last five years is very simply explained in the White Paper. Through the cables and the telephones he was constantly in touch with the European situation, and was speaking over the wires with the American ambassadors in European capitals. "Almost daily he asked Bullitt and Kennedy, Hugh Wilson in Berlin and William Phillips in Rome, *Is there anything we can do to help?* Regularly the answer came back, *Not without making some commitment.*" Now, to make a commitment was just precisely what the President could not do. Accordingly, he was left with just one line of action, of inconceivable difficulty, to undertake and maintain a "peace-offensive" by persuasion, nothing but persuasion. "The President, sitting in his oval office among the ship pictures, devouring cables, directing all activity between incessant telephone calls to Europe, fumed sometimes at the necessity for caution. . . . At the State Department, the meetings in Hull's room never ceased. From early morning until late evening, the Department's leading men talked over

the incoming dispatches and asked themselves the same baffling question the President asked his ambassadors. Berle called them *the death watch over Europe.*"

Adolph A. Berle Jr., is Assistant Secretary of State, apparently the chief drafter of messages and formulæ in the Department. At the head of the Department is Secretary of State Hull. Sumner Welles is Under Secretary of State. To these the cables go first, after being decoded and mimeographed, "then upstairs, where the hardworking, quietly professional career men, Jay Pierrepont Moffatt and James Clement Dunn, preside over the Western European division. . . . The cables are the stimuli, American policy is the response that these stimuli produce". Senators, however, who under the constitution have the last word on American commitments, do not read the cables. In a meeting which the President and Mr. Hull arranged with leading Senators at the White House, the late Mr. Borah, chief of the isolationists, said to the Secretary of State: "So far as the reports in your Department are concerned, I wouldn't be bound by them. I have my own sources of information which I have provided for myself, and on several occasions I've found them more reliable than the State Department."

Within the limits imposed by "do-nothingism" the President pursued his peace-offensive with marvellous energy, hope (against hope), persistence. He gave all his support to the Chamberlain-Daladier effort to avert war in September, 1938. "Mere verbal intervention in other countries' affairs has never been held inconsistent with do-nothingism." Before Tuesday, September 27, 1938, the President had already sent messages to the European Powers, but without effect and by that date "war seemed as imminent as ever". It was then that the President determined to send a personal message to Signor Mussolini urging him to increase his pressure for peace, and another message to Hitler. The President, Hull, Welles and Berle sat all through the afternoon and evening of September 29, working on the drafts, calling Bullitt and Kennedy over the Atlantic telephone. "As the President was revising the answer to Hitler, a report came in that the Germans might march in the night, forcing a war to no purpose. For a moment the President showed real anger. But the report was still speculative, and

there was no time to lose. Doubtful points were rapidly crossed out; phrases were carefully pruned which might make the two messages anything but direct appeals for peace. By 9 p.m. Hull, who was exhausted, was able to go home. Half-an-hour later the President had edited and signed both papers. The late summer evening was just beginning to show when Welles and Berle crossed the narrow street dividing the White House from the Department, to go again to the cable room and watch hopeful words being flashed across the ocean." If there are still any Americans who "blame" Chamberlain and Daladier for Munich they are singularly misinformed.

Down to the opening of the "Second World War" the President and Mr. Hull have conducted their "peace-offensive" on the base of two positive proposals for reducing tension and solving the European crisis. These proposals were always the same: reduction of tariffs and reduction of armaments. The European democracies obviously could accept these proposals, but Nazi Germany, being a great military autarchy, would not. Thus the basic principles of Mr. Roosevelt's peace-offensive were just precisely the antithesis of Nazi principles, for, as Mr. Walter Lippmann has remarked, totalitarian Government *must* keep its citizens on war economy otherwise it will cease to exist. So that approach had no success. Mr. Hull succeeded in negotiating twenty-one trade agreements, but never one with Germany.

Munich averted war in September, 1938, but a few weeks more showed that to regard it as a long-term peace settlement was pure illusion. The President quickly apprehended the renewed danger of war and the continued menace not to Europe alone but to the United States. "A world war obviously impended, and even our two protecting oceans could not isolate us from its after effects. . . . To the President, Hull and Welles, our interest seemed clear. We must prevent war if possible, and if war proved inevitable, we must do our best to assure victory for the other democracies."

There was no doubt about what we had to do; the question was how to do it. We had the power to do anything. Great, rich enough, strong enough, we might easily substitute a Pax Americana for the seemingly crumbling Pax Britannica under which we and the world had known reasonable comfort for so long. Or, safe at home behind our oceans, we

might bolster the British and French with our naval and air power. Or, without risking a war, we might throw our vast industrial resources into the balance. Merely by signing a scrap of paper committing ourselves to one of these courses we might perhaps keep the peace, and for so doing exact a splendid price from the democracies of Europe. But, while we had the power, our people continued to lack the will. Clear though our interests seemed, the President dared not assert our influence, utter a threat, or offer a commitment, for fear of the political consequences. It was with this dilemma in mind that he and Hull and Welles reached careful conclusions in both the main fields of European and Western Hemisphere affairs.

As far as concerned the Western Hemisphere (North and South America), the President's problem was fairly simple. There was already a "North-South Axis". It was not difficult to arrange for the meeting of a Pan-American Conference which took place at Lima in December, 1938, and produced the "Declaration of Lima" (an all-American solidarity).

As regards Europe, the President's problem remained as baffling as ever. A peace-offensive "short of war" (absolutely and honestly short of war) was something not much good against a Hitler Government. The most promising, indeed the only promising, approach was in regard to the Neutrality Act. This placed an embargo, in the event of foreign war, on the export of American munitions to any belligerent. The embargo was an important item in Hitler's strategy. Without the repeal of the Neutrality Act the President's peace offensive would be just trifling, but repeal could make it mean something, something that Hitler and his advisers could understand. In November, 1938, the President, Hull and Welles decided to attempt repeal in the next session of Congress. Yet they realized that even this was, though important, not a very big thing, it did not amount to a really strong and solid peace-offensive, it was, at best, *Ersatz*. The peace-offensive—the effort to cow Hitler into peacefulness on which the President, Hull and Welles had also decided in their talks after Munich—was strictly an ersatz policy in which every move had to be carefully calculated for maximum effect in Germany and minimum effect in the still isolationist United States.

To obtain a repeal of the Neutrality Act required time and much labour, preparation, conferences with Senators and Congressmen. Meantime a minor but possibly not wholly ineffective day-to-day peace-offensive could be kept up in

Berlin: "Hugh Wilson was instructed to seize every informal opportunity to instil in the mind of the Wilhelmstrasse the thought that further German aggression would cause the gravest repercussions in the United States. Bullitt in Paris, Kennedy in London, and other American envoys in other capitals were always ready with the same opinion for any German ear. In Washington, State Department officials repeatedly warned members of the German embassy staff against miscalculating this country's future course. Thus, without any formal steps being taken, the Wilhelmstrasse was constantly being worked upon to accept the desired view."

The Wilhelmstrasse, however, had been often privately worked upon before this, without any obvious result. Accordingly, the President seized any opportunity that presented itself for some public and striking demonstration of his attitude. When in November, 1938, the murder by a Jew of an attaché of the German embassy in Paris produced more than usually frightful proceedings in Germany against the Jews, Mr. Roosevelt recalled the American ambassador from Berlin. Further, on November 15, he issued a statement: "I myself could scarcely believe that such things could occur in a twentieth century civilization." A month later Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, a member of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, made "one of his blustering anti-Nazi speeches". The German *chargé d'affaires* (the Nazi Government had withdrawn its ambassador after Mr. Roosevelt withdrew his from Berlin) went to the State Department to protest. He was received by Mr. Welles who "let go in his most severe and icy style—Protest emphatically rejected. In many decades the public opinion of the United States has not been so shocked and confounded as by recent events in Germany".

On January 3, 1939, the President met Congress and delivered his message about the Neutrality Act.

Words may be futile, but war is not the only means of commanding a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. There are many methods short of war, but stronger and more effective than mere words, of bringing home to aggressor governments the sentiments of our people. At the very least, we can and should avoid any action, or lack of action, which will encourage or assist an aggressor.

There followed long and arduous domestic negotiations and it was

not until the Second World War had actually broken out that public opinion was sufficiently stirred and educated to permit the repeal bill to be carried through the Legislature, in October, 1939; and even then the *cash and carry* clause had to be incorporated to meet the isolationists.

Sometimes, on one occasion at least, the President's words at conference were misunderstood. In February, 1939, he spoke in private to the Military Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives. He has always made clear his view that the survival of European democracy is an American interest. To the Military Affairs Committee he roundly declared: "That is why the safety of the Rhine frontier does necessarily interest us." This went out somehow to the public as a report or rumour that the President had declared America's frontier to be on the Rhine. Even the correct statement had outraged the isolationists.

The German seizure of Czechoslovakia showed to the President and his advisers how hampered they were by the limits of their peace-offensive. "Ersatz was not enough." Yet they could do nothing. In private "Welles called the seizure of Prague the first unshaded instance of open thievery, and rounded off the magnificently typical phrase by confessing to the President that it almost made him sick to be unable to give public vent to his feelings". The President and State Department at once seized such weapons—weak enough—as were available. They abrogated the trade-agreement with Czechoslovakia, now that it was in the hands of the Germans, and they arranged with the Treasury and the Justice Department to block the Czech money-balances. On April 14 (1939) the President sent a masterly message to Mussolini and Hitler asking for an explicit assurance that they would not attack any one of thirty-one countries which he mentioned by name—including Great Britain, France, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Belgium. He had to wait for answers. Mussolini's came first, an unfinished sentence in a speech. Hitler's, delayed until the end of April, was a long oration to the Reichstag attacking the President. The President conveyed to the Italian ambassador and to the German *chargé d'affaires* that a breach of good manners had been committed by their Governments in failing to make a written reply to a written communication. "Unfortunately

polite deportment was not a pre-occupation of the dictatorships."

As the impending catastrophe came nearer the White House—State Department group could do little more than watch. The Neutrality Bill was still on the statute-book; "with the embargo unrepealed, this country's voice had little authority". Yet a final plea for peace seemed "a necessary gesture". Between August 1 and 5 (1939), however, the German ambassador at Moscow informed Molotov that Hitler was ready to negotiate a Russo-German pact. The State Department had knowledge of this and informed the President who was on holiday at Hyde Park. In a few days he was due to go for a short sea-trip on the cruiser Tuscaloosa. On August 12, Sumner Welles rang up Hyde Park. "Mr. President," he said, "war is probably a matter of a week or ten days." Mr. Roosevelt, who held that his advisers usually over-estimated the speed of events, concluded that he would have time for a fortnight's rest at sea. "I'll go," he replied to Welles, "but I'll arrange to be always on call."

On August 21 the Russo-German pact was announced in Berlin. The President hurried back to Washington and decided to send one message to the King of Italy, and two "last chance" messages to Hitler and Poland's President Moscicki, urging them to use every resource of negotiation to compose their differences. The message to the King of Italy was sent on August 23, those to Hitler and Moscicki on August 24. Moscicki at once answered, declaring complete readiness to negotiate all questions between Poland and Germany. Hull, Welles and Berle went over with this answer to the White House. All realized that now only one man had the power to decide the future of the world. They agreed to communicate Moscicki's answer to Hitler, suggesting that if he too would negotiate, all might yet be well. The President, however, expressed what was really in their minds when he declared: "At any rate this puts the issue squarely up to Germany, which no one bothered to do in 1914." On August 28, Berle noted in his diary: *The last couple of days have produced exactly the sensation you might have waiting for a jury to bring in a verdict on the life or death of about 10,000,000 people.* "Then early in the morning of September 1, the one-man jury's verdict was brought in."

Since the opening of hostilities in Europe the President

has not abandoned a policy which is admittedly aimed at assisting the democracies by means short of war. His first public address after the outbreak of war reversed Wilson's famous plea of 1914 for neutrality in thought: "This nation will remain a neutral nation," Mr. Roosevelt declared, "but I cannot ask that every American remain neutral in thought as well. Even a neutral has a right to take account of facts." He has succeeded in bringing about the repeal of the arms embargo, thus enabling the Allies to purchase large numbers of much-needed aeroplanes. He has called the attention of his people and of the world to the facts of naked aggression on Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium. When the repeal of the embargo was going through Congress there were many arguments for repeal, but none of them mentioned the core of the matter, that repeal would help the British and French. Senator Warren R. Austin of Vermont, a Republican, remarked to the President: "If you want my opinion, I think we should indicate our purpose to support the democracies, and legislate with that in mind." To this the President answered: "I'm glad to hear you say that, but I can't say it myself."

Since that time American opinion has swung further in favour of the allies. The terrible thrust into France affected Americans profoundly. The entry of the Italians into the war on June 10 at the most agonizing moment for France aroused Mr. Roosevelt to the plainest speaking. On the same day, speaking at Charlottesville, Virginia, the President said:

The people and Government of the United States have seen with the utmost, urgent, and grave disquiet the decision of the Italian Government to engage in the hostilities now raging in Europe. . . . The sympathies of the American republics lie with those nations which are giving their life-blood in combat against the gods of force and hate. . . . We will extend to the opponents of force the material resources of this nation, and at the same time we will harness and speed up the use of those resources in order that we ourselves in the Americas may have equipment and training equal to the task of any emergency. All roads leading to the accomplishment of these objectives must be kept clear of obstructions. We will not slow down or make any detour. The signs and signals call for speed—full speed ahead.

CHINA'S THREE YEARS OF WAR

By O. M. GREEN

AS the wounded snake drags its slow length along, so the war in China drags on with no visible prospect of ever coming to an end. It will be three years on July 7 since the war began with the clash at Marco Polo Bridge outside Peking. Japan has seized China's chief towns and ports, most of her railways and the essential parts of her best rivers. But she is like a fly on a flypaper, she cannot get on or get out, there is nowhere where she can strike a decisive military blow, and she dares not even move very far from the points she has occupied except in great force, for the country between is still controlled by the Chinese Government and infested with agile and elusive guerrillas.

As one looks back on the past year and a half it seems extraordinary that the Japanese with all their great advantage in training and equipment should have accomplished so little since they captured Hankow and Canton in October, 1938. The battle front now roughly follows a diagonal from north-west to south-east, taking in a portion of the Peking-Hankow, Hankow-Canton railways, only parts of which are in Japanese hands, and all their efforts to cross that line have failed.

They have repeatedly, but vainly, tried to cross the Yellow River where it bends round southern Shansi, in order to cut the Chinese communications with Russia at Sianfu, scene of the famous kidnapping of General Chiang Kai-shek. About this time last year they also tried to drive across country from Hankow to Ichang, short-circuiting the southward bend of the Yangtze between these points, and again they were repulsed with considerable loss. Their most notable success was the capture last November of Nanning, 100 miles from the extreme south-east coast of China. This was a serious loss for the Chinese as Nanning commands the road into Indo-China by

which they drew supplies from abroad. But when the Japanese tried to push on farther they were trapped by the Chinese at a place called Pingyang, some 40 miles north-east of Nanning and suffered a very bad defeat. It is quite on the cards that the Chinese may cut their enemy's communications between Nanning and the sea.

Pingyang is by no means the only Chinese victory in recent months. Last autumn the Japanese launched two big forces from different directions with the object of taking Changsha in southern Central China, which would have given them command of the Canton-Hankow railway. It was on Changsha's proud walls that the last waves of the Taiping Rebellion broke and were spent. The Chinese withdrew into the mountains, allowed the Japanese almost to reach the city, and then fell upon their rear and cut them up badly.

On the second occasion, last February, the Japanese invaded western Inner Mongolia, in order to break the power of the 8th Route (ex-Communist) Army, whose guerrillas are a continual thorn in their side in North China, and took the historic market town of Wuyuan, on the north bank of the Yellow River. A month later the Chinese, led by one of their ablest soldiers, General Fu Tso-yi, counter-attacked, retook Wuyuan together with an important mountain pass 40 miles to the east, and ambushed and slew the Japanese Commander, General Misogawa.

From this brief survey of the past year and a half's operations one thing stands out clearly, namely that the Chinese are fighting better and better. The loss of direct communications with the sea has affected their hitting powers less than might have been expected. Scattered all over west and south-west China they have numerous small arsenals, cleverly camouflaged and none so big that its destruction by aeroplanes would be irreparable, which turn out quantities of rifles and hand-grenades, much favoured by the Chinese soldier. The latter, too, is an individualist. He is not worried by the death of his leader nor by finding himself isolated and thrown on his own resources. The art of "making do," from cooking an elaborate dinner on a charcoal stove when the kitchen range suddenly breaks down to patching up a motor-car with soda-water wire and some

bits of leather, is instinct in every Chinese, and it is now helping him mightily in the field. Moreover, he feels that he has something worth fighting for. The ruthlessness with which Japanese aeroplanes have wiped out hundreds of country villages of no possible military value, has roused the Chinese people against them as they have never been roused before.

Of these factors the 8th Route (ex-Communist) Army, now merged in the Hopei and Chahar Border Government, have made admirable use. They saw from the first that for the success of guerrilla warfare the peasant must be with them, and they devoted themselves to bettering the conditions of his life and educating him politically. They have long shed the extreme Communist ideology of 15 years ago, and are now really nothing more than agrarian reformers. They lead a Spartan existence, their highest officials faring very little better than the rank and file, and they pay in full for everything they take, with the result that the peasants help them wherever they go. They never risk a pitched battle, and when the Japanese organize a big expedition against them they scatter like a cloud of flies to reappear elsewhere. An offshoot of their movement has recently sprung up in eastern Central China on the lower Yangtze and appears to be very active. Wrecking trains, destroying mines and factories and nipping off small parties of Japanese, which month by month mount up to considerable totals, the guerrillas steadily bleed their enemy, thwart his development of China's resources and to a very large extent provide themselves with arms and munitions at his expense.

If to the peasants of North China the guerrillas have brought new hopes of brighter existence, to the West and South-West the war, with all its terrible devastation elsewhere, has indeed proved a godsend. There is plenty of reliable foreign evidence as to the extraordinary developments already reached in these vast and formerly neglected regions. In their retreat from Nanking and Hankow the Government succeeded in transporting to West China large quantities of factory plant with which, supplemented by importations from abroad, new factories have been established. Millions of refugees from Eastern China have been encouraged to start cottage industries, an enterprise in which Mme. Chiang Kai-shek is particularly interested.

And thousands of professors and students have literally tramped hundreds of miles from their colleges in the East—against which the Japanese aeroplanes seem to have expended their worst anger—to found new colleges in the West.

That the Chinese still contrive to do a good deal of trade with the outside world, in spite of transport difficulties and loss of their principal ports is shewn by the astonishing fact that their exports from "free China" through Hongkong in 1939 amounted to 302,000,000 Hongkong dollars, or nearly 56,000,000 dollars more than in 1938. Tea, wood oil, tungsten and tin were the principal exports, and as the development of Western China advances, and the new railways that are being built in it come into operation, there seems no reason why these should not increase and be added to by others.

The strength of China—source of that perfect confidence in the future which is so noticeable in all Chinese—may be summed up as consisting in her enormous size and limitless manpower; the fact that almost everything she needs lies in her own soil only awaiting development; and perhaps most of all that her social system, hardly touched as yet by the complications of industrialism, is simple and elastic, resting mainly on the man with the hoe and thus capable of the most rapid recuperation.

As one turns to Japan one's first feeling may well be admiration for the ease with which a naturally poor country has borne for nearly three years the huge expenses of a war which was never intended to last for more than three months. In 1931, the year in which Manchuria was seized, Japan's budget was roughly *£87,000,000. This year's is £664,560,000, which is more than the whole national debt when the war began. The China "incident" is estimated already to have cost £1,000,000,000. As the *Times* Tokyo correspondent says, "Japan is spending more on the China war, in proportion to her resources, than America, a far richer country, spent at the height of the world war." In addition, Japan has been able to find large sums for industrial development and the assistance of Manchukuo. Yet all this has been done from her own resources, without the

*For convenience yen have been converted into £. But it must be remembered that owing to the higher purchasing value of money in Japan, all figures must be multiplied by at least three to get the equivalent in English value.

foreign loans which helped her in the war with Russia 35 years ago.

But there are many signs that matters are far from well. The article from Tokyo, already quoted, in the *Times* of March 28, drew a very gloomy picture, the more remarkable for its contrast with the former highly confident tone of this writer. He dwells on "the increasing scarcity of goods in the midst of increasing abundance of money : "

The country's productive powers have been drained into munitions work, and the heavy industries needed as the foundation of the "new order" in East Asia. The result is a decrease of the export trade and a scarcity of consumers' goods. In Japan, now the world's greatest producer of cotton textiles, there is a chronic scarcity of cotton cloth. In the greatest rice-producing country there is a scarcity of rice.

Taxation had already been trebled since the war began and this year's budget will add another £42,000,000. Already the Japanese people have had to give up all their gold, only wedding rings and the gold fillings of teeth being exempt. Now there is to be a similar sweep-up of silver. The apparently favourable trade balance is due partly to rigid restriction of all imports not required for the war, partly to exports to China and Manchukuo, which yield no foreign exchange. With the foreign countries from which Japan must buy indispensable raw materials her balance is increasingly adverse.

No sign appears of any weakening in the national will to conquer China, but there is growing impatience at the long duration of the war. This is naturally intensified by the fact that the Japanese people have been rigidly kept from knowing the true state of affairs. The bureaucratic Government which has reduced the Diet to little more than a debating society is bitterly criticized. Japan is now under her fourth Cabinet since the war began. Each one has come in with a flourishing of promises to end the war and alleviate popular burdens. But since the war obstinately refuses to end, the burdens certainly cannot be lightened. It is significant that the "Oriental Economist" of Tokyo, possibly the best and most trustworthy periodical in Japan, ended a survey of the situation, in its January number, with the conclusion that the last resources of the present method of running the war had been exhausted.

There is no practical means of mitigating the tight demand—supply condition in commodities (says the "Oriental Economist") and curbing the tendency toward higher prices, if Government expenditure and production expansion projects are allowed to absorb disproportionately heavy shares of the commodity volume. . . . The Government faces the necessity of effecting a diplomatic adjustment with respect to the China Affair and other issues. The year 1940 promises to be characterized by a striking volte-face of Japanese policy both domestic and external.

And certainly Japan's position abroad is not easy, Germany's treachery to the Anti-Comintern Pact knocked away the great safeguard against Russian meddling in the Far East on which Japan had relied and revived that haunting fear of Russia which has been the mainspring of Japanese foreign policy for 60 years back. At the beginning of this year, through what influences it is hard to say, there was a movement towards the settling up of outstanding differences between the two countries. But it has failed. The joint commission called at Harbin to fix the boundaries between Manchukuo and the Russian sphere, particularly Outer Mongolia, has broken down; and the negotiations in Moscow for a trade agreement are also said to have deadlocked. Within the past month there has been a revival of those frontier "incidents," which twice in recent years almost seemed to be rushing the two countries into war. Reports also that Russia is again helping China liberally with aeroplanes, munitions and instructors may be exaggerated but certainly do not lessen Japan's anxieties.

Even more serious is the uncertainty as to what America means to do about the trade agreement which expired last January. America was always Japan's largest supplier of petrol, cotton, scrap iron, machine tools and other necessities, and now she is almost the only one since the British Empire needs all its resources for itself. Hence the feverish energy with which Japan is working to enlarge her dealings with Argentina, Mexico, Bolivia, Paraguay and other South American States. But these could only prove a partial alleviation, and meanwhile the American public are growing less and less pleased with Japan. They have some hundreds of claims against her for damage to their interests in China, and patronage of that country is an American tradition. Such influential men as Senator Key Pitman and Mr. Stimson are pressing for an embargo on the export to Japan of anything definable as war

material and even some of the isolationist group are recently reported to be coming round to this view.

In these circumstances Japan has no other course than to push on with all her might in bolstering up the puppet government of Wang Ching-wei, which was inaugurated with much ceremony in Nanking on March 30. If behind this government she can somehow restore peace and get trade moving, she hopes that in time other parts of China will gradually be drawn into its aegis, General Chiang Kai-shek's adherents will drift away till he is reduced to the level of a remote and insignificant rebel, and Japan will be able to present the world with a *fait accompli* before the return of peace in Europe allows other Powers to checkmate her designs.

To expect all this from such a crew as Wang has got together is asking a great deal. He himself has long had the reputation of being impossible to work with and incapable of any constructive undertaking, while his siding with the Japanese has completely alienated his oldest and best friends. Of his government, two were leaders of the pro-Japanese Anfu Party of 20 years ago, notoriously the most corrupt government within memory; one is his brother-in-law, who has probably fallen in behind for family reasons; one is his publicity agent; others are former creatures of Wang's or have old affiliations to Japan; five have never been heard of before.

It is noteworthy that the one man of ability whom the Japanese have managed to secure, Wang Keh-min, head of the puppet government in Peking, has no connection with the Nanking régime, but will carry on his administration in the north unchanged in all but name. Outside Nanking nobody took any notice of Wang Ching-wei's inauguration, and nobody, Chinese or foreigner, expects that China will take any notice of him. But Japan has promised to recognize him and General Abe, lately Prime Minister, has been invested by the Emperor as Ambassador to Nanking.

This means that, however little he may mean to the Chinese, Wang will have a certain nuisance value for foreigners. Complaints on business matters taken to Tokyo will be blandly referred to "the recognized Government of China in Nanking". Already the Japanese Foreign Office has intimated plainly that

the extent to which foreigners will be able to do business in China will depend on their readiness to fit in with the "new order". This game has been successfully played in Manchuria, so why not in China?

The answer is that China is not Manchuria and the conditions are totally different. Manchuria was a vacuum when Mr. Pu Yi was conveniently spatchcocked into the Emperor Kang Tê. The Japanese were forced to invent him or annex the country outright. In China there is a very efficient Government—a much better one than it was in pre-war days—led by one of the ablest men alive, who may justly claim to have the nation behind him. And this Government's writ runs effectively through fully three-quarters of China, all behind the meagre Japanese lines and around their scattered outposts. In Manchuria, too, foreign interests were comparatively trivial. In China they are very large, those of Great Britain alone being estimated at some £300,000,000.

But above all Great Britain and America, with whom stand France and the smaller Powers, have declared and have informed Japan in the most solemn manner that they adhere to the Nine-Power Treaty, with which her apparent schemes for China are utterly incompatible.

What exactly she means by her "new order in East Asia" Japan declines to say. All that we have on the subject is the outline sketched by Prince Konoye in December, 1938, which might mean anything. Chinese are sure that the "new order" would reduce them to a mere colony of Japan's, with the doors tight shut on everyone else. Foreigners, with the past two-and-a-half years' record of deliberate Japanese attacks on their business in China, have every reason for taking the same view. In any case the "new order" is plainly a flat violation of the Nine Power Treaty, by which Japan pledged herself with others to respect "the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial and administrative integrity of China".

Here is a point of principle between Japan and the Western Powers on which the latter can accept no compromise.

It is, perhaps, fortunate for Japan that Prince Konoye's statement was drawn so vaguely. Equally it could be interpreted in the most obnoxious manner and in some face-saving

formula which would preserve all China's rights intact. One cannot help thinking that sooner or later Japan will have to take this latter course.

Great as is the Japanese capacity for self-sacrifice, 70,000,000 people, almost entirely dependent on other countries for the sinews of war, cannot indefinitely contend with 400,000,000 who have most of what they need under their hands and are inspired with the will to fight. Already there are reports that Japan is having difficulty in maintaining her drafts to China owing to her heavy losses of men. And as this article is being written comes the news that the Chinese have recaptured two towns in Central China which had been in Japanese possession for over a year, thus proving their ability to drive the Japanese from strongly garrisoned towns. The armies of China are no more the same as those which lost Nanking and threw away Canton, and daily their confidence rises higher.

THE WARS AND THE DRAMA

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

THE changes which took place in the state of the English theatre during the twenty-one years which elapsed between the suspension, in 1918, of the war which began in 1914, and its resumption in 1939, were numerous and drastic. They have not yet been fully revealed. The actor-managerial system, which was in full force in 1914, was in ruins in 1916. There was not a trace of it left in 1919. Its leaders, Alexander, Tree, Waller and Wyndham, were dead, and the days of individual management in the West End were over. The actor-manager had been replaced by the syndicate, and to-day there is no actor, not even Mr. Gielgud, who owns and directs a theatre. The Bosnian boy of twenty who shot the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife on June 29, 1914, shot away the lives of many millions of men and women, and may have shot with them a culture and a civilization which seemed to be secure. The tendencies which have prevailed in Europe since that date may be more clearly perceived in drama than in any other form of art; for it is less individual in its expression, more dependent on the co-operation of other people, than are literature, painting, music and sculpture. The poet can dispense with aid. In the last resort, he can recite his verse. But the dramatist cannot act his play himself, nor is its effect, when performed by a competent cast, the same when an audience is absent or small as it is when an audience is present or large. The general conditions of social and political life affect the dramatist more rapidly and surely than they affect any other artist. A novelist can live on the sale of ten thousand copies of his book, but a dramatist will be a frightful failure if no more than that number of persons see his play performed.

One of the chief tendencies of our time is to over-emphasize the need for centralization and communal activity. It includes

the belittlement, if not the suppression, of individual effort and personality. Its effect on the theatre was almost instantaneous. On the day that war began, direction and ownership in the theatre were mainly in the hands of highly-individualized actors and actresses. On the day it was suspended, direction and ownership were exclusively in the hands of groups of business men who neither acted nor wrote nor, in the English technical sense of the term, produced plays. This change in the direction and ownership is the most important of the changes in the economy of the theatre, and its effects are profound. We cannot yet say whether they are for the better or the worse. All we know is that a theatre which is controlled by a score of individuals of unusual character, each owning and directing his own enterprise, must, by its very nature, be vastly different from one which is owned and directed by a few syndicates, some of which are interested only in the raising of rent.

The claim that the actor-managed theatre was more diverse in its productions than the theatre which is owned and directed by syndicates cannot be sustained. It is untrue to say that the latter is less adventurous than the former, or that actor-managers were readier to risk their money on new or unfashionable enterprises than the syndicates. The firm of H. M. Tennent, Ltd., has done more for Chekhov than any actor-manager did for Ibsen or Shaw, nor has it been less lavish or resourceful in its productions of Shakespeare than Tree. It would appear at first glance that a theatre controlled by such dissimilar and distinguished men and women as Irving, Ellen Terry, the Kendals, Alexander, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Tree, Waller, Wyndham, Wilson Barrett, John Hare, Cyril Maude, Forbes Robertson, Arthur Bourchier, the Vanbrughs, H. B. Irving, Charles Hawtrey, Martin Harvey, Matheson Lang, Edward Compton, Fred Terry and F. R. Benson, together with their juniors and probable successors, Gerald du Maurier, Henry Ainley, Owen Nares, Gladys Cooper, Fay Compton and Godfrey Tearle most of whom were acting simultaneously, must, by the very nature of those people, be more various than a theatre in which six or seven syndicates of almost anonymous persons possess all authority and power. But it has not proved to be so. The stars were more fixed in their orbits than the

syndicates. The playgoer knew exactly what to expect at Drury Lane, the Lyceum, His Majesty's, the Haymarket, St. James's, Daly's and the Criterion, when stars owned and directed them; but he does not know what to expect to-day. The young Guardee, going to the Gaiety, a few years ago, to see girls, was bewildered to find himself confronting a play by Maeterlinck, while the earnest student of the drama, going to His Majesty's to see *Hamlet*, found, instead, a pantomime, called *Chu Chin Chow*, or, later on, a musical piece by Mr. Coward.

The actor-manager was restricted by his own range and personality. There is no such restriction on a syndicate, which can as easily produce a play by Chekhov as by Miss Dodie Smith. Mr. Harry Tennent and Mr. Hugh Beaumont, the directors of H. M. Tennent, Ltd., are more free than any actor-manager ever was to consider a play as a play and not as a vehicle for personal exploitation, because they are not themselves actors and are, therefore, under no obligation to think of the parts they may have to perform. Here, then, is a gain to be set against any loss that may have been caused by the abolition of the actor-managerial system. Formerly, the player tended to be more important than the play, but now the play tends to be more important than the player. Advocates of the syndicates may justifiably say that they have raised the status of the play without diminishing that of the player. The stars are not less refulgent than they were thirty years ago and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to say that the quality of the plays produced by the syndicates is less striking than the quality of those produced by actor-managers. Mr. Bronson Albery, who, with Mr. Howard Wyndham, directs three West End theatres, can claim to have housed much better plays than the *Two Roses* which his father wrote for Henry Irving. The firm of Reandco have never staged so poor a play as *The Bells*. The fact of finance operated not less powerfully for the actor-manager than it acts for the syndicate. Many actor-managers were only nominally owners of their theatres. They had their "backers," even if the "backer" was no more than a mortgage-holding bank.

The historian of these times in the theatre will probably find

the profound change in its ownership and direction of much less significance and importance than other influences. He will not be able to disregard the competition of other forms of entertainment, such as tennis, motoring, moving-pictures and wireless, and he will probably wonder what it was that almost excluded the working-class from the theatre. Prior to 1914, working-people habitually frequented the play, but after that year, they withdrew from it. The cheapness, accessibility and comfort of the cinema are, no doubt, the deciding factors in this extraordinary development, but they cannot be the sole factors; for we find that young people, in other classes, go to the theatre less than their elders. It is likely that the historian will find in the prevailing mood of society itself a more potent agent against the theatre than in any other single force. Europe was exhausted and disillusioned during the years of suspended warfare, and that fact, in itself, was sufficient to change the whole character of the drama. The dæmonic energy of Bernard Shaw, the disturbing sweetness of Barrie, and the compassion of John Galsworthy were replaced by the nerveless despair of Noel Coward, the acrid cynicism of Somerset Maugham and the sentimental cynicism of Chekhov. Mind mattered less than emotion. Technical skill was subordinated to sudden effects. Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero constructed their plays so skilfully that they almost deprived their characters of humanity; but Noel Coward, despite his sense of the stage, appeared to improvise his plays; they resembled charades. It is possible now to speak of Mr. Coward in the past tense because, though he is only forty, his vogue, temporarily at all events, is over. Pinero's world was said, unjustly, to be restricted to the parish of St. James's, but Mr. Coward's world can, more truly, be bounded on the north, south, east and west by the Embassy Club. That world is out of joint. It is, indeed, only "a joint". But we shall deceive ourselves if we suppose that Mr. Coward will remain under a cloud. His swift and agile mind may surprise us all by developing a deeper sense of values than he has hitherto possessed. It must not be forgotten that he brought a note into the most trivial entertainment that was not in it before. Can we disregard an author who, writing a spectacular musical piece for Drury Lane, concludes it with a

song so bitter as *Twentieth Century Blues*? What, one wonders, would George Edwardes have said to any author who brought him such a lyric as this:

Why is it that civilized humanity
Must make the world go wrong?
In this hurly burly of insanity
Your dreams cannot last long.
We've reached a headline—
The Press headline—every sorrow
Blues value is News value to-morrow.

His anger and distress, had the ladies of his chorus been asked to sing the following refrain to that verse, would have been eloquent and profuse:

Blues, Twentieth Century Blues, are getting me down.
Who's escaped those weary Twentieth Century Blues?
Why, if there's a God in the sky, why shouldn't he grin?
High above this dreary Twentieth Century din,
In this strange illusion,
Chaos and confusion,
People seem to lose their way.
What is there to strive for,
Love or keep alive for? Say—
Hey, hey, call it a day.
Blues, nothing to win or lose.
It's getting me down.
Blues, I've got those weary Twentieth Century Blues.

Edwardes, one feels, would have exclaimed, "What do you think the Gaiety is—a morgue or a penitentiary?" That note of utter despondency, that wail of infant atheism and futility, continually recurs even in Mr. Coward's lightest pieces. It is a note which had been heard in other works than his, and was first heard while he was still at school. John Galsworthy, excessively sorry for mankind, had raised it in his novels and his plays, and it had been heard in places where it had seemed least likely to be sounded. The figure of John Bull had been transformed from that of a bluff, upstanding, resolute man into that of a nervous, apprehensive, shrinking little fellow, John Citizen or The Little Man, who was invited to believe at one and the same time that he was supporting the world and that he was unfit for his task.

The contagion of false humility and self depreciation spread across the world. It infected America no less than Germany where a high hysterical note prevailed so loudly for fifteen years that no other note could be heard. The Expressionists screamed

their way through the *Reich* until a reaction set in, and those who had tried to divest humanity of all its attributes, produced the supreme egotist, the essential Tappertit, who has landed the world in its present mess. Ernst Toller, who committed suicide in New York, was not, his English translator, Mr. Ashley Dukes, declared, an Expressionist, but he had affinities with that school. He cared less for people than for principles, and was occasionally confused by his inability to distinguish between a principle and a pronouncement. His plays were poor, for his talent was not essentially dramatic, but narrative, and he had suffered too much to be able to surmount his sufferings. He was, so to speak, his own cast. But he was the most human of the overwrought authors of Germany, personally likeable and transparently honest. His residual sanity preserved him from the extremities to which another German dramatist, Georg Kaiser, was addicted. Kaiser, whose best-known works, so far as this country is concerned, are *From Morn to Midnight* and *Gas*, both of which had some vogue in advanced dramatic organizations, though neither of them was popular even there, abstracted his people from human form, making discoloured symbols of them and denying them even names. They were labelled "A Clerk" or "A Woman" or "A Lamplighter" or "The Person Next Door". Admirers of expressionism, a form of drama which is extremely difficult to define, since its practitioners quarrel with each other more than they quarrel with their opponents, praised Kaiser because his plays "contained no characters". Dickens leaves his readers in no doubt about the difference between David Copperfield and Uriah Heap, but Kaiser and the Expressionists in general perceived no difference between one person and another, nor would they have acknowledged any difference if they had perceived it. One man, in their opinion, was as bad as another.

De-personalized drama became the fashion in advanced circles, and dramatists delighted, though their audiences did not, in people who were mass-produced emblems of current doctrines, possessing no personal characteristics, no courage, no faith or force, no will, but only, at best, a despairing envy which might, under great stress, cause them to run amok, as did the clerk in Kaiser's *From Morn to Midnight*, or commit a squalid murder, as

did the clerk in Mr. Elmer Rice's play, *The Adding Machine*. The chief figure in these plays was almost invariably a bank clerk, a cheerless and invertebrate man, bullied in the bank and nagged at home, who tried to console himself for his drab existence by imagining himself suddenly possessed of large sums of money, dallying with desirable girls, idling in expensive pleasure resorts, or avenging himself for his wrongs by slaying all whom he supposed to have wronged him. This was the drama of the neurotic serf. John Galsworthy's Falder, in *Justice*, had begotten clerks a little more mutinous than himself. He had stolen money and committed suicide; they stole money and committed murder. The force and splendour of Mr. Shaw's people, culminating in the heroism of *Saint Joan*, seemed not to make any impression on his juniors, because, perhaps, they talked about their vitality too much. The drama had become devitalized and emptied of heroic quality. Mr. Coward was the pivot on which the stage swung round from Galsworthy and Georg Kaiser and Elmer Rice to Mr. Auden and Mr. Isherwood. It seemed as if it might be strewn with disembowelled bodies. The rise of totalitarian systems of government, directly and indirectly, operated disastrously on the drama. "They tell me we have no art," said Napoleon. "I must speak to the Minister of the Interior about it." This destitution may be found in Russia, Germany and Italy where, even devoted communists and fascists admit, there is no art of any worth whatsoever being produced. What drama there is in these countries, is the most dreary and puerile agglomeration of doctrinaire beliefs and dialectics that the dullest wits can imagine.

With the arrival of the "modern" poet, the wide gulf that separates the several generations of this age became apparent. The separation is probably greater than has ever before been known. The distance, in time, between Mr. Coward and Mr. Auden and Mr. Isherwood is slight, much less than that between Mr. Shaw and Mr. Coward, less even than that between Mr. Coward and myself. Mr. Auden is thirty-three, Mr. Coward is forty, I am fifty-six, and Mr. Shaw is eighty-four. Seven years separate Mr. Coward from Mr. Auden, but although there are sixteen years between Mr. Coward and me, and forty-four years between him and Mr. Shaw, he is nearer to us than he is to his

junior. He may mark the end of us, but it is less certain that he marks the beginning of Mr. Auden. Here is a fact which may seem profoundly significant to the historian. I cannot establish contact with Mr. Auden, but I can establish contact with Mr. Coward and with Mr. Shaw. I can understand Chaucer more easily than I can understand Mr. T. S. Eliot who is an exception in so far that he is nearer my age than Mr. Coward. Mr. Eliot does not appear to me, whatever his talent as a poet may be, to have any talent as a dramatist. *Sweeney Agonistes* is a fragment, according to its author, but it has been publicly performed as a play, and may, therefore, be treated as one, especially in this part of this paper, since its spirit is akin to the depressing plays of the Suspension. Sweeney is found in the company of a dreary wench, called Doris, to whom he confides his belief that there are "only three things":

Doris : What things ?
 Sweeney : Birth, and copulation, and death.
 That's all, that's all, that's all, that's all.
 Birth, and copulation, and death.
 Doris : I'd be bored.
 Sweeney : You'd be bored.
 Birth, and copulation, and death.
 Doris : I'd be bored.
 Sweeney : You'd be bored.
 Birth, and copulation, and death.
 That's all the facts when you come to brass tacks ;
 Birth, and copulation, and death.
 I've been born, and once is enough.
 You don't remember, but I remember,
 Once is enough.

Mr. Eliot's hero suffers, it seems clear, from those Twentieth Century Blues which oppressed Mr. Coward's young lady in *Cavalcade*. Mr. Eliot is an avowed Christian; Mr. Coward is not; but it seems that there is little to choose between their belief and unbelief.

Superficially, there was some gain in the Suspension. Authors were allowed more latitude of speech and a wider range of subject than they formerly were, but the gain was more apparent than real. To be able to use the word "bloody" in dialogue is not a serious enlargement of freedom, nor are we certain that it is a liberty worth taking. The right to mention aberrations of sex unequivocally may be worth the discomfort it causes, but that

worth has yet to be proved. The significant fact about the drama of the Suspension is not that there was an increase of freedom, but that there was an increase of despair. All results had to be quick. Expression must be emotional rather than intellectual, and the emotional content of the expression must be shallow. Din was preferred to design. A wailing noise, called crooning, became the most popular form of music. The chief, if not the only, difference between one piece of crooning and another was that the names were different. The dance became a dismal shuffle by people who could neither smile nor speak. There was even an attempt to produce a drama in which the characters did little more than make animal noises. Dialogue became briefer and more brief—little flip-flip sentences, scarcely half a line in length. The plays shortened and the intervals lengthened, until at last a comedy acted for little longer than ninety minutes. Humour declined on the light stage, where spectacle was preferred. It was almost enough to say of a play that it was serious to ensure its failure.

Yet there was occasion for satisfaction during the Suspension, even if there was greater occasion for dissatisfaction. The desire for drama, despite every discouragement and every rival entertainment, remained undiminished; and since drama, more than any other art, is dependent on the good will of the people, this irrefutable fact denotes that it is unlikely to perish. Mr. Sean O'Casey came out of a Dublin slum to remind us that poetic speech still lingers on workmen's lips. It is unfortunate that Mr. O'Casey has abandoned his superb music-hall plays and devoted himself to proletarian politics—which have little, if anything, to do with working-class life—but the fact he demonstrated in *Juno and the Paycock* remains true: it has not been abolished by his Left Plays of the Month. The troops have demanded more plays and fewer variety turns in their broadcast and camp programmes, but they are unwilling to take cocktail pieces with any pleasure. When the Government closed every theatre in the country, throwing thousands of people of every denomination out of work, the general public immediately began to devise some sort of dramatic entertainment for itself. Where nothing else was possible, they read plays to each other in their homes. It may be that the gap in our lives

which was made by the outbreak of the war in 1914 will be widened and deepened by its resumption in 1939. Mr. Auden uses words differently from the way in which they are used by his elders. It may be, that after the War, a generation will arise which is as incomprehensible to him as he is to us. Or we may find the new generation gratefully returning to the standards of Mr. Auden's seniors. The essential fact is that the drama will survive if the spirit of freedom is not destroyed. It will die if freedom dies.

(Mr. St. John Ervine will contribute a second article "The Wars and the Actor" to the August issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY).

THE LEGEND OF SAINT SERVITOR

Added to the *Acta Sanctorum*

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

LATE in the evening the Emperor Marcus Aurelius sat writing in his Prætorian tent, placed in the centre of a Roman legion's square camp on the wooded plain just south of the Danube. It was bitter winter, and by the wholesome routine of Roman armies, the legions should have withdrawn into winter-quarters while the Emperor returned to Rome for health and public business. But the danger still threatening the northern frontiers of the Empire was too serious to allow of relaxation, and though this was the eighth campaign conducted with apparent success by the Emperor himself, he was resolved to carry it through to the end.

As usual after the day's activity he was jotting down his "Private Thoughts" or "Meditations"—a diary of mental reflections that might have occurred to him during the hours of partial light. As so often he began with a quotation from Plato, suggested as an encouragement for enduring the hardships of a winter campaign. He wrote :—

In whatever station a soldier finds himself—whether he has chosen the post of his own free will as the best for him, or has been assigned to it by his officer—it is his duty to remain there, counting neither death nor anything else an evil to be compared with the disgrace of desertion.

It was a consolation to think he was still a disciple of Plato, but reflecting upon himself and his own insignificance in this vast Universe of Nature under the rules of time and space, he added the desperate reflection :—

Asia ! Europe ! what are they but little chinks in the world ? The ocean is but a drop, and Mount Athos but a clod, the present moment but a tiny point in eternity.

That humiliating contrast between the magnitude of Nature and his own unimportance perpetually shadowed his mind, and

he sat far into the night contemplating a subject so transcendent and so hard for an active personality to realize, until at last he closed his papyrus tablets scratched with the sharp-pointed style, wrapped himself in his furs and lay down upon his camp bed.

He had made it a rule of life never to excuse himself by pleading that he had no time or was too much occupied, and so, when at the first sign of dawn the Præfect who managed the legion's stores came through the folded curtain of the tent and stood at attention, Marcus roused himself at once, and asked, "Well, what is it?"

"Emperor," replied the Præfect, "I have caught a deserter trying to steal provisions from the store. He said he was under orders to feed the enemy."

"I never gave such an order," said the Emperor. "What sort of a man is he?"

"He is a soldier of the first cohort, his name is Servitor, and he calls himself a Christian. There are a dozen of these Christians in that cohort. I regret it, for they are always appealing to some authority greater than the Emperor, which is impossible."

"Those Jews are always a nuisance," sighed the Emperor, "always a troublesome and obstinate people. Show him in, and tell the executioner to stand ready."

The Præfect led in a soldier, dressed like an ordinary legionary, but disarmed.

"Soldier," said the Emperor sternly, "you are charged with attempting to escape and convey food to the enemy. The penalty for both crimes is death. Have you anything to say?"

"I obey my master's orders," replied the prisoner.

"I am your master," said the Emperor. "I command the army as Imperator and Princeps of the Senate and the Roman people."

"I obey the orders of a greater master," said the prisoner. "His name is Jesus in Hebrew, but the Greeks have called him Christos as being the anointed king of the world, and we in his service are called Christians."

"I have heard of him," said the Emperor. "A turbulent rebel, whom even the Jews disowned. They clamoured for his

execution, and he died under the Divine Tiberius long ago. You cannot obey his orders."

"He ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of God the Father," said the prisoner.

"Much the same was told of the Divine Augustus," remarked the Emperor, slightly smiling. "The most charming and loyal of our poets even described him as lying at ease among the gods and heroes quaffing nectar with roseate lips. That is not a futurity that I personally envy, but I suppose that when death confers deity upon me I shall be obliged to endure Elysium as I endure my earthly lot. How did you acquire the order from your master so long dead even though transported to heaven?"

"His word abides for ever," said the prisoner.

"And what is the eternal order of which you speak?" asked the Emperor.

"My master's order is to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us. And our master's greatest follower wrote, if your enemies hunger feed them."

"Was it, then, to feed the enemy that you committed the capital crime of stealing from the legion's store?"

"I obeyed my master," answered the prisoner. "The enemy is hungry. They creep across the river crying aloud for food. They point to their mouths and their pinched bellies. But we kill them on the bank, as the centurions order."

"The centurions do their duty," said the Emperor. "Starvation is our chief defence, especially in winter. I know these savages. Seven times have I driven them back from this river over which they repeatedly attempt to swarm south into the warm and fertile lands of our Empire. The Divine Julius himself had much trouble to check their advance over that other great river, on the west, and the Divine Augustus held them back only with terrible loss to his legions. Seven times have I stretched out the army along the Danube's course, lest the savages should sweep down through the Alpine passes into Italy herself, the nursery of the Roman people. Time after time I have forced them to return to their gloomy forests and hills covered with mist. There they seek shelter in wretched hovels of wood and leaves, dragging out life through icy winters, crouched together for warmth like their bears and wolves.

Now they come again in hordes to devour civilization and destroy the glory of Rome. My legions confront them, but starvation is stronger than the sword."

"If your enemy is hungry," said the prisoner, "feed him."

"You have told me that before," said the Emperor, rather wearily, though with his habitual politeness. "You Jews are a persistent race. I visited Syria a year or two ago, and I am not likely to forget that journey. My most beautiful and most loveable wife, Faustina, died on our way over the Taurus Mountains, and there I built a temple to her memory as a goddess and the mother of my numerous children. Advancing into Syria to guard our Parthian frontier, I came to the ruins of Jerusalem, formerly your capital city, and found its condition deplorable. The city had been built on the flat summit of a hill surrounded on two sides by a deep ravine, worn by a little stream called Kedron. Only from the north and west could an army have approached it. On the eastern side the land sloped gradually down to a large lake so full of salt and bitumen that not even fish could live in it. Some attempts had been made to restore the city since the Divine Titus destroyed it, but hardly one stone remained standing upon another, and the city looked like a skeleton stretched upon the rocks. The walls lay in ruins, the streets were mouldering to rubble. Nothing remained standing except a length of massive wall supporting the flattened space upon which Rome had allowed a King Herod to build a temple to the local god, whose name has escaped me, though I heard it at the time. Our law had expelled all the Jews, but a few still crept about, seeking shelter among the holes and cellars of the ancient ruins. Glad to escape from the ghostly scene, I pitched my camp upon a high hill a mile or two north-east—the same hill upon which the Divine Titus pitched for his main attack upon the walls about a hundred years before. There, all night long I was kept awake by the howling of wolves and jackals. Such has been the fate of your Jewish race, a warning to all rebels against Rome."

"Wretched, no doubt," said the prisoner, "but I am not a Jew. I am a Roman citizen, born at Ostia, at the mouth of Rome's river."

"I rejoice to hear it," said the Emperor. "But the religion

called Christian is undoubtedly an offshoot of the Jewish abominable superstition, as the historian Tacitus called it. He justly classed you with the Jews as being held guilty by the universal detestation of mankind. When the Divine Tiberius banished all Jews to Sardinia, the historian added the comment, 'and if the unhealthy climate killed them off, that would be a cheap loss.'"

"Our master," replied the prisoner, "was born and brought up among Jews, yet the Jews hate us Christians as bitterly as we Romans hate the barbarians, whom we are commanded to love."

"It would be difficult indeed," the Emperor retorted, "even for your master to love these savages who are again threatening the northern frontiers of our Empire, driven by the sordid misery of their lives. Look at them even now as they wander up and down along that bank opposite. You see they let their hair grow far down over their shoulders, and that is well for them; for they fight almost naked to the waist. See how heavy and dull they look! Certainly, they have one good point—they never waste time over laughter. They devour lumps of flesh hardly warmed with fire and they drink fermented liquids which would deprive them of reason if they had any reason. After they are sated, they bellow like bulls, and lie torpid like dogs or swine. To eat and drink and copulate are their only delights, unless they set out to destroy some neighbouring tribe. They are divided into various tribes—Marcomanni, Quadredi, and a lot more. These tribes, as they populate up to the limits of their own districts, rush upon each other with extreme violence, throwing showers of darts and piercing the enemies' bodies with spears tipped with iron or simply sharpened and burnt at the ends. In these conflicts the women share with feminine fury, knowing that the enemy's best chance of destroying their tribe is to kill the women first."

"For gods they possess no marble statues, nor have they temples. They worship formless fantasies of ignorant imagination, and in the deepest recesses of their forests they celebrate bloody rites. The blood of a sacrificed man or woman is thought most acceptable to the full moon or to the sun returning after winter. Together with these religious sacrifices, they practise a

peculiar abomination by flaying the corpses and cutting the skins into strips or shapes, which the women adapt as light underclothes to protect or adorn the parts of their bodies not sheltered by the covering of furs. In times of famine like the present they slice off portions of the sacrificed body and roast them on long wooden spits for food. Why should Romans hand over our stores to keep brutish and obscene animals alive?

"In front of their charging line they carry on long poles the heads of slaughtered wild beasts, dripping blood as signs of the fate in store for their enemies. As they charge they shout and yell in their barbaric language, which no human being but themselves ever understood. Unable to make letters, they cannot write or possess any records of the past, except that some of the men and women scream stories of hideous monsters and brutalized females. Why should we Romans waste our provisions to keep such obscene animals alive for a single day?"

"It was for all mankind, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, that Christ died," answered the prisoner. "The more brutish the sinner, in the greater need of redemption does he stand."

"It was not worth a god's while to die for these savages," said the Emperor. "If you had studied the philosophers, you would know that what we Stoics call Universal Nature appears to be developing, however slowly, towards the attainment of an ideal state which the greatest philosopher beheld as in a vision. In some regions of our Empire the advance of mankind is now visible, though small. Leaving Greece and Asia out of account, consider only that realm of Italy which we both stand under our military oath to protect against these savages who are always lowering like volcanic fires upon our frontiers ready to plunder, overturn and annihilate."

"Remember how the greatest of our poets some two centuries ago, though he was often touched by the tears of mankind, suddenly rose to enthusiasm when he pictured our sunlit Italy! On either side of her far-reaching coasts glitters a purple sea—the sea that cleanses all things, as a Greek dramatist said. Here are safe harbours for our ships, and inland lakes, almost as wide as seas. Here are no tigers, nor gaping lions, no poisonous plants or snakes. But here the olive and the myrtle grow, and trees with kindly fruits. Here roam the ewes in lamb beneath a sky

of perpetual spring, as though every month would be summertime.

"Think of our noble cities, built with such toil, our towns constructed on the edge of precipitous cliffs, and rivers sliding beneath their ancient walls! Here sprang the vital heroes of the Roman race whose glories are told in the long records of our history. Hail, dear land of the primal gods, begetter of plenty, begetter of men. Were I a poet, I would sing of Italy, her glory and her arts, as I wandered from one Roman hamlet to another! This is the land which savages are now intent to ravage and destroy as a mountain torrent in flood lays waste a cheerful village and covers it with slime. Here is the beneficent good of Nature. There is no good but good. There is no evil but evil. It is in the power of each race as of each human being to choose which it will have."

"Emperor," replied the prisoner, "even Italians must be redeemed together with the whole world. Even those who dwell in the palaces of Rome must be redeemed by the spirit of the Son of God."

The Emperor sat silent for a time. Then he said, "Only the other day I wrote upon my tablets that a man may be virtuous even in a palace, and now you tell me that even in a palace a man may require what you call redemption. I know too well that in a palace there may be evil. That is no news to me."

"But come now!" he continued, "At the tent door you see the executioner waiting. Knowing the instant penalty, will you still persist in your crime as a deserter?"

"My master ordered me to love my enemies and to feed them if they were hungry," replied the prisoner without hesitation.

"Præfect," said the Emperor, "take this man and loose him. If he still wants to cross the river with provisions, he may as well be put to death on that side of the river as on this."

Bowing deeply to the Governor of the World, the Præfect withdrew with the prisoner called Servitor, and the Emperor Marcus turned again to the tablets on which he had written the night before. He read:—

Wipe out all that is mere opinion, but examine whatever comes your way. What anyone else has committed, let it lie where the guilt was. Examine whatever is spoken, and let your mind penetrate into cause and

effect. Make sure that all things lying halfway between virtue and vice shall remain indifferent to you. Finally, love mankind, and comply with the force of Universal Nature. Remember that, as at the seashore whatever you could see before is quickly hidden and covered up by fresh heaps of sand thrown over the first, even so in this life all former things are obliterated by those which immediately succeed.

He paused and sat for a while wondering what ridge of sand might next be deposited by the waves of time over all that he now saw and thought and felt. He remembered how once he had been a child, then a youth, then a young man in his prime, and now he was approaching old age. Every change from one age to another had been a kind of death. "We bury our friends," he thought, "but to bury ourselves, and we bury ourselves in passing from one of our ages to another. An old man has been buried five times already before his friends carry his corpse to the burning." Then he wrote:—

As my poet said, each of us at the long last must endure as ghosts the recompense ordained. Nothing can happen to us but what is implied in our Nature, just as nothing can happen to an ox, a vine, or a stone which is not in accord with its Nature, and to Nature only the good is good, and only the evil is evil. In all my thoughts and cares there must be nothing contrary to my own Nature, and my one object must be to move in harmony with that Universal Nature which appears to be working perpetually towards some aspect of perfection. Nature's road is rough, for the rocks of evil lie strewn upon our road. So thick lie evil and unhappiness that the very stars twinkle with weeping over our fate, as well they may. But none the less, all external pains must to us remain indifferent.

At this point the Emperor's meditations were interrupted by confused sounds of disturbance and shouting. He thought himself sure of the legions, but there had been examples of mutinies in which the soldiers had risen against Emperors and murdered them to secure plunder or a change in unpopular command. He hurried from the Prætorian tent into the freezing air, and strode down the river bank. There he at once perceived his Camp Prætor side by side with the released prisoner, Servitor, dragging a huge sledge down the smooth incline to the river's ice. They had heaped up a mound of various provisions drawn from the store-tents—whole sides of oxen and sheep, sacks of wheat and ground flour, lengths of bread, and large jars oozing with red wine from Italy. A crowd of legionaries stood looking on uttering shouts of rage and amazement. But at sight of the Emperor they were silent and stood at attention.

"Prætor," he said when he reached the side of the sledge, "is that all it will hold?"

"Cæsar," replied the Prætor, "we can cram in no more, and perhaps the ice would not stand a greater weight."

"Servitor," the Emperor continued, "your purpose is plain, and even a madman should have a purpose every day. You know well that speedy death by torture awaits you among the barbarians over there. But to you as to other mortals pain and death should be indifferent. Pernicious Christian or Jew as you may be, go in peace to your doom."

At the word "Christian" some of the legionaries shouted "Jesus!" and others called upon the ancient gods of their childhood. But Servitor only said "My master's command is, 'If your enemy is hungry feed him.'"

He looked across the river, fixing his eyes upon a small inlet far on the other side. Taking his long iron-pointed lance, he pushed the sledge out upon the frozen surface, and it slid smoothly towards midstream. At the sight shouts of applause and derision rose from either bank. Again and again he struck the iron point into the ice, so that the sledge moved with increasing speed till it ran into the inlet he had observed.

Then the Emperor and the soldiers, watching from the camp, saw shaggy barbarians swarming round the sledge like famished wolves. With shouts they clambered over each other, falling upon the food wherever they could clutch a bit of something to eat. The greatest struggle was for the carcasses of the slaughtered beasts, which they tore in pieces, rending the joints apart, stripping the flesh from the bones, and eating the red fragments raw. Others, less fortunate, grabbed at the fruits and vegetables. The women seized the sacks of grain and flour, devouring all they could gather in their hands, and forcing some of it into the crying mouths of their children. Some of the men broke off the necks of the winejars, and drank till others forced the jars away for themselves. Soon the sledge was empty but for bones and fragments of crockery. Crowds of savages, attracted by the clamour, came running down in the hope that something might still be left for them, but nothing was.

As for Servitor, one woman tore off his cloak and lashed it round her naked body from neck to knee. Another unlaced his

helmet and tied it on her boy's head, amid much laughter. But the men who had secured anything to eat, clapped his back, threw their arms round his neck, and bore him up the bank into the wood beyond, uttering cries of joy and praise.

"We shall see legionary Servitor no more," said the Prætor. "My fear is they will make him a god, and try to absorb his powers by devouring him, as these barbarians do."

"Though they should tear him in pieces," said the Emperor, "he can suffer no hurt. Even a god may be virtuous."

So saying, he returned to the camp, and after visiting each section to see that all was in order, he retired to his vast tent. There as usual in the evening, he meditated on the events of the day and taking up his tablets, he wrote :—

Whatever any man does or says you must follow the guidance of your inner Nature, not for any other man's sake, but for the sake of your own Nature. Just as though gold or emerald or purple were continually saying each to itself, Whatever any man says or does, I must still remain gold or emerald or purple, keeping my own natural colour.

"That soldier Servitor," he went on in his reflections, "was certainly as constant as any dye or emerald or gold. No harm can befall him, for he is fulfilling his Nature."

When spring came, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius advanced the legions across the flooded Danube on rafts and entered the forest land that was to become part of Pannonia. So he came to a village called Vindobina, where afterwards the Imperial city of Vienna was to rise.

There he died, worn out by the toil of action and of thought. On the march up a legionary brought him as a curiosity a rough block of a fir tree, upon the flattened surface of which was rudely inscribed, as though cut with the point of a short sword, the words "Servitor Christi."

A FURTHER CONSIDERATION OF THE CONTEMPT OF LEARNING

BY M. ST. CLARE BYRNE

(Miss M. St. Clare Byrne continues the argument on the Contempt of Learning in 20th Century England started by Miss Dorothy L. Sayers in the April issue. Allowing merely for some such simple little Pirandello-ish stage-direction as Ego and Alter Ego change places and personalities the characters remain the same and the debate continues).

Ego : Confound you, Socrates, you have woken me up. Anyhow, I begin to perceive in our dialogue a certain lack of definition. In this pursuit of hares you and I are treating words as Humpty Dumpty did ; and as each of us understands what the other is choosing to make them mean all is well. But if our friends are to be lured into this we must define our terms. I propose, therefore, that you should define 'learning'.

ALTER EGO : I shall do no such thing ! Learning cannot be circumscribed within a dictionary definition, which will tend, I fancy, to confuse and equate it with knowledge.

Ego (*reaching out a long arm for H—K and L—N*) : It does. Learning is primarily "the action of acquiring knowledge". It is also "Knowledge, especially of language or some department of literary or historical science acquired by systematic study".

ALTER EGO : All right as far as it goes ; and the "study" is essential, as against the "experience" element in knowledge. Nevertheless, the kind of distinction we are both assuming is popularly accepted. Unfortunate children are 'crammed with knowledge' and schoolboys 'know everything about wireless', but no one thinks of describing them as learned.

Ego : The adjectival forms support you. Learning—learned ; as against Knowledge—knowledgeable—'knowing'.

ALTER EGO : Knowledge is a process : the getting-to-know, the accumulating of facts, information, technical data. It relates to the mastering of what is already known, familiarizing oneself with existing material.

EGO : Quantitative, where learning is qualitative ?

ALTER EGO : Yes. If you like, the raw material of learning : preliminary equipment ; jumping-off place. It is general ; has, as it were, a spatial spread. It covers the ground ; can be acquired by Infant Phenomenons—nomena—?

EGO : *Nons*, I think. Whereas learning connotes intensity, depth, purpose, direction, canalization of energy—

ALTER EGO : —and has essentially that backward reach through time. It is not wisdom—

EGO : —but it seeks it, associating itself in study with the accumulated wisdom of mankind—the fruit of study plus contemplation.

ALTER EGO : Yes. And we must get in the idea that it is directed always towards synthesis ; characterized by ripeness, maturity, dispassionate enthusiasm ; informed by judgment, lit by the imagination—

EGO : These are supposed to be notes for a thesis, not the ground plan of an ode.

ALTER EGO : You want the essentials. There they are. But we would say, 'He has a thorough knowledge of book-keeping (or bee-keeping, or typing, or stage-management, or committee procedure, or the internal combustion engine), when we mean that a man knows his facts, and understands the practical application of theory.

EGO : How familiar one becomes with that distinction when writing testimonials ! I have praised the industry and knowledge of many, but of only one pupil in a life-time have I gone so far as to say, 'He has a natural love of learning'. On the other hand, the Dictionary, as evidence of usage, suggests that the general tendency is to treat knowledge and learning as the same thing ; and at times, even, to attach an almost higher value to the former.

ALTER EGO : It may mean nothing more than the triumph of phonetic over semantic values. "Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed—".

(*They continue in a dead-heat chorus ; and a digression ensues—omitted here—in which they hurl quotations at each other*).

EGO (*the gleam of victory in the eye*) : "Knowledge dwells, In heads replete with thoughts of other men". Cowper !

ALTER EGO (*trumping opponent's ace*) : "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased".

EGO : That's the one I always want to inscribe over the Reading Room entrance. But I must remind you that this quotation-swopping is a "highbrow" amusement, for indulgence in which we have before now been censured.

ALTER EGO : Confound their impertinence ! There we are, back again where we started, with "highbrow" used as a term of abuse. This hare *must* be coursed. Are you satisfied that we are of one mind in our usage of the words learning and knowledge, and that we have paid them off properly of a Saturday night ?

EGO : More than satisfied.

ALTER EGO : Then can't I have my highbrow hare coursed ? It's only a little one.

EGO : Beloved Socrates, you shall have it juggled ! But we shall have to discriminate with some care ; because although we object, very rightly, to the hearty moron who calls any well-read person a highbrow, we ourselves use the term highbrow to abuse that preciousness of appreciation which has heard of no poetry before Auden and Isherwood, and believes that "Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine".

ALTER EGO : We do. But what I want to know is, who started this business of calling names ? Was it the genuine intellectual, endeavouring to dissociate himself from this pseudo-learning with its cliques and its cults and its deliberate pursuit of singularity ? Or was it the pseudo-intellectual who thus retorted, upon finding himself generally unacceptable in the strongholds of academic learning ? Or did the idea just spring fully-grown from the head of the Great British Public on one of its off-days ?

EGO : I haven't an idea. But I daresay someone will tell us. The trouble is that the G.B.P. persists in confusing the man of learning with what we call the highbrow.

ALTER EGO : Learning must take some of the responsibility for this unfortunate identification. It has always produced its fair share of eccentrics.

EGO : And to-day that is another count against it. We clamour for originality, and are mortally afraid of it when we get it. Everyone must toe the line. We frown upon excess—in manners, apparel, conduct, life : unless it is the excess of ostentation and material wealth.

ALTER EGO : And because learned women wear frightful hats—sometimes—and live on prunes and custard and stewy soup and soupy stew and tired lettuce—sometimes ; and because learned men are sometimes absent-minded or of slovenly habit ; *therefore*—ye gods—*therefore* we despise the thing itself.

EGO : We are liquidating the eccentric as steadily as possible. But to come back to your highbrow. I think he gives us an indication of what *kind* of learning it is that is despised to-day.

ALTER EGO : Most certainly it is not scientific learning, which is easily a best-seller, with its *Mathematics for the Million* and its *Mysterious Universe*.

EGO : Exactly. The contempt focuses upon the humaner studies, and upon such kinds of learning as involve the critical faculties, taste and discrimination, and postulate a general artistic cultural background.

ALTER EGO : So back we come to What is wrong with Education ? The answer being, utilitarian bias. And I am not at all sure that the rapid growth of scientific knowledge in the last fifty years is not mainly responsible. Its commercial value has been so completely recognized by the community at large that it is now better subsidized than any other branch of learning. It offers a 'safe' career at every level of ability ; and it also offers the big prizes.

EGO : I believe it has also a more oblique kind of damage to answer for, and that the influence and impact of scientific method upon the humaner studies have materially contributed to the situation we are deploring. The enormous amount of highly specialized work devoted to original documents and records and to the more recondite aspects of literary and historical studies ; the application of bibliographical methods, especially in relation to Shakespearian problems ; the

superseding, in the editing of texts, of artistic and eclectic standards by 'scientific' ; all these developments have made possible some very considerable and worth-while additions to the sum of human knowledge. Most work of this kind, however, is outside the scope and the sympathies of the ordinary educated reader. He is not qualified to estimate its real value : consequently he neglects it, and, by way of disregarding, proceeds to discounting and then to despising.

ALTER EGO : But surely a more scientific method was badly needed in literary and historical studies ? You can't want to go back to the days when Coleridge could dismiss the Porter scene in *Macbeth* as an actors' interpolation simply because he found it 'disgusting', so that *therefore* it could not possibly have been written by Shakespeare ?

EGO : Certainly not. But the fact remains, Coleridge could *write*. So could historians like Macaulay and Froude. And in consequence the ordinary cultured man read what they wrote. Moreover, their angle coincided with the ordinary man's : they agreed as to what was of first-rate importance. Nowadays, with a few honorable exceptions, the ordinary man finds the expert's style dull and his matter dry ; they light no candle in his mind.

ALTER EGO : Yes : and often enough he is by no means sure that this specialist material is really of first-rate importance. And I can tell you yet another result of the impact of such studies upon the mind of the ordinary educated non-specialist. He gives them enough consideration to find out for himself that they are not for his reading, and puts them aside as 'too deep for me'. But, he gets just enough of what they have to give to put him out of conceit with the older writers too. He has gone beyond them, willy-nilly.

EGO : It looks as if, for the last fifty years or so, learning has been too largely represented by, and therefore identified with, the work of the specialist. Consequently the ordinary cultured reader has lost touch with such studies ; and for serious reading has been deflected into other channels—notably the semi-learned and the pseudo-learned, such as 'popular' biography at its best and its worst.

ALTER EGO : Who is starting hares now ? We shall have

to tackle this whole business of popularization, and it is going to take us from accessibility, via stunts and publicity, to vulgarization. We must anatomize the attack from within; publishers, journalism, the B.B.C. have all taken a hand, largely because they tend to trust to the knowledgeable rather than the genuinely learned man, and because they fancy themselves as knowledgeable intermediaries between learning and the general public—go-betweens, interpreters, neat devisers of pretty formulæ for gilding the pill.

EGO: I refuse to classify your last statement as a hare! It is either a red herring or an evening at the dogs. And if we are making an evening of it, doesn't this bring us back to your highbrow? May we not group with him the knowledgeable, and also the cranks and the poseurs and the commercial exploiters of learning, and say that much of the contempt for 'learning' that is felt or expressed by the ordinary man is actually not directed against learning itself but against these people and their works? More mistaken identification, in fact?

ALTER EGO: Yes. And we might add that those qualities of mind and manner which the ordinary man fancies he dislikes in men of learning—oddity, arrogance, condescension, 'swank'—are in point of fact the characteristics not of men of learning but of second-rate minds in any walk of life, whether it is learning, art or commerce. And it is in this category that the highbrow and the knowledgeable belong.

EGO: I have met a certain amount of brusque arrogance amongst men of learning, but I have never found it any more offensive than the equivalent cocksureness of other kinds of experts. The man of learning does not as a rule lay down the law upon subjects of which he knows nothing. The 'ordinary man' who is an expert in his own line but lacks the general discipline imposed upon thought by scholarship, is, on the whole, much more liable to dogmatize upon every subject under the sun.

ALTER EGO: In fact, when people profess contempt of learning, half the time they are expressing their very reasonable dislike either of the hangers-on and parasites of learning, or else of traits of character by no means peculiar to the learned.

Which suggests that their own education, being itself deficient in quality, owing to its insistence on utilitarian aims, has turned them out unable to recognize quality when they see it, and unable to distinguish between the real and the sham.

EGO: Back to utilitarianism again! By which, I take it, we mean as you said this afternoon, "training for paid employment for which the student neither has nor hopes to have a vocation". Or, as it has also been called, "the pursuit of useful knowledge".

ALTER EGO: "Useful knowledge" was what they gave girls in the worst period of female education! You can't say we haven't been warned, that we haven't already tried it on the dog!

EGO: The results ought to have warned us. Nevertheless, some of our scientists are now telling us that the idea of learning for learning's sake is as dead as mutton, and that the only education the modern world has any 'use' for is the one that is 'useful'.

ALTER EGO: This utility standard menaces us at every turn. Useful for what? Does anybody judge by 'usefulness' when summing-up what is or has been most worth-while in their lives?

EGO: No. But dissatisfied parents and employers and unemployed young people find it a useful (!) parrot cry; and it is always easier to make education and teachers the scapegoat than to push employment and employers into that rôle. Most people make the mistake of confusing education for life with training for a job. It ought to be possible to run them in double harness; but the present attempt to do so seems as often as not to result in doing neither properly.

ALTER EGO: I think perhaps this particular mental and practical confusion helps to explain why contempt for learning is so to speak in the air; why it is beginning to infect the representatives of learning, and why, for example, it so tinges the outlook even of parents who are in process of having their children educated that they cannot help communicating something of their attitude to those children. And, of course, the debunking, mainly by public school men, of the legend that schooldays are the happiest time of one's life, and the fierce

criticism to which the public school type of education has been subjected, have both helped to whip up a general disgruntlement. But what I want to get clear is this. We decided that contempt for learning has increased in direct ratio to the extension of educational facilities to all. Now, are there any social reasons, any changes in the fabric of social life since our own school days, which will help to explain why, in spite of all modern improvements, etc., children on the whole to-day seem to get less out of their education than we did?

Ego: I think the change that has taken place in the home conditions of so many professional and middle-class families since the last war is partly responsible. The boarding-school child is perhaps hardly affected by it, but the day-school child pays heavily for that lack of stability and efficiency in the working of the household for which the domestic servant problem is so largely responsible. Flexibility is a good thing; but if your energy is continually being diverted by household emergencies—amusing or distressing—you very easily lose the grip and concentration necessary for holding a straight course. A well-ordered domestic routine, functioning 'regular as clockwork', may be dull-ish; but it provides the right kind of framework for the child who should be regarding education as the main business and occupation of life. It enables him to conserve his energies for getting on with the job.

ALTER EGO: Shrinkages of professional incomes and the steady converting of luxuries into necessities have done a lot to alter this kind of home life. People live in flats instead of houses. The schoolroom is abolished. If you want a car and an expensive radio set you must economize on room space and on extra fires and light.

Ego: Which means that the better-off child, like the poorer child, does its homework and its reading in the communal sitting-room, while Father has the expensive radio blaring all evening, and Mother chatters through it.

ALTER EGO: And when these children get to college—or so I'm told—they can't work in the unnatural quiet and solitariness of rooms of their own. They have to have their wirelesses going while they write their essays; they can't bear to be alone, and have to go about in gangs and gaggles—

Ego: —over-stimulated the whole time, nervous energy sapped by the speed, the noise, the overcrowding. It does not make for quality.

ALTER EGO: That over-stimulation of the faculties is one of the curses of big-town life to-day.

Ego: A friend of mine who teaches in a London school, at present evacuated to a small country-town, tells me the resultant improvement in general alert receptivity, enthusiasm and interest is quite astonishing. Her really stupid Lower Fourth of thirteen-year-olds, for example, is reacting to *The Faerie Queene* with a lively delight and an intelligent appreciation which she says she can hardly parallel in twenty years' teaching experience; and she puts it down entirely to the fact that they have been deprived of the usual distractions which absorb their capacity for æsthetic experience. In an ordinary way they would be going to theatres and concerts, and certainly two or three films each week.

ALTER EGO: In so-called "normal" times, in fact, saturation point is reached before they begin to think about giving any response to school work! It seems to me that both parents and teachers are to blame for permitting such a state of affairs.

Ego: Of course they are! Though they can both produce perfect alibis when you tackle them.

ALTER EGO: Education is no fun unless circumstances allow you to throw yourself whole-heartedly into the business, bringing to it all your faculties and energy, not only the bits left over from your real interests.

Ego: To come back to learning, I don't see how we can expect people either to respect it or give it genuine appreciation if they have never experienced for themselves both the habit of study and its arduous delight.

ALTER EGO: Then one of our practical remedies must be—Education for the young conceived as a whole-time job, and so planned that the normal adolescent can be reasonably expected to find it sufficiently vital and interesting and worthwhile for a real concentrating of his energies.

Ego: It must include the provision of leisure that is inalienably their own; and exclude over-stimulation of the æsthetic faculties. But I don't think we need to worry

our heads about the remedies. The teaching profession is always clamouring for the essentials.

ALTER EGO : Essentials that the ordinary man is going to accept as such ?

EGO : Certainly. Shorter hours, smaller classes, overhaul of the curriculum, and dealing with the examination bogey. The teachers know all about this lack of quality, and are the first to lament it. They know by experience just what improvement is effected in one term, if for some special reason they are allowed to carry out any or all of these reforms with a backward class in their own schools.

ALTER EGO : Be practical. Who is to table these reforms ? And then carry them into effect ?

EGO : The teaching profession as a whole, of course.

ALTER EGO : Has it the power ?

EGO : No ; as things are at present. Yes, if it will scrap its inequalities, sink all its own rivalries and jealousies, and unite as a body. Then, as a profession, let it set its own house in order.

ALTER EGO : Can the teachers do this ?

EGO : Can they afford not to ?

ALTER EGO : It is, of course, only one aspect of the general social problem.

EGO : Admittedly. But let us have first things first—the individual human being, then the education which develops his potentialities ; after that, the employment problem. Employment exists for the human being, not vice versa. Education is fundamental. Therefore, to quote your distinguished self, my dear Socrates, why not ‘ begin here ’ ?

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN—A BEGINNING

LETTICE COOPER

THE two decades between the last war and the present war already look like an island in history. We can see as little of them in perspective as a man sailing from the harbour of an island into stormy seas can see the whole contour and relief of the land that he is leaving. As he glances back with half his mind on the darkening sky and the mounting waves before him, a peak higher than the others, a window flashing light, a building pale against the sombre trees catch his eye. He remembers, there I climbed and there I slept, through that wood there was a winding road, by that church a square and a fountain, but they are disconnected images that he sees for a second before he turns again to face the storm. Such is our vision of the years that divided 1918 from 1939. Each man interprets the vision according to his temperament. It was an age of illusions now proved mirage, or of promise yet to be fulfilled, it was the end of civilization or the beginning of a new social and economic order. One thing is certain, our partial sight can only be guess work, yet even our guesses may have value, for without some idea of what made up the lost world and why it was lost, what hope have we of working out a new one ?

One peak to the retrospective eye stands clear of the mists, one movement of history is undeniable. During those years the position of women, legal, economic, social changed more than it has done during any twenty, or fifty, or a hundred years, in the history of this country. Women in those twenty years became citizens. They were granted first the partial and then the full franchise. They were admitted to the House of Commons, to the Bar, to all posts in the Civil Service, except for the diplomatic and consular services, which are still reserved for men only. They were placed on an equality with men in the position of guardian to a child. The divorce laws were

altered to allow a wife to divorce a husband on the same grounds as those on which a husband was allowed to divorce a wife. By the amendment of the Marriage Women's Property Act, the wife was granted for the first time full right to and responsibility for her property. With these legal alterations went in different degrees but in all sections of society a change in the social habits of women. These changes had begun in the last war, when women, because they were wanted to do the work of men, were allowed some of their liberties. The young woman of this period enjoyed a freedom that her mother had not dreamed of. She was spoken of as "emancipated" as in many ways she was. It is worth while to pause for a minute and ask how far she really was emancipated, and what was the human value of that emancipation? How far is she more of a person than she was? How much more does she contribute to society? How much more is she a whole human being and a happy human being for that gift of emancipation which some think came from the wand of a good fairy and some from a bad one?

Opinion is always impatient. When after centuries of wars and competitive nationalism, a League of Nations is born, tried out as a partial experiment, and fails in another twenty years time to avert another war, everyone cries out that the idea has been proved a failure. It is as though they discovered with astonishment that a three months old baby could not drive a car, and determined that he would never be fit to hold a licence. Women after thousands of years in which as citizens they have been treated as inferior, incapable and not to be trusted, are suddenly admitted to something approaching to equal citizenship. Because they do not at once become successful Prime Ministers, prevent war, or even show themselves entirely at home in their new circumstances, there are some people who cry out that the emancipation of women has been a failure. The truth is that the emancipation of women is only in its infancy. It has not yet grown old enough to be a success or a failure. Women are only now beginning to be citizens, and it is far too soon to tell yet what the value of their contribution may be, either to themselves or to the world.

It is quite understandable that those who expected quick results should be disappointed with what women have actually

achieved in public life in twenty-one years. There are very few women in Parliament, and of these only one has so far achieved Cabinet Rank. There are more women, certainly, in local government, but even here the proportion is still small. The female franchise, so much dreaded by some, has made little appreciable difference. I think that no important issue has arisen which anyone could say had been decided one way or another by the female vote, a thing which some people greatly feared when it was first introduced. England is still a man's country, ruled by men, her laws, national and local, mostly administered by men, her established Church entirely staffed by men, the high posts in her civil service nearly all filled by men. No woman has come to the fore during the last twenty years as a statesman, an administrator, an economist. Those who were afraid of the result of emancipation draw a breath of relief. Those who ardently hoped, who worked in those early struggles for women's citizenship are disappointed. But if it were possible to see the picture without bias . . . and it is almost impossible to see any part of the contemporary pattern without bias—I think that this slow and ineffectual beginning would not be surprising. The slave, freed of his chains, is not at once a free man. Habit and fear bind him, he imposes on himself the restrictions of which he has been relieved. Not only he, but generations before him have known submission as their only safety, and the knowledge in their blood constricts them as much as the external law. The slave, even when freed, is never free. His children may be. His grandchildren have a better chance. With a great sum, involuntarily paid, with no less a sum than the million lives lost in the last war, the women of our generation obtained this freedom. Their children and grandchildren may be free born.

I do not think that even when they are they will necessarily take the same share as men in public life. I doubt very much whether even with a fair field from the start, so many of them will be pre-eminent in politics, law, administration and the creative arts. It seems to me untruthful and ungenerous to deny that men have on the whole far greater intellectual and creative capacity than women. Great poets, musicians, artists, inventors, scholars, statesmen, scientists have nearly all been

men. The ardent feminist will say that the reason is that women have not yet had a fair chance. I agree, they have not, but I doubt if that is the whole reason. I do not think that women have the same kind of capacities. By the unalterable nature of their being they are and will remain those who receive ideas rather than those who beget them, those who conserve rather than those who initiate. As opportunity grows for women, no doubt they will produce far more creators and originators, but nothing will alter the fundamental fact that they have a natural, physical bias towards the passive rôle as men have towards the active. Of course neither is undiluted. There is some part of feminine nature in every man as there is some part of masculine nature in every woman. The proportions vary with every human being, just as the proportions of strong attraction and latent antagonism to the opposite sex vary in every human being, although both are always there. We were not born into an easy world nor to easy relationships. As every private adjustment between a man and a woman is difficult and irritating as well as rewarding and enchanting, so the adjustments of women with men in public life will always be stimulating, maddening, capable of infinite variety, certainly never easy, but also certainly well worth while.

It is a mistake only to look for the immediate effects of the emancipating laws in public life. No woman has yet become Prime Minister, there is as I write no woman in the Cabinet, but there are thousands of women leading a freer life. The young shop assistant or domestic servant goes off for a holiday with her boy unchaperoned, they pitch their tents side by side on a camping ground, and no one to-day is even surprised at such liberty or remembers how short a time they have enjoyed it. In middle class society, the girl growing up is no longer expected to sit about at home doing the flowers, playing the piano badly in the evening and waiting for a husband. She is much more likely to go out into the world to earn her living. So, if she gets married she brings to her marriage a wider experience, and if she does not, she will have work, interests and friends to fill her life. In a hundred small ways the altered legal position of women shows itself in their daily life. In the wife who spends her housekeeping allowance without accounting for every penny ;

which of us has not read *Little Women* and does not remember how John went through the items with Meg at the end of every month, while she blushed for her extravagant purchases of fancy boots and silk for a dress ? The emancipating laws are visible in the family which no longer stints the girl of all education to spend everything on the boy, but tries to give both a chance ; in the girl bicycling comfortably in shorts who goes with her young man into the bar of a public house ; in the women's clubs where they entertain their friends male or female—a long way already from their first rather dreary and assertive beginnings. I have heard of one of the earliest which had a notice on the board " Men allowed in after four, and dogs on the lead ".

The attitudes of both men and women towards this question of emancipation are like dandelions with roots below the surface twice as long as the flower. Most of them are based on insecurity. Perhaps all fixed attitudes are based on insecurity. The frightened man becomes rigid. We fly for safety to our labels, hurriedly calling ourselves Progressive, Liberal, Left, Right, Feminist, Anti-feminist to avoid the impact of each separate truth on our naked minds, to make sure of joining some caravan for the perilous journey across unexplored country to the undiscovered end. Very few of us, approaching anything new, can think " What is this ? " before we have shifted our straight vision by thinking " What can this do to me ? "

This insecurity is at the bottom of the two feminine attitudes which retard and discredit emancipation. The first is the attitude of the militant feminist, the woman who is perpetually aggressive in her dealings with men, who urges the claims of her own sex beyond reason and justice, putting forward a woman for every job or opportunity because she is a woman and not because she is the most suitable candidate. A feminist of this kind is usually a little stupid, and often has a considerable pathological bias. She may be defending herself against an overwhelming desire for the passive rôle in her relationships with men, or desperately asserting an equality first challenged by some small brother in a family where it was made clear to her that a boy was a superior being. The second attitude is that of the woman who makes a great business of not being feminist.

She condemns "women who do things". She makes a deliberate appeal to male approval by affirming that she never could or would vote for a woman M.P., call in a woman doctor, approve of women in the government, etc. Obviously she too is moved by a fundamental insecurity. She feels that she must accentuate her submissiveness to make herself liked, that unless she emphasizes what is supposed to be femininity, she will lose the good will of men in which her self respect and vanity are so much involved. Again she may be reacting against an unconscious bias towards over submission and devotion to her own sex. She would describe herself as "very feminine". But her attitude is no more that of a whole woman than the attitude of the aggressive feminist. We are not by nature such single minded creatures in either direction.

The masculine attitude towards the emancipation of women is on the whole still hostile, though with varying degrees of consciousness. It has, like a good many attitudes, a solid basis in economics. When there are so many men unemployed, can they be expected to rejoice that the labour market is open to women? The whole-hearted feminist will say that although there is not enough to go round, men and women should have equal chances of getting what there is. In theory she is right. In practice the results are sometimes disastrous. It is not a good thing that the woman should keep the family while the man is out of work. I saw this happening to a great many families in the North of England during the slump years of the early nineteen thirties. Sometimes the father was on the dole and at home doing nothing while the mother worked in a shop or a factory. Sometimes a little girl of fourteen, who had just left school, could get work and earn a wage while her father, a strong man in the prime of life, could get nothing. It was demoralising for him and bad for the whole household. I am convinced that the happiest households are those in which the solid backbone is the husband and father. I do not mean those households in which he dominates the mother and suppresses the children—I am not advocating any Barretts of Wimpole Street—but in which he is the main provider and bread winner, the one who goes out into the world to make a living for those who depend on him, and who, until the children

are old enough to work should depend on him for support. In such a household although any matter of common interest and policy may be discussed freely, the father will determine the way of living a good deal because it will have to depend on the nature of his work, the place where his work lies and the amount he is paid for it. If his wife is earning and he is not, his position in the household passes to her. I believe often to their mutual loss.

I do not want to drag a Marxist red herring across the trail, or rather I do want to, but I believe that it is a true scent and that the trails run parallel. I do not believe that the emancipation of women will ever be fully achieved or satisfactory except as part of a general emancipation. When the division of this world's goods is less unfair, when so large a part of the population no longer live in a state of insecurity, there will be no reason for men to fear women as competitors who may thrust them out of the labour market. Those who in a hundred or two hundred years' time look back on this troubled period of history will, I think, see that the two movements towards greater justice and generosity, socialism and feminism, went forward together and suffered the same set backs. It is significant that Fascism, Naziism, whatever may be the local name of the general reaction against the coming of socialism, always includes the suppression of opportunities for women in the world outside the home.

It is, of course, not only a question of women who have homes. Women in this country outnumber men, and the disproportion, increased by the last war, is likely to be increased again by this one. There are thousands of unmarried women for whom opportunities to make their way in the various businesses and professions are a real necessity. Often they have older relations dependent on them. At one time they themselves would have been dependents in the houses of married brothers and sisters or other relations, but now the relations could not always afford to keep them, even if they themselves wanted to live a life of idleness and dependence. For them the world has certainly opened out and the new possibilities available to women have been an incalculable blessing. In the lives which many of them are leading, full of activity and usefulness, is one of

the most important results of the struggle which has borne fruit in the liberating laws of the last twenty years.

The basis of any social and political attitude, while nearly always partly economic, is very seldom economic alone. I think that when both men and women consider the emancipation of women, they have a fear that a fundamental relationship would be upset by it, that women would be distracted from their primary business of loving and bearing children, and making a home. I agree that for the majority of them this is their primary business and that being so, I do not think they will easily be distracted from it. It is better, surely, that they should do it because they want to do it than because they are not allowed to do other things? I am not arguing that a career is better than a husband, children and home, but that a woman need not necessarily have to choose between the two, and if she does, it is better that she should choose husband and home of her own free will. A man always has preoccupations and interests outside his home. A woman, if she has none, will look to her husband and children for full emotional satisfaction. If the husband can give her that, well and good, they will probably be a happy family. But if he can't, and since she is to be part of his life while he is to be the whole of hers, he will have to be something of a person to do it, she will turn to the children. It is good for children to be loved and cared for, but it is not good for them to be called on to supply the deficiencies in a grown up relationship, and it is not good for them, after they leave the breast and perhaps even before, to be the sole objects of their mother's care and interest. Instead of going out every five minutes to see what they are doing in the garden, she had much better leave them to quarrel, cut their knees, and use the pea sticks for wigwams, while she goes off to her Clinic, or is absorbed in painting her picture upstairs. The man who wants a woman to spend her whole life loving him and looking after him must be able to make her feel it worth while. Is it again insecurity, the knowledge that he can't, that makes him sometimes so suspicious of the claims of the outside world?

Only insecurity need make him afraid of them, for no emancipating laws have so far altered the fact that to women especially the emotional life comes first, the people whom they

love are, except in rare cases, nearer to the middle of their heart than the work they do, and their desire for stability, for home and family, is stronger than their desire for action. Of course there are exceptions. Of course the degree and proportion of feeling varies with each individual, but that is the general trend of their nature. I see no reason to suppose that it will be altered by greater freedom of action and by wider opportunities. The liberated person, man or woman, is generally more himself or herself, not less. I see no reason to suppose that it will ever alter, unless after centuries of evolution the human race finds itself entirely different in a completely different world.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

ONLY one thing would have been less bearable than the news of France's complete submission and this would have been to watch the most precious material in Europe wasted in a hopeless struggle, ending by the collapse of despair. Nevertheless the terms of Armistice come as a great shock to this country. Meanwhile the United States can be active in aiding Great Britain to put the allies in possession of superiority—not only at sea but in the air. If the existing naval superiority were doubled as it would be by America's entry, and numerical preponderance in the air attained, the situation would look very different. And these are not impossibilities. If these aims are not achieved, it will imply a great failure of effort in the English speaking peoples.

* * * * *

It is amazing that the Prime Minister should have needed to remind us when evacuation was complete that we had suffered a vast military disaster. I myself who am old and have followed with passionate attention the movement of two great wars needed the warning against over-elation. Yet with the warning full in mind, and facing the facts as far as I can grasp them, I set down my inmost conviction. The forces which carried through that rescue are forces that cannot be beaten. It was England's mastery of the sea, manifesting itself with such a mixture of gallantry and utter competence as the world never saw surpassed.

The navy was in charge; but who did the navy not include? Mr. Priestley in the best talk that I have ever heard given on the wireless paid his tribute to the little excursion steamers, rising to an appropriate climax when he told what the *Gracie Fields* had been before and how this queen of the Isle of Wight's ferry boats went to her glorious end. The Germans have

accomplished marvels with their planned machinery of destruction, but here was, one might say, the ruck of ordinary British humanity sweeping into service all the appliances of good-humoured commonplace existence, alongside of the thirty-knot greyhounds of the fleet.

Every man who reached Dunkirk must have gone through simply insane physical fatigue. How it was done, I cannot guess; the battalion which I knew in the last war was good enough to carry a position six times attacked before; but a march of fifteen miles was gruelling for them. And they hated marching; I doubt whether any British troops take kindly to it. Yet these men in their retreat sometimes covered thirty miles in the twenty-four hours—one unit, it is said, reached forty. Rest and sleep only in snatches, and all the time under attack. Their company commanders and platoon commanders and sergeants shepherded them along, God knows how, and I am sure that many and many an officer relieved a private of his rifle, till the need came to use it. But exhaustion like that sustained over a fortnight and more is far more terrible than any extremity of danger. I doubt whether even in the early days of 1914 troops endured anything approaching it—and certainly they had not the scourge of air attack.

* * * * *

One story stood out for me—that of fifteen nurses who like the troops had waded neck-deep to be picked up; they were promptly put to bed, tucked up in ship's blankets and when they reached the port, had their clothes handed back to them, washed and dried and ironed. There was I am very sure much joking over that job and perhaps not all of it for convent ears. But the men who did that piece of work, British navy fashion, were men who probably in forty-eight hours had not had forty-eight minutes of rest. Those ladies who had been through three days at Dunkirk, tending the wounded, deserved the best; but not all the roses and lilies that ever were in Covent Garden could have made so fine a bouquet as that attention.

And the chivalrous cheerfulness, the good humour and even the touch of laughter, makes it characteristic of the whole. The effort was no spasm of hectic frenzy and despair.

The Navy's
Way

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from a healthy, well-nourished valiant people, putting forth its powers, well able to produce and to use the most formidable machinery, but in an emergency using whatever would help. The straits of Dover must have been like a vast cornfield in which motor reapers were at work and horse-drawn reapers, but along with them too, a mob of workers at scythe and even sickle. Only in that cornfield all worked under fire and the sickle-men were the least protected.

* * * * *

I have written of the greatest neutral ; I have to write of one of the smallest— Ireland, or, to speak by the card, Eire. My countrymen begin to be alarmed ; they are taking measures, as the Dutch did, to defend themselves separately “against all comers”, and in the meantime sedulously to maintain and assert their neutrality. Yet there is not a man or woman in Ireland capable of clear thought who does not know that Ireland’s immunity from attack is due simply and solely to the British Navy. Neutrality has two strategic consequences, one of which is more important than the other. The less important is that Eire holds three naval bases, which she cannot use (having no fleet) and the use of which she denies to the navy that protects her. The British Navy has got on without the use of these ports and keeps the seas open to Ireland, and is likely to do so ; yet a valuable strategic asset is wasted. General Hertzog, when he proposed that South Africa should remain neutral, proposed to give the British Fleet access to South African harbours. Whether this was logical or no, it showed a sense of facts which is denied to Mr. de Valera. The other and more important consequence is that Eire, as a neutral state, harbours a German legation and consular service. There can be no trade between Germany and Ireland, and those German officials have now no open means of communication with their own state. They can, in the nature of things, have only one business and it is only fair to assume that they will do it ably and industriously. They will assist in every way in their power the activities of the Fifth Column for which the elements abound in all parts of Ireland, but more especially in Eire. Joined to the allies, Eire would be free from this

demoralizing source of danger ; in every other respect her position would be as safe as it is now.

But Mr. de Valera would say that the unity of the country would be imperilled. His notion of unity consists in evading anything that can be held to shock such Republicans as he has not been constrained to put in jail. I think of quite other elements, the ex-service men, some two hundred thousand in the island, of whom probably three-quarters are in Eire. He appeals to them to join his defence force ; and some will, and I hope many. But many will say that his policy lacks commonsense. The only threat to Ireland’s freedom comes from Germany and to maintain the appearance of friendly relations, to harbour German agents is not commonsense. It is held to be defeatist to say that Ireland would not defend itself. Irishmen are no less brave than Norsemen, and look at Norway. Mr. Dillon, who very rightly stands for unity, says that whoever seeks to conquer Ireland takes on a seven hundred years war. As much might be said of Poland, and that did not deter Hitler. I believe that Poland will fight back to freedom, and Ireland, if overrun by Germans, might do the same. But I do not wish to see my country pass through what Poland has endured and is enduring. I do not expect to see that— but for one reason only. I believe the British Navy will continue to hold the seas. In regard to the question of partition, which Mr. de Valera regards as capital, the attitude to which he has committed Eire postpones indefinitely the unity of Ireland. The only men who in my lifetime did anything practical to bring about that unity were those who fought side by side in Flanders.

“ Never has the British Empire been so necessary to the world as it is to-day,
and never has it been in greater danger of destruction,” says

F. J. C. HEARNshaw

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GERMANY OR PRUSSIA?

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

EXIT PRUSSIA, by Edgar Stern-Rubarth. Duckworth. 6s.

THE TOTALITARIAN ENEMY, by F. Borkenau. Faber & Faber. 10s. 6d.

GERMANY THE AGGRESSOR, by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Chapman. 7s. 6d.

At the moment (June 8) when a terrific battle is raging on the Somme it may seem untimely to read, still more to review, these books. But for one who is unhappily debarred from active service it is surely otherwise. In bringing Dr. Stern-Rubarth's book to the notice of the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY, I am convinced that I am rendering a national service. *Exit Prussia* is not a long book; it contains little more than 200 pages; but those pages are full of wisdom. Of the main thesis of this book I am (let me confess) the more enamoured, since it emphasizes a truth that, with less authority and force, I have myself frequently endeavoured to proclaim. Incidentally it affords a wholesome corrective of the fault which vitiates the otherwise admirable book of Professor Hearnshaw. It is not Germany which has been consistently the aggressor. It is Prussia. It was Prussia that attacked Denmark in 1864; made war on the Germanic Federation in 1866, and

(with the support of the other German States) invaded France in 1870. It was a Prussianized Germany that plunged Europe into war in 1914 and 1939.

These are the facts that give Dr. Stern-Rubarth his clue. He follows and asserts all the skill of an experienced and careful book is at once a relief and a unity from attack is due to Germany. Neutrality has two spiritual capitals, one at Weimar, and it might, on the lines desired by the author, find its political capital at Vienna or Frankfurt-on-Main. While recognizing the advantages which Germany enjoyed under the old system of *Klein-Staterie* the author shows no disposition to recreate that system; he insists that, even when cumbered by its association with the Holy Roman Empire, 'the old Germany was in herself a unit'. He admits, indeed, that it would be foolish 'to speak of a German race in the sense which the Nazi myth has given to that conception'. The almost continuous presence of foreign armies on German soil has doubtless left traces in the stream of modern Germany's population . . . but the German landscape alternately lovely and heroic, the German language . . . co-operated in preserving that great

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people between the North Sea and the Alps, the Rhine and the Elbe, as a very definite entity'. (pages 75-6).

East of the Elbe lies Prussia, which, with characteristics wholly alien to those of the true Germany, must, in the author's scheme, form a separate entity. Prussia, as Mirabeau said in 1755 'is not a nation possessing an army; she is an army which has conquered a nation'. So Dr. Stern-Rubarth comes to his main thesis—an independent and homogeneous Prussia must be established outside of the Reich. It may be that Prussia, fundamentally Slavonic rather than Germanic, will join in a Western Slav Federation with Czechoslovakia and Poland, while Germany and proper would form a unit for unity. European Federation takes on a severe author's

might be said of Poland of believe that Poland will be overrun by Germanic nations are see my . . . it does not shirk and difficulties to be overcome. We cannot, he insists, follow the American model. Nor can Federation be achieved at a single step. The process must be by progressive stages. Moreover, the European Union can be formed only of units practically equal in size and power. The smaller states, therefore, must come in as Federations within the Federation. One such unit would presumably consist of the Oslo Group and another of the Balkan States, and so on. 'Europe,' as the author truly says, 'cannot be built by a haphazard cementing together of unequal, unbalanced pieces of masonry. There is fitting to be done, preparing the individual national units for their ultimate consolidation into a well-balanced architectural design.'

Dr. Stern-Rubarth does not confine

himself to political reconstruction. Economic reconstruction must, in his view, be not less drastic. His plan he describes as "Correctivism" as opposed both to Bolshevism and Fascism, and he sets it out in considerable detail. It is in effect a compromise between individualism and Socialism, in both of which he appears to believe.

Space fails me to examine it with the precision it demands. Space also fails to allow me to do more than mention Mr. F. Borkenau's thoughtful volume *The Totalitarian Enemy*. His analysis is less political than sociological and psychological. He insists that Nazism is more closely akin to Bolshevism than has been commonly supposed, and understood only if that truth is realized. Moreover, the Nazi movement 'consists of desperadoes' whose domination can continue only so long as they can prevent a return to normality. With Nazism, therefore, we can make a truce but never conclude peace. For this inadequate notice I can only make amends to Mr. Borkenau by advising students to read the book for themselves.

About Professor Hearnshaw's book I have less qualms, as I have already expressed my cordial appreciation of it elsewhere. Readers in plenty it is sure to have, and they will be well advised to read Dr. Hearnshaw in conjunction with Dr. Stern-Rubarth.

MASARYK, by Paul Selver. Michael Joseph. 18s.

Thomas Masaryk was the one supremely great statesman of our times. About all the others, Briand, Wilson, Lloyd George, Stresemann or Atatürk there will always be quarrels or controversy, but Masaryk has already won

his undisputed fame. He alone came near to the Greek ideal of the Philosopher-King. Even the bitterest enemies of the Czechoslovak Republic have not dared attack him, but have concentrated their fire on his friend and pupil, Benesh, even Konrad Henlein spoke of him with apparent respect and admiration; Hitler himself has not ventured openly to deflower his memory.

Why was Masaryk so clearly a great man? Mr. Selver's book gives us something, though not all, of the answer. Masaryk was a blend of hero, saint and practical philosopher; not only a skilled and far-sighted statesman but a good man; a 'realist' thinker who carried out in politics the political and moral theories he had taught all his life. His philosophy of realism was not simply a lecture-room theory, it was a guiding principle by which he believed the Czechoslovak people must work out their regeneration. Clear thinking, the search for facts, for truth, its disentanglement from the jungle of lies and fallacies surrounding it—that was what Masaryk believed in. Policy must be based on truth alone, and never, during the whole of his career, did he seize upon some popular misunderstanding or mistaken belief and exploit it for his own advantage or for the cause for which he was working. On the contrary, he exposed such fallacies time after time, at the cost of bitter vilification.

Yet he was never intolerant. He believed that truth has many sides, and that others might see sides he had not seen, or that he thought unimportant or distorted. As he said to Karel Capek near the end of his life, "I have not needed to change one item of my faith in humanity or in democracy, in the search for truth, nor in the supreme

moral and religious command to love men. . . . The human and social ideals which I confessed have endured and become acknowledged through all those trials. I can tell myself that in that incessant struggle for a better nation and people I was on the right side".

We all need to study Masaryk's life now, when a second war is being fought in the name of the principles for which he always stood. Mr. Selver's truthful, enlightening and enthralling book provides us with the means to do so. His account of Masaryk's early life is especially interesting—the story of the Slovak coachman's son who fought his way upwards to become, at the age of 32, the first occupant of the Chair of Philosophy at the revived Czech University of Prague. For over thirty years he was one of the chief influences upon Czech, Slovak and Southern Slav students — "Masaryk's pupils have united the Serbs and Croats of Dalmatia", wrote Hermann Bahr, the famous Austrian Liberal, "and are now bringing that distracted province to have faith in the future—so strong is the influence of the lonely Slovak in Prague." Lonely, Masaryk certainly was for many years; his devotion to truth and to the vindication of the wronged often brought him desperate unpopularity. Mr. Selver gives three classic examples of this: Masaryk's exposure as forger of the two famous Czech ballads of Kralové Dvur and Zelená Hora earned him the foulest abuse from the fanatical Czech nationalists; his championship of a Jew on trial for 'ritual murder' infuriated the anti-Semitic and reactionary clerical circles which spawned the modern Jew baiting of Julius Streicher; his conversion from Catholicism to a tolerant Protestantism

caused another stupid and frenzied attack upon him from these same clericals.

Mr. Selver treats the war of 1914—1918 somewhat sketchily, but the chief criticism I have to make of his book is that it stops short at 1918. The one remaining chapter, on Masaryk as President, is the barest chronology, which tells us nothing of Masaryk's great achievements and influence in the Republic. Mr. Selver says that "these are matters which belong less to the life of Masaryk than to the political history of Czechoslovakia", but this does not seem an adequate justification—after all, the main events of Masaryk's life between 1890 and 1914 belong equally to the political history of Austria-Hungary, yet nobody would suggest that that part of his life should therefore be omitted. It is to be hoped that in another edition Mr. Selver will rectify this mistake.

JOAN GRIFFIN.

AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN ARCHITECTURE, by J. M. Richards. Pelican Books. 6d.

The fact that most English people think, with justification, of architecture as a pleasant and even at times a soul-stirring thing that happened in the past and particularly in the middle ages and think hardly at all of modern architecture partly explains why Mr. Richards' *Introduction to Modern Architecture* is forced to be a polemic for a minority movement. If during the past hundred years architecture had not been out of touch with life the words "contemporary" and "modern" would be synonymous; but they are not. At the start of the industrial revolution architecture, frightened by

the increasing complexities of the new technologies, hid itself in the consoling bosom of History. As a result we now have the works of a century of escape and compromise which drive some in despair to what remains of a lovely past and Mr. Richards hopefully to what men of spirit can yet make a brilliant future.

Mr. Richards's book is the most important book on architecture written for the general English public for many years, even if now, when almost all opportunities for aesthetically and socially significant building has passed, it has a nostalgic quality and is deprived of some of its reality. None the less if it helps the English public to an understanding of the essentials of architecture so that post-war building may be enabled to start, as it should, from the public conscience and not from the enthusiasms, only, of a minority, the book will have been invaluable.

The *Introduction* is a marvel of simple clear writing, exactly adjusted to the needs and the understanding of the people for whom it is intended. It is very easy for a writer who presents a subject such as this to the general public to write down to his audience or to confuse the theme by over-emphasizing little matters of passionate dispute which are of concern only to the specialists, but Mr. Richards's understanding and lucidity have combined to make a book which will satisfy the general reader who does not pretend to know anything about architecture (those for whom the book is primarily intended), and the serious student who will find no point of importance neglected in the history of the rise of modern architecture and its contemporary practice. Both kinds of reader will be delighted and informed by the forty-two remarkably well chosen

and reproduced illustrations of modern buildings in England and Europe.

It would be easy to dispute some of Mr. Richards's statements but that is not what is wanted; we have here an intelligent survey of one of the most vitally important of all human activities—for there is hardly any part of civilized man's life which is not controlled or affected by the buildings in which he lives and works. For a century architecture ran away until in the years before the war, particularly in the progressive democracies whose independence we now mourn, there developed, as a conscious and popularly accepted index of national spirit, a new modern architecture. Here in England the old drearinesses have been so deeply entrenched that so far little place has been found for the clear headedness and the shining impulsive beauties of the new architecture. The Introduction is a cheaply acquired means for anyone to obtain the basis of understanding and enthusiasm to enable him to play his part as a layman in getting the buildings our post-war civilization will need, even if it does not deserve them.

EDWARD CARTER.

GEORGE VILLIERS, First Duke of Buckingham, by Hugh Ross Williamson. *Duckworth.* 15s.

"A favourite has no friend", as Gray sang of his cat Selima. The Duke of Buckingham, who had honours and offices loaded on him by James I. (Mr. Williamson has listed nearly a page of them) and to whom alone his son Charles gave his confidence, died as little mourned as Selima. Had he been merely the beautiful minion using his good fortune to advance his family, he might have been contemptuously

ignored by Parliament and people. But Buckingham became almost a dictator. Power was his to play with, and he played atrociously. Whatever might be said for his personal qualities, his administrative faults were so disastrous in their consequences that no apologist has attempted to justify this statesman whose assassin went as a hero to his death. Sir Henry Wotton afterwards wrote Buckingham's praise, but this was a friendly tribute, taking little notice of policies and effects. His first 'disinterested' biographer, Mrs. Thomson, in 1860, loosely filled out three volumes of frank and kindly narrative, dwelling where possible on the human side of history, and discrediting almost with laughter the once-popular belief that the Duke had poisoned his master James I. Still, an essayist in the 'eighties' was able to remark that the Duke "has not yet been white-washed".

Mr. Ross Williamson condemns his hero more than any of them, seeing in him, not a symptom, but a potent cause of the Stuart collapse. There is little doubt, as he presents the case, that Buckingham was largely responsible for the alienation between Crown and Parliament that reached its crisis after he was gone, with Charles's execution. His foolish and impudent handling of the abortive marriage expedition to Spain with its secret assurances and counter-promises to both Catholics and Protestants was only surpassed in incompetence by his later policy in France and at home, and the fond aim of capturing Spanish treasure ships to finance his military expeditions.

In all these later actions he held Charles meekly in his hands, wielding a power he could never have hoped for in James's time. This last consideration

has led Mr. Williamson rather surprisingly to complete his indictment by returning to the old contention that Buckingham poisoned James. Motive had been denied him when it was assumed that he was satisfied with James's blessings. But power, coupled with a fear that some of his Spanish duplicities were about to be unmasked, are substantial enough motives in a mind that can dispense with loyalty and gratitude. There is also the suspicion that James had quarrelled with his favourite. Since the only evidence that can settle a poison case is medical, small chance remains of the question being decided; Mr. Williamson strongly urges the verdict "guilty", but can bring no proof.

If Buckingham was a villain he was at least a smiling one, whose manner could be captivating as well as insolent. Mr. Williamson, whose preference is for narrative and argument rather than portraiture, appears to understate this kindlier aspect. In contrast to Mrs. Thomson's sprawling and genial volumes here is abundant material closely, almost harshly, packed, and the effect is merciless. He refers to his "biographical attitude to history", due to the belief that major events are caused by human wills. This implies, naturally, a historical treatment of biography, whereby a man is observed solely for his influence on the course of events. The lack of a personal approach is atoned for in the appendices where a number of Buckingham's letters to James—addressed "Dear Dad and Gossip" from "Your majesty's humble slave and dog, Steenie"—are printed for the first time. Further, the Duke's elaborate speech to the Commons giving his own version of the Spanish journey, is here in full; Mr. Williamson has

played fair to his readers. Though he modestly calls his work "a study for a biography", only the most eager student of the Stuart reigns will feel inclined to hunt through the unpublished papers for more than he has given us.

SYLVA NORMAN.

NATIVE SON, by Richard Wright. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

This is the story of a young Chicago negro who kills his employer's daughter, tries to extract ransom money in the approved gangster style from her parents, rapes and murders his young negro mistress, and, after a running fight over the city's snowbound rooftops, is caught, tried and sentenced to the electric chair.

The killing of the white girl is really nothing more than manslaughter; "Bigger" is left with the girl in a drunken state late at night by her Communist friend. In getting her to her bedroom he is surprised by her blind mother and, to prevent the girl giving away his presence, pushes a pillow into her mouth. Terrified to find after her mother's departure that he has suffocated her, he cuts off her head with an axe and pushes the body into the boiler furnace.

Though the reader is left with the impression that "Bigger" might have committed rape, had Mrs. Dalton not entered her daughter's room, some sympathy for the negro is enlisted by the fact that he had no desire to be put into a compromising position with the girl and killed her through a mixture of fear and acute emotional upset. "Bigger's" destruction of the body is equally understandable; he is convinced that the white world will hold him, a black man, as guilty of murder. One's measure of sympathy, however, even

over this episode is tempered by the fact that he has already brutally assaulted another young negro who is afraid to act as an accomplice with him in an intended act of burglary. As to his subsequent acts, especially the murder of his mistress out of fear that she will be an unnecessary burden in making an escape, one is filled merely with cold disgust. Only towards the very end of the story, when "Bigger" attempts to explain his emotions and actions—those of a black frustrated in the midst of a civilization made for white men—to his Jewish counsel, does any gleam of feeling for this character again penetrate one's consciousness.

I would not have devoted so much space to this review except for a rather challenging notice on the book's paper wrapping. This claims that "like *Grapes of Wrath*, it is a fully realized story of unfortunates, uncompromisingly realistic". Now there has been a growing tendency in recent months, in book reviews and elsewhere, to present these particular trans-Atlantic imports, dealing with morons and decadents, as works of dynamic literary art. This is much to be deplored at a time when the United States is producing fictional literature of fine original strength and beauty. Mr. Wright's book would have gained greatly in its appeal, both as literature and as propaganda for a cause, had he allowed his hero to be a fairly normal negro subsequently rendered abnormal by the pressure of circumstances. As it is, it falls between two stools. It is not a work of compelling literary art: it takes a Shakespeare to invest a psychopathic homicide with an aura that appeals to our sympathy. Nor is it compelling propaganda, for it is impossible to base an appeal for the solution of the undoubtedly serious

problem of the black minority in the United States on the experiences of a homicidal and sexual maniac of an extreme type.

This book is a cross between a medical case-history and a film scenario. As such it should find a place on the bookshelves of alienists and should also receive a rapturous welcome in Hollywood.

EDWARD LIVEING.

BROTHER TO THE OX, by Fred Kitchen. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Kitchen is a farm-hand who has spent most of his years on small farms in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire. His book is an exact and lively record of his work on these farms, from the days when, at twelve years old, he laboured from six in the morning until six at night for the welcome sum of nine shillings a week, to the present time. Humorous, generous, richly informed, his story is the story of thousands of farm-hands, written by one of themselves.

One of themselves—but with a difference. Mr. Kitchen differs from most farm-hands of his own time and age in that he has always been a reader. "Life has been made rich," he says, "because when ploughing up a nest of field-mice I could recite Burns's *Ode to a Field-mouse*." He is also a poet—"it doesn't take much to make me break into poetry". On and off, from early days he has kept a diary; but it was not until 1933 that he joined the W.E.A. and, encouraged by his tutor, began sending out his work to the magazines. For the present book, however, we are apparently indebted to "our Lizzie": "Lots of folk get their lives into print nowadays," she said, "so why not a farm-labourer?"

The result is a book of genuine worth. Perhaps it rather falls to pieces towards the end, where the continuous narrative gives place to odds and ends taken from the diary; but for the most part, *Brother to the Ox* is a story which Richard Jefferies would certainly have loved and which George Borrow (if he had had the same advantages) might well have written. Here is farm-labouring as the farm-labourer himself sees it—or as the farm-labourer would see it if he were blessed with Mr. Kitchen's sensitive eye.

Indeed, it is his advantage over most country writers that, like Clare, he is a practitioner and not merely a sympathetic onlooker. The land has been his life; and when he writes of ploughing or threshing, his descriptions have an actuality that even a Hardy's must lack. Take, for instance, this:—

One thing I have always noticed when chipping stubbles, you turn over scores of field mice, nests of them, pink and naked. They are thrown on the ploughing, and you seldom see them at other times, only after harvest. As a lad I always felt like stopping to rescue the little beggars, but a flock of crows following behind soon cleared the furrow of any mouse not big enough to run away.

Instances of such eye-on-the-scene descriptions could be quoted from almost any page.

Another advantage which Mr. Kitchen possesses over the rest of us who write about the country is that he begins with no literary handicap. The result is a style as fresh and open and honest as the sky itself. When he says "Over all was the pleasant smell of dead horse-chestnut leaves and stable litter: I can smell it now as I write about it", you know at once that this is exactly true. "The rock was limestone," he says of one of his earlier farms, "and

in places showed through the soil, like the bare bones of a mammoth skeleton", and his own style, direct as Bunyan's himself, is much like this.

The output of country books grows yearly and it is noticeable that here, as in every other branch of writing, the romantic view has given place to the sensitively expressed fact. Mr. Kitchen's book is a model of such dignified exactitude and should win many friends. Perhaps the following extract will serve better than anything else to illustrate the unromanticized, factual poetry which is his chief asset:

Artists have drawn some pleasing pictures of the shepherd leading his flock on the grassy uplands, or gazing pensively at a setting sun, but we have no picture of the shepherd in the muddy turnip field; of him and his lad sliding about in the muddy sheep-pen with skeps of sliced turnips; or the lad, bending down to clean out the troughs, receiving a gallant charge in the rear from a too-playful tup; or when snow and sleet swirls round their ears they 'chop and throw' in defiance of foul weather.

C. HENRY WARREN.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG DOG, by Dylan Thomas. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

THE BACKWARD SON, by Stephen Spender. *Hogarth Press*. 7s. 6d.

FOLIOS OF NEW WRITING, edited by John Lehman. *Hogarth Press*. 5s.

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Puppy would, perhaps, have been the better title. For Mr. Dylan Thomas is, to a section of intelligentia which always likes to have somebody to spoil, the young puppy of contemporary poetry: an engaging, impudent, versatile, inexhaustible bundle of energy performing with limbs that are still more gristle than bone all the precocious tricks of word-making that are beyond

the capacity of the older dogs. To those poetasters who have forgotten the trick but not the thrill of pursuing their own tails the sight of Mr. Thomas doing so is, no doubt, very exciting. With such an audience watching, it is not surprising that Mr. Thomas gives a performance. Yapping, tumbling, tail-chasing, wicked and saucy, sometimes showing a glimpse of his teeth and taking a snap at the pants of respectability, Mr. Thomas has a lovely time. By reason of its title his book invites comparison with Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist*, but there is little except an odd burst of bright language, apparently nearer to Mrs. Dalloway than Stephen Dedalus, which can be considered in the same breath as that tender masterpiece. The novel which is an exploration of child consciousness is still, in spite of public weariness, a popular subject with writers. A preoccupation with small girls and lavatories, the desire to write the word bum on the garden gate, a readiness to be sick on frequent occasions—these were all parts of the novel of antic hay-making long before Mr. Thomas burst on the scene. Like the puppy which chases its own tail Mr. Thomas appears to suffer from the slightly cock-sure impression that he is doing it for the first time.

Mr. Spender is also a poet; his novel is also a reconstruction of a part of childhood. A review of both books could be devoted to a thesis of the contemporary state of things that forces a poet, in the struggle either for existence or simple recognition, to devote a large part of his time to working in a medium for which he is unfitted. For neither Mr. Thomas nor Mr. Spender are really novelists; it is a tragedy that they and their fellow-poets should be driven to sacrifice the palette, as it were,

for the distemper pot. Beautifully as Mr. Spender writes—and throughout his picture of the sensitive boy struggling at school against conscience, homesickness, cruelty and himself, he writes with a clear, mature delicacy—his first essay as a novelist can hardly have the effect, or importance, of his work as a poet. Every word of his novel is a brush-stroke put in by an artist, yet the resultant picture, however tenderly conceived, is not new. The rather sadistic headmaster, the matron, the boys with their passion for games, railway trains and sex; the suffering of leaving home, the implication that in the struggle between the sensitive and the hard-boiled the victory is always on the wrong side—all this has been painted many times before. Of all forms of criticism the most unsatisfactory is that which extends praise in one hand and withholds it in the other, yet I can see no other way of assessing Mr. Spender's book. For all the truth of its tender exploration of boyhood suffering and its beauty of touch, *The Backward Son* lacks the fullest expression of the true poet somewhere hiding behind it.

The salute to *New Writing*, resurrected under a new title but under the same editorship and with the same sensible ideal of being "a laboratory where the writers of the future may experiment", must be brief but enthusiastic. Here, in *New Writing*, Mr. Spender and his fellow poets can occupy their proper place; short story writers like G. F. Green and H. T. Hopkinson, commentators like Henry Green, Rosamund Lehmann and George Barker, can speak their minds and hearts properly. Like its editor, I hope that *New Writing* will remain for a long time "a vital impulse for the days to come". H. E. BATES.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1940

THE NEW CALL UPON THE LAND

BY SIR A. DANIEL HALL

FOR some years before the war men were pressing upon the Government the necessity of making preparations to secure a greater output of food from the soil of the country, as an insurance against the growing threat of war. It was evident that farming was even less able to supply the population with food than it had been in 1914, since which time the arable land had lost two and a half million acres (17 per cent.) and the number of workers employed upon the land had diminished by from three to four hundred thousand, about one third of their earlier total. To a large degree the loss of cultivated land had been balanced by improved production; Mr. Beilby for instance calculates that the 'true' output of food from England and Wales had changed little between 1910-14 and 1937, meaning by 'true' output the crops for human food together with the livestock reared and fed from home-grown food, all measured in calories. Taking Great Britain as a whole the true output of food, excluding that manufactured from imported feeding stuffs, amounted to little more than one third of the total consumption.

It was the reduced area of arable land and of the skilled workers that would leave us in a worse position than in 1914 if any rapid expansion of production was to be called for, though the increase in the number and efficiency of tractors would make the restoration of the plough land much easier. The disturbing feature was however the great amount of neglected and underfarmed grass land that had become more manifest since the last war. The good farmers were doing better but there was far too much land in the hands of men who for one reason or another had been unable to cope with the difficult conditions of post-war farming. It was the land in their occupation that had to be dealt with in a different fashion if domestic agriculture was to pull its weight in feeding the population. It is often maintained that in its grass land Great Britain possesses a great reserve of fertility that can be realized in an emergency. That is true of good grass land, it is particularly true of temporary grass that has been well farmed regularly under the plough, indeed the basis of the alternate husbandry, which has been for many farmers the secret of success during recent years,

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lies in the accumulation of humus and the recovery of texture that follows three or four years of a suitable mixture of grass and clover. But the accumulated fertility of a neglected pasture, however many years it may have been in grass, is almost negative; it may take a couple of years to get the soil into a decent tilth; wire worm will take a heavy toll of the first and even the second crop.

It was these considerations that led to a demand for action before the war emergency had been declared; the farming unit of time is a year, crops cannot be improvised but must be prepared for. However, the Government of the day declined to take action, it contented itself with certain measures to encourage the farmers and to give them better prices. The Minister of Agriculture of the time declared it would be absurd to disturb the ordinary course of farming in order to prepare for a war that might never happen. Behind this excuse there was a more cogent reason—agriculture had no place in the country's accepted defence policy. It was expected that the Navy and the Mercantile Marine would be able to maintain the volume of imports, if not up to pre-war level at least up to a sufficiency to keep the population in full working capacity, provided that home agriculture continued to make its normal contribution to the national dietary. To tide over the inevitable disturbances created by war it was desirable to store a good reserve of wheat and other non-perishable foods, a stock for example that at a pinch would carry the country through to the next harvest. And this in fact has been the policy acted upon; nothing special was asked from the farmers, stocks were laid in though it may not always have been realized what would be wanted.

This is no time for recrimination nor to argue whether the military authorities were justified in their conclusion that domestic agriculture could be left out of account in the defence programme; it is not however beside the point to enquire if there were not other reasons which prompted statesmen to accept this negative policy for our own land. In the first place the people of importance in this country—Members of Parliament, business men, the press, the learned professions—had ceased to have any knowledge of, or interest in, farming. We have become an urban community which has lost its contact with the land; less than ten per cent. of our working population are connected with agriculture and they are scattered, with little influence on public opinion. There is a great sentimental interest in the countryside, a nostalgia for the old customs, and revivals that embraced interests as varied as old farm waggons and folk song, but little economic consideration of the part agriculture might play in the national system. Rich men bought country estates with a home farm from which it was a social convention to exhibit pedigree stock at agricultural shows,

but the financial results convinced them that farming was not a worthwhile business. The industrialists had a very telling argument against the revival of British agriculture. Not only had we money out on loan in the Dominions and other foreign countries but we had also to sell our manufactured goods, and payments could only be made in food products; therefore we must not contract the market we offered for wheat and meat, bacon and butter, by increasing the home production of such commodities.

Moreover the proposals for putting agriculture on a better footing would involve considerable disturbance of the traditional organization of the countryside. They demanded some form of compulsion or control of the land, even nationalization; they were tainted with socialism and threatened interference with most sacred kind of property—the land. The policies that had received daylight would be resented, not only by farmers but by the whole landed interest and by the business world that sees with the same eyes. It was easier, even if a little costly, to make the farmers' position comfortable by duties, quotas and subsidies, for by so doing both politicians and the man in the street considered that agriculture was being helped. Few people ask themselves whether the welfare of agriculture may not be something different from the prosperity of the current generation of farmers, whether the very help that is being accorded may not be the means of perpetuating a worn-out method and preventing the reorganization of the industry to meet modern conditions. A hundred years ago subsidies might have safeguarded the handloom weavers and prevented or delayed the advent of the cloth factories.

Such was our policy when the war fell upon us, and for the first nine months, at any rate, no different action was thought necessary. Farmers were encouraged to put more land under the plough and responded very well by breaking up nearly two million acres of grass land, thus restoring the arable area almost to that of 1914. But they were left to grow what they liked, the more so as the weather conditions for both autumn and spring sowing were exceptionally bad, so that the additional yield of human food from this newly ploughed area is not going to be considerable, though of course the land is on its way to better results in 1941. The then Minister of Agriculture disclaimed any intention of interfering with the discretion of farmers in the use to which they put their land and it was very generally agreed that the extra arable should be devoted to growing fodder crops in order to replace the inevitable shortage of imported feeding stuffs.

Now it must be agreed that farmers as a body could not be expected to do more than they have done; they have willingly responded to the call made upon them, there has been none of the

opposition to ploughing grass land that was so strongly manifested in the food production campaign of the last war, indeed many of them have asked for a more active policy. On the whole the farmers have accomplished pretty well as much as can be secured by their voluntary effort as individuals working upon their ordinary lines, with the encouragement afforded by good prices for their produce. Their effort was limited by the scarcity of labour, for in many cases the farms were already understaffed and in the early months of the war a good many men were tempted away from farming by the high wages even unskilled labourers could obtain on constructional work. Nevertheless the farmers were likely to be able to carry out the share of the defence policy that had been assigned to them—to maintain their accustomed output of food, about one third of the total requirements of the population.

But now the question presses upon us of whether this programme will be adequate to the situation that has suddenly developed in the field of war. Now that Italy has become an active enemy and the Axis powers have at their disposal nearly the whole of the European Atlantic seaboard we must expect a far severer attempt at blockade, and though we may be confident of eventually clearing the seas of raiders and submarines, it is but common forethought to prepare to depend in the main upon our own resources, if only for such a period as from one harvest to the next. There will always be people in the country ready to make peace under any conditions should the tide of war be running heavily against us, and what better excuse could such traitors have than the threat of imminent famine, if it becomes thought that we can do so little to maintain ourselves from our own land.

The new Government has therefore had to throw over the old policy of entire dependence upon being able to keep the seas open, and to prepare for a new kind of effort to obtain food from our own soil. The question is how much can be done, what prospect have we of producing even a maintenance ration within Great Britain? Of course under normal conditions of farming and dietary the internal production only amounted to a little more than a third of the consumption and on the old lines we are not likely to be able to raise that proportion to more than a half, the limitation being the amount of land available. But then a great deal of the output of British agriculture consisted of livestock products which, other than milk, become somewhat of a luxury when meeting a state of siege. It is a commonplace of agricultural science that the production of meat is a wasteful process: the animal consumes vegetable food containing from five to ten times as many calories as the meat that results. In so far as the vegetable food consists of grass and other rough fodder unavailable for human food, no

loss is involved, but the land that grew the grass or fodder crops might be put to grow wheat or barley or potatoes, and then the output of human food from that land would be multiplied five to ten times, according to the animal fed and the crop grown. Under our conditions an acre of potatoes produces the maximum amount of food that can be obtained from that area of land. The war dietary must mean not only a lowering of the general level of consumption, a reduction which the population other than the heavy manual workers could afford, but it involves a shift towards vegetarianism. The preparation for a state of siege then necessitates that as much as possible of our land shall be devoted to crops directly available as human food, i.e., to cereals, potatoes and vegetables, and at the same time that the general population shall be taught how to manage on such a diet. A recent estimate made out that, for the years 1935-7, of the crops harvested in England and Wales only 22 per cent. went to human food and 78 per cent. to cattle fodder, which when converted into meat and milk was only equivalent in value to five-eighths of the human food grown, i.e., to 14 per cent of the initial gross output of calories from the cultivated land other than pasture. It is thus evident that even on the present basis of farming we were not realizing one half of the absolute human food that might be obtained if we put the land to grow only human food crops. That of course is not possible; if only to keep up the milk supply some fodder crops will have to be grown; therefore to obtain our basic requirements we must also prepare to put a much larger acreage under the plough, to double at least the area that farmers have already broken up.

As to the fate of the livestock thus curtailed of their rations, we have to recognize that in so far as a state of siege becomes established we shall have to eat our flocks and herds, fortunate that we have in the country such a capital reserve against starvation. Farmers have already been warned that the numbers of pigs and poultry, which in normal times are mainly fed upon imported grain, will have to be reduced to perhaps a third of their numbers, but beef cattle and sheep will have heavy inroads made upon them and will have to live upon grass alone. Towards the close of the last war we were only saved from compulsory killing of livestock by the Armistice, we can hardly hope to get off with less severe pressure this time. But by suitable organization and control the fine pedigree stocks can be preserved against the time when regeneration can begin.

This then is the first step in the preparations to meet the threat of famine—to instruct farmers what crops they have to grow upon their arable land, thus to obtain a maximum output of cereals and potatoes.

But even this will not be adequate; we have to increase not only the area under the plough but that of good farming; the great extent of neglected or at least underfarmed land, on the existence of which all observers agree, has got to be attacked. Again all observers familiar with the countryside agree that the task cannot be left to the present occupiers of such land. Some of them are old, some ignorant, some lack energy, others lack capital; the farm itself may be too small, too badly laid out to be capable of arable cultivation. It can only become productive if it is made part of a larger exploitation that will throw the little fields into big ones, rectify the drainage, and fit the land for machine cultivation. When the Government needs more aeroplanes or more guns it either builds a factory itself or finds a manufacturer capable of directing the enterprise and enables him to obtain the capital needed for the business. So the Government must deal with this underfarmed and undeveloped land; it must group it into workable units and entrust it to men equal to managing it on big business lines for the one purpose that matters—the production of human food. There are such men in farming, men known in their own districts for their capacity, men whose output is at present limited by the small acreage of the farms they occupy. The Government had better use its powers and buy the land outright, otherwise it will find it impossible to get a return for the permanent improvements it will have to effect, and it may have to pay compensation for the alterations it makes, even if they are to the betterment of the land. How far this work can be entrusted to the County War Agricultural Committees, how far it will have to be directed and controlled from headquarters cannot here be discussed, but it is evident that the Ministry will require a department staffed by some of the most driving practical farmers that can be recruited up and down the country. It is not a job for Civil Servants; the maxim 'No Farming from Whitehall' must be applied to persons rather than place. For this venture into big business requires more than merely taking over the land, it requires several subsidiary departments. A land army of workers will have to be enrolled and trained, not to make them all-round agricultural labourers but men capable of working in gangs at this or that special job—e.g., land improvement, cultivation or harvesting. The task is simplified in that the land taken over is required for crop growing only and during the campaign will carry no permanent livestock. The non-commissioned officers for this land army, itself recruited from sources like the unemployed, conscientious objectors or aliens, or others who cannot be employed in military or munitions work, can be found among the men displaced from small farms and from the staff and students of the Agricultural Colleges and Farm Institutes.

Another sub-department will have to secure and see that the best use is made of the machinery required, for most of this emergency farming will have to be done by power machines.

Fertilizers will call for another branch of importance; the public knows nothing of what fertilizers will be available, cut off as we now are from French Potash and North African Phosphates. The seed situation is also one of great difficulty, so largely were we in the habit of buying certain farm and vegetable seeds from abroad. A much larger supply is required of seed potatoes grown in those areas of Scotland and England in which virus infection is non-existent or light. In this task of feeding our people on an emergency ration grown at home potatoes must play a much larger part than hitherto; the output should be increased by at least fifty per cent.

The change in the military situation whereby the force of Germany is now directed wholly against this country, has thrust upon the new Minister of Agriculture a great task, that of getting out of our own soil not the third or so of our food to which we have been accustomed, but an iron ration that will enable our population to carry on with a minimum of imports.

The Ministry of Food has its complementary part to play in the organization of methods of distribution that will make the products of the land cheaply accessible to all classes, in the elimination of the policy of holding back supplies to keep up the price, and in the education of the people to make use of a dietary to which they have not been accustomed. But whether we are Civil Servants, farmers, manufacturers, or only members of the great consuming public, we have all to forget for the time being our attachment to the voluntary system and our dependence upon profit as the motive for action. The only motive that now counts is the preservation of our national liberties.

It may be late to begin this task of making our own land support us, but it is not too late if we accept the necessity and determine to meet it.

THE FUTURE OF COLONIES

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

AS everybody knows, Germany has made her claim for restoration of her colonies a major plank in her programme and Italy (and even Poland) has taken up the issue of the "have-nots" as against the "have" nations. This is a political question, envisaged within the framework of the present political organization of the world's greater powers in the form of sovereign nation-states. In so far as this organization continues, while at the same time some regions are politically and socially so backward that they cannot carry on as self-governing independent units, there will be colonial powers and colonial possessions, owners and owned, and the grievances of the "have-nots" will remain. But if we can organize the world, including the colonial areas, for economic stability and rising standards of life and living, this issue of the "haves" versus the "have-nots" will become quite unreal.

However, there are other and more fundamental issues posed by the existence of colonies. The world's conscience is beginning to grow a little uneasy as to the fact of one country "possessing" another.

The formal principle of trusteeship was proclaimed in 1919 for mandated territories, and the underlying idea is becoming increasingly manifest in the administration of non-mandated colonies. The divergent aims of different colonial powers in the territories under their control is bound to lead to trouble as the native populations grow more politically self-conscious. The very word *Africa* is unknown to millions of Africans: once the idea of Africa as a unitary region penetrates into their minds, a nationalist movement is bound to arise. To secure an ordered development of such a movement, it will be necessary to remove glaring differences in methods and aims of administration, such as exist today, say in contiguous French, British and Portuguese territories.

Then the Colonial Powers' competition for trade or strategic position, as exerted through their colonial possessions, is preventing the proper economic and social development of large regions as wholes and fragmenting them into unreal and relatively inefficient units.

But the most important point to bear in mind is the backwardness, economic, social and intellectual, of almost all colonial regions. It is because of this that these regions have been taken over as colonies by more advanced powers. This backwardness is a basic fact of the present phase of world history. But it is assuredly not a permanent characteristic, any more than was the backwardness of northern and western Europe in the time of the Roman Empire. To remedy this state of affairs is the most important step to be taken in dealing with the colonial regions. To remedy their economic backwardness is essential for world prosperity: and development must take place along the right social and political lines if it is to be peaceful and orderly and not interrupted by unrest and possible rebellion.

Meanwhile it is worth while interrupting the thread of our argument to set forth something of the present backwardness of colonies and what it means in terms of human standards. We shall see that the ecology of man is, by and large, still radically different in the tropics and the advanced temperate countries.

Let us first take some statistics, as cold figures are more telling than fine words. Infantile mortality is as good a subject as any to tell the story. In advanced countries like Sweden, this has been reduced to something near its possible limit, and only one baby in thirty-three dies before it reaches the age of a year. In England and Wales, infant mortality is nearly twice as high. But in tropical Africa, though exact figures are absent, it is clearly of a different order of magnitude. Nowhere does it seem to be lower than about one in five or six, one in three is a common figure, and in some regions half of all the babies born die before they reach the age of one.

Death-rates tell the same story. Almost everywhere in tropical colonies they range from 15 to 30 per 1,000, as contrasted with about 10 for the socially most advanced countries.

The experience of western countries shows all too plainly that low wages and poor conditions are the major cause of high general and infant mortality rates. Thus, within Britain, in a depressed area like Jarrow the infantile mortality rate is 114 per thousand, while in the prosperous area of Surrey it is only 41 per thousand.

Naturally, disease-rates are equally disproportionate in the tropics. To take one example, venereal disease affects up to 80 or even 90 per cent. of the inhabitants of large areas of Africa. Again, in addition to the diseases still prevalent in the temperate regions, such as tuberculosis, the tropics still harbour (and on a grand scale) others which have been more or less eradicated from advanced regions, like ordinary malaria, plague and yellow fever,

and still others like blackwater fever and sleeping sickness which have never occurred outside the tropics.

Naked-eye parasites are still an all but universal burden on the native of the tropics. A recent survey in East Africa showed that over 9 out of 10 natives were infested by parasitic worms, one individual quite frequently harbouring up to six kinds.

Thanks to the advance of physiology, we know now that malnutrition is much more widespread even in the most prosperous white nations than anyone would have thought possible a generation ago. But it appears to be even more widespread in the tropics. Traditional tribal diets are often deficient or unbalanced, as Orr and Gilks showed with the Kikuyu and even the athletic Masai. Primitive methods of agriculture or traditional tabus may be responsible for monotonous and insufficient diet. Essential mineral salts are frequently scarce in the interior of the tropical continents. Many travellers have commented on the fact that African children will often prefer salt to sugar or sweets—a sign of serious physiological shortage.

The "lazy nigger" is proverbial among white men in the tropics. There is, however, no question that much, probably most, of his laziness is physiological. Mosquito nets against malaria, boots or other measures against hookworm, a reasonable minimum of sanitation, and a balanced and sufficient dietary—these would transform the inhabitants of the tropics as if by magic into a different quality of human beings.

The environment is equally backward. Here and there, as in Java, laborious terracing has conserved fertility: but in many regions shifting cultivation and over-grazing have resulted in soil erosion as bad as anything to be seen in the world. Locusts continue to plague the tropical cultivator as badly as they plagued Egypt 3,000 years ago. Over thousands of square miles in Africa the tsetse-fly, not man, is king, making it impossible for the cattle-keeping native tribes to live there.

We are so used to a money economy that we find it difficult to conceive of life wholly or mainly on a subsistence basis. Yet that is the condition in perhaps half the colonial areas. Where cash crops have been planted, agriculture is too often on a one-crop basis. Then civilization has exposed the unfortunate native cultivator to the uncontrolled vagaries of the world market. To take but one example, Nigerians in 1939 had to produce nearly three times as much of their staple export crops as in 1928 to realize the same amount in cash. It is hard to explain to a primitive tribesman, whom you have encouraged to grow crops for market, that the produce which made him a tidy profit last year cannot be sold this year except at an actual loss.

The machinery of production is, in most cases, woefully undeveloped. Storage, transport and market facilities, water-storage—this necessary skeleton of an advanced economy—is still in a rudimentary state over much of the colonial world.

Civilization, impinging on the tropical native in various unregulated ways, has also too often upset his old standards and ways of life without putting anything adequate in their place. In some cases the dingy, discontented and disorganized black proletariat that has come into being, represents a regression, on any standard of ultimate human values, from the traditional tribal existence.

Education is one of the main agencies by which a satisfactory development could be assured to populations living at the tribal or early barbaric stage. There is no doubt of the ability of so-called primitive peoples to profit by education. Just as better diet and health measures would transform tropical man physically, so two generations of good education would transform him mentally.

The great colonial powers are agreed as to the vital need for more and better education; but in none of the tropical colonies can it be said that education is much more than embryonic. In many parts of Africa, as in Melanesia and New Guinea, a large proportion of the children—frequently 4 out of 5—never attend any school. Of those who go to school, a large proportion again—often the majority—never get beyond the missionary bush schools, where "Education" is usually confined to elementary religious instruction, hymn-singing, and the rudiments of reading. The latest figures from Kenya, for example, show that only 57,000 children, from a total native population of well over 3 millions, attend recognized elementary schools; and of these less than 4 per cent. proceed to the primary schools, and less than 1 per cent. receive any secondary education at all.

Thus, by and large the standard of living, in the purely economic sense, and the standards of health, of production, and of education, are on a quite different level in the world's colonies from those in advanced metropolitan countries. The inhabitants exist in a qualitatively different stage of human development.

With this background of human ecology, we are now in a better position to consider what ought to be done.

The real "colonial problem" concerns the tropical colonies. These fall into four main areas—two large and two small. Tropical Africa is the largest in area, the Malayan region (including Malaya, the East Indies (mainly Dutch), French Indo-China and New Guinea) the next; each has a population of about 100 millions, with Africa slightly in the lead. By contrast, the population of the other two colonial regions, the Caribbean and the Pacific, amounts jointly to less than 3 millions.

Internationalization is frequently advanced as a colonial panacea. But it is almost invariably put forward, one discovers, by men who have no experience of colonies at first hand, and are thinking in terms of the friction between the great powers over colonies instead of in terms of the colonies themselves. Whether we look at the question from an ethical standpoint or from one of material interest, the development of the native peoples must be the prime consideration—a development in the direction of eventual self-government on the one hand, towards a higher standard of life on the other.

Internationalization is in itself no guarantee against abuses. Once international administration has become efficient, it might just as well be used for exploiting the inhabitants of the tropics in the interests of their joint white masters as for aiding their steps on the road towards independence and a high standard of life.

What is quite certain is that it would at the outset be less efficient than most existing national systems of colonial government. The actual job of administration of a scattered and backward population in undeveloped tropical country is a very difficult task, even for a body of men bound together by common language and a common tradition. It would be hopeless for a heterogeneous staff. Administrative mistakes are in general more serious in backward areas: primitive peoples are apt, if they are discouraged or perplexed, to shed what they have learnt with disconcerting rapidity, and to revert to primitive types of behaviour, which no longer have the full sanction of tribal tradition to keep them in check.

Most important, perhaps, is the question of responsibility. It would be impossible in any brief period to build up a new central organization on an international basis which would be capable of handling the business of central administration efficiently. I am sure that the British Colonial office would feel it was betraying a trust if it were to hand over its responsibilities to an untried international body.

Loyalty is the reciprocal of responsibility. The loyalty of administrative staff to a tradition and to an organization is not something which can be produced out of a bag, overnight: it must grow and develop. Still more important is the loyalty and co-operation of the local inhabitants. They can comprehend a monarch or a nation much more concretely than they can a shadowy and disembodied international organization.

There are even stronger arguments against the view that the colonial problem can be wholly or partially solved by transferring some colonies, under Mandate or outright, to "have-not" nations. In the first place, this again is tackling the question from the wrong

end, from the point of view of the advanced powers instead of from that of the local inhabitants. In any case, human populations are not chattels to be bandied about as makeweights in the game of power politics. And any radical change in the methods of administration, such as would almost inevitably result from transfer to a new master, would have a most upsetting effect on primitive peoples.

Actually, it is possible to envisage an arrangement which in the long run would be more advantageous to all parties concerned, including the have-nots themselves, than any scheme of transfer within the obsolescent framework of national sovereignty and sovereign ownership of Colonies.

Let us see how this might be possible. In the first place, the abandonment of the idea of complete possession of colonies, in favour of the idea of trusteeship—trusteeship for the rest of the world as well as for the local inhabitants—should be symbolized by the extension of the Mandatory principle. The Mandate system has, in spite of limitations, achieved something real. It has had repercussions on the normal administrative practice of colonial powers: it is very hard to administer two contiguous territories in radically different ways, so that the idea of trusteeship tends to spill over into the colonies proper. In certain cases, it has prevented undesirable action. The French, for instance, have made one or two attempts to extend their general protectionist system into their Mandated territories; but this has always been successfully resisted by the Mandates Commission. Public opinion, both at Geneva and perhaps even more in the home Parliament, has helped in keeping Governments up to the mark.

Even if the main political structure of the League of Nations should be entirely remodelled after this war, or even dropped, it will be essential to keep its special-function organizations such as the Mandates Commission, which might well be given a status resembling that of the I.L.O. Even if it were impossible to give mandatory status to all colonies, it would be desirable to symbolize the principle of trusteeship in a more deliberate way, by securing that in each and every major colonial region, each colonial power there represented should place at least one representative area under Mandate.

At the moment, the Mandates Commission has no right to send a committee of enquiry into a Mandated Territory, however dissatisfied they may be with the report of the Mandatory Power on its trusteeship. This state of affairs should certainly be remedied. In addition, funds should be made available by which members of the Mandates Commission could visit the territories for which they have responsibility (I believe it to be a fact that some members

have never set foot in any tropical colonial area), and that regular visits should be not only a right but a duty of the Commission. Finally it is important that international public opinion on colonial questions should be stronger and better informed. A beginning could be made with this by instituting a good Public Relations Department. A Research Department is also urgently required.

But any work which the Mandates Commission could do only touches the fringe of the problem. Its core, as we have seen, is colonial backwardness, and it is becoming ever clearer that this cannot be tackled at an adequate rate in the watertight compartments of nationalism.

If any form of political and economic union is built up after the war in Europe, or in its Western fringe (which includes all the major Colonial powers), a Colonial Commission should certainly be established with its own staff of travelling advisers and experts, and a considerable sum of money at its disposal from whatever central fund was set up. It should have no executive authority, but by means of advice and grants-in-aid, could exercise considerable influence on policy and development. It should comprise some representatives of non-colonial powers.

These changes are mainly political in scope. More important in the long run, from the point of view both of the colonial peoples and of the rest of the world, are changes aimed at securing a more rapid but also a better-ordered economic and social development of the colonial territories. The essential problem is to canalize more capital into the development of these backward areas, and to do so in such a way that the social well-being and development of their peoples is not impaired. The British Colonial Development and Research Funds in their new guise are an important agency for realizing this aim. But they will need to be supplemented if the tempo of colonial development is to be speeded up to a reasonable level. One method, as just suggested, will be to make considerable grants from any central European Fund: Europe as a whole must learn to understand its responsibilities and its long-range self-interest in colonial affairs. In addition, the separate development funds of member colonial powers should obviously be made comparable in scale. A considerable proportion of such grants is needed, as the Colonial Office has recognized, for scientific research, pure and applied. In the tropics nature has not yet been tamed and understood as in temperate regions; the methods of agriculture, forestry or medicine are inevitably different. Thus research has if anything a wider scope there than at home.

Direct grants-in-aid of this sort constitute one method. But they are assuredly not sufficient. In one way the most important

single step which could be taken for the benefit of the tropical dependencies would be to set up world-wide Commodity Control schemes for raw materials and primary products, so designed that they were not solely or mainly in the hands of producer interests and operated with restrictionist aims, but were under international supervision with strong governmental representation, not confined to Governments of the producer countries, and perhaps also with unofficial consumer interests. This would first ensure a stabilized and slowly-increasing agricultural production for some time to come; and would secondly help to iron out the worst features of booms and slumps on the productive side, and see to it that violent changes in agricultural prices did not occur over short periods. This, more than anything else, would restore a sense of security to the native cultivator (as well as to agriculturists and producers of raw materials in other regions.)

Then to ensure rapid and properly directed development, there could be set up what might be called International Public Concerns for the exploitation of special products in backward regions. The financing of these would be international, and they would have to conform to a framework of regulations laid down by those responsible for Colonial Administration. What is more, they would not be run merely for private profit, but would turn back anything over and above a fixed (or sliding scale) return, into the further development of the local territory.

The success of such schemes as the Sudan Plantation Syndicates shows how native welfare can go hand in hand with efficient commercial exploitation when development is carefully planned. There is no reason why this kind of development should not be repeated all over the tropical world, though the precise organization will differ according to whether the main export product is a mineral like tin, a plantation crop, or a crop, like cocoa, in the hands of many small producers.

In addition to International Concerns for particular products or groups of products, however, it is most important that regional organizations should be set up to deal with the entire development of an area when there is no prospect of immediate commercial profit. The Tennessee Valley Authority (T.V.A.) has demonstrated the value of such Regional Development Agencies, in which every aspect of development is carefully planned in relation to every other, and health, soil conservation, and amenities are safeguarded as well as material development. Where such Regional Development Agencies are set up, the International Concerns devoted to commodity production would operate locally through their machinery.

Regional Development Agencies can take various forms. Where the local inhabitants are reasonably advanced, they can adopt the T.V.A. model, of an agency designed to work through existing administrative machinery; in more backward areas, they could be more of the Chartered Company type. They could be financed partly by private capital and partly by annual grants-in-aid: the latter would be used to service the capital raised, both interest and sinking fund, until the economic activities of the area can begin to provide a gradually increasing share in this service. Meanwhile, expenditure on such agencies represents a long-term investment on the part of the world to provide the capital equipment for a raised standard of life and therefore increased purchasing power.

In all such schemes for colonial development, three points need stressing. One is health, the second is education, and the third is the need for some measure of industrial development. What I have said above is sufficient evidence of the need for raising the level of health in the tropics. But neither this nor the raising of efficiency in agricultural and other work is at all possible without more and better education. It will be necessary to lay down that a much higher percentage shall be set aside for educational purposes.

One aspect of health policy which the official mind has hitherto refused to face is Birth Control. Even the recent enlightened West Indies Commission, though stressing the dangers and difficulties caused by over-population, does not mention the tabooed subject. Birth Control is already urgently needed in some regions such as Jamaica: within a generation or two it will have become urgent over much of Africa. What we need is a constructive population policy, a policy of family planning linked up with general health, in which birth control plays a part.

The colonial powers, under a partially internationalized scheme, would be able—would indeed be driven—to pool their ideas and experiences to a much greater extent than now. There seems no doubt, for instance, that the special health service operating in part of the Belgian Congo, and known as the FOREAMI (*Fondation Reine Elizabeth pour l'Assistance Médicale aux Indigènes*) provides a comprehensively-planned organization which could be copied with advantage in other territories. Again, the British experiment now being conducted in the arts and crafts department of Achimota College, in the Gold Coast, seems likely to be of material help in solving the grave problems caused by the catastrophic impact of white upon black culture. Native arts and crafts are being linked with European techniques and marketing facilities, and developed as a means of self-expression, not only during education, but also in economic affairs and in every day life. The Achimota experiment is succeeding in giving the native African

a sense of achievement, of pride in his country's cultural heritage of having something of value to contribute to the life of his own area and to the world. Proposals are now afoot for extending the scope of this experiment from the sphere of arts and crafts to that of native custom and social affairs in general. If this succeeds it may prove to be the basis on which "indirect rule" may grow into true political and social self-development.

As regards industry, two points arise. The first is that the world as a whole is suffering, and suffering severely, from agricultural over-population. So long as the land is asked to support too large a proportion of the population, so long will it fall far short of optimum productivity, and so long will its cultivators be doomed to a life of drudgery and poor returns, and exposed to intense suffering at each return of the trade cycle.

The second point is that the growth of industry in the colonies has been hampered by the hangover of old mercantilist ideas. Some years ago, for instance, a proposal to find a new outlet for Kenya sisal by establishing a local bag-factory was turned down on the ground that it would compete with industrial concerns in Britain. In the long run, however, the establishment of an internal market in the tropics is essential for their prosperity—and indirectly for the prosperity of all the metropolitan countries.

Whatever the precise organization, whatever the precise speed of development, the objectives and many of the methods of reaching them seems clear. We need the general adoption of the principle of trusteeship; a settled and publicly-enunciated policy of employing more trained natives, as a step in education for self-government; continued national responsibility for colonies, but combined with some super-national control through advice and the allocation of grants, and also with the admission of some nationals of other powers to the local colonial services. Most of all we need an all-round raising of the standard of life and living in colonial populations, which can only come by a simultaneous improvement in health, education, and economic facilities, and can only be brought about by the canalizing of investment into these backward areas of the world. This needs national and European grants-in-aid, and world participation in and financial contribution to schemes of Commodity Control, International Public Concerns for increasing the primary production of particular regions, and Regional Development Agencies. The dropping of the mercantilist view is overdue, and local industry and internal markets must be developed. Such colonial development will afford one of the most fruitful ways in which American capital could participate in post-war reconstruction. It will also within a comparatively short period make the quarrels of the "have" and "have-nots" look entirely obsolete. They only have meaning in

a world of nationalist rivalry and imperialist possession. If the world sets itself co-operatively to developing its backward colonial regions, the grievances of the "have-nots" will evaporate, and the "haves" will enjoy a greater advantage than through dog-in-manger exploitation.

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The conquest of three of the great colonial powers by Germany has clearly raised a host of new problems, some of them of the most urgent nature. But the underlying principles and needs remain the same, even if this or that detail of their application may need to be changed.

THE FLIGHT FROM PARIS

BY PETER ROSE PULHAM

I SAW the last day of Paris: living there, I could not bring myself to leave until it had disappeared into the night. The Government had left and Paris been declared an open town; no newspapers and no news came through, and by Wednesday, June 12, almost every one had gone except those resigned to stay. On Thursday the shops put up their shutters one by one, many being nailed down, like a coffin lid; all motor cars had disappeared, all trains stopped, and the streets were deserted and more silent than in the hours before dawn. At noon I saw a cow crossing the *Place de la Concorde*, led and followed by a few black-clothed peasants. In the afternoon I went to the *Deux Magots*, the last café open in the *quartier St. Germain des Prés*, where, a week before, I had sat in the soft evening light looking across the square at the old grey church, talking to friends, and surrounded by acquaintances. Now there were only a few stragglers. Heavy gunfire in the distance mingled with a thunderstorm while rain brought down the smoke from the cannons and mottled our faces and hands with black. There was a general air of resignation and calm suicide. At seven o'clock the café shut its doors, and when we had drunk our last glass of champagne, no one threw his glass to the ground. We dined by candlelight, almost in silence, at the little Greek restaurant in the *rue St. Gregoire de Tours*. After dinner every one went home to bed; no one seemed to have anything more to say.

Early the next morning, Friday, June 14, I left on bicycle by the *porte d'Orléans*, several hours, as I now learn, after the Germans had entered by the city's northern gates.

After a clear run for several miles beyond Sceaux, past horse and mule drawn columns of army kitchen equipment, the road became entirely blocked by every imaginable sort of vehicle loaded with whole families and their belongings; old men and women pushing prams or dragging soap boxes loaded with old clothes and saucepans, bicycles wheeled down from the north with blankets and great loaves of bread; a negro pushing uphill a mirror panelled mahogany wardrobe on a wheelbarrow, an old *conciierge* carrying an elaborate cage of canaries on her head, a plank on wheels, like an improvised see-saw, weighed down at each end by a row of small

children, and any number of such signs of eccentric ingenuity; now and then a lost dog ran against the exodus, making its way home alone, in a panic, to Paris.

Turning down a small side lane I made my way across country, following a lesser stream of refugees. Every half mile or so was a motor car abandoned by the road: some upside down in the ditch, others merely lacking petrol until later passer-by removed the wheels as spares.

At times I was able to buy, for a cigarette, several moments glance at a road map. Bread and water suddenly became rareties of primary importance and preoccupation; within a few miles of Paris almost anyone on the road would have given a bottle of brandy for a bottle of water, a *terraine de foie gras* for a loaf of bread. Money no longer had any value, an hour out of the city, and in the first fields I saw children searching for potatoes. I had brought with me enough *pain de seigle*, garlic sausage, chocolate, and wine to last me for two days. Many hours from Paris, in a small town occupied by the military I was able to get a once scorned and now longed for drink—*menthe à l'eau*.

I sat under the trees by the church and ate my lunch. Here again the refugees split into two streams, and again I followed the lesser.

At the next village, Marcoussis I think, the pump was working, making a trodden mud patch in the dry dusty square. One had forgotten that water and dust made mud. A little bistro was open, but had no drinks to serve except from a last bottle of some sickly and forgotten *apéritif*. Several of the soldiers sitting drinking had passed through England on their way back from Dunkirk; one pulled out a diary from which he read me a list of all that he had eaten and drunk—free, he insisted—and chanted the names of all the railway stations through which he had passed. Not one of them, however, knew where we now were, but suggested that, Orléans being bombed on the one hand, and Chartres on the other, it might be best to make between the two, by Châteaudun.

Most of the signposts had been destroyed or turned round, but one could usually guess the right road, and Toury seemed the next objective. After a while I turned again, the sun declining on my right, into the endless poppy sprinkled fields, silent but for the occasional cry of some small bird, or a grass-hopper, or an armed dispatch rider roaring past in a cloud of dust. At one of the farms an old woman was standing in the gateway; I asked for milk, and was given it in a big earthenware bowl. She was Polish, she told me, and had been a refugee herself once; the farm people had gone, it was their turn now; she was going to wait for the Germans.

At Toury, after passing more thousands of troops, I turned towards sundown into a field of little round haystacks, and, having

hollowed one out, lay down and covered myself with loose hay; drank a little red wine; ate some bread and sausage, and fell asleep with the soft sweet smell of hay round me and a calm sky above.

Several times in the night bombing and gun fire woke me out of a deep sleep, and each time I heard the continuous roar and rattle of armoured columns on the Orléans road.

Towards the anonymous hours, the night became colder, and before dawn I rose, restless and stiff; a stream of refugees rushing from the direction in which I intended to go, seemed a rather alarming sign. I wondered if the Germans were in front, and if so, whether any one was likely to tell me so. On looking back it seems to me that the advance must have been at about the speed of an ordinary man on a bicycle. I had travelled across France in a moving no-man's-land, somewhere between the advancing Germans and the retreating French.

However, I kept to my road, and turning west past Janville as the sun rose, found stone barrages already across the streets of Allâmes, and heavy tanks standing at strategic corners, their crews strolling about stretching their legs. The café was shut, but a kind housewife let me make coffee on her stove.

Towards Châteaudun the main road was barred by the military; the town had just been bombed, and the Germans expected at any moment. Endless files of farm carts and long hay wains were moving slowly across country and over the Southern horizon; in each one a black-clothed family of three or four generations, old woman, woman, girl and child, sat on the hay; chairs were slung on the side, at the back a crate of chickens or rabbits, and following behind, a dog, a goat, or a cow.

Taking a side turning in search of another bowl of milk I came to a prosperous looking farm. White and golden cows were browsing by the gate, rabbits and chickens running about the yard. A newly drawn pail of water stood by the well, a pitchfork stood erect in the hay—here at last was every sign of peace and normal life: but no human being was there. I was reminded, with a shiver, of the mystery of the *Marie-Celeste*. The cows came in when they saw me: I milked one: I cannot remember whether I had ever done so before or not. The milk was rich, frothy, and warm. In the garden behind the house were little carrots and green peas, onions, strawberries, and currants—no breakfast could have been better; I felt inclined to stay for the duration, but was woken from such a dream by the largest tank I have ever seen, which, lumbering across a field, seemed to follow me, as I had been afraid the bull would do. When I turned, it stopped in front of me, asked its whereabouts, or if I had seen any of its fellows; and finally went away, contented with a cigarette.

At Cloyes I found the inhabitants also on the point of leaving, another peaceful country town was turning into a feverish caravan before my eyes. Beds were being thrown out of a window on to the roof of a car below, blankets and bundles lay on the pavement, and tables and chairs stood in the middle of the street, but I was able to buy wine, biscuits, and sardines, before the last shop shut its doors.

After continuing several miles down the Vendôme road I heard what I took to be an aeroplane flying fairly low: stopping and looking up I saw that it was a formation of some fifteen planes flying high across the road. The noise of a German plane is unmistakable even on first hearing; coarser and more raucous than our own. The spasmodic machine-gun rattle I took to be engine trouble, not imagining any danger from such a distance; but seeing other people take cover in the ditches, I stood to "leeward" of a large tree. A few seconds later a bomb fell in a field some 500 yards away; then another, nearer, and on the road, and then another so near that I thought the next would go beyond me; and then a whistle coming towards me and such an explosion that I thought I must be deaf, and called aloud, "Am I deaf" and could just hear myself. At the same time machine-gun fire was lopping the top branches of the tree, and after a few seconds the road was littered with green leaves, as if it had been camouflaged. The bombers went on, circling and dive bombing over Cloyes. Great columns of brown smoke rose in the air.

The damage, compared with the noise and the alarming accuracy—or luck, of the sighting, seemed slight; a white draught horse killed, its skin torn as if it had been a stuffed canvas rocking horse; a lorry crushed and in flames, red and rusted, an unfamiliar kind of ruin.

Vendôme had been bombed several hours before I got there; a fine old town through which it seemed some plague had passed, for it was shut and deserted except for a handful of old men and women. A fire had started in an old wooden house at the corner of *La Grand Rue*, and by now the whole street was in flames, clouds of dust rising as masonry and plaster fell into the street. I was the sole spectator. A small girl was lying on the pavement: there is something unmistakeable about a corpse; the feet fall into an unnatural position. Near by was a woman covered with a muslin curtain, a dead horse still in harness and a dead dog, and everywhere, over everything, a glittering drift of shattered glass.

Crossing the stream on to a small square I stood looking at the gutted remains of what seemed to have been a warehouse; the street was covered with debris; not until I came to pick my way across did I realize that I was standing in the middle of a crowd of people

who had been alive that morning. Everything that one had imagined was there; a man with half his head blown off, one blue eye still open; a charred bundle, the ribs still recognizable, and one silk stockinged leg intact; a woman lying on her face, a scrap of paper with her name pinned to her back; a few separate hands and feet; and least expected of all, little bundles of men who had fallen as if pushed gently from behind, like sacks of potatoes, one on top of another. A small child looking on, asked me "Do you have any relations there?" "No!" "Some have." I was a good deal less upset than I expected; alas, one soon becomes accustomed to it all; war and destruction is monotonous, one ruin, one corpse is like another, fear and horror soon give way to boredom and indifference. A grocer's shop had been blown in and the owner killed; I went in, took a bottle of champagne, continued by the road to the river till I came to a troglodytic village, where I found a fine open barn, climbed to the top of the hay, ate, drank the wine and slept luxuriously till dawn.

When I woke, I remembered that it was Sunday, a pleasant day in France; but no church bells were ringing, and after a few minutes the hum, rattle and boom of the German planes began again: I got to Montoire, on the Loir just after they had passed, machine-gunning haphazard the main street; the people, woken so early, were already in flight. I asked a wooden-legged man the road, and he muttered disagreeably; I went on through the town and was leaning over the bridge admiring the river when a dishevelled man in rags, unshaven, but armed with a rifle, ran up and asked for my papers. He seemed relieved that I was English, explained that after all, German planes had just flown over, that I was not known in the town, and, it seemed, that my white linen jacket had somehow made people think of a parachute. He put me on my road and ran away.

Thence, towards Tours was the most depressing part of the whole journey. Baulked so far of my breakfast, I found the other refugees more squalid than usual; all the roads seemed to go uphill—going South, one could not help imagining, should be mainly freewheeling—and were dead straight, black, hot, sticky, dusty, and unsheltered.

At each tiringly reached village where a signpost announced the distance to Tours, a soldier would again send one off back into the maze, down some other long and anonymous road. Army lorries rushed past, the twigs of their camouflage brushing one into the ditch; on the back, through a cloud of dust one saw chalked the inevitable name "*Trompe la mort*" or "*Les privés d'amour*", and a mound of dirty soldiers sleeping one on top of another like a litter of pigs in a sty.

I was so bored that I had to set myself things to think about: how many times the wheel would have to go round before I reached Tours: how long it would take to drink dry one of the petrol lorries passing me, if the tank were full of wine; how many airs of Mozart I could recall. This was the only time I thought more of the past than of the future; ordinarily, as far as I can now remember, the exhilaration was such that I lived in the present, and dreamt projects of things that I would do when the war was over.

At last, in a village much like the others, all the refugees turned west, and, after giving my reasons, I was allowed on to the Tours road. Here at last I found breakfast, *apéritif*, and lunch: within reach of the city I washed in a little stream, lay down to pass the hot hours in the long grass of a quiet field, and was just dozing off to the faint buzz of a distant plane, when the most violent burst of gun fire all round, and the whistling of shells, brought me to my senses. I was on an airfield, in the middle of a whole battery of anti-aircraft guns. The plane, a long way away, disappeared over the horizon leaving a trail of smoke.

At Tours I had expected to find peace and civilization; I arrived during a bombardment, the bridge was being mined, and the town in half flight: but I dined in a restaurant, and slept in a bed.

Spiked on the railings of the *Mairie* were hundreds of letters, guarded by an armed sentry. They were the recognized and sole remaining means of communication, curiously medieval.

The next day I made a detour by Azay-le-rideau to Chinon, a town so charming that I sat late after dinner outside a café by the river, smoking and watching the anglers. Nothing could have been calmer, though distant explosions seemed to mean the blowing up of the bridges across the Loire. When the moon was already high, I took the road towards Richelieu; a slight mist hung over the meadows, the tops of trees silhouetted above it; a small local train puffed past, its smoke lit by the moon from above, and by the red glow of the furnace from below. At midnight I sat down by the roadside and made what seemed a clandestine supper of bread, garlic, and a light red wine of Touraine; then on for several hours and past a castle, great walls and turrets which I could hardly see for the rain clouds. I lay down under a honeysuckle hedge, and was woken at sunrise by a slight drizzle, cold but perfectly refreshed.

To Poitiers, by Lencloître, the journey was peaceful; through rolling country, over streams and rivers, past farmhouses and small turreted châteaux. By now a routine had been established; rising at dawn and stopping as early as I found a café open, for coffee and rum; washing at the village pump, buying hot bread as soon as the baker opened and going on to the next town, for a later breakfast

of wine and food: picknicking later in the shade of some small bridge, and sleeping at dusk in a great barn where the golden wide-horned oxen chewed the cud all night long. By then I was in the great wine country; a *vigneron* would give me coffee and home distilled *eau-de-vie* for breakfast, and a bottle of his own wine to take away for lunch. Mansle, Rochfaucauld, and Ribérac were charming towns in the early morning. Once on a lonely road I came on a grotesque figure stumping along with an oak staff, muttering to himself; I remembered him as a mad philosopher who was once night-porter in an hotel I used to frequent in Paris. He reminded me that I had once said that the English would never fight again, unless for their roast beef. I left him on top of a hill and freewheeled away.

Towards Bordeaux there were lines of black troops with scarlet fez standing among the vines; when I got there, after a week on the road, I found it an open town, and the *Chapon Fin*, where I had hoped to dine, shut. I slept, dinnerless, on the ground, a suspicious sentry marching round me all night. In the morning a bus left for Bayonne and St. Jean-de-Luz; having sold my bicycle to a sailor in a café, I bought provisions, and went out on a sardine fishing boat to the waiting troopship. Here, in the galley, were enormous quantities of solid English food and cans of tea waiting to be taken down to the long, scrubbed wood mess-tables above which, at night, we slung our hammocks. Reassuring destroyers circled round us, and, although in sight of the Spanish coast, we seemed already to be back in England.

THE GERMANY OF TOMORROW

BY ROBERT POWELL

SO unexpected have been some of the major developments in Europe during the past few months that few things are more dangerous than dealing in political or socio-economic futures, particularly an attempt to describe what may happen to that country which has for the time being taken the initiative throughout the continent.

Germany's future like that of Britain will depend not only upon the outcome of the war but also upon how and when it will end. At the moment, it is often maintained that the tremendous physical, economic, and moral efforts which we and the Germans are putting forth will leave us all so bankrupt that there can be no talk of victor and vanquished. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt in anyone's mind after what has happened in the states it has occupied that first European and then world domination by the Third Reich would be the measure of its victory, together with the complete wiping out of the liberal, democratic order everywhere. If defeated, this same Third Reich will be driven back upon itself and will again undergo another political upheaval similar to that which followed the World War, though this one will probably cut much more deeply into the whole social and economic structure of the country.

It might also be pointed out that whatever fate awaits Germany, whether it be military defeat or victory, certain fundamental trends in its development hitherto must inevitably lead to certain well-defined ends.

The Hitler Movement has undoubtedly revolutionized Germany, but it is very probable that, seen in its proper historical perspective, this event will prove to be merely an incident—though a very important one—in European history, as the first eruption of a volcano which had been smouldering everywhere throughout the continent for a long time past. It is quite clear by to-day that we are suffering not merely from the shock of the 1914-1918 catastrophe or the Treaty of Versailles, but that the Nazis' mad but carefully calculated outbursts against the European order are the consequence of the shock of the Industrial Revolution, of old

injustices and distress which have to be removed before there can be any real peace.

As on a number of previous occasions in the past, the *Zeitgeist* has revealed itself most forcefully and uncontrolledly in Germany. That is understandable in view of the Reich's central position at the crossroads of Europe and even more so because, despite its size and importance, Germany still remains geographically, racially, and socially indeterminate. The absence of a fixed society and of stable political traditions revealed its great weakness and indecision after its illusions of military omnipotence had been laid low in 1918.

As vague and contradictory as its national character has been the National Socialism which has dominated it for the last eight years. Its so-called *Weltanschauung* was intended mainly for propaganda purposes. This was the flypaper with which to catch the masses. But for the leaders such doctrines had no importance. As Rauschning has pointed out, "No allegiance to any sort of philosophy brought membership of the actual élite, but the simple fact of having fought for the party's power"!*.

Like Fascism, Nazism would have been impossible without Bolshevism, yet it started and long maintained its appeal among the masses as a counter-revolution to Bolshevism, and then when this anti-Bolshevism had served its purpose, Nazism revealed openly—what had long been the case secretly—that its real aims were national expansion based upon the Nordic racial supremacy. The Socialism in National Socialism was the bait with which to win over the workers in a highly industrialized country; but once the masses were on their side, then Pan-German hegemony based upon Prussian militarism stood forth unblushingly. To understand the next stage after the Nazi revolution it is essential to remember that in this case it is less the programme than the tactics of the revolution which have to be guarded against. With the best will in the world it would be difficult to point to any great new ideas that the Nazis have to offer Europe. Even those people in this country who gave their tacit support to Nazism a few years ago could offer only a negative justification for their attitude, viz., that it prevented the westward movement of Bolshevism.

Nazism was and still is a negative movement. It is a revolution of nihilism; not merely of destruction but of nihilism in which not merely the will to destroy predominates, but also the justification for wanton destruction, since the Nazi believes in his heart "in the nothingness" of the spiritual and social values of the present-day European civilization and therefore has no hesitation in smashing

**Germany's Revolution of Destruction*, by Hermann Rauschning. (Heinemann, 1939.)

it to pieces, come what may afterwards.* It would be interesting, but would take us too far afield, to show how this nihilism has been developed not merely out of Germany's post-1918 experiences but much more from the direct influence of such writers as Nietzsche and Spengler, whose writings greatly influenced the German higher middle class of an earlier generation. This "pessimism" is a basic element in the *Weltanschauung* which Hitler and his élite absorbed from, rather than gave to, their German followers from 1923 onwards.

In consequence, Nazism, when seen at its best, can only be interpreted as clearing the boards for a new system of values which must replace those still existing. One of Hitler's earliest co-operators, but who later quarrelled with him wrote prophetically in 1935 that this system "represents the (transient) Gironde epoch of the German Revolution, the interlude of revolutionary feelings and reactionary forms which arise spontaneously out of a progressive internal radicalization, and thereby (mostly by a detour into war) clears the ground for an epoch of revolutionary construction".†

Strong as must be our condemnation of the Nazis' quack remedy for the disease which crippled Germany, there is no doubt but that the time for either a drastic cure or even a surgical operation was ripe. The nihilism which enveloped the whole German outlook, showing itself in the years immediately before Hitler came to power in the "Entweder-Oder" philosophy could only have arisen because of the abandonment of political and to a lesser degree economic principles and institutions which had passed muster for decades but had been inwardly rejected by a large section of the population. Primarily it must be pointed out that parliamentary democracy (as understood in this country) never really caught on in Germany, neither under Bismarck, Wilhelm II., nor under the Weimar Republic. It was alien to Germany's earlier cosmopolitan political experiences and therefore failed miserably after the finacio-economic catastrophe of 1923-4. The Weimar Constitution gave the Reich in theory one of the fairest electoral systems, the greatest number of fundamental rights to its citizens and strongest control of the executive. But it did not work in practice, mainly because it had not the political leaders or political experience to run, in fact, in no small measure because the German Liberals who were mainly responsible for that constitution had lost faith in their Liberalism. Like Liberalism as a creed in other parts

*This nihilism has affected not merely Germany but the whole of European civilization. It is interesting in this connection to refer again to Nietzsche's "Will to Power", especially Book I, "European Nihilism", where even in the '80s he prophesied this nihilistic stage.

†Die deutsche Bartholomäusnacht, Reso-Verlag, Zurich, 1935.

of Europe, the German version of it failed to convert its philosophy into economic democracy with the result that economic depression and the accompanying toll of unemployment caused them to lose hope.

Since then the effects of the Nazi rule have made the former Liberals look upon the *status quo* as the basis of progress and to many of them such expedients as a return to the monarchy and to conservatism appear to hold the key to the post-Nazi régime. But that is much too narrow a view of things. A moment has arrived in German history (and in European, for that matter) when fundamental issues must be honestly faced and much more far-reaching changes introduced.

The Social Democrats also failed their followers, as did the trade unions—not so much in a lack of physical courage as in a failure to appreciate the trend of popular thought in the younger generation. In fact, looking back it is no exaggeration to say that despite the number of paper votes for the Communists and Social Democrats, Marxism was already well on the way to losing its influence as an effective national force when the Nazis seized power. One might even go further and add that the majority of the German Social Democrats in exile have failed to interpret aright what has happened in their own country.

As for the Roman Catholic Centre Party, it should not be forgotten that it held the key to the position in March, 1933, when Hitler demanded dictatorial powers and it was their leader who agreed to this request. By co-operation between this party and the other non-Nazi parties still left in the Reichstag, much might have been done to maintain a moderating influence over Nazi excesses. But the opportunity was missed and missed irretrievably.

The contemptuous hatred of so many Germans for the Reichstag as a "mere talking-shop centred around the word compromise" meant that they had no genuine regret when it ceased to function as a parliamentary institution. The younger Germans, instead of seeing the difference between Parliamentary government as an instrument for the attainment of a higher democracy and the parasitic growth which had covered it in their own country concentrated upon the latter, called it "Parliamentary Democracy" condemned it outright and demanded the abolition of the party system. It would be as logical to condemn political party government *per se* in this country because one knows that the choice of a parliamentary candidate too often depends upon other considerations than his ability to serve honestly and efficiently his country and constituency. To the young German of the post-war period, to whom action rather than deep thinking was the first consider-

ation, liberalism, parliamentarism, and democracy assumed very strange and warped meanings. Thus, Otto Strasser writes:*

It is time to unveil the repulsive and gain-seeking falsehood of popular government which is an essential constituent of liberalism, which is disseminated by selfish groups of capitalists promulgated by internationals of all kinds, maintained by demagoguery that tickles the fancy of the masses, and contributes to securing for various obscure forces an influence and leadership that would be impossible in a better-managed state.

Fundamentally, however, one sees that this reaction is due to the German's different evaluation of certain human virtues from that of the British. Individual liberty means much less to him and rejecting the idea of all men being equal he cries, "away with the (pseudo) democratic principle of equality", and for it let there be substituted the doctrine of efficiency.

Parliament, he will tell you, is a luxury which a wealthy country like Britain can enjoy, but not a "poor Germany". More to the point is the fact that a "parliament of estates" based upon election by vocation or occupation appeals much more to his efficient mind. Whatever the outcome of this present war, but assuming that at the end of it, Germany will be allowed to decide upon its form of government, it is very probable that it will not return to the British model of parliamentary government, whatever else it may or may not do.

Whether the head of the post-war State shall be a hereditary monarch or a republican president does not bother the average German to-day. If the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans should be revived then he might see the necessity of and justification for an emperor, otherwise he will probably be content with a republican head, popularly elected and for life.

But the question which seems to concern most Britons when they think of Germany is not so much what will be its future political form, as what will the socio-economic form be. Will Germany become Bolshevik, has been a much discussed question for past years. The bogey of a Bolshevik Reich leading Europe away from the pleasant pastures of pseudo-capitalism has probably done more than anything else to bring Europe to its present position. The nightmare of the Soviets ideologically in Berlin has been to certain post-1932 British statesmen what Russia's presence in the Straits would have been to their forerunners of a century ago. This was unfortunate, not only because Hitler's pact with the Soviets last August demonstrated clearly that expediency rather than socio-economic doctrines was his guiding principle but also because a little deeper thought would have clearly indicated that in the midst of the great social revolution which is now passing

**Germany Tomorrow*, by Otto Strasser. Cape. 8s. 6d.

over the whole civilized world, the bogey of labels only hides the basic issues.

For just as the terms Capitalist and Socialist are almost out of date in our present complicated economic system with its combination of private enterprise, national and international trusts, state-controlled policy, etc., so Bolshevism and Nazism are changing the one into the other almost imperceptibly. It is not too much to say that the stage has now been reached when the shades of Germany's "brown Bolshevism" and Russia's "red Nazism" almost blend imperceptibly. These two systems have been built up upon such similar mass psychological bases and have chosen such similar short-cuts as a solution of their problems that Bolshevism can hardly be imagined as the alternative of Nazism for future Germany. These two systems are rivals offering the same kind of charm to their suitors—the masses—and it is not likely that when they tire of the one, these suitors will choose the other. Nazism may become out and out Bolshevism should Germany dominate Europe; but certainly *not* if it is defeated. For the loss of freedom, of tradition and of civilization, which the average German has not forgotten will be a prize he will strive for and guard more highly than ever before.

Running like a thread through the tangled skein of German development for the past 30 years has been the attempt to find a satisfactory socio-economic principle whereby to direct things. The attempt has been to fashion a German Socialism which will satisfy this need. Men like Walther Rathenau, and Max Weber might differ considerably in their conception of economic industrial matters, but even at that time, there was much common agreement on the ground that pure individualism had no place in the modern system of things, that "order out of chaos, co-ordinated progress within the State in the place of anarchy and internecine competition—these are the first articles in the German industrial and social creed".* In more recent years Werner Sombart, the great historian of capitalism, has written a small book on this subject of German Socialism and the Nazi fumbings in social experiment which were forced upon them by previous developments. German industrial organization is well built and strongly entrenched. The cartels and trusts still continue to exert a great influence despite Hitler's régime. In fact, while it is true that they have been compelled to fit into the Third Reich's scheme of rearmament and war, it is equally true to say the industrial structure of Germany remains very largely what it was before 1933, and the organizations which have for so long dictated price and production

**Republican Germany*, by Hugh Quigley and R. T. Clark. Methuen, 1928.

will again do so when Hitlerism has disappeared from the scene, unless checked by a new social policy at home. Nazism has not solved this great issue, it has merely postponed it.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that the breach between Hitler and Thyssen, while it brings comfort to German exiles as another step towards overthrown Nazism, does not help them in their view of the future socio-economic system of their fatherland. For they see Hitler and Thyssen as two wings of German imperialism, which drifted apart merely because the Ruhr industrialist was opposed to the German-Soviet Pact. Thyssen, appears to them as representative of a group which would co-operate with French and British (and maybe American) industrialists in order to wage war upon the Soviets and possibly to build up the "new European order", in which a European union of the Right would reduce Russia to submission.

Whether or not Herr Thyssen is thinking along these lines, it requires little imagination to see that such a European alliance under Herr Hitler's leadership, and with the German army as his instrument, might not be excluded from the Führer's future plans. But that is a matter for the further, though perhaps not very far distant, future. But the economic unification of the continent is to follow immediately after the military occupation. Germany to-day comes out boldly and declares that it "feels itself large, young and powerful enough to lead and to take full responsibility". In fact it goes further and asserts that it is laying the basis of a new Europe offering "new economic ideas and a tested economic system in which every State, agrarian or industrial, would take part on the basis of equality of rights".*

It would be interesting to know what are these new tested economic ideas which the Nazis offer. The German gift of organization was already generally acknowledged long before Hitler came to power, and the New Europe is merely an extension of the idea of *Lebensraum*, which the Nazis have used as propaganda with such diabolical skill during the past few years. Yet this, in turn, is little more than a sequence of the pre-1914 Pan-German conception which began with the union of the Germans throughout this continent, and would then have dominated the other nations around them. This European leadership of the Reich is naturally, in the German view, an honour which the smaller nations should realize to be right and proper! They are to be fitted in to the Nazis' scheme of things. "It is completely reconcilable", recently wrote Karl Megerle, the vituperative, violently anti-British leader writer of the *Börsen Zeitung*, "with the honour of a small nation

*Statement from German Foreign Office spokesman, July 15, 1940.

to be under the protection and leadership of the Great German Reich". But if they do not see their honour in the same way, then there will always be the German military might to enforce it.

It is inconceivable that such an Europe based upon force can continue to exist for long. A continent consisting of French and Belgians, Dutch and Norwegians, Poles and Czechs with their traditions of liberty cannot be permanently administered by Herr Hitler and Heinrich Himmler any more than it could be by Napoleon and Fouché.

At the same time, it is of interest to note that, whereas the Nazi leader may be thinking in terms of conquest and hegemony, the German for all the peculiar mental twists and contortions of his makeup, also has a feeling for Europe. He closely identifies Germany with the rest of the continent, and when the free peoples are repairing the ravages of Nazism, this fact may contribute towards that European unity which is essential to further progress.

Certain features of the Nazi régime such as the leadership principle and the return to Teutonic heathenism will probably have a future value in inverse ratio to their present importance in the propaganda of the movement.

The Nazis have yet to show that they have a constructive programme to give Europe. They will—at a terrible price—have restored the much talked of "self-respect" of the German people which Versailles was alleged to have taken from them. But a new generation will probably consider it its greatest privilege to co-operate with the Europe which up to now it has either spurned or been prevented from getting to know. A prelude to such a development must, however, be some clearer, more honest thinking on the part of these Germans themselves—as anyone who has read Nazi literature during the past seven years must agree.

(Mr. Robert Powell was for fourteen years a newspaper correspondent in Central Europe. From 1926 until 1932 he was in Prague and Vienna. From 1932 until the outbreak of war he was in Berlin.)

BRITAIN'S AIR DEFENCE

By AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

SELDOM has there been a more curious situation in the midst of general hostilities than the present one. One would have, in fact, to go back to Froissart's Chronicles to see any similarity between the present pause in grand operations and those long medieval lapses during which both sides circled at wide distances, and occasionally provoked a minor combat, but which were mostly occupied with re-equipment, winter stores and the question of a new plan of campaign. On the Continent an army, flushed with victory and numbering millions, fully equipped with the mightiest engines of war, and with the whole of manufacturing Europe at its beck and call, is brought to a sudden halt in its career of conquest by a belt of water narrower by far than the width of many rivers as they approach a confluence with the sea. In addition it has great air power to reinforce its strength and perform pin-pricking tactics while its leaders resolve on a future course of action. By sea, however, there is a different tale to tell, for the enemy's naval strength is badly crippled while that of ours remains supreme.

Here, in the British Isles, we are choc a bloc with troops which have undergone a process of re-equipment. For the moment, and for the first time in a generation, our military task is clear. It is to train hard, accumulate material and wait upon events, attuning itself, meanwhile, to the exigencies of a purely local defence. We are a kind of grand-scale Mafeking, closely beleaguered on our Continental front, but free to go and come, within limits, on all others; besieged but not surrounded and quite determined at all costs to foil invasion. The real question is, what form will that invasion take, and what will be its preparation? For Hitler cannot win the war until he brings us to our knees, a condition to which we are not to be reduced, thanks to sea and air power, unless he lands in great force on our coasts.

At this stage he can only touch us neatly by means of air bombardment, a method barren of considerable result without he directs his bombs, unfailingly and increasingly, on our aviation targets. Such are aerodromes, training establishments, aircraft depots and specific centres of output. If our fighter strength, for

instance, were seriously crippled the enemy bombers would only be opposed by fire from the ground, and could come inland, in large quantities and with considerable assurance, by day and night, to pick and choose objectives. Anti-aircraft fire, alone and unassisted, could not prevent such large-scale raiding. The A-A gunners would score a measure of success, but it is the Spitfire, the Hurricane and the Defiant, which really claw the enemy from the sky and assist to spread despondency throughout the Nazi Air Force as the pilots, on ever more numerous occasions, fail to return to their bases. In the opinion of Napoleon the moral is to the physical as three to one. But he spoke only of battle on the ground. In the air, where men are at peculiar tension and where there is no certain safety except in downright turning-tail, those odds may be considerably enhanced. It is therefore very well indeed that the Royal Air Force, since the beginning of the war, has persistently and unmistakably, asserted its superiority over the enemy in the air, not alone with equal forces at disposal but when outnumbered by as much as ten to one. Only by a slow process of deterioration, the result of a gradual change of flying personnel throughout the whole Air Force and the introduction of insufficiently trained newcomers, could our highly satisfactory moral balance be overweighted on the other side. Frequent and intensive air fighting, over a prolonged period, might bring that condition about, but, on the other hand, the enemy would be losing air crews in much greater proportion all the time, in accordance with his present rate of loss.

Ever since, a month ago, the enemy adopted raiding on a heavier scale he has probably had in mind our aviation targets as a main objective. That raiding may appear to have been sporadic and objectlessly diffused, with very widely separated points of attack, but there is purpose in each one, if only for the reason that the Nazi High Command are not in the least likely to waste either material or opportunity. A pin-point picture of our air establishments is probably being built up, together with the best method of approach having regard to ground defences and the intensity of fire to be apprehended. This mosaic once completed it is likely that an air attack in force will be launched on some near night, having for its purpose the destruction of our air power, or its serious cripplement, in one fell swoop. If this should obtain success in Nazi eyes, whether or no in actual fact, then at last the enemy's preparation will be complete, and scattered attempts at invasion by sea and air will follow quickly after.

It is not difficult to conjecture the manner of these attempted landings. The chosen localities might be bombed intensively in an endeavour to paralyse the effort of the local defence, the expected absence of British fighters, excepting in minute quantity, permit-

ting of the operation without serious opposition from above. At about the same time the parachutist hordes may descend on the landward side of the coastal points selected for attack, instructed to hold up our reinforcing columns, to create confusion and alarm in their vicinity and, if need be, to take the defenders in the rear who have already been subjected to air bombardment. Finally the troop-carrying air transports, with light artillery, motor bicycles, and, possibly, some baby tanks or other caterpillar vehicles, may make landings at certain places indicated by the advanced parachute detachments, considerably to augment the enemy forces on the ground and by a great deal to increase their power of offence. Then will be the time for the sea-borne forces of the enemy, arriving in flat-bottomed barges or in whatever way they may, to draw inshore to seize, and hold fast, the selected coastal points, to form of them bridge-heads and from thence, continually reinforced, to proceed inland on converging lines towards the main objective which might well be London. Some such method of invasion is sure to be the enemy's, because the alternatives are few. There may be variations of the general programme as outlined above. There will be feints on places not intended for attack, and a widespread propaganda designed to make us turn our heads the other way. But in the main the enemy must adopt such tactics, for how else could he anticipate even a small measure of success? It is little likely, for instance, that he would attempt a parachute invasion unless all else were well in train, and, as a necessary preliminary, our air power crippled by a considered series of well-aimed air attacks. To do so would merely be to invite disaster, for what could ten thousand parachutists do with their light arms against our ordered measures of defence, unless secure in the knowledge that the forces of the Reich are close behind them? As soldiers the Nazi leaders are far too skilful and versed in war to commit a large percentage of highly-prized technical corps to certain destruction in the field.

So far our Metropolitan Bomber Force has not appeared in the foreground of this picture of invasion. At present it is being employed, in keeping with the orthodox school of thought, on bombing excursions over enemy territory, with the object of creating for itself a nuisance value to which the infliction of actual damage or destruction is ancillary. Many of these enterprizes are solely concerned with aerodrome attack, chiefly on landing grounds lately belonging to our late ally. The intention is obviously to reduce the immediately disposable air power of the enemy, and it is significant that such form of attack is very often accompanied by considerable loss, whether or no it may result in aircraft destruction on the ground. It is equally obvious, or so should be, that the loss

incurred is amply compensated by the damage done, for otherwise we would be the losers on exchange. But when the day of invasion dawns all this will naturally be changed, and the whole weight of our bomb salvos will be at once applied to make impossible the landing of the enemy's sea-borne troops and heavy armoured vehicles. On that day we will be glad to have conserved our bomber strength, and not, for the mere sake of bombing, to have in some measure dissipated it on enterprizes, such as oil and munition depots, the destruction of which can only be of long term advantage to our cause. We are in face of an emergency threatening to the safety of the British Isles, and our Air Chiefs in their discretion, even though against appearance, are sure to be ordering a minimum of long range flight in order to conserve our bomber strength to repel invasion. On their shoulders rests a vast responsibility, for it will be air power in the long run that will, as much or even more than sea power, secure us while our troops re-arm to carry the offensive towards the enemy.

It would appear therefore, unless this article has been aimed far wide of the mark, that we have most to apprehend from an intensive bombardment, over a short period, of our aviation targets, with a special emphasis on aerodromes. In the past we were not greatly concerned to establish our flying-fields on sites selected for their adaptability to camouflage, and neither, in the main, did we depart from one standard lay-out for the lot. They are to be found in the vicinity of large towns, while sometimes main roadways mark their boundaries. On the whole it can be said that they are not very difficult of identification on a proper night, and that determined enemy bombers can arrive overhead on pre-ordained lines of flight. For that reason they are sure to be particularly well-defended from the ground, for the bomb-aimer, however bright the moon, who has to keep high altitude is hard put to it to ensure a hit. In this connection we are apt to suffer from another disadvantage, owing to the fact that our dispositions were taken when the enemy's approach was only to be expected from the east. Now that he has unfortunately possessed himself of the whole littoral of France he can come from west and south as well, and whereas an air force while in flight has neither front, nor flanks, nor rear, the same cannot be said of its locations on the ground. In a sense our position has been turned and our pre-arranged defensive lines put in disorder. The remedy has doubtless already been adopted, and our dispositions re-arranged to meet attack from several quarters instead of one. But all this must mean a somewhat wider dispersal of the units of attack, and a consequent thinness of defence on any given front. The location of new aerodromes is naturally kept secret as far as possible, but

the situation of the old ones is a matter of common knowledge, the Monthly Air Force List, then accessible to any would-be purchaser, giving their exact positions, together with postal and telegraphic address and, even, the telephone number.

Whatever lies ahead for us in the near future, and however hard we may be tried, on one condition we laugh the idea of serious invasion to scorn. That condition is an Air Force strength, fighters and bombers both, which persistent air attack has not impaired, and which has been in no way diminished by a previous series of air offensives the entire success of which could not serve, at this juncture, to sway the tide of battle.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS AND A SHILLING

(*A Footnote to the Married Women's Nationality Law*)

BY HONOR TRACY

THE wife of a British subject shall be deemed to be a British subject and the wife of an alien shall be deemed to be an alien.

Most of us are long since aware that the law is an ass. Yet some of its pronouncements reach extremes of asininity that we cannot accord them our usual indulgent smile. When we hear them, indeed, we are tempted to believe that the law is *the* Ass, the pattern for all other asses which Plato says, is laid up in heaven. We cannot fathom their meaning: in fact we are not altogether satisfied that they have a meaning: at best we may try to grasp the state of mind which gives them birth. For, as Bertrand Russell once remarked of Fascism, even if the official mind has no philosophy, it may at least have a psycho-analysis.

Here is an actual case, the case of Mrs. Z, a young woman living in London and married to an Austrian. When the *Anschluss* took place, the Nazis placed Mr. Z upon the list of expatriates, so that he became what is known as a stateless man. In consequence of this kindly act, Mrs. Z was allowed to keep her nationality under the law of 1933, which says: *Where a woman has married an alien and was at the time of her marriage a British subject, she shall not, by reason only of her marriage, be deemed to have ceased to be a British subject unless, by reason of her marriage, she acquired the nationality of her husband.* The case of Mrs. Z is therefore not an entirely representative one, but it shows how fragile are the few small concessions which have been won in the question of married women's nationality.

War broke out on September 3. The first cloud on Mrs. Z's horizon blew up on about the seventh when the American film company for which Mrs. Z had worked under her maiden name for over two years, announced that she would not be paid what was owing to her as she was now an enemy alien. Now, it is true that the individual who thought of this had a long series of ineptitudes and buffooneries to his credit and that among the eminent German exiles he had taken up at one time and another he went by the name of

X, der Emigrantenschreck. It is also true that thanks to Mrs. Z's solicitor the money was handed over. Yet the mere possibility of such a thing was a terrible blow.

Meanwhile, Mr. Z was practically living in the police station. The first time he went there to register, he was obliged to listen to vulgar abuse from a uniformed nonentity of the sort who crops up in wartime. For a man whose whole life had been thrown into shadow by the Germans, he bore it well. Presently, the police suggested that Mrs. Z should also register as an enemy alien: and Mrs. Z refused. An English official had assured her that she would remain a British national on marrying Mr. Z and at that time she had a simple faith in English officials that since has been lost. With tireless patience, she explained the law to the upholders of it.

The police took her statements in different ways. One said he knew and was sorry: but still, would she not go to Bow Street "for her own satisfaction?" Another remarked that it was all very well for the German Government to say her husband had lost his nationality, but that was absurd, because nationality was something which could not be lost.

—But, interposed Mrs. Z, you just told me I have lost mine.

—So you 'ave.

A third remarked, magnificently, that "all that 1933 business has been washed out now" and that Mrs. Z had been a German as from the outbreak of the war. A fourth, leaving the law on one side, explained that many young Englishwomen had married Nazi Germans and adopted their sympathies; and for that reason they had to keep a strict check on the English wives of enemy aliens. We know that in every community the rules, which all have to observe, are framed with an eye to that fraction of it which is cretinous. It is going a little too far to frame them on the assumption that all are criminals. As well insist on the nation leaving its finger-prints at Scotland Yard because amongst them there is a handful of thieves and murderers: or certify the Cabinet to be feeble-minded because in it there is . . . but we must not labour the point. The fact is, there is no reason or common sense in any of it, but it gives a policeman a singular joy, a feeling of achievement, every time he takes down a fresh name and address and adds it to his voluminous card-indexes. If Mrs. Z had been misguided enough to sympathize with and work for the criminals who had wrecked her husband's life and taken his country from him, not one of the petty vexations and restrictions imposed by the police would have prevented it. I wonder if in the whole of Britain there is anyone who can sleep the sounder at night for knowing that some thousands of his country-women have endured these things?

About this time, the Z's wanted to make a short journey beyond the five mile radius to which they were supposed to keep. Mrs. Z went on, and Mr. Z went to the station to ask for a permit. The police were hurt and angry to learn that Mrs. Z was travelling about her own country without their permission and they wrote out a second permit for her, in which they described her as a German. When Mr. Z handed her this document, she placed it upon the fire.

Shortly afterwards, they went before the Tribunal. All the judge seemed to care about was, whether Mr. Z had sympathies with the communists. Mr. Z cleared himself of this, and the pair received full exemptions. Mrs. Z was gratified indeed to receive a certificate informing all whom it might concern that she was exempt from internment until further notice. She, like her husband, was engaged in national service and left home a few days later to start work. The police came round to the flat twice to know what had happened to the travel permit issued in her name: the godly Mr. Z had handed his in to them. She wrote and explained that she had never asked for such a document to be issued to her, nor authorized her husband to do so; that she was not a German and did not care to be described as such, and had therefore destroyed the permit. This apparently threw the Force into a panic. They summoned Mr. Z urgently to the station, informed him they did not dare hand on such a letter to the higher authorities, concocted some lie about the affair and persuaded Mr. Z to put his signature to it. Otherwise, they averred, their very positions would be in jeopardy.

It is a curious fact, by the way, that these policemen, uncertain of the righteousness of their cause and rightly mistrustful of their reasoning power, were apt to fall back on emotional references to their feelings as Englishmen or to the insecurity of their jobs, with, as corollary, the distress of their wives and children. Mrs. Z has memories of villainous mugs, framed with a convict's bristles and with ears *en choufleur*, twisted into expressions of piteous appeal, which she would not readily forego: moments of pure delicious comedy which almost reconcile her to the misery of four months.

Following this, there was a short lull. Mrs. Z was serving on the land, but she came up to London for a day or two's leave. Twelve hours after her arrival, there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Z knew at once that the visitor was a plain-clothes man. When you have before you a working-class man who is yet well-nourished and well-dressed, whose face holds a strange mixture of brutality and subservience, who is equally ready to threaten and to touch his hat, you can assume that he is a pillar of the law.

The man informed Mrs. Z that he was specially sent over by the

Aliens Officer to tell her to go at once and register at Bow Street. Without delay. Two photographs and a shilling. Otherwise, he hinted darkly, he would come and "fetch" her. She tried once more to explain things but he would not listen: finally she weakened and promised to go. Instantly the detective began to exude bonhomie and charm.—Imagine *my* feelings, madam, he said, bowing from the waist, at having to say such things to a lady of my own nationality.

This superb remark, which made nonsense of all that had preceded it, raises the following interesting point: what do policemen understand by the word "nationality"? In their cloudy minds, it seems to be something which can be lost and which cannot be lost: Mrs. Z had to be sent to Bow Street because she had a different nationality, but it hurt them to have to send her there because she had the same. Mrs. Z's kindly efforts to straighten out their ideas for them met with a stubborn resistance. She gave it up.

Her obstruction to the law had sprung from no desire to agitate or demonstrate but from a profound longing to feel in no way different or separated from the other people in the country. Now, she took her two photographs and her shilling and registered as an enemy alien. She resigned from the national service. She applied, for what it was worth and until the Home Secretary "washed it all out" again, to be naturalized: but when the Home Office official heard the facts of her case, his face lit up with all the glee of a bureaucrat who sees twenty obstacles, a hundred extra forms to fill up, months of procedure, before a decision need be reached.—I don't think we can naturalize you, he said, contentedly, as you seem to be a British subject already. The law of 1933 washed out? Nonsense. Who said so? *Oh, the police . . .*

These are the things which can happen to an Englishwoman who has never left or wanted to leave England and who was entitled by law to keep her nationality on marrying.

* * * * *

At the time war broke out, I was helping to bring in the harvest on a farm belonging to a highland Scot. It looked straight on to the sea near Harwich and as our reaper circled round and round the barley in the baking sun, we had a lovely view over the hazy blue North Sea and the tawny slopes of grain. Every morning we were at work in the fields by six and we did not stop in the evening until it was too dark to see. We were too exhausted then to do anything but to fall into bed with our clothes still on. We welcomed this exhaustion for in those last radiant days of August there was a feeling in the air of swiftly moving events, of great things toward, and that there was no greater honour than to participate

in them, however humbly. It was the mood in which a great people goes to war. After the war is over, there comes another, when the first is derided and belittled. We have laughed at our parents as they recalled the emotion of 1914, but we felt our spirits leap too on September 3, 1939. How we jeered at the words of the deplorable Mr. Brooke:—Honour has come back as a king to earth—but who did not feel that at last he could lift his head again. that at last King Henry's cry:—On, on, ye noblest English! need no longer raise uncomfortable titters when it was uttered? The phantom umbrella was banished from our dreams—we hoped, for good.

There is the one mood and the other, like hunger and satiety: it is of no use to judge between them. This footnote is no place for such discussions. The only point I wish to make is that on September 3 I felt the most serene and complete happiness of my life, to be with that crofter and his family, to be at one with them and with the whole country in our purpose and our understanding of what had to happen: and that then the observations of my own and the experiences of Mrs. Z, told to me piecemeal as they occurred, brought home to me the bitter fact that I had no real right to that happiness: that, indeed, I was a kind of poor relation to the feast: until I realized that I too lived here only with a kind of permit and I too felt bound to resign from national service.

If other women felt like this, the law would be changed tomorrow.

Let me end with a few words about the highland farmer. He had a fine head, covered with grizzled hair, and small deep-set eyes, the colour of the sea. His face was wrinkled and brown from his life in the sun. He loved to recite strange, long prayers before and after every meal. He worked like three men. On the fifth day of war, we received a visit from a half-wit: one of those half-wits who emerge from their holes in war, blinking a little in the light after their just obscurity, who put on armlets and peaked caps and get handsomely paid for it. I believe he called himself an Agricultural Adviser. He came briskly down the field to where we stood while the dew was drying off the uncut grain and he complained that the farmer was not getting his harvest in quickly enough.

—Then stairrt stukin' yersel! roared the latter, and pressed a pitchfork into the well tended hand. We turned away to hide our smiles. Later in the day, when the weary expert had asked and received permission to lie down in the shade of an elm, Farmer Lennox came up to me with some fruit.—Waur or nae waur, Mistress, he confided, I'll naw hae the Government tell me hae ter mind me beesiness.

And that, speaking characteristically through the mouth of a

Scot, was the English voice: a voice not too often heard to-day: a voice which frequently is tired or cracked or, worst of all, falsetto. But for all that it is still a noble one and I shall always be glad to remember how I heard it speaking in those early days of war.

Some of the foregoing remarks may seem to have little to do with the right of Englishwomen to a full partnership in their country. To my mind, their claim is so simple and so just, and so capable of satisfaction at the present time, that there is not a great deal to say about it. It is intimately bound up with those larger issues to which I have referred here and again and which I believe to be the immediate concern of everyone in the land. And as to those issues, one thing is certain: if we ordinary people do not see to them, nobody else will.

* * * * *

Since this article was written, Mr. Z has been interned. Two detectives appeared at his home at six in the morning, told him to pack a few necessary things and drove him away. Up to the time of going to press, nothing has been heard of him, that is to say, for nearly a month. Meanwhile, Mrs. Z trying to trace her husband, has been told that the law allowing English born wives to regain their nationality in war-time has been suspended: the reason of course being, that there is a war on.

MOSCOW BOUND

BY J. T. MURPHY

(An episode in the life of an idealist who hitched his wagon to the Red Star)

IN January, 1920, a National Conference of the Shop Stewards took a decision which altered the whole course of my life. An invitation had been received from the Third International, with its headquarters in Moscow, to send delegates to an International Conference of revolutionary parties and organizations of Western Europe, to be held in Amsterdam during that month. Arthur MacManus and I were elected to represent the Shop Stewards' Movement at the conference.

How MacManus and I were going to get to Amsterdam we did not know. It was then exceedingly difficult to obtain passports and visas. But we had been elected to go to the Conference, and it was our job to get there. Some hitch, however, prevented MacManus from starting when the time came, and, after some scheming I managed to get a passport and a visa for Holland, and set off alone for Amsterdam.

All went well. I turned in quickly on the boat and slept soundly until the steward announced "The Hook". I had read a little of Amsterdam, and of course had heard frequently the song about "Diamonds in Amsterdam", but I'm afraid that I didn't know the Dutch language. I simply had to trust to Dutchmen speaking English for I needed to make contact with Dutch Socialists in order to find where the Conference was to be held.

Conferences of revolutionaries are like no other conferences in the world. Some delegates travel to them with the luxury of a passport from their government; others travel despite the refusal of their government to grant them passports, and still others travel after outwitting their governments in securing passports. One thing is certain, that a conference which happens contrary to the wishes of governments cannot afford to advertize where it is to be held.

I found the Dutch Socialists and the place of the Conference. And so did the Dutch police before the Conference was half way through its proceedings. Indeed, they must have known before-

hand, because Michael Borodin, who arrived on the day after it began, discovered them in an adjoining room with a dictaphone apparatus connected with the conference room.

There were many interesting personalities present. Professor Pannokoek and Rutgers, the engineer who later had charge of the great Kuznetsky plant in Soviet Siberia, a member of the Dutch Parliament, and several other prominent socialists of Holland, Fraina from the American revolutionary socialists, Sylvia Pankhurst from the Workers' Social Federation, and Fred Willis from the British Socialist Party, and many more from Germany, Belgium, France and Scandinavia. Clara Zetkin was expected but had not arrived when the conference began.

It was a remarkable gathering. Pannokoek and several of the socialists were very keen supporters of the theories of Rosa Luxemburg, and constituted themselves a "left" revolutionary socialist or communist group in the International. But the most interesting figures in the conference were Borodin and Rutgers. Both spoke English excellently. Rutgers I liked immensely. Tall, blue eyed, gentle of demeanour, relentless of purpose and infinite in his devotion to the revolution, he ably led the assembly and outlined the plans of the Third International.

The conference had been called to make preparations for the World Congress that it was intended to organize later in the year, but our discussions had not got very far when there was a sudden break in the proceedings and we were informed of what Borodin had discovered in an adjoining room. Quickly the conference broke up. But the police were also quickly on the move. Many of us were arrested. Those of us who had their passports in order were set free and told to clear out of the country. Those who had no passports were kept under arrest until deported.

On this occasion I did not return to England. Instead I changed my address in Amsterdam for a day or two, and then made my way to the home of Rutgers at Amersfoort, a small town some thirty miles from Amsterdam. This was a little military centre, and Rutgers' house was pleasantly situated within a few yards of the barracks. One by one other delegates arrived there, including Borodin, Fraina and an Italian whose name I have forgotten. There we stayed for a week or more enjoying the kind hospitality of Rutgers and his wife. It was decided that if possible the delegates should make for Moscow for the World Congress of the Third International that had now been called for June. As this coincided with my instructions to go to Moscow I was particularly happy about the decision.

The week of waiting spent at the Rutgers' home was most interesting. I was especially attracted to Borodin. He was a tall, well

built, black-haired, swarthy complexioned man, an excellent linguist, thoroughly acquainted with the general literature and history of many countries and a professional revolutionary to boot. He had arrived at Amsterdam in a cargo boat from Spain after fulfilling a mission from Moscow to Mexico and the United States. He was for many years a member of the Russian Social Democratic Party (Bolshevik), now the Russian Communist Party, familiar with many parts of the world, and he knew, as few people do, how to adapt himself to all kinds and conditions of people. Of all the so-called "emissaries" of Lenin I have known, I know of none more expert and capable than he in winning the confidence and regard of the people to whom he was sent.

To my great joy it was decided that Borodin and I should travel together. There was no possibility of getting visas on our passports, so we determined to walk across the Dutch-German frontier. To get to the frontier we had first of all to walk some twenty miles or more. We left the military town behind us before daylight one morning and tramped along the flat Dutch highways. Here and there the flatness was relieved by woodland and little villages with white cottages and windmills. Winter is not the best time to see Holland, but we enjoyed the long tramp. We travelled light, having left our luggage to be sent on to Berlin by train. By night we arrived at our village where we hoped to make contact with smugglers to guide us across the frontier. We had a letter of introduction to a worker who had a smithy. To our surprise we found his living room, sleeping room and smithy were all one, and none too large. He and his wife welcomed us warmly while the three young children looked on shyly. Though very poor they immediately prepared a simple meal, and told us we could stay until we had made arrangements to move on.

One large oil lamp shed its rays over smithy and beds and table while we ate our evening meal and discussed with the man our next steps. He was not a communist, but a worker very sympathetic to us. I could only participate in the conversation with Borodin as translator but we managed very well.

The same evening our host went off to find a smuggler. Contrary to expectations, this proved rather difficult. Several agreed, then turned us down because the guard along the frontier had been strengthened in anticipation of some of us crossing this way. We had to wait three days with our friends before securing our guide. Then late one evening we started off from a farmyard, hidden in the bottom of a cart covered with hay. We travelled thus for some miles away from the neighbouring passport station. After a couple of hours jogging along the roads we came to a dense woodland. There we left the farm hand and his hay cart, and the three of us—

Borodin, the smuggler and myself—began the hike across "No Man's Land"—of forest, swamps and moorland. We had about five miles to walk before we could consider ourselves safely in Germany. Had it been a straightforward walk, it would hardly have been worthy of note. But we were permitted so little walking. It was literally a crawl.

It was a lovely moonlight night. A sharp frost made the night air nippy but we wished before long that a much harder frost had gripped the swampy land we had to cross. Having located the military patrol near the barbed wire marking the frontier of Holland, we hid in the woodland until opportunity offered to crawl under the wire and into No Man's Land. This safely negotiated we followed our smuggler friend along strange pathways which it would have been impossible for us to discover had we been alone. About half-way across we had a terrific fright. Feeling sure, as we heard the galloping horses, that a mounted patrol had located us, we flung ourselves on the ground among some bushes and waited. It was a false alarm. The horses were riderless. Once more we moved on skirting the open spaces, and slowly groping our way until we reached the barbed wire of the German frontier. Once through this our guide led us carefully about two miles further into Germany to a farmstead.

It was now about four o'clock in the morning, and fearing to rouse the household, we turned into a loft and there snuggled into the hay until dawn.

At last the time came for us to move once more. Our friend the smuggler slipped out and saw his friend the farm hand, and in a few minutes we had transferred ourselves to a large kitchen. We had a breakfast of black bread and coffee which was all we could get, and an indication of the poverty of the farm labourers of Germany. But the coffee was hot. That was its chief virtue. In another half hour we were on the high road. We received our directions from the smuggler, paid him for his services, said good-bye and were left to our own resources.

We now had a ten miles' walk before us before we dare get on a train, as we had to get well beyond Bentheim passport station. By the time we had covered the necessary distance and boarded the train for Berlin we were thoroughly footsore. I was wearing boots that were far too heavy, and Borodin's were far too light. Consequently both of us got our feet badly blistered. The wonder is that we were not arrested as vagrants at the station where we took tickets for the train. We were an unshaven, dirty, limping couple, and, I should think, easily recognizable as foreigners.

Borodin could speak German excellently. I kept silent whenever Germans were in ear shot. But all went well and once on the

train we needed no rocking to sleep. I did keep awake long enough to be amazed at the startling difference between Germany and Holland. In Germany everything seemed so precise, so orderly and big.

* * * * *

Owing to my lack of foreign languages, it was decided that it would be difficult for me to reach Russia via Poland and might well spoil Borodin's chances of doing so if I accompanied him. He therefore set off alone. I along with Fraina who had recently joined us again decided to travel through Denmark and Sweden to Stockholm, and there cross to Reval or Finland.

Fraina was a dashing little fellow of Italian stock. He would be no more than five feet five inches in height and lightly built. A peculiar cast in one eye was hidden somewhat by his thick horn rimmed spectacles. He wore a moustache and a little beard which gave him, he thought, a Trotsky-like appearance which appealed to his vanity. Vain he certainly was but he was also an able journalist and theoretician.

We set off one morning to Hamburg, a beautiful city and a great port. There we met revolutionary friends and after waiting a few days all was declared ready for the next stage of our journey. This time we had to cross two frontiers, the German frontier and that of what was known as an "international area" before we could get into Denmark. And of course we had to walk across them as neither of us had visas which would permit us to travel by more comfortable means.

From Hamburg we went to Kiel which was still a centre of immense revolutionary activity. The Red Guards were still in existence, and we were to be indebted to them in a way which we did not anticipate. When in Kiel, Fraina insisted on purchasing some mementoes of our passing through the town. As luck would have it we each purchased a revolver. What on earth for I don't know, for neither of us could use a revolver. They did, however, become a source of embarrassment which was really amusing.

Having negotiated the frontiers, which were not quite so difficult as the Dutch-German frontier, we landed in Flensburg. We had just boarded a train to take us to the Danish frontier when we were arrested for travelling without visas. We were rushed off the train and into the police headquarters. We were immediately searched. Both of us had small cases with our shaving tackle, a collar or two, pyjamas, handkerchiefs, a few pamphlets, and several Tauchnitz volumes. All these were spread unceremoniously on the table. Then our pockets were emptied and out came the revolvers but no ammunition, pencils, pens, pocket knives, a box of chessmen and a folding chessboard.

The revolvers seemed to speak volumes to the police. We were bundled into the prison cells and there left to think things over. The next day I insisted on sending telegrams to Tom Mann who was then General Secretary of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, and to the Shop Stewards asking for their assistance.

This caused a certain amount of stir among the officials, but we had to kick our heels in prison for two or three weeks. The gaol officials treated us very decently. We were transferred from our separate cells and permitted to share a large cell with accommodation for four people. Our books and chessmen were returned to us and we were allowed to have meals sent in from a neighbouring restaurant. One hour a day we had to walk round and round the prison yard for exercise.

Meanwhile our friends outside were getting busy. A number of the Red Guards from Kiel planned to raid the gaol and get us out. The officials got to know of the preparations and were alarmed because only a few weeks before, a raid on a neighbouring prison had been successful and a number of political prisoners had got away. Rather than have the risk of further trouble of this kind, the officials decided on a plan of their own. They offered to send us to Hamburg if we would give an undertaking to return to England. Naturally we gave it. Two police officers conducted us to the frontier and handed us over to the Danish officers in charge of the "international area". They in all good faith conducted us to the German frontier. The Germans, however, refused to let us in to their country because we had no visas. The officers were a bit nonplussed because they had accepted us under the impression that everything was arranged for us to go right through to Hamburg. They returned us to Flensburg but the Flensburg officials refused to have us because we had no visas for their territory. The Danish officers fumed and swore and telephoned wildly for instructions. Finally, in exasperation the officer in charge who could speak English excellently, having lived in Australia for four years, told us we would have to walk into Germany the same way we had come out of it. I explained that we did not know the way.

"Never mind" he answered "we'll show you".

We were put in charge of two soldiers who took us back to the German frontier and escorted us illegally across it and beyond the passport station. There they left us. We walked on a few miles and then took train for Hamburg. Our luck appeared to be out on this journey, for at the next station we came under the observations of the German police. We were not formally arrested but informally accompanied. They told us they were instructed to see that we fulfilled our promise to return to England

from Hamburg. We only escaped their attention by jumping from the train as it moved out of Hamburg Central station.

After such difficulties we did not feel under any obligation to go back to London. Instead we made our way back to Berlin to consider afresh how to get to Russia. We reported to the representative of the Third International in Berlin and received further financial help to continue our journey. At least I did, for all I had received from the Shop Stewards' Committee had long since been spent. After waiting a week or two we learned that ships were now sailing between Stettin and Reval and we set off for Stettin. This is a fair-sized port in North Germany. How we were going to get on a ship we hardly knew. One thing was certain. We could only travel as stowaways and the problem was to make contact either with some officers or firemen and sailors on a ship travelling between Stettin and Reval.

By this time both of us had learned a little of the German language but not enough to converse freely. We visited a few hotels and restaurants frequented by ships' officers and listened in until I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of one who spoke English well. Having sounded him about his profession and its conditions, it was soon clear that most of them, captains included were not against doing a little smuggling to reinforce their salaries which were affected by the inflation now developing rather rapidly. I told him I was an Irish revolutionary and where I wanted to go. At once he was very interested and it was not long before he agreed to stow us away for a consideration. Unfortunately, at the last moment when we were about to make for the ship, the captain received orders to go to Stockholm instead of Reval. So the search had to begin again . . .

Having found a ship that we knew was going to Reval there was nothing for it but to find the way on to it. So now I searched for the firemen who I knew were the best fellows for the purpose. We found them with the help of a syndicalist organizer. He knew the firemen on this very ship and there were several good revolutionary workers among them. We arranged a meeting with them, discussed the problem and agreed on what was to be done.

Hence one night, dressed in firemen's overalls, with cap and bundle and bag we negotiated our way into the docks, boarded the ship and stowed away. At first we were put into the chain box and told to stop there until the ship got out to sea and the port officials had cleared off the ship. Big greasy chains are not exactly soft things to sit on. Nor is a chain box a really comfortable room. But we had to make the best of it and there we sat sprawled in the pitch darkness for some hours. Suddenly there was an alarm. The port officials had begun their search of the ship for contraband

and stowaways. We were unceremoniously pulled out of the chain box and put right at the bottom of the ship to cling precariously in the darkness to a couple of girders for an hour which seemed like six.

At last came relief and we were helped out of our uncomfortable hiding place into the firemen's bunks. This was a relief, or so we thought until we had been there some time. Then we found the bunks very lively. The army of small inhabitants occupying them were very active and good biters. Bugs appear to be thorough going internationalists occupying all countries with impunity and unhesitatingly feeding on all races without discrimination.

But there we had to stay for about three days and nights. Our next problem was how to get off the ship. Once more our luck held. There were on board about one hundred Russian prisoners of war returning to Russia under the repatriation schemes which were put into operation after the end of the war. They were herded at the same end of the ship as the firemen's quarters. In the course of the journey we negotiated to exchange places with two of these Russian prisoners and before we arrived at Reval we mixed with the Russians and two of them took our places in the bunks. We were each given a Russian name to which we had to answer if there was a roll call. Fortunately for us we were not asked our names or I am certain that when these were pronounced we could not have recognized them.

All went well and we emerged with the crowd and marched off the ship as prisoners of war. Then we were lined up on the quay-side while Russian and Esthonian officers counted us and checked their report sheets. Then we were marched through the streets of Reval under the escort of a body of Esthonian soldiers to the railway station. Once more we were lined up and counted and then herded into cattle trucks. Then slowly we rolled across the plains of Esthonia towards the Russian frontier.

(Mr. Murphy's article is an extract from his forthcoming autobiography "New Horizons" to be published by John Lane, The Bodley Head).

THE WARS AND THE ACTOR

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

IN an article in the last issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, I tried to show how profoundly the drama had been affected by the mood of exhausted Europe during the period which elapsed between the suspension of the war in 1918 and its resumption in 1939. In the present article, I will try to show how this mood affected the actor.

All students of acting realize, without much effort, that ideas about acting change drastically in the course of time, and that performances which appeared to our forefathers to be first-rate might appear fustian to us. The eloquence of one generation is the rant of the next. Mrs. Siddons could frighten the wits out of a shop assistant by her request for a hank of wool, and reduce an audience in London to such a state of alarm that a performance of Rowe's shoddy work, *Tamberlane*, had to be suspended while the manager of the theatre assured those present that Mrs. Siddons was alive and well and not, as the audience felt sure she must be, dead from the effects of her own acting. We may doubt whether Mrs. Siddons could frighten a shop assistant to-day or cause any disturbance in the nervous system of a modern audience. We may even believe that were she to perform the part of Arpasia in a contemporary theatre as she performed it a hundred and fifty years ago, the audience would be in fits of laughter and not in fits of fright, and more eager, probably, to hear of her demise than her survival.

Actors and actresses in her time could appal their colleagues on the stage no less than the audience in the theatre. When two seasoned actors, Homan and the elder Macready, saw her Arpasia, the former turned to the latter and said, "Macready, do I look as pale as you"? Barry Sullivan, acting *Macbeth* in Cork, turned on a super with such effect that the man fell on his knees in a state of terror and begged for pardon. These are known facts, and they demonstrate beyond all doubt a difference, not only in the nature of acting, but in the nature of the audience, which remove them both almost from contact with acting and the audience of to-day. They do not disestablish the greatness of Siddons or Sullivan. Were these two alive, they would adapt their genius to the mood of our time as ably as they adapted it to the mood of their own time. Nelson would not be less effective on oil-ships than he was

on sailing ships. He would have won Trafalgar under steam as thoroughly as he won it under air.

The difference between the style of acting fashionable a century ago, and that fashionable now is obvious and easily perceived. What is less obvious and easily perceived is the difference between the style of acting which flourished before August 4, 1914, and that which was flourishing on September 3, 1939. We are ready to grant that Irving's acting might have to be revised to be popular now, but are we equally ready to recognize that Alexander's style, Tree's style, Waller's style, Wyndham's style might also have to be revised? Are we certain that Henry Ainley's acting would draw the town to-day as it drew the town a decade ago? Was it not evident that the taste for Gerald du Maurier had declined before his death? Miss Gladys Cooper no longer adorns the English stage. Her place is in America. A great change has occurred—so much is plain—but what caused it is not so plain. The swing from one generation to another is not, I think, sufficient to account for it. Miss Marie Tempest was a star when Henry Irving was at the height of his renown: she is still a star, though Irving has been dead for thirty-five years. Has the change been caused by the cinema? Or has a theory of acting which was only beginning to pervade the theatre in 1914, now prevailed? Is the change a result of a combination of these causes? The last explanation seems the most likely to be true.

But what is the change? In what way are Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Mr. Charles Laughton, Mr. John Gielgud, Mr. Emlyn Williams, Mr. Laurence Olivier, Mr. Michael Redgrave, and Mr. Ralph Richardson different from George Alexander, Beerbohm Tree, Charles Wyndham, Henry Ainley, Owen Nares and Gerald du Maurier? Lewis Waller was a manly romantic actor. So is Godfrey Tearle. Is there, essentially, any difference between them? Is the difference between Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, Irene and Violet Vanbrugh, Ellis Jeffreys, Lilian Braithwaite, and Gladys Cooper, on the one hand, and Edith Evans, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Celia Johnson and Peggy Ashcroft, on the other, deep or superficial? Are Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Dame Sybil Thorndike incapable of contact? How are we to account for Dame Marie Tempest, who has retained her authority on the stage through fifty-five years of extraordinary social changes, and Dame May Whitty, who, when she was over seventy, strengthened her craft and increased her renown? Mr. Allan Aynesworth, in his seventy-fifth year, remains an accomplished comedian, able to make a whisper heard in the gallery when younger actors can scarcely be heard in the third row of the stalls. How wide is the gap between Mr. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. Bertram Wallis and

Mr. Jack Buchanan, Miss Gertie Miller and Miss Gertie Lawrence, Miss Connie Ediss and Miss Beatrice Lillie? Would Dan Leno recognise a comedian in Mr. Syd Walker or Mr. Jack Warner? Are Marie Lloyd and Miss Gracie Fields sisters under their skins? We can, I think, answer the last two questions affirmatively. The music-hall has, superficially, changed a lot, but essentially it remains unchanged. Mr. George Robey and Mr. Max Miller are closely related. Mr. Miller takes more liberties than Mr. Robey was allowed, but their manner is much the same. There is more resemblance than difference between George Lashwood and Mr. Vic Oliver. Mr. Stanley Lupino and Mr. Leslie Henson are substantially the same. The tradition of the light entertainment is so firm and stable that Mr. George Graves was able to hold his own in *Me and My Girl* with his junior, Mr. Lupino Lane. Mr. Harry Champion and Sir Harry Lauder are as effective on the air as they were in the old Tivoli. Miss Nellie Wallace has, figuratively speaking, been on the variety stage ever since it was started.

But even in the music-hall a definite and distinct difference of style is observable between the variety performances of thirty-five years ago and those of to-day. Artistes, as they liked to call themselves, formerly depended almost entirely on their own personalities. They seldom, if ever, used the help of elaborate and spectacular effects, nor did they eke out their own nature with that of chorus girls. Leno, standing in front of a crudely-painted drop-scene, could hold an audience enthralled for half an hour. Marie Lloyd, unaided by a bevy of beautiful bounding belles, as the members of the chorus are occasionally called, could keep a large crowd strictly under her control. Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies were still unborn. Inadequate individualities were not then able to seem larger than life by the help of brilliant sets, brilliant lights, and swift, unclothed chorus girls. Individuality cannot, of course, be eliminated from entertainment, and there are comedians to-day no less individual than any of former times. Mr. Miller and Mr. Oliver, as I have already suggested, owe their popularity strictly to their own talents and not to extraneous assistance. Mr. Jack Warner's individuality is so distinct that it pervades the broadcasts from the Garrison Theatre and makes him immensely effective with people who have never in their lives set eyes on him. There is, however, a tendency even in the variety theatre to rely on effects to a greater degree than was customary in the days of Lloyd and Leno. We are less assertive individually, more assertive collectively, than we were. This change is apparent everywhere in the theatre. It is part of the general change of mood in the community. Those of us who are old enough to make a comparison between them can perceive the extent of the change when we compare the

performance of Lewis Waller in *Monsieur Beaucaire* or *Henry V.* with that of Mr. Godfrey Tearle in *The Faithful Heart* or *The Flashing Stream*. Waller was a romantic actor. So is Mr. Tearle. The four plays named are romantic pieces. The romance in all of them is irrational, as romance ought to be, but the performances have suffered a sea-change. Waller declaimed. Mr. Tearle seems to debate.

Primarily, of course, the change started in the auditorium. The playgoer had changed, so the player had to change with him. We saw the change most clearly when Robert Loraine revived *Cyrano de Bergerac* in 1927. Ex-Service men, embittered by their experience in mechanized war, were in no mood to regard it as romantic, and Rostand's play excited their derision, especially when the lovely Roxane arrived in the trenches in a coach complete with footmen. Though there was heroic quality in the play, and, despite mechanization, one could wear a panache as well in 1914-18 as in 1640. The man had been subordinated to the machine, and he felt his indignity, although, by a strange freak, the most mechanized part of the forces, the flying corps, was that in which individual effort and chivalrous contact were most clearly possible. Our insatiable longing for a hero made us over-rate T. E. Lawrence, who became, to romance-starved minds, a combination, as one of his biographers, Mr. Vyvyan Richards, declared, of St. Francis, Abraham Lincoln, Leonardo da Vinci, Stonewall Jackson, a Steffansen, an Odysseus, a Sven Hedin and a Shakespearean Conrad instead of a whimsical don with a passion for mystification and publicity. But the world was being made safe for centralization. The regimentation of mankind had begun. We were sick of dominant personalities. We turned away from strident and well-advertised individuals to low-toned and anonymous officials and groups. The bureaucrat took precedence over the politician, in fact though not in appearance, and team work was everywhere extolled. The stars were told to hide their diminished rays. A gentleman in a power-station, operating a neat switch, would provide all the light we required. There were to be no positions of personal authority. The powder-monkey and the admiral would henceforth be interchangeable. So would the principal actor and the super. Henry Irving would play Hamlet to-night and the noise outside in the third act to-morrow. Ellen Terry, who was Beatrice on Monday, would wave her arms in the chorus on Saturday. Team work, that was the slogan for the future. We were all to be equal in the ant-heap. There were no great men. All men were unheroic and mean in the same degree. The Little Man was the only man, and not much of a man: a frightened rabbit, ready to run to his burrow. We could not come short of glory, because there was no glory!

The theory was, of course, daft, and it led direct to totalitarianism in which a demented individualism prevails. The immediate outcome of team work in the theatre was the rise to supreme and disastrous power of the producer or, as he is called in America, the director. He became the master of the stage, setting the scene, supervising the acting, and "interpreting" the play, to the extent, even, of changing entirely its author's intention. Inevitably this uncontrolled director became rampant in the totalitarian state of Russia, where a director considered it his duty, as well as his privilege, to re-write a play so that it should fit his conception of what its author ought to have written. Under the bondage of this theory of the theatre, Shakespeare became an early apostle of Bolshevism, and his plays were re-written and arranged to prove that he had anticipated the teachings of Karl Marx and was Lenin's herald. Acting became, under the producer, a mere matter of drill. The player was invited to reproduce the very voice of his director. Chalk marks were made on the stage, so that the actor could always toe the line. He must move thus far and no farther. An inch more or an inch less would be disastrous to the producer's "interpretation" of the play. The delivery of lines must be uniform and intimate. "Intimacy", indeed, became so common on the stage that audiences everywhere complained of inaudibility, and a suggestion was made that managements, instead of offering opera-glasses for hire, should offer ear-trumpets and telephones. Amplifiers were actually installed in little theatres, although an earlier generation of actors were able, without such aids, to make themselves heard in houses as large as Drury Lane. St. Paul's advice on enunciation, given with enviable vivacity in First Corinthians, xiv, 7-11 and again in verse 19, if it was ever read by over-produced actors, was disregarded. Actors were instructed to be "natural", to behave in a drawing-room set on the stage as if they were in an actual drawing-room in Saffron Walden or Pinner. People do not "shout" in real drawing-rooms. Why, then, should they "shout" in pretended drawing-rooms? The fact that an audience is not listening to the conversation in a real drawing-room was not mentioned, and the players "pussyfooted" through their parts.

The actor was ordered, not to learn and deliver the author's lines, but to give an impression of them. It was not important to say what the author had written, but to seem to say what the author had written. Lines might profitably be thrown away. This or that passage of dialogue was of no consequence and might, therefore, be mumbled! . . . It was not long, as this theory came into practice, before the producer's "interpretation" of the author's intention became more important than the intention

itself. "Don't bother about what Mr. Shaw meant. This is what I mean! . . ." Producers then began to cut plays, where authors allowed them to do so, and even to re-arrange or re-write the dialogue. Advertisements appeared in the press of Mr. So-and-So's production of *Hamlet*. The producer's name was printed in large type. The author's name, when it was printed at all, appeared in smaller type. In attempting to get rid of individual personalities, the theatre had substituted for a distinguished actor and a distinguished author, each seeking to exploit to the utmost the other's talent, an undistinguished director who sought to make himself powerful by their extinction. Pseudo-democracy in the theatre, as elsewhere, led straight to dictation.

The taste for polite comedy, degenerating into the taste for smart, trivial comedy, full of short, snappy lines and wise-cracks, affected English acting. The English are renowned on the Continent for the skill with which they perform comedy parts. In these parts, they were, and still are, unmatched, particularly in polished comedy as distinct from smart comedy. American actors are catching up on them in "snappy", wise-cracking pieces, and will probably surpass them; but so long as authors, such as Congreve, Wilde, Shaw and Somerset Maugham survive, English actors will remain supreme in the performance of their work and its kind. The fact is recognized in New York, where an English actor is certain to be preferred to a native actor for a part which requires the display of what must be called the characteristics of a well-bred and cultivated man. But this skill in comedy performance has resulted in a serious decline in character acting. In America, character actors are numerous and exceedingly able. In England, they are few and not so able. American acting differs deeply from English. On the whole, American actresses are superior to English actresses, but English actors, on the whole, are superior to American. That is a very rough, and may be a rash, generalization, but it receives support from critics of authority on both sides of the Atlantic. It has, however, to be modified by such qualifications as that which I have set out, namely, that American actors are more skilful in character work than English actors. It is because of their great skill in comedy performances, a skill which is undoubtedly the result of the public distaste for poetic and tragic plays, that our players are no longer able to perform serious work as ably as they once were. An actress who has spent much of her time on the stage in uttering clipped and discoloured lines of six or seven words in length, will have trouble with her tongue when she comes to speak Shakespearean lines. An actor, trained in the Coward school and accustomed to lines such as these from *This Was a Man*:

Edward: What's the matter with you, Evie?

Evelyn: Nothing.

Edward: You're not only telling me extremely fatuous lies, but you look like death.

Evelyn: They're not lies. I - - -

Edward: Don't be an ass. Have a drink.

Evelyn: No—I don't want a drink.

Edward: What's wrong?

Evelyn: There's nothing wrong.

Edward: You'd better tell me you know.

Evelyn: I want to tell you.

Edward: Come on, then.

Evelyn: I've got to tell you.

Edward: Out with it.

Evelyn: But I can't! . . .

will trip over his own lips when he has to play the part of Troilus and speak these lines to Cressida, telling her of his immediate departure from Troy:

And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoinder, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as he stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

But, perhaps, the most adverse of the contemporary influences on an actor, especially on the young actor, is the cinema where he is directed to death. Superficially considered, the moving picture would seem likely to develop *mime* in an actor, since, even in the talkies, action and facial expression remain supreme; but actually the actor has less liberty in a film studio than he has on a stage ruled by a rigorous producer; for he is not allowed to make a single movement in a picture that has not been devised by its director and in which he has not been drilled almost beyond endurance. He never experiences the exhilaration and exaltation of contact with an audience, since all his performances are given in a studio with no person present except those concerned in the manufacture of the picture: an experience which would be equalled by the actor if he never performed in any presence but that of the producer, the electricians and the stage hands. The loss of this contact with an

audience eventually blunts the edge of his acting, and he is obliged to return to the living theatre to have it sharpened. But he has suffered an irreparable injury: he has been mechanized. The overpowering personal quality which enabled Mrs. Siddons to terrify the shop assistant, and made Henry Irving prevail in every company where he appeared, is no longer required, and it shrivels and will finally cease to live. Your film star's life is brief. He goes almost as quickly as he comes. "What is the average life of a girl in films"? I said to a man prominent in entertainment. "Three pictures", he replied.

How little value there is in film work to an actor is apparent when it is realized that no "pure" film star, by which I mean a star who has been trained and has acted only in pictures, has yet succeeded in establishing him or herself on the living stage. Some dire exhibitions have been made by ambitious ladies who have tried to make a reputation in the theatre equal to their reputation on the screen, exhibitions which they have had the good sense not to repeat.

Personality has not, of course, disappeared from the theatre. Far from it. Stars, despite all the contempt that has been poured upon them by very young men, continue to shine in every theatrical firmament, and we may believe that they will always continue to do so. Mr. Gielgud, with a modesty which I consider to be entirely reprehensible, has sometimes subordinated himself to the team spirit, assuming a part either negligible in itself or below his range, but he cannot de-star himself, and it is right and proper that he should fail to do so. St. Paul was democratic enough not to care who did the work so long as it was done. "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos"? he wrote to the Corinthians when they were over-concerned about their dignity. "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase". Yet he had no delusive beliefs about equality, nor did he deceive himself with vapid talk about the team spirit; and he knew that there are degrees of ability and status. "There is one glory of the sun", he wrote again to the Corinthians, "and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another in glory". Ellen Terry, towards the end of her life, after she had listened with superb patience to a brilliant producer who told her when to move, how to move, how far to move, when to speak her lines and even how to speak them, said demurely, "Yes, I'll do all that, and then I'll add the little extra bit that earns my salary"! There can be no acting without personality, nor can there be personality without freedom of expression. It would be false to say that we have no actors of great talent, though it may be true to say that we have none who possess genius; but it is not false to say that the craft of acting may

be ruined if we permit it to remain mechanized to the extent it has been. We may yet see a separation of the stage from the screen, with the actor, who generally hates performing in film studios, refusing to be seen in a picture lest he should ruin himself on the stage. It would be foolish and futile to try to prophecy what will be the fate of the actor after the war is over. But we may hope that the concern of the theatre with comedies for the comfortable classes may cease, and that the working people, who formerly frequented the playhouse, may do so again, bringing with them their ancient and undiminished love of high and deep emotions, their unquenchable preoccupation with the fundamentals of our lives. When that day returns and the range of our stage is extended, actors will once more command our feelings, and it may be possible that an actress will walk into Harrod's or Selfridge's or Woolworth's and request a hank of wool in tones that will terrify the clerk behind the counter.

(Mr. St. John Ervine's article "The Wars and the Drama," appeared in the July issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY).

lutions—only a few scenes are provided as background to the action of your whole life: to these you seem chained throughout your career on earth, and even when death himself arrives for you.”

* * * * *

TRUE LOVERS' KNOT

BY OSBERT SITWELL

EVEN when I first knew him—and it must be many years ago—Carey Totnell appeared to be an old man, with the bearded face of Socrates, only in appearance a more elegant philosopher, tinged, in the passage of time by the epicurean. He seemed to survive as a type, the perfect bachelor of the eighties of the last century, suave in manner, cultivated in mind, leading a life both ordered and orderly. He might—except that his mind was more emancipated—have stepped straight out of the first act of one of Pinero's plays, set in Albany; well-read, in a fashion now almost extinct, a lover of the classics, so that he would often read Greek and Latin Poetry for his own enjoyment, his choice was governed by a natural taste for all good things, and he showed, too, a great respect for food and wine. I much appreciated his taste and intelligence and culture, his tired wisdom and kindness: but sometimes I wondered at the garnished emptiness of his existence.

Only once, I think, did I hear him enunciate, in a deliberate, very individual voice which gave point to every word he said, sentiments that sounded as though in some way bound up with his life. And the theory that he had then propounded, fantastic as it seemed that evening, returned to my mind later when I heard of his death.

I had been dining with him—in Albany, of course—and we were talking alone in a corner of his library, while the others played bridge. I was young at the time and he was rallying me on a supposed desire to avoid family responsibilities and ties. “My dear boy”, I remember his concluding, “it's no use your ever trying to escape. You are provided with only a few people among whom to play during your life. Some enter at birth, others drift in later. You can hate or love them as the threads that are their lives touch and knot yours, inextricably or loosely, as it may prove: but that doesn't matter: there they will be at every turn in your life, whereas others, whom you may like better, appear only once, for a month or two, and it will be no use your trying ever to see them again . . . Better at once to accept defeat and try to like those with whom Destiny has thrown you. It saves trouble; for there they'll be, sure enough, at the end! And so it is, too, with places. In normal times—not, of course, during wars or revo-

All those who had ever stayed in Miss Pomfret's house, liked to return at least once a week to see her, because it was easy to look in at St. James's Place and they were sure of welcome and amusement. Moreover, she could boast that strange gift, given to so few, of making all her friends, their friends. Originally, I had found my way thither by chance, her lodgings having been recommended by the porter of my club. But I had soon—in company, indeed, with all her guests—taken a great liking to her. She was a personage altogether uncommon, surviving from the age of Shakespeare, audacious and robust as Juliet's nurse, and with a natural gift for original observation and trenchant phrase. By nature Elizabethan, it had been her earthly lot to live through more than half of the Victorian reign, and so she had learned that now people could be shocked, and that a great many of them deserved the sensation.

However, to tow this warm-blooded, vigorously reacting human being, built on so magnificent a scale, both morally and physically, with her keen, peasant understanding of men and women (rare, because reached entirely through her individual eyes, in an age when the whole population has been taught to read and write), to attempt to tow her, then, and anchor her within the limited space of a short story, is a little like trying to introduce a whale within the confines of a swimming-pool. We will only, therefore, take a single glance at her large frame, its many rotund contours encased in black silk, on which were disposed several gold ornaments, at the high black collar round her neck, surmounted by a little white ruff; which imparted to her smiling and rather creased face the shining geniality of a Franz Hals, so that, most of all, her visitors liked to see her—as sometimes, but not often, they did—holding up a wineglass under the light, drinking to the health of a friend.

One evening, I found, as usual, a good many people in her sitting-room on the ground floor; and among others, Carey . . . I had not realized before that Miss Pomfret and he were friends. I remember the occasion well, because she gave us a lively description of her new lodger, above, in the best suite. She had taken a great fancy to him—though he was a spiritualist; a faith of which she could not altogether approve—for he sent her enormous bunches of flowers from time to time, and she admired, too, the way in which he had done up his sitting-room, with, as she said “‘H'indian 'angings' and H'egyptian bronzes on marble pedestrians”, cats,

bulls and hawks. "Five thousand years old, some of 'em are," she said confidently. But now came a sound of a bump overhead, followed by intoning: and Miss Pomfret broke off, to remark "That's 'im. Prying to that blooming 'awk, agine, I suppose."

She liked to stay up talking as late as she could, till two or three in the morning if possible—perhaps because this to her was a symbol of being her own mistress at last, with no need to get up early. So, to gratify her propensity in this matter, I stayed behind after the others had gone, and it was there that she told me she had been nurse and personal maid to old Mrs. Totnell, Carey's mother, from about 1882 till her death in 1900, and had known intimately her numerous—there were seven brothers and sisters—offspring. Their father, a famous counsel, had long been dead, and Carey was the eldest son, the cleverest, the pride and despair of his family . . . I obtained from her, little by little, a picture of my old friend as a young man; a full-length portrait in the pointillist manner, acquired by placing a blob of paint here, a blob there.

In spite of those same responsibilities, about which he liked continually to harangue me, the inhabitant of that elegant, empty shell of to-day had been, it appeared, fierce, wild and untrammelled, a source of anxiety, instead—as now—of quiet comfort to his relatives. And in any particular difficulty that arose—or, more generally, that himself had created—it had been his very sensible habit to consult Miss Pomfret, since she could understand anything, however unglossed, that belonged to human nature, to ask her advice, and to request her to act as intermediary between himself and his family. Moreover, what ever he did, or whatever she may have pretended to the contrary, she was, in reality, fonder of the gay, exquisite, audacious "Mr. Carey" than of all his brothers and sisters, with their better regulated lives—of everyone, indeed, except his mother, to whom she was devoted.

I gathered that by far the greatest imbroglio (one could not say *scandal*, but difficulty is altogether too mild a word for it) in which Carey had been involved, was a tremendous love-affair with an Italian *prima donna* of international fame. For two years he had lived with Forelli in a house in Welbeck Street, and during those few months there had arisen a succession of tempests and hurricanes, born of the hot suns of her native Neapolitan country, and often culminating in episodes of intense strangeness and absurdity.

Always bounded by the conventions of the Italian operatic form, limited to weeping, storming and threats of suicide, even to the pretence of madness, they were followed by scenes excruciatingly sweet, for all that their airs were yet unformulated, but nevertheless peculiarly unsuited to the social life of the English capital, and the quiet of the London clubs. (I mentioned clubs advisedly

because on several occasions Forelli invaded the upholstered seclusion of the Mausoleum in quest of Carey, and had had to be barred from a search of its cloistral apartments by an unspeakably shocked, if comprehending, hall-porter.)

The effect of this upon his relatives can be imagined. They had accused him of bringing scandal on the family, and of neglecting his affairs in the City. Accordingly, Miss Pomfret had often been designated to approach him with suggestions of reform. But, as it happened, Miss Pomfret was, rather surprisingly, a great lover of grand opera; which, together with racing, were the twin lights of her life. Moreover, Forelli had taken a great liking to her, and this flattered such an amateur . . . Indeed, in only two matters had Miss Pomfret stood against the lovers; she blamed him for causing continual worry to his mother, and she did not want them to marry. ("It wouldn't do.") But in any case, nothing would have persuaded Forelli to marry him, and this had been in fact—though his relatives were too proud to believe it—the most frequent cause of the quarrels between them.

Opera has fallen low in man's esteem, and no one now, I am aware, ever falls in love with a *prima donna*, but in those halcyon days of waists and bustles and bonnets, of hansom-cabs and top hats and frock-coats, when life was serene and unruffled except for the disturbances that you, as an individual, chose to make for your own diversion, nightingales were lovely of feather, as of voice. Into the brief space of their singing lives, they crammed whole careers of artistic and amorous experience. When, for an immense fee, paid in gold sovereigns, such a diva consented to sing at a private house, at the mere opening of her lips, talk would die away as though the archangel of music himself had entered the room and clapped his wings for silence. And the crowds that applauded her singing, would be interested, equally, in the events of her private existence, would be in possession of a great many true, as well as false details, and would discuss them eagerly. Every night elegant, ardent young amateurs waited outside the stage door to see Forelli emerge, and drive off with Carey in his private hansom, and nearly every day, too, he could be seen attending her in the Park, or escorting her through a restaurant with something of the pride of a drumming peacock. Bouquets and messages, lyres and harps and wreaths of roses and carnations, arrived for her at all hours. And these tributes helped to charge the atmosphere suitably for scenes of passion in real life.

In spite of their reasonless and perpetual differences, in spite of incongruity, in spite of her willingness to live with, and yet steadfast refusal to marry, him, each had been in reality devoted to the other. Carey was in love with her voice, as much as her person,

and for him she would sing as for no one else. Notwithstanding frequent ludicrous and painful situations there had existed in their relationship a quality, not only genuine, but tragic and unforgettable, and this Miss Pomfret had seen for herself and somehow managed to convey to me, even after the passing of many years. Here, then, in the drawing-room of his house in Welbeck Street, the turmoil of both their lives had spent itself (for, being a born *prima donna*, she preferred scenes set in the drawing-room to, as it were, bedroom scenes), and had loved and quarrelled with a vehemence and ebullition unsuited to this city and its surroundings, had often parted for ever only to return, dove-like, within a few hours. Here, with her back to the huge piano smothered up in a Chinese shawl, with many objects standing upon it, she had practised her parts, and trilled her joys and griefs in coloratura.

Miss Pomfret described the room well, could even remember the identity of some of the silver-framed, enthusiastically-autographed portraits of tenors with whom Forelli had sung, for she had often been sent there with messages from anxious relatives, or had been summoned by one or other of the lovers themselves. Evidently Carey had furnished it for his mistress with an ostentation born of the recent romances of Ouida and of the influence of Sarah Bernhardt, had filled it with arabesque hangings, with Persian rugs and flowers and palm-trees, with bronzes and fine pictures, ancient and modern, and Forelli, for her part, had added operatic trophies, crowns and sheaves of flowers, photographs of elephantine tenors in armour, or with lace collars and hats crowned with flowing feathers. Certainly for him, the place had been charged with vital vibrations such as he was never to give out, or receive, again. The battery, the dynamo of his soul, had been, for those two short years, working at its highest pressure. After that, he became the shell I knew.

Eventually the lovers had quarrelled and really parted for good, much to the satisfaction of all concerned, except themselves. And not long after, Forelli had died in Paris, still in the height of her powers and her celebrity, so that only the echo of that golden voice lingered in the minds of men.

* * * * *

Miss Pomfret told me first of Carey's death. He had been nearly seventy—a good span, I suppose: but somehow, all his qualities, physical and mental, had appeared to be specifically calculated to support him into extreme old age, so that the news came as a shock to his friends. Though, as I perceived, she deeply felt his loss, and his sufferings, yet, reverting again to her Elizabethan character,

she could not help manifesting something of Webster's fascinated delight in death. She showed herself determined, in spite—or, perhaps, because—of my affection for him, to spare me no detail of Carey's final distress and dissolution. One could almost hear in her voice, as she talked, the rhythm of the poet's lines

"Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror."

When he sent for her, she had found him in a typically fashionable nursing-home, made up of several old houses, superficially altered. The lift, she had noticed, was hardly wide enough to hold her, but possessed a curious, long rectangular shape, just able to receive a coffin when it came down.

"Oh yes, he's getting on nicely," the Sister had said in a "pleasant" voice cool and clear, and much more 'comfy' than he would be at home . . . There's always a nurse with him, even at night, to cheer him up. And he's much less grumpy: quite affable to everyone now."

Carey Totnell lay, propped up on pillows, in a large front-room on the first floor; rather dark, and to Miss Pomfret's way of thinking, "too cold-looking", with its sanitary surfaces and enamelling. It contained too, a litter of pseudo-scientific apparatus, lamps and cylinders and bed-tables, and of spindly fittings in aluminium and steel, the uses of which remain fortunately unknown to the lay mind. "Why, the very bed 'e lay h'in, 'ad more the look to me of a dentist's chair, than a Christian bed", Miss Pomfret remarked to me . . . Nevertheless, she had rather liked the room, it had seemed in some way familiar and, in consequence, comfortable and not to be feared.

But she was shocked at the change she saw in the invalid, for he had paid her one of his usual visits, apparently in his normal health, only a few evenings previously. Carey had betrayed from the first, it seems, "that nasty blue look," his voice had come from far away when he spoke, his nails "'ad no life in them," and his hands kept plucking at the sheets; all these symptoms being well-known harbingers of death in the system of divining which she had projected for herself. "You'll never come h'out of 'ere, except a corpse, laid h'out flat in that lift, my man, h'I said to myself," she added, "but, of course, I didn't let 'im see anything. h'I couldn't 'elp crying a little, and jest said, 'Oh, Mr. Carey, dear, to think of seeing you *like this!*'"

The Sister had first turned the nurse out of the room, then, after

indulging in a miniature power-drive, patting and tugging at the pillows which he had contrived at last to make comfortable for himself, and pulling cords for windows and ventilators, she had squared her chin, saying "Now I'll go. I know I can trust you not to tire the patient or stay too long," and had herself left them.

At once, Carey had turned his face to Miss Pomfret, and said (he seemed to have to make an effort, she had thought, even to speak) —"Mary, my old friend, I'm a dying man. I know. It is only a matter of hours, not of days . . . So I wanted to see you once again, to thank you for everything you've done for me, always . . . and to ask you one question . . . You've seen so much of the course of my life: do you recognize this room?" . . . And then, as she looked round, she had understood; the enamelled cornices and doors, the distempered walls, the metal furniture, had taken on other colours, other lines. A gold-lacquered paper flowered again over the walls, a Chinese screen stood in front of the door, a *Symphony in White*, by Whistler, hung over the mantelpiece (now filled in, to hold an electric heater). In the far corner, on the muffled piano, stood rows of silver-framed photographs of Forelli in the rôles of Carmen, La Sonnambula, Lucia and a hundred other operatic heroines, or of mellifluous male singers decked for their parts, and on the tables, the vases of sick-room flowers had been ousted for the instant by vast, formal trophies of roses, orchids and lilies . . . He lay now dying in the very room of the very house in which his life had been crowned and consumed.

* * * *

He told her that he had fought—as she had been certain he would—against the idea of leaving Albany at all. But the doctor had ordered him to be taken at once in a motor-ambulance to his favourite nursing-home. Carey had not even been told where it was situated, and had felt too ill to ask questions. On arrival, when the old atmosphere had begun to distil itself round him in the room, he had felt sure that this was the result of his fever: but during the night, as he lay awake there, he had become convinced, on the contrary, of its reality. And a curious mingled sense of comfort and inquietude had assailed him . . . However, the slight effort of describing his feelings evidently tired him out, and as he seemed to be growing sleepy, Miss Pomfret had soon left him.

Next morning she had returned again to see him. But this time he did not know her . . . He was apparently talking Italian to someone on the other side of the bed. She tried to make out what he was saying, but it was no use: she only knew a few words of Italian. Then he fell silent again, intent, as though listening . . .

And was it her imagination, she wondered, or did she really distinguish just for a moment, a coloratura trill, high up and far away, almost out of hearing? . . . She wished her ears had been sharper, for it sounded, oh beautiful; heavenly, you might say.

Probably it was a gramophone or wireless somewhere near by. You couldn't get away from them nowadays. But she was never sure.

ON READING AMERICAN FICTION

BY D. W. BROGAN

IT is over a century since Sydney Smith, in the brisk dogmatic fashion that became an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, announced that no one read an American book. Of course that was simply the heightened way of putting things that was the style imposed on the writers of the great Whig tribunal of letters but, despite laudable efforts by *Blackwood's*, the literary relations between the Mother Country and her bumptious offspring were one-sided. Americans read innumerable English books, not only the classics but the contemporary stars of the literary firmament. Dickens had as many readers in America as at home and, as Oliver Wendell Holmes sadly noted, Martin Tupper had more. On both sides of the Atlantic the absence of a copyright agreement made it cheaper for the reader to study the literature of the other half of the English-speaking world than it was to study the products of his own hemisphere, but the literary balance of payments, if there had been any, would have been markedly in favour of the Mother Country. Eager citizens of the Brave New World awaited the latest products of the literary genius of the effete monarchy whose sway they had cast off and Jefferson Brick read and, possibly, recognized himself in the writings of Mr. Dickens—without any material profit to Mr. Dickens as that candid businessman of letters pointed out with some heat.

Of course the traffic was not entirely one-way. Washington Irving provided not merely agreeable and flattering *pastiches* of Addison but, in *Rip van Winkle*, added to the corpus of childish legend and with the *Leatherstocking* novels of Cooper there entered the literature of the English-speaking world one of the great themes of popular diversion. As much as the Arthurian legend of the Middle Ages, the *matière d'Amérique* became common property. And even in the England of 1940 it is possible to see in the fields and waste-lands round the housing estates, little boys with feathers in their hair and bows in their hands, doing the best they can to be Blackfeet and Sioux and, where raw materials permit, with fire and amateur wigwams made of old boxes, adding to the heart-warming illusion that they are on the trail of the Paleface. Cooper and his disciples made one part of American experience common

property to the youth of both countries—indeed to the youth of both continents, for at least one eminent French lawyer learned English so that he might read of the deeds of the Braves, since his rigorous father forbade him to read of them in French, but was willing to overlook the literary defects of the *genre* if it aided in the acquiring of a command of another language.

Nor was contemporary American literature altogether neglected. In *Little Women* New England produced a classic and, even to-day, the "Provincial Lady" has gone on pilgrimage to Louisa Alcott's shrine. And to cite a greater name, many more Englishmen than the hero of *Trent's Last Case* could have replied if asked if they knew *Huckleberry Finn*, "Do I know my own name?" Yet these exceptions only tested, without breaking the rule. It may be said with some confidence that of the vast bulk of American literature, the English reader knew little or nothing and a few brilliant exceptions, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *Helen's Babies*, remained brilliant exceptions. There is, of course, a possible defence of this neglect, if a defence be thought necessary. American literature, in bulk, was anæmic, a feeble copy of English models; its authors unwilling, despite Emerson's counsels, to give up trying to import nightingales into the American fauna and studiously ignoring the existence of poison ivy in the American flora. Augustine Birrell noted rather tartly that even so urbane and witty a man as the elder Oliver Wendell Holmes strained our patience too much when he tried to illustrate points of literary practice, not merely from admitted masters, but from dim American imitators of them. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* was certainly not the attitude of the British critic to the hardworking if uninspired literary gentlemen of New York and Boston. Willis and Paulding, indeed, who were they? And, to-day, few Americans who have not "concentrated" in American literature at college could reply confidently. Time has justified the supercilious Britons. These pinchbeck authors have proved a good deal less enduring than brass. So have many of ours, but we have many more genuine brass specimens, far fewer Brummagem geniuses in proportion than American literature has had until very modern times. The English reader who neglected American contributions to what Mr. Mencken in his elephantine and engaging manner calls "beautiful letters," did not miss much. The real stars, Hawthorne, Whitman and the rest were not neglected or if they were, as happened with Melville, were no more neglected in England than in America.

Fundamentally this situation had not changed by 1914. There were a number of American novelists who had acquired critical or popular reputations, James and Mrs. Wharton, Ellen Glasgow and Mary Johnson, Robert W. Chambers and the American Winston

Churchill, Howells and Booth Tarkington. But compared to Shaw and Wells, Barrie and Belloc, Bennett and Chesterton, Conrad and Hardy to name only a few of the English team, the Americans were like a scratch cricket eleven or a modern cabinet, nearly all tail.

That is all changed. Without descending to the petty verifications of statistics, it may be asserted with some confidence that the balance of literary exports is now on the American side, that there are more American first-raters or, at any rate, best-sellers than there are English rivals to them. There are three living American Nobel prize winners in the field of literature; there are no English ones. The judgment of Sweden may not be infallible in literature any more than in finance or war, but that such a judgment should be possible at all is worth noting. Of course the popularity and prestige of American literature, especially in the field of fiction, is only one aspect of a general growth of American prestige. From the last post-war period, America has rivalled Russia as a modern Utopia; whether as the home of technology, of the "secret of high wages", of the movies, of popular music, of Harvard or of Hollywood, the United States has filled the imaginations of the educated classes as the vision of "America the Golden" had long filled the imaginations of European proletarians, anxious to escape from their chains or to have them gilded more than was usual in Düsseldorf or Glasgow. Long before Hollywood had become the modern Thebaïd, with Messrs. Huxley and Heard as joint St. Antonies, it has been the Abbey of Thélème for Europe as well as for America. Any source of information about the background of this enchanted scene was welcome. New York, Miami, Catalina Island, were more familiar to the eyes of the world than any other cities or regions had ever been and, when not looking at America, it was natural to be reading about it. With the coming of the talkies the American hold on our imagination grew, for our songs as well as our stories came from the same factory and Fletcher of Saltoun's wise friend would have found Messrs. Cole Porter and Jerome Kern worthy of the most respectful attention. *Time* and *Life* and still more the *New Yorker* illustrate the growth of American prestige. Coinages like "socialite" are laboriously copied in a social context that makes the literal imitation merely silly. Gone are days when an American magazine existed entirely on pirated English contributions. With us are the days when naive imitations of American methods are the solution for all problems of popular journalism, when a popular daily has thought it smart to give the title "I Cover the Waterfront" to what had hitherto been known as "Harbour News" and when it is no uncommon sight in an Oxford Common or a Cambridge Combination room to see a don struggling desperately with the jests of the

New Yorker and, if under forty, almost as ashamed to admit his inability to grapple with Peter Arno as he would have been ashamed, a generation ago, to fail to catch the point of a joke from Aristophanes.

With smart young people America is as much the thing as England was in the days of Parisian Anglomania, when Berlioz was young. "Swing" is as much a safe topic of vague conversation in bright undergraduate circles as Proust or Cézanne were fifteen years ago. Artie Shaw and Wing Manone, Benny Goodman and Archie Templeton, their merits and their vices, especially their rival claims to æsthetic purity, are subjects for warm debate and to have heard "Stuff" Smith at the Onyx is to have a claim on the tolerance of the sophisticated young that could not be made even on the basis of the possession of a season ticket for the best seats at Glyndebourne. Indeed, since there is nothing like a broad assertion, it is here asserted that American life and culture is a main interest of all the bright young things not absorbed in the Talmudics of Marxism and the diversion of some who are. But it is not merely the bright young things who provide the market for the floods of American fiction with which our sagacious publishers irrigate our arid lands. The general reading public, free from the chains of *snobisme* in intellectual matters if in no other, provides the main market for the retailer of American fiction.

But to talk of American fiction in general is to simplify the problem of why the demand for it is so great. *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Headed for a Hearse*, *Northwest Passage*, *Kitty Foyle*, to name some recent successes, have little in common except that they are books by Americans about American themes. There is a market for the American social novel, the picture of contemporary America, for the American "tough" novel, for the American love story. But probably the readers who enjoy all four types equally are few and perverted, persons to whom the American taste on the palate is so strong that any dish with that flavouring is delicious. Contemplating the classification of American fiction given above, the chronicler is more baffled to account for the popularity of the American historical novel than for the success of any other line offered by the industry on the British market. No fact is better established in the publishing world than that the British public do not want to read American history; the British man in the street, the critic, the statesman are alike content to get along with complete ignorance of the history of the United States or to make shift with a few commonplace and almost always erroneous impressions. Allusions to American history in the public prints reveal a profound and complacent ignorance that

cannot be easily paralleled. Persons who know nothing of the history of Yugoslavia do not, as a rule, make airy allusions to the history of that country, allusions which give them away at once. That kind of complacent ignorance we leave to our rulers. But persons who will firmly refuse to learn even the elements of American history from a text-book, will cheerfully read very long, detailed and often highly informative historical narratives cast in the form of fiction. With all allowances made for the talents of the best practitioners, such as Mr. Roberts, and even when all allowance is made for the curious sauces with which these historical dishes are sometimes served up, ("curious" being used, as it was used by Mr. John Mair, in its technical bookseller's catalogue sense), it is surprising that America, from the Revolution to the Civil War, should now be what Scotland was in Scott's time, the best background for fictional history. From this class *Gone With the Wind* should be excepted. The success of that book is, as Americans put it, "one of those things", an event as decisive and unpredictable as a great flood or a great drought. Scarlett O'Hara could perform her tricks in any environment and although compared to some earlier fictional versions of the Reconstruction period such as *Red Rock*, G.W.T.W. is a model of scholarship, its chief appeal is not historical. There is enough truth in the poet's view that "every woman is at heart a rake" to have made the story of Rhett and Scarlett a sure-fire hit even if set in Wigan.

Can it be that the success of American historical fiction, where it is not merely a renewal of the success of Cooper with the forest and the prairie as the new Sherwood Forest of our boyish thought, is due to the unpleasant state of Europe? It is hard to-day to read history or historical novels without falling into day dreams of which the chief charm is the chance they give one of strangling most of the begetters of our present troubles at birth! It is possible to read of American generals and politicians making love and war without being pricked by the painful thought that all of their public activities have had immediate unpleasant consequences for us. In the Never Never Land of American history, the doughty deeds of the heroes are not for us represented by conscription, income-tax demands, a profound sense of insecurity and danger.

It is easier to understand the vogue of the American sociological novel. We want to know about this strange and dazzling country. We may lament as romantics the fact that,

"Across the plains where once there roamed the Indian and the Scout,
The Swede with alcoholic breath set rows of cabbages out".

But the son of the Swede, risen from cabbages and, if alcoholic, alcoholic in a more refined fashion, can have a lot to tell us about life in the cities that have, like Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *Zenith*, thrust

their topless towers to the sky from sites where three generations ago, there were only the trader's hut and the tepees of the savages. The America of to-day is made more comprehensible to us by Mr. Lewis, by Mr. Horgan, by Mr. Steinbeck, by Mr. Faulkner, by Mr. Caldwell, by Mr. Weidman and by many less competent describers of the American scene. American family life among the bourgeoisie and among the share croppers of Georgia, among Iowa farmers and New York garment makers; we are ready, it appears, to learn a lot about all of them. We are even willing to learn a lot from that very bogus literary *genre*, the dynastic 'epic' or 'saga' where an industrious young man, with the aid of a file of Sears Roebuck catalogues, a file of *Harper's Bazaar* and a justified trust in the uncritical ignorance of his audience, can illustrate the rise and fall of American society. The author need have no real powers as a novelist, he need not even (if one may judge from a recent and successful specimen) possess the minimum command of mere chronology that the reader is surely entitled to expect. But as long as the usual ingredients are present, sex, business, remarks on furniture and dress and vague rumblings-off, based on the technique of the "at that moment" school of historians, the British reader will patiently plough through a family chronicle which he could easily see through were the locale Wolverhampton and not Wichita.

Some of these novels are, indeed, only valuable as sociological descriptions. If you want to learn about the working of the mail-order business you can read a novel written to that end, a novel whose human beings are singularly dull and unindividualized. Miss Ruth McKenney admired of all readers of *The New Yorker* is wiser than Mr. Halper, the author of *The Chute*. Miss McKenney writes about "My Sister Eileen" with her right hand and about labour problems in Akron, Ohio, with her left. The creator of Hyman Kaplan, as a serious sociological student of the American press, writes under his own name, with no fictional fig leaf over the bare facts. If you want to understand modern American Society you can learn more from the objective and factual studies of "Middle-town" made by Mr. and Mrs. Lynd than from a bale of novels whose only real justification is the pill of information hidden beneath the jam of a love story or at any rate a sex story.

Where the novelist brings real imaginative power to bear, as is done by Mr. Steinbeck and Mr. Caldwell then the propagandist and informative side of their work is given a power it would not otherwise have had. No mere accurate description of the working of the Fugitive Slave Law, no economic study of the fate of the migrating "Okies" in California could have done what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Grapes of Wrath* did—put a triumphant economic and social order on the defensive. But for one Mrs. Stowe or one Mr.

Steinbeck, there are a dozen sociological novelists who would make fair Ph.D's, but who make very poor novelists. Yet poor as they are they read here as well as in the United States. Why?

Because they write about something: the organization of trade unions, the social effects of the emigration to American soil, the clash of races, the conflict of classes and creeds. It is true that we have writers who, as well as all but the best Americans, deal with real topics, who escape from the crippling conventions of the English class structure. *Love on the Dole* in one way, the lighter life of the new industrial settlements of the Great West Road as revealed to us by Mr. McGraw in another, do what the Americans set out to do. But the popularity of the American, may be due to the fact that our consciences are not pricked by the woes of the Okies as they might be by the wrongs of the "Special Areas"; we can read *The Grapes of Wrath* with the comforting feeling that we cannot do anything about it. But that is not the whole story. Our fiction is not as frivolous as our stage, but it is too frivolous all the same.

The limitations of English practice that help to make the market for American fiction are beautifully illustrated in that field where mass production is commonest, the crime story. The mere puzzle story, what the Americans call the "Whodunit," is bound to be a highly artificial *genre*. As Mr. Ogden Nash has recently pointed out, most detective stories would be a great deal shorter if the "Had I But Known" device were barred, the failure of the essential witness to tell all in time to save the detective and the reader a great deal of trouble. To get round this difficulty, all sorts of devices have to be employed, the chief one being building up the character of the detective in the fashion rightly condemned by E. C. Bentley. When it comes to bogus characterization, to the consecrated devices which attempt to conceal the fact that a short story is being spun out to 220 pages, the American practitioners are just as maddening as the English. Fictional detectives who ask to be hit sharply on the head with a blunt instrument are common on both sides of the Atlantic. And the writers who do manage to be entertaining, as well as more or less puzzling, are not all American. Miss Georgette Heyer can do the bright conversation trick as well as Mr. Marco Page, which is meant to be praise for both of them. But the American writer can take advantage of his freedom in a way barred to the English.

First of all he is freer in the matter of locale. Governed by rules as rigid as those of cricket, the English detective story writer is pinned down to London and the South of England—and abroad. Here the precedent has been set by Holmes. He worked for the Pope and the Royal Family of Holland, visited Khartoum and

Mecca when both were barred to the infidel, but he never took a case north of Trent, except in the one instance of the visit to "The Priory School" which seems to have been near Chesterfield. The living "mistress of them that know", Mrs. Christie, observes the same rule; Poirot has detected in Mesopotamia but not in Manchester. What Holmes and Poirot do, does not matter; they need not abide our questions. But other are less free and the convention that murder takes place in London or the home counties, usually only among super-tax payers and in a general atmosphere of restrained gentility is trying. Mr. Crofts' Inspector French travels a good deal and the Coles Mr. Wilson's cases sometimes involve slightly critical views of the social order, but that is about all. The American detective is not so bound. Mr. Queen, Mr. Vance, the latter happily gone to his reward, practised as a rule in New York, but Cape Cod, Dallas, Los Angeles, even Philadelphia have all eminent fictional sleuths in steady employment. Then the American authors, as a class, realize with De Quincey that murder, if not serious in itself, often leads to open breaches of decorum and morality. Too often in an English detective story, it is hard to regard the murder as more than a technical device for beginning the game. The American murderer and murderess (and often the detective into the bargain) are quite often definitely *not nice*.

This point is better illustrated from another popular branch of crime fiction, the "tough" story. The tough story of what Mr. Cyril Connolly has called "They Shoot Postmen Don't They?" type, in which the authorship of the crime is not in question, merges easily into the tough detective story in which the authorship of the crime is discovered after a series of assaults, bumpings-off, torture scenes with as much sex and soaking thrown in as the readers can stand (or maybe as the author can stand; the reader can stand a lot). This *genre* is so popular that we now have English imitations of it. But these imitations suffer from a double weakness. The authors lack gusto and conviction; their heroes and villains tend to be heroes and cads in the tradition of *The Magnet*, only the authors are much less good story tellers than is Mr. Frank Richards. The English tough detectives, if they would not break down and weep at the sight of a picture of their deceased mothers, would definitely be embarrassed and blushing at the thought of the descent on them of their headmasters. No such weaknesses cramp the style of the American detectives. Of course all American authors gain something from the extraordinary breakdown in the taboos once common to both branches of the language. Gone are the not very distant days when, as it was said, American authors had to pretend that they thought adultery meant putting sand in sugar.

Indeed, liberty has become a new servitude. As the lyric poet puts it,

"Good authors, too, who once knew better words,
Now only use four letter words.
Writing prose
Anything goes."

A linguistic convention of brutal candour has grown up, the charm of euphemism is lost. Nor is language all. Jokes of a bold type that were all right once, threaten to become stereotyped. One, in particular, which was in place when used by the greatest master of this school, Mr. Jonathan Latimer, has since been worked to death by less skilful practitioners; it threatens to become as regular a device as the umbilicus in the early work of Walt Disney. But if you propose to supply 'toughness', it is idle to try to provide it and, at the same time, to write a book that a solicitous young woman can let her mother read. It can't be done and should not be tried. To make a good "tough" crime story, sadism is not enough; normal sex must have its place, however distressing this fact may be to English gentlemen.

The real advantage of the American crime story writer over his British competitor is more serious. America provides better raw material. Of course, for the classical family murder we can hold our own with anybody. Glasgow with its magnificent record is, in itself, enough to enable us to look American boasters in the eye. But for the fast-moving shooting, knifing murder, America is an easy winner. Our crime kings who are demonstrating mathematical propositions in one part of London while their victims are murdered in another, require a lot of simple faith in the reader. But many a busy citizen of Chicago who was poking his nose into Mr. Capone's business *did* die of lead-poisoning while that master was relaxing in his little winter place in Florida. In English detective fiction witnesses are often removed just as they are about to tell all. But does that often happen in real life? In America, such a solution of the problem of dragging the story out is far from exciting incredulity. How to keep your witnesses alive until they can testify is a real problem for an American detective or District Attorney. Murder rings are common in English fiction—but there is a real one being uncovered in Brooklyn at this moment. It is true that a writer of exceptional talent can do a great deal with very little. Mr. Graham Greene showed that in *Brighton Rock*, where the actual crime would not have made the back pages of the Chicago press when the local gang business was brisk. In America, no crime writer need be afraid of running too far ahead of fact. Indeed, fact may run after him. The story of *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* has since been imitated in real life in the city and state

where the fictional version was laid! English detectives should continue to play cricket; let Americans play baseball, facing all the risks of the game, the bomb, the blonde, the bed.

In crime stories, as in more serious branches of the art, part of the popularity of American fiction is due to its close relation to reality. It is true that the English reader—and reviewer—does not always appreciate the degree to which he is being given sociological information about the state of Kansas City under the Pendergast machine, or the social life of Chicago's suburbs. For instance, no English reviewer, as far as I saw, noted the main theme of Mr. Christopher Morley's *Kitty Foyle*. That book was a great success in America, not merely because it was an ingenious re-telling of the old, old story of King Cophetua with a Hindle Wakes twist. It was a success at least as much for the light it cast on the life of the "Main Line" families of Philadelphia. That society is, or was, a mystery to the average American. Its Bostonian counterpart was not, for the best families of Boston are not merely exclusive, they are highly literate and expository. The Lowells may speak only to God but they have no objection to having their conversation overheard. Before such modern ironical accounts of the First Families of Boston, such as *The Late George Apley*, there was *The Education of Henry Adams*. But Philadelphia was another matter. Some fugitives from the "Main Line" chain gang like the present American ambassador in Paris tried to tell all. But although *It's Not Done* is a good political novel, it is too hostile to the society it describes to give the reader much sympathetic interest in it. When Edward VII. as Prince of Wales visited Philadelphia in 1860, he shocked society there by asking casually "What is a Biddle". America waited two generations for an answer, but now it knows what the Philadelphia Guermantes are like. Mr. Morley, that is, was doing the work of a Malinowski or a Firth, as much as the work of a pure novelist and America was grateful to him, although few English readers saw the point, perhaps because they did not realize how fantastic in American eyes was a community in which cricket was taken seriously!

It is not maintained, then, that the popularity of American fiction is necessarily due to a conscious thirst for information; what it is that makes American fiction alive—and so readable—often escapes the English reader. But consciously or unconsciously, he cannot help learning a great deal about America, which is something new. With the films, the American picture papers, the American novel, English knowledge of America is greater than it has ever been. Yet that may not make for sympathy or understanding, for the America displayed is often a good deal less

attractive than a more balanced picture would reveal. The America revealed does not, as a rule, evoke warm emotions as was sometimes done in the past. A distinguished Englishman, two generations ago, complained after a visit to America that what he missed was the pleasure of association, the pleasure which Italy and France gave so abundantly. Indeed, he asserted, he only once got that pleasure; crossing a stream in Florida he asked the conductor of the train its name. "Why, that's the Swanee River". No modern American writer has done what Stephen Foster did for that visitor or what Mark Twain did for this writer when I stood on the bank of the Mississippi at Hannibal, Missouri whence Huck Finn set off on his immortal journey.

THE LATER YEATS

BY RICHARD CHURCH

FIFTY years ago, when W. B. Yeats was a young man of twenty-three, he wrote the following words in the course of a review of a book of verse long since forgotten. "When a literature is old it grows so indirect and complex that it is only a possession for the few: to read it well is a difficult pursuit, like playing the fiddle; for it one needs especial training."

English literature is certainly at the stage described by that far-seeing young poet. And in its latter half-century it has aged rapidly, so that at present, while the storm rages, all it can do is to sit huddled in a corner under the chimney, with a glass of warming oblivion by its side. This allegory, at least, may be used of our poetry to-day. The small group of poets who did show signs of getting into touch with the general reading public—and it did little more than that—has been silenced by the war. But it is still too soon to dogmatize about that.

With the young men silent, and Yeats dead, there is an emptiness, a silence. How, and when will it be broken? We don't know. We can only look back; listen back with memory's ear. And what recurs to us most clearly, almost overwhelmingly, is the giant figure of Yeats. It is Yeats as an old man, savage in his struggle with Time, beating back the tide with great gestures of vituperation, his white hair blowing in the wind, one eye only visible, the other blacked-out with an opaque lens; the green stone of his signet ring flashing as he lifts his hand and clenches it against the enemy.

It is a tragic picture, of a man discontented with his achievement, a man fighting more fiercely at the end than at the beginning of his life, a man with little fundamental pleasure in his fame. But it is also a triumphant picture, as we see the white-haired poet, sick and maimed, convulsed still with the fire of creative effort, straining still to the necessary labour of capturing the real phrase of poetry, and not a latterday literary simulacrum of it.

It is a recurring mystery, this of the swan-song. We note how frequently in the lives of poets there is a period of great productivity in youth, a lull during the years of maturity, and then another lyrical burst in old age. It is like the history of a summer day. Up comes the sun, with a slant fire throwing a wild illumination upon

the most ordinary of things; raising mists and veils, patching colours upon the drab, and shadow-patterns beyond the flattest objects. Then comes mid-day, with a vertical sun. Light pours over everything alike; flattens all things out, dries all things up. The very brightness of noon seems to concentrate into a kind of blue darkness, oppressive, ominous. No bird sings. But towards evening a breeze springs up, blows perfumes about, turns leaves to catch the oblique light. Birds break into song deeper, more lucid and prophetic than that of dawn. And the sun goes down in splendour, a magnificent solitary with no rival in the sky.

We have just witnessed such a sunset in the passing of Yeats. Was that solitariness an illusion put upon us by his old age? I do not think so. At the same time as he wrote those words about an ancient literature, he said also that "the modern author, if he be a man of genius, is a solitary; he does not know the ever-changing public well enough to be their servant. He cannot learn their convention; they must learn his. All that is greatest in modern literature is soliloquy, or, at most, words addressed to a few friends." It is true of his own career, for in spite of his success, and the early appreciation "of a few friends", his public was never big enough to bring him more than two hundred pounds a year until he was past fifty years of age.

I bring in this reference to money because what people want they will pay for. The Victorians wanted Tennyson's poems so much that publishers were glad to pay him a retaining fee of seven thousand a year on seven year contracts! The comparison is nicely ironic. Dr. Johnson would have appreciated it, and drawn from it a conclusion about the æsthetic value of the two poets' work. It also appears to offer some confirmation of Yeats's argument about "the modern author, if he be a man of genius".

So Yeats worked, unremunerated, through the heyday of his life, producing the long, swinging lyrics of his youth, and the plays about Irish heroes and demi-gods. But a time came, in the teens and twenties of the present century, when even the few grew weary of the Celtic twilight. Yeats's work began to pall. Derisive legends grew up round his name. He was called a poseur. A cruel critic wrote about the fur-lined overcoat with which he returned to Ireland after a successful lecture tour in America. Other critics, more deadly, attacked him because of his dallies with Madame Blavatsky, his pseudo-orientalism, his dippings into esoterics and occultism. There were quarrels at the Abbey Theatre, and boycottings in Bloomsbury.

It was the noonday darkness. What was he really doing during this time? What was the significance of the obscure studies? And were they indeed sufficiently disinterested to be called

studies? I believe that one ought to look somewhat askance upon a poet's studies. He never studies for the sake of the subject, as a scholar should. He has an ulterior motive. Yeats says of himself "I remember some old man, a stranger to me, saying, 'I have watched you for the past half-hour and you have neither made a note nor read a word.' I am certain that everybody outside my own little circle who knew anything about me thought as did that cross old man, for I was arrogant, indolent, excitable."

It was the excitement of the bee, that pryer into rich volumes, who is always hard at work honeying his own hive. That was one reason for Yeats's studies in the occult. Another was that described by a critic recently, who said that "Yeats sensed that in the study of the occult, man might surprise the secret that would free him from the despotism of unhappiness".

The search led the poet into many dark places, and it threw strange obscurations across his poetry when he began to sing again. Much discussion has gone on among the critics about this element in his verse. They called it a new element, and some blamed his studies for it. Others, more reverent, proceeded to exegesis, timidly believing that where there is obscurity there must be virtue. One volume in particular, *The Tower*, published in 1928, came with such force of intellectual novelty that critics and public together were surprised into a new attention to the poet whom they had begun to take for granted. The old gods of Ireland were still to be found in this book; but they had thrown off their fancy dress, their starry brooches and scabbards. They were now elemental monsters of the naked mind, too near and too active to be merely symbols of the poet's agony. They stood about him like a crowd of living and angry men, hiding him for the time being. He was certainly lost in the figures which he had conjured. He had caught himself up in the machinery of living, and had to summon these literary giants out of his past to extricate him.

A man in his own secret meditation
Is lost amid the labyrinth that he has made
In art or politics;
Some platonist affirms that in the station
Where we should cast off body and trade
The ancient habit sticks,
And that if our works could
But vanish with our breath
That were a lucky death.
For triumph can but mar our solitude.

Still that harping on solitude. And what makes a man a solitary? It is because he has a secret which he wishes to preserve. Yeats's secret was the knowledge that the way he made his poetry was not the way the critics thought he made it. He took a

malicious delight in fostering this misbelief. He heard the loud chatter of his disciples dissertating upon his enormous scholarship, his infinite pains. He encouraged the legend about the making of one quatrain occupying a whole morning of exhausting labour. The process is recognizable. Browning had already patented it. He too made a cult of his old age and its wisdom and erudition, delighting to tease the Browning Society with posers in verse. In consequence, much of his later work is now unreadable. But at the very end his genius—another word for simplicity and native innocence—broke through this web of sophistication and vanity and malice, and in *Fifine at the Fair* he sang as lucidly as ever he had done in his youth.

Yeats never sank quite so deeply into self-obscurantism. Even in his most tangled work, in his despair and fear at the approach of old age, the smoke screen of intellectual snobbery which he threw round himself was never thick enough to hide the figure at the core. In the book *The Tower* we find again and again flashes of a severe simplicity which really do utilize all that mental stuff, and make it terrible with the fierce direction of the poet. Such moments were already prophetic. They showed him pre-occupied not only with his own doom, but the doom of European civilization. Indeed, that latter premonition was with him all his life. He was always a savage critic of the machine and its vulgarizing and brutalizing influence. No artist has ever so much hated mass production, the technique by which the machine threatens to destroy the flower of human nature. To-day, we see it at work, with thousands of German tanks treading over France, and the theories of the Nazi shouting from a box in every household in the Old World and the New.

In his youth he spoke of these things; "the struggle of labour and capital, of mysticism and science, and many another contest now but dimly foreshadowed, will more and more absorb or deafen into silence all such cloistered lives—the products of periods of rest between two worlds, 'one dead, one powerless to be born'." We are now standing at that deathbed. And tomorrow we shall have to turn, those of us who remain, and work as midwives at the powerless birth which Yeats foresaw fifty years ago. The lament which runs through all his lifework, the source of its anger and sorrow, are to be found in this vision, which never left him.

In pity for man's darkening thought
He walked that room and issued thence
In Galilean turbulence;
The Babylonian Starlight brought
A fabulous, formless darkness in;
Odour of blood when Christ was slain

Made Plato's tolerance in vain
And vain the Doric discipline.

Those last three lines, from *The Tower* volume, have a dreadful directness in their comment on what is happening in Europe to-day. They summarize the historical significance of the whole struggle; the attack on Christianity, on the individual soul, on gracious thought and instinct, on the free order of reason. Yeats's weakening physical force was already acting upon his pride, dissolving it away and bringing to the surface a harder self.

Bodily decrepitude is wisdom; young
We loved each other and were ignorant.

After *The Tower* came *The Winding Stair*, in which he threw aside all camouflage of intellectualism, and went straight back to reminiscence of his whole life as an artist. But the glancing backward was still done with a purpose, which was to warn the present generation of the coming catastrophe.

We were the last romantics—chose for theme
Traditional sanctity and loveliness;
Whatever's written in what poets name
The book of the people; whatever most can bless
The mind of man or elevate a rhyme;
But all is changed, that high horse riderless,
Though mounted in that saddle Homer rode
Where the swan drifts upon a darkening flood.

He sees it coming closer and closer, and it fills him with the conviction that he must do something active, beyond that making of poetry.

Although the summer sunlight gild
Cloudy leafage of the sky,
Or wintry moonlight sink the field
In storm-scattered intricacy,
I cannot look thereon,
Responsibility so weighs me down.

We see him after this active in politics, speaking and commanding attention in the Irish Senate. And we watch him withdrawing in disgust from the commerce of it. It was at this time that I saw something of him, and had many talks with him in London. On one occasion he said something which showed me into the secret that made his solitude, and which makes the solitude of all true poets. "The trouble with the young English poets of to-day", he said, "is that they are too conscientious. They don't trust enough to luck". It looks a simple saying. But it contains the unjust truth about the art of poetry. It reveals how unfair is the compact between the poet and his Daemon; the tricks they get up to between them. It shows why the poet is so shy of the erudite, and why he pours scorn on "remote ineffectual dons". It shows too why

poets are crazy creatures, consumed with worry about where the next word is coming from, agonizing lest they have said their last magic phrase, dreading lest their elusive partner has let them down. It explains, too, Yeats's lifelong devotion to William Blake, and his wilful pleasure in *The Prophetic Books*, those poetic eloquences which have not quite come off. Yeats at last realized the blindness of man, the endowment of chance, the dependence upon something which he is never able to command, the life of rule-of-thumb, of trial and error, a poet living like a gardener or a sailor, at the mercy of the elements.

A living man is blind and drinks his drop.
What matter if the ditches are impure ?
What matter if I live it all once more ?
Endure that toil of growing up ;
The ignominy of boyhood ; the distress
Of boyhood changing into man ;
The unfinished man and his pain
Brought face to face with his own clumsiness.

I am content to follow to its source
Every event in action or in thought ;
Measure the lot ; forgive myself the lot ;
When such as I cast out remorse
So great a sweetness flows into the breast
We must laugh and we must sing,
We are blest by everything,
Everything we look upon is blest.

How dangerous it all is: and how exhilarating. The perfumed winds of youth revive, the divine waywardness seizes upon the spirit, making disillusion itself a surprise and a delight. It is a state of chance and caprice which is native to Yeats. He had been so all his life, and all the affections and worldly poses as savant, cult-leader, deliberating theorist, were never able to overlay the innocent and the wilful creature, the poet. Did he ever trouble even to be consistent in his attitude to the world? Only a few years ago, in his preface to the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, he left out war-poems, arguing that "passive suffering is not a theme for poetry". A storm of protest blew round him. But he did not reply. He had probably forgotten what he had said. Now, in his posthumous volume of *Last Poems, Last Plays*, he says

You that Mitchel's prayer have heard,
'Send war in our time, O Lord',
Know that when all words are said
And a man is fighting mad,
Something drops from eyes long blind.
He completes his partial mind,
For an instant stands at ease,
Laughs aloud, his heart at peace.
Even the wisest man grows tense

With some sort of violence
Before he can accomplish fate,
Know his work or choose his mate.

This last volume is astonishing in its poetic richness. Every poem in it is stark and memorable. He asks "why should not old men be mad?" Why not, indeed, if their madness produce such music as this. And what music is it? It is the music which has been native in him since he began to sing more than fifty years ago; a music wayward, dangerous, always hovering upon uncertainty, springing like a child's delights out of small but concrete things.

Those masterful images because complete
Grew in pure mind, but out of what began ?
A mound of refuse or the sweepings of a street,
Old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can,
Old iron, old bones, old rags, that raving slut
Who keeps the till. Now that my ladder's gone,
I must lie down where all the ladders start,
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

That is a fitting last word from a man whose whole life has been spent in a passionate curiosity, the curiosity which children know and lose, and which poets know and keep.

(Previous articles on the work of modern poets—W. H. Davies, Walter de la Mare, Robert Frost—by Mr. Richard Church appeared in the January, March and May issues of THE FORTNIGHTLY. In his next article Mr. Church will write on the Poetry of Edmund Blunden).

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

A FRIEND said to me: "In another incarnation I must try not to love any country as I have loved France." Thousands in these islands will have felt what that expresses. Too much pain can come of such allegiance. Too much pain has come. First the fury of resentment at seeing all that refinement of beauty and intelligence, all that order of life, so simple and so skilful, entered and possessed by mechanized Calibans—glutting at once their greed and their hate. But then came worse when we saw France surrender, and we knew the pride that was broken there. This was the race that had held Verdun; and with a sure instinct those who were for surrender knew that France would accept that word only from the man who was Verdun incarnate. Then—for whatever god planned this tragedy knew all the springs of human nature—inevitably such a people, each man and woman of such a people, so torn with the horrors of humiliation, turned savage like a wounded tiger. We shall only be able to judge France fairly if we have gone through what France had to bear. When a man's very blood and bones are an offence to him, when he can hardly endure himself, he throws whatever blame he can wherever he can. Sir Robert Vansittart—one of the men who like Lord Tyrrell has been censured for too much love of France—put the terrible truth into words of a poem. "You hate us now." Who shall blame Pétain and Weygand if they felt that Great Britain, which accepted jointly with France the duty of defending Europe's freedom, had left to France too much of the burden? On the fatal day, six million Frenchmen were on foot to resist twelve million Germans, and they had with them less than half a million Englishmen. That is not the whole truth but it is as much of it as France in that hour could be expected to see.

Since then, tragedy, advancing relentlessly, has reached another climax in that action at Oran. British navy and army alike will sympathize with the dreadful sense of duty which constrained Admiral Gensoul to offer a hopeless resistance. It is too much to expect that French soldiers and sailors will sympathize with Admiral Somerville and his officers and men who had that shocking

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necessity of crushing it. But for one thing I was thankful: Mr. Harold Nicolson, speaking in French to French listeners on the air, showed not only that an Englishman may be master of the French language but that he can be penetrated with the spirit of France. If anything could help to make Frenchmen feel what is felt for France by the best intelligences in this country, that address may have done it.

* * * * *

Meanwhile the spirit of France utters itself whenever General de Gaulle addresses a listening world. Assuredly the French tongue —how different from the hysterical bellowings that reach us from Berlin—"prête un beau clairon à la voix des héros." "*La Danse Devant l'Arche*," from which that line comes, is the poetical testament of a young Jew, Henri Franck: it was put into my hands by a devout Huguenot who added to his gifts as a doctor a singular talent for reading French verse. How many racial strains are reconciled in the air itself of France "*subtil, léger, brillant!*" But let the young Hebrew evoke its landscape.

• Les limpides canaux sont couverts de péniches,
Les marchés sont pleins d'œufs, d'étoffe et de bétail,
L'Eglise est près du pont qui passe la rivière
Et devant la mairie un grand mail est planté.
Le soir, le boulanger assis devant sa porte,
Les bras nus sur son tablier plein de farine,
Regarde la rentrée des gens et des troupeaux.

How often we have seen all that! how little we shall wish to see it till the last German is back to his proper lair! But those lines give only the outward body of France: this worshipper knows the spirit,—and knows its danger also. France has put away the faith for which France went crusading—

Mais l'autre foi, la foi que tu as mise au monde,
Celle qui, née de toi, se répand dans l'Europe,
Ta foi dans ta raison, ta foi dans la révolte,
Vas-tu l'abandonner après l'avoir transmise?
Ou bien, cruel affront, détestable agonie,
Te faudra-t-il mourir de l'avoir suscitée?

What a prophecy! written twenty years ago when France was in the ugly mood that followed victory:—

La discorde est assise au centre de la ville,
Et souffle avec fureur dans un clairon faussé:
Le Parlement est sans vertu et sans pensée.

God knows how much too much truth is in that, and in the pages which end with the menace:—

On entend remuer à la frontière ouverte
La lourde légion des Germains affamés.

Yet after painting a "*France languissante, âme diminuée*," he turns to a profession of faith:—

Mais je sais ta constance et ta grâce éternelle,
Et j'ai la foi que tu pourras ressusciter.
Ta voix dominera le trouble et les querelles,
Et tes fils s'uniront dans ta claire unité.
Le quatorze Juillet redeviendra splendide;
Du peuple endimanché la joie incoercible
Emplira tout Paris;
Les canons rouleront sur les quais de la ville,
Les soldats auront l'air vivant et juvenile
Des vainqueurs de Valmy!

I could not say what I and the like of me felt about France; but this young poet, dead and known to so few, has said it for us. There is only this to add. The lamps are out in France itself; on our side of the water General de Gaulle and his gallant friends keep some burning. But it is not from overseas that France can be saved; she will work out her own salvation on her own soil when the chance offers. Yet it may be granted to those who are outside France itself to create that chance by some action at some opportunity not yet foreseen. Till then, without a free France, there is no Europe.

Here in England one lives in the prose of heroism. It is difficult to realize that this solid good-natured people is bracing itself for an ordeal which imagination might well shrink from. But imagination is very wisely kept in check; and at intervals through the day a breath of refreshing romance reaches us in reports of what the young chivalry of the skies have been attempting—and accomplishing. Their deeds can be told, since they are here one moment, and the next, a hundred miles away. Naval action cannot be so freely chronicled. But that affair at Oran had at least certain aspects on which the mind can dwell with comfort. The appalling speed with which a naval squadron can destroy is not encouraging for prospective invaders; and the Italians who by their own report failed to reach the scene of action in time are perhaps reconciled to their disappointment. But the truth is Admiral Somerville was too quick for them. He will not always wish to avoid that meeting.

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What has happened in Rumania can have surprised no one: and it is not a state which has earned Europe's admiration. If the poor and the Jews are pressing back across the Pruth to get under Russian rule, that is no high testimonial to the former rulers of Bessarabia. In Transylvania a region was transferred from a higher civilization to a lower, and

**A Warring
World**

I should in no way be sorry to see it go back to the Hungarians. But Yugoslavia is a true centre of freedom; and Greece—well, Greece is, I think a keystone on the chessboard. It is to be hoped that British action will foster the friendship with this one Balkan state which is European rather than Balkan. But Greece must be treated as an ally, not as a convenience.

Japan not unnaturally seeks to exploit England's difficulties and the women and children are evacuated from Hong Kong. That is a way of saying that England would fight if necessary. It is also notable that they are evacuated to American territory. It is not certain that Japan might not push the United States into action. A naval war, and a war against Japan, would look to the American public very different from intervention in Europe. Japan's manoeuvres may resolve themselves into an attempt at blackmail. But they add appreciably to Mr. Churchill's anxieties, which are probably as great as ever fell to the lot of any one man. Yet not too great for him. I have not known any man, I cannot easily imagine any man, whom I would rather see where he is today.

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Sir Herbert Grierson may not think so, but his new book appears at a lucky time. These *Essays and Addresses**, published or delivered at various times since 1923, come from the best mind that English criticism has possessed since W. P. Ker. Saintsbury had as much reading and as much bonhomie, but not the same balanced weight of authority. In these hectic times, anyone who loves letters can find rest and refreshment wherever Professor Grierson chooses to lead the discourse. Books may be the theme but he is never bookish, never loses touch with human issues; so for instance in an address delivered when a statue of Byron was presented to Aberdeen Grammar-school, he says that Aberdeen "does well to remind itself of ties with the larger world". Provinciality has its dangers as well as its advantages, and "American desertion of Europe after the close of the war" was largely due to "the provinciality of mind of the great mass of people incapable of seeing beyond the large yet narrow limits of their own material welfare, and prize-fights and political and industrial problems." That comes from one who has realized clearly that America—North and South—differs from Europe not as Asia does, but is a provincial extension of the European world.

Of course however the book is mostly concerned with letters, and naturally there is a good deal about Scott to whom so much of this critic's labour has been given. But he can make us look at Scott

*Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.

through Carlyle's distorting glasses and end by giving us a juster vision both of Scott and of Carlyle.—There are admirable *obiter dicta*; if anybody had said to me that Dr. Johnson was a more lovable figure than Sir Walter I should have protested, but a couple of Professor Grierson's sentences remind us that Scott was lured into the pursuit of money and squandered health and happiness in that chase; that Johnson was lazy to a fault, but had enough with which to be nobly charitable. This critic is very good on "The Later Wordsworth"; but indeed, when is he not good? except perhaps that in his lecture on "Lang, Lockhart and Biography" he does not face up to the fact that Lang's "Life of Lockhart" is a most disappointing work—with the obvious inference (since subject and author seemed ideally united) that Lang, in many ways so brilliant a writer, had no skill in building a book. But since the lecture was an annual commemoration of Andrew Lang, perhaps Sir Herbert Grierson did well to refrain from such commentary. His lecture on "Carlyle and Hitler" is notable for having singularly little to say about Hitler; but it was written in 1930. Certainly "the wreck of that industrial order which Carlyle imagined and of that democracy at which he scoffed" is no less apparent to-day. Would Carlyle accept Hitler for a hero? He might possibly be looking rather to Stalin, who seems on the whole more concerned to stand for "the cause of the poor in *Gottes und Teufels namen*" and also who talks a great deal less and has less of the demagogue in his dictatorship.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

SEA POWER

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

SEA POWER AND EMPIRE, by F. C. J. Hearnshaw, *Harrop*. 10s. 6d.

SEA POWER AND TO-DAY'S WAR, by Fletcher Pratt, *Methuen*. 8s. 6d.

At a time when the fate of the world depends upon the command of the sea everything which appertains to sea-power is of peculiar and immediate importance. It never is superfluous to remind the citizens of the British Empire that the liberty and prosperity of its communities, living in islands scattered over the world, depends upon ability to control the only road open to them—the sea. It is with this aspect of sea-power that Professor Hearnshaw deals. He traces the rise of oceanic empires through their various stages of discovery, colonizing, proselytism, trading and the development of the fighting forces which protected the infant growths; the struggles in which in the centuries of expansion the countries became involved, and results of right and wrong uses of naval strength. His survey is not confined to naval wars. It touches also upon the many policies which informed colonial development, and brings out how little the present Empire owes its existence to any formulated "imperialism" on the part of British governments, or to the cause, so often asserted by foreign writers, of first provoking war between the peaceful

continental powers, and then playing the hyæna and seizing their oversea possessions. He carries his story down to last September, and includes reference to that series of deplorable treaties in which this country's ministers allowed it to be shorn of its defence. Clear and forcible, it is a book that deserves a prominent place in the educational establishments of the Commonwealth.

Mr. Pratt deals with another aspect of sea-power—the aspect of its material developments since the last war. He begins with the treaty of Washington which was optimistically believed by Mr. Charles M. Hughes to end naval competition for all time. Throughout those years the issues have been confused by political ambitions, by the idealisms recently castigated by Professor E. H. Carr, by false assumptions and conceptions of the nature of sea warfare. We have witnessed attempts to immunize food ships in war, to establish a differentiation between ships that are "offensive" and "defensive", to settle the numbers of cruising vessels in an arbitrary manner without reference to the work they are required to perform. Though Mr. Pratt writes with an almost pontifical air of infallibility and is very critical of nations other than his own—he is an American—he makes some curious blunders and some hardly less curious strategical proposals. He

appears to be quite unaware of the principles governing the requirements in cruiser and flotilla strength, of the reasons for the construction of the Effingham class, of the small fighting capacity of the armed merchantman or the way in which battles come about in war. In pointing out what he believes to be the need for very large cruisers in the navy of the United States he observes that no British ship need ever be more than 800 miles from her base. A glance at the map of the Atlantic or the Pacific would have saved him from such a misstatement. Nevertheless, there is much of interest in his book, and not the least of it is in the picture it provides of the workings of the mind of a school of American thought.

THE WAR CRISIS IN BERLIN, JULY-AUGUST, 1914, by Sir Horace Rumbold. *Constable*. 18s.

I sometimes have it in my heart to pity the historian who, in days to come, sits down to write the history of the Twentieth Century. He is likely to be overwhelmed by the wealth of the material at his command. Take only one episode of the century, the World War of 1914-1918. Hardly was the war ended before the several Governments of Europe, eager to vindicate themselves in the eyes of posterity, opened their archives and poured forth a flood of documents. More than 40,000 such documents demand the scrutiny of the future historian. Then there are the actors in the great drama: statesmen, soldiers, sailors, airmen, diplomatists, journalists—they are as anxious as the Governments to secure a verdict in favour of their policy and action, with the result

that our shelves already groan beneath the weight of their Memories, Reminiscences and Journals.

My first reaction, then, to Sir Horace Rumbold's book was not wholly sympathetic. But the more closely I study it—and it demands close study—the more I appreciate its value as an "authority". Sir Horace makes, indeed, free use of the various collections of documents already published and his citations, therefrom, are for the most part familiar to every student. Moreover, the book has its faults of technique. The "jacket" claims that the "writing is lucid, economical and judicial". The main economy I have observed is in the matter of dates. The day and month are given, but not infrequently even a reader fairly familiar with the facts, has to go back some pages to discover the year, and even then is obliged to infer it. Again, Sir Horace has an irritating habit of suddenly introducing characters without identification. Thus (p. 54) "Theodor Wolff recounts that Stumm told him", etc. Who is Stumm? Not until I reach p. 220 do I discover that "William Stumm was third in the hierarchy of the German Foreign Office". "Economy", then, is sometimes practised at the expense of "lucidity", and the ordinary reader is impelled to ask whether Sir Horace Rumbold is writing for him or only for the specialist.

Nevertheless, the more closely the book is read the more its value will be appreciated. Sir Horace Rumbold was Counsellor of Embassy at Berlin from December 1913 until the outbreak of war in August 1914. Of the 32 chapters 16 recount the events of the 16 days between Thursday, July 23, the day on which Austria-Hungary sent its ulti-

matum to Serbia, and Friday, August 7, the day on which Sir Horace and his colleagues of the British Embassy reached England.

This narrative given in great detail is of absorbing interest, and even in the midst of the still more exciting events of to-day, cannot fail to grip the attention of the least imaginative reader. The German statesmen, notably Bethmann-Holweg and Jagow, cut pitiable figures, but still more contemptible is the Austrian Chancellor Count Berchtold. To Grey's inexhaustible patience and his noble efforts to avert the catastrophe, Sir Horace pays a just tribute, nor can he, or anyone else withhold sympathy from Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London.

To the main body of the book Sir Horace adds a copy of the Dispatch he wrote to the British Foreign Secretary on April 26, 1933. Sir Horace had returned to Berlin as Ambassador in 1928 and remained there until the summer of 1933. By that time Hitler was in a position of "unchallenged supremacy"; his "doctrine of force and hatred had already done its full work amongst the younger generation in Germany", and Sir Horace Rumbold was in a position to appreciate what his "gospel and philosophy . . . boded for Europe". A more penetrating analysis of the psychology of Hitler, a more accurate forecast of what his character and policy might portend for the world it would be difficult to find in current literature. "The spirit of the moment is" he wrote "definitely disquieting, and the Government of this country, for the first time since the war, are giving state sanction and encouragement to an attitude of mind,

as well as to various forms of military training, which can only end in one way".

What would one give to read Sir John Simon's reply to this remarkable Dispatch, and the "minutes" of his permanent officials thereon?

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

FAILURE OF A MISSION, by Sir Nevile Henderson. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 7s. 6d.

EUROPE'S DANCE OF DEATH, by G. T. Garratt. *Allen and Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

I am glad that the station-master at Grantham brought Sir Nevile Henderson to the point and that *Failure of a Mission* was written. For it is of the greatest importance that we should have this first-hand account of events at Berlin from 1937 to 1939, from the tremendous occasions down to the truth about the "British babies" of the special train who were popularly believed to have scored a point against Hitler in May, 1938.

Throughout the book, however—can it be for the benefit of the station-master?—the naïveté of the Ambassador is really startling to anyone who has closely observed National Socialism over a longer period. It is an amiable English trait to believe what Germans say, but how does an Ambassador dare risk such credulity? Sir Nevile is, for instance, convinced that Hitler "restored to Germany her self-respect, and recreated orderliness out of the chaos and distress which had followed her defeat in 1918". In Weimar days Germany was exceedingly orderly with the exception of a few mainly Nazi outrages, while in Hitler's day the perpetrators of the outrages were

appointed to be the police, and the minority of decent Germans have been horribly ashamed of their country ever since. Sir Nevile also simplifies the Czech-German question out of all recognition; he accepts Nazi talk about the application to Bohemia of the Swiss control system although the latter has little to do with racial or language frontiers and Henlein's Carlsbad programme was therefore entirely incompatible with it. Finally, Sir Nevile fails to appreciate the truth of Masaryk's dictum that either three million Germans had to be subjected to a Slav authority or ten million Slavs to the Germans, since there was no workable alternative. As for Sir Nevile's weakness for the Göring family, I will not grudge him that; indeed one has the impression that on the whole he put it to good use. I cannot but admit that I find Monsieur Coulondre's excellent despatches from Berlin better reading than *Failure of a Mission*, yet Sir Nevile's is an honest confession and no mean achievement.

Mr. Garratt explains *Europe's Dance of Death* as "an attempt to show why Europe has drifted into the major war within a generation and why such principles as democracy and freedom have failed to prevent a general collapse of civilization in the Continent which had once led the world", but towards the end of the book he himself remarks that he has wandered far from its original object. *Europe's Dance of Death* gives a summarized account of the nineteenth century followed by a more detailed account of the first four decades of the twentieth. But there seems no very good reason for having retraced the footsteps of many greater writers unless as frank autobiography. Mr.

Garratt is able to refer to William II's Prince Bülow as a "wise and patient statesman"; this and other verdicts, which the available evidence does not seem to support, shake one's faith in the more admirable portions of the book. It also seems quite unjustifiable to declare that Hitler massed troops on the Czech frontier in May, 1938, at Mr. Chamberlain's instigation; incidentally, it is not uninteresting to compare the Henderson and the Garratt account of this affair, and it is a little difficult to be wholly convinced by either.

Mr. Garratt tells us that one motive for writing his book was the desire to keep "a more sane and balanced outlook in time of war". I must confess to being left with the impression that the appalling events we are to-day forced to witness can be at least partially explained by a lamentable combination of the naïveté of the responsible with the disgruntledness of the irresponsible in Great Britain in the last decade or so. It is not true, as Mr. Garratt would have us believe, that the wealthy classes were blinder than the others, for instance, to the decisive nature of Hitler's remilitarization of the Rhineland in March, 1936, the last opportunity, as Sir Nevile indicates, when the present war could have been decently prevented. Hitler's successes hitherto have been primarily due to his amazing singleness of purpose, and it is this quality which we in the West have lacked. Mr. Garratt's book is an eloquent proof of this weakness; he believes that it would be a colossal tragedy if world opinion... were to condemn both belligerents equally, yet he has provided American isolationism with all the material it could wish.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

NEMESIS? The Story of Otto Strasser, by Douglas Reed. Cape. 10s. 6d.

THE ERRANT DIPLOMAT: A Biography of Franz von Papen, by Oswald Dutch. Arnold. 12s. 6d.

For the politically anæmic who form the majority of this country Mr. Douglas Reed is a valuable astringent. His new medicine, though markedly inferior as a book, has the same tonic quality as *Insanity Fair*. And he is the only man writing about Germany to-day who succeeds in getting outside the conventional categories—who accepts the German Revolution as the touchstone of our times, comparable with the effect of 1789 in France, but realizes where it has run to waste and why. "German socialism", in the meaning of Otto Strasser (not Oswald Spengler), is, as he suggests, an irresistible current of our century—whereas Marxism is but the obverse of nineteenth-century Liberalism. Mr. Reed's message is, above all, for those who are anxious about the stick-in-the-mud leadership of Right and Left in the democracies (so-called)—who feel that "the world is in danger, from fear of the future, of falling back on the past".

Otto Strasser is an attractive figure who still commands the allegiance of millions of Germans. His Black Front, formed after the break with Hitler ten years ago (on July 4th, 1930), is the one solid thing on which an after-Hitler Germany could be built. ('Black', in this connection, means secret—as in the case of the Black Reichswehr, many of whom were Strasser's associates from the beginning). For the past eight years at least he has had a clear and coherent picture of a re-organized Germany; the Fourth Reich, reared on the pillars of Army

and Trade Unions but reflecting, above all, what Gregor Strasser, his ill-fated brother, described in his famous 1931 speech as the prodigious "anti-capitalist longing" of the German people. It is a Germany liberated from the Prussian jackboot, regionally administered in twelve or fifteen cantons, taking their shape from the distinctive Germanic peoples of the original Confederation, with some kind of guild or professional representation in place of the Parliamentary sham, and a social structure embodying State ownership but also the device of the "hereditary fief", i.e., the principle of usufruct with which we are familiar in law. Such a federated Germany as Strasser imagines could be fitted into a future European Union—that is the great point about it, from the point of view of the rest of the world. The details may not work out quite as Strasser expects, but at any rate it is a better and brighter prospect than the fanciful illusion of a restoration of the old agrarian and industrial autocracy—"the Göring racket", of which the author writes:

And this is the greatest danger, as I think, in this war; that our rulers, though disillusioned about Hitler, will seek to establish a régime of men as much like themselves as possible, without regard for the longing that exists in men's souls for a better, a juster and a stable order—a longing that in perpetual disappointment leads to desperation and anarchy.

Mr. Reed gives us full measure of the details of Otto Strasser's hairsbreadth escapes from the clutches of the Gestapo as well as a critical commentary on the ideas outlined above.

Those of us who knew the Germany of the early thirties may reflect ruefully how near the Strasser conception of national socialism was to fruition. That Hitler 'ratted' at the last moment

was directly due to an act of interception by Messrs. Goering and Goebbels. But perhaps the most sinister influence of those years was the egregious von Papen, whose amazing career of slippery intrigue has now found a biographer in Mr. Oswald Dutch. Stirrup-holder for Hitler, then his jackal, this gentleman-jockey (as he once was) is from all accounts—including this one—an unpleasant customer, gifted, however, with inordinate charm and a really rubber-like capacity to bounce. Mr. Dutch traces his progress through the period as Military Attaché in Washington, when he left incriminating papers in his luggage apprehended at Falmouth, the spell of active service in Palestine when he left behind other documents of a similar nature in making a hurried escape from the British forces, through the brief springtime of the Herrenklub, the two years as the white-headed boy of President Hindenburg, which included the Chancellorship of the Reich, through the period of discomfiture which followed, and finally the phase as envoy of mischief in Vienna and Ankara.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

TEN LEAN YEARS, by Wal Hannington. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE UNEMPLOYED, by H. W. Singer. *P. S. King.* 8s. 6d.

WATLING, by Ruth Durant. *P. S. King.* 9s.

Mr. Hannington has a vigorous mind and a vigorous pen. His book *Ten Lean Years* is an examination of the National Government's record in the field of unemployment and it is not surprising that Mr. Hannington finds the National Government guilty on all

counts. As usual Mr. Hannington would have us believe that the hated heads of a capitalistic society, symbolized by National Government leaders and complacent back benchers, spend their leisure hours scheming how they may get more for less out of the poor. But the fact that this is not actually so does not excuse the actions of successive administrations. Politicians, parties and people will stand in the dock of history for their attitude towards unemployment during the years between the wars and as long as they stand there the verdict will be the same.

As prosecuting counsel Mr. Hannington makes an overwhelming case. He has sense enough to realize that the jury will not accept his word alone and he supports every statement with ample illustration. The findings of the Royal Commission in 1932 and the support they and the Act of 1934 received on the grounds of necessary economy represent the high water mark of hypocrisy reached in this country's social legislation. If this be denied let it be explained how so much money was available for the prosecution of the war in 1939. There can be no talk of equal burdens while economy for some means the halving of luxuries and for others existence below the poverty line. Anyone who disagrees should take Mr. Hannington's book and try to answer it page by page.

Unlike *Ten Lean Years*, Dr. Singer's volume *Unemployment and the Unemployed* is most irritating. Dr. Singer's sympathies lie in the right direction and his aim is to instruct to a somewhat better point of view all those who regard the unemployed as a race apart. Unfortunately these are just the people who are unlikely to read his book and

the rest of us would have preferred Dr. Singer's views in a less playful form. The difficulty for Dr. Singer is to escape from the fetters of what he calls the "articulate class" and he presumably accepts the social system which has countenanced unemployment while seeking to amend its methods of treating with the problem.

The book has its good points. Dr. Singer gives a clear summary of the various frictional causes of unemployment and he brings out well the isolation of the unemployed in the prosperous areas, as well as the fact that the skilled man feels unemployment more keenly than the unskilled man owing to a much bigger drop in his standard of living. He shows, too, how this fact makes the lot of the older skilled man, who is unemployed and unlikely to find work, almost unbearable. But these points have been well illustrated before, notably in *Men Without Work*, with the production of which Dr. Singer was closely concerned.

Mrs. Durant's survey of the new housing estate at Watling will be more valuable as evidence when further surveys of a similar nature have been carried out. At the moment it would appear that the attempt to establish a communal life, though far from successful, led to a better spirit than exists in other suburban areas. Some of the mistakes, such as the site and the size of the building, made in establishing a Centre could be overcome and it would be a useful experiment if something could be done on the line of the Peckham Health Centre, now alas out of action, making the family the unit of membership and the leisure of the mothers a first consideration.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

WALES ENGLAND WED, by Ernest Rhys. *Dent.* 15s.

Happy in the opportunity of his birth, Mr. Ernest Rhys came to maturity in the interesting years that ended last century. Between the two Jubilees of Queen Victoria—1887 and 1897, or a little earlier and a little later—this country enjoyed a second Renaissance, a period of intense intellectual and social awakening. Some people scowled at our "decadence", and sneered at the "*fin de siècle*." No matter! A new life was opening to us, full of fresh interests and mental or economic excitements. It was a true and violent revolution of mind and existence, a revival of beauty and a courageous criticism of habits. We had many glorious leaders: Ruskin and William Morris in both spheres; Hyndman, Edward Carpenter, Kropotkin, Bernard Shaw and the other Fabians mainly on the economic side; and the memories of Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and Pater to encourage us forward. It was a glorious, inspiring time, and Ernest Rhys had the advantage of living right in the midst of it, young and full of the widespread desires and hopes.

One of the most stirring movements of those happy days was certainly the "Celtic Revival," and it was with the Welsh side of that movement that his name was most closely connected. He did for the Welsh what Willie Yeats, George Russell ("A.E."), and Douglas Hyde did for the Irish. He was born in Islington, but his father was Welsh and his childhood was passed at Carmarthen in a romantic old Welsh bishop's palace. He spoke Welsh and was full of the thoughts that once created the Welsh legends and ballads. His spirit has always been tinged with

the Celtic love of mountains and romantic solitudes. He tells us of his want of memory and his disregard for money, but I have never noticed those two characteristics in the Welsh people, so that perhaps they are due to his mother, a Hertfordshire girl. In his poems and his other works the Welsh tendency is usually obvious, and in his life we find the Celtic longing for the open sky, the wilderness, and the wanderer's staff. Even when regular work compelled him to live in London, married and with children, he was repeatedly changing his home, and to this day I find it hard to catch him. He is still "a wandering voice."

But the hard necessity of life has often tied him down. To look at him or to know him, one would never conjecture that in early manhood he worked as "viewer" in a Durham coal-pit. He tells two terrible scenes of the life down in that grimy darkness—one of an explosion, and one of a poor thoroughbred mare who, in her yearning for light and air, dashed along the low and narrow galleries among the pit-props till she killed herself in despair. Perhaps the hard reality of such a life saved Rhys from the fantasies of his early times, as he has been saved by his Celtic blood from the "modernist" or formless so-called verse which is neither simple nor sensuous nor passionate, but is utterly contrary to Milton's definition of poetry. One may notice too that near his pit-head he founded a pitman's library, and so served his apprenticeship for that "Everyman's Library" with which his name is so closely bound up. His work for that vast library, reaching up to 1,000 volumes now, was tedious and often harassing, for old J. M. Dent, in spite of his genuine love of literature,

was not an easy taskmaster. A quotation proves the difficulty:—

"You writers", he said, "enjoy your writing, and do not need to be paid, but I sit grinding away all day, with all the trouble and none of the pleasure."

But his own writings and the Library brought Ernest Rhys into contact with all the best-known writers of the time. I set about making a list of the most distinguished men and women of letters whom he has known. But the mere list without his comments would have filled a column, and so I must leave it. Of his many excellent anecdotes I can quote but one:—

"Dr. Richard Garnett (the famous librarian of the British Museum) was once asked by an engaging lady if she could have all the works of Jesus Christ."

If only the answer could have been Yes!

I must omit the numerous wanderings of this wandering voice—to Ireland, the United States, Italy, France, Teneriffe, and many other places. The whole story is told with minute simplicity and an accuracy that seldom fails. It is the record of a courageous and on the whole an enviable life.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

EUROPE TO LET, by Storm Jameson.
Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

DUTCH INTERIOR, by Frank O'Connor.
Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

While the din of propaganda fills the air Miss Jameson dares to raise her voice. Does she really hope to be heard?

Her four pictures, complete in themselves, form a sickening complement to each other. Here is the Germany of 1923 with the gentle Kurt Hesse saying: "We never grow up. We're lawless, cringing, dreaming by turns,

and charming like children, until the moment comes when, as nurses say, we 'get past ourselves'. Then you begin to hate us. But you don't think of helping us. You punish us. One of these days no doubt we shall set fire to the house . . . how you will hate us then. And how in our hearts we shall blame you for leaving us to play with matches in an icily cold room." And to a fellow countryman—"What do you hope for the future of Germany now that the Germans have begun killing each other?" There is the Austria of 1938, after four months of German occupation where, in Vienna, "there was nowhere to go, since a self-respecting foreigner, not a Jew, could not enter picture galleries and museums bearing the notice *Jews not wanted*, lest by doing so he threw away his birthright as a civilized European". Here, too, is the Prague of 1938 when "the Czechs had just capitulated to the governments of France, Germany, England and Poland. It was the first time since the war that the four had acted together; the sheets were turned down for a united Europe, and it was only an accident that brought about the death, overlain, of a charming healthy child." And listen to Stehlik, the Czech—"London bankers and business men are saying—"There will be no war for Czechoslovakia because we are going to stop it". How? By threatening the Germans? Not on your sweet life. By threatening us!" Or the Englishman talking to the Czechs—"You've taught yourselves to behave rationally—it was a fatal mistake. If you were to rave, goose-step, spend millions on propaganda, we should be sweating to understand you." There are a hundred observations as good, or as bad, as these.

The last pages deal with the Hungary of 1938, her bewilderment and fear. The sweetness of Tihaneth (probably a deliberate reminder of the Hesse of the first part) helps one to finish this painful book. Such infrequent rays of light penetrate the blackness and make it bearable. Thus the horror of the story of Emil Wolf, the Jewish surgeon with clever hands hacked and twisted into stumps by the Nazis, finds a counterbalance later on in the delightful episode of the schoolboy and his lavender.

Miss Storm Jameson has built the framework of this novel with all her usual skill. As always, her foundation is firm (remember how she added a couple of storeys to *The Lovely Ship* and kept her structure strong and true?) but she is grief-stricken here and her material is unpromising. Europe can only be let to happy and peaceful tenants when each individual in it has learnt at last to be unselfish.

It is not merely because theme and setting are different that the second book is a contrast. This, too, has a series of pictures, but they are neither complete nor complementary. As a short story writer Frank O'Connor has proved himself. And if he had not treated *Dutch Interior* as a novel the Daltons, the Devanes and the Maddens might have had a chance to emerge recognizably. On closing the book it is already difficult to sort them out. Was Dalton or Devane the music lover? Whose was that mean ogre of a father or whose those tiresome clocks? And as for the beautiful Miss Maddens—well, the jacket says there were three. Yet his people really live; they move about their noisy town and their Irishness is never so overdone that they fail

to resemble other human beings. But, so lopped off and chopped up are they that they are a good deal less likeable than they need be and it is hard work to get interested in their hopes and fears. And so one feels that while the writing may be worth persevering with the people are not—surely an odd state of mind to bring away from the reading of a novel.

Mr. O'Connor has a beautiful economy of dialogue and often shows a gloriously oblique sense of humour. Is making a few words go a long way becoming an end in itself, or does he allow obscurity to dim his powers as a storyteller just for fun?

GEA MORRIS.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN ENGLISH FICTION, by Sir John Marriott. Blackie. 8s. 6d.

In a book which the author describes as "confessedly an adventure", Sir John Marriott has discussed at length the part that can and should be played by historical fiction as a handmaid to the sterner study of history. Until the time of Macaulay, as Sir John points out, it did not appear to be the wish, far less the duty, of an historian to treat of those minor points of interest—such as houses and furniture, attire, food and drink, and social habits—which are now to be found very rightly even in the schoolboy's history book. The novelist, following in the footsteps of the Wizard of the North, is not only as interested in these matters as the social historian, but is able to treat them with a greater licence and thus perhaps stimulates in the reader a greater desire for knowledge. In the nature of things a good novelist will always be able to treat these points

more pictorially than the strict historian, and it can be confirmed by all teachers of history that the pictorial method is the first step towards inspiring an absorbing interest in pupils; one visit to a Roman villa or a monument of history such as Windsor Castle will do more than several class-room lessons. These methods which are prevalent to-day may be in a sense paralleled by the encouragement which is given to the reading of historical novels; in neither case is the method successful or worth pursuing unless the stimulus given to the imagination is such that the student will be driven to desire further information from the real historian. If this should be the result, the teacher will surely be said to have vindicated his method and incidentally the value of the Historical Novel. It is what Sir John calls "the supreme test" and it is the purpose of this book to give short accounts of chosen novels in historical order in the hope that those who read the books will turn to the authorities also. The book treats specifically of English Fiction and of English History; a far larger volume would have been necessary to treat also of Scottish history, especially when the number of Sir Walter Scott's books alone is taken into consideration. Those of the Waverley novels which treat of English history are brought within the scope of the present work, and there would seem room for other books on the same lines treating of Scottish history and of Foreign history. There are two valuable appendices. The second contains a list of over three hundred novels mentioned in the text—a very representative list, though it is strange to find no book of Margaret Irwin included: the other gives a short list of useful books, including the best authorities. The whole

book is done with Sir John Marriott's usual thoroughness, and should prove especially valuable to school librarians; general readers who have a taste for the historical will also find it of great interest.

J. F. BURNET.

RUDYARD KIPLING, by Edward Shanks. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Four years have passed since the death of Rudyard Kipling, but time has not silenced the voices of detraction. One such lately dismissed his poetry as "jingling doggerel", a reproach only applicable to a modicum of it. The argument started with the appearance in the 'Nineties' of *Barrack-Room Ballads*. I remember Robert Bridges quoting "We winked at 'Omer down the road, and 'Omer 'e winked back at us", and remarking with asperity that to call such stuff poetry

was absurd. But it is a far cry from that awful example to *The way through the woods*, or *Recessional*, or the poems like flowers in the grass, which enhance the charm of the stories in (for instance) *Rewards and Fairies*. These verses, if "occasional", are often exquisite and always telling. They are neither "jingling" nor "doggerel".

But since in nine-tenths of his work prose is Kipling's medium, his prose works must take priority. Mr. Shanks has subjected them to a searching but conspicuously fair-minded scrutiny. Not the easiest part of his task lay in tracing the influence upon them of their author's political creed; hence the book's sub-title, "A study in literature and political ideas".

Kipling, first and foremost, was an artist in words; but he did not let that interfere with insistence on his favourite political tenets. It followed that he

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often gave many readers as much offence as pleasure, or more. He seems not to have cared for the society of literary men or of politicians. He would not, Mr. Shanks tells us, accept recognition from any government, lest afterwards he should feel obliged to attack it. He preferred to associate with people who were good at their job, and willing to take risks without flinching. A master of many techniques, with almost an adoration for machinery, in some of his later stories he becomes to those who are not technicians nearly unintelligible. But consider (with Mr. Shanks as guide) the extent and variety of the ground he covered. Starting with flashlights on life in India, both white and brown, he passed, after a

false start or two, to totally new themes. He fell in love, in his maturity, with England. The author of *Plain Tales* became the wizard whose wand made periods and personalities of English history live anew for thousands. A very Puck of letters, he evoked the figures of Queen Elizabeth, Wellington, "Boney", Talleyrand and a host of others who shared in the making and modification of our race. He was as much at home with them as with Kim in the Himalayas or Mowgli in the jungle. These were the creations with which his golden years (in Mr. Shanks' happy phrase) were gloriously and diversely starred.

H. C. MINCHIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

SEPTEMBER, 1940

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?*

BY LORD ADDISON

THIS question in one form or another is in the minds of most of us whenever we have time to think of how, having overcome Hitlerism, we are going to make effective our purpose of freeing Europe from a repetition of terror.

We know that, somehow or other, a way must be found; but the paramount necessity of equipping ourselves and of marshalling all the Empire's resources so as to win the war first forces this issue into the background. Nevertheless we know from bitter experience that it may even be more difficult to secure a victory for Peace than to win a victory in war, prodigious as that effort will certainly be.

Mr. H. G. Wells, with his challenging authority, has faced up to the immense problems involved if mankind is to be allowed to make progress in peace and to be liberated from the possibility that science and invention will be used, at recurrent intervals, for the organization of slaughter and destruction on an ever-increasing scale.

Such a possibility is so horrible that it is hateful to have to state it; but there is no escape from the certainty of it if we fail to remove the causes of war and to master the consequences of modern intellectual progress, in order to harness them to the fortification of security and to making the lives of all people the better worth living.

The present war, with staggering rapidity, has demonstrated that national boundaries, in the sense that we have hitherto known them, have no real meaning in the freedom and opportunity of life they are able to assure for their inhabitants when ferocious discontent, over the border, arms itself for the purpose of conquest with the apparatus that scientific discovery and mechanical arts place at its disposal.

Also it is no longer the attempted settlement of some national dispute by force of arms. It is a deeper rivalry than that. It is a rivalry of systems; and no settlement is possible

*A question asked by Mr. J. B. Priestley in a recent broadcast.
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that fails to take account of the causes of these rivalries and makes possible the development of whatever is worthy in them without menace to the lives of others.

Manifestly we must try to shape an order of society that is based on a Community of Nations rather than upon convenient alliance for limited purposes.

It does not seem to me that our present national leaders have, so far, found time to begin the consideration of these perplexing problems. To say this is not to attribute blame to them. For what time and freshness of mind can they have when every hour must "sweat its sixty minutes to the death" in the struggle for national safety?

Nevertheless if all those who, with one heart and mind, are devoting themselves to help our war effort, as well as the millions of the oppressed, are not to suffer an agonizing disillusionment, it is an urgent necessity that a start should be made in the consideration of how practical effect can be given to the supreme post-war aim that is common to all.

Every experienced person knows that no effective proposals can be formulated quickly and that whatever emerges can be no more than a beginning. What is vital, is that it should provide a system of security for the nations within which a new and better world order, based on individual freedom and on a righteous opportunity and life for all people may be developed.

The work should be begun. It would not be difficult to initiate. It would not be difficult to enlist the aid of capable, experienced and wide-minded people who could help in the definition of the main objectives and in promoting agreement upon them.

We have at this time an exceptional advantage. There are amongst us many responsible leaders of the victim States. They must be oppressed with a sense of the shortcomings of the pre-war system and be prepared to visualize the necessity of nations ceasing to cling to a delusive independence and isolation that has proved to be a danger to that very independence itself.

It would be a first-class blunder however at this stage to allow this important preparatory work to become cluttered up by a medley of Specialist Committees intent on working out to the last comma plans for the future working of a score of separate services. They would only serve to cloud the issue and provoke minor controversies.

Many of such services would no doubt be the business of the future International Authority to organize and establish—so

far as they were not the proper duty of the individual nations themselves.

The first necessity clearly is to define sufficiently the means whereby a securer international order may be obtained. No greater, no nobler purpose could be presented to the world at this time.

I believe that in our present Prime Minister we have a man who is great enough and who would be capable of the inspiring leadership that would be called for. But there can be no consistent leadership that is not based on an examination of the needs and that leads to a confident declaration of what must be undertaken in order to meet them.

The necessity of this work being begun, now and becoming understood and supported by the people as an intrinsic part of our war aim, is made manifest if we recall the melancholy experience that followed the end of the last war.

The records of those post-war years almost shout aloud their warnings and directions to us as from the grave. The horrors of to-day are in no small measure due to the mistakes that were made during and after the last war; and the danger of them is associated undoubtedly with the exercise of the very democratic freedom itself that we so rightly cherish.

Two examples are common knowledge, but they are worth recalling.

The failure of the United States to continue to support the League of Nations was mainly due to the fact that President Wilson had not prepared his fellow-countrymen for the new world responsibility that membership of the League involved. That freedom-loving, independent-spirited country would not have this new unfamiliar system forced upon them. One can well believe that, despite their support of their own participation in the war, the assumption of these new responsibilities must have required clear exposition and months of sustained and instructed advocacy for it to have become an accepted part of the national aim.

It was foreign no doubt to President Wilson's aloofness to engage in this organized attempt to instruct and convince a great democracy. But who can doubt that the failure to do so, the failure to convince American opinion of the absolute necessity of their participation in this great new need, was responsible for the calamity that followed?

If free people are to be asked to consent to share in a great world enterprise that is foreign to their cherished traditions and must to some extent, involve a surrender of some of their

own absolute sovereignty, they have the right to be given a clear understanding of the character of the new commitments they are asked to undertake and of the necessity for them.

Are we not heading for a similar danger now?

It seems inevitable that any form of a future Community of Nations that is to be effective in establishing and securing peace must be accompanied by some measure of subordination of complete national independence of action to the new International Authority. That subordination must also necessarily extend beyond the services required for defence and security; it must involve a measure of economic partnership if there is to be any hope of the fuller life in freedom that the people long for.

The new International Authority, if it is to function efficiently, will clearly have to be given control through an appropriate staff of sufficient forces—naval, military and air—as will enable it to safeguard the integrity of the Member States as a whole, and to maintain peace and order between them. It will have to safeguard an arbitral system for the settlement of differences. At the same time the common policy of the associated nations towards outside states, so long as there are any, must obviously be subject to the central directing Authority. In the economic sphere also the attempt at national self-sufficiency by the associated nations must be a thing of the past, and the unnatural barriers that have been created in the attempt to achieve the impossible must disappear.

One has only to mention a few conditions like the foregoing—all of which appear to be inseparable from a real Community of Nations—to visualize the sacrifices of cherished traditions that will be called for, as well as the thicket of difficulties that will have to be attacked with determination and goodwill. But if anything of that kind is required (in Europe at least) there surely is no time to be lost in giving it sufficient definiteness and in presenting it to the people who are longing for guidance and for hope for the future.

Free people—British people—love leadership. But it must be a leadership that has a great convincing appeal.

We may confidently expect that at the end of the war the peace rejoicings will be accompanied by a hectic scramble to get back to home and to a happy peacetime life. But if we have failed to undertake the preliminary constructive planning of the new international order the nations will be presented with hastily put together proposals, half-considered, never

explained, and never understood in the fullness of their meaning, whilst the leaders of the different countries will find themselves overwhelmed with a host of domestic difficulties clamouring for their attention.

Under such conditions it is futile to expect that a workable international League or Council or Federation, or whatever it may be called, will be established on a secure basis. It is almost certain that the world would be presented with the confusions and lack of direction that followed the end of the last war. Those that can will jump in to take advantage of such business opportunities as there are whilst millions will become the victims of a disappointment that will lead most likely to violent reaction of a destructive kind.

This brings me to the second illustration, that the immediate post-war period provided, of the dangers inherent in our free system when the people have not the consistent leadership they look for and respect. If it is to be consistent it must be a leadership that has been built upon a mature consideration from the principles that are to be applied in post-war reconstruction and that have been explained to and understood by the people. No leadership is worth the name if it changes direction at the behest of unthinking clamour.

The other day Mr. J. B. Priestley, in one of his charming broadcasts, told a story of a fine young airman and he asked us "what we were going to do about it", or about him, after he and his fellows, in his own and the other services, have saved us?

It was only one sample of other questions that will some day be in the minds of millions of people. When I heard Mr. Priestley ask it, it made me think at once of the horrible experiences of 1921 and 1922,—of the Economy Crusade, of the Geddes' Axe and of other similar desolating stunts.

At the end of the present war there will be an enormous increase in the national debt and still heavier taxation than now. But does it follow that everybody will be so much poorer? So far as the war will have been financed by the people's lendings, it will, in fact, be little more than an alteration in form—a change in the form of the note from one pocket to another.

A strange fetish or sort of bogey has been created; it has been called "the City". Its apostles clothe themselves in such a voluminous self-satisfaction and assume such pompous authority that the people have come to take them at their own valuation and accept their claims as established, although they

are not at all clear as to what they mean. Much in the same way as the claims of certain quack medicines obtain acceptance.

These preachers of "economy" were very vocal at the time of the Geddes Axe, as they were later on in 1931, when they assured us all that we were in danger of national bankruptcy because there was a debt on the Unemployment Insurance Fund of about the cost of a few days of the present war. It was the same people, I remember, who in one month drew dreadful pictures of what would happen if we went off the gold standard and three months later were assuring us that it was a very sound thing for us to have done so.

For my part I have never been able to understand how we are going to be better off if everybody has less money to spend and millions are put out of work in consequence, but it is not open to doubt that if we become exposed to this kind of thing again at the end of the present war it will be a very poor look out for Mr. Priestley's airman. Instead of having the chance he deserves he may well be found, a year or two afterwards, hawking bootlaces or stationery, or trying to persuade housewives to buy vacuum cleaners on the instalment system.

All this, of course, is on the assumption that the present economic system, whereby employment depends, in the main, on the possibility of somebody or other obtaining personal monetary profit out of the employment of others, survives. Whether that system can possibly survive the war or not except without great modifications, is open to question; but if it does, and millions of people are thereby condemned to unemployment, we may be sure that society is heading for an upheaval that will destroy not only the present system, but many other things that are precious to us all, and that make life worth living.

We may expect that Hitlerism before it is destroyed, as it must be, will involve famine in Europe and unspeakable misery. The desperate people will be ready-made victims for any preacher of fruitless violence.

This is no exaggeration; but whether at home or abroad it will present as great and difficult a problem for statesmen as will the fashioning of a new international system for the maintenance of Peace. In fact they are inseparable from one another.

It is not as if there will not be plenty of work wanting doing. Towns and villages will have been destroyed over a great part of Europe. Valuable industries will have been wiped out and

fruitful landscapes become wildernesses of weeds. We confidently expect that our own beloved country—thanks to our splendid defenders—will be spared many of these calamities; but, at the best, the dislocation of life will be immense, and the re-building and restoration of industry in town and country will be urgently needed and will occupy much time—provided the work is allowed to be undertaken at all.

These problems must be faced up to with an outlook utterly different from that which, for example, dictated the cutting down of the work of the Forestry Commission because we were told we could not afford it and the Commission had to burn millions of seedling trees because they were not allowed to buy any land on which to plant them. This, of course, although there were (and still are, for that matter) great tracts of land suitable for afforestation and capable of being so dealt with on a remunerative basis.

During the war we shall have become accustomed to the organization and direction for the common good of a host of industries and services and the same spirit will have to be applied to the problems of employment and reconstruction afterwards if we are to have a chance of achieving a better economic order. But we must do so if we are to attack at their source those discontents that lead to unrest.

The motive of enterprise in the community-sense and for community profit must replace, in a great measure, the system that is based on personal profit and all our services, beginning with finance, will have to minister to that end.

It is no part of the purpose of this article to prescribe particular remedies, but rather to press, with all sincerity, for a start being made here and now in the working out of post-war policy in regard to them.

The danger—the terrible danger—is that however well intentioned we may be now or even at the end of the war, we may be diverted from the pursuit of great purposes by some outcry or another provoked by transient circumstances.

This weakness in our Democratic system must be guarded against; and the only reliable way of avoiding it is by working out beforehand a plan of operations that will be accepted by the people and embodied in such Institutions as will ensure their progressive and steady development as an unquestioned part of our national life.

STRATEGY AND TACTICS IN THE WAR

A Survey

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

MANY of the tactical and strategical developments of this war have been unexpected and much that was expected from the experiences of the last war has not occurred.

Once again we can see how unsafe it is to rely too exclusively on lessons derived from one war or to run to extremes in any particular doctrine. The broad principles on which war is conducted are well established and there has been nothing in this war to upset them, though obviously it is always necessary to apply the principles with intelligence to circumstances.

One of the reasons why it is unsafe to rely on recent war experience is that it is certain that many minds will be at work to discover how difficulties that were then encountered can be got over and how conditions which gave rise to difficulties can be avoided.

Based on last war experience it was generally held that modern weapons had given defensive mastery over offensive action. That though the attacker might by the use of powerful weapons crush forward defences yet his further progress would be held up by defences disposed in depth. Both opponents had encountered the difficulty of exploiting success and it was argued that in the future this would inevitably give rise to static conditions when disparity in the strength of the opponents was not extreme.

Other expectations derived partly from last war experiences and partly from the progress in aviation were that immense armies would become unmanageable. That they could not move under threat of air attack, much less bring up the quantities of materials required to give the attacker any prospect of breaking through strong defences.

It is not surprising therefore that the satisfied nations were content to believe and to exploit defensive theories. Equally it was certain that Germany, with aggressive ambitions, was bound to turn to devising methods which would enable the

inherent advantages of the attacker to overcome the difficulties presented by the power of defensive weapons. We can see therefore why France with no aggressive intentions and always anxious for the security of her frontier devoted herself to further developing her own defences and why she perhaps relied too confidently on Belgian power of resistance. It is less easy to understand why she neglected her air arm. This country confident in the strength of French defences saw no reason for maintaining an army prepared to intervene on the continent. The air menace alone appeared to be a danger. It was natural therefore to think in terms of air warfare rather in the close association of the air arm with the army and navy. Protection against air attack and the maintenance of a threat to carry air warfare into the enemy country appeared to be the main duty of the R.A.F. It was for those rôles it was chiefly trained and equipped.

Now if we turn to the side of Germany one can see how entirely different her approach to the problems of modern warfare was bound to be. She could not hope to further an aggressive expansionist policy except by offensive action. Her soldiers were well aware of the power of defence and the problem it presented to them was twofold. How could the power of defence be enlisted to further an expansionist policy and how could it be overcome where it formed an obstacle. Germany's solution of the problem deserves study. It may be admitted that her geographical position facilitated the solution, but the interesting points are that :

- (a) She continued to rely on her army as her main instrument and although she immensely developed her air power she subordinated its action to the interests of the army.
- (b) She reorganized the composition of the army, concentrating mobility and maximum striking power in one of its components.
- (c) She did not attempt to produce untried secret weapons but devoted attention to improving weapons already possessed by other countries and in devising methods of employing them to advantage.
- (d) for defence she relied on last war experience, took early steps to protect her civil population from air attack and, by reoccupation of the Rhineland, secured a short and easily defended frontier in the West.

Germany's soldiers had never accepted extreme views as regards the increased power of defence. They had in the first instance, like most professional soldiers, been trained to believe in the inherent advantages of the offensive. Moreover in the last year of the Great War they had seen their own

attacks achieving a great measure of success by development in artillery technique and by infiltration tactics. They had successfully employed aircraft as offensive weapons co-operating with ground attack. Even more convincing they had seen their own defence break down under tank attack and the improved artillery technique of their opponents.

It was however necessary to develop an offensive technique which would not only succeed but succeed rapidly and decisively. Germany liable to suffer from blockade was in no position to face a long war. Rapid results might be achieved by air action but though the power of the air arm was appreciated it was realized that unrestricted use of the air weapon against an enemy capable of reprisals would involve a weakening of Germany's defensive position. It was a weapon to be used with caution and only against weaker countries without adequate power of reprisal. Germany's main and most reliable offensive weapon was her army to which her great productive capacity, her man power resources and the characteristics of her people gave great potential possibilities.

By associating air action closely with the army those potentialities might be increased. The air force itself was a powerful weapon and constituted a terrible threat to the smaller nations, but the main German problem lay in exploiting the potentialities of the army for offensive action. In the small army of professional soldiers allowed her Germany had an ideal nucleus for an army that had to be formed on a new basis. A common doctrine could be formulated and its acceptance insisted on more easily than in large armies scattered and influenced by preconceived ideas. General Von Seecht who was responsible for organizing the original Reichwehr at an early stage indicated the general form the army would take when expansion became possible. He visualized a comparatively small, highly mobile force of great power which by surprise and manoeuvre would form a gap in the enemy's positions, disturb the organization in rear and thus act as the spearhead of slower moving but powerful masses ready to exploit the opportunity created.

When rearmament became possible under Hitler's régime this main idea was adhered to but probably many minds were at work to develop it in detail.

What I have tried to describe is the background of the strategical and tactical methods employed by the Germans in this war. An army trained and organized for offensive action,

associated with an air force trained and intended to work in closest co-operation with it. The advantages of numerical strength were to be retained but instead of the former uniformity of organization, mobility and striking powers were concentrated to achieve rapid and far reaching effect.

The war has shown the application of Von Seecht's idea. In Poland it was comparatively easy to apply. The Poles had no strong defensive system on their frontiers and the break through of armoured columns was at once achieved. Penetrating deeply into the country the columns—as Von Seecht had expected—disrupted the system of command and spread confusion. Aircraft co-operating closely with the columns were able to direct their movements and to give warning of attempts to organize counter-attacks. Ill equipped to meet tank attack the Polish troops could then easily be dispersed. The chief difficulty the mechanized columns encountered lay in maintaining their supply of petrol.

One column which became immobilized for that reason was actually wiped out by a counter attack. This incident helped to strengthen the view that the warnings of the Polish campaign could be discounted. The strategic position of Poland was so unfavourable, she was so outmatched both in numbers and in armament, and she was so riddled by the fifth column activities of the German element in her population that the issue seemed inevitable. The striking results achieved by the German spearhead formations and by parachutists were largely attributed to these factors. The difficulties encountered by the mechanized columns strengthened the arguments of those who had considered Von Seecht's ideas impracticable as an answer to strong defensive organization. The fact that Poland's small air force had been almost entirely destroyed by the treacherous initial surprise attack of the Germans in particular served to obscure the contribution aircraft working in close collaboration with the army could make towards the realization of Von Seecht's conception.

It had been argued that the chances of armoured formations succeeding in breaking through solid defences well provided with anti-tank weapons was in the first instance small. That should they break through they would still leave elements of the defence capable of checking the advance of unarmoured forces. That the spearhead would therefore become isolated and vulnerable to counter attack; especially if it became immobilized through failure of petrol supply. The difficulty of maintaining the communications of the spearhead, exposed as

they would be to attacks from the air and by the reserves of the defence, appeared to be prohibitive.

These arguments were undoubtedly sound, though belief in the power of defence may have led to their acceptance with too great confidence. Why did they in the event prove fallacious when the great German attack in the West took place? A number of reasons have been given and it is still difficult to ascertain the truth.

The success of the German break through was first attributed to the appearance of super tanks so heavily armoured that anti-tank and even field guns produced no impression on them. A very heavily armoured tank certainly was used but subsequent experience proved that it was by no means invulnerable to the fire of even light anti-tank weapons. It would therefore be a mistake to believe that a revolutionary weapon had been devised. Later information tended to show that incompetence, and over confidence in the obstacle formed by the Meuse, contributed to the German success.

Failure to demolish a vital bridge, whether owing to hesitation, fifth column treachery or neglected precautions, was undoubtedly the initial cause of the disaster at Sedan; and a similar incident appears to have occurred at Dinant. The subsequent demoralization of the defence may have been partly due to surprise, partly to the stunning and moral effect of air bombing. We may be safe therefore in assuming that the German success in forming the gaps was due to the failure of the human element in the defence and not that the position was indefensible in face of new and superior weapons. In fact the attempt to break through should have failed. If it had failed the German attempt to secure rapid decisive results would quite possibly have broken down and we might now have found ourselves engaged in static warfare in Belgium. Since it succeeded however we have to examine why the expectation that the mechanized spearhead would become isolated, cut off from supplies and finally destroyed by counter attack was disappointed. The primary reason I believe was the close association of the German air arm with the army. The moral effect of bombing on the already demoralized French troops must have been great. We know now that bombing attacks do not cause excessive casualties. They must to a certain extent be intermittent because the number of bombs that can be carried is limited and a considerable time must elapse before the machines can re-load and return. That, I suggest, is the main reason why casualties from bombing

seldom equal those produced by the sustained volume of fire of artillery and infantry weapons. The concussion and noise of bombs and the mere threat of aircraft overhead does however have great "neutralizing" effect. That is to say that it prevents troops attacked using their weapons effectively. One of the lessons driven home in 1918 was that the neutralizing effect of hurricane artillery bombardments at critical moments was of greater importance than actual destructive effects. The neutralizing effect of bombing naturally did much to save the lighter German tanks from destruction and enabled them to widen the gap first formed and with the assistance of motorized infantry to keep it open. The mechanized formations that passed through the gap found nothing to oppose them in the country beyond. Theoretically there should have been highly mobile reserves ready to counter attack in case of a break through. How the French reserves were disposed or what they consisted of we do not yet know. But we do know that British and French mobile and armoured formations had gone to Belgium. Movements of reserves were hampered by streams of refugees and such fighting as took place was of a confused nature. Working in small groups the Germans appeared to have applied the principle of infiltration to tank tactics and subordinate commanders were given great liberty of action. Parachute troops added to the great confusion. The only answer to such a situation appears to be mobile armoured reserves accompanied by light guns on self-propelled mountings equal to tanks in speed and cross country capacity and with co-operating aircraft.

The German raiders do not appear at first to have encountered supply difficulties. They were able to live on the country, getting petrol from wayside pumps or captured depots. But for deep penetration an organized line of communication had to be established and protected. Infantry Divisions in lorries were brought forward to hold the perimeter of the bulge the raiders had made. Here the power of the defence served the Germans well for a comparatively weak force was able to secure the communications from counter attack and also to defeat the attempts of the Allied armies in Belgium to break South and restore their broken communications. Incidentally it may be noted how the defences of the West Wall and the lines of the Moselle and Meuse provided a defensive pivot for the whole great offensive manoeuvre. Moreover had the spearhead break through failed the German armies were well placed to continue the war on a defensive

basis. Co-ordination of offensive and defensive power is in fact the chief strategic lesson of the war.

France has been blamed for too great reliance on defence but it is difficult to see what offensive policy was open to her so long as her action was restricted to the Lorraine front. It may be agreed however that she was obsessed by desire to make the main Maginot position doubly secure and failed to take a broad view of the defensive problem which would arise if Germany's action forced her to move to the assistance of Belgium. Belgium's attitude towards neutrality of course made the situation difficult, but one may note a common tendency to elaborate defences already strong to the neglect of more difficult problems. Where France certainly failed was in not providing herself with sufficient mobile armoured formations as counter attacking reserves.

The question whether the Allies during the Polish campaign and during the great lull should not have used their air forces offensively against Germany is obviously difficult to answer. The argument that the Allies could not take the initiative in a course of action that would endanger civilians hardly holds water since the Germans showed no scruples in Poland. The fact that German reprisals would have fallen almost exclusively on France, in view of the difficulties of bombing England while it was out of the range of fighter escorts, probably influenced the policy of abstention. Abstention certainly might have had some justification if full use had been made of the productive capacity of the Allied and neutral countries. As it was abstention, influenced by political rather than military considerations told in favour of Germany and left her with the initiative.

Modern weapons have certainly had their effect on the methods of solving strategical problems but, if we exclude the possibility of unrestricted air warfare, they have not materially changed the nature of the problems. Have they had a greater effect on tactics? Perhaps they may have. Continuous defensive lines have been abandoned in favour of isolated posts mutually supporting each other disposed in great depth. That in turn has caused the attacker to employ a process of infiltration by small bodies and to rely less on linear advance and mass attack. The principle of fire to cover movement and movement to take advantage of fire effect remains unchanged. Infiltration means the exploitation of flank attacks in detail. In turn that entails a determination on the part of the defenders of every post not to give way or to retire when their flanks are

turned but to rely on immediate counter attack and the support of covering fire from other posts to eliminate the threat of being cut off. Tactically the battle is fought by numbers of small parties, not by masses. This implies a high standard of intelligence and tactical flair on the part of the subordinate commanders both in attack and defence. It means delegation of control of the fight to those who can take instant action to meet the situation. It is not the newest weapons but the weapons used in the last war which changed the character of tactics. New weapons have however been introduced suitable to new tactics. The "Tommy" gun is replacing the rifle whose long range is seldom required. The mortar, and in some cases the infantry gun, are used in the close fighting because they can be moved to position where their detachments can see what is happening and therefore do not need orders from higher authority. Aircraft similarly can see for themselves where they are required to intervene.

The tank has been developed to restore mobility to the fight. Speed has been greatly increased in all types of tanks and in some types the weight of armour has been increased to meet the fire of anti-tank weapons. The anti-tank weapon is simply an answer to the tank and the contest between armour and projectiles so familiar in naval war is in progress. On the whole the argument I wish to advance is that it is not the introduction of new weapons that has brought about changes in tactical and strategical methods. It is, on the contrary, the weapons and conditions of the last war and their further development which have influenced strategy and tactics in this war. No new weapon that has appeared has been nearly as revolutionary as the original tank. The chief tactical discovery has been that aircraft can effectively intervene in the land fighting. On the other hand in some respects the power of aircraft has disappointed expectation. They have not immobilized armies. The amazing speed with which the Germans developed their attack on the Somme-Aisne line after Dunkirk and the way in which they were able to maintain the communications of their mechanized thrusts affords clear proof of that.

The main lesson of the war has, however, been that modern weapons have not given the defensive complete mastery and that the human element still counts for more than material. How much of Hitler's success has been due to his attack on the morale of his opponents is difficult to say. Fifth columns certainly played a very important, possibly a decisive part.

Without their assistance it is difficult to believe that parachutists and troop carrying aircraft would have accomplished much. These new developments introduced an element of surprise. Now that they have become familiar I suspect that much of their value has been lost.

In conclusion I would suggest that it may be as dangerous to over estimate the power of attack as to rely too exclusively on defence. The power of each must be employed. Fear of attack is apt to produce an inferiority complex in those compelled to stand on the defence.

THE FOREIGN LEGION AT NARVIK

BY LIEUTENANT P. O. LAPIE

WE had crossed the Arctic Circle the day before. For days there had been no such thing as night. And now the white islands long visible on the horizon, the Lofotens, were growing steadily larger as they approached. They interlocked with one another, and before long formed a wall of mountains, thick with snow from their still sunlit crests to their bases which disappeared into the sea. The sea was quite smooth under a pink sky. The transports were moving in single file, with warships before and behind. The men leant on the bulwarks and watched. Someone began an Andalusian song among a group of Spanish *légionnaires* on the ship's foredeck. An old *légionnaire* cried in the words of the pirates of olden times: *Vive la mort!*

Everybody was thinking rapturously about the coming phase of the campaign in Norway. What would it be like? It had begun at Narvik; would it end there? April 10 had seen the invasion of Norway by German troops and the bombardment and the blocking of Narvik by the British Fleet. Since then, during our journey northwards, the wireless had kept us informed of the successive setbacks which the Allies had suffered elsewhere in Norway, at Namsos, Andalsnes, and Trondheim. Only this tiny strip of territory far to the North was still in Norwegian hands. Tromsø was the new political capital; Narvik the town of principal economic importance. Narvik once captured and the harbour repaired, with the railway from the Swedish iron mines in our hands, might it not be possible, fjord by fjord, and mountain by mountain, to recapture all Norway?

Hardened as they were to the heat of the Sahara and the snows of the Atlas mountains, not caring whether they lived or died, the adventure suited these battalions of the Foreign Legion.

Arriving from the West, you first catch sight of Narvik at the end of the fjord on a peninsula which you see end on. A chain of hills about 300 feet high divides the town from the shore, and partly masks it from view—and from the direct fire

of ship's guns. Behind the town so discerned there is a mountain not far short of 4,000 feet high. A swastika flag flew from the summit. On each side of its peninsula the town and the mountain massif which looms over it are washed by two lesser fjords—the Rombaken to the North, the Bjess on the South. Along the Narvik bank of the Rombaken ran the railway. On the opposite shore lay the Ojord peninsula. In the Bjess fjord you could see the masts and upperworks of the ships sunk on April 10 outside Narvik harbour; the opposite shore consisted of the peninsula of Ankeness. The Germans were in occupation of Narvik as well as of the shores of the two fjords and of the Ojord and Ankeness peninsulas, so that before we could attack Narvik we had to capture and hold firmly the opposite shores of the lesser fjords.

On April 13 in a single daring operation the Foreign Legion forced a landing on the Northern side of Ojord, and fought their way forward until they occupied in depth the whole position along the shore of the Rombaken fjord. A few days afterwards a Polish brigade was sent to relieve a British unit on the Ankeness peninsula, which it held in part.

The weather had been uniformly superb; the sun, which was very hot during the daytime, had melted the snow in the meadows bordering the sea, and even in the sparse birchwoods that scaled the mountainside. Among the mountain-tops you could hear now and again avalanches which rumbled as they fell.

The legion had gone down to Ojord by road. The Colonel, his Intelligence Officer and I, a Liaison Officer, were to go by sea. In fact, during the night we had to carry out a reconnaissance in the Rombaken on the French cruiser *Milan*, with a view to establishing a base east of Ojord. Towards four in the morning, when our reconnaissance was over, and we had chosen Lilberg as a probable place to establish it, the *Milan* stopped in front of Ojord at the mouth of the Rombaken, and we were disembarked on to a "puffer". All the transport between the warships and the coast was done by these Norwegian fishing boats. The "puff-puff" of their gasping engines blowing out small clouds of smoke, suggested vividly the name which, no doubt, had been given them for other reasons. The Commander of the puffer was a British Officer, Lieutenant D He was with us that day, and he conducted us to the landing-place. Having left the puffer and climbed the ladders of the wooden pier we advanced over the planks, and were just reaching land, when bullets began to

whistle round our ears. We flung ourselves on the ground. Where did the bullets come from? Our first idea was that they had crossed the Rombaken, and came from the town of Narvik. "That's impossible", said the Colonel, as he crept along the path, "It's a machine-gun, and at two and a half kilometres they wouldn't make that noise—perhaps it's a bren gun".

A second volley put an end to the discussion. The bullets ricocheted against the walls, and they certainly came from behind us. We crossed the road one by one. A new volley of bullets. In front of us we saw, by a telegraph pole and behind a small hillock, a bren gun. "It's our own men who are firing at us"! Another burst of fire. Behind us it was vigorously answered. On reaching the top we recognized the *légionnaires*. "Which Company is that?" shouted the Colonel. "Fifth Company, *mon Colonel*." "What are your orders?" "To fire on anyone landing, *mon Colonel*". "Why did you miss me, then?" said the Colonel. The sergeant-gunner remained dumbfounded. "You shall have a quart of wine for having carried out your orders, and three days C.B. for having missed three officers at three hundred yards."

That was not the end. "Who's the other idiot who is firing from behind?" "It's from the puffer, *mon Colonel*". Everything became clear. Lieutenant D . . . , thinking we were in difficulties, had turned his bren gun in the direction of the telegraph-post. It finished by everyone laughing at the adventure, and we went off to look for the rest of the Staff Officers.

On Ojord itself the landscape resembled parts of the French *Côte-d'Azur*—it was nothing but pine-trees, steep rocks, and mosquitoes. We slept in holes among the rocks, and our councils of war were held outside a cave nicknamed *La Grotte aux singes* to which we retired during air-raids. From the rocky hills, while the troops formed up, we gazed endlessly at Narvik, seen this time in profile. Eastwards the mountain massifs and the railway disappeared in the direction of Sweden not far away. In front of us was the peak with its swastika flag. A rock-strewn plateau, about halfway up, stretched out in front before continuing down into the Rombaken in a tumbled mass of boulders near the last railway tunnel before the town. Westwards over the hilly ridges with their fringe of sea, now under our control, lay the town itself, a mass of squares with its red, yellow and white houses standing each in its garden. Still further to the West lay the fjord which led

to the open sea. In the distance, beyond the town and the unseen Bjessfjord, we could see in the haze the heights of Ankeness.

The attack was launched on April 28 at 0000 hours. The British warships opened fire direct upon the enemy's outworks. Two batteries of French colonial artillery and one Norwegian battery prepared the ground for the infantry assault. The sun threw in profile on to the mountainside opposite the shadow of the hills where we stood, and tinged the snow with purple. Then as it rose once more, it lit up a huge pillar of black smoke which had been started by the bombardment. The Germans replied from guns mounted on rails and from their no less mobile 77's. Under the arch of this crossfire our men crossed the Rombaken, embarking immediately below us in their armoured boats. The 77's kept up an accurate shelling against the landing-stage on Ojord, but in vain. They killed some of the officers, and scattered their men, and they also destroyed some of the boats. In spite of it all they scarcely succeeded in delaying the embarkation of our battalion.

The boats put in amidst machine-gun fire at a rocky cove right opposite, then unloaded and returned. The Legion leapt across the mountainside, seized one after another the holes among the rocks and clambered to the top of Orneset ridge regardless of their own shelling. Here among the splinters of our own artillery they sent up the rocket which was the signal for "Objective reached".

The bridgehead thus established, the Colonel had himself ferried over in turn, without waiting for the remainder of his troops. A battalion of Norwegians crossed. Two tanks also crossed but when being put ashore got hopelessly bogged in the clayey beach.

According to the time-table the entire passage of the troops was due to be completed at 3 a.m. So far from this being so, at 3 o'clock there was still more than a battalion to come. The supply of ammunition was also behindhand. Liaison, reporting arrangements and the evacuation of wounded all presented difficulties. The British fighters which since 8 o'clock the previous evening had kept up an unremitting watch, had now stopped patrolling. The Norwegians and the Legion clambered up to attack the railway and the mountainous plateau about 1,500 feet high which came in front of the main peak (we named it Point 457). With the sea route closed to them and the mountaintops out of reach, this rocky tableland, pathless as it was, was the only way of retreat still open to the

Germans besieged in Narvik, and they defended its approaches fiercely.

To the southward, at the same moment, the Poles were attacking Ankeness.

A squadron of bombers appeared in the sky. They bombed the embarkation points, the lines of communication, the arrival beach, the transports and the warships. They hit the flagship and blew up an ammunition boat. In a word they scattered the transports and got on the nerves of the men. The first line were exhausted after their hard climb, with the sun in their eyes and an automatic weapon behind every rock, and badly needed a breather. The Germans who had meanwhile been filtering across the slopes leading to the plateau took advantage of this moment to counter-attack in force. By concentrating on the Norwegians (who were unseasoned troops in comparison with our men) they managed, about 9 a.m., to reach the stretch between the railway and Orneset ridge, and thus to enfilade by machine-gun fire from the flank, the first of the beaches where the men were disembarking. It was at this spot that the General's Chief of Staff was killed.

In broad sunlight, freshly shaved, the colonel watched the scene from a low hill. It was like looking at a screen on which the firing line was traced by the glitter of helmets and the tiny flashes of small arms fire. The Colonel called for someone to take down an order, but the N.C.O. who took it was wounded in the act of writing. The Colonel called for someone else. The order was the counter-attack. I am told that not a word of complaint was uttered by the officers ordered to counter-attack: but in their eyes you could see for a moment the thought, "It can't be done". Thirsty, with ammunition running out, exhausted after nine hours' fighting and hoisting their heavy weapons from rock to rock, first attacking, then counter-attacked, could the men possibly advance any further?

They could. The Legion hurled itself forward and the Norwegians with it. Plateau 457 was taken; and the Norwegian battalion went on down into Narvik, thus enjoying the honour of being the first to enter this Norwegian town.

Meanwhile the 2nd battalion of the Legion, which had finally crossed the fjord, was in process of taking the heights to the West and South of the town. Towards evening a company was sent along the shore of the Bjess-fjord, which next day made contact with the Polish troops on Ankeness.

The townspeople came to meet us with happy faces on which traces of astonishment still lingered. To our men they

brought bread, and bilberry jam, dried fish and water. It was all they had. In the main square at Narvik a rose-bush was in bloom. Someone started a fountain playing. Near the harbour the charred walls smelt of burning and of cold corpses.

The camp was set up on the knoll of Orneset. The Command did not want anyone but the Norwegians to occupy the town itself. We, therefore, settled on this hill, each man behind a rock; in fact there was nothing but square lumps of rock, with patches of grass and clumps of birches dotted about here and there. To reach the place from the shore was quite a climb—a rocky cliff to scramble up. The *légionnaires* were continually carrying up and down cases of ammunition and food and small casks of wine. Below were the boats, some drawn up on to the sand, the others farther out. Motor-cyclists rode along the edge of the beach to and from the town. In the fields near by the mules were devouring the fresh grass, enjoying a change from the hay and straw of the recent long weeks.

On the knoll itself, one rock served as the Colonel's office, another was the secretariat, and others again the officers' quarters. The orderlies and the pioneers sheltered in huts made of branches, and the various types of camouflage must have made the camp invisible to the enemy planes—at any rate in spite of their daily visits they never bombed the camp itself. The most exposed and picturesque spot was the Officers' Mess. At the very top of the hill there was a place free from trees with a flat stone in the middle of it. Round it were laid our tin plates, our forks and our mugs; there was room for twenty. We sat on rocks, on little tufts of moss, or on benches made by the soldiers. On one side there was a huge jagged boulder which the cook was using as his kitchen; the flames licked at it and blackened it. The cook, nicknamed *Manche de Pelle*,* refused to take off his rabbit-skin helmet with large ears. Standing by his burning rock, wielding his big ladle, he looked like a sorcerer preparing magic potions. The table might have served for some druidical sacrifice . . . in fact it only served for the eternal *singe*.†

But one evening, if one can talk of evening in this land of perpetual day, the table witnessed a ceremony worthy of itself. Lieutenant D . . . of the Royal Navy was to be made a corporal of the Foreign Legion. He was adored by the whole company. "Admiral of the Puffers", as we gaily nicknamed him, he had helped us all day and all night. He transported

*Spade-handle (nobody knows why).

†Monkey = bully beef.

provisions, men, mules, ammunition and wounded. He was always on the spot, always alert and always smiling; above all, he was very brave. During an affair which preceded the Narvik show, and where his job was only, when once on land, to act as liaison with the Navy, he had been one of the first to land, had taken a bren gun and had started firing with spirit. In the capture of Narvik he had saved some men on board a munition ship which was being bombarded; he had been to fetch some wounded men who had been forgotten in a ship near the shore. Everyone testified to his courage and devotion. Also, in his work of liaison between the Navy and the Legion he was well equipped with technical knowledge, was accurate and skilful. So it was decided to make him a corporal of the Foreign Legion. The Colonel read out the relevant article of the regulations; a button and a badge were conferred on him. A large tankard was brought, blackened with use. The Colonel filled it to the brim with wine, and the new corporal drank it as a true *légionnaire*.

I do not know if I shall ever see this officer again. But he was a living example of what tact, intelligence, goodwill and simplicity can do. Such intermediaries are always necessary between the Navy and troops which are being disembarked. When the Navy on the one hand, and the troops on the other, are of different nationalities, officers of this type are indispensable.

As a matter of fact, the co-operation between the Foreign Legion and the British Navy had, for the most part, been happy. During the battle for Narvik, we had even obtained from Commander H . . . , who was in command of H.M.S. F . . . , a concession rare in naval gunnery. This was firing in conjunction with the infantry, or at least on successive objectives as the infantry advanced. Generally, the Navy, owing to the flat trajectory of its guns, can only provide preparatory fire for the action of our infantry. Although at first he was slightly sceptical, he later became really interested. In the same way, in an affair which had preceded Narvik, we had had the idea of putting infantry mortars on the forward deck of H.M.S. H Their high trajectory could reduce enemy resistance, which a flat trajectory could not have done. Our officers and men had been received on board with charming hospitality, and had been given really useful help in setting up their mortars, a task by no means easy.

On May 31 the British Admiral came to congratulate the Legion. At his departure the guard of honour was

mounted by sixteen men—all that were left after the battle out of a section of 35. The bugle sounded. All at once the German bombers appeared. "Give me my tin hat" said the Admiral and went on with the review. As he was going calmly aboard his launch, half the town broke into flames.

The order to evacuate caught us in the midst of rejoicing over our victory and it lowered our spirits considerably. The news from France had been reaching us only in fragments and after much delay. Did it then spell disaster? How could we pass on to our victorious *légionnaires* the order to withdraw? How were we to justify our abandonment of them in the eyes of these kind and friendly people, the women who had started to sew a flag for us, the priests who had blessed our dead, all those who had so joyfully hoisted the French flag next to the Norwegian one?

Orders were orders. On June 6, between 10 a.m. and midnight we toured the advance posts. They were placed at the end of the Rombaken fjord, at varying levels, one above the other, from the railway right up to the topmost crests. We kept climbing up and down again, now crossing deep beds of moss thick with bilberries, now amongst birches. We jumped from rock to rock and sank deep into patches of snow. The mountain torrents sang aloud. A freezing wind whirled among the peaks. An enemy squadron whirled with it and machine-gunned us. Then it went rushing past to drop bombs on the railway line.

Despite the watchfulness of the enemy the re-embarkation was accomplished without incident. A muleteer implored us to let him take his mules with him, and a 25 mm.-gunner to rescue his gun, but in vain. The colonel was the last to leave the beach. As he did so a girl handed him a glass of milk.

The destroyer made for the open sea. On the afterdeck one of the last of our men to be wounded, who had died while being put aboard, lay waiting for the last honours to be paid him. The prayers were read, and the Legion paid their homage. Rifles fired a salvo into the air; they were the last French rifleshoots to be heard in Norway. As it unfurled, the flag let fall into the waters of the fjord the body of the unknown *légionnaire*.

(Lt. Lapie was liaison officer between the Foreign Legion and the Royal Navy at Narvik. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre. The son of the late Rector of the Sorbonne, Lt. Lapie is a barrister at law, and from 1936 until 1940 was a member of the Chamber of Deputies.)

TORPEDO-BOAT-DESTROYERS

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

WITH the defeat of France, one important change has taken place in the war at sea. The enemy now has the use of the ports on the French side of the Channel, and those on the Atlantic. His facilities for the attack upon British trade are therefore increased. The system of convoys has been proving effective since it was put into operation, as the figures for the sailings and losses have shown. How far, then, has the downfall of France affected the security of the convoyed shipping? Two principal results are plain. The valuable services of the French navy are lost to us, and the enemy's light forces in the air and at sea are now able to strike at the trade in numbers, and with a continuity, which were impossible until he held the French aerodromes and ports.

The new type of torpedo-boat, which the Germans call the "E" boat now comes into operation. Until the French ports facing the Channel were in German hands the activities of these craft were confined to the Narrow Seas to the eastward of Dover Straits. Now we see them operating down Channel, sinking the transport *Meknes* on July 24, making a night attack and sinking three small vessels out of a convoy. This is a form of warfare advocated in the latter part of the nineteenth century by the French Admiral Aube and the *jeune école* of the French Navy. According to this school of thought the *poussière navale*, or hordes of small craft, operating from ports throughout the length of the French coast, would sally forth at night to attack merchant ships with their torpedoes. To meet this scheme of attack the British Admiralty of the '90's built "torpedo-gunboats"—vessels of from 500 to 800 tons, armed with light guns, and having better sea-going qualities than the French torpedo boats of the day. The general rule governing their use was that they would be sent off the bases of the enemy before dark and there remain until after daylight. The egress and the return of the torpedo boats would thus be rendered dangerous, particularly if the boats returned after dawn: and unless they did so prolong their stay at sea,

they had little time to do anything serious across the Channel or the English coast. These gunboats were, however, too big for the purpose, and the craft known as "torpedo-boat-destroyers" were evolved: vessels then of about 240 tons, principally gun-armed, and superior in offensive power, speed, and seaworthiness to the torpedo boat.

With the change in the political, and therefore the strategical, situation when eyes had to be turned from France to Germany, the uses of the "destroyer" changed. In the German navy she became primarily a sea going torpedo boat for tactical work with the fleet—the cavalry, as it were, of the fleet, which would attack the enemy great ships with their torpedoes. In the British Navy, the rôle assigned was primarily defensive: they were gun boats, to defend the fleet against the enemy's torpedo-boats. When the submarine came into the picture, the destroyer became a submarine destroyer. She was used to seek out the submarine with detectors and to escort the convoys. So long as the slow-moving submarine, which operated singly and was forced to submerge when in the neighbourhood of small fast surface craft, was the only enemy to be dealt with in the Channel, comparatively small numbers of escorting vessels were sufficient to defend individual convoys and to hunt down the attacker when his presence was disclosed by the detecting devices. With the advent of the new motor torpedo-boat, with her speed—in smooth water—of some 40 knots, a speed greater than that of the destroyer until the sea rises, the number of vessels needed for the defence of a convoy is likely to be larger. The modern destroyer, which has grown from the 240 tons of the original types to 1,500 and 1,800 tons has inevitably become a respectable target for the torpedo. So the need arises for great numbers of a new type of "destroyer"—a motor craft of a speed as high as, or preferably higher than, that of the enemy torpedo boats and with a gun armament that can rapidly destroy the fragile torpedo boat and deal with the direst enemy she has to encounter, the dive bomber.

The motor torpedo boat has been in existence for over twenty-five years—the British indeed having been the pioneers of the craft when it was intended to use them for attacks upon the German fleet in 1916. The Italians have since developed them in large numbers, making a great boast, at the time of the Abyssinian affair, of the threat they constituted to the British fleet in the Mediterranean. Hence it is natural to suppose that as the Germans would certainly produce similar

craft, this country will have furnished herself with the craft necessary to deal with them: for even though it may not have been expected that we should find ourselves in the difficult situation of to-day in the Channel, such boats would be of service to Germany in the Narrow Seas operating from Dutch or Belgian ports if, as was not improbable, Holland and Belgium were overrun by the enemy. A flotilla of gun-armed motor craft is therefore, it is to be presumed, in existence, capable of being used either in the direct defence of convoys or in the manner in which the old destroyer was intended to be used: though whether the latter is practicable under present conditions of air warfare can only be determined by those who have practical experience during these recent weeks.

One age-long lesson of convoy work needs to be borne in mind. Attacks on convoys almost invariably begin with small forces and are met by correspondingly small but sufficient defending forces. The enemy, naturally, increases the strength of his attack, the defenders the strength of his defence: and the numbers grow until from single vessels or squadrons of half a dozen or so, they reach the size of what may popularly be called "fleets"—and fleet actions ensue. Until the Channel ports were in enemy hands submarines only could operate, or occasional aircraft, and small escorts sufficed. It is now within his power, if he has the numbers, to operate with more numerous craft simultaneously: and, if he can pass larger units through the Straits of Dover, under the cover of his artillery on the coast of Picardy, it may not be only motor torpedo boats that will have to be met, but larger craft, in concentrations: to which it will be necessary to oppose larger concentrations and to co-ordinate to the full the action of the sea and air forces.

We find ourselves, indeed, in very much the situation in which we found ourselves in earlier times with simpler weapons. Either every convoy must be escorted with a force capable of meeting—and defeating—any probable concentrations of the enemy, or the enemy must be kept in check by forces, of adequate strength, operating off his ports as "a covering force" to protect the convoys against massed bodies while smaller detachments are used to escort the convoys and protect them against such craft, submarine, aerial or surface, as will be able to circumvent the covering body. It may well be that the latter course is not practicable to-day—it never proved possible to confine the German surface flotillas to their harbours in Flanders during the last war—in which case only

strong combined forces of surface craft, with the certainty of rapid reinforcement by air from the coastal command, will suffice.

The admirable persistence of the bombing squadrons in their attacks upon the fuel supplies in the enemy ports and upon the railways by which only, it is to be supposed, fuel can reach the ports, will have to be maintained: though it is too much to expect that supplies of fuel can be wholly destroyed or prevented from reaching the ports, the reduction of supply assists to reduce the number of craft which can be maintained.

But above all there should be a great and rapid increase in the gun-armed motor craft—the modern torpedo boat destroyer. It will have been observed that in one of the recent massed attacks, a convoy was attacked at night by the “E” boats, which sank three vessels and the next day by successive waves of aircraft: by whom two vessels were sunk and others damaged though not lost. The surface craft, thus, were shown to be more destructive than those in the air. Essential as it is that the numbers of aircraft shall increase, it is no less essential that the “destroyers” shall increase also: and in the supply of engines there must be no sacrifice in the needs of the motor boats. High speed craft are essential and need engines capable of attaining the speed required to overhaul the enemy: for a defence which merely beats off an attack is insufficient. The only defence that can be regarded as satisfactory is that which is capable of following up the enemy, and destroying him. No lesson of the convoy engagements of the old wars under sail, or of the last war with the submarine, is plainer than that the destruction of the enemy is essential. Without speed to overhaul him, destruction is impossible: without numbers no decisive results can be obtained.

YOUTH AND THE WAR

BY KENNETH LINDSAY, M.P.

NOBODY in this country has ever taken seriously the idea of a National Youth movement; indeed many persons and organizations have been seriously opposed to any such idea. It may, therefore, be worth while analysing some of the main reasons for this persistent attitude of mind, because they lie deep in the nature of our social structure and national habits.

Our educational system has grown up in severe response to economic demands, after years of pioneer activity by voluntary and religious bodies. It has been described as a chaos, but a chaos out of which order is constantly evolving. The central feature of the system is its lack of system. Waves of reform have followed each other, the school-leaving age has been raised peg by peg, statutory authority has been grafted on to ancient foundations, special aspects of the curriculum have been stressed according to the notions prevalent at the time, now technical studies, now physical training. For some thirty years a school medical service has been built into the structure, so that today there is a comprehensive system of examination and treatment open to every child in the country.

The position of the Board of Education itself is unique. True it has a long-term planning committee, known as the Consultative Committee, which was responsible for the Hadow and Spens reports; but the Board's function hitherto has been to suggest, to inspect, to circularize and to pay grants. Actual administration is in the hands of 315 Local Education authorities. There is no central purpose animating the national system, there is no central vetting of text-books: in fact, there is a firmly entrenched class basis for one important stream of schools which lie outside the control of the Board of Education. In addition to these complications, one set of schools is provided by educational authorities and another set by religious bodies. On the whole we are proud of much of this variety; the system with all its imperfections works; responsibility rests not only on authorities, but on individual

schools and individual teachers. Choice of books and much of the curriculum is devolved on Headmasters themselves, and we like to think of each school as a product of its local soil and genius, with a personality and life of its own.

So far there is not much atmosphere for a movement, because a movement implies dynamic ideas, social, religious or political, such as those behind the great continental movements. But there is another reason which militates against any unified National plan. The family is the bulwark of the social structure and considerable opposition exists to any artificial exclusion of certain age-groups from the life of the community. It is one thing for the boy to join a troop of Scouts, a Brigade attached to his local church, an old scholars' association, a local boys' club, or a Young Farmers' Club: it would be quite different for him to ally himself at the tender age of 15 or 16 with a movement sponsored by the State. For while the State subsidizes the various organizations mentioned above and also the Cadet Corps associated with the Army, Navy and Air Force, these are all voluntary bodies and no compulsion at present exists for a boy or girl to join anything.

What then are the dimensions of this problem? There are about 3,000,000 young persons between the ages of 14 and 20 in this country, of whom less than half a million attend some form of full-time education. While a network of voluntary bodies exists to cater for those remaining two and a half million, some sixty per cent. escape the attentions of their elders and live their adolescent lives untouched by further organized social or physical training. This figure has remained constant for the last twenty years and has always baffled educationalists and social workers.

This is not the place to describe the aims and objects of the various voluntary societies and religious bodies nor to estimate the success of the Continuation schools run by such firms as Cadbury and Reckitts or the town of Rugby, nor again to assess the valuable work done in evening classes, club-institutes and Youth centres. It is, however, important to realize that there is now abundant practical experience on which to base a national system, if there were a genuine public demand for such a system. There are great occasions, when some event of national importance, such as a Coronation or Jubilee, brings together the varied uniforms and organizations under one roof. It may be that demonstrations of physical exercises take place. But after the event, after the meeting or demonstration, there is no single, compelling idea strong enough to

weld together and hold the wide variety of endeavour represented by the many types of society. This may be unfortunate, but it is a fact. The 'progressive' educationalist has no doubt that the solution is to raise the school age to 16 and have compulsory continuation schools to 18. Meanwhile it is convenient to remember that the militia age has been fixed at 20.

There are then two and a half million young people between the ages of 14 and 20, working in factories, offices and farms who are the citizen of tomorrow. What efforts are being made to prepare them for the strenuous business of living in a democratic community? I am not concerned at the moment with the vocational studies or schemes of apprenticeship which educational authorities and firms provide. This work may be done in a technical institute, an evening class or a works school; it is of immense importance and at various points it impinges on the more general aspects of social and physical training. In the new Technical Colleges, such as those built in Middlesex and South-East Essex, which are attended by thousands of young people pursuing scores of different types of course, there is often a rich social life and a large number of social, dramatic and athletic societies.

It would be generally agreed that if the younger generation arrived at adult years with a fit body, a skill or trade, a sense of citizenship, the earlier efforts of compulsory education between 5 and 14 would not have been in vain. To-day we are very far from that laudable objective. But there exists the nucleus of a national organization and the basis of practical experience on which to build and extend.

After the decease of the National Fitness Council there was founded last autumn a National Youth Committee, representing in its personnel the main organizations concerned with young people. Throughout the country there now exist some two hundred Local Youth Committees, whose job it is to focus and inspire all the local efforts, without offending the independence and voluntary nature of the many individual bodies. This most desirable object has been achieved in many Counties and Boroughs, and there is now a recognized authority for assisting with finance, for pooling buildings and playing-fields and for organizing camps, schemes of Service and demonstrations. Physical training experts are provided on a national basis to assist local organizers, and it should be the task of the National Youth Committee to inspire and guide and stimulate a great National effort.

There is a place for every voluntary society, whether it be a

Catholic movement arising from denominational schools, a Cadet Corps, a Girls' Club, an Old Scholars' Association, or a Young Farmers' Club. The local Youth Committee knows neither sect nor party: its task is to find the greater unit, to encourage every genuine and proper effort, to assist with the training of leaders, to give expression to local genius and local patriotism. Numerous examples now exist like that of the East Suffolk Youth Service scheme and it is interesting to note that the impetus more and more is coming from the young people themselves. Over 80 squads have been set up in towns and villages. As the Chairman of the East Suffolk Education Committee has said, "In these squads a spirit of determination and comradeship is already evident and it is becoming abundantly clear that this spirit will continue long after the war".

It would seem then that, as so often before, we have stumbled on a new and obvious fact of overwhelming importance to the future of the country. There has undoubtedly grown up something like a vested interest among many voluntary bodies, partly because of ancient history and associations, and partly because of religious denominations, but mostly because there has been too much patronage and influence from above, from an older generation. It is questionable whether in the future there will be adequate funds to finance so many different bodies, especially if they entail organizers and liaison officers on the present scale. But the young people have discovered in the bracing atmosphere of practical service, born at a time of supreme national crisis, an ideal and an objective, larger and more embracing than the differences which divide them. Similarly in the Youth centres, which more and more are proving to be the most successful local enterprises, I have seen a dozen different types of organization working happily under one roof. Such Youth centres can be seen at Southampton and elsewhere throughout the country.

There is gradually being evolved, in spite of every obstacle, a consciousness among young people that they matter, that they can give Service and that they must train and equip themselves for the responsibilities of tomorrow. It is no light task to guide and inspire such a movement. The hand of the State, whether national or local must not press too heavily on such a delicate instrument. Voluntary bodies must learn to see beyond the frontiers of their own particular precepts. Experiment is the life and breath of education, and in this province it is doubly true.

No years require more sensitive and suggestive guidance

than those between 14 and 20, when profound physical changes are happening, when religious and æsthetic impulses are flowering, when idealism is latent and waiting to be fired, when whole lives are made or marred. Undue regimentation is fatal, lack of standards is equally fatal. Leadership is needed from above, but must also be encouraged from below. Adventure is round the corner: it may be found in numerous ways, as Mr. Kurt Hahn has discovered in Morayshire, in sailing, in climbing, above all in achievement: it may also be found in the slot machine, in furtive and frustrated avenues and in organized and dangerous gangs.

I plead for a far more serious and sensible approach to this important problem. This is a part of the war effort, which more than anything else is part of the building of Peace. If out of this great crisis there is not born a new generation, animated and inspired by a finer sense of citizenship than anything we have known these last twenty years, how can we be worthy of the courage and sacrifice which is daily shown by our fighting men? There is much talk of new worlds and peace aims. Surely the time and place to start is with the younger generation who will have to take over the post-war world.

THE AMERICAN CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT

BY ALISTAIR COOKE

THIS is being written in the tense lull before the candidates back up to feel how solid is the wall of their support, before they fly at each other's throats with well-rehearsed spontaneous insults. The campaign is therefore hardly under way. Mr. Willkie has not yet made his acceptance speech, though he has waggishly confessed to a few farmers that he 'wanted the nomination', as distinct from Mr. Roosevelt who, only a few hours ago, addressing a turbulent and divided convention at midnight, declared he had been listening to 'that quiet invisible thing called conscience' and had thereupon decided from motives of 'sheer public duty' to accept his party's 'call to service'. At this stage, I think there can hardly be a better way of serving neutral readers than by reviewing the separate ways the two parties chose their man at Philadelphia and Chicago. For it is precisely the method of choice, and the steering motives involved, that are always ignored in reporting an American election for European consumption, a regular omission that has already caused, and will go on causing, the November election to be cheerfully oversimplified abroad in a roseate hue of national unity and anti-Hitlerism.

The campaign period was initiated by the President's acceptance speech and by that declaration about his conscience having won out over 'the personal desire for retirement'. There will be some bitter irony at the expense of Mr. Roosevelt's definition of 'conscience', for no statement of his position before the balloting started could have been more artful or politic than his message to the convention through its permanent chairman, Senator Alben Barkley. To have said six months ago that he had no wish to be a candidate again, that 'he has never had and has not to-day any desire to continue in the office' would have had a chance of acceptance as nothing less than the truth. To say it with delegates already in national convention, already instructed, helpless to devise new tactics or organize against what would have been

the bombshell impact of a refusal to run,—this only showed the President's wish to preserve intact to the very end of the convention the legend that his silence had been all along a symbol of disinterestedness. It was, of course, the mask of a brilliant and ruthless strategy that had forced his party leaders to postpone and postpone any other candidature, that had damned by indifference the legitimate political ambitions of his most loyal colleagues, including Secretary Hull, Postmaster General Farley, Attorney General Jackson, Paul McNutt, Vice-President Garner, and several others, that had forced them indeed for their own political security to acquiesce in the implications of the Roosevelt silence, that had ensured that the convention delegates should meet with no more freedom of movement or choice than that allowed by the vortex of the President's own wishes and future hopes. The strategy behind the Democratic nomination may appear to be a domestic concern but to ignore it would be to confirm the naïvety of non-American comment that assumes the President was drafted by the free will of his party and the clamant voice of democracy. The history of the way the delegates reacted to that strategy, how they attempted on the last day a revolt against it, is the best evidence there is of a chronic disunity in the Democratic party which the Presidential tactics long before Chicago may have aggravated beyond hope of victory in November.

During the past eight years, the barometer of Democratic party feeling has been, above everybody else, James J. Farley, the Irish-American Postmaster General and, more importantly, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. By a now historical cross-country tour in 1932, Farley's miraculous energy was devoted without stint to lining up every doubtful state, to oiling every city and state machine to ensure a Roosevelt victory. More than any other person, including Mr. Roosevelt, he put Roosevelt in the White House. In all sorts of political weather he has been the President's best guardian, counsellor, and campaigner. He has been, pardoning a more academic example, the Goering to Roosevelt's Hitler, warning his Chief of measures the party would not tolerate, indicating strategy, covering up indiscretions, always on hand to keep the party loyal to a strong-minded and often difficult chief executive. Others in the stormy days of the New Deal have forsaken or rejected Roosevelt's near-dictatorial power. In a crisis, Farley always supported the President, even when he privately shared the convictions of the dissenters. In 1936,

he again handled the Roosevelt campaign and assured the second term. During this long service, he became the centre target of New Deal criticism, for he handled the vast patronage barrel of the Administration the way the President wanted it done. He emerged from all this as a man who had so scrupulously neglected to take his own percentage that in mid-August he will resign from the national committee chairmanship and try to recoup his personal fortunes by becoming owner of the New York Yankees, the baseball club. If there was one man who could have made a third term possible, it was Farley. But here his party loyalty did not coincide with the President's ambition, or with its eager championing by Secretaries Hopkins and Ickes. He was, and remains, against the third term on the principle announced by Jefferson and conscientiously held by a great number of the delegates to the Chicago convention: namely, 'if the principle of rotation be a sound one, as I conscientiously believe it to be with respect to this office, no pretext should ever be permitted to dispense with it, because there never will be a time when real differences do not exist, and furnish a plausible pretext of dispensation.'

From the moment his stand became known, Jim Farley was quietly eased out of the inner circle counsels of the New Deal. In March of this year, he announced his own candidature when he allowed his name to be entered for the Massachusetts primaries, but the loyal proviso was added that 'of course it was understood' that if the President should decide to run, the Farley delegates would be his for the asking. The Farley candidature was never a serious thing but it showed that he was unwilling to manage a third Roosevelt campaign and was doing nothing to prepare the ground. The attempt to draft Roosevelt, if Farley had managed it, would have been so suavely done that nobody need have known the identities of the very practical politicians, trembling at the threatened withdrawal of Administration hand-outs, who were soon to put on a very powerful mimicry of 'the voice of democracy' calling on the nation's leader to recognize his own indispensability. As it was, the strategy was left in the less skilled hands of Senator Guffey and Thomas Corcoran, who hastened to press doubtful states into the 'draft' movement and tried to convince those already sympathetic but uncommitted that it was already an irresistible sentiment. Their efforts were successful enough to reverse the pressure, so that open appeals seemed to come (from the states most amenable to discipline) to pass third-term resolutions. This happened most notably in three states

with heavy representation in the Electoral College,—Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. But the technique was a trifle hurried and the Ohio newspapers* caused a stir when they revealed that a 'dummy' delegation was about to be elected which was committed to the third term. Mayor Kelly, of Chicago, was a visitor to the White House and after a second luncheon there declared 'the people won't take no' for an answer.

It is of course quite possible that the people feel the emergency need of Mr. Roosevelt. Until the election is over there will be no proof of it and it is at the moment a guess into the nature of truth which will in no way excuse or deny the methods which are being adopted to make it come true. By the same wearisome dichotomy, American policy in Europe is made to seem suspicious because it is at present just what Hitler likes; it is not what it is for that reason and may still be the best policy for America. If it is understandably difficult for Englishmen to see this, it is difficult too for many Americans to believe that democracy needs Mr. Roosevelt when Mayor Kelly also says he needs him. And if the independent vote (a tricky entity that can be roughly put at around nine million) swings against Roosevelt this time, it will have been set in motion by the revolt against the professional politician. It was evident at Philadelphia and it may have been stimulated in non-Republicans by the identity of the strange bedmates who slightly over-publicised their passion for a third term. It will then appear that Mr. Farley's lack of zeal was the chief strategic factor and not Mr. Roosevelt's silence: except in so far as stubborn silence tends to exaggerate its opposite, so that we got to know rather too well the men who were not so silent on Mr. Roosevelt's behalf.

At any rate, when the delegates arrived at Chicago, Mr. Roosevelt's strategy had won. The nomination was his if not the election. But when they were able to compare notes, the delegations fell to wondering how they had accepted the doctrine of Roosevelt inevitability, when it was evident all round them that deep opposition to the third term and to the New Deal existed in their own ranks. They were too late to do anything but applaud the tiny figure of old Carter Glass, Virginia's ancient incorruptible, who came from a sickbed to say angry words against a bossed convention; to show in booing the naming of Henry Wallace for Vice-President that at least they protested at being made to swallow the President's ticket as well as his person; finally in staging the only genuine

'acclamation' of the day, they paid their genuine admiration to Jim Farley, whose loyalty was superb throughout and who, sensing a revolt, when the first ballot had decided the Presidential nomination, was the one to propose the nomination to be made unanimous. The resistance gave in before such an example, for if there was a Roosevelt lieutenant anywhere with cause for bitter resentment it was Farley. He chose however to hold the party together, for once Roosevelt was nominated he looked only to November. The rising revolt against Wallace's nomination was crushed by the knowledge that the President had issued an ultimatum by telephone that he would take Wallace and nobody else. The prospect of resisting, and of an unprecedented refusal of the President to run after receiving the nomination, was no less than the prospect of the party's ruin. The delegates knew it, Roosevelt knew it, and because the delegates knew he knew, they went home from Chicago shouting party unity and feeling resentment and rancour. The convention proceedings ended not with the President's theme song, *Happy Days Are Here Again* but with the fervid playing of *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*—a final tribute to the only leader for whom they could at the moment profess sincere devotion,—Jim Farley.

I have gone into the strategy of the 'draft' and the abortive attempt at Chicago to claim a Roosevelt victory 'by acclamation, because they together show the maximum strength of the Democratic party. This is not even now the same thing as Roosevelt's strength with the country. But there is material in the whole history of the third-term nomination which the Republicans can, and will, very profitably mine. If they can demonstrate vividly enough before November that the Roosevelt nomination is no guarantee of party unity, let alone of national unity, and can fan the suspicions of independent voters that the Democratic machine in several states was panicky for patronage more than for national security, then there will be no third term.

The proceedings at Philadelphia, though immensely exciting, were comparatively innocent, not from Republican virtue so much as from lack of opportunity. The very sordidness of the subterranean vitality at Chicago was what had been expected of the Republican Convention. One expected to see an opposition bereft of leadership and reduced to founding a campaign on a platform of unprincipled opposition to the President's leadership in foreign affairs, because it had been his leadership. The gruesome timing of the French collapse,

which came only a day or two before the Republicans met, first sobered and then galvanized them. In a sense, the Democrats suffered from the American recovery from that collapse. But Philadelphia was stunned into a sense of responsibility no Republican National Committee could ever have urged on them. Out of a denouement staged in Europe came the *deus ex machina*,—Wendell Willkie. Even more at Philadelphia than at Chicago, the physical threat to the American hemisphere was the issue, more fearful then because it was so new. In this atmosphere, the Republicans asserted what they had never met there to assert,—namely a resounding distrust of machine politics and professional politicians. It was easier for them, once the impulse was given, than it could be for the Democrats because after all they had the considerable advantage of being the 'out' party, and Republican machine scandals, as juicy in their day as any squeezed out of New Deal largesse, are remoter in the public mind. By the same token, Wendell Willkie has the lucky advantage of being unknown. The Republicans could claim, in a session of unexpected crisis, to speak for the ordinary bewildered democrat moving swiftly to one certainty,—to the resolve to ignore the American party system and start all over again. Many very case-hardened political writers were moved by the voice of the galleries at Philadelphia, as they were sickened at Chicago by the electrical amplification of a single voice to imitate a united cry for Roosevelt. The difference was simply that at Philadelphia, the galleries were unmanipulated, were aroused men and women of the ordinary population, and whenever some district leader sneered at Willkie as a four-year-old Republican, the galleries hissed like a plague of grasshoppers. If there has been heard such a thing as that over-recognized 'voice of democracy', then it was heard in Philadelphia the day Willkie was nominated more certainly than any place else.

The experience of both conventions has warned each party that the voters will tolerate less political manoeuvring than at any time in living memory. That is why it has seemed to this correspondent fairly trivial to discuss at length the lines of attack that each side may be expected to take. Some may be mentioned here. Mr. Willkie will charge that the country's economic life has been squandered to buy off suspicions of an approaching American totalitarianism. He will stress that his is not a political campaign 'but a great crusade' to establish a united people, a rehabilitated economic life, and a national defence that no Hitler will dare threaten. If his campaigning

speeches have anything like the vigour, the practicality, and the keen simplicity of the few speeches that he has made, he is going to be extremely hard to beat. And again the most interesting 'line' is that of the party on the defensive. Mr. Roosevelt may not make so much of Mr. Willkie's Wall Street and utility company connections as some of his lieutenants. But his acceptance speech hinted the line of stress,—a determined play on the fear that the security of the United States may be handed over, at a crucial time, to 'the untried hand'.

On the foreign issue, which is paramount only so long as Britain appears to be losing, there is no difference in theory and principle. There is the important difference in practice,—if there is time to indulge the luxury—that Mr. Roosevelt is not a brilliant industrial executive and Willkie is. If the crisis of Britain comes late enough to be handled by a newly elected President, the people may well feel they have gained much in acquiring a new President with the special leadership required, and moreover a man who will not promise the besieged more than he can give them.

If the crisis comes too soon, that is by the end of the summer, then the election is almost an anachronism. The President, meaning President Roosevelt, will ask for national support and the people will rally round him. At this moment of writing, the situation is briefly this: the President has made a great show of understanding the defence problem; he has the knack of approaching billions of dollars with a gesture and a word of courage that seems often to translate the wish into the fact. But so far there is no positive proof that the defence problem is radically understood, or that these appropriations are not an expensive American way of whistling in the dark. So long as the American defences are untested the country may believe that the best is being done. But if a strategic location in this hemisphere was lost to a Nazi or Japanese coup, the country might demand the drafting of Willkie into the Roosevelt cabinet.

FRANCE IN REVERSE

By W. HORSFALL CARTER

IN tabular form the *News Chronicle* on June 26 instanced the striking parallel between the fate of France in 1870-71 and the *débâcle* of this summer—so striking that it will bear reproduction.

1870-71

Minister of War assured Napoleon III. that "there did not lack to the French Army one button on a soldier's gaiter".

The Third Empire was a luxurious and complacent capitalism that relied on a rigid censorship to mask unpalatable facts.

The war was undertaken as a direct result of German trickery in diplomacy, the Bismarckian policy of aggression and the Nietzschean philosophy of force.

The war was fought by a complacent clique of generals steeped in the tradition of the glories of the first Bonaparte, and ideas 60 years out of date.

The war was fought by generals so riveted to the Old School Tie tradition that no new ideas, advocated by imaginative civilians or soldiers not in the clique, could obtain consideration.

The war was lost in 6 weeks.

The decisive point of the war occurred at Sedan.

The French Armies allowed themselves to be enclosed in fortresses: notably Metz.

Paris fell—after a siege.

A provisional Government was created to negotiate peace.

The capital was shifted to Tours.

A National leader arose branding surrender as shameful; his name—General Leon Gambetta.

The German Army of Occupation settled down in France, with H.Q. at Versailles: proudest spot in Old France.

The terms imposed on France by Bismarck were regarded by the world as iniquitously severe.

1939-40

The French Army was assumed to be the finest fighting machine in the world and General Gamelin the finest strategist in France.

The Third Republic was a luxury-loving and complacent capitalism that relied on a rigid censorship to mask unpalatable facts.

The war was undertaken as a direct result of German trickery in diplomacy, the Hitlerian policy of aggression and the Nietzschean philosophy of force.

The war was fought by a complacent clique of generals steeped in the tradition of the glories of Marshal Foch—and ideas 20 years out of date.

The war was fought by generals so riveted to the Old School Tie tradition that no new ideas, advocated by imaginative civilians or soldiers not in the clique, could obtain consideration.

The war was lost in just under 6 weeks.

The decisive point of the war occurred at Sedan.

The French Armies allowed themselves to be enclosed in the Maginot Line: based largely on Metz.

Paris fell—without a siege.

A provisional Government was created to negotiate peace.

The capital was shifted to Tours.

A National leader arose branding surrender as shameful: his name—General Charles de Gaulle.

The German Army of Occupation settled down in France with H.Q. in Compiègne: proudest spot in new France.

The terms imposed on France by Hitler are regarded by the world as iniquitously severe.

To a thoughtful Frenchman any such brutal analysis must be gall and wormwood indeed. Yet it is only bitter confirmation of what he has been feeling in his bones for the best part of twenty years. And this fact—this sense of impending disaster—is perhaps the first of the essential clues to the mind and mood of France to-day. How many of one's French friends have declared with a grim solemnity, contrasting strangely with the surface cynicism which is their way, that this was the last war France could ever fight. And the accent of their watchword "*il faut en finir*" was something very different from that tone of confident determination which we in our island immunity are wont to adopt.

It is an over-simplification to call this attitude one of defeatism. Certainly the motley collection of political figures who have contrived to hoist Marshal Pétain into his uncomfortable Presidential seat are all men identified with policies of appeasement. But their conviction that in 1939 the country was neither technically nor economically equipped for another round in the century-old Franco-Prussian war would have been of little account if it had not been supported by the prevalent mood of fatalism and disillusionment. The second fact therefore to be noted is that the French nation, which, in the words of Gambetta's paper *La République Française*, "entered the Republic backwards" is now rushing out of it helter-skelter—with the help of the Nazi jackboot, it is true, but experiencing a distinct sensation of relief—in a queer sub-conscious way hugging its chains. A seventy-year old Constitution could be voted out of existence in seventy minutes not because of any especial admiration for Pétain the grave digger, or Laval the sexton, but because a Constitution is, after all, the expression of a state of mind, and the Liberal, rationalist, secularist charter under which Frenchmen have been living for the past half-century had ceased to reflect psychological reality.

Yes, it is of the utmost importance to recognize, I think, that, however humiliating the circumstances, a very large number of ordinary Frenchmen regard the passing into history of the Third Republic as a liberation. The sun of France will rise again, assuredly, but for the moment the kindest and indeed the only service that her friends outside can do is to face the facts, understand them as best we can and prepare our minds for an efflorescence of the French genius very unlike that picture of "France" which we in our generation have derived from ever closer association with the *political* representatives of that now *dis*-established order. Let us take to heart the

message of M. Georges Bernanos transmitted through the French radio service in London "*restons lucides, coûte que coûte*"; and, above all, when we dream dreams and see visions of the Europe after the war let us avoid linking our thoughts and aspirations overmuch to a static conception of France imparted by the hapless *émigrés*, which is likely to be as remote from the real thing as Weimar Germany from the Germany of to-morrow. (General de Gaulle, to whom all honour, has been extremely well advised to build up his legion of helpers for our cause free from any political connections.) Our task is still indeed the liberation of the French soil from the Nazi yoke. But it is not for us to anticipate in any way the lay-out of the kind of political mansion which the Frenchmen of our day may wish to erect. Nor should we be too scornful of those homely virtues which Marshal Pétain and his colleagues are preaching to their fellow-countrymen. *Le labeur* (which, surely, should be translated husbandry and not work) *la famille* and *la patrie* reflect accurately enough the aspirations of the ordinary Frenchman after a lost war for which *he* was not responsible, and after the collapse of the very dogma of the nation-State whereby France has exercised her sway throughout Europe since the Revolution. In the words of a free Frenchman writing in *The Spectator* on August 2:

The Frenchman of France is angry at having been beaten by the Germans. He is ashamed of having made that defeat possible by past errors. He is selfishly relieved after ten months of physical sufferings for himself, of difficult economic circumstances for his wife and children, at sitting down by his fireside in slippers. Who would under-estimate the attraction of slippers, after ten months of boots and puttees? He is relieved at being able to till his fields, to take stock of his shop, to gather up the social threads of an interrupted life.

Nor, mark you, does he cherish any illusions about his German conquerors and their wiles. He knows that Hitler has grandiose plans for the undoing of the Treaty of Westphalia of 1648 and that he will go to any lengths to pursue his fell purpose of disintegration. He realizes that the food situation in unoccupied France is going to be acute, if the invaders require the strict observance of Article 17 of the Armistice terms setting up an economic Chinese wall between the two sectors symbolized by 'Paris' and 'Vichy'—and that, so long as the ascendancy of Germany lasts, there is no choice for France but integration within a Continental system of production and exchange serving Nazi ends. But the native qualities of critical sense and stubbornness have not deserted him along with those who called themselves his leaders. The

German campaign of seduction is doomed to failure. After all, enemy occupation is not a new experience. For four years, from October, 1914 to October, 1918, large areas of the north of France were securely held by the German invaders, even though the actual number of inhabitants remaining was relatively small. Mr. Hoover, not mincing his words, described the north of France at that time as one big concentration camp. Now, of course, the Germans can—and will practise all kinds of refinements of cruelty in the relations they will enforce between occupied and unoccupied France—with the threat of total occupation suspended like a sword of Damocles over the heads of their victims. But they have not yet won the war.

Moreover, as J. A. Spender has reminded us,[†] the French have a tradition of political upheaval, they are accustomed to looking upon political forms as frail and impermanent in a way that we in this country with our six centuries of parliamentary history cannot readily understand. There is urgent need—if we are to see clearly and judge rightly, new trends in “captive” France—for historical perspective. Fortunately just at the very moment when it is most needed we have the desired illumination in the massive volume—and racy narrative—by D. W. Brogan,* which has recently been published.

That the Third Republic, as it emerged from the National Assembly following 1870, was essentially a stop-gap régime we all know. How fortuitous was the victory of those elements which had no use for either Empire or Monarchy, however, has probably never been better brought out than in the earlier sections of Mr. Brogan's book. We have to realize that the ideas of the French revolution—the banner of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*—had in any case impregnated only a bare majority of Frenchmen. A Monarchist restoration was just as much ‘in the nature of things’ in the France of sixty or seventy years ago as any vehicle of parliamentary democracy. It was the Monarchists themselves who threw the game away. Such was the bitter feeling underlying any ostensible collaboration between the supporters of the Comte de Chambord and those of the Orleanist Pretender, next in succession, that it was possible for Gambetta, for example, to contrive an alliance between his Radical following and the Legitimists for the election of the 75 permanent senators—to the discomfiture of the Orleanists. Some of those same Legitimists were to prove the most active supporters of the policy of accommodation (the

[†]*Sunday Times*, July 21st, 1940.

**The Development of Modern France*. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

Ralliement) which Pope Leo XIII decreed for his Catholic flock—and which really served more than any other factor to cement the régime. They have their lineal descendants in the parliamentary group which took the name of Popular Democrats—whereby the social forces of Catholicism were brought in to play their part in the Republic.

On the subject of the *Ralliement* Mr. Brogan has some deeply interesting pages—cf. the enthusiastic efforts of Marc Sangnier and his colleagues with *Le Sillon* to bridge the gulf that first 1789 and later the anti-clerical excesses of the First Republic had left. The outcome of the Dreyfus affair is commonly represented as a victory for the “Left”—as indeed it was in a formal sense. Disestablishment of the Church, effective control of the Orders and the prohibition on their teaching—all this harvest of the decade 1900-1910 may be acclaimed as what M. Combes no doubt regarded it “the extirpation of the clerical menace”. But, as Mr. Brogan reminds us, there is another side to the picture. The Church suffered far less from the separation than had been anticipated. Indeed

The effects of freedom were often bracing; a new missionary spirit was awakened among the clergy and the old bureaucratic attitude grew less common. In varied ways, the Church tackled the problem of keeping a hold on the people. It organized women's clubs in the country; it organized boy scouts; the Christian trade unions gradually freed themselves of the crippling association with the employers; and, in every department of life, the one great organization that could compete with the French State showed its renewed life.

I emphasize this because behind the discredited façade of Parliament, unquestionably the one force which has continued to gain in prestige and influence these past ten years, to offer hope of better things in place of the utter rottenness of “politics” has been Catholicism. “Only the Communist Party”, says Mr. Brogan, “can show comparable vigour in winning and serving the young”.

Little has been written in this country outside the Catholic press—which is read only by Catholics—on this subject of the come-back of the French Church. People are vaguely aware that under the inspiration of Cardinal Verdier no less than a hundred churches, in interesting style, were built in the Paris area. But perhaps they do not appreciate what that signifies. Then in town and country the Catholics were making steady progress in building up a working-class organization. During the *Front Populaire* years the strength of the Christian trade union movement swelled to half a million. The similar organization in rural districts, despite the difficult material

problem of maintaining the parish priests at all, could boast some 140,000 members. (A new Catholic movement the *Jeunesse ouvrière catholique* was launched in 1927 and attained in twelve years the respectable figure of 250,000 stable membership.) They could not compete of course with the big battalions of the C.G.T. or with the *cadres* of the established Radical and Socialist parties. But that they were fast becoming a force to be reckoned with in any consolidation of French democracy is clear enough from the defence with which leaders of the Radicals like M. Daladier and M. Chautemps began to treat them. It was M. Daladier who saw the traditional democratic forces and this Christian Social element working on parallel lines to scotch fascism, should it ever come to rear its ugly head in France. And Cardinal Verdier responded handsomely with his affirmation that Republic and Church were united in defence of

The finest part of the moral heritage of humanity, the eminent dignity of the human person and the sacred right of liberty. The Church obeys her divine mission and France her long tradition. The Church, the great democracies, France and her Empire, are to-day the defenders of the Christian order in the world. Together they wish to preserve that Christian civilization which consists in equality, fraternity, justice and charity.

And even the ordinary English student of public affairs has heard of the various Catholic publications, e.g. *L'Aube*, *Temps Présent*, *Esprit*—which have sprung up in recent years without any tinge of that black reaction with which in politics the Church is commonly associated.

Now there is hope for France if these elements, sooner or later, get their chance of leading the 'renewal through eclipse' which is evidently the mystical inspiration of men like General Weygand (who, anyway, was chiefly concerned to keep his army intact) and perhaps of M. Paul Baudouin. At present the omens are not propitious. And in any case the Germans will be on the look-out to suppress anything that savours of a genuine democratic spirit. But their time will come—and they are accustomed to working discreetly, stealthily indeed, to avoid a clash with the established order. The greater scope for regional life, the proposed creation of provincial assemblies by the Pétain régime, will be all in their favour. (The Catholic traditions of Brittany, La Vendée and the Basque Departments are essentially popular.)

In the meantime what we are likely to see in France is the re-appearance at a higher level, so to speak, of those various designs for twentieth-century living which emerged when the

State was sick, but not mortally sick, in 1934. Writing in this Review in November, 1934 I suggested that the shock of the impact of Nazi Germany had brought about a situation, in France as in England, where "the people" was waking up and rubbing its eyes in amazement at the discovery that the family mansion of parliamentarism had been for years decaying from internal dry rot. February 6 disclosed, it did not in any sense create a general *malaise*, and the one conspicuous feature of a confused situation when Papa Doumergue was called in to try the effect of his bedside manner was the unpopularity of Deputies (and Senators) as a class. There were the various *ligues* and associations and guilds each vying with the other in its promises to restore to French public life the qualities of probity and cleanness which seemed to be at a discount. By the side of these extra-parliamentary forces bidding for the succession of the old gang of party politicians there were splutterings of revolt against the "money power", together with a growing belief that, in accordance with the *Zeitgeist*, France's future must be cast in a national and social mould (whereupon any such prophets were at once dubbed 'fascist' by their opponents.) In the summer of 1934 increasing support was being given to the idea of establishing a new Constituent Assembly which would be empowered to draft a corpus of constitutional changes more far-reaching than any suggested by M. Doumergue. All this charivari at the time came to nothing. But it did at any rate reveal the ominous fact that the politicians with their well-gear'd party machines were living in a world apart from the dynamic elements of the country which were open to new ideas. In face of the danger threatening their interests and their cherished dogmas the parties of the Left closed their ranks and produced that 'People's Front' which M. Gaston Bergery had preached in vain six months or a year before.

Of these forces of renovation well represented by that little known monthly magazine of M. Henry de Jouvenel, the *Revue des Vivants*, what remains to-day? The neo-socialist fraction, split up further into the adherents of M. Adrien Marquet, now a power in the land, and M. Marcel Déat, like M. Laval an astute son of Auvergne; relics of the Old Comrades organizations which presumably now have little *raison d'être*, but which were specifically mentioned by M. Laval when he talked the other day of a pledge given by the Government to put the new constitution before the nation for ratification; various minor groups standing for renewal—in many cases

with a Catholic content;—and finally the well-knit mass-organization of Colonel de la Rocque, i.e. the *Croix de Feu* disguised as the *Parti Social Français*. The last-named, I notice, has showed distinct courage in the attitude of his paper towards the Germans and refuses to join in the disgraceful hunt for scapegoats which is reflected in the trials of M. Mandel and others for 'war guilt'.

It is too early to say what part these forces of renovation can play, or will be allowed to play, in the reconstruction of France that lies ahead. What, I think, may be affirmed is that the ideas which they reflect will be tried out. The fact is that for the time being in France, whether we like it or not, the word 'parliament' or 'democracy' is a Jonah. Any propaganda sent across the channel should start from that basis. (Democracy, to us, is a vague concept, synonymous with freedom of speech and a general absence of the grosser forms of coercion. It is associated in our minds with a particular system of representation which has developed organically from several centuries of vigorous local self-government; we conveniently gloss over those *social* facts of the community-life of the United Kingdom which make the use of the term a mockery. On the Continent the social content of democracy has been vindicated while in its political connotation it is sadly discredited.)

That we should work for the liberation of the French people, well and good. But if it were a question of restoring the old gang we must not expect any thanks. Indeed the anti-British feeling which Mm. Pétain, Laval and the rest have sought to capitalize may derive to some extent from the identification in Frenchmen's minds of our parliamentary system and our distinctive democratic tradition with their own. The Frenchman, ever prone to narcissism, is scarcely likely to make any nice distinctions. In the main, however, the feeling of very many Frenchmen to-day about this country is the backwash from the sorry tale of French foreign policy. For fifteen years after the last war France stood sentinel of a possible Federal Union of Europe,—which is in the womb of contemporary history, as Briand saw, but which cannot be brought forth unless Britain plays the part of midwife. For fifteen years, however, the story of British policy *vis-à-vis* the Continent was one of shirking responsibility. We islanders simply refused to learn to 'speak European'. What wonder that by the beginning of 1935 French patience was exhausted, and men of various sections of opinion were ready to applaud the enterprise of M.

Laval in turning towards Signor Mussolini and seeking to secure the alliance of France's Latin sister against the might of Germany. Great was the indignation in this country at the conduct of M. Laval before and during the Abyssinian war—the same sort of righteous indignation which one noticed last year when Stalin proved unwilling to play *our* game. But there were plenty of people in France besides M. Laval who felt that her only hope was a *modus vivendi* with Italy and that the British connection, at that time tenuous enough, had done France precious little good. And when it came to a showdown over the Rhineland the behaviour of the British Government and public opinion, on the Left particularly, appeared to justify all the worst apprehensions of the pro-Italian elements. In due course M. Blum appeared on the scene, behind him the shadow of Communism—and there was the additional complication of the Spanish war. By that time France's position was substantially weakened, and M. Blum could do little more than follow in the wake of British *impolicy*. (Those were the days when the wags talked of Britain gracefully consenting to accord France Dominion status—and so on!) Is it surprising that there grew up a smouldering resentment against Britain and all her works? I need not go into recent history to indicate other sources of disaffection which were discreetly cloaked in the official mantle of Anglo-French co-ordination. If our Government had been ready for a scheme of organic union with France a year ago it might nevertheless have had the most fruitful consequences. When, however, the Union was offered by Mr. Churchill at the twelfth hour and presented in a manner which patriotic Frenchmen could only regard as faintly patronising, this was the last straw. (After all, British diplomacy with its policy of *bascule*—it was Castlereagh who contrived the placing of Prussia on France's eastern frontier—bears a heavy share of responsibility for the intermittent power-contest between Teuton and Gaul.) At all events the current now flows away from Britain, and only military triumphs on Britain's part can check it.

The new France is bound, then, to woo Fascist Italy. It cannot be said that up to now the latter has been the least responsive to French advances. If, however, the notes of the saxophone still predominate in Italian orchestrated comment, we should note that the Pétain Government has been hailed with a flourish of trumpets in the other Rome. Did not the leading article in the *Osservatore Romano* of July 8 write of "the dawn of a new radiant day not only for France but for Europe and

the world"? Undoubtedly such genuine support as the Pétain régime enjoys among Frenchmen comes from those who are indulging in hopes for a great Catholic revival. Haunted by the spectre of Communism Catholics everywhere are prone to welcome any régime which inscribes on its banners the anti-Liberal triad of authority, order and discipline. Nor are they averse from the chance of an increase in the Vatican's temporal power. It is easy for us to laugh at the Latin nations *bloc* idea propounded by M. Laval. You may regard it, if you like, as one last desperate effort to effect sometime, somehow a balance of forces with Germany. M. Baudouin and others, however, are imbued with a genuine *mystique* relating to the bond of Christianity binding the Latin peoples. What people over here are liable to forget is that in recent years there has developed in France, as in Spain, a whole philosophy of history with a militant Catholic tinge—which now seems to be coming into its own. It is anti-British, anti-Prussian (Bavaria and the Rhineland are expected to re-join the Catholic fold) and, of course anti-Russian. Among those champions of Catholic Mediterranean culture—whose rhetoric has gone largely unreported in our daily or weekly Press—there is a whole litany and commination service about the 'defence of the Occident' against the corrosive influence of Bolshevism and so on. M. Henri Massis' famous book with that title was the first outburst. Then, later, came the violent manifesto of the group of right-wing intellectuals at the time of the Abyssinian war, upholding the right of Italy, "our Latin sister" to bring civilization to a backward Ethiopia and raging against the British pressure for 'sanctions'. Since that time, it is true, except for occasional hurrahs for the Christian General in Spain, these heralds of resurgent Catholicism have kept out of the limelight. They have been biding their time. It is in these circles that you find that extreme bitterness against Britain and 'Anglo-Saxon' ways which inspired articles like that of M. Henri Béraud in *Gringoire*. Underlying the cult of Catholic and Mediterranean values is a notion that Britain, as the cradle of the Reformation, is the source of all the evils of disintegrating Liberalism that have flowed from it. There is no certainty that these opinions will make any great headway in the new France. But it would be well for us in this country to beware of facile chatter about French Fascism and to think about new developments there not so much in terms of a counter-revolution as of a general atmosphere of Counter-Reformation.

THIS WAS NOT DEMOCRACY

BY ARTHUR MANN

LET us turn our minds back for a moment to the summer of 1931, the summer which preceded the great financial crisis and the formation of the National Government. The world was wallowing in the trough of a vast economic depression, in nearly every civilized country abundance had given place to scarcity, and unemployment figures had risen with alarming rapidity. For most Englishmen it was not a happy time that summer of 1931 as we watched our dividends vanishing, or tramped the streets looking for a job. Yet though we longed wistfully for a return of the age of comparative plenty which had come to so abrupt an end, we still enjoyed the blessings of a real peace and were untroubled by the fear that some State more powerful than our own might suddenly threaten our security.

It was unthinkable that Britain should be involved in a conflict with the U.S.A. or France, although we had frequent causes of disagreement with both. In Europe the supremacy of the Western democracies was unchallenged. Germany, in spite of her efforts to rearm in secret, was in no position to attack any of her neighbours. In Czecho-Slovakia, Britain and France had a powerful friend, and none of the Balkan states could afford to ignore the wishes of London and Paris. As for Italy, there were few men in this country, who in 1931 regarded her as a potential enemy, and there was none who feared the newly created Fascist armies: we had not forgotten Caporetto. Soviet Russia seemed in no mood to disturb the peace of Europe, and she had but recently been admitted to membership of the League of Nations: M. Litvinov was already making a name for himself at Geneva as an outspoken champion of collective security. There remained a solitary power strong enough to cause the more far-sighted amongst us a moment's uneasiness. Japan had not yet started on her career of murder and conquest, she was however preparing to invade Manchuria, and thus set in motion the tragic sequence of events which has resulted in the collapse of international order. But although the inhabitants of Australasia may have

viewed Japan's military preparations with alarm Englishmen paid scant attention to developments in the Far East, which it seemed could have little influence on European affairs. In any case the U.S. had a large navy in the Pacific, which combined with our own Far Eastern squadron was quite sufficient to keep Japan in order.

Yes, we felt secure in the summer of 1931, so secure indeed that our Government was preparing to participate in a disarmament conference to be held at Geneva in the following year. It was hoped that all the great powers would agree to a substantial measure of arms limitation; the idealists even talked of the total abolition of the instruments of war. The League of Nations was in its heyday: peace loving people of all countries saw in it the magic remedy for the malaise with which the world had been afflicted at the beginning of the century, and it was widely believed that the advent of the League had made another war between civilized nations impossible. As year after year in every village and in every town the people of Britain and France were gathered together on Armistice Day to remember those who had laid down their lives in the Great War, it seemed indeed that their sacrifice had not been in vain. They really had made the world safe for democracy, it had been a war to end war. These catch phrases at which we laugh to-day were uttered with all seriousness at the beginning of the thirties. Previous wars, it was urged, had been trivial affairs involving only small professional armies, but the experience of 1914-18 had proved that modern warfare was infinitely more horrible and more far reaching in its effects. Henceforth no nation would allow its rulers to drag it into war: the progressive democratization of the world was a guarantee of lasting peace.

We have no need to remind ourselves of the events of the summer of 1940: the situation, in which we now find ourselves, is reminder enough. Britain stands alone, an embattled fortress confronted by a hostile continent, where there is not a single state that dare call itself openly our friend. One by one our allies have been shattered or seduced by a second Napoleon, who commands the obedience of millions of human machines trained for a single purpose—war. At the disposal of the Nazi conqueror are all the vast resources of Europe—Rumanian oil and French coal, Spanish iron ore and the farmlands of Denmark. Nor is it this island alone whose security is threatened by a foreign invader. Another conqueror, who has cast himself for the rôle of Cæsar, has concentrated his

troops on the borders of Egypt and has already attacked British possessions in East Africa. The military clique, which directs the policy of the Japanese Empire, has given ample proof that it will not hesitate to oust us from the Far East if it can do so without fear of reprisals.

Thus has that security, which but a few years ago seemed assured, vanished as it were overnight. The causes of this tremendous transformation of the world scene, which has taken place within the short span of nine years, are indeed too numerous and complex to be easily assessed: their roots stretch far back into history. But there is one feature of the change which will puzzle the historians of the future. How was it, they will ask, that Britain and France allowed the balance of power in Europe to be completely reversed in a few years? How was it that Germany, twice already within a lifetime, the disturber of European peace, was able to recover from the impotence to which she had been reduced by the treaty of Versailles, and to build up a might far greater than that which she had possessed in the days of the Kaiser? It is to these questions that "Cato" attempts an answer in *Guilty Men*.*

The book is an indictment of our political leaders based on irrefutable facts. The men, whom he accuses, were charged by the electorate with the government of the country and with the direction of British foreign policy during these nine critical years. Some of them have held high office continuously since 1931; all—with the exception of Sir Horace Wilson and Captain Margesson—have at one time or another during this period held key posts in the National Government. Each one of these politicians must as a member of that Government bear a measure of responsibility for the disastrous foreign policy which made war inevitable, and for the fact that when war came this country was unprepared to face it. It is no answer to this accusation to say that Hitler's triumph has been made possible by the inherent weaknesses of the democratic system. The vital decisions in the two spheres of foreign policy and rearmament were taken not by the people of Britain, but by the men whom they had chosen as their leaders. The National Government was returned to power in 1935 on its pledge to uphold the principle of collective action against aggression, yet as soon as it had won the election it considered itself free to pursue a policy directly contrary to that for which the electors had cast their votes. If Mr. Baldwin was convinced at the time of the Abyssinian conflict that it was not in the

**Guilty Men*. "Cato." Gollancz. 2s. 6d.

interests of the country that collective security should be upheld, it was his plain duty to appeal to the country for a fresh mandate. In failing to do so he violated a fundamental principle of representative democracy.

As for rearmament, it is a technical matter, about which detailed information cannot be imparted to the country. Considerations of security make it inexpedient to publish the details of our defences, but it is the duty of the men who know the essential facts to lay before the electorate the broad outline of the situation and to consult them on the general policy to be adopted. This the National Government did not do. "Cato" convicts it out of the mouth of its leader; he quotes a pronouncement made by Mr. Baldwin to the House of Commons towards the end of 1936 (page 37)

From 1933 I myself and my friends were all getting very worried about what was happening in Europe.

I asked myself what chance was there of this country where the feeling expressed at Fulham was so common, being so changed in the next year or two that the country would give a mandate for rearmament?

Now supposing I had gone to the country and had said "Germany is rearming: we must rearm." Does anyone think that this pacific democracy of ours would have rallied to that cry? Not at that moment.

I cannot think of any change which would have made the loss of the election, from my point of view, more certain.

In other words Mr. Baldwin deliberately concealed from the country the fact that German rearmament already constituted a threat to our security, because he feared that such a revelation would be unpopular and might prejudice the success of his party at the General Election. That is not democracy. Small wonder that the people of Britain, fondly imagining themselves to be secure, did not favour heavy expenditure on armaments. Had they been aware of the true position they would not have been content with the state of our defences. Had not Mr. Baldwin himself in May, 1935, stated that "no Government in this country could live a day that was content to have an Air Force of any inferiority to any country within striking distance of our shores?" Again and again during the years 1931-9 ministers of the National Government countered with soothing assurances the growing suspicion amongst the public that Germany was outstripping us in the armaments race. Many times had Mr. Churchill given expression to this disquietude in resounding language. He was rebuked by Mr. Chamberlain ("Among Mr. Churchill's very great qualities I cannot find that judgment is pre-eminent.")

Said Mr. Chamberlain in the Autumn of 1937 "I am glad to say that this preparatory stage (in the rearmament plan) is now practically completed and that production has begun in earnest". A few months later his voice was still more confident: "The country is strong, she is getting stronger every day". In March, 1938, the very month in which Hitler invaded Austria, Mr. Chamberlain assured us that "The almost terrifying power that Britain is building up has a sobering effect on the opinion of the world". When it was suggested after Munich that the Government's surrender had been influenced by the knowledge that we were unprepared for war our leaders ridiculed the idea. "We are perfectly prepared", said Sir Samuel Hoare, "to have our record examined as to our defence preparations". On 12 October, 1938, Sir Thomas Inskip declared "There is nothing unready about the Air Force": and again a few days later; "Now we are at the middle of the third year of rearmament there is almost everything—I think I may say everything—a stream which might fairly be called a flood of these armaments and equipment which we need to complete our defences". Finally let us quote Mr. Chamberlain's brave words of 22 February, 1939, "Our arms are so great that without taking into account the Dominion's contribution

Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them".

The people of Britain trusted their leaders: it was only when the "first Army of Britain" was crowded into the narrow beaches of Dunkirk, praying for a merciful deliverance from the rain of bombs and shells that showered ceaselessly upon it that the nation awoke to the deception which had been practised upon it. "How was it" asks the writer of *Guilty Men*, that the bravest sons of Britain ever came to be placed in such jeopardy? . . . "How was it that to the men along the roads of Belgium, and even amid the sand dunes, the German airmen seemed able to work their will as they pleased?" No, it was not "the inherent weaknesses of the democratic system" that were responsible for the plight of the B.E.F., but the failure of a group of men to estimate truly the nature of the perils that had so long threatened us, and to take adequate military precautions against them.

"Cato" lays greater emphasis on the question of rearmament than on the foreign policy of the National Government, but the two subjects were inseparable. As late as March, 1936,

when the Nazis reoccupied the Rhineland, the balance of power in Europe was still tilted heavily in favour of the Allies: Hitler's bluff was allowed to succeed because the statesmen of Britain were blinded to the threat implied in the German move. Already they had had warning enough of Hitler's character and aims:—The blood bath of June 30, 1934, the reintroduction of conscription in Germany in March, 1935, the Fuehrer's declaration on the same day that Germany had an air force equal to that of Britain, finally, most significant of all, the doctrines of *Mein Kampf* set out for the world to read. Yet our leaders did not see the writing on the wall, because they allowed themselves to be the victims of Nazi propaganda.

If we are to understand the foreign policy of the National Government we must realize that this clique of *Guilty Men* deceived themselves in the years 1938 and 1939 almost as completely as they deceived the public. There is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain based his policy of appeasement mainly on the thesis that Germany had good ground for the suspicion that her neighbours were bent on a policy of encirclement. All who questioned appeasement were denounced as warmongers by the supporters of the National Government. As Sir Nevile Henderson makes clear in his memoirs the chief points in the propaganda of Dr. Goebbels were that Germany was arming to protect herself against encirclement and all who denounced Nazi military preparations were themselves warmongers. So the agents and friends of Nazism in Britain found it easy to put their own propaganda in line with National Party loyalty. In short the prestige of the party and its leader demanded the maintenance of a mistaken policy long after its fundamental errors and miscalculations had been disclosed.

Ministers steadfastly refused to believe what they did not want to believe. Right to the last they laboured under the pathetic delusion that Hitler wished only to recover for Germany what she had lost at Versailles, and that once he had achieved this aim he would be content to live on friendly terms with his neighbours. The impartial historian of the future will search in vain for a rational basis for this remarkable conviction: the known facts pointed in the opposite direction, but our leaders preferred to listen to the soothing assurances of Hitler and von Ribbentrop. The latter knew well how to exploit the unrivalled capacity of British statesmen for wishful thinking: the Nazis leaders played too upon our Government's fear of the Left. Germany was presented as a bulwark against Bolshevism. Republican Spain was a stronghold of Bolshe-

vism, Benesh was in the pay of Moscow. All this Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters eagerly accepted little suspecting the intention that lay behind it.

At the very moment that German tanks and infantry were massing on the borders of Austria leading members of the British Government, together with prominent society leaders, business men, newspaper proprietors and journalists, were being entertained with Herr von Ribbentrop at a reception in London. This cunning fellow was in fact feeling the pulse of ruling opinion in England and he returned to Germany to convince his master that in no circumstances would Mr. Chamberlain's Government go to war to oppose Hitler's plans in Central Europe. The invasion of Austria should have dispelled any lingering doubts as to Hitler's aims, but instead of drawing the obvious conclusions Mr. Chamberlain apparently remained convinced that Hitler had no more territorial claims to make in Europe. The seizure of Austria in flat repudiation of Hitler's freely offered pledge in the Reichstag to respect her independence was accepted as a natural coming together of two German nations and not, as it was, the bludgeoning into subjection of a freedom loving people.

The virtual condonation of the rape of Austria paved the way to Munich. After Hitler had taken Austria President Roosevelt was greatly disturbed by the course of events, and there is little doubt that strong and bold statesmanship in Britain would have aligned the U.S.A. and Russia with the Western democracies in a joint declaration against further aggression, drawing world attention to the peril to peace of unbridled Nazidom. But nothing was done, and Munich followed. There Stalin was given an object lesson in game of grab, for he knew, if Mr. Chamberlain did not, that the concessions made to Hitler at the expense of Czecho-Slovakia meant the eventual extinction of that state when the Nazis were ready to swallow the whole of it. So Stalin started to prepare Russia for a policy of imperialism on the Nazi model.

Both before and after Munich the leaders of the Conservative Party, and their docile followers, did everything they could to allay the growing public anxiety. Alarmism was bad for business; no one, if he could be prevented, was therefore allowed to suggest that the country was in danger, or that Hitler was intent on world domination. At the Newspaper Society dinner in the Spring of 1938 Mr. Chamberlain had asked the journalists present to be restrained in their criticism of Hitler. Sir Nevile Henderson, in his book, blames British

newspapers for "rubbing Hitler up the wrong way". Representations were doubtless being made from Berlin to Downing Street. A restriction of criticism of the Nazi régime in the British press suited Hitler admirably, for hostile remarks about himself in the home of freedom encouraged the victims of oppression in Germany. So we were to make friends with the dictators and refrain from doing anything that might displease them: conciliation and appeasement were the keys which would open the way to a golden age of peace and prosperity.

Captain Liddell Hart has remarked that the second Great War of the 20th century began in July, 1936, with the revolt of General Franco against the legally constituted Government of Spain. It was part of Hitler's technique to start a war in such a way that his enemies were not aware that it had begun. In the war of 1914-18 the belligerents had to wait for the formal opening of the conflict before they could try out the new weapons with which science had armed them. But the Nazis had put their new tactics of mechanical warfare to practical test long before the Allies began fighting. At the same time the dictators won for themselves a potential ally. The democracies allowed their potential allies to be overwhelmed one by one by the enemy: Spain went first, then Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and finally France herself succumbed to Nazi corruption and treachery, which had been given full opportunities in the period of time that we had fondly supposed to be running against Hitler. Together these countries could have checked Germany, alone they were powerless to resist the Nazi war machine.

"The use of recriminations about the past is to enforce effective action at the present" as Mr. Churchill once said. Is it safe to allow the men who misled the nation by what Mr. Roosevelt has called the "lullaby of appeasement" to remain in office at a time when the positive qualities they so conspicuously lack—imagination, vision, intuition, a real sense of spiritual and human values—are so urgently needed? The man who said he would "eat his hat" if his treaty with Mussolini did not contribute to the peace of the Mediterranean, and declared that Hitler had "missed the bus" is proved by his many miscalculations to have no rightful place in a Cabinet waging war against the most cunning and ruthless dictators of all time. The men responsible for the policy that led up to the war should seek political oblivion, not only because of

their miscalculations and complacency, imposed on them by Nazi guile, but because they impaired the very checks and safeguards of democracy. Those checks and safeguards are a free Parliament and a free Press. "Cato's" book suggests how our politicians sought and contrived to suppress free criticism. Of their methods and manœuvres the writer of this article, and many other journalists had experience. Certainly within my own recollection no ministerial following has ever been more regimented and dragooned than was Captain Margesson's rank and file. When we consider the size of the majority he had at his command, and particularly the fact that this House of Commons was given a mandate to pursue a policy of which the appeasement of aggression was a complete reversal, the treatment of these Conservative members who dared to criticize Mr. Chamberlain was a travesty of democracy. The men who had statecraft in their blood, together with the common people of Britain, had no illusions about Hitler and his fellow gangsters. It is not without significance that the two men in the present British Government who most truly represent the national will and determination, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Ernest Bevin, saw most clearly from the first that Hitler and his associates with their Gestapo, concentration camps and rubber truncheons threatened the absolute overthrow of civilization and decency in Europe. Each did his uttermost to turn his own party from appeasement and pacifism, and not the least striking chapter in "Cato's" book is that which tells how Mr. Bevin succeeded in his mission.

(Mr. Arthur Mann was editor of THE YORKSHIRE POST from 1920 to 1939. An opponent of appeasement, he consistently warned the country of the dangers of Hitler's territorial claims in Europe.)

CHILD MIGRATION AND EMPIRE SETTLEMENT

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

HERR HITLER professes a great admiration for the British Empire. Since admiration is not incompatible with envy and even hatred the profession may be sincere. Anyway, in more ways than one, the German Führer has already increased the stability, and rendered closer than ever the cohesion, of the British Empire and Commonwealth. With the superb contribution made by the Dominions to our war-effort I am not, for the moment, concerned. *Si monumentum quaeris circumspice* Yet nothing, surely, can have gone home more directly to the hearts of great masses of our people in the Motherland than the warm hearted offers of our kinsmen overseas to receive into their homes British children.

The task of evacuation, proved difficult enough when attempted last autumn and limited to the home country. That it was handled clumsily and with a minimum of imagination on the part of the higher officials concerned can hardly be denied; still less the skill and patience displayed by the teachers, the railway management and employees and others responsible for the actual working of the scheme. Blunders there were bound to be in a scheme so colossal and so novel. But in conception and in the supreme direction there were too many.

Infinitely more difficult are the problems presented by the scheme for sending children overseas, even though many of the difficulties may be smoothed by the spontaneous generosity of the would-be hosts in the Dominions. At the moment the scheme is partially suspended, but, for several reasons, its resumption, on the largest possible scale, is ardently to be desired. Not least because the scheme may well work out in ways not foreseen, or at least not avowed, by those responsible for its promotion.

The State Scheme is "for the duration of the war" only. Naturally, and properly, an assurance has been given to parents who are willing to send their children overseas that the children will be brought home with all possible care and at the

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expense of the taxpayer after the conclusion of the war. But though we may be sure that this undertaking will be scrupulously fulfilled, much may happen in the meantime if the war should unhappily be prolonged, to render its fulfilment undesirable if not impossible. Both parents may have died; a widowed mother may well prefer to join her children in the Dominions; or again, some of the children, having passed beyond the school age and been absorbed into industry or agriculture may plead to be allowed to remain in their new but no longer unfamiliar homes. To send orphaned children back to ruined or desolated homes would be a refinement of cruelty; to resist the wishes of adolescents who prefer to make their homes and careers overseas would be socially and politically disastrous.

In these or other ways a scheme, designed to meet an emergency by temporary migration, may well be partially diverted into a measure of permanent settlement.

Should things so turn out, all parties concerned in the homeland, the Dominions and most of all the children would have reason to rejoice that the well-meant intentions of a Department acting in co-operation with kindly hosts had been thus overruled. Out of the shadows may emerge a great hope: from the horrors of a war still to be won by the united efforts of the Empire, lasting benefit to the Empire may accrue. It must, however, be sorrowfully confessed that the recent history of Empire Settlement has been far from encouraging to those who regard the redistribution of the man-power of the Empire as one of the most insistent problems that we have to face.

The present distribution of population is almost grotesque. Compare the density of population in the homeland with that of the sister-land in North America and Australasia. In England and Wales the population per square mile is 703, in New Zealand 15, in Canada 3, in Australia 2. The figures for Canada and Australia need to be corrected, for as the Astor Committee on Empire migration pointed out in 1933, physiographic considerations render certain areas unsuitable for permanent white settlement. If such areas were deducted the average density of Canada would be 7.25 and of Australia 3.75.

Even so the figures are ominous enough especially in reference to the vulnerable and highly desirable Dominions in the Southern hemisphere. Some words of the late Lord Northcliffe (though I have often quoted them before) are still so pertinent that they deserve to be quoted again. On leaving Australia in 1922 that shrewd publicist was asked to state with

frankness his views about the country. He did. He declared himself to be "profoundly impressed by its magnitude, its profuse wealth . . . its emptiness and its defencelessness . . . the key to your white Australian ideal is population. You must increase your slender garrison by the multiplication of your people. The world will not tolerate an empty Australia. The continent must carry its full quota of people . . . you have no option. Tens of millions of people will come to you whether you like it or not. You cannot hold up the human flood by a restrictive clause in an Act of Parliament."

Impressive as was Lord Northcliffe's warning in 1922 it has gained immeasurably in force since the regrettable deterioration in Anglo-Japanese relations. Japan has her eyes most fixed perhaps on Malaya, but hardly less intently on Australia. Deeply resented as was Lord Northcliffe's blunt warning it was substantially endorsed in 1931 by the Director General of Health and Medical Services in Australia, Sir Raphael Cilento. The latter regarded a period of increased pressure in the Pacific as imminent and inevitable. Japan's population is already 90,000,000 or 333 to the square mile and is rapidly expanding. The birthrate in Australia is one of the lowest in the world.

Nor is the deficiency made good by immigration, which in Australia, as in other Dominions has, for adults, virtually ceased. In the last pre-war years (1910-1913) the old country had been reinforcing the overseas Empire at the rate of 304,000 per annum. During the Four Years' War migration ceased, and when in 1919 it was resumed, with generous assistance from the State, it was primarily with a view to the settlement of ex-service men. Unfortunately, there was such a grievous lack of discrimination in the selection of settlers that much suffering was caused to individuals and great embarrassment to the Dominions. From the set-back thus given to migration it has never recovered. The *Empire Settlement Act* was passed in 1922 to give effect to agreements reached between the United Kingdom, Canada, and the Australasian Dominions, and by generous help from the State to stimulate migration. But the results were most disappointing. The total sum authorized by the Act was £43,500,000: but of this, down to the end of 1935, only £6,000,000 odd was actually spent. Nevertheless the Act was renewed on a more modest scale in 1937, despite the fact that in the years 1931-7 inclusive there was an actual balance of migrants inward (i.e. from the Dominions to the United Kingdom) of over 130,000. In the last Report (1938) issued by the now defunct Overseas Settlement Board, the

disturbing phenomenon was closely analysed, and amongst the factors operating, to the detriment of migration the Report put in the forefront the effect of health and unemployment insurance, old age pensions and other social services which are in effect large endowments which tend to tie the beneficiaries to the soil of the homeland.

An even more important impediment to migration has been the reluctance of the Dominions to admit immigrants. But they have commonly made exception in favour of two classes: domestic servants and young children. The work done for children by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Salvation Army and the Church Army and similar voluntary societies has consequently suffered relatively little interruption even during the period marked by a suspension of adult migration. In particular an increasingly warm welcome has been given in Australia, and more recently in Canada, to the work of the Fairbridge Farm Schools.

This remarkably successful experiment in child-migration is due to the enthusiasm and persistence of Kingsley Fairbridge, a young Rhodesian who obtained a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford some thirty years ago. Fairbridge was a man of vision, tender hearted and of high courage, a lover of children and a loyal son of the Empire. He was deeply perturbed by the condition of children in the slums of our great cities. "The waste of it all (he wrote). Children's lives wasting while the Empire cried aloud for men. There were workhouses full, orphanages full,—and no farmers . . . there I saw (my vision) quite clearly: . . . I saw little children shedding the bondage of bitter circumstances."

Thanks to Fairbridge, thousands of children have shed "the bondage of bitter circumstances" and are to-day serving the Empire in many honourable capacities. In 1909 Fairbridge founded a Child Emigration Society at Oxford and in 1912 established a farm school in Western Australia. The outbreak of war in 1914 threatened the initial venture with ruin, but Fairbridge just managed to keep it alive and as soon as the war was over he characteristically resolved to extend his experiment. He kindled enthusiasm afresh, raised funds, and in 1920 purchased a property of 3,000 acres at Pinjarra, some fifty miles south of Perth and about twelve miles from the sea, in Western Australia. The Imperial Government, the Commonwealth and State Governments made, in 1922, a *per capita* grant towards the scheme, and the Imperial Government now gives 5/- per head per week and the Commonwealth and State

Governments each give 3/6 per week for each child up to the age of 14. A school is also maintained gratuitously in the settlement. But the scheme as a whole is pre-eminently the outcome of private initiative and all its leading features represent the original designs of its founder. Kingsley Fairbridge died, at the early age of 39 in 1924: his work survives and extends. Schools on the same general lines have since been established in Victoria and in New South Wales and in 1934 the then Prince of Wales launched an appeal for £100,000 for more "Fairbridge" schools, the first of which was to be in Canada. The response was prompt and generous. A beautiful property on Vancouver Island (B.C.) was acquired and in 1935 a Fairbridge Farm School was opened. Each of the "Fairbridge" Schools will provide accommodation for 200-300 children.

The distinctive features of these schools may be briefly summarized. Life is not institutional but domestic: the children are housed in cottages, each containing a "family" of not more than fifteen boys or girls under the care of a "mother". The children are received between the ages of 7-12. They go into hostels in England for a period of preparation and if medically approved by the Dominion authorities, are provided with outfits and sent oversea under careful supervision in parties of not more than 30. They must attend school up to 14; from 14 to 16 boys are thoroughly trained in farm work, the girls in domestic economy. At 16 they are planted out, the majority on farms or in domestic work, but in other occupations if, by free choice, they prefer them. The applications for "Fairbridge" boys and girls greatly exceed the supply. Half the wages received are banked up to the age of 21 and are then available for the purchase of a farm or for any other purpose preferred by the beneficiaries. Not a few old pupils have won University Scholarships; some become teachers, parsons, accountants, clerks, policemen, foremen and managers of industries, storekeepers and what not. Some of the girls become nurses: others become the help-meets of farmers, wearing like their husbands the old Fairbridge School tie! For once a Fairbridgean always a Fairbridgean. At the school itself there is a club for the reception of 'old boys' in their holidays, while all the homes into which old pupils are planted are regularly inspected. The result of all this care is that almost all the old boys and girls make good, and that year by year the Dominions gain hundreds of invaluable citizens. The original Fairbridge School has sent 987 children

into employment: at the moment over 100 are serving in H.M. Forces: one young man, of whom the school is justly proud, is on the *Sydney*. The proportion of failures is reckoned at 5 per cent.: 47 have been sent home as unsuitable to colonial life.

* * * * *

There are some who think (and I number myself among them) that there is room for a widening of the experiment initiated by Kingsley Fairbridge. The great need of the Dominions, as each expands into a great nation, will be men of the type who, in the homeland, have gone forth into the service (in the broadest sense) of the State, from our Public Schools, and from the good homes of the middle classes. What the Commonwealth owes to the Manses of Scotland has been strikingly shown by an industrious writer who has compiled from the *Dictionary of National Biography* a list of the "Son of the Manse".* And the debt incurred by the State extends to thousands of middle class—professional—homes in England. The indebtedness extends of course to other classes, notably to those who in rapidly increasing numbers are going up to the Universities from the Secondary Schools. But I am old-fashioned enough to believe that notwithstanding the accumulating evidence of the good work done by boys and girls who have 'risen' from other classes, breeding still means a great deal. The Dominions badly need, and will increasingly need, men and women of the type in question. Whence are they to get them?

There is another aspect of the matter. Many middle class homes are already sadly impoverished. The ranks of the 'New Poor' will be immensely augmented when the war is over. The war means a *destruction* of wealth on a gigantic scale; but it is resulting also in a *redistribution* of wealth. Aggregate capital will be greatly diminished: but capitalists will be multiplied a thousand fold to the great gain of social stability, though to the detriment of industrial and financial enterprise.

The middle-classes will be hardest hit. Is it to the advantage of the State and the Empire that they should be totally eliminated? If not, the question arises whether it would be possible by an adaptation of the Fairbridge Scheme idea to avert the disaster. Something has already been done by the temporary interchange of teachers, of all grades, to effect closer educational intercourse between the various parts of the

**Sons of the Manse*, by the Rev. A. W. Fergusson. (Dundee, 1923).

Empire. Parties of Public School boys and girls have gone on holiday tours to different Dominions. New Zealand inaugurated in 1924 an interesting scheme for placing out with farmers English boys from Public and Secondary Schools, and not a few boys representing 121 schools went out under the scheme in the first few years. The 1820 Association for South Africa initiated a similar scheme, but only for boys with at least £1,000 capital. But all this is quite insufficient in amount; nor does it meet the particular need I have in mind.*

One obvious opportunity seems to have been lost already. How many Public Schools (Boys and Girls) have been 'evacuated' since September, 1939, I do not know. Why should not two such schools—one for each sex—have been transferred—as far as possible in its entirety,—staff, pupils and equipment—to each of the Dominions 'for the duration'? A suggestion I made to that effect in a letter to *The Times* was turned down by Mr. Shakespeare in the House of Commons, almost with contumely, on the amazing ground that it would violate the sacred principle of class equality, and would undermine public morale†. A busy Minister may be forgiven for misapprehending a suggestion put forward, necessarily, with the greatest economy of words, but no such excuse can avail for the grounds on which he rejected it. My hope was that a school with some traditions, besides affording for the duration a valuable object-lesson, might on repatriation leave behind in the Dominions a skeleton sufficiently clothed to form the nucleus of a Public School of its own type.‡ In Canada and Australasia such schools are at present very few in number; and such as there are naturally lack the indispensable tradition.

That must necessarily be a work of time. Could not a middle class "Fairbridge" in time create it? In its own sphere "Fairbridge" is already beginning to create one. But the sphere is limited. I would enlarge it. The Dominions need not only farmers, domestic helps, and subordinates in other occupations. They want men and women, of the right type and breeding, and equipped by education for leadership in industry, the professions, and politics.

Details of organization for the new Fairbridge would have to be most carefully thought out. Location is an important

*For details of this scheme see Marriott, *Empire Settlement* (Oxford University Press, 1927), pp. 86, 92, 101-3.

†See *Hansard* for July 2, p. 715.

‡With great pleasure I learn that Sherborne (Girls) School, a "Public" School of the highest grade has been transferred to Canada, where its own pupils have been afforded by pupils from one or more English schools of the same grade.

point. I would plant it in one of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, 3,000 miles nearer home than Vancouver, and much more homelike in every respect than any other Canadian Province.

Should the school be for children of Preparatory or Secondary School age? Perhaps for both in separate departments. Perhaps for both sexes—but, if so, again in separate departments. Should the 'charity'—for charitable it would mainly if not exclusively be—be confined to children orphaned of one or both parents? All these, however, are details, if very important. The essential point is that the children must be prepared to settle in the Dominion or Dominions and while not ceasing to be citizens of the Empire, must owe their immediate allegiance to the land in which from childhood they have been brought up.

Is there among us no Kingsley Fairbridge who combines vision with business-like aptitude for detail? Or a Cecil Rhodes who combines vision and the means to realize it? If any such there be, he might, I am convinced, render at this juncture an incomparable service to the Empire, and at the same time bring comfort to many fathers, who having enjoyed great privileges, know not how their children may fare should they themselves die or be called upon by their country to make the supreme sacrifice.

IN ENGLAND NOW

(A Letter to American Readers)

IT is very pleasant, my dearest Cousin (as the poet, Cowper, once began a letter to Lady Hesketh) to have a communication "so delicately conveyed as that which I received so lately . . ." from America. Yet, as we say—and how expressive is twentieth century slang—"You've got it all wrong". I am glad that it is so. Grateful though I am for your anxiety for my health and your consideration for my happiness, it is very painful for me to leave you for one moment more in your belief that I live in terror of my life with a growing sense of impending doom. Not that the possibility of sudden death is not constantly before me. It could not be otherwise with the daily visitations from the skies. But though I may be removed, my neighbour will be left and life in England will go on calmly and competently, as I hope this issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* will prove.

I know you find this difficult to believe. You read the headlines; you listen to the constant stream of war news pouring from the loud speakers of your radio sets, and you imagine (I do not blame you) that life for your friends in England is practically subterranean, and that for three parts of the day we lie quivering under ground. Nonsense; it is nothing of the kind. Indeed we might do better to go to ground more often. Too many of our civilian casualties are caused by a refusal to be hurried. That national characteristic—so often called 'obstinacy' by you—still prevents us from having our way of life altered to please the foreigner. Stubbornness stands us in good stead now. We move when we hear the guns and bombs but we do not run helter-skelter at every siren; instead we place ourselves strategically for finding safety in quick time. That is good sense, and obviously if we find ourselves out of doors we move briskly in the direction of one of those public shelters, now so naturally part of the daily round.

But I know I shall not convince you by general argument. You have seen the pictures of broken houses, of aeroplanes

brought down in fields, and to feel certain that what I say is true you will need to be told something much more definite about my daily life. It goes on, as far as routine is concerned, exactly as before. I rise at the same hour, I catch the same train, and I arrive at my office from Waterloo station, as I have always done, by walking over Hungerford Bridge. I have done this even when an air raid was supposed to be in progress, and although I agree that this was not wise, you will believe me when I say that there were more not fewer people than usual on the bridge. A circumstance due to the underground railway being closed.

I am well aware as I write that you may be saying, 'but wait until London has really been bombed. You will sing a different tune, then.' That may be true. The air raids, which I have so far seen, have all been from my suburban home. They have been small compared to the raids on the coast. The fact that in addition to my own family I now have two strangers living with me will confirm much of what you have heard about living in the South-East. There it is bad, and certainly no place for mothers with young children. Even so, many go on living there determined to stay by their husbands, finding conditions unpleasant but by no means impossible. The point I am trying to make is that though damage and casualties are considerable, there are places of safety on our small island and our normal life is not broken up.

You would have enjoyed being in London on the first Monday in August. Normally this would have been a holiday but this year work did not stop; so only the lucky ones and those enjoying a few days rest period were able to spend the day in idleness. Yet London was thronged and everywhere—in the streets and the restaurants—there were numbers speaking a language which is almost as foreign to us in London as that of your own country. It was the language of Gracie Fields and Lancashire. Theatres and picture palaces did a splendid trade in the first week of August and towards evening there were queues outside the 'Corner Houses' of our famous Lyons. These men of Lancashire had been working hard for eleven months and now for a very brief holiday they had, as we say, money to burn.

I do not wish to give a wrong impression. It would be foolish for me to pretend that I neither see nor hear evil. It is but a short walk from my home to the first shattered dwellings, where between tea and dinner the enemy came and with a dozen bombs or so destroyed life and happiness for many.

There was not one military objective for miles. That is the horrible side of the picture, which makes one doubt the very sanity of man, and perhaps it is as well that I see some of these houses twice a day as I pass by in the train.

Yet how has the war or rather how have the sirens affected me? Twice they have interrupted a meal. A minute later you would have seen me, had you been here, trotting down the road, giving, I hope, a very fair representation of an unflurried but hastening Air Raid Warden. You would be amused to see me in this guise and dignity of wardenship. Tin hat on head, whistle in mouth, gas mask at the alert and eye shield round neck I patrol my sector like any veteran. The streets of our suburb are strangely deserted at this time. In the first few minutes an occasional man or woman is seen hurrying homeward with an apologetic air for being out so long; a dog runs along the street, a cat, pleased with unwonted calm, basks in the sunshine. Occasionally I and my fellow warden meet a little knot of men—fireman standing with their engines at their action stations—volunteers like ourselves. We look up into the sky and exchange pleasantries. They (the Germans) are over there; they are attacking so and so; the drone gets louder, they are coming closer and we had better take cover. We do.

Occasionally there is a fight and from one vantage point we can see in the distance a place which has twice been attacked. We watch fascinated like spectators at a show. Far enough away to miss the horror but near enough to see the 'planes pressing home their attack while the puffs of smoke breaking round them mean anti-aircraft fire. The dull thud of bombs is mingled with the sharper note of the guns. Occasionally a column of black smoke shoots skywards. We do not shout or cheer. We watch.

Once, too, I have seen the Home Guard turn out in force. There had been rumour of a parachute descent. Within a few minutes two cars flew up the road, followed by members of the Home Guard, fully armed, on bicycles. The turn out was impressive. That was the day when my Sunday mid-day dinner of traditional roast beef, baked potatoes, and broad beans from the garden to be followed by blackberry and apple pie, also from the garden was interrupted by the sirens. I mention it particularly so that you may judge rightly that we do not starve. Our menu is a little less varied than before the war but little worse for that and there has been the real joy of growing

vegetables in the garden. Certainly it is true that none has ever tasted as sweet.

This growing of food has been a most important thing, spiritually as well as economically. It does one good to see all available ground growing food and you, I know, would delight to see the back gardens of the little houses using every inch of space. Even the Anderson shelters play their part, for on numbers of them there are lettuce, cabbage and perhaps the favourite of all—it is just the spot for it—the vegetable marrow, with its yellow trumpet flowers.

We have rediscovered, too, the night sky. It is strange how we live, hide bound in our villas and towns, and seldom look towards the sky. Wardens on patrol are apt to philosophize. We look upwards, count the stars, name a few and wonder about this vast universe and the foolishness of man. The sky, too, holds the barrage balloons, the only new poetry in this machine age of war.

So you see how it is. We live and intend to go on living. There is no feeling of recklessness. Just a determination not to have everything taken from us and a belief that the things which mean most will survive even if mortals must die and buildings come tumbling down. You need not fear for us. Rather, I should say, believe in us.—Adieu, my dearest cousin.
J.A.

THE BUZZARD

BY SIDNEY KEYES

THIS town curled round a hilltop
 Flattened and steeply canted at the sun
 Sleeps like a brown snake. The poplars point
 Tapering shadows, pendula of fate
 Across the turf. The golden sun revolves
 On the invisible radius of time
 And tufts of cloud swim round, dissolving
 Or reappearing as the currents of the moment
 Vary up there.

Life swings on its axis
 In motion centripetal to this sphere
 Of dust under the burning-glass of sky:
 This noontide motion spins a kind of peace.
 Thoughts nuzzle too the crystalline
 Walls of the curving brain and gape their message
 Dumbly and flounce away. A caterpillar
 Measures with looping back a mulberry leaf;
 This is another way of portioning
 The endless moment, another demonstration
 Of time's deceit and the geometry of living.
 A point projected from the hill's brown arc
 Draws out its tangent from the central
 And unexpected angle of a tower;
 It comes to rest in space at last, suspended
 From the sun's further circle as a spider
 Hangs from a twig by unseen filaments.

The buzzard's unreflective eye
 Quick swivelling on its axis, concentrates
 All planes and motions into one great sphere
 Of earth its prey. The terra cotta town
 Dropped on the hill, generates circles spreading
 To the horizon; rings of green and grey
 Granite or yellow of mimosa thickets
 Spin round the central pivot of his vision.

Only the quiet eye of water
 Stares back and challenges the symmetry.
 Behind the buzzard's lens, all secrets
 Of beauty or of form unapprehended,
 Life's many meanings bend their rays to one
 Bright spot of cruelty within his brain.

Buzzard drops down the sky and shadows straddle
 Longer on grass and rock. Now dust clouds rise
 Along the track; a herd of goats strays past;
 Their noise shatters the meaning of the moment
 And breaks the circle of extended peace.
 Why should we wish to hide within the present
 Hanging above infinity and waiting
 For pain to move, a rabbit in the grass?
 Unfocus rather the too-watchful eye
 And wander singing in the golden haze
 Behind the flock, and take with them your pleasure
 At random, from each leaf or twig. So break
 The trance of living symmetry, disprove
 The buzzard's callous theorem of small pain
 And sprawl at last under a myrtle tree
 Breathing the fleshy odour of its leaves.
 So find a better variant of peace
 Another meaning and another science
 In nightfall's final clemency of quiet.

AMBULANCE IN FINLAND

By TOM BURNS

FEAR in war doesn't spread over everything, it isn't even in your running, when all you have to do is to get somewhere—you can see it, that tree, that hole—quickly. It's in the moment, the moment which is made rigid and single by that thing bringing everything in you down to zero—by that plaintive whine, that negro singer under a spotlight getting out his ma-a-a-a-ammy until he's just mouth, through silence, like moving car lights on a dark horizon. That's fear you get all right, all right, when you've got to your tree and the brim of your helmet chucks a little snow back to your chin, and the cold underneath you lifts your quick breaths straight out of your body, just after you've stopped saying let it be the others not me, I can be sorry later, but them not me, just then, when you've got to be quiet and listen and that negroid wail breaks down into a too rapid blubbing, banging through the still frost-pattern of fir branches against your ears and diaphragm and ribs as though you were inside a giggling giant, then, through the waiting pointed moment all your consciousness is shriekingly aware, of nothing outside, but of itself, itself, and the nonentity carelessly lancing the air about it. After, when the quick diminuendo wisps away over the trees, and you struggle back absurdly to the road, the thing inside your clothes works more familiarly, the cold, the snow melting at the throat, the whoosh feeling of its being over, the aeroplane just another of them, the collecting and the proceeding, at this time you can have a little human misery coming with the re-contact with the others. But in that moment nothing is shared—there is the blind unsurpassable absorption of self in the preservation of self.

At the end of the 3,000 miles, we had two days waiting. After all that, this schoolroom with the carpentry benches folded to the wall and the big window blinded with bits of paper and cardboard was something we could invest with the certain permanence of a few days, and it was pleasant to be home in it. *Joseph, The Flowers of the Forest, and Tipperary*

whimpered through the walls from Niemola's mandoline. Blom lay on his back among our bedding with his knees crooked and crossed, and it was money in the pocket to have the wearer of those yellow hook-toed boots sitting by quiet and friendly. The Hasag lamp simmered at the end of its wire.

"I suppose we don't go P.S.P. tonight," said Blom. "We go tomorrow night." He and another of the company with whom we were quartered were to go with K. and me on our preliminary run to the regimental dressing station we were to serve.

We had supper—louppa, thick stew with meat, lentils, and potatoes, the unvarying army meal, obtainable only at night when the fires could be lit in houses, and at nine o'clock we were told to leave at once for P.S.P. Ten minutes to put on two more pairs of thick socks, ski-boots, transport coats, woollen gloves and mitts, fur hat, and to roll and pack sleeping bags, and we went down the road to the woods, struggling gauntly into our white overalls and hoods, tottering over the smoothed-iced ruts and bumps. We passed our own ambulances in their berths among the pines, with branches and saplings propped against their square-cut windscreens and sides, and came to the Finnish ambulance, out on the main track with its engine running.

Blom talked a little with the driver and then came round to us. "We get in at the back now, boys," he said, "and take care sit on the left. Lots of blood on this—how do you say?" He patted the lower stretcher on the right. "That bombing this afternoon, this driver go out to get a man hurt in the leg, you know boys, and he was bleeding quite a bit." We sat on the left side. The ambulance started, rolling and churning through the loose snow until the road.

When we were away from the garage the driver switched on dimmed parking lights and went faster. It was possible to see through the window at the back of the cab the few yards of road ahead—the dark lines of two ruts, the vertical banks of mashed-up snow—in the faint, irregularly thrown light. Often we met sledges, the pony thrashing sideways into the snowbank, the driver brrr-rrrring fiercely and dragging the end of his sledge out of the rut to the side, and the troops, who, motionless in the sidesnow, arced through the thrown light, stage ghosts with their white covering and dark faces inside the hoods. We stopped at the Leppasyrja level crossing. A train passed, the engine covered in with canvas, nothing seen

except the darker bulked wagons and the drip of sparks underneath the firebox. No signals or lights showed down the single track of the railway. Once clear of the road, a whistle blew the train to a halt. A staff car on the other side of the crossing switched on its lights.

The sentry gave out a shout of *Valot pois* in a tired growl. The lights went out and with them the two or three engines which had been started were cut out. We could hear the faint sibilance of the locomotive up the line, and then, coming through and above it, a straight whine, the secret night noise.

Before the shouts of 'Molotov' the heart-clenched athleticism of fear had come. We clambered out, hitting against hidden wood and among a tattered fusillade of slamming car doors, impelled by the same yet illimitably apart, we pushed and dug our bodies through the snow. There with heart pumping and face pasted with snow like the end of a slapstick film, I felt the air shudder with closer vibrations.

Two hundred yards along the line the blackness melts from four spots of slow dropping brilliance. Yet with the railway and the train, the road and the cars, the aeroplane circles once, innocuously, and goes.

After the pause we hurry in to get clear of the railway. Through Leppasyrja, Divisional H.Q. and stores, we drive without lights. Blom tells us to get behind big trees when Molotov comes, and to stand when there is machine-gunning and dive into the snow when there are bombs. We know.

It is just over 20 km. to the front, but, going, we have to detour with the less urgent traffic another 30 km. up to Leimola. At the fork we are stopped by sentries, an old man and a boy. The old man is jerky and strained in his movements from nervousness.

When the road leaves the forest for a few hundred yards we stop first, switch off lights and engine, and, in the expanding silence and dark, listen. Some kilometres so, and then we pull up sharp behind an army truck standing in the road with its lights out. Somebody is running down the road, but two others are standing. There are voices apart, and then in a crack of quiet in the speaking and the feet grinding on hard snow, we hear it. Out and along the road after the other figures and down this time into a covered-in trench. There, singled out along the log walls we wait, over a dozen men from halted trucks, breathing too hard almost to light the immediate cigarette. We get out soon, foolish on the hard iced slope at the entrance, and stand in the road to listen. A staff car comes

down, wagging the beam of its almost full headlights in the blackness between the trees. It pours light over the stationary trucks until the shouts of *Valot pois* reach it. We feel pushed down into the trench by the roar of the returning aeroplane. Below, we get the little pop and shake of the grenades.

When we slid into the trench for the fourth time Blom led us to the end where there was a dugout with loophole and platform for a machine-gun. "All these boys gonna wait until moon rises. That's about 2 o'clock." The other drivers shoved in with us and squatted round.

Lassila, who had been in front with the driver, came down last. He stood, bent underneath the roof, chucking his bright hen's glance round at us in the candlelight. "Say boys, what you tink tis time? It's a helluva time." He could speak Finnish-French-Canadian-English. K. pulled out his pocket chess set and we finished the afternoon's game. The Finns watched us and talked.

We were there an hour before some moved out; Blom went too. He came back after a while and told us we could get coffee a few metres down the road. We followed him walking slippily; I hadn't oiled my boots recently, and they had frozen, so I tottered gawkily under the pile of clothes.

We turned off the road after two or three hundred yards to a small hut. At the door the hot air hit our faces as though played on us from a hosepipe. Inside, over twenty men were packed into two rooms, sleeping, eating, talking and playing cards. We pushed through to behind the stove, by the card players. I took off my coat and waited stolidly, timing the warming of my feet, and watching the game—a variation of pontoon, and lively, especially for one man with one eye almost turned in upon itself who slapped his neighbours on the shoulder at almost every draw he made. He and another, still and crease-faced, with the upward shadow of his cigarette and holder cleaving his cheek from mouth corner to temple, were cleaning up. I watched the blind silly game for an hour until the coffee for us came. That made things different. I took some over to Lassila, who said "Oh, Christ!" by way of thanks.

On the way back to our ambulance, K., who had stayed back a bit, came up with another old man, carrying a rifle. "I don't know what he wants," K. told Blom. "Does he want paying for the coffee?" Blom talked to him, and then informed us that K. had nearly been shot for not giving the password when asked. Blom said the old man was nervous. We stood a

moment with the moonlight curtailed by tree trunks, and K. nearly having been shot, and the cold soaking back into our feet, and up the road glassless, looted and sullied by explosion, the staff car that Molotov had unloaded the grenades on.

A few kilometres further on we halted again by more trucks, full of troops this time who were getting out and swarming off the road. One driver, with the afternoon's bombing and the night's moves getting him down, when he heard the Molotov switched on every light the ambulance had, including a red light inside the cab that he couldn't put out. Scores of men held themselves away from the secret red glow on the road, so homey and comforting, just like an exit sign by you in a cinema in England.

Here we were in deep forest, and the aeroplane missed seeing us both times it flew over. I got on the road, trying to pull the cakes and dollops of ice off my trousers and socks. The ambulance started, went three yards, and ditched. One of the army trucks stopped with us and hitched a rope to the ambulance, while we bogged ourselves waist deep in the snow and lifted. They tried all ways, but she had sunk too far in. We climbed on the sacks of meal in the truck, and went on, until, near Syskyjärvi, the truck ditched.

The snow was losing its blue and the sky was paler when we went through Syskyjärvi. The Russians had been this far, and all the houses were smashed or burnt down. Barbed wire ramblered from the snow. Two stove-in tanks lay well off the road. The truck almost jumped off the road at some of the filled-in shell and bomb holes.

Six kilometres beyond the village the truck stopped by a sentry and a red lamp bowered over with cut branches at the foot of a tree. We unhooked ourselves, Blom, K. and I, and stood around until some one appeared for us to follow. The track led through oddly populous forest. Ponies stood with piles of hay under trees which had their lower branches hacked through and bent to the ground as cover. Sledges lay near the path. Twos and threes of men stood or walked by. It was five o'clock. 50 kilometres in eight hours.

P.S.P. was, up to two or three yards' distance, just like thicker trees. Then you could see the darkness down to near the ground of the tent, and the large trees cut and held to the others by ropes, and the blue smoke from the stove pipe dissipating round the baffle plate and through the branches.

We had to crawl through the blanket-hung entrance porch. Inside, the tent was warm and light: there were two small iron

stoves and two Hasag lamps. There were a dozen people there—sitting on the boxes round the walls of the tent—casualties—or lying on the platform of pine branches that covered half the floor space. They looked at us, peering underneath the glare of the lamps. Hardly anyone spoke. At the far end of the tent was a collapsible operating table. On it were layers of greaseproof paper, and on that cigarettes, cups, instruments, bandages and dressings, two caps, ledgers and a file, and Russian badges, ammunition and money. A corporal, contemptuous of the cigarette in his lips, made entries in a ledger at one end—a bookie's tout in his louse-coloured sweater. In front of the stoves were two slop holes dug in the earth. The wood fires buzzed up the stove pipes. We were given hot water and sugar to drink and then led out.

Fifty yards away there was a smaller tent, with one stove among high piled pine branches. Men slept and sat looking at the stove. We got off our boots and K. and I squirmed into our sleeping bags.

Rope thick muslin being torn irregularly; a great iron football fan's rattle turning jerkily—anything not a regular succession and loud. Not an urgent noise but irrelevant when you could hear the great swingeing whang of the aeroplane's engine as it cleared the tree tops over our heads after firing its burst. The figures in the tent sitting up and stumbling, bent, out, swayed to extricate themselves. Our sleeping bags were riverweeds around our legs. I soared, turned, and swooped with the pilot and batted bloodless on to the earth, body craving the moment's passage, suspended in the big hall of fear with the uneven rattle again and the musical plink plonk of two bullets in the stove pipe.

We shambled along the path in unlaced boots, diarrhoeic farm hands running to the E.C. clutching—in the forests of eastern Finland, machine-gunned with horses quivering—our flopping 'Pal o' Mine' cushioned bags. Behind us, the wood-smoke spun leisurely through the horizontal layers of sunlight out to the clear morning air over the tree tops.

Blom said there would be a bomber returning to the tent later, so we started off away down the road towards Syskyjärvi. For two hours we got no further than our first stretch of fifty yards along the road. Flights of aeroplanes droned overhead continuously, bombing and machine-gunning movement in the forest below. So we gave up Syskyjärvi and went, by stages of a few yards, back to P.S.P.

I hadn't noticed it before—by the beginning of the path to

the tent. There were probably fifty in the pile, the dusty blue and hay brown uniforms showing the most colour, but the dominant colours were the old wax yellow of the faces and the prevailing orange of blood. Not a solid corpse mass, but, because frozen, like a heap of a child's tin toy soldiers, in erect positions but horizontal, kneeling but on their backs, lying face down but held erect, and the top of the pile a fight of arms and heads and legs. By the pile, two men, in white smocks like Crusaders' surtouts, were loading scraps and joints of men on to a sledge.

They were Finns, Blom said mostly from a cavalry regiment.

We were given bread and sausages in the P.S.P. tent and dozed on the platform.

Towards evening there were intervals in the noise of aeroplanes, and a few casualties came in. Lying cases were brought in by sledge, swaddled in blankets and sacks in crates. From the outposts to the first aid posts the journey was made in six foot flat-bottomed skiffs, shoved or dragged by a crawling stretcher bearer over the snow. A higher proportion than I had thought, a third, had head wounds.

Nothing much was done at P.S.P. The patients rested on the pine branches, were given hot water and sugar, had their labels checked.

No 'pluckiness'—no facing up to it with a smile. They sat, their hands and faces stiff with dirt and soot, feeling their blood slowly getting out of them and sealing. One man, shot in the chin, drooled frothy blood and spit over a bruise fattened lip, and made slow chimpanzee wipes at the fat drop of blood hanging at the bottom of his bandaged face. He was tired and sick and hurt beyond anything I, outside it, could know. He was not the worst hit; I remember him because I re-dressed his wound just before we left.

As we stood up to go, the doctor came in,—young, bright, sunnily confident, clean and shaven—smoking a cigarette. He looked through the labels, shook hands with K. and me, and went out.

We all went back in the first ambulance of the evening, a large Chevrolet bus. A lovely coloured evening with the sun just down, the engine keeping its undulating row all the time, the convoyeur hanging out at arm's length from the door to look round the clear unspotted sky, shutting in, sticking a cigarette to the driver's lips and lighting it. We were back at the schoolhouse, going by the short route, inside an hour.

WIDOW WILLOW WREN

BY PHYLLIS KELWAY

THE two leaf-warblers flew up from the grass as one man. They had found the ideal site for a nest (as every bird must do every spring) and they were satisfied. He talked to her gently, billing her neck with his slender brown beak, but she flitted away into a bunch of alders northward, and he was forced to follow. The dugout they had chosen was a cup in the bank, deep, snug and sheltered. Bluebells were over, but the long sheaths of the leaves sprawled languidly around the shallow dip in the soil, like swords that have been laid down after battle.

During the next day no one would have guessed that the pair of willow wrens had made such a momentous decision; the mated birds flew from branch to branch of the gnarled oak, gathering flies and caterpillars as they flitted lightly from twig to twig. They chattered incessantly in soft twee-twee voices that were humbler than the harsh saw-sawing note of the great-tits nesting in a hole of the oak.

Last month the willow wrens had crossed the English coast from Africa. They had been tired then—deep-down tired with physical weariness in their bones and in their very feathers. Now they were refreshed. English fields and lanes were rich with insect life; the two birds had put on weight.

The brambles had opened buds of potential whiteness into miniature white roses against a multitude of prickly green leaves. The willow wrens liked brambles; they hopped from spray to spray poking and peering into the dark depths.

In early morning the male perched atop an alder wand to send forth his melodious warble, tender, sweet, spring-like, but sad; a song that mounted up and up in joyous fulfilment, stronger, undismayed, to its zenith; and then died softly away on a murmurous undertone as though the songster had been carried away by his inward thoughts. Lower in the thicket the female listened to the vehement outburst and the dying away; listened and plucked a decayed grass stem from its

loose foundations. Those two faced the world courageously, with brave hearts, with one object in their existence in the month of May: the continuance of the race. So the male sang to his mate, a vigorous, tender song, thrilling the spring with it, filling the world with the eager, imperishable song of the migrant willow wren; singing a song that was deathless, infinite.

The May sun glittered on his olive-green back, throwing his yellow eye-stripe and yellow rump into sharp relief. Holding his brownish wings so close to his slender form that you could not distinguish the yellowish margins, he opened wide his beak to fling his song across the field.

His mate listened, and plucked another grass from its roots.

Away in the hedge another leaf-warbler sang: "chiffchaff, chiffchaff, chiff." Wrapped in contemplation of his own notes, the chiffchaff scarcely heard the willow wren. He too had his mate; his thoughts were entirely on his own affairs. In size he was exactly like the willow wren; his feathers were browner, darker; and his legs, slender as the willow wren's, were of a darker hue.

The chiffchaff, as a race, preferred his domed nest to be several inches above the ground, while the willow wren nearly always chose a site on the ground itself. In this rough field the chiffchaff, having arrived first, had staked his claim, and the willow wren had chosen a site just outside the chiffchaff's domain.

When the willow wren had finished his song he found his wife busily plaiting grasses into a domed roof over the dugout they had chosen together. He watched her for a while, then tentatively he pulled a frond of last year's bracken from its brown stem and offered it to her. She took the gift from him, but dropped it immediately and tugged grasses from the short turf for herself. In disappointment or boredom, he flew away; and busy as she was, the hen willow wren did not even cast a glance after him. Stepping daintily from tuft to tuft, she collected her material for house-building; dry grasses in abundance, and a few morsels of green moss. From inside the dugout she prodded the grasses into place over her head, tugging them this way and that in apparent haste and impatience, but weaving them with bird-like precision into position. She suddenly evicted a beetle with disdain, refusing to devour the hard black elytra, but presently she rediscovered the beetle just outside the doorway that was yet unmade; she picked it up in her beak and flew with it over the hedge into the garden,

where she dropped it from a height of thirty feet. Before returning, she snapped a couple of greenfly from a rose bush.

Her return was considerably hindered by caterpillars on the alders which were too good to miss, but half an hour later she flew down to the dugout with a wisp of grasses in her beak. These she worked rapidly into the lintels of the opening, twisting them with eager movements of her head and beak until the lintels were firmly fashioned of felted grass.

At this point her mate came to fetch her; she flew away to join him in supper among the leaves of the hazels in the valley. The two birds were utterly happy; their happiness was perceptible in their soft twitting voices as they flitted among the young foliage like green leaves blown by a light wind. In the wealth of green they were invisible, camouflaged by colours and shades similar to their own. A sparrow hawk flounced up the hedge on swift, silent wings, searching for small birds before dark; but the willow wrens froze to the twigs on which they perched, and the sparrow hawk seized a hedge sparrow instead.

After the hawk had swept up the hedge like a hurricane, the cock willow wren opened his brown beak and sang the sweetest song the hedge had heard that spring. Perhaps fear drove him to unburden himself; perhaps relief. His song fell most wonderfully sweet upon the ear.

When he had finished, dusk had fallen. The two birds slipped into the stubb of a hazel, tucked their heads low into their feathers, and slept the short night through.

Early the next morning the little green hen flew excitedly to the dugout on the bank. Her cock followed her, saying tender things to her as he went, speaking gently of matters understood by willow wrens who are building a nursery. He helped her for half an hour, but his interest flagged then, and he flew to an alder to try out his voice. The hen tugged more grasses from the wet soil, and after finishing the lintels, turned her attention to the doorstep. Standing on her thin, light-brown legs within the dugout, she advanced with a grass in her beak, pushed the end among other grasses, then reversed in toward the dark wall behind her. Sometimes she made a complete revolution, poking the while; in this way she shaped a doorstep of matted grasses that was raised half an inch from ground level. The opening was now more oval than round.

For several days she left the dugout and spent a joyful honeymoon with her husband. Then she flew one day to study the dugout with deep contemplation. Standing before the

entrance, she meditated. She flew off and returned with grasses of a specially fine texture; these she carried within the snug hole, and with beak and her whitish-yellow breast smoothed them into a carpet that had a slight depression in the centre.

The next day she went in search of feathers for a lining. The cock came across the breast feather of a pheasant and brought it to her, but as they could find no more in the immediate neighbourhood, they flitted gradually farther and farther away until they came to a smallholding. Feathers abounded in a poultry pen, but few were exactly what the willow wrens wanted. The smallholding was nearly a mile from the dugout, and the birds were compelled to make many journeys. On completion, the inside of the dugout was a feather bed. Two white feathers protruded over the edge as an invitation to the cosiness within.

The nest was finished.

It was now a tiny cave with a neat opening for its doorway; inside the walls were grasses knitted by a small bird's beak, while the cupped floor was feathers from a barndoor fowl. The nest was invisible to human eyes; no one would have believed that the natural folding of the grasses could hide a nest; nevertheless, it was in a dangerous position. A stoat or weasel, slinking with fluid movement over the field, would poke its sharp face into every nook and cranny, suspecting food of a sort in every depression, every spot of darkness. A grass snake, searching for frogs, would not hesitate to thrust its evil head into the cosily constructed bird's nest; and there were others

These dangers were written in the book of life of every leaf-warbler whether he were willow wren, chiff-chaff or wood wren, and no bird was ignorant of what a nest close to the ground meant.

Knowing the need for haste, the hen willow wren laid her first egg on the day after the last feather had been spread. It was a refined little egg, smaller than the kernel of a cob nut, delicate white in colour, speckled freely over its larger end with brown markings as though its pure complexion had been freckled in the sun. The greeny-olive bird laid five eggs—five freckled pearls on a feather-bed.

When she had laid her full clutch she started sitting; her mate chose his favourite perch on the tallest twig of the alder to pour forth his heart. The yellowish-white feathers of his throat moved as he sang with open beak.

Down below a black form stalked through the alders, its amber eyes staring right and left in search of mice. The cock saw the cat and stopped singing. Upon the sloping field fell a silence that was not of sound, but was in reality a shout of fear from a slip of a greeny-yellow bird atop an alder. The sudden silence—a silence falling in full song—shook the inmates of the field as an air-raid siren in a busy street. A bank vole, scuttling along his grassy tunnel, stopped in his tracks, his blunt furry face uplifted, waiting. A magpie cawed in raucous tones and flopped out of an ash, hurrying away in heavy flight.

The cat, accustomed to his unpopularity, stalked on, out from the alder twigs and into the open. Cat as he was, his eyes told him nothing of the willow wrens' nest. No recognition of a bird's felted grasses came through to him as he placed one paw plumb across the entrance to the dugout. In a flash the cock willow wren darted across the cat's nose, hopping and stumbling over the grass, trailing an outspread wing. As he put up this barrage of brave pretence, his wife shot out of the nest as a leaf lifted from its moorings by the ground wind. The cock, seeing her escape, would have zoomed swiftly upward and away, but in that instant of watching his beloved mate gain her freedom, the heroic leaf-warbler lost his life . . .

Dangerously close to the cat's head, a green bird wailed plaintively: "weet, weet, weet, wee-eet," as the black monster stepped daintily over the wet grass with his catch between his jaws. The willow wren cried—how she cried; her heart-rending misery frightened the robins and blue tits from the neighbourhood; scared the linnets and goldfinches playing among last year's teazles; terrified the mother chiffchaff brooding her six youngsters in her oven-shaped nest in the brambles.

"Woo-ee, woo-oo-ee," and "woo-ee-ee," wailed the widowed bird; and the field was aware of the tragedy of living

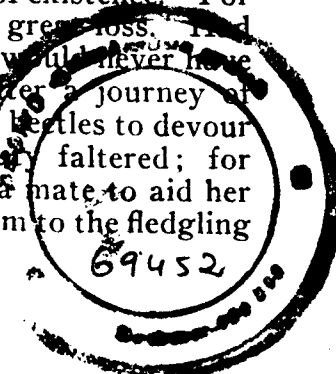
In the next-door garden a black cat munched a morsel of meat in a bunch of green feathers.

The willow wren was filled with the terror of existence. For an hour she forgot her clutch of eggs in her green loss. And she flown into the next field at this point she would never have returned, and the eggs, laid so carefully after a journey of thousands of miles, would have rotted for the beetles to devour at their leisure. Her recognition of her loss faltered; for now everything was against her. Without a mate to aid her in feeding the young, she might never rear them to the fledgling

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stage. Even *two* birds trying to feed five youngsters would have been hard-worked.

Once she flitted within a yard of the nest. After that, the call of the eggs won. She began her brooding where she had left off. For days she was nervous. She would slip out from the dugout at the slightest warning. A loud-voiced jay would send her trembling for the safety of the high alders; a shrew, whispering to himself in the grasses, would cause her to bolt for the brambles.

The eggs hatched. Now she must brood as well as feed the blind naked lumps that must some day fly to Africa. She did both. Starting at dawn, she made short journeys in search of aphides and the briefest of green and brown caterpillars. Day by day the journeys grew longer; the babies had larger appetities, and she collected looper caterpillars of great length. The size of the aphides remained the same, but she gathered more of them. She found long-nosed weevils that climbed the stems and leaves of the shrubs, but she seldom collected food from the ground. The youngsters were always hungry; they opened wide their soft-edged beaks, disclosing their yellow throats and the narrow, darkened gulleys through which the green caterpillars would pass.

Up to now the weather had been mild and damp. The grass and sorrel had grown, giving protection to the mice that scurried through the low herbage; and the grass enclosed the dugout with its thin curtain until the change of the weather. Then the sun brought the growth higher for a day or so until its heat dried up the moisture. The May sun baked the ground and beat upon the dugout four days before the young willow wrens were ready to fly. In a panic the mother crouched over them with wings spread like a green umbrella. Forgetting cats in this fresh service, she shielded the fledglings for minutes at a time while the sun scorched her own back, and curled her own feathers. But the five young birds could not stand the stifling heat of the dugout; they hung their heads over the grassy doorway like calves over the stable door, and at noon they opened their beaks to gasp in the sweltering heat.

The widow willow wren was at her wit's end. Food was of primary importance, but she knew the risk of sun full upon her young and was torn between food and shelter. At five in the evening danger of sunstroke was past; then she collected food until ten-thirty when the first pipistrelle bat flickered across the skyline to foretell the coming of night. The widow was tousled now; her olive feathers no longer shone in the

sunlight, and her whitish breast and throat seemed in dull lights to be almost the same colour as her back. Her energy was the same as ever. Tireless, she searched the leaves methodically for caterpillars previously over-looked, and for aphides grown adult in the night. Now and again she hovered as a miniature kestrel hawk before a silver birch, picking off the dipterous flies from the leaves as she saw them with her keen eyes; then returning with her beak gripping the bunch of luscious food. The young panted in the hot sun, but between their gasps they called insistently for food, calling louder and louder when they saw or heard her approach. Leaning heavily over the dugout door, one of the young toppled out one noontide. The widow left him there on the doorstep for the dugout was overcrowded and she could not push him in. Valiantly, she endeavoured to serve as umbrella to both the young on the grass and those within. Always she did her best, but sometimes now her manner was hectic. Almost hysterically she thrust food into the ever-open mouths; she was working against time, against her strength, and she knew always what a narrow margin of life lay between to-day and to-morrow.

Those five whom she served ailed nothing apart from exhaustion under the sun. They flowed toward maturity as a stream, gushing with fresh water, grows stronger and stronger the further it flows from its source.

The heat wave waned. The fledglings fluttered one morning from the dugout that had seen them as eggs, and clambered, one after another, to a stem of old bracken. Seating themselves in a row, they were fairy birds in sulphur-yellow jackets, yellower in every feather than their widowed mother. The widow willow wren, still worried and flustered, filled their beaks with any insect she could find, but now, even she could not cope with five appetites, each of which was more copious than her own. They perched before her—fledgling birds, who, as mammals, might have been Pekingese puppies; and she fed them bravely, without favouritism, until one after another the youngsters pecked at their first caterpillars, jerked their greeny-yellow heads away from the mother's beak that had nourished them, and joyfully prepared for their maiden voyage to Africa.

The widow willow wren, in utter weariness, filled her crop again and again with caterpillars to strengthen herself for her last triumphant journey to the South.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. PRIESTLEY who speaks so acceptably to a world of listeners has commented on the difference between this war and the last—and yet I think without recognizing the cause of the difference in quality. Twenty-six years ago the British people went into war, not knowing what war was: they inclined and were encouraged to regard it as a gallant adventure, and men scrambled to get in. Also, many shrewd people discerned large profits to be made. In four years Great Britain learnt what a beastly business war is, and saw profiteering on a scale undreamt of. Reflecting individuals came to individual conclusions; some, and among them some of the most valiant, decided that any war was so great an evil that it should be avoided almost at any price: in other words, that you should fight only literally in your own defence. But the British people at large, having learnt what war was, decided that it ought to be put down, and with a good intention but faulty psychology set the example of disarmament when they were on the crest of power. They believed and were encouraged to believe in the efficiency of moral opinion, and its power to enforce what they held essential and practicable—that there should be an end to predatory war. This belief had to be abandoned after what they saw in China and in Abyssinia; but they substituted for it a new article of faith—collective security. Unfortunately, though they knew now what war was, they were still by tradition a non-military nation and they did not see, nor did their leaders instruct them, that collective security means collective preparedness. They were ignorant, in a military sense; they thought the French unduly and unworthily anxious about security; but they were ready to face war in order that international brigandage should not go unpunished and unredressed. Then they went to war in a business-like manner, without hustle or excitement. When they saw Europe falling to pieces round them they were not dismayed, first, because they believed absolutely in the

righteousness and necessity for their action, and secondly because, although they had learnt what war is, they had never come to think of it as a trial in which Great Britain could be beaten. It is the combination of these two factors that to my mind gives assurance of victory. But this time the British people are feeling themselves much more responsible than last time; they are more felt in the direction of effort and they rely upon very powerful labour leaders in the Government to twist the neck of profiteering. They are prepared for any sacrifice; and the remarkable speech of a Socialist member in Parliament shows that workers begin to apply this principle to wage earners as well as to capitalists. Meanwhile they follow the performances of Spitfires, Hurricanes and the rest as if they were leading cup teams. I have no toleration for the people who objected to an air fight being described as a football match. It is a poor heart that never rejoices and not a heart likely to win the war; why should not one cheer to see a Messerschmitt go down? It is neither right nor reasonable to say that we ought to be filled with melancholy over the fate of some poor Germans. The battle line attitude to death is not that of ordinary life and we are all promiscuously in the battle line.

* * * * *

The Home Guard is another sign of the times and here again one meets confused thinking. About a million and a half of men have joined up and apparently it is thought more important to uniform them than to arm them: since otherwise they might be fighting illegally as *franc tireurs*. It appears to me that in a totalitarian war, everybody is attacked and everybody has the right to resist. But the legality is neither here nor there: the question is how to make it as hard as possible for the Germans if they land. Arming no doubt will soon be completed, for those who are enrolled; but there are I should say at least quarter of a million men who have learnt to use a rifle and are debarred by age limit from taking a hand to defend the country. They ought to be given weapons and told that if they use them without a uniform to regularise their position, it may have serious consequences; I doubt if one in three would be stopped by the thought: most would prefer any risk to submission when they see a chance of effective resistance. Men in this category, if not all the Home Guard, should be like the Swiss who keep each man his own rifle in his own dwelling. I com-

mend the idea to Mr. Bevin who seems to me to have more instinct for utilizing capacity than the rest of the Ministry—excepting always the Prime Minister who utilized Mr. Bevin. It is Mr. Bevin who is taking drastic steps to see that aliens, who ask no better than to help in defeating the Nazis, shall get their chance.

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Meantime, what a moment! This island crammed with troops, and the best of troops, but expecting invasion which may come from any point or points between Trondhjem and Cherbourg—or Brest for that matter, a likely starting place, if Ireland should be aimed at. Italy possesses British Somaliland, (no great prize), and is gravely threatening Egypt; Japan is threatening all that Britain holds in the Far East; and, according to some, Spain is thinking of a move against Gibraltar. Of course there are reassuring factors. One is the arrival of a South African expeditionary force in East Africa. Not all of it is there yet: but General Smuts does these things well. Troops from Canada, pilots from Australia, land in this country: but away in the Near East there waits a solid lump of Australians and New Zealanders who will not always be waiting. Their presence is felt all through the Mediterranean. I think there is a foolish disposition to underrate Italian military efficiency; but if the Italians are loath to come to grips with these successors to the Anzacs, they need not be ashamed of that.

Where the collision is likely to come, nobody can tell; all the Eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea coasts are on the *qui vive*. Germany appears to have issued orders, in the form of advice, to Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria; but it is not clear that they will be obeyed. Transfers of population or of territory are seldom carried out without resistance; yet apparently disturbance is what Germany wants to avoid. Bulgaria has the approval of Great Britain as well as Germany for her claim to the Southern Dobruja. Meanwhile Greece for long kept out of the news—except when the world was reminded that for five years now General Metaxas has managed that not very manageable country and is not unpopular. He maintains neutrality resolutely—but he does not repudiate the British guarantee; for Greece is a country to which the British forces can easily and quickly bring assistance,

and it is by no means clear as yet that they may not become paramount in the Eastern Mediterranean. Along the Danube they do not count for much—as Rumania's treatment of British commercial men shows. In all that region anxious States balance Russia against Germany—allowing for probable joint action of Italy with Germany. What one would like to know is the extent of attraction—as distinct from fear—exercised by these great Powers. Hungary probably has a feeling for Italian culture—and certainly has a loathing of Russia. But it is evident that in Bessarabia a large number of subjects prefer to be under Russian than Rumanian rule. What has happened in the Baltic States should not be regarded solely as an effect of terror. The landlord class there was largely German or German by sympathy; and the unanimous adoption of Soviet principles probably means that the actual workers of the soil expect to be better off. They may in fact find themselves worse off; but the effects of the change will certainly be felt across the Prussian border against which their new Soviets tie up. It would be curious if Prussia proved to be the *Reich's* most vulnerable spot.

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American omens are in some ways highly satisfactory; after the decision reached at Havana it will not be necessary for the British navy to prevent French and Dutch possessions from becoming German. But will the American control prevent the French possessions from harbouring German submarines? So long as they are not used against American shipping I doubt if America would interfere—and Great Britain may have to. It is good again that whether the next President prove to be Roosevelt or Wendell Willkie, he will be pledged to regard the British cause as the cause of civilization; but it is less good that for at least several months to come Republicans and Democrats alike will be chiefly concerned to avoid any step which may be regarded as departing from strict neutrality. The United States is prepared to spend vast sums of money, and even to adopt the principle of conscription, in order to defend civilization, provided that it defends it only in America. To do so elsewhere is demoralizing. All appearance of co-operation or even of consultation with Great Britain on military matters is taboo. Yet there are happy coincidences. Shortly after Great Britain, under pressure from Japan, had

agreed to close the Burma Road to military stores for China, the United States discovered that their interests made it necessary to confine the sale of petrol and scrap iron to Americans—they inflicted on Japan a disadvantage probably equal to that imposed on China.

France is almost too painful to write about. Hitler has had one real success: he has injected poison into the European system. To combine the powers of France and Great Britain is to get the very best of Europe; but these excellences have never mingled easily; and at present France is learning to class the heroic episode of Dunkirk with the lamentable necessity of Oran as one of the things which France must never forget in her account against Britain. Yet nothing which is done or said officially now in the name of France expresses France; all will be unsaid and undone when France is again itself. The natures of individual Frenchmen like M. Laval and M. Bonnet are indeed disclosed. They have good reason to desire that Germany's ascendancy shall be permanent, for in a free France their lot will not be agreeable.

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Two books which I should advise buying now that the book tax has been for the time being abandoned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his wisdom, are *Island Birds* by Dr. Fraser Darling, and *Birds of the Grey Winds* by Mr. E. A. Armstrong.* Both are studies of communities in which there is no war—for killing for food is not warfare, though a bird's defence of its young is perhaps the finest illustration of the heroic. Dr. Darling saw many examples of it in the years which he passed on Scottish islands, observing the habits of birds and beasts who were their only other inhabitants. Mr. Armstrong only takes part in this game as an amateur and his study of birds has been mostly in Northern Ireland—though he claims to have slept in the open "on Dutch islands and in French forests, on Chinese mountains and Californian deserts", so that he has plenty to compare with what he noted on the shores of Strangford Lough—that paradise place for wild-fowl. I don't say that his book is as good as Dr. Darling's—mighty few books are; but he also has the talent for communicating his own enjoyment of experiences that are at once rare and common. Rare,

**Island Years* by Dr. Fraser Darling. Bell. 12s. 6d.

Birds of the Grey Winds by E. A. Armstrong. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

because few people will take the trouble to watch what is happening on their own lawns and in their shrubberies, and common because the affairs of a colony of guillemots or puffins go on every day every year in the same places. Yet, according to these observers, the bird population fluctuates. Mr. Armstrong notes that fulmar petrels have established themselves in the last ten years on the cliffs at Scarborough—just because the human population of the Faeroes and St. Kilda took to tinned foods, lived less on smoked fulmar, and the bird population grew till emigration was necessary. But I really wanted to say that here are two volumes which will help many of us to forget about the war for a while; or rather to realize that, war or no war, this world is full of lovely pleasures that can be cheaply enjoyed by intelligent people. You must work for them, that is true; but are any pleasures worth while that you do not have to work for?

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

URGENT APPEAL

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THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

JAPAN'S WEAKNESS

By O. M. GREEN

JAPAN IN CHINA, by W. H. Chamberlin. *Duckworth.* 3s. 6d.

In this brief but illuminating survey, a sequel to his *Japan in Asia*, Mr. Chamberlin gives an admirable account of the conditions and problems of the Far East at the end of two years of war, with some speculations as to its outcome. Superficially, all such speculations might seem completely upset by the French collapse and the disabilities thereby imposed on ourselves, of which we have had a sad example in the closing of the Burma road. But the more one ponders the facts set out by Mr. Chamberlin, the more one feels that fundamentally the issue before Japan remains unaltered. She must conquer China before she can realize her "pipe dreams" of a new order in East Asia, and there is still no sign of her being able to do that.

Mr. Chamberlin says that the war has revealed some of Japan's limitations and weaknesses. Her army's morale is better than its equipment and strategy, both of which are out of date. But the common belief that she could not stand the strain of a long war has proved a fallacy. Her financing of the war has on the whole worked smoothly and her people remain as bovinely passive as ever. Mr. Chamberlin suggests an interesting reason for the altogether

exaggerated propaganda about the help which Russia, ourselves and France are alleged to have given China: the Japanese feel that there is no glory to be got in defeating China; therefore it is necessary "to convince the people that they are fighting, not China, but stronger Powers behind her, which are trying to thwart Japan's legitimate demands for expansion". To sum up, Mr. Chamberlin describes Japan as "somewhat winded but far from exhaustion" and capable of going on for a long time yet.

But at least as much can be said for China. Though she has lost her best cities and exits to the sea, she possesses in the vast west and southwest, shielded behind practically impassable mountains, great natural wealth, which she is rapidly developing with all her unrivalled industry. Even of the territory overrun by the Japanese fully two-thirds remain under the Government's control. Her simple social state, founded chiefly on the man with the hoe, is better able to stand the strain of war than highly industrialized Japan. There is not the faintest sign of disunity or slackening of the will to win. And the Japanese puppet Wang Ching-wei is a poor creature to put up against General Chiang Kai-shek, whom the Chinese follow with almost superstitious devotion.

The downfall of France must have seemed to Japan a perfect godsend. For a few days it looked as if the game were entirely in her hands. Yet already some obstacles have begun to appear. The Japanese would be much deceived if they underrated the genuine dismay with which the British people regarded the closing of the Burma road or its probable effect on the Government's action when the stipulated three months have expired. The arrests of Japanese in London and elsewhere showed that Great Britain is not quite so subservient as the Japanese supposed. America's stoppage of sales of petrol, which represented over 65 per cent. of Japan's supply, is a serious blow for Tokyo. And although at the moment of writing the situation is still not clear, it looks as if the Indo-China Government had mustered courage to refuse to admit any more Japanese "supervisors" of the traffic with China, and Japan's demands for naval and military air bases. Certain it is that if Japan tries to invade Indo-China from one side, the Chinese will invade it from the other.

As against the temptation to Japan's hotheads to swoop upon the Dutch East Indies and Indo-China Mr. Chamberlin emphasizes that there are still influential Japanese who recall that Germany takes only 1.5 per cent. of Japanese exports and the British Empire and America more than 50, reminding Japan which side her bread is buttered. But there is more to be considered than that.

At least 1,000,000 Japanese are tied up in China, continually bled by actions big and small and with no prospect of getting out. Losses in killed and

wounded and equipment are enormous and the labour market is thus seriously affected. The Bank of Japan holds over 2½ thousand million yen worth of Government bonds which the other banks cannot take, which means increased inflation. Rice is reported to have been rationed since May and the harvest will be poor owing to drought. And for all the Japanese people's patience, war weariness and restlessness at the regimenting of all life and the numerous *ersatz* articles enforced on them are unmistakeable.

It is significant that the fifth Government since the war began has lately been commissioned to endeavour to bring the war to an end. Still more significant is the large space devoted in Prince Konoye's statement to a minute forecast of internal reform. This, rather than the swaggering reference to themselves, is the feature which foreign Governments should keep firmly in view. Even the enduring Japanese would scarcely tolerate their militarists' plunging into a new quarrel before they had disposed of the one on which they embarked so lightheartedly three years ago.

IN TIME OF SUSPENSE, by Laurence Whistler. *Heinemann*. 5s.

FEAR NO MORE, a Book of Poems for the Present Time, by living English Poets. *Cambridge University Press*. 3s. 6d.

People who like poetry at all must surely be hungry for it today! What one particularly welcomes in Mr. Laurence Whistler's new volume, with a sigh of gratitude, is his essentially poetic attitude, his quality of mind, what I would praise as his receptive

humility. He possesses what Keats called 'negative capability'. He offers us no merely clever verses, no quips or sneers from a safe distance, no Leftist superiorities, but, himself an actor in our tragedy, the poignant awareness which finds its expression in an impassioned ecstasy, a lyrical grief that reaches always through the transient to point the eternal. We enter a world of sensuous images keenly observed and find ourselves in contact with a mind sharp to comment upon our predicament, honest and sad, yet an affirming mind.

In "It Will Not Last" he tells us that, if not for us, then for our children or our children's children what we have loved will one day return.

It will not last, love will again be free :
There will be one who watches from this hill,
With rich contentment in his eyes, the grey
Flow of eternal afternoon one way,
The valley bindweed in his fingers still.

There will be lovers putting out the lights.
Mr. Whistler affirms what needs affirming. He is, too, a very good love poet. "In the quiet brilliance of belief", he tells us,

We fashion life at such intensity,
The very chairs might rustle into leaf
And panels grope to build their primal tree.

And in the concluding lines of the first lovely poem, "For Jill", we guess at the source of his idealism :

Yet the shopkeeper's mean little scales will
not do for a measure of living.
By them we are paupers. But put the
right questions to life : not how much
Or how safe, but how full in its hour, how
vivid ? There we are rich.

In Time of Suspense is written by an artist who is, of course, not afraid of beauty. There are some charming "Inscriptions on Glass, Wood and Stone", charmingly turned. Nor does

his mind lack a satirical edge to it as in "Variety" and "Effect of Military Music on a Welfare-Worker". He can be as mordant as Siegfried Sassoon.

But it is in a fine, long narrative poem, "The Quick and the Dead", that Mr. Whistler rises to his full height to meet Emergency in symbolic terms. After all, war still remains the Poet's chief opportunity because war throws the world back upon spiritual realities; and upon this, a poet's ability, or otherwise, to rise to a great occasion must we ultimately accept or reject him. Mr. Whistler bids us take our choice, conscript our wills, and decide finally which company we follow : Quick or Dead.

I found *Fear No More*, on the whole, disappointing. It is an anthology of some eighty lyrical pieces written during the last five years by twenty-two anonymous authors. After Mr. Whistler's sensitively rich line the collection strikes one as rather thin. There is a certain monotony of style and diction about many of the poems which suggests the group-mind; or, indeed, even a swiftly outmoded literary fashion so rapid has been the march of catastrophic events! One seeks in vain for the sign-manual of an outstandingly original talent. Nevertheless, there is some very pleasant work in the book, mostly quietist, rural and reflective, which brings with it the solace of unchanging processes and the peace of acceptance. There is a notably good poem, "The Unborn Historian" on the first page. The book is dedicated to the Poet Laureate, who has an excellent word to say; the jacket is embellished with a wholly suitable drawing by an anonymous designer of a hand offering a leaf.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

HORACE WALPOLE, by R. W. Ketton-Cremer. *Duckworth*. 16s.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND, by Basil Willey. *Chatto & Windus*. 15s.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY JOURNAL, 1774-1776. Compiled by John Hampden. *Macmillan*. 16s.

Mr. Ketton-Cremer's book does not claim to be the final authoritative biography of Horace Walpole; in fact this can hardly be written until Mr. Lewis has concluded his Yale edition of Walpole's correspondence. But there is in this book a remarkably skilful portrait of the life and work of a figure whose sympathies and activities were of such diverse natures that even though they failed to impress Macaulay are none the less likely to arouse interest in the general reader. This portrait has been carefully presented by interweaving the plain but documented narrative of the text with quotations from the letters which Walpole was so careful to see preserved for posterity. Their value and charm are now perhaps increased, since there has probably been no period in our history when escape and refreshment have been so much needed by the ordinary man, and it can certainly be found by those who delight in historical reading to be "carried away into an older and more seemly world". This, too, was Walpole's desire, so that he writes to a friend 'I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams'.

Those who, when their day's work is done, find their recreation in such a manner will be glad that Mr. Basil Willey has followed up his work on *The Seventeenth Century Background* with

a volume which continues the story to the end of the eighteenth century. At first the author wondered "whether it was fitting to come forward at this time with studies so remote from actuality", but the reader will agree that the eighteenth century can offer "not merely escape or refreshment but even actual guidance in our present troubles". *The Eighteenth Century Background* is a scholarly book which will not allow of hasty reading; it does not pretend to be an outline of the thought of the century, but leads up to the conception of a divine Nature, epitomized in Wordsworth's poetry. "Nature" has seemed to the author to be the key-word of the century and its importance in religion, ethics, philosophy and politics is claimed to be the central theme of the book. There are twelve separate chapters and their relation to this theme give the book its completeness, so that it would be wrong to describe it as a collection of eighteenth century studies. Yet each chapter will appeal differently to different readers, and although much might be lost in not reading the book as a whole, much would also be gained by the general reader who cares to 'dip into a book of this kind. Particularly "Nature" in Wordsworth", "Joseph Priestley and the Socinian Moonlight", "David Hume" and "Cosmic Toryism" are chapters that might so appeal. This last-mentioned chapter, which forms the third one of the book, cannot fail to interest the progressive thinker of to-day: Soame Jenyns's *Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil*, so castigated by Dr. Johnson, illustrates for us the hopeless optimism which prevailed in certain quarters—a gospel

of 'Whatever is right', which has done harm in all periods and in all places. So we are led in this chapter to see why so "many of the really dynamic men of the century . . . disliked the *status quo* much too intensely to want to explain it favourably". One is tempted to ask whether this cosmic Toryism is bound to "entail irreversible poverty upon generation after generation?" To each there is his own answer, but there is a lesson here. So is the mind stimulated and nourished by this volume, and we can perhaps agree with the author in finding in eighteenth century thought some measure of "guidance in our present troubles".

Very different is *An Eighteenth Century Journal*, which Mr. John Hampden has compiled from contemporary sources for the years 1774, 1775 and 1776: here we are provided with a picture of the period as it may have appeared to a man of some means, education and good breeding who lived a life not without leisure in London in those years. This manner of presenting a few years of history in the making is a charming one and those who like this sort of thing will be glad if Mr. Hampden succeeds in covering, as he hopes, the whole epoch of the War of American Independence in further volumes. Here, if the book brings us little in the way of guidance, there is much delight, and perhaps, with Horace Walpole, "by the aid of some historic vision and local circumstance" we can "romance ourselves into pleasure and know nothing transports us so much".

Certainly each of these three volumes helps towards an understanding of the eighteenth century spirit.

J. F. BURNET.

THE ROOM WITHIN, by Richard Church. *Dent*. 9s.

MARIANA, by Monica Dickens. *Michael Joseph*. 8s. 6d.

The bells of London did not need to ring "Turn again Whittington" to George Stone when he came up from the country to make his fortune. A girl's casual mention of herbs, and an almost accidental deal in senna pods set him on the way to a warehouse on Tower Hill and a flourishing and expanding business. Vigorous, able and lucky, he suffered only one real defeat. He had been as confident in love as in trade, but he lost Phyllis and her charming graces to the rival who was his opposite in every way. Robert Cromwell had grown up in the atmosphere and tradition of government service. He started his career with influence on his side, but his liberal mind and sensitive integrity of spirit carried with them a hidden weakness and diffidence that unfitted him for fighting his way in a world where fighting, even with gloves on, became unexpectedly necessary. The story of the freezing out process by which he was removed from the Ministry of Leisure is one of the best things in the book. That he should not see what was coming until too late and should then be incapable of meeting it except by resignation, and a resort to spiritual comfort is all in keeping, part of a portrait of a kind of man born to be shouldered out of things. His career declined as Stone's rose in a triumphant curve, but he carried off or was carried off by Phyllis, who to my mind makes the book seem unreal whenever she comes into it, she was so much more girlish than any girl could ever be.

I get an impression which may be quite wrong that Mr. Church changed the plan of his novel half way through. Did he mean Stone, so prominent at the start, to fade so much out of the picture? Did he mean Robert to have Phyllis? The line of direction seems to me to shift as the novel goes on. Perhaps because of this, but perhaps, too, because of the pre-war flavour, as difficult to recover as yesterday's mood, the novel is at one remove from the reader. It is a tale told rather than a fragment of organic life lived in the reading. Our present pre-occupations are partly to blame, and make it hard to appraise a sensitive and subtle study of English society, of dinners in Holland Park, musical evenings on a farm in the Chilterns, of the unhurried dignity of mornings in Whitehall, all in a world in which it was still possible to hope for continuity, and to travel in Europe.

A young woman staying alone in a country cottage for a weekend, hears on the wireless that her husband's ship has been sunk. There are some casualties but most of the crew have been saved. There is no telephone, and to get any news Mary must walk five miles in bad weather, go into a strange house, explain, ask leave to telephone. These obstacles are too much for her, she does not go. Instead, conveniently for her author, she recalls the whole of her life. Perhaps the feeling that any flesh and blood woman would have braved the weather and the strange house sets the reader off on the reminiscences with a certain lack of conviction, which for me was never banished. Mary had been a little girl enjoying holidays at her father's old home, she had been a young girl at a

Commem. Ball breaking her heart over her first love affair, she had been an inept pupil at a dramatic school, and a rather more skilful one at a dress designer's in Paris. Finally she had fallen in love and married. It is all competent and probable, but there is neither originality nor distinction in this novel, which never rises above the level of the woman's magazine.

LETTICE COOPER.

STALIN, by Eugene Lyons. *Harrap.* 9s.

According to Mr. Lyons the whole career of Stalin has been governed by a motive of revenge rooted in the nationality of Stalin. So the story can be summed up as one in which Stalin the Georgian, revenges himself and the Georgians upon the Russians, by making himself into a more ruthless and bloodthirsty Czar than any Russian before him. Mr. Lyons is a journalist, and we must allow him some license for his professional technique. Even then the story does not ring wholly true. It would have been a more consistent story had the author not included in his book an account of an interview he had with Stalin in which Mr. Lyons had ample opportunity to probe his subject.

Whether he failed to put the proper questions it is for Mr. Lyons to say, but the picture he gives of Stalin in this interview does not tally with the rest of the book.

Having known Stalin personally over a period of years I would advise Mr. Lyons to keep to the portrait he draws in the interview, rather than to his fuller description derived from other writers. It is not a wise policy to read into Stalin's

mind motives which he thinks Stalin ought to have. The interview is well done and the illustrations are excellent. But the rest of the book is so full of exaggerations that if one half of them were true Russia would be in ruins, her population decimated by disease, and her productive forces completely exhausted.

The author would have made a better job had he understood Stalin's political theories and taken the trouble to check his practice by more reliable evidence than this book contains. It is not enough that for a number of years Mr. Lyons lived in Russia. So did the writer of this review for the best part of seven years and I found plenty to criticize. But I do not recognize Stalin except in the chapter described as a "close-up".

J. T. MURPHY.

BRITISH HILLS AND MOUNTAINS, by J. H. B. Bell, E. F. Bozman and J. Fairfax Blakeborough. *Batsford.* 8s. 6d.

THE GREATER ENGLISH CHURCH, by Harry Batsford and Charles Fry. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

Since we are now debarred from pleasure trips abroad, the firm of Batsford has had the excellent idea to console us with these two books, one for the guidance of those who seek for natural beauty and the other for those who prefer to revel in the glorious works of man. On other occasions I have expressed my amazement, when one remembers the price at which books dealing with the arts are sometimes published, how the "British Heritage Series" with its very numerous and delightful illustrations, can be offered at such moderate rates. The two latest volumes are well up to the standard of

their predecessors, as is the text by the various authors.

Some of those who have hitherto neglected the hills and mountains of Britain on account of the fact that they are less colossal than the Alps or the Himalayas will find that there is a good deal to be said for them and that the local farmer who said that the Pennine climate consists of nine months winter and three months bad weather was no more than displaying his nationality by the humour of understatement. It is true that the Lake District rarely suffers from drought, but the sight of those mountains swathed in rain-clouds can be unforgettably beautiful. When last I happened to cross from above Grasmere to Ullswater it was a very tranquil day, but one can often be more fortunate and witness that lonely tarn at the summit of the pass in the grip of tempestuous gales. Mr. Bozman does full justice to the Lakes; his advice for expert mountaineers and for those who are less ambitious cannot be improved upon. He is so detailed and so lucid that the reader will immediately start to plan his next journey, and if during the war he is prevented from repairing to this part of England he will enjoy himself almost as much by reading what Mr. Bozman and other people have done and by gazing at the pictures here presented. In the section dealing with Wales we are told that it is a good plan to descend Cader Idris by the 'popular Foxes Path', but it seemed to me that, if you have no nails in your boots, you should leave that almost vertical path to the foxes. Dr. Bell is our guide to the mountains and hills of Scotland: 'we wanted', he says, 'a little strenuous exercise, so we chose a more difficult

way up the rocks of Sgurr na Stri', a way more difficult than by the notorious Bad Step, where 'the toes in the lower crack, the fingers in the upper one (for some thirty feet), and a cautious, rhythmic shuffle solves the problem'. There may be some who will prefer to approach Loch Corvisk, that gem of Skye, in less arduous fashion, for instance by boat from Elgol and a clamber over half-a-mile of easy rocks.

Who that has seen Southwell's Chapter House can forget the deliciously mischievous foxes among the vines? This does not chance to be one of the illustrations of our second book, but the net cast by the gifted authors is such that every aspect of our greater churches is described and in the most attractive and allusive manner. For once the blurb does not in the least exaggerate; 'This book', it says, 'will prove an invaluable mine of reference and information for all who love to visit the greater churches'. We are even told of the right of sanctuary with many curious provisions. It appears that sanctuary for debt was allowed in certain places until the reign of William IV and Scotsmen will find it useful to know that, theoretically at least, it persists at Holyroodhouse to this day. Here we are told how the great church was built, how it was used, planned, designed and furnished; and the instruction is conveyed with the lightness say of the 14th century parclose screen in Beverley Minster, with the comprehensiveness of Peterborough's Norman nave and occasionally with the humorous or satiric touches of the scenes carved under the choir-stalls, such as that of the 'Owl at Bay' in Gloucester or the 'Henpecked Husband' in Carlisle Cathedral, whose wife's one

hand grips his beard while the other chastises him with a mallet. There are no capitals, I believe, in our churches such as one finds now and then in Spain, luridly depicting the monks' waywardness, but otherwise, as this book shows, all that is human found its way into our splendid churches.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

YOU AND MUSIC, by Christian Darnton.
Pelican Books. 6d.

NEW PATHS IN MUSIC, by Basil Maine. *Nelson. 2s. 6d.*

These two books, both by well-known writers, are welcome additions to the music-lover's bookshelf.

Mr. Darnton, one of the cleverest and most original of the younger British composers of to-day, writes for those music lovers who are not equipped to read and understand intricate works on the subject. By cutting technical terms down to a minimum he has produced in *You and Music* a very readable book for the layman, and one that will also be of interest to the trained musician.

He discusses the nature of musical thought, the evolution of music in different countries from its earliest stages, and describes the various musical instruments. Up to about the sixteenth century music was always associated with some ritual observance, usually religious. This connection still occasionally survives in these days.

There is in my mind no question but that music does in fact put a kind of Dutch courage into people. Music, more than any other man-made thing, has a potency capable of inspiring frenzy and of soothing distress. Music: anodyne, stimulant, narcotic, enervator. Music for wedding, baptisms and funerals. . .

Music for war marches, peace marches, social demonstrations. Music for propitiation of gods, celebrations of harvests, prayers for deliverance from danger, prayers for atonement of sins.

All of these social manifestations, these group activities, still play an important although decreasing part in the life of the community. Celebration and Ritual are the primary functions of Music.

With the development of the madrigal and early forms of chamber music in the sixteenth century, music began to be listened to for its own sake. It became a desirable social accomplishment to be able to sing or play and musical gatherings among friends gained increasing popularity. This led to a realization of the entertainment value of music, and soon masques, operas and orchestral music began to appear. It was not, however, until about 1672 that the first public concert was given.

Coming to the present day, the author deplores the modern habit of 'glorifying' the artist for his own sake, which has produced a mental laziness in so many listeners. To hear Signor X singing a number of old favourites to an ecstatic audience requires less mental concentration than listening to a new and unfamiliar work.

This little book bears the imprint of a vigorous and original mind, with many touches of caustic wit. There are several musical examples, a comprehensive list of gramophone records suggested for study, and an historical chart. An excellent sixpennyworth.

Mr. Basil Maine's *New Paths in Music*, in Nelson's Discussion Books series, is largely designed to provide, by opening up various avenues of thought, material for study and discussion. To help the reader he has adopted in places the

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dialogue style of many early instruction books on music. He discusses various modern tendencies in music, and speculates on its probable future trend. A good deal of space is devoted to modern British composers, which the reader will not find in Mr. Darnton's book.

There is an interesting chapter on America in which the author enlarges on several points which must have puzzled many music lovers who have so far failed to come to grips with the music of that country. It is a curious fact that, in a country as active musically as America is to-day, no creative artist of really outstanding ability has yet appeared. Even if a composer of genius did arise in America it is doubtful if the critics and the

musical public would be sufficiently educated musically to recognize him at his true value.

ELIZABETH VOSS.

CONGRATULATE THE DEVIL, by Andrew Marvell. *Gollancz.*

Mr. Marvell should consider the plot of his story more seriously before he begins to write. On this occasion he might have written two tales, one about murder and the other a variation on the theme of Alladin's Lamp or Alf's Button. His idea of a village under the influence of a powerful drug, transmitted personally by a friendly little fellow, had infinite possibilities but its relationship with the rest of the story was grotesque and quite unwarrantable.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

OCTOBER, 1940

THE FIVE DAYS OF HOLLAND

BY JONKHEER F. BEELAERTS VAN BLOKLAND

Vice President of the Council of State, late Foreign Minister.

HOLLAND has a tale to tell. It is not a pretty tale. But it is high time it were told. So much has happened since the vast Juggernaut of German aggression first crushed Holland under its wheels that the tragedy of Holland, than which few more dramatic episodes have ever been enacted in history, already seems no more than a mere prelude to the far greater tragedy that has befallen the whole of Western civilization. Already the five days of Holland are lost among the overwhelming events of the bewildering weeks that were to follow. Holland, so it might be said, is old news, stale stuff, for Holland has been dead these many moons. Do not believe it for one instant. Holland may have lost its life but its spirit is as alive as it was during those endless years of war against the Spanish XVIth century tyrant. That spirit, bred of centuries of liberty and independence, can no more be squashed by the sudden violence of mechanized murder than by the slow torture of oppression. That spirit will live as long as Orange lives, as long as there are Dutchmen alive to fight for their country and Dynasty, as long as there is a voice left to tell the tale of Holland.

Thursday, May 9 was a glorious day. A cloudless blue sky stood over the green fields and the busy cities of Holland. In the early morning hundreds of thousands of Dutch men and women had cycled through the clean, sunny streets on their way to their offices. Perhaps they had talked about the war a little. But not for long. It was not their war.

Quietly, happily the day passed, a day like any other except for the unusually warm and brilliant sunshine. In Rotterdam tugs scurried across the river, some because they had nothing else to do and yet were too full of life to lie still on this invigorating day, others to pick up one of the proud steamers

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that still carried the Dutch flag across the seven oceans, regardless of risk and intent only on keeping up that peaceful trade without which small, densely populated Holland cannot live. In Amsterdam, brokers and commission agents crowded together in their usual meeting places to conduct their loud and gesticulating business as best they could under the severe difficulties of the time. From every wide open window on the canals and the narrow, crowded streets of Holland's cities came the merry sound of busy typewriters. A peaceful country was at work, butcherboys tearing around the streets on their bicycles, peasants slowly, ponderously milking their cows in the flat, green meadows, or sowing the seeds of crops to come in the freshly ploughed fields where the larks twittered high up in the blue sky, scholars bent over manuscripts in their quiet studies or speaking to their student audiences in the ancient halls of the universities. Only the Hague, with its large populace of retired, well to do people taking their morning coffee on the sunny café-terraces, had its usual and deceptive appearance of pleasant, dignified idleness.

Deceptive indeed. For behind the sunbaked facades of the government offices there was neither idleness nor pleasantry on this last day of peace but only a feverish activity and an ever deepening sense of gloom as the secret reports received from the intelligence service made it more and more evident that, with every passing hour, what had long been feared was to come true at last.

The evening came and the people of Holland, their day's work done, cycled back home again, perhaps even more confident about the future than they had been that morning, talking of the delicious mildness of the slowly falling night, which terrace to choose for a cup of coffee or a glass of beer after dinner, whether to enjoy the evening at home on the balcony or to go and sit out on the town square, listening to the ancient chimes of a provincial town hall or old church. Had not the evening papers been perfectly normal, empty of any alarming news? No reason, then, for worry or for fear. Holland, beloved Holland remained an island of peace. It could not happen. It could not really ever happen. It was inconceivable. That must have been one of the last thoughts of thousands of Dutchmen as they fell asleep in the starlit night of Thursday the 9th.

A few hours later it did happen. In the still of the night village after village, town after town was woken up by the

heavy throbbing drone of countless squadrons of aeroplanes passing overhead. What could it mean? Curtains were drawn aside, sleepy tousled heads peered out of windows. Perhaps a few jokes were exchanged between neighbours: whosoever they were, up there among the stars, they certainly were making a proper hash of Dutch neutrality. For this time it was not the one or two planes that on several previous occasions had been violating Dutch neutrality, but a whole Armada. And yet to many wondering heads the thought did not occur that this heavy drone that filled the sky could portend anything more than another and especially massive violation of neutrality such as had already taken place often before on a smaller scale. The illusion was not to last long. Within a few minutes after the Germans had begun to shoot and blast their way into the country with which only yesterday they pretended to live in peace, lacking a single grievance, the alarm was sounded all over the sleeping land. Despatch riders roared out into the night, telephone bells started ringing madly in a thousand defence posts and in a hundred thousand private homes and long before another glorious day had dawned, every village and town knew that the inconceivable had happened, that after more than a century of peace Holland was at war. Holland's hour that was to last five days had come.

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When shortly after 3 a.m. on that Friday morning the roar of the German air armada began to fill the sky, there was a small group of men in the Hague to whom the threatening drone came not as a shock of horrorstruck surprise but perhaps even as a sort of relief. At last their long vigil was over. No more waiting for the minutes to tick away, no more struggling against a last desperate hope which they knew to be unfounded and which yet would not let itself be subdued. As long ago as Monday of the same week they had already received information suggesting that the German machine of aggression had been set into motion, this time irrevocably. In all silence they had taken their final measures to put the country in a state of full preparedness. As far as possible the public was kept in ignorance of these preparations and the disquieting information which had given rise to them. What was the use of creating a general state of alarm? The German newspapers would only seize on reports of Dutch preparations as a sign

of a "provocative attitude". Silent preparedness was the only possible course to take. Then, about 9 o'clock on that Thursday evening when everything had been prepared to the last detail to meet the threatening attack, there came another telephone call from Berlin: be ready, the attack is timed for early next morning. For a moment the tension of waiting was relieved by the necessity of action. Telephone, give the order to blow up strategic bridges and frontier roads, complete the final preparations. Then resume your waiting, waiting, waiting

But these few men, ministers and generals sitting together in a quiet room, waiting, talking and conferring while all around them the Hague slept its peaceful sleep, were not the only ones to keep vigil through this endless Thursday night. All over Holland there were shadowy figures in green uniforms standing guard on the dykes, sitting in small pill-boxes behind the rivers, lying behind earth work fortifications near the frontier, all intently peering into the darkness of the East.

A little later, about midnight, the silence of these waiting thousands was broken by a series of sharp explosions at a number of important bridges. In the space of a few minutes, one after another, the great iron structures, most of them rebuilt along the most modern lines within the last ten years, cracked in the middle with a shattering roar and plunged into the dark, swiftly flowing water underneath. Voices called to one another through the darkness as the demolition parties finished their sad work till once again tense silence fell over the sleeping land.

Where did the first shot fall that shattered this silent night and ushered in the five days of roaring violence that were to end only in the re-establishment of another and ten times more fearful silence? Impossible to say. Once begun, the pace of the battle was too fast and furious, the fog of war too thick to allow more than the general outline to become visible. The first news which the small group of men sitting in the foreign minister's study received, was that bombs had begun to fall on the aerodrome of Rotterdam shortly after 3 a.m. After that reports began to come in from all parts of the country in an ever growing stream. And always they told the same story: German aeroplanes were signalled over all the important aerodromes. Almost simultaneously the news was received that advance elements of the German army had begun to cross the frontier from its Northernmost tip on the North sea to the

Southernmost point near Maastricht where it joins the Belgian frontier.

So far so good. A simultaneous air and land attack of this kind had long been prepared for. For Holland's neutrality was an armed neutrality. Holland was ready and determined to defend itself not only in the East but, if need be, in the West as well. The Dutch army was at its post, firmly entrenched behind the successive water defences. The coastal defence posts in the West and the North were fully manned. Navy and airforce had stood by for several days, ready to go into action at a moment's notice. On all but those aerodromes which had to serve the Dutch fighter squadrons, drainage pipes, old automobiles and obstacles of all kinds had been placed so as to render them useless as landing grounds for enemy planes. Even the wide autostradas which had been built right across the country in the last few years and which had given Holland one of the best and most modern networks of roads in the world had been blocked against enemy landings in this way. Tanktraps were in position at all important points and at this very hour of 3 a.m., when the tramp of marching troops, the drone of the aeroplanes high up in the dark sky, and the dull bangs of bombs exploding around the aerodromes woke all Holland to the still incredulous realization that it was war at last, hundreds of bridges were already going up in the air completing the demolition begun some hours earlier and hundreds of sluices let in the old enemy, now in this hour of trial become Holland's most reliable ally: the black gurgling water silently rising in the chain of empty fields of the carefully planned inundation zones.

Sadly, but not without confidence, therefore, the ministers at about half past four on Friday morning assembled in the house of their leader. The terrifying darkness, out of which that first unseen roar of the German squadrons had come, had given way to a fresh and radiant dawn. Never did the spacious, pleasant dignity of the Hague's clean streets and still almost deserted squares seem more solidly permanent and peaceful than on this cool and brilliant morning, so full of the promise of the summer warmth to come. So incongruous was the thought of war even at this moment that the sharp bursts of anti-aircraft fire and the threatening drone of the German bombers circling in the blue sky overhead, sometimes roaring down in steep earshattering dives, occasionally as if by accident dropping a few bombs on the inoffensive town,

seemed almost in the nature of a bad and morbid jest. But the men who had come together in the Prime Minister's house had no time to wonder at this gruesome incongruity. They had work to do: a royal proclamation to draft, a thousand decisions to take, bombs or no bombs. Thus, they sat and worked while in one city after another the waiting sirens rent the cool morning air, while less than 20 miles away a rain of bombs and fire was thundering down on the buildings and hangars of Rotterdam aerodrome, while on one of the busiest squares of Amsterdam just outside the station a flaming enemy plane crashed among a crowd of gaping spectators, while in the dewy meadows along the Eastern rivers the machine guns manned by the desperate men in green were pouring out their stuttering fire at the invading tanks, while one of the attacker's armoured trains was being blown sky high together with the bridge which it was trying to cross, while in a hundred thousand homes and in a hundred thousand cellars families only just roused from peaceful sleep, sat miserably huddled together in blankeyed astonishment that all these incredible terrifying things could really be happening, in their yesterday still so happy land.

It was about six o'clock when at last the long-expected telephone message came that the German Ambassador requested an audience with the Foreign Minister. Shortly afterwards, in the Minister's room in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the two men met. Over what passed at this short and tragic meeting I prefer to draw the veil of silence. There is to me no joy nor pride in the humiliation of a man who is forced to act against his conscience, even when that man is an enemy. Let us leave it to the bearers of the "new culture", the apostles of the "new heroic morality" to gloat over the discomfiture of their adversaries. Rather I would now tell of what had been happening a little earlier in Berlin. For that indeed is a pretty tale.

At 3.50 Dutch time, that is to say, almost an hour after the German troops and aeroplanes had launched their wanton assault, the Dutch Minister in Berlin was visited by a German official who requested him immediately to go and see Herr von Ribbentrop at the German Foreign Office.

As soon as the Dutch Minister was received by Herr von Ribbentrop, about 40 minutes later, he was given what must be considered one of the most extraordinary documents that has ever come out of a Foreign Office. It consisted of a

memorandum from the German Government accompanied by two "communications" (Berichte), one signed by the German High Command, one by Ministers Himmler and Frick. Each of the three documents, which together total no less than 58 pages would be worth a separate article, for they afford an example, not only of brazen mendacity and incredible hypocrisy, but also of the German technique of lying and the German ideas of evidence which would make a fascinating and highly profitable study for the student of Nazi methods. But this digression, interesting as it is, must be kept within limits, so only a few of the highlights of the episode will be indicated here.

What did these 58 pages of typescript try to prove? That Germany had the right "to secure Holland's neutrality by all means" because Holland "had entirely and onesidedly favoured Germany's opponents and assisted them in their plans", because "it is perfectly clear from the irrefutable facts that Holland had from the outbreak of war secretly and notwithstanding official declarations to the contrary ranged itself on the side of the Allies", because "in the light of the established facts Holland's apparent and officially declared policy of neutrality can only be considered as an attempt to conceal and disguise the real purpose of Dutch policy". (all this, incidentally, goes for Belgium too: throughout large parts of the memorandum the two guilty nations are mentioned in one breath: why bother to waste paper, and ingenuity in drawing up two separate trumped-up charge sheets?) because "there is irrefutable proof that the Anglo-French attack on Germany through Holland and Belgium is imminent and because the Reich Government can no longer doubt that Holland and Belgium are determined not only to tolerate the imminent Anglo-French attack, but even to assist it in every way", because "in this war forced upon the German people by England and France the Reich Government refuses to wait passively for the attack of England and France and allow them to carry the war via Dutch and Belgium territory into German soil".

In this collection of quotations you have a perfect example of the applied technique of propagating untruths so eloquently expounded in *Mein Kampf*: repeat a lie often enough, make sure it is a big lie, and in the end you will get people to believe it. It is interesting also to note that the framers of the document feel the need to stress again and again the

"irrefutable" character of their evidence, facts and proofs. The memorandum uses the words prove and proof 6 times, and not once without adding the word "strong" or "irrefutable" or "documentary".

Now consider the "evidence" on which all these charges are based. It is impossible to mention more than a small fraction of it, for its framers have ranged wide and far in their search for arguments and have characteristically included in their indictment the smallest trifles (such as the alleged refusal of some Dutch pilots to pilot German ships "presumably ordered to do so by their Government") as well as the most sweeping and baseless accusations ("under the pressure of England, Holland has adopted an economic policy which is entirely hostile to Germany"; "The measures of the Dutch High Command have been taken in the closest agreement and after previous understanding with the Anglo-French General Staff.") Some idea of the value of this German evidence may be obtained from the following example:

A still stronger proof of the true attitude of the Dutch (so the document runs) is that their mobilized troops were directed entirely and exclusively towards Germany. This redistribution of the Dutch troops with front against Germany was undertaken at a time when their neutrality seemed ever more threatened by the massing of aggressive Anglo-French troops on the Franco-Belgian frontier and when Germany had not concentrated any troops on the Dutch and Belgian frontiers. Through these sudden measures, violating every military principle, the Dutch and Belgian High Command have revealed their true attitude. Their action becomes comprehensible, however, when one knows that these measures were taken in the closest consultation with the Anglo-French High Command.

So now one knows. Because the Dutch authorities took reasonable precautions to protect their neutrality against the danger of an attack from the East by the power which on November 11, 1939, had only called off the attack at the very last minute, which ever since had maintained large troop concentrations on Holland's frontier and which had already attacked Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark and Norway, it follows that they were conspiring with England and France for an attack on innocent peaceful Germany.

There is much more of the like in this incredible document. But enough has already been said to show up its farcical character. Farcical is indeed the only word for it. For it is utterly impossible to wax indignant about the accusations of unneutrality directed against a country which at the cost of its natural preferences as a civilized democratic nation has

made every sacrifice to maintain a strict impartiality in word and action; which had put severe penalties on newspaper comment hostile to either one of the belligerents; which had so long and so firmly refused any idea of military understandings or staff talks that the Allies never even took the trouble to ask for such talks; which protested against every violation of its neutral rights so consistently and forcefully that the Allies, far from regarding Holland as one of their "advance posts" often complained bitterly of what they considered Holland's excessively legalistic conception of its rights and duties as a neutral; which, finally, is so situated between its two warring neighbours that it could not for one moment even dream of being anything but strictly neutral without volunteering to become the battlefield of Europe.—Holland not sufficiently neutral, Holland guilty of siding and conspiring with the Allies? Never was there a feebler, drearier jest.

But there is worse to come, worse even than the tedious transparent lies, the heavy ponderous hypocrisy of the document. At the end of the memorandum, after 10 pages of indignant accusations based on irrefutable proofs, the courage of this inventive mendacity suddenly deserts the author. And instead there comes that weak, shrinking refusal of responsibility, that pitiful whine that we have heard so often from Berlin: We did not want this—*Wir haben dies nicht gewollt*.

The German troops do not come as enemies of the Dutch people, for the German government has not wanted this development nor been the cause of it. The responsibility falls on England and France, who have prepared the attack against Germany on Dutch and Belgian soil to the last detail, and on the Dutch and Belgian governments who have tolerated and favoured this attack.

But why, then, if all these charges of conspiring with the Allies for Germany's downfall are really based on irrefutable proof, if Holland has really been guilty of hostile intent and behaviour towards Germany, why then this sudden and surprising assurance that the German troops do not come as the enemies which they would have every reason to be, were the charges levelled against Holland really true?

"We do not come as enemies", they said. But that, at least, was not for them to decide. That was for the Dutch to decide and decide they did, without one moment's hesitation or flinching, with one sudden outburst of just and furious rage.

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Meanwhile back in Holland the war which the German Government had not wanted, had developed with lightning

speed. For this was indeed a lightning war if ever there was one. By the time the thrifty and industrious people of Holland would normally have been at work, less than 6 hours after the first explosions of the German bombs shattered the peace that had endured for more than a century, it had already become clear to the High Command and to the group of Ministers sitting at the Hague that their calculations were being upset by an entirely new factor and the employment of entirely new methods which they had not seriously reckoned with: invasion through the air. At the time it was not yet possible to see exactly what was happening and what it was leading to. All that could be gathered from the steady stream of reports coming in from all over the country, was that parachutists in their hundreds were being dropped in a great many places far behind the Dutch lines, while at the same time German transport planes were landing fully equipped troops, not by the hundred but by the thousand. The carefully planned scheme and the grave threat of this invasion from the air became clear only at a later stage. On that hectic Friday morning it could still seem as if the only object of these men falling from the skies was to create confusion behind the lines and no more than that. Confusion they certainly did create. Almost immediately after the stunned population of Western Holland had learned that German troops had crossed the frontier 200 miles away to the East, the enemy was among them. Peasants working in the tulip fields just behind the dunes along the West coast, thinking the war still distant, suddenly found themselves surrounded by small groups of desperate, heavily armed men. Dropping down in carefully selected meadows where at this early hour only a few lazy cows stood peacefully grazing, they immediately assembled in small formations, made contact with other groups through prearranged birdcalls and set out to occupy strategic points in the neighbourhood, commandeering cars at pistol point, shooting wildly in all directions whenever they met with resistance, causing bewilderment, terror and confusion wherever they appeared. And always more would come floating down out of the blue sky, always others who had come down unseen would surge up in the most unexpected places. Thus within a few hours the core of the country, enclosed by the ring of water which until yesterday had been thought a guarantee against invasion, was riddled with small enemy detachments, bands of ruthless armed men popping up from nowhere, roving across the fields and along the country

roads, entrenching themselves in houses and behind natural obstacles and filling the air with their rifle shots and the sharp bursts of fire from their sawn-off shotguns.

Meanwhile the true purpose of the first parachutist invasion had become apparent. Apart from trying to sow confusion and terror among the civilian population behind the lines, the first object was obviously to close in on the Hague, the centre of the Royal, civil and military authority. So much was clear from the semi-circle of positions which they had established around the Hague immediately after landing. The conclusion was later confirmed by plans and instructions found on a captured German officer, from which it appeared that the parachutists had orders to take the Hague and capture the Royal Family and the Government within 24 hours, that is, before 3 p.m. on the Friday afternoon. So confident were the Germans of being able to carry out these instructions that they had even brought the horse along on which the General in command of the airborne troops, General von Sponeck, was to parade through the Hague that very night. Truly, the German military mind forgets nothing except perhaps the valour of his enemy. For that night General Von Sponeck lay dead like hundreds of his men and the capital which was to be his by 3 p.m. remained in the hands of the Dutch till the day that fighting had to cease.

That this German scheme was frustrated was due to the decision to throw the whole of the army corps, which was meant as a reserve for the main body of the army in the East, into the task of cleaning up the airborne troops that had come down in the West. Thus the guerilla war started, that was to continue day and night in a hundred places, suddenly flaming up now here, now there, in the dunes, in sleepy villages, between the startled cows in the meadows, on bridges, in the garden suburbs around the Hague, even in the very centre of the great towns. Everywhere during these hectic days volleys of rifle and machine gun fire were ringing out as the weary Dutch detachments, ceaselessly hunting their quarry, again and again trapped the roving bands till at last the commander in charge of these tireless hunters could report that the situation around the Hague was being mastered.

But that was not to be until much later, perhaps Saturday night or Sunday morning, and meanwhile perturbing news had come from the South East. Isolated detachments of German parachutists and German infantry landed by transport

planes had straddled the three rivers that completed the ring of water in the South. Who of us then realized the full gravity of the news, who of us grasped that already on this Friday morning the tragedy was moving towards its inevitable end? And yet now, looking back and seeing the German plan of invasion from the air in its entirety it seems so clear that even then Holland's doom was being sealed.

To explain how it all came about let us go back again to that dark hour on Friday morning when at 3 a.m. the sudden heavy bombardment of Rotterdam aerodrome set the night sky ablaze with roaring flame. The bombs began to fall, not, as it quickly turned out, directly on the aerodrome itself, but on the hangars and on the barracks around the aerodrome where the military guards were stationed. The reason for this selection of objectives was obvious enough. The invaders wished to destroy the ground defences while leaving the flying field itself intact so as to be able to land their troops on it. Thanks to the overwhelming superiority of numbers and the initial advantage always possessed by the attacker they succeeded in both objects. Before the sun had risen most of the Dutch ground defences were a heap of smoking ruins and wave after wave of German transport planes began to land their troops on the aerodrome. Well over 10,000 men, a whole division complete with equipment which even included light artillery, were landed in this way, only a mile away from the vitally important bridges across the Southern and Northern arms of the river Meuse.

Naturally, the enemy had not been able to achieve this surprise without suffering heavy losses. Again and again Dutch fighter squadrons took off to throw themselves at the clouds of German transport planes with a reckless daring proved by the fact that in a short time over 150 German planes had been destroyed and close on 90% of the Dutch air force had been used up in the process. But always with an almost inhuman passivity new swarms of German planes would come out of the East till no Dutch fighters were left to attack them and the Germans had a free hand to start a regular shuttle service to and fro between Rotterdam aerodrome and their own aerodromes only a short distance away across the German frontier. Thus, already in the course of Friday the German troops were able to advance the short distance from the aerodrome to the lower arm of the river, to seize the bridge across it, and to establish themselves on the bridge across the Northern arm of

the river as well. And there they remained, holding the two bridges against all attacks so as to keep open the passage for the armoured division which was to appear three days later and whose thrust across the southern rampart of the Dutch water defences right into the heart of the country finally made further resistance impossible.

Still, even the loss of these two bridges through the surprise attack of airborne troops in great numbers, need not have been fatal to the Dutch scheme of defence, had it not been for something else which was happening at the same time at two other points further South. The main ring of water, so it seemed, had not yet been pierced. Descending from the air a large but isolated enemy detachment had merely succeeded in straddling one of the inner rings. The masses of the enemy army were still outside and would yet have to break through the outer ring further South before they would be able to pour through the passage which the airborne troops had prepared for him in the inner ring. Provided the outer line of water further towards the South could be held, the isolated enemy elements within the ring could probably be dealt with. All was not lost yet.

Alas, almost simultaneously with the report that the enemy had secured the bridges in Rotterdam, information was received that by some incredible mischance the bridge across the outer ring of water in the South had also fallen into his hands. This indeed was serious. What exactly happened will perhaps never be explained. Dead men tell no tales. But the broad outlines of this tragic episode which has proved to be the beginning of the end, are clear enough.

It was between three and four in the morning. From the East the first glimmer of light was creeping up into the starlit sky. In the semi-darkness the graceful outlines of the two bridges that span the broad stream with more than ten curving arches were dimly visible. One was a railway bridge and the other, perhaps half a mile up the river had been built only a few years ago to serve the motor traffic between the Northern and Southern parts of the country. At the Southern bridge-heads two companies of soldiers kept watch in the pillboxes built on either side. Within reach of their hand was the button to send the work of Holland's best engineers plunging to destruction at a moment's notice. But that moment had not yet arrived. The only link between the fortress of Holland and the South, whence alone French help could come in time

of need, might not be destroyed except as a last resort. For the time being, therefore, there was nothing to do but wait and watch.

The scene that followed can only be partially reconstructed from the known facts. Out of the darkness a few figures came quietly walking along the road, advancing towards the bridge-head. Perhaps the sentry on guard challenged them, perhaps he had already recognized them from their distinctive Dutch uniform as state troopers before they came within hailing distance. At any rate, he allowed them to advance. The next moment all was uproar. At close range the Germans disguised in Dutch uniforms hurled dozens of hand grenades at the sentries and their comrades. Caught off their guard the party of Dutch soldiers controlling the most crucially important bridge of all Holland was wiped out and before the news had reached the nearest defence post from which reinforcements could come, the German attackers supported by hundreds of parachutists that were now coming down on all sides, cut the cables to the dynamite charges and entrenched themselves at both ends of the bridge.

At about the same time something similar had happened 10 miles further north where the road leading from the South into the fortress of Holland again crosses a river. There, too, hundreds of parachutists came down out of the sky and overpowered the Dutch detachment standing guard over the bridge. There, too, they were quickly reinforced, this time not only by further landings of parachutists but also by regiments of the regular infantry and light artillery, which during all this time were landing in the Rotterdam aerodrome and which immediately marched off to the South to make contact with the parachutists entrenched on the Dordrecht and Moerdijk bridges. Thus, with these unprecedented methods, violating every idea of military honour and every law of war, the overwhelmingly powerful Third Reich waged war on its small neighbour. Thus it succeeded in what no military expert could have foreseen: the capture of the four bridges across the successive lines of water in the South, the opening of a passage right into the heart of the fortress of Holland.

It was with the depressing knowledge that this extremely dangerous hole had been pierced through Holland's ring of water that the Cabinet late that evening surveyed the events of the day and the prospects for the morrow in the cellar of the Ministry of Economic Affairs. As the days went on and

one air raid alarm followed another, this cellar was to become their permanent council chamber. There, deep down under the ground, a number of them was always present to deal with the stream of incoming reports, there occasionally they would snatch a few hours' sleep or eat a hurried meal. For while the battle had raged all day in the East, while airborne troops and parachutists in disguise had established themselves at strategic points within the ring of water, nightfall had brought yet another danger which now made even the streets of the Hague itself unsafe to venture in. The fifth column was at work. How much exactly it has contributed to Holland's downfall may never be known. For fifth column and parachutists were inextricably intermingled. When suddenly a burst of rifle fire would come from a window or when bullets whistled down from an innocent looking housetop, it was impossible to say whether the hand that fired the gun was that of a German parachutist who at pistol point had forced entry into the house against the will of its owner or that of a Dutch Nazi or German resident. All one can say with certainty is that many parachutists, on several of whom addresses were found of German residents or Dutch Nazis, managed to entrench themselves in private houses, some no doubt with the complicity of the Dutch or German house-owner. So it was that already on this first night of war the empty streets of the Hague and many other cities equally far from the real frontline, resounded with intermittent rifle and machine gun fire. Danger lurked everywhere, bullets whizzed through the darkened streets and across the deserted squares where only 24 hours ago the quiet orderly populace had been taking the mild evening air in a blaze of peaceful lights.

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Saturday came with another glorious blue sky and blazing sun. Much that only yesterday seemed so incredible and strange had now already become ordinary and lost much of its terrifying, bewildering newness. The shooting in the streets, the flaming aeroplanes hurtling through the sky, the constant wailing of the sirens, the ballooning parachutes floating down from the blue heavens, the hunt of the roving enemy bands, all that which the day before had still been a nightmare had now become part of daily life. Meanwhile, beyond the ring of water the battle was raging in all its fury. Everywhere the men in green were putting up a desperate resistance against the overwhelmingly powerful enemy. Nor were their heavy

sacrifices in vain. For their task was not to hold the enemy in the indefensible provinces of the East but to retard his advance while they themselves fell back behind the concentric rings of water in the Centre and the West. This they did, suffering heavy losses but inflicting as many if not more on the enemy. In short, except for disappointments at two points, operations proceeded according to plan. But the two points were dangerous: the German troops which had quickly marched through the indefensible provinces of the North East had smashed their way through the fortified bridgehead at the Eastern end of the dam which leads across the one time Zuyderzee to the Province of North Holland and thus on to the heart of the country; at the same time in the South a German armoured division of the type which a few weeks later was to smash its way through the French Army, having profited by the gap between the Southern end of the Dutch defence lines and the Northern tip of the Belgian line, was proceeding towards the Southern side of the ring of water and thus on to the four fateful bridges. The fortress of Holland within the ring of water was threatened from two sides.

Already, on Saturday, therefore, the situation showed signs of becoming desperate. Steadily with tumultuous clanking of steel and iron, the enemy column of some five hundred armoured vehicles, tanks, heavy cars, motorized units of all kinds, rattled along towards the Moerdijk bridge, where ever since the dawn of Friday a German parachutist detachment had held open the passage to the interior. At the same time another column was advancing along the Zuyderzee dam. Halfway along the dam in the North the enemy column met the desperate resistance of the fort of Kornweerderzand. The great locks in the dyke had already been blown up. But technical difficulties did not stop the invader whose engineers had planned the aggression in such minute detail that they even carry whole bridges along with them, every part made to measure, ready to be fitted into place the moment the retreating troops have done their work of demolition. Only fire could stop this attack, and fire was met at the fortress of Kornweerderzand. There under the vast sky of a Dutch seascape, on the green dam which stretches across more than 20 miles of blue water, with the swerving gulls above crying their raucous exultation, the enemy was held.

But while the thrust through the North is held, elsewhere the danger is increasing hourly. Still the heavy column

rattled on towards the Moerdijk bridge. Once having smashed through the defences in the East there was little to stem its progress along the flat, straight roads of this practically indefensible part of the country. Even the French troops that have rushed up through Belgium were not powerful or numerous enough to stop the onslaught of the rolling fortresses.

Could the German detachments be dislodged from the bridges further North in Dordrecht and in Rotterdam? Desperate efforts were made. Dordrecht was stormed by Dutch troops and retaken at the cost of thousands of lives, only to be lost again. Artillery was brought up right into the centre of Rotterdam to blast the enemy out of his position on the other side of the river. A destroyer steamed up the narrow winding river and went into action in the middle of the city shelling the Southern river bank at point blank range until after thirty-one attacks the German dive bombers, roaring down on the stationary ship, at last sent it to the bottom of the stream. At night Royal Air Force bombers came over from England to drop their loads on the Rotterdam aerodrome where German reinforcements are still being landed in wave after wave of transport planes. Everything was tried. Sometimes the defending forces scored successes. The men in the cellar twenty miles away received the report that the aerodrome had been retaken. Then, almost the next minute, it seemed to be lost again. The reports of the wild fighting in and around Rotterdam become ever more confused and bewildering. But when at last, late that Saturday night, the fog of war lifted a little, it became clear that in spite of all the sacrifices and all the desperate fighting the four bridges were still open to the faraway rattling column which now with every minute came nearer and nearer to the fateful gap.

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Was it on Sunday or Monday that the men in the Hague after a long conference with the Commander-in-Chief finally had to recognize that the situation was rapidly becoming hopeless? Looking back it seems almost impossible to say. In those few wild and desperate days Holland lived a century and all sense of time was lost. One day was like another and merged imperceptibly into the next. Always the same brilliant sun and glorious blue sky. Always the same stunning impact of stupendous happenings and the same wild alternation

of hope and despair. Events moved too fast, time was left behind. Only the ever deepening sense of doom marked the passage of the hours.

Sunday or Monday? No matter. Perhaps some of us felt the doom settling on our country earlier than others. But when Monday morning dawned, again with that brilliant sunshine that seemed so mockingly gay, so cruelly indifferent to the agony of our unhappy people, there was not one among the ministers who did not realize that the end was near. For a moment there could still be a new flicker of hope. The heroic men of Kornweerdzand had checked the enemy advance along the Zuyderzee dyke. At the same time thousands of young Dutchmen had that night given their lives in a successful counter-attack on the Eastern side of the fortress of Holland. The breach which the enemy had made there in the course of Sunday had been closed. The Grebbe line still held. But soon reports began to come in that the enemy with his inexhaustible resources in man power and material had resumed the attack, this time with low flying aeroplanes and tanks, against which the Dutch troops, now that the whole of the air force had gone down fighting, could no longer hold out. In the East only the last rampart of water remained.

And yet even then, the position need not have been hopeless. The retreating forces had fallen back behind the last rampart in good order. By far the largest part of the country might be in the hands of the enemy but the fortress of Holland, the region including all the big cities, the nerve centre of the Dutch empire, was still enclosed by a wide stretch of flooded land in the East and a number of wide rivers in the South. Within this region most of the trouble making parachutists and fifth columnists were rapidly being mopped up. The situation was serious but by no means unforeseen. On the contrary, the Dutch strategists had always reckoned with the probability that the country outside of the fortress of Holland would have to be written off and that only the region within the ring of water could be held. The end might still have been far off, therefore, had it not been for those four bridges down in the South East, had it not been for the clanking rumble of that

THE COMING ECONOMIC CRISIS:

PLAN OR CHAOS

BY HUGH QUIGLEY

THE position of this country after the first twelve months of war requires some reassessment, particularly in economic matters. It was confidently assumed at the outbreak of war that sufficient time would be granted to this country to mobilize its economic and military resources and present a solid defensive front to Germany: the theory of the overwhelming strength of the defence was so firmly ingrained in our strategists that it was believed that all we had to do was to consolidate our position, sort out the sections of the national activity which should be devoted exclusively to war, without any special concentration of effort and leave the remainder to the prosecution of normal peacetime activity. The strength of the blockade was calculated to deprive Germany of so many essential economic resources, while our own were intact, that the process of attrition would bring the war to a conclusion without heavy casualties. We would strengthen our competitive position, particularly in exports, and eliminate Germany from overseas markets.

The adoption of this policy, if it had been successful in practice, would have permitted a fair degree of inefficiency and waste without any serious consequences for the military effort of Great Britain and for the strain which the conclusion of peace and the necessity for economic reconstruction would have imposed on our organizing capacity as a nation. The problems were difficult, but they were not impossible of solution because we had, on the whole, a sufficient margin in actual resources to make good the majority of the blunders of our administrators. We could neglect the scientific planning of our industrial effort and still maintain a fairly large proportion of individual enterprise without being in any serious danger of collapse. The war was not seen as a mobilization of all effort, irrespective of what it was, in order to ensure the preservation of the State at war. Now that Hitler's victories

have shown the necessity for such a mobilization, there is a real danger that the State at peace may be sacrificed to the demands of the State at war and future recovery seriously compromised.

Instead of Germany being blockaded and deprived of resources necessary for the successful prosecution of the war as one expected, it is Great Britain which is threatened with blockade, and the paucity of resources directly and easily available is becoming more and more apparent. Our administrators were, and are still not alive to the real implications of the combined strategy of Mussolini and Hitler. The obvious policy for Hitler was to consolidate his position in Europe, partly by conquest, partly by intrigue and partly by political arrangement with Russia. With Europe under his control and a friendly Russia, his supplies of munitions necessary for war, with the possible exception of oil, were definitely ensured, and to that extent the British blockade had become useless. The British blockade now only operates to prevent German shipments overseas, but it is not necessary for the Nazi régime to develop any export trade at all, provided it has control over raw materials and food necessary for the maintenance of its population and its army in the field. That Hitler secured by the conquest of Europe.

The second phase in the blockade of Great Britain, which is only now beginning, is the neutralization or destruction of resources available to this country. In other words, the invasion and conquest of Africa. The obstacles confronting an easy conquest of our African colonies and dominions are less, comparatively, than Hitler found even in Europe. The surrender of British Somaliland, the inexplicable tenderness to Italy in Africa and Italy, the inability to organize active rebellion in Abyssinia, the obvious refusal to secure control in Syria and Tunis are all indications that the economic consequences of political incapacity are not even partially understood. The second phase in the Germano-Italian programme of destruction of our resources, owing to our failure, is already far advanced.

The third phase, namely the economic disintegration of Great Britain itself by direct action of the enemy is now being undertaken on the large scale. The air attacks on Great Britain have been designed hitherto, not to paralyse our centres of industrial production, but to immobilize within the island so great an army that no striking force in any number will be released for the defence and reconquest of Africa.

I am not concerned at the moment with the second phase of the campaign, namely the occupation of Africa, which can be neutralized almost immediately by appropriate action on the part of the Government, or with the enemy attack on production in Great Britain. The greatest danger of all comes from the action or inaction of the British Government itself.

The economic policy pursued by the Government, as far as it is possible to decipher anything at all from published speeches and statements, is devoted to one thing only, to secure as large a production of munitions of war, including aircraft and ships, as possible. No other matter is even being superficially considered. The assumption is still made that the worst effects of the blockade, as carried out by Germany and Italy, are now over, and that we shall be able to live comfortably on our own resources, supplemented by imports from the United States.

It is as well to be clear about a few things right at the beginning. The French example has shown that the volume of war effort is of no importance beside its direction and its control. There is no point in manufacturing an immense quantity of munitions of war that cannot conceivably be used under modern conditions, and war production in this country may be directed not to products of most immediate and direct use but to products which may appeal to the reactionary military mind as essential, but can only be regarded as museum pieces by the tactician who is entirely aware of the implications of modern warfare.

Again, the defence of this country does not require the immobilization of over three million men to the neglect of outlying and vital sections of the British Empire. This island requires only a fraction of that number for its effective defence, but if British military policy, either spontaneously evolved or forced on it by Hitler or Mussolini, is to conduct important battles in Africa or elsewhere and transport large expeditionary forces with all their equipment, then a different range and volume of equipment are required in order to make such campaigns successful. Few mistakes can be made in increasing production of aircraft, aircraft carriers or merchant shipping, but terrible mistakes can be incurred in the provision of military equipment. The Dunkirk incident showed this quite clearly. While, therefore, the Government may simplify the issue by concentrating the entire national effort on war production, it may at the same time be concentrating on the

wrong kind of production. There is certainly no indication of a central planning organization which is aware of this danger and is directing our resources to that end. There is no intelligent higher control over the diversified efforts of the Ministries of Supply, Labour and Aircraft Production and the Navy. All four are engaged in fighting for priorities and appealing to the public to support their particular phase of the war effort, irrespective of any other phase, and it appears to be no man's business to remove duplication, to avoid unnecessary effort and waste of economic, financial and human resources. The Ministry of Labour may be training hundreds of thousands of skilled men to produce munitions, it may be attracting from civilian employment a large army of skilled workers, but by doing so it may, in effect, be weakening the total war effort of the country. The single policy of concentrating on war production, without reference to civilian needs or economic requirements, both in peace and war, is precisely the policy which may lead to the defeat of this country.

What are the weaknesses in the present situation for which no policy of co-ordination or control exists? Despite the soothing affirmations of the Government, the general economic position of this country after a year of war has not improved: it has quite definitely become weaker, and the tragic thing is that a considerable part, if not all, of this deterioration could have been avoided by intelligent planning and appropriate national action. The effective realization and application of such national resources as we possess, financial, human and material, has not been carried out.

The position in the only two important natural resources, namely coal and the products of the soil, is chaotic in the extreme. The confusion and waste in the production and marketing of coal is barely exceeded by the grotesque inefficiency and chaos in the disposal of our agricultural produce. In this year of intense blockade, the country has had the great advantage of really large crops of market garden produce, fruit, potatoes and cereals, but the Government frankly does not know what to do with those crops. It has, through the Ministry of Food, made an incredible series of blunders. From the provision of extra sugar weeks too late to be used for the plum crop to the ineffable advice given by Mr. Robert Boothby to cut down consumption of fresh fruit, the display of incapacity becomes ever more impressive. The Ministry of Agriculture tries to equate overproduction in the world's

cereals to the necessities of a beleaguered population, shuffles agricultural prices to such a degree that the farmers have been effectively discouraged and agricultural output must decline. At the same time, large sections of the population and the army are deprived of those very agricultural products which cannot be distributed and sold by the farming community.

Again, the same form of restriction has put our building trades out of commission, and the Government has even abandoned the notion of housing the army in cantonments in favour of billeting on the civilian population. In the three industries using their natural resources, namely mining, agriculture and building, the position, despite theoretical Government control and assistance, has deteriorated considerably since September, 1939.

If we examine now the state of the civilian population itself, we find that a large area of the country, represented not only by the twenty mile defensive strip round the coast, but also by centres of population which are particularly exposed to enemy attack, has been condemned to a state of stagnation. Its part in the national consumption of industrial products, commodities and foodstuffs has been forcibly decreased. Real estate values have declined, the rateable yield of properties has disappeared, the cost of local administration and local government, even on the limited scale imposed by war conditions in those protected areas, is now beyond the capacity of the remaining civilian population to deal with it. Again, enrolment in the army of the greater part of our younger population on a strict age basis has removed from the civilian sector a large proportion of its creative and executive capacity, with the result that the machinery of the State, outside the army, is less efficient and certainly less productive than it was a year ago.

In a totalitarian state, those difficulties would be solved by drafting the entire population into the army, taking over control of the entire industrial and economic production of the country, with the adoption of rationing of every commodity, the Government being responsible for production and distribution at every stage from agriculture onwards. A policy based on action of this kind would be logical war policy, but it would only work if the country in question could support itself, feed itself and supply from its own resources the material it requires for the conduct of the war and for the maintenance of industrial production, and could insulate itself financially

from the rest of the world. That combination of circumstances, however, is impossible in Great Britain, so that the solution of the problem in this country is not to make a slavish imitation of the German practice. Such an imitation might remove some difficulties; it would not touch the main problems. The consequence is that we require a degree of planning and executive ability in this country, in order to overcome our very serious disadvantages, beyond anything that has been shown by any member or any department of the present Government—beyond even that shown in Germany.

To what extent can the war effort be sustained indefinitely by the civilian population? We know that, in the last war, the total number of workers employed directly and indirectly on munitions and allied activities was in the vicinity of five million, and at its most the army accounted for well over three million, leaving about three million available to meet the requirements of the state other than munitions. Even so, we reached the position in the last war towards the middle of 1918 when we had practically no additional man power available for the army, after having combed out the surplus from the industrial establishments.

In the last war, however, our effective and potential resources were very much greater than they are in this war, the definition of resources being not so much productive capacity in metals, minerals and agricultural products outside Great Britain, as the reserves available for taxation in the income and production of the country as a whole, combined with the free assets available for the financing of imports, mainly from the United States. The taxation possibilities of the country were not fully developed, or only very partially developed, our foreign securities were only partly mobilized, and the entrance of America into the war meant the conservation of our assets in the United States. The national debt, even at the end of the war, was less than £8,000,000,000, or rather less than half the total national wealth. Even so, the conclusion of the war left this country in the position where it was in effect unable to finance recovery to any serious degree, and it remained unable to finance it during the whole of the post-war period.

In 1940, on the other hand, we have come close to the limits of taxation. The additional State income available from income tax has been reduced to a comparatively small sum. If income tax was raised to 10s. in the £ and supertax were to operate from incomes of £1,000 or £1,500 onwards, it is doubt-

ful whether the yield would produce sufficient to keep the war going for three weeks. The margin of national earnings available for investment in the national loans has been reduced to vanishing point as the result of the collapse in interest rates. The income from investment has now been reduced so low that there is no surplus available from investment and the stage has been reached in quite considerable sectors of the population where capital itself is being realized in an attempt to maintain the previous standard of living. The total volume of industrial production during this war is showing every indication of being rather less than in 1938 or 1939, and, in effect, less as a percentage of peace-time production than it was in 1914-18.

One may, in a short time, reach the following position:—

National Income	-	-	-	£8,000,000,000
National Production (industrial)	-	-	-	5,000,000,000
National Budget	-	-	-	4,000,000,000
National Production for War Purposes	-	-	-	3,400,000,000
National Wealth	-	-	-	24,000,000,000
National Debt	-	-	-	16,000,000,000
National Realizable Assets (in U.S.A.)	-	-	-	1,500,000,000
Already Pledged by Purchasing Commission	-	-	-	1,500,000,000

The significance of this position, when it will have been reached, can be understood from the figures. They are admittedly very approximate, and the estimate of the assets available in the U.S.A. may be rather on the low side, while the deliveries from the U.S.A. bear no sort of relationship to the value of the orders placed by the Purchasing Commission, so that deliveries represented by those assets tend to spread over a long period which may, in effect, be longer than the war. Nevertheless, if those assets are pledged by the Purchasing Commission, they are not available for use in any other direction.

If the national debt approximates to the national wealth and our foreign assets are already pledged, if our national production leaves only a margin of about one third for the civilian population, while the national budget covers anything up to 70% of the national income, how is it possible either to finance the war effort indefinitely or, what is more important put aside sufficient reserve for the reconstruction of the country when peace is declared? How is it possible to increase taxation without affecting the section of national production devoted entirely to state requirements? Such taxation must inevitably cause inflation, distort prices and increase costs, eliminate income from excess profits duty, cause widespread

poverty and destruction of production values. The present chaos in agricultural prices is a reflection of the excessive cost of munitions and war production generally. Admittedly, the capacity of the country to borrow money is unlimited, in the sense that it is impossible to put a well organized state into bankruptcy, but such financing can only be carried out by the creation of paper assets which have no foundation in real assets.

In its final evolution the war may have no armies at all and the struggle may take place purely on the economic front. If that is the case, the capacity of any country to maintain a war will not depend on its power to raise large armies and maintain them in the field, but on its power to reduce to a minimum its direct commitments in the field in favour of concentration of resources and administrative capacity on an economic war based on the productive strength of the country. In other words, the belligerents will use their fighting services, not to destroy each other, but to paralyse their civilian production so greatly that the business of maintaining the population will become extremely difficult, if not impossible.

The administration of our national life involves the solution of a series of very critical problems. One may assume that the business of organization for existing war production is already being carried out efficiently; that the machinery necessary for the preservation of the civilian population and the satisfaction of its basic requirements is functioning without friction and without loss; that the actual financing of expenditure is being carried out by the Treasury and by the various Government departments concerned without any impairment of the national credit; that the volume of our foreign trade has not been notably reduced as a result of the European blockade and that some income is still available from our shipping services and from our investments overseas that is not pledged by the Purchasing Commission in the United States.

Evidence does not go to prove that there is any real basis for those assumptions, but there is no reason why the national effort should not be organized to make those assumptions true. What cannot be carried out by the existing machinery of the State and cannot be resolved by a mere manipulation of our resources and the application of traditional methods and traditional formulæ, is the economic reconstruction of the country and the arrest of economic deterioration which is already spreading over a considerable proportion of national life not under the immediate control of the war machine.

This difficulty is not confined to Great Britain—it covers the Dominions as well. The Dominions have pledged their resources in some cases to an even greater degree than Great Britain, and they are dependent on this country in peace as in war for their existence. Their industrial and financial strength is even as fully engaged. This observation applies particularly to Canada, Australia and New Zealand; it does not apply to South Africa, but will in a short time when the Italian advance towards South Africa will have developed in strength, and the assets of the Irish Free State and India are not heavily engaged, but those two countries should be considered in this conflict as outside the British Empire altogether.

What provision is being made to ensure that some margin in taxation and in financial resources is being rendered available for the reconstruction of the country? What control is being exerted over the use of our man power to ensure that the transition to peace will not be accompanied by widespread unemployment incapable of amelioration owing to the lack of a nucleus of skilled men in civilian occupations and the absence of productive machinery sufficient to absorb man power rendered available by early demobilization? What plans are in existence to ensure the conversion of factories engaged in war production to the most elementary forms of civilian industrial and commercial demand?

It is useless to assume that financial values and income derived from financial operations will do anything but play an infinitesimal part in the rebuilding of post-war Great Britain. The surplus created by 150 years of capitalistic enterprise, both in this country and overseas, will have been completely dissipated by the combination of the two wars. We must, through the available machinery, form a national plan which will, through the careful and exact application of our industrial power, and the natural resources within our control, ensure the maintenance of a reasonable standard of living for the population. If we do not work out the essentials of such a policy now, there is nothing in front of us but the collapse of the machinery of the State, the incidence of widespread unemployment, the chaos of mis-directed and dangerous revolution and the repetition to a more painful degree of the experiences of Russia between 1917 and 1939 when the country was emerging from a state of collapse and social disintegration. The attitude of the Government still remains that their business at present is to concentrate on war production and put

those other questions aside, ignorant of the fact that if the war production and application of our national resources to such production is not subjected to the most careful administration, it may create a situation so dangerous that any possibility of post-war reconstruction is ruled out.

As a nation we are working on very narrow margins indeed, a fact which does not appear to have dawned on our administrators, who still assume that the surpluses which were available at the beginning of the last war to make good deficiencies in organizing capacity are available in even greater degree in this war. The conclusions made by economists have to some extent been responsible for this attitude. Comparisons have been made of material resources of the whole British Empire with the material resources of the enemy in order to show the vast superiority of the former, but such a comparison has no significance if the assets cannot be realized, and when realized are not such as to satisfy all the requirements of a State at war and a State at peace.

The question is insistent—is it possible for us, without any reference to what is or is not available to the enemy, to ensure that our own resources and our own organizing capacity are such as to make good the losses and the deterioration caused by the war? The methods and proposals of the present Government, particularly on the financial side, show no appreciation of the danger inherent in the situation, and vague promises of planning for reconstruction purposes, of extensive control of our industrial and financial effort, in the sense that some surplus will be available for post-war reconstructive effort, show that the Government is unwilling to face up to the consequences of its own indecision.

This war is not so much a struggle between two empires as the beginning of a new world order. It is our obligation, even during the period of hostilities, to lay the foundations of such an order, having regard not to the requirements of one year or even five years, but to the future which must be measured in units of time greater than even decades. While it may be possible to withstand and even neutralize the attacks made in a military sense, the war will be lost if this country is reduced to the same state of exhaustion as Germany at its conclusion. Our civilization will be lost if we have so exhausted our resources that we are unable to replan our national life and utilize to the full our man power.

THE PROBLEMS OF FOOD RELIEF

BY PROFESSOR A. L. GOODHART

THE supply of food to enemy-occupied territories raises problems which are well illustrated by events during the last war. It has been too readily assumed that no difficulties were encountered then and that such relief was given as a matter of course. We have failed to remember that owing to the recalcitrant position assumed by the German and Austrian Governments no help was allowed to reach the starving millions in Poland and Serbia, and that even in Belgium and northern France things did not run as smoothly as we are now inclined to believe.

The story of the abortive attempts to relieve Poland is particularly illuminating. The facts can be found in Command Papers 24 and 32 presented to Parliament in July and September, 1916, in which the correspondence respecting Polish relief is set out.

The negotiations began in the spring of 1915 when the American Ambassador in London enquired on behalf of the Rockefeller Foundation whether the Allies were prepared to allow foodstuffs to be imported into Poland, parts of which were then threatened with starvation. The Allies assented to the proposal provided that the United States Government should officially assume responsibility for the proper carrying out of the work. Before further steps could be taken the sinking of the *Lusitania* occurred, and as a result of the protests then made by the United States Government, the officials at Berlin informed the Rockefeller Foundation that they could admit no relief into Poland under American control. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Germans argued that the destruction of the *Lusitania* was a justifiable act of reprisal against Great Britain for "her inhuman attempt to starve the civil population of Germany by means of an unlawful blockade".

During the summer of 1915 the situation in Poland became steadily worse as Germany and its ally Austria systematically drained the country of its food supplies both by wholesale requisitions of foodstuffs for their armies and by setting up

"Import Companies" which removed large stocks, especially into Austria. On December 22, 1915, Mr. Herbert Hoover of the Commission for Relief in Belgium sent a letter to Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in which he stated that the German authorities had assured him that although a minimum ration could be provided in Poland, there was such a shortage of fats that there was a critical danger of incipient famine diseases. The German authorities, he said, were prepared to guarantee that any imported food would be used exclusively for the civil population, and that they would permit the distribution to be carried out by the Belgium Relief Commission. On February 5, 1916, Sir Edward Grey replied to Mr. Hoover that no scheme of relief could be accepted "until the German and Austrian Governments have prohibited the export of all foodstuffs from Russian Poland, and have guaranteed that native stocks of foodstuffs shall not be drawn upon to maintain the occupying armies".

No specific reply to this was ever received from Berlin, but on February 21, 1916, the American Ambassador in London presented a draft proposal in which the German Government seemed, at first sight, to agree to most of the conditions required by the Allies. Why then did the negotiations break down?

The crucial point was that the German and Austrian Governments refused to deal with Poland as an undivided whole. In effect they were asking that those parts of Poland which were largely industrialized should be fed by the relief organizations, while those parts which were entirely agricultural should deliver all their surplus produce to the Central Empires. They attempted to justify this on the ground that in the division of Poland the industrial part had been assigned to Germany, and was effectively separated from the remainder which was in Austrian hands. They ignored the fact that before the war the Polish cities had been fed by the natural agricultural hinterland, and that there would be little need for relief if this commerce were allowed to continue.

On May 10, 1916, Viscount Grey (as he had then become) wrote to the American Ambassador a memorandum in which he repeated that Poland must be dealt with as a unit, that the Germany Army and constabulary in the occupied territories should not use native supplies, and that the Central Empires should care for the populations of Serbia, Albania and Montenegro which were being reduced to a state of starvation by the removal of their native foodstuffs.

On June 1, 1916, a telegram was received from the American Ambassador in Berlin stating that the German Government could only contract as to Polish territory in its own control, but that it would use its good offices with Austria concerning Serbian relief. On June 15, Viscount Grey repeated for the third time the Allies' demand that the Central Empires must deal with Poland as a whole before any further step could be taken. No reply to this note was made by the German Government, but instead it began a violent propaganda campaign in which it accused France and England of starving Poland.

The final steps in this dreary story were taken when on July 8, 1916, the United States Government officially appealed to all the belligerents to arrange for the relief of Poland. To this appeal Viscount Grey replied on July 26 that the Allied Governments were prepared to relieve all occupied territories indefinitely, provided that the enemy would reserve all produce of the soil of such territories for the inhabitants, and they asked the President of the United States to nominate neutrals to undertake the work of relief. This offer, which is printed as an appendix at the end of this article, was categorically refused by the German Government on July 29, and the negotiations were brought to an end on the ground that relief work was now too late. The German note ended with the characteristic statement, that, owing to the efforts of the Imperial Government, "relief action after October 1, 1916, can apparently be dispensed with".

The history of these futile negotiations was summed up by Viscount Grey in the following words:

In my opinion the negotiations have thus reached the conclusion which the German Government intended that they should reach. There has never been any intention on the part of the enemy to fulfil the obligations resting upon them under the rules of war, as recognized by all civilized countries, towards the inhabitants of the territories occupied by their armies, and their purpose in the whole negotiations was only to confuse issues and throw the greatest possible amount of odium upon the Allies. The whole discussion, so far as the German and Austrian Governments are concerned, has been only one move in a deep policy of exciting public opinion against the legitimate use of sea power by those who are fighting for the principle of nationality, and, so long as the Central Empires hold any territory belonging to the Allies, they will continue to use the civilians in a thousand towns and villages in France and Belgium, not as non-combatants to be protected, but as hostages and as forced labourers.

How throughout the rest of the war Germany exploited the unfortunate Polish people and in what a ravaged state she

left that country at the time of the armistice in 1918 need not be described here.

Unlike the unsuccessful Polish negotiations, the attempts to relieve Belgium and northern France achieved a striking success. Their history is centred in that of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, the chairman of which was Mr. Herbert Hoover. His work has been admirably described by Dr. Vernon Kellogg, director in Belgium until 1917, in his book *Herbert Hoover* (1920).

Shortly after the war began in 1914 the food situation in Belgium became desperate. Unlike Poland, Belgium is a highly industrialized nation, and at that time she had only limited stocks of food, large parts of which were seized by the invading German army. There never was any real hope that the Germans themselves would do anything to aid the Belgians, for, as Dr. Kellogg has said, "the Germans would do nothing to help them. Indeed, everything the Germans did was to make matters worse". After various negotiations between the belligerent governments it was agreed in October, 1914, that the Commission for Relief in Belgium should be allowed to import food into that country, with suitable guarantees that this should be reserved for the civilian population. One of the major problems was the financial one as the Germans refused to allow any Belgian money to leave the country for the purchase of food. As a result Belgian relief cost the Allies and the United States over £200,000,000 during the course of the war. The money came from government subventions about equally divided between England and France. Later when the United States came into the war, that country made all the advances. A separate sum of over £10,000,000 for purely charitable purposes was raised by private subscriptions. Concerning this, Dr. Kellogg stated: "Of the money and goods for benevolence that came from outside sources more than one-third came from England and the British Dominions—New Zealand gave more money per capita for Belgian relief than any other country—while the rest came chiefly from the United States, a small fraction coming from other countries." The Germans seemed to have had some difficulty in realizing that this help was really altruistic. "But the Germans", said Dr. Kellogg, "never really understood us. One day as Hoover was finishing a conversation with the head of the German Pass-Zentral in Brussels, the German officer said: 'Well, now tell me, Herr

Hoover, as man to man, what do you get out of all this? You are not doing all this for nothing, surely'."

The Germans, on the other hand, instead of helping the work of the Commission, tried in every way to obtain unfair advantages. Although Holland was anxious to help its starving neighbour, the Germans kept out food from this source with a ring of bayonets and an electrified wire fence. "Germany looked on Holland," said Dr. Kellogg, "as a store-house of food which might some time, in some way, despite Allied pressure on the Dutch Government, become available to Germany. Although the French children were suffering terribly, and ceasing all growth and development for lack of the tissue-building foods, the Germans preferred not to let us help them with the Dutch food but to cling to their long chance of sometime getting it for themselves." More patently dishonest was the attempt made by the Germans in 1915 to seize for themselves part of the Belgian and French harvests. In 1916 they suddenly seized the Belgian canal-boat fleet in which the relief food was brought from Rotterdam, demanding that the Relief Commission should deposit a large sum of money as a guarantee for each boat. This attempted blackmail was only defeated after strenuous negotiations on the part of Mr. Hoover.* In 1917 the German submarines sank a number of relief ships. On this point Professor James W. Garner, a leading American authority on International Law has written (*International Law and the World War*, vol. I. p. 330) as follows:

It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the German war upon Belgian relief ships was wanton and indiscriminate, and that it was based on the assumption that every neutral vessel sunk and every cargo of food stuffs destroyed reduced in that proportion the available world's supply, and would, in the end, inure to the military advantage of Germany.

It afforded undisputed proof, if further proof were needed, that the German Government could not be trusted to keep its promises or observe its engagements with other governments, and that with it the sacred principles of humanity must, in the language of the German war manual and German text writers, yield to 'whatever contributes to the attainments of the object of the war'.

In that same year the Germans, in their Somme retreat, evacuated part of the territory in northern France which they

*Two of the German representatives with whom Mr. Hoover had to deal were Baron von der Lancken and Dr. Rieth. After the Armistice they sent Mr. Hoover a telegram asking him to help Germany. He sent the following reply: "Mr. Hoover's personal compliments and request to go to Hell. If Mr. Hoover has to deal with Germany for the Allies it will at least not be with such a precious pair of scoundrels." (Kellogg, p. 161).

had occupied since 1914. The French Government, protesting against the wanton destruction of the trees and crops, said, "The inhabitants, relatively few in number, who have not been removed have been left with a minimum of rations while the enemy seized stocks supplied by the neutral revictualling commission which were destined for the civil population". (See Fanchille: *L'Evacuation des Territoires Occupés par l'Allemagne dans le Nord de la France*). Finally as the blockade of Germany became more effective, the policy of requisitions in the occupied territories was pushed to the extreme limit. "By the spring of 1918", says Professor Garner (Vol. II, p. 120), "it appears to have degenerated into a system of indiscriminate pillage. Factories were dismantled, growing crops in the fields were requisitioned, and nearly all the livestock in the occupied regions was carried off, . . .". Thus when the Germans felt that the situation had become desperate they ignored the guarantees they had given against seizing native food.

It is hardly surprising to find that Dr. Kellogg sums up the feelings of the American relief workers in these words: "But it was a hard struggle to maintain the correctly neutral behaviour which we were under obligation to do. And when the end of this strain came, which was when America entered the War, and the inside Americans had to go out, they all, almost to a man, rushed to the trenches to make their protest, with gun in hand, against German Kultur as it had been exemplified under their eyes in Belgium."

It is unnecessary to add here to the list of German violations except to mention one most important point. When the Belgium Relief Commission began its work in 1914 the German Government still seemed to recognize that under the rules of International Law it owed certain duties to the inhabitants of the occupied territories. It was only two years later that the Germans adopted their policy of mass deportations and enforced labour. It was then that the German minister of war, von Stein, said: "To-day it is not armies alone who face each other, but peoples. One cannot leave among his enemies labourers to carry on agriculture and make munitions of war. We have not deported young girls alone, but all the population capable of working" (Garner, Vol. I, p. 319). When the Allies had originally undertaken that food relief should be sent to Belgium, one of the strongest arguments that had induced them to take this course was that otherwise the inhabitants would be forced by hunger to work for the Germans (Kellogg,

p. 155). Unfortunately things did not turn out as they had planned, because towards the end of the war the Germans had found other means of forcing the people, who were being fed by the Relief Commission, to do war work for them.

This story of food relief during the last war has not been told here for the purpose of stirring up prejudice against the Germans—there are enough present grounds for this without going back to earlier ones—but to illustrate their methods and to show how they regard their duties to the inhabitants of the occupied territories. It is interesting that the Germans, who have never been noted for the originality of their thoughts, are in 1940 repeating exactly the same arguments which they adopted in 1914-18 although they were then conclusively repudiated by the Governments of France, England and the United States. In the same way they are taking food from those countries which have a surplus, but are refusing to give any supplies to those, such as Poland and Belgium, which may shortly be on the brink of starvation owing to the ravages of the German armies. They have even divided France into two parts, as they did with Poland in 1915, and are refusing to let the one part send food to the other, although no danger of food shortage could arise if France were dealt with as a unit. The Germans also are repeating the brutal doctrine that they owe no duty to the people of the occupied territories who, according to von Clausewitz's traditional policy, may be exploited in a thorough and ruthless manner for the benefit of the invader. Finally, the whole question has been so befogged by German lies—a weaker word would not do justice to the energy of their propaganda—that many people are left uncertain as to what the facts really are. It was of a similar difficulty that Viscount Grey spoke in 1916 when he said:

This was only one instance of the difficulty which the Allied Governments have always had to face in dealing with these relief questions, viz., that in spite of the statements of American philanthropists, and in spite of the appeals apparently made to them by German and Austrian officials, depicting the certainty of starvation in the absence of imported supplies, the enemy Governments have, nevertheless, constantly published official statements in their press, minimizing the necessity for relief, boasting of the measures that they had taken to deal with the food problem, and speaking with contemptuous tolerance of the activities of American relief societies.

One true fact, however, emerges clearly from the present German statements which cannot be repeated too frequently—there need be no food shortage in the occupied territories if Germany will distribute it on a fair and equal basis. To what

extent she will do this will depend not on any humanitarian motives or on any sense of duty, but solely on calculation of self-interest. But of one thing we can be certain,—as in the last war, so to-day she will attempt to escape all responsibility for her own acts of aggression by raising the facile and misleading cry that her enemies are starving women and children, women and children who would now be living in peace and happiness if it were not for the Nazi terror.

* * * * *

Appendix

The final Allied proposal made on July 26, 1916, reads as follows, (Cmd. 24, p. 2):

If the German and Austro-Hungarian Governments will reserve wholly to the civil populations of the territories which their armies have occupied—viz., Belgium, Northern France, Poland, Serbia, Montenegro, and Albania—the entire produce of the soil, all livestock, and all stocks of food, fodder, or fertilizers in those territories; if they will admit to those territories neutrals selected by the President of the United States, with full powers to control the distribution of food to the whole population and to transfer, when necessary and possible, from one territory to another surplus stocks existing in the one and lacking in the other; and if the President of the United States will undertake the selection of these neutral agents, His Majesty's Government will, on their part, give them every assistance in their power, and will admit into such territories any imported food supplies necessary to supplement native stocks and to afford to the populations a fair subsistence ration, so long as they are satisfied that their enemies are scrupulously observing their part of the agreement.

WILL WE EVER LEARN? *

By R. R. STOKES, M.P.

“THE same old men who ruined the world for my father have now ruined it for me. They must not be allowed to lose the next peace.”

So wrote a young conscript in my constituency on the day he was called up for military service. Surely a big responsibility rests on us to see to it that the millions who die or are maimed for life in this war do not suffer in vain as did the millions of my contemporaries in the 1914-18 war; for having won the war their elders lost the peace and it is tragic irony that for the most part those same elders, who know little or nothing from personal experience about the horrors the soldier faces, have blundered us into another and worse Armageddon.

When this war is over those who have fought it must see with those who fought in 1914-18 that the proper kind of reconstruction is put in hand forthwith. We are greatly to blame that the tremendous feeling of co-operation and identity of purpose that existed on the battlefield was thrown away forgotten. It has come to the fore again amongst workers and soldiers alike in a most inspiring way and when hostilities have ceased it must be preserved and harnessed to the chariot of reconstruction for the common good.

What kind of world do we want? Do we want the world in general and Europe in particular carved up into small states each vying with one another for points of advantage and by this very competition making the peoples of the world the slaves of their rulers instead of the rulers being the servants of the people? Do we intend to allow a return to the state of things wherein the people of one country are persuaded that all the evils they suffer are the fault of the people of another, so ensuring that the workers of the world will never unite but instead fight one another? Do we propose to return to the

*Much of the argument in this article has already been used by Mr. Stokes in his contribution to *After the War*—a symposium of Peace Aims under the general editorship of William Teeling. *Sidgwick and Jackson*. 12s. 6d.

mock democracy we have experienced hitherto—a democracy which was really the right to be free to starve and do without? Do we realize that when the war started there were nearly two million able-bodied unemployed in Great Britain and nearly ten million in the U.S.A.? That owing to this competition for work wages were forced down to the lowest possible level so that even the millions in employment were in receipt of but a fraction of what they really could receive under a just economic system? Do we appreciate that in Russia, in Italy and in Germany to-day—even in this country, and the United States—some men play the tune to which all men must dance? Democracy as we have known it has been a failure simply because certain fundamental principles have been skilfully ignored by the ruling classes—and their ability so to ignore them has been due to the ignorance of the masses.

We want a new democracy where none may want and all may have the full product of their labour—with liberty and justice to all; where men shall cease to spend their lives in a dire and unfair struggle for existence, whilst the fortunate few heap up things they cannot take away with them when their tenancy of this earth runs out. We want a new society of the peoples of the earth wherein all may be free and enjoy economic security if they have but the will and opportunity. In short we want the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God. How are we to attain it?

It must be apparent that the problem confronting the business man is almost identical with that which confronts the working man. The business man or factory owner spends his life in a struggle to keep his works full and men employed: he can only do this provided the demand from the communities of the world (i.e. the workers the world over) keep up. That demand can only keep up provided the workers of the world are allowed to use their effort to meet their own needs and dispose of the surplus they produce in exchange for goods which they themselves need but do not produce. None of the workers is satisfied with what he has got; millions of them are unemployed and living on the margin of subsistence—all want more—whilst the factory owner struggles along striving to grab orders away from his competitors. The labourer suffers economic insecurity and the employer wears himself out in most cases earning a miserably small return on the effort expended. Why should it be so? Is there no better way? How much longer must we endure the nonsensical boom-slump

system? No one man is capable of meeting all his own desires by his own effort and it therefore follows that the greater the number of people the larger this out of balance figure of goods desired should become. With the obstacles removed from production, exchange and finance there should never be a slump.

I visualize a state of things wherein the demand for goods is permanently on the increase, thereby keeping factories full, unemployment exchanges empty, no unskilled men because there will be an inexhaustible demand for skilled labour and for that very reason wages will rise to their proper level and in fact all will be free securely to maintain practice in their chosen art. It is the unemployed man at the factory gate who keeps wages down—not the employer who under this unjust system is as helpless to put things right as the unemployed man himself. Imagine a state of society with more jobs than people—the worker could then have choice of jobs and would himself be master of the terms offered him within the limits of a just system. With factories full the employer would have no need to spend the colossal sums now necessary in the exertion of selling effort and sales staff. Freed from the bugbear of insecurity of employment everyone would have time to give thought to the higher things of life—what a contrast with what everyone who works has hitherto had to endure!

* * * * *

What are we fighting to attain in the present war? It is vitally important that there should be a clear definition between what we are fighting *against* and what we are fighting *for*. So far Government spokesmen have done nothing more than reiterate *ad nauseam* that we are fighting to end aggression but not one of them has stated positive aims. We *are* fighting against aggression—we all know that. But consider what we are fighting to attain—and unless this is properly understood when the war ends there will be just the same disillusion and disappointment as there was after the 1914-18 war. Are we fighting to leave the workers where hitherto they have always been, struggling for existence on a low wage, insecure in their employment and only receiving an unfair proportion of what they produce? We should fight to change all that and to bring in a new era of economic security and prosperity for all with no enforced unemployment.

Just what is it that stands in the way? There are two main obstacles and two main channels down which the wealth

produced is now drained away—the moneylenders and the landowners. The strangling power of both must be limited before economic security is possible; the present power which the moneylender has of privately controlling the issue of money (currency) and that of the landlord of appropriating rent must be abolished.

At the Mansion House on January 9, 1940, Mr. Chamberlain at the beginning of his speech stated that the Empire was united as never before to do battle for “the cause of liberty and justice for all mankind”. A high-sounding phrase but did he or his party mean it? Do they really mean that we are fighting this war in order that all men may have justice secured to them in the only form that matters, namely economic security? Or do they merely mean that the rulers of each nation, including our own, may thereafter be free to go their own way provided they do not interfere with the rulers of any other nation? If this latter is all that they mean—fighting just to perpetuate the boom-slump system, the moneylenders* robbery, the landlords’ monopoly, and to maintain the slums of Glasgow and London, while the fourteen million workers struggling for a miserable pittance are never sure of work, and millions more limp along on the dole in a state of utter wretchedness and semi-starvation—then it is just not good enough. What we want to hear from Mr. Churchill is that our rulers have renounced their belief that poverty and war are inevitable, and that they will here and now guarantee that in so far as in them lies, our own social system shall be so reconstructed by freeing the resources of nature and ending the currency scandal, that to the limit of the physical capacity of the country to produce all men shall enjoy the full result of their effort, free from the artificial restrictions imposed by dog-in-the-manger landlords and usurious and greedy moneylenders.

Is there a country with more idle acres than England? I have travelled far and wide—at one time not less than 30,000 miles a year—and whilst I think our country the best and most beautiful I can remember no other nation that allows its natural resources to be left in idleness as we do. Travel where you like in Europe and every inch capable of being cultivated is turned to good purpose. But Mr. Chamberlain told us at Kettering

*By “moneylenders” I mean the system whereby the banks *create money out of nothing* for the purpose of financing the needs of the State and demand from the community repayment and interest for this privileged “service”! I am not referring to those people whose *genuine savings* are lent to the State or invested in industrial concerns.

in 1938 that we must not grow more food for ourselves as that would interfere with the flow of manufactured goods to other countries in exchange for the food they now send us, the value of which is, in fact, far in excess of the manufactured goods exported so as to enable interest to be paid by the importing countries to the moneylenders for their overseas investments—no doubt to the advantage of the moneylender but to the disadvantage of the home agriculturist and the people of these isles as a whole. Is the feeding of our own people from our own supplies resulting from the proper use of our own home resources more or less important than paying interest to moneylenders? The question answers itself.

Why is a country that exports more than it imports considered to have a favourable trade balance, whereas if it imports more than it exports the balance is called unfavourable? Surely this is madness. If you send more produced wealth out of your country than you take back in goods from other countries, you must be poorer, if words have any meaning, and richer if you take more goods in than you send out.

When the 1914-18 war started the National Debt was under £650,000,000. By the end of that war it was nearly £7,000,000,000, and it is now over £8,000,000,000, seven-eighths of which is internal. Spending as we are to-day at the rate of £60,000,000 a week that debt will grow by over £3,000,000,000 a year—against which the total savings of the people do not exceed £500,000,000 a year. If the war goes on for three years the debt will be say £15,000,000,000. The service on our present debt is £250,000,000. It naturally depends on the rate of interest charged, but it would seem that £450,000,000 a year is what we shall have to pay to the moneylenders when the war is over unless we can finance this war on debt-free and interest-free money! For what?

When a private individual wants to borrow money to finance some enterprise he naturally expects to have to pay some premium in the form of interest to the person from whom he borrows. He is in fact borrowing the other man’s credit and rightly pays for that accommodation and willingly does so. But when the Chancellor of the Exchequer requires to borrow vast sums for the Nation’s needs what does he in effect do? He goes to the Central Bank (The Bank of England—a privately owned and controlled institution the names of whose shareholders are not published and the whole of whose activities are shrouded in mystery) and asks for it. Mr. Montagu

Norman very naturally enquires, "Mr. Chancellor, what is your credit?" To which the Chancellor in effect replies, "The whole of Great Britain, all its fixed assets, all the work of all the people, and a great deal more besides". Whereupon Mr. Norman says, "Very good, Mr. Chancellor, but of course you must pay us interest of $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ ". So up goes the National Debt by £3,000,000,000 and the interest charged (without sinking fund) a further annual amount of £75,000,000, and the money-lenders get this for what? For lending the nation something which they themselves haven't got!—i.e. they merely write the Chancellor up in the ledger as good for that amount. Can you understand why from the nation's point of view it is bad business to issue free money to the amount required to finance the war whilst if necessary restricting interest bearing credit elsewhere, whereas it is sound finance if the nation has to pay anything from $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ to 5% *for its own credit*?

The burden on the 14,000,000 registered workers on account of the National Debt amount to a dead weight of £600 per head and an annual charge of £20 per head. At the same rate after three years of war the dead weight will be £1,100 per head and the annual charge nearly £40.

Now that the Government control the Banks there is no reason whatever why loans should be issued at least for our internal needs. All that the Government need do is to open credits for manufacturers which can be cancelled less the amount of profit—the wages of management—agreed upon when the job is finished. If at the same time rationing of all essentials and strict price control is maintained, there will be no need to take the savings of the people for financing the war. They can store their savings in their stockings just as safely and spend them when the war is over and we have got back on to the production of things we all want in place of engines of destruction. Rationing and price control will of course have to continue when the war is over until this peacetime production has been organized and goods become available. The people should rise in their wrath and smite the Chancellor if he dares raise any further interest-bearing loans for our internal debt.

A word here on inflation: few people know what it means. When workers are turned off from producing things which they all want to consume on to making munitions, which are of no personal use to them and for doing so are in fact paid higher wages than they normally receive, they find that with

an increased amount of purchasing power at their disposal competing for a diminishing volume of consumer goods prices do in fact rise unless strict price control is exercised. Last war the distributors and producers took advantage of this surplus demand by putting prices up and selling to the highest bidder. In consequence wages rose to meet the higher cost of living and so on. This became known as the vicious spiral of inflation! But there is no need for it if the Government take proper control in the way I have described by rationing and strict price regulation. Inflation—vulgarly called "wind in the national belly"—means an increase in the amount of money in circulation without a corresponding increase in the quantity of consumer goods.

The last war was in fact paid for at the time by the sweat and blood of the people who fought it whether on the field of battle or in the factory. The financiers who control our Government were cunning enough however to create a vast book debt running up to £7,000,000,000 on which interest has since been paid amounting to £5,600,000,000. So we have almost paid off the capital sum in interest yet we still have this appalling debt of £8,000,000,000 round our necks. Is this to happen again? It will be our fault if we let it.

Why unemployment? Who creates demand? Why man himself, not the moneylenders or the landlords both of whom are parasites* of the first order. Man is the only insatiable animal, therefore the limit to which his insatiety can be met should be only the limit which nature sets to the production of the good things he wants. Nature does not in practice prove niggardly—her storehouse is full. We burn crops in Canada, cotton in America, coffee in Brazil and even in our own country (in wartime!) throw fish back into the sea or spread it on the land for manure, while people starve in the cities.

This story has its moral:

There was once a Sultan who had great difficulty in raising sufficient funds to finance his armies, so he put a tax on fig trees and the value of dwelling houses, whereon the farmers cut down all the fig trees except those which they required for feeding themselves, and the landlords allowed the houses to fall into disrepair so as to be liable to less tax, with the result that the people lived in squalor and starved in the cities, the armies went weak from shortage of food and the Sultan still could not collect enough to run his country. But he had a very wise Grand Vizier who said to him, 'Tax not the fig trees or the houses, but tax all the land of your kingdom according to its value, so that it will be unprofitable for the

*In botany a "parasite" is defined as "a plant growing upon and nourished by the juices of another".

farmers not to grow food, or the town landlords to maintain smelly hovels in the slums.' So the Sultan cancelled the tax on fig trees and houses and put it on land values instead, whereon all the farmers who owned land quickly grew fig trees, there was plenty and cheap food for all in the cities, the men in the army waxed strong, the town landlords had to clear the slums as they could not afford to leave hovels on valuable land, and the Sultan's enemies feared to attack seeing such strength and such a happy contented population.

What happens in England? The land is under the undisputed control of a few people and the rest of the community must pay before they may use it. Even now the Army and Air Force are paying fabulous prices for land, much of which has hitherto been regarded as worthless—the landlords saying in effect to the soldier, 'Join up and fight for your country, but before you do so you must buy it back from us. Pay for your country before you die for it.'

All the things that man wants come from the land, and land in fact itself has no value without the presence of human beings. The *capital* value of land, *without improvements*, in Great Britain, is no less a sum than £10,000,000,000 which at 5% should yield £500,000,000 so that if all land in Britain were put to its best use this latter is the sum which the landlords can collect free of all tax from the population in exchange for permission to work!—mind you for a value which the landlords themselves, from their mere ownership, whoever they may be, never created. This amounts to almost £40 per annum per head of registered workers, which added to the toll paid to moneylenders means that the worker has to provide £80 a year in the way of toll to the landlord and moneylender before he can have anything for himself.

But this is not the worst of it. Under our existing laws the landowner may either put land to its wrong use or not use it at all, without penalty to himself. So that you have this absurd position: two million able-bodied unemployed kicking their heels waiting for an opportunity to help themselves by their own effort to the things they need, millions of acres of land lying idle or being put to the wrong use with impunity, whilst the landlords live on the rent from such land as they are prepared graciously to allow the workers to use. The extent to which land is idle or not used to the best advantage is the *exact measure of the hardship* inflicted on the people as a whole by the landlord system. Tax each piece of land whether used or not according to its value and the owners of farm lands will behave exactly as the Sultan's farmers did over the fig trees

and the landlords over the slums—immediately set to work to get the maximum return from each piece of land and put up buildings commensurate with the value of the land on which they stand because it will be unprofitable to keep it idle. Idleness should be taxed *not effort*.

All that an enterprising business man requires to cure unemployment is first of all the opportunity to work and then the fund to carry that work out. Slums need clearing, roads widening, land reclaiming, garden cities building, etc., etc., but what always stands in the way? First the appalling ransom that has to be paid to the vested interest in land before a start can be made, then money has to be found by increased bank debt, and in the end much of the improvement resulting from expenditure of public funds passes away in value into the pockets of the owners of adjoining properties. Then when the next step is proposed the community are required to pay those owners enhanced values which the community itself *not the landlords* have created before the work can proceed—in fact the community has to pay twice for its own investment. Place a tax on land values now and with the certain knowledge that the improvements will accrue to the benefit of the community not the landlord and all the wonderful schemes of development can go ahead unhindered by landlords and by self-financing from the real wealth created as the work proceeds.

Given world economic security there can be no more wars. How are we to get it?

1. Land Monopoly—i.e., the private appropriation of rent—must be abolished. This monopoly permits such institutions as the Prudential Assurance, Nuffield Trust, Abbey Road Building Society, Ecclesiastical Commission and Oxford and Cambridge Universities and Colleges to filch from the people £500,000,000 a year for the mere permission to use the land. A tax on land values would ensure that all land would speedily be brought into that use which best meets the needs of the community—be it playing fields, open spaces, garden cities or industrial sites.

2. Raw materials must no longer be monopolized in the interests of the few to the disadvantage of the many. Sir Samuel Hoare in September 1935 at Geneva said that the raw materials of the world must be made available for the peoples who need them. The first and last we heard of the great sane proposal from the Tory Government. Vested interests love dear scarcity and abhor cheap plenty, for there is no advantage to them in the latter.

3. The monetary system must be reformed and the power of the moneylender curtailed. A new currency system is needed based on the productive capacity of the real wealth of nations and not on gold, which will shortly be valueless except for wedding rings and tooth stoppings. The first step at home should be to take back to the State the right to create the currency

of the people—a right ceded to the Bank of England by a bankrupt king in the days of William and Mary.

4. Tariff barriers must be obliterated. The tariff is the policy of a bankrupt Government—bankrupt because of their inability or unwillingness to see that by freeing land from the dead hand of landlordism and the creation of credit from the restrictions of the Bankers their peoples would be free to produce according to their capacity to work and to consume to the value of their capacity to produce. A wise man once said, "You cannot have the British Empire as a closed trading corporation and have peace at the same time." We tried it through the Ottawa agreements, and we have got war. "Germany must export or die". So must Britain. Therefore, away with all tariffs as soon as possible. Our exports have fallen by 50 per cent. since tariffs were introduced in 1932, ostensibly for the purpose of curing unemployment, which they have not done and can never do. America with a huge tariff wall has 9,000,000 able-bodied unemployed!

5. A system which allows every nation, great or small, its own sovereignty must break down under modern conditions where time and space have virtually been destroyed by science and invention. It is as ridiculous to allow Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Belgium and Holland to settle their foreign policy, strength of armaments and tariff system to-day independently of one another as it would be to allow the counties of Kent, Sussex, Surrey and Middlesex to do so.

6. What all peoples desire, whatever the ambition of their rulers, is a warless world. Peace properly waged would be full of far greater adventures and hazards and promises of higher rewards than any war.

7. What is morally right is economically possible. Is it morally right that through no fault of their own there should be millions of unemployed with no proper means of subsistence? Obviously not: it is morally right that everyone should be given the opportunity to work to supply his own wants as God meant. As God meant it it must be economically possible.

8. Right thought must precede right action. It is, therefore, useless to continue our present educational system unless we introduce into the curriculum proper instruction in the essential terms used in political economy. How many people can *correctly* define the terms land, labour, capital, wealth, money, rent, wages and interest? Political economy is a simple study—by which I do not refer to the mumbo-jumbo talked by our leading so-called economists—a child can understand it as also the proper arrangement of society if not fogged with preconceived notions, prejudices and meaningless jargon.

9. All the tiresome restrictions on food production in existence prior to the war should remain suspended and the various marketing boards which are now mere price raising monopolies should be reconstituted with representatives of both consumers and producers whose main function shall be to organize adequate supplies at the cheapest possible cost. An era of "cheap plenty" must take the place of the Tory motto of "dear scarcity". The first duty of any Government is to feed the people.

People economically secure can then start to live the kind of life God meant when two thousand years ago He sent His Son to show them how to do it.

THE END OF THE GENTLEMAN

BY GEOFFREY VICKERS

EQUALITY of educational opportunity has become a hackneyed phrase, but it remains as difficult as ever to say what it means. This is largely because at least three different kinds of inequality are at issue and few people are equally conscious of all three; whilst the one which seems to be attracting most attention at the moment is by all defensible criteria the least important.

The supposed plight of some of the public schools has focussed attention on the familiar fact that in England a child's education runs for its proper term only if one of two conditions are present—abnormal intelligence in the child or abnormal wealth in the parent. Corresponding with these oddly assorted conditions are two different roads to the Universities and the small but privileged paddocks beyond; one leads via the preparatory and public school, the other via the elementary and state aided secondary school. Professor Clarke has called them respectively "the free front door" and "the side entrance". The contrast between these avenues, the qualifications which admit to them and the advantages, material and otherwise, which result from them respectively, gives plenty of food for thought on the meaning of equality in educational opportunity.

Far more striking is the contrast in educational fate between these who are favoured in brains or wealth and the rest. The former are educated up to eighteen or more, the latter up to fourteen. This can be regarded either as contrast between the clever and the dull or as a contrast between the general run of the rich and the general run of the poor. Either contrast gives an educationist food for thought.

Finally—and to all but educationists most important—is the difference in material and social reward which attaches to different educational fates. This may be only partly an educational issue but it is one which educationists cannot ignore.

These three fields of inequality seem exceedingly diverse, but

the problems which they raise are inseparable. Consider the most topical—who (if anyone) should have the privilege (if it be a privilege) of going to a public school? The question raises a prior enquiry—what exactly is it which the public school has to offer? At the turn of the century the public schools offered something which was supposed to be a ‘pure’ education, but which was in fact a subtle blend of vocational and cultural training, well suited to the ruling class at that particular place and time. It was a preparation for the Government services and the professions; and at the same time it developed in the individual a set of attitudes towards himself, his fellows and authority so constant and so pronounced as to constitute one of the most recognizable human types in the world. The most determined experiments of the totalitarian states in standardizing human attitudes by education still look amateurish when compared with the effortless and unconscious achievement of the Thring-Arnold tradition.

When the State began to interest itself in higher education, it naturally tended to conceive its task—in practice if not in theory—to be issuing to the gifted children of the poor limited and diluted doses of the elixir which formed the staple diet of the rich. To-day the path of the side entrance is as wide, if not as smooth, as the path to the front door. But the characteristic set of ‘attitudes’ is not necessarily imparted by the way; and to this extent those who attain the house of privilege by the more arduous route may still find themselves in a different part of it from that on which the front door opens.

It is interesting to analyse these attitudes, their content, and—most important of all—how far they are imparted by the school. The characteristics of the public school product are not necessarily produced by the public school. The first headmaster of Rendcomb College—the only boarding school which has ever drawn its first pupils wholly from elementary schools and admitted fee-payers only later as an exceptional minority—has testified that his boys brought with them ready made from home their attitude towards authority. The elementary school boys thought of authority as ‘them’, the fee-payers thought of it as ‘us’. He has also testified that this difference in what is perhaps the most important of all social attitudes was wholly educated away. The boys who left Rendcomb, whatever their origin, had come to regard themselves as heirs of the Kingdom.

For the moment however the points which I want to

emphasize are different. The first is this. What characterizes the public schoolboy is his highly developed and standardized attitudes towards authority, his fellows and himself—towards authority, a sense of identification or part proprietorship not at all inconsistent with criticism; towards his fellows a mixture of responsibility and conformity; towards himself, assurance and acceptance of the idea of personal duty, often with a meagre content. Perhaps this analysis is unduly flattering to the type. This is at all events immaterial to the argument, which is that the public school product is recognizable not by a common gift of ‘leadership’, not by a common bloom of culture, but by a common set of attitudes towards the business of individual and social living.

The second point to emphasize is that that type continually changes. As an entertaining contributor to the *Journal of Education* pointed out recently, the English ‘gentleman’ whom Maurois immortalized to the French in the person of Colonel Bramble was a type unknown to Nelson and Wellington and is already passing away. Education is strictly relative to the historical and social situation. Instead of debating how far the curious aura of the public school can be shared with those who cannot afford to buy it, critics would be better employed in considering how far this ‘higher’ education which the rich share with the clever, is becoming irrelevant to the situation—irrelevant as vocational training, irrelevant as cultural training and irrelevant in the human type which it produces.

In the age which is opening, the Government servants—and this class will increasingly absorb the professions—will certainly become more important than it is to-day; but it will have to develop a far closer understanding of the world in which it lives and a far more sensitive contact with the people who compose that world, if it is to approach with any hope of success the astonishing new tasks which await it—the task of exercising ‘social controls’ in a society in which even freedom can only be preserved in so far as society is so planned as to make it possible. ‘Higher’ education in England is disastrously out of touch with its world. The issue between public school and secondary school is negligible, compared with the need that both should move fast and far towards the creation both of a more relevant curriculum and a more relevant type. The former move can hardly begin until the Universities develop a new conception of the ‘Humanities’ as they exist to-day; but the latter is the especial province of the school which is in charge during the critical years between 14 and 18;

for it is in this intermediate age that the young, especially boys, are most ready to develop social—or antisocial—attitudes.

Thus there is revealed the full irony of the inequality between those who are educated to the end and those who are educated only to the beginning of adolescence. If these years between 14 and 18 were needed only to give time for the more highly powered intellects to explore the upper reaches of higher education, it might be justifiable to give the chance only to the brainy; but it is not so. Both theory and practice agree that what education can safeguard and encourage during these years is pre-eminently the growth of personality, temperament and character. Then why are the slow deemed to grow up more quickly than the quick? Why do they, even from the end of primary education at 11 plus, have cheaper teachers and poorer premises? Is it because we do not really believe our own theories? If education means what the authorities say it means, there is no conceivable reason why one child's education should vary *in length* from another's, however much it may vary in content; and even in content there is no reason for any wide variation in those activities and experiences which are particularly intended to develop character. For the mental and emotional attitudes which the individual needs for successful living do not differ any more widely than the experiences which he can expect. To make a success of single, married and family life, to remain solvent, to be loyal to one's mates without abrogating one's own judgment, to maintain a many-sided relationship with authority without becoming a rebel or a slave—these are no different and no easier for a labourer than for a cabinet minister. They demand the same attitudes towards authority, the community and oneself. Under the guise of 'pure' education, the training available for the rich has produced a characteristic type, with its own virtues and deficiencies; but the national education has not yet evolved its own type, among many reasons the most obvious being that it loses the great majority of its children just when it should be beginning its most important work on them and raises the rest in an atmosphere governed by the material implications of the School Certificate.

In theory it is unnecessary to insist that higher education does not mean either double tracking the road to All Souls or producing more clerks than any community can possibly want. For that matter, it is unnecessary in theory to insist that the educational purpose should be maintained for as long in the life of one child as another, since the principle reached the

Statute Book in 1918. It is unnecessary in theory to insist that the purpose of education is at least what the purpose of elementary education was declared to be in the Introduction to the Code of 1904, namely 'to enable the children not merely to reach their full development as individuals but also to become upright and useful members of the community in which they live and worthy sons and daughters of the country to which they belong'. All this is recognized in theory; but in practice education has developed another function, namely to settle the income class and to some extent the social class in which the child is to compete; and parents are sufficiently realistic about this, even when educationists are not.

Unhappily, the problem at this point passes out of the educationist's province. He cannot prescribe which occupations shall carry social prestige, which shall offer at least the chance of riches, which shall offer a measure of security. These things are part of the social order, in which he cannot initiate major change; and while inequality inheres in that, it will be reflected in education.

He can, however, at least keep abreast of the changes which are taking place—and they are many. The 'law of supply and demand' is no longer regarded as providing an adequate automatic regulator for adjusting human activity to human need and there is no field in which its blind operation can be more disastrous than in allotting jobs to the young. To control the trade cycle is an economic task, but the whole field of vocational guidance and training is within the province of the educationist. It is growing fast and it will grow faster.

This demands a new attitude towards vocational training. Either the old distinction between pure and vocational training, which forty years ago was one of the many shams possible in that happy age of having-both-ways, must become a grim reality, or it must be abolished. If the world is to be a place in which the great majority are doomed to soul-destroying drudgery, then let vocational training teach them to do it efficiently and let 'pure' education assist them to bear their fate. If, on the other hand, the modern world is potentially a world of infinite possibility, socially, intellectually, spiritually as well as materially, then let education strike roots into the living reality of the present and find in the experience of what is new, relevance for its ancient verities.

The age of the Gentleman is over. The phrase has a shocking ring, only because of the English genius for making its institutions seem eternal by never changing their names.

The type which has changed so often even within the last hundred and fifty years must change again—more swiftly, more comprehensively than before. On its success in doing so, much may depend.

A successful human type is a type which has the attitudes needed in its own particular position in history and society. At one time and another the 'gentleman' has stood for a variety of successful types. To-day it stands for a type which is growing rapidly less successful. The fact that the type which supplants it may also be called 'the gentleman' will not make it less new.

The nearest that the British working classes have got to evolving their own type in recent years is 'the good trade unionist'—an expression covering a whole collection of social attitudes, affecting many aspects of life and capable of self-sacrifice to the verge of martyrdom. But 'the good trade unionist' also is getting out of date. The old battles have been won and the new ones make new demands.

It is devoutly to be hoped that in the searching days which lie ahead—in the war and for years after—a new English type may be produced; a type appropriate to a skilled and educated people, working and planning its way out of a tight corner. There will be no lack of challenges to stimulate appropriate responses; but education is a slow process. Gardeners cannot hurry. It is the more important that education should be thought of as training for the world which is coming, rather than for the world which is passing away.

REMEMBERING MOUNTAINS

BY JOSEPH BRADDOCK

A COOL gust blew the cobweb clouds away,
 And Dawn flamingo-feathered touched the peaks.
 I drew quick breaths from the lung-piercing air,
 Viewing those ranges, in a reverie,
 Found in sky's still vague mirror—summits, clouds
 Floating, commingled, changing: now peach-coloured.
 Then the Sun showed his lion-face; morning broke,
 Poured from the fountain of all blue day-sky.
 Cold, clear, sharp-edged, (to *tank* of hidden cow-bells)
 I watched a rampart, framed through cool green larches,
 Pinnacled, blotched, the ultimate no-end—
 But daylight's gold ran free like liquid lava,
 And there aflame, afloat, the Beckoning Mountains,
 A mystery-challenge. I was never one
 To find a sharp dichotomy between
 Spirit and flesh; natural it ever seemed
 That matter was all one, that these same mountains,
 Their monumental spirits, transfixed movements,
 Wanted something. I would have plumbed their *wills*.
 It was most certain that they were alive.

From hairy vales of pine the great rocks rose,
 From greener, crested larch-slopes, from light seas
 Of waving pasture bending to the breeze
 As corn bends, where the voice of water flows

From culverts, silver-twisting rapid foam
 That sings incessant, as from every hill
 Furtive cicadas hide themselves and trill,
 To dart, retire at danger in the loam.

Their origin? What fevered Titan-urge
 Twisted them from the matrix of the earth?
 Did coral polyp bring their size to birth,
 Fantastic brood from out the salt sea surge?

Magnesian-lime, their bones, bred countless flowers,
The shrubby dryas starred with frozen white;
The flannel edelweiss that burns a light
Grey taper through the starlit summer hours:

The shaded soldanella near the snow;
The dark blue toadflax on the white moraine;
Shy, dusky heads of clematis in rain;
Woodlands where lady's-slipper orchids blow;

Meadows with many a glancing coloured bell,
Where dun, soft-feeding Alpine cattle take
Their ease. And hidden in the firs a lake
Of malachite, deep as a witching well.

Here on the heights the small ice-crocus grows,
Nor sun so fierce to scorch frail petals up
While drift across the molten gentian cup
Cool, fanning breezes from titanic snows.

The Sun spread broad upon a scene where trees
Hung on the heights as galleons rigged with blossom;
Higher, to meet the snow, went crocuses,
Strewn, scattered like white pebbles. Home returned,
How to remember this?—those pale swan-peaks
Poised in arrested movement, floating wide,
Quiet, with their carven wings against the blue,
Lifting still loveliness into the sky?
Or lush, flowered meadows, tumble of the bees,
Vetch and genista, rarer chocolate smell
Of nigritella? all the mingled fume
Of summer's noon that brings a lover's mind.
Speedwell was not more blue than showed the throat
Of the male lizard. So I suppose I slept,
And as I slept I heard a peasant sing.

"I'd naught but few dun cows to lead,
And four Saint Bernard pups to feed.
My cares were light as morning mist
Before you came, before you kissed
Me, mouth to mouth. Oh, now my brow
Is cold as the perpetual snow;
And watching if you'll come again
Is like a prayer for summer rain,

While spot upon my wild cheek glows,
Burns red as the first Alpine rose."

The girl's clear eyes so straight were wrought
That I who loved saw bright again
Mirrored in them a mountain lake
And gentians washed as clean with rain;

And in the promise of her face
The April of love-life to be;
And in the stretch of her sweet limbs
Grace proved, the very human she.

Ah! love, love,
We the forging links of passion knew,
The live, wild world of loving,
Instants precious to preserve.
Guard the moods you can conserve,
Lovers' memories, each warm feature
Is our continent and true,
Moments caught, and all Love's ranges
Spread anew.

The chifchaff's thread of sound
Falling like water through the hot woods,
Dark squirrel with his hairy, pointed ears
Shy, near drey alert, scrambling, scolding that I invaded
The needle-trees, his resinous solitudes,
Woke me. And then the torrent's roar
So loud, continual, I forgot to hear—
My eyes upon a banded dragon-fly
Low, planing clear.

Cold, cold, colder the air aevening grew;
The dolomitic mountains, rock to skies,
The long tarn shadowed, deep and cold
Glittered with beauty's sudden beads, a rosary untold!
The colour shrank, the crooked bastions towered
Cold, clear, sharp-edged, (to *tank* of far off cow-bells).
After brief alpglow, blood-red needle peaks,
Pinnacled, burning with a million roses,
Had faded, then I saw a star-touched entrance,
Fantastic gateway between eerie ramparts,
And a large star shone like a brilliant glowworm.

Orion dipped. I watched his great span fall
 Against the slowly turning mountain wall.
 I knew I stood upon a moving ball!

The silent mountains leant beneath the stars.

The Alpine snows to bullfinch-breast were turned,
 And Night came nigger-footed up the Pass.

EDMUND BLUNDEN: AGONIST

By RICHARD CHURCH.

DURING the last quarter of a century, the poetic generations have become swift and short. I remember hearing an elder poet—who in spite of his fame hates to be mentioned in print by his friends—say that to-day a generation of poets lasts for five years, and that on its heels another treads so close that it acquires a stiff neck from looking back in dread.

There is much truth in that humour. A poet does not arrive now: he only rests on a ledge, while those down below pot at him with the guns of derisive envy. See how Hardy, Housman, and the picturesque Rupert Brooke have been treated by our younger critics. They don't believe in 'live and let live'. Such a policy is too *laissez-faire* for them, smacking of the old liberalism which they so rabidly despise. Think, too, of their contempt for the group they call the *Georgians*, a classification which they use to include all poets between the ages of sixty-five and forty-five, irrespective of their work, and of the past vicissitudes which it encountered while these young savages were still in the nursery.

I say, irrespective of their work; and I think particularly of the poetry of Edmund Blunden. How curiously it has suffered. At the beginning, when in the early Twenties he sprang suddenly into notice with poems in Massingham's *Nation* and Squire's *London Mercury*, it was readily agreed amongst the monitors of that time that here was a new voice of real importance, one which would make old tradition blossom again like the rose. Following this recognition, the young poet wrote a war-book in somewhat self-conscious prose which carried him to a more general fame amongst the public not interested in poetry. After that, he retired into the monastery of Merton College, and has since been heard of only in the cruel head-notes of the young derisionists. They have sneered at his "nature" poetry, as they call it; and they have said more sinister things about re-actionary political tendencies in the

author of it. I have not heard a word of praise amongst them. I have not met a single disciple.

How very strange that is: for Blunden has never, in his literary career, said or done anything—as did the late Humbert Wolfe—to arouse antagonism. Wolfe, when at the height of his success, was realist enough to be frightened by it, and acted in public with a certain amount of affected flamboyance and audacity. He reached up and patted giants on the head—Hardy, for example. This so enraged a contemporary that he wrote a book of parodies which snuffed Wolfe out like a candle. It was unfair, for Wolfe was fundamentally a generous soul, both in life and literature, and his audacity was more fun than anything else.

But Blunden has never indulged in such indiscretions. I doubt if he even knows of the existence of work by his contemporaries. His literary interests stopped short with the death of Charles Lamb. After that, for him, it is darkness, except for the illumination of his own candle, past which he peers with beady eyes, like a startled mouse looking for the cat. But with this self-absorption, both in life and letters, one would think that Blunden could attract no enmities or envies. One would think that the younger poets would know where they were with him; they would know that he had never heard of them, nor wanted to, and was content to let them take the limelight, and the whole of the political platform—which was what they seemed mostly to want. In spite of this, however, they have savaged him. And in spite of them, he is still working as a poet, as we see from his new collection of poems covering the period 1930-1940. This collection carries on from the earlier one covering the period 1914-1930. In the two we have practically the whole of his output in verse, and from them we can make a general survey of its development.

First, let us take the work which appeared before the flood overwhelmed him; that flood which shook all his contemporaries. Not one escaped. Now that the flood is subsiding, after the war has knocked the bottom out of the School of College Communism, and set its leader flying to America, we see that not even Mr. Eliot has escaped the inundation. His famous dust-bin lies overturned in the silt. And in that position it appears to be past further use, especially at a time when the civilization which Mr. Eliot derided is throwing itself out of its own door on to its own rubbish-heap.

But these are temporary matters. "Civilizations break and bend"; but we are concerned at the moment with their

distillation, their permanent residue—poetry. After the hurricane, it comes like a calm rain, which fecundates the torn world once more. Blunden has been aware of the whole process, and refers to it thus:—

So this still rain beguiled my mood and verse,
But I awake; I dreamed; what worth is his
Who fashions thus a selfish universe,
And weaves dead leaves with living tragedies?
While the strong world goes forth in symphonies
Of action, passion, science and resource,
Where shall faint music and far similes
Befriend it? has this stealing shower a force?
And yet I fancy sometimes there is pain
That still requires this shy and dream-like rain.

Old-fashioned, isn't it? And this is the later man speaking, in a poem from the 1930-40 volume. But let it penetrate; let it get past the mind, the mood, the present day preoccupation, and see if it waters the soul, that internal self which is deeper than our consciousness and our experience.

This quotation suggests that the poet is not unaware of the conditions, the problems, the literary conflicts and fashions, which have contributed to his seeming eclipse. That awareness was alive in him when he wrote the preface to his volume in 1930. "The titles and contents of my books *The Waggoner* and *The Shepherd* have, I apprehend, done me a slight injustice; that is, they have labelled me among poets of the time as a useful rustic, or perhaps not so useful—one of the class whom the song describes:—

I sits with my feet in a brook;
If anyone asks me for why,
I hits him a whack with my crook—
'It's Sentiment kills me,' says I.

Great as is the power of country life over me, and of that stately march of the seasons above, around, below it, yet I have always suspected myself of some inclination to explore other subjects". Of one of those subjects, the malevolence of Time, I will speak in a moment, after I have discussed the technique which he so quickly perfected during his devotion to the poet John Clare. How can I best describe the peculiar effect of that technique? He does not break the poetic conventions with it, although in metre his experiments are varied enough. It is an instrument so precise to the requirements of his nature that I find I cannot discuss it without a simultaneous consideration of the element in his work which I proposed to discuss later. That element is Time. It is his adversary as it was Thomas Hardy's, and it has to be propitiated, and finally absorbed into

his acceptance of the scheme of things. This conflict with Time plays such an enormous part in his poetry because his experiences during the last war accentuated, to the point of madness, the possibilities of chance and change which can be brought about by the mere passage of moments. This tragic sense of the mutability of things pervades his work, and it stains his phrases and images so emphatically, that no adverse critic could accuse his verse of being colourless, or lacking in a personal thumb-mark. Here is something far more desperate than all the political and social injustices with which his detractors have filled their verse, and which they have said should be a poet's main interest. Their metropolitan fervours sound, to my ear, mechanical after the rush and roar of time's passage as Mr. Blunden hears it. Old Heraclitus, the philosopher who believed that the universe was made from the single element of Fire, would say that this rush and roar are the inevitable movement of combustion; the lovely shapes, situations, forms, loves and thoughts burning out from their complicated and separate beauty down into the ashes of unified oblivion and peace. That is a conception which haunts many minds. It underlies the variety of Blunden's interests, and gives a quality of anxiety to that quick, prying nervousness with which he ferrets out the joy of the world. It conditions all his acceptances of the appearance of things, and hedges them about with terror. He can trust nothing, not even the lovely manifestations of nature toward which he turns for healing of his war-wounded spirit. See, for instance, how he looks on at a party of skaters at midnight.

The hop-poles stand in cones,
The icy pond lurks under,
The hop-poles steeple to the thrones
Of stars, sound gulfs of wonder;
But not the tallest there, 'tis said,
Could fathom to this pond's black bed.
Then is not death at watch
Within those secret waters?
What wants he but to catch
Earth's heedless sons and daughters?
With but a crystal parapet
Between, he has his engines set.
Then on, blood shouts, on, on,
Twirl, wheel and whip above him,
Dance on this ball-floor thin and wan,
Use him as though you love him;
Court him, elude him, reel and pass,
And let him hate you through the glass.

Here, surely, is no bucolic escapist. Here is a poet who finds in the countryside as bitter a waste-land as Mr. Eliot found in the back streets of the Town. Instead of the old sardine tins and the stray cats round the dustbins, he chooses for symbols of the sardonic,

Thistles, most, jump from the marl,
Baring teeth in sudden snarl.
Perhaps when Magog was a child
They grew in gardens, lilies wild;
Injured here, they nurse their grievance;
Briars and nettles nod connivance.

Is it not the same conflict; very much contemporary? With him, its effect is most extraordinary. While in mind and apprehension he seems always to be on thorns, always to be half-exhausted in an effort to touch everything that Nature manifests, yet for the expressing of his experiences during this quest he has evolved a poetry which is as calm and slow-moving as any in the language. Like Keats, his spirit is fevered with the greed for 'beauty and truth', and like Keats, his verse is loaded, architected, static. Again and again he gets deliberate effects by the use of double accents, or spondees.

The cuckoo with a strong flute,
The orchard with a mild sigh,
Bird and blossom so salute
The rainbow sky.
The brown herd in the green shade,
The parson in his lawn chair,
Poor and gentry both evade
The furnace air.
The moon-inveigled mushroom,
The crocus with her frail horn,
Gaze in dumb dread through the gloom
Of late moist morn.
The dead leaf on the highlands,
The old tramp on the mill drove,
Each whirls on nor understands
God's freezing love.

It is as though he is conscious of his fears, and by an effort of will tries to slow himself, to calm down his scared imagination to an accordance with the steady, loaded measures of his verse. But an artist's prevailing mood will always make itself felt in his technique, if only in a negative way. You will find in Blunden's rich lines a careful supply of old-fashioned words, many of them so archaic that Robert Bridges took the trouble to write a pamphlet about them. We find his early poems,

those written up to 1930, decorated with such words as 'whirry', 'clote', 'elmin', 'kerchered'. This practice reflects his effort to capture, before they have vanished, the myriad details of the setting where he lived his childhood before the war changed both him and the place where his ancestors dwelled and accumulated through century after century a tradition of local interest but universal significance.

Unrecorded, unrenowned,
Men from whom my ways begin,
Here I know you by your ground
But I know you not within—
There is silence, there survives
Not a moment of your lives.

There is the time element again, ever eluding him. He ransacks that past, watching with agony the decaying of it as each familiar thing 'whirls on nor understands God's freezing love.' As we read, we begin to perceive that strain of madness in the work, kindled by frenzy. To this almost abnormal sensibility, the war came as a fiendish accentuation of the destructive process, making the poet cling with even greater conservative fears to the past. Is that what the young moderns object to in him? Are they embarrassed as he pries about closer and closer among "the tiny circumstances of peace" and mourns, with heart-breaking pathos, their mutilation and ruin? In his gesture of defiance he almost stands as the declared enemy of change, progress, experiment, or any other force that erases before it builds. And this is blasphemy to-day.

I should not give a true picture of Blunden's work, however, if I left it on a note of agony, especially when I consider the general mood of his volume covering the last ten years, in which he emphasises again and again that "there's a grace in monotony", and revels in the delights of a quietism shared with a companion whose influence has brought some effective antidote to the poison of time and the shattering experiences of the last war. Apart from this influence, a personal one which the critic cannot discuss, is the fact that Blunden has always valued so passionately the 'tiny circumstances' of the world, and found in them a joy so abundant that it overflows his heart and saturates every phrase which is making under his hands. He has a great gift of descriptive evocation, both of general and detailed scenes. He misses nothing. He picks out shy, odd things, the minutest happenings, the most shadowy of moods, and peers at them by the light of his robin-

lantern curiosity. And what he discovers there is always related by him to the huge stock of scenes and deeds and moods stored in his mind, a *cache* of book-treasures, the glories of other poets—except those of his own time—whose work is a part of our English scenery and atmosphere, and whose genius haunts our lanes and cottages, like swallows at nightfall.

In consequence, his ideas are always de-personalised by the time he has finished this subtle manipulation. He seems to hide his feeling behind his thought, and to deprecate, in almost an orgasm of shyness, the direct form of appeal to his reader. You approach him by the paths of scholarship, and unless you know the road, with its literary signposts, you never get near him or his meaning. But having approached, you discover a being of simple mood and impulse; a creature eloquent with faith and that rare quality, joy. Joy is the mainspring of his life and art. He is always searching for it among the memories of childhood, the only scene where he is assured of no disappointment.

Return; how stands that man enchanted
Who, after seas and mountains crossed,
Finds his old threshold, so long scanted,
With not a rose or robin lost!

The wise, from passion now retreating
To the hamlets of the mind,
In every glance have claimed the greeting
Of spirits infinitely kind.

Finally, we may remark how, in that quest and discovery of joy, his quick eye misses nothing. The smallest insect in the pond, the drabdest weed in the ditch, set him musing and creating a crowded solitude.

The magpies steering round from wood to wood,
Tree-creeper flickering up the elm's green rind,
Bold gnats that revel round my solitude
And most this pleasant bee intent to find
The newborn joy, inveigle the rich mind
Long after darkness comes cold-lipped to one
Still listening to the bee, still basking in the sun.

To remove oneself from the particularities of his patient vision and to look at his work as a whole is like standing at some familiar point on the North Downs, taking that wide southward view over the Weald on an eternal summer afternoon, when

Golden-age-beckonings, lost pastoral things,
Fantastically near and far away,
Stretch in the sunny calm their blazoned wings

The nearer slopes, hedges, fields; the clumps of woodland, the oasts and spires, the middle-scene uplands, and the distant line of whale-backs near the coast, these are all both new and ancient to our eyes, half-torturing us with a fullness of suggestion. We have explored it all; but seen aloof it seems an unapproachable land of longing. So it is with this poetry by a Wealden man; a stretch of country of the mind, in which one feels native, yet is ever confronted with surprises that startle moments into ecstasy outside the course of time.

THE LEASED BASES

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

BY the agreement of September 2 (Cmd 6224) Great Britain received fifty destroyers from the United States, and the United States from Britain a ninety-nine years lease of certain harbours for use as naval and air bases. Of these, two, one in Newfoundland and one in Bermuda, are granted "freely and without consideration": the leases of the others, to wit in the Bahamas, on the south coast of Jamaica, in St. Lucia, Trinidad, Antigua and British Guiana, are exchanged for "naval and military equipment and material" in the concrete shape of the fifty United States destroyers of the 1200 ton type: vessels whose age provided they have been well looked after does not by any means signify that they are not useful fighting craft. They are a shade smaller than many of the more recent vessels of this type, but a smaller vessel has many advantages in the work that now forms so large a part of the services of the Navy in this war—action against submarines and aircraft.

It is unnecessary to stress the value of this naval reinforcement. The country, single-handed, is at war with two naval Powers, for though Germany has few battleships and cruisers she is the possessor of numerous submarines and aircraft, the two types that have caused us the heaviest losses at sea; and Italy has also a respectable destroyer flotilla in addition to her larger units. In the strenuous work of the last year, conducted in narrow waters infested with these submarine and aerial craft and sown with mines, the British flotilla, too few as it had been allowed to become in the preceding years, has suffered several losses which new construction has not yet had time to replace: moreover, it is to be expected that Germany has also been building as she did to good effect in the last war. There is neither need for nor sense in debating the balance of advantage in the transaction. It is one that benefits both parties, for as Britain desired this reinforcement in her life and death struggle, the United States, now well alive to the dangers to

which the Western Hemisphere is threatened by the aggressive policy of the Axis Powers, feels the need to strengthen her own defences against them.

Mahan was fond of repeating a particular aphorism of Napoleon's; "War is a business of positions". It recurs frequently in his writings, particularly in those chapters in his *Naval Strategy* devoted to the study of the problem of the defence of the Caribbean. There he emphasized the part which the possession of bases was bound to play and the need for others besides those in the hands of the United States at the time he was writing.

We have only to look at our own naval history to confirm the Napoleonic saying. It was to keep the strong powers of Spain and later, France from the positions in the Netherlands that this country opposed their conquests by those military and naval Powers. When Cromwell found the need to make England a power in European affairs he found he must do so in the Mediterranean. For a while he could, at the favour of the Duke of Tuscany, make use of Leghorn, but he needed something more permanent, and designed the capture of other positions. Charles II obtained Tangier, but through folly and factiousness it was thrown away. When William III was in alliance with Spain his fleet had the use of the Spanish ports as bases, but when Spain was in the opposing camp the fleet was without a base and the first necessity of the war was the capture of one—Cadiz. The treaty with Portugal did more than provide this country with an excellent wine; it gave her a base, Lisbon; and later fortune rather than planned management placed Gibraltar in the British hands. But Gibraltar did not suffice; it was too far from the scene of action in the Gulf of Lions, and Minorca was taken. It was through the possession of these bases within the Straits that England was able to maintain a fleet permanently in that sea instead of making brief visits during the summer months.

And so the story goes on in the later years. The fleet must have a position in the area in which it is to operate, and the nearer the base is to the place where the action of the ships lies the more permanently can occupation be maintained and the more economical its effort. Those two points are of peculiar application to the American position, and our experience enables us to appreciate the American desires. Distance between the base and the area of operations is as important in these days of aircraft and small surface craft as it was for the

fleets of sailing ships of the old wars. A base close at hand means that fewer craft are needed to keep a constant watch in any locality, that a more intense observation can be maintained, that supporting forces can act with greater certainty and strength.

The bases now leased to the United States affect primarily two areas: the approaches to the principal ports standing on the Eastern seaboard from Boston to Charleston and the highly important coastal trade; and the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, which, (to use words of Mahan) "form a kind of inland sea or Mediterranean". The bases in Newfoundland and Bermuda relate to the first of these areas, those in the Antilles and Guiana to the second.

To take the first of these. The trade of the Eastern seaboard is the highest importance to the United States. Under modern conditions, and probably still more under those which may be foreseen with the inevitable development of aircraft and submarines, the possibilities of attack upon trade increase. Experience has made it clear that against both these craft convoy affords the best, if not indeed the only protection, and that the vessels best adapted to this form of defence against them are the small craft of the flotilla type and aircraft. The trade route from Northern Europe passes to the southward of Newfoundland, at distances varying in different seasons according to the position of the ice-fields. The approaches to the Newfoundland Banks are thus the natural position in which an attacker would wish to operate. The distance from the Banks to the nearest possible base in Maine is not far from 800 miles; and, as our long experience shows, the "danger zone" stretches a good distance—possibly 300 or even 400 miles—out to seaward. It is thus probable that escorting forces would be needed at least as far into the sea as this, which would involve a trip of some 1,100 miles out from and the same distance back to an American port. The economy of effort in operating from a base in Newfoundland is plain; and at the same time there is the power of making aircraft sweeps over the route the value of which has been experienced by ourselves in the Western approaches. The wear and tear upon both men and machinery is lessened by shorter voyages, so that both efficiency and economy are promoted by the possession of this advanced base.

Bermuda, lying some 600 miles from the American coast, at the apex of a triangle of which the stretch of coast between

Boston and Charleston is the base, is well placed as an outpost for the forces defending the coastal trade, and for meeting, or giving warning of, attack on a more considerable scale against the territory itself. No attacker could lose sight of the risks he would run, whether in attempting an attack in force, or a sporadic attack, when exposed to the possibility of having his movements reported and his activities threatened by naval and air forces at Bermuda. Lying as the island does some 600 miles from both Boston and the Bahamas, scouting forces in those three positions would each need to cover no greater distance than 300 miles in order to maintain a watch upon the two stretches of water to the northward and south-westward; and so the Bahama position is an integral element in the security of the northern area.

The great interest which America has in the Caribbean is obvious. It lies in the Panama Canal, whose importance is twofold, commercial and military. An ever increasing flow of trade passes through that waterway which serves also to enable the Atlantic and Pacific fleets to move quickly from one sea to the other; and, what is of very great importance, to pass supplies to the fleet in the Pacific, the materials of which come mainly from the Eastern States. Even, however, before the construction of the Canal, Mahan was pointing out the need for bases. "It is evident," he then wrote, "that the United States Navy owing to the weakness of her base upon the Gulf (i.e. Key West) and to the fact that she has no solid possessions in the Caribbean Sea, is not only at a great disadvantage . . . but is exposed to serious direct injury in the mere maintenance of her existing home interests, dependent as they are upon free access to the ocean and the Caribbean through the Straits of Florida and the Yucatan Passage." After the cutting of the Canal the new situation arose. "One thing is sure: in the Caribbean Sea is the strategic key to the two great oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific, our own chief maritime frontiers."

The bases which until now she has possessed in the Caribbean are at Guantánamos Bay in Cuba, Porto Rico, Key West in Florida and the island of St. Thomas. Vessels and craft operating from these positions can effectively control the comparatively narrow channels between them—not wider than some 50 to 100 miles—which lead into the Caribbean and are the northern approaches to the Canal zone: the Florida Strait, Windward Passage, Mona Passage and a stretch of

water for a certain distance to the eastward of St. Thomas. By the acquisition of bases at Antigua, St. Lucia and Trinidad a chain of stations for her squadrons, flotillas and air forces is at her disposal, none of them more than about 100 miles apart; hence patrolling vessels have only to observe short distances—some 50 miles or so—from their bases. In the normally clear weather of those seas this is an easy task, and the whole of the approach to the Canal is now encircled by positions from which a constant observation can be maintained and action be taken at short notice. No enemy surface vessel could come inside this circle without qualms of being cut off, and even submarines might be uneasy: and certainly no large military expedition could hope to approach the Canal zone without its presence being known long before the clouds of wetness at Colon were in sight.

The base in Guiana "within 50 miles of Georgetown" serves as an outpost to Trinidad but still more as a means of affording protection to the South American trade. It furnishes an advanced position for cruiser forces if it should be necessary to station them in the offing of Pernambuco—the area in which the *Karlsruhe* did most of her damage in the last war.

Jamaica furnishes a most useful position within the Caribbean. Although Guantánamos Bay is well placed, it is useful in these days of small craft and air forces to have another base nearer to the Canal; it is 150 miles closer, and so shortens the distance to 500 miles, a space not difficult to patrol from the two end positions. Mahan called Jamaica "the key of the Caribbean" and though he was considering conditions different from those we now see, the increase in the security obtained by the use of Jamaica is considerable; nor is it confined to the interests here referred to.

The three thousand miles of undefended frontier between the United States and Canada, the lakes on which no fighting vessels are kept by either State, is an earnest of the confidence in each other's good faith and intentions. The handing over of a duplicate of the key of the Caribbean is another. The whole transaction is a manifest proof of the reality of the desire expressed in the British memorandum "to strengthen the ability of the United States to co-operate effectively with the other nations in the Americas in defence of the Western Hemisphere."

THE NEW ORDER IN EAST ASIA.

BY GERALD SAMSON

WE are living in days when it is the fashion for politicians, political theorists, and plain political gangsters, to talk of a New Order which is to be created.

So far the democracies have been rather diffident about trying their hand at New Order construction; but the autarchic Powers are making a great parade of their efforts in this direction. The latest demonstration is that of Japan, which boldly and sonorously announces "The New Order in Greater East Asia".

There are many reasons why the Japanese product requires both careful examination and careful watching. The chief reason is that the "East Asian Order" is confessedly not an end in itself, but only an essential step towards world domination. It enshrines the political aspirations of the Shinto faith, and has a long tradition behind it. In fact the element of novelty is only present in the circumstances which have provided a fresh opportunity for its exposition and practical application.

The antiquity is not disguised: it is only unrecognized in the West because of unfamiliarity with its terms and phraseology which are historic. For instance, in a recent statement to the Press, Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka, notorious for having walked out of the League Assembly in 1933 over the Lytton Report on the Manchurian incident, explained that Japan's mission was "to proclaim and demonstrate Kodo (the Imperial Way) throughout the world". What did he mean?

This doctrine is an integral part of what is known as *Dai Nippon Sekai Kyo* "Great Japan World Teaching", which was expounded in an article in the *Nichi-Nichi Shimbun* as far back as December, 1920.

The people and gods who are centralized in the doctrine of Kodo-Omoto are only working to accomplish this greatest and loftiest task of unifying

the world under the sway of the Emperor of Japan. . . . We are only aiming at making the Emperor of Japan rule and govern the whole world, as he is the only ruler in the world who retains the spiritual mission inherited in the Divine World.

Only!

About the same date Dr. Uesugi Shinkichi was writing:

It is now most clear that the salvation of the entire human race is the mission of our empire. Nations are now in a condition of disorder. There are classes within the nations, each class struggling for its own interests and each thinking the other an irreconcilable enemy. . . . When we observe such conditions, there is not one of our people who does not believe that, if they only had the Emperor as theirs, they would not come to such extremity. . . . Our people, through the benevolent virtue of the Emperors, have attained a national constitution that is without parallel in the world. . . . Now, if all the human race should come to look up to the virtue of our Emperor and should come to live under that influence, then there would be light for the future of humanity. Thus the world can be saved from destruction. Thus life can be lived within the realms of goodness and beauty. Of a truth, great is the mission of our nation.*

This, then, is the fixed idea underlying Japanese foreign policy, a belief in a "civilizing mission" not for East Asia only, or even for the Pacific area, but for the whole world. We have heard before of such civilizing missions, and usually they have been the prelude to and excuse for the most barbarous acts of aggression.

With Japan, as we shall show, the policy is a very old one; but it needs to be emphasized that in its ancient form it is being strictly adhered to to-day. The new Japanese Government is therefore entirely consistent in its pronouncement (on August 1) that:

The basic aim of Japan's national policy lies in the establishment of world peace, in accordance with the lofty spirit of 'Hakkoichiu' (eight corners of the world under one roof, i.e., the Imperial roof) wherein the country was founded, and in the construction, as a first step, of the New Order in Greater East Asia, having for its foundation the solidarity of Japan, Manchukuo and China. Japan will therefore devote the total strength of the nation to the fulfilment of the above policy by setting up swiftly an unshakeable national structure of her own—to meet the requirements of new developments both at home and abroad.

From the dawn of Japanese history numerous attempts were made to subjugate Korea on the Asiatic mainland; but these efforts did not become part of a settled policy of domination until the conquests of Hideyoshi—the Japanese Napoleon—in the sixteenth century. It is from his time that the policy really dates.

**Kokutai Seikwa no Hatsuyo*, pp. 205-6.

In the previous centuries Japan had been only very slowly gaining political coherence and cultural independence. There is a marked and rather curious parallel between the progress of the Japanese Isles and the British Isles during relatively the same period. For a long time Japan was as culturally dependent on China as England was on France, and this period appears in the records as "The Period of Imitation." Military excursions to the mainland and the piratical raiding of the coasts also offer an interesting similarity to the English expeditions and the deeds of her sea-dogs.

Even stranger is the fact that an impetus to Japanese national solidarity was given by the providential defeat of an invading armada. In the story of Japan Kublai Khan plays the part that in England's story was filled by Philip of Spain. Kublai, the Mongol Emperor of China, insisted that Japan recognize him as superior and send an envoy to show becoming reverence to his throne. When this was refused, Kublai fitted out and despatched in the winter of 1274 a fleet of 900 war vessels with 25,000 men on board to deal a mortal blow at this puny enemy. The great armada sailed, and an army was landed on Kyushu; but one morning it had completely vanished. In the night a mighty tempest had arisen and scattered and broken the fleet. The terror-stricken remnant fled hastily back to Korea. A second armada sent seven years later suffered a like fate, the discomfiture of the invaders being completed by a sulphurous vapour which rose out of the sea, no doubt of volcanic origin. From these events emerged the new Japan, imbued with a firm belief in her inviolability and exalted destiny. England struck an armada medal bearing the inscription "He blew with His wind, and they were scattered". Japan also speaks of Shinpu (The Wind of God), of Tenyu (The Grace of Heaven), and of Shinkoku (The Divine Nation), and these have become her sacred watchwords.

Gone was the fear of China's might, to be succeeded by defiance and contempt. An imperial programme began to take shape. The Japanese sea-rovers became the nucleus of the Japanese navy. Industrialism led to a rapid increase in foreign trade.

Then, in the sixteenth century, came Hideyoshi with his grandiose scheme for a great Asiatic dominion that should extend the sway of Japan over China, Korea, India, Persia, and other lands, as well as the islands of the South Seas. The Japanese Emperor was to be enthroned in Peking as the ruler

of this vast territory. Much of this programme would undoubtedly have been accomplished but for the untimely death of its inspirer. As it was, China, Korea, and Japan itself, were exhausted by the protracted wars, and though Hideyoshi left as a heritage a burning faith in Japan's divine mission the flames of militarism died down and the land had rest for three hundred years. The interval of time was important, however, for it was long enough to invest the fundamental principles of Japanese foreign policy with all the attributes of a religion, so that when active contact with the outside world was resumed in the nineteenth century the policy was reinforced by credal conviction.

Japan became alive to the scramble for empire which was governing the activities of the Western Powers, most of whom were staking claims wherever territories occupied by backward or militarily ill-equipped peoples were available. The victory was to the strong, and Japan determined to be strong. With her "divine mission" as an incentive, she set about the modernizing of her armament so as to be in the running in the race for imperial prizes. If the promise of old was to be fulfilled—which was not doubted—now was the moment to fulfil it.

Results appeared fully to warrant further expectations. Two great successes on the Asiatic continent, one over China in 1895, and another over Russia ten years later, convinced young Japan that it was her destiny to finish the uncompleted work of Hideyoshi. Korea was annexed in 1910, but resistance to further Japanese expansion in the direction of China and Manchuria was now manifested by states which in Hideyoshi's day had not intruded on the oriental scene. Britain, France, Germany and the United States, as well as Russia, had acquired important interests which they were fully prepared to safeguard. These interests blocked the "Imperial Way," and there seemed to be no immediate prospect of eliminating them.

Then came the Great War of 1914; and in the destructive conflict between the Western Powers Japan saw her opportunity. She lost no time in presenting to a helpless China her bullying "Twenty-One Demands". These plainly revealed Japan's continental ambitions, which, in effect, were to bring China and its untold resources under her direct "sphere of influence".

Although these Demands had to be modified considerably before they were accepted, none the less Japan could register valuable gains in concessions in Shantung and Manchuria,

partly at the expense of the former German possessions. The Treaty of Versailles confirmed the Japanese position in Shantung, gave Japan a mandate over the one-time German South Sea Islands lying north of the Equator, and by admitting her to a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations, brought about her recognition as a first-class Power.

In 1922, however, under the terms of the Washington Treaties, Japan agreed to return to China her acquired rights in Shantung, and together with Great Britain and the United States and other interested Powers solemnly undertook to respect Chinese sovereignty. She also agreed at that time to accept an inferior ratio in naval tonnage, of three to five, as between her fleet and those of Britain and the United States, receiving in return a guarantee that neither Hongkong nor the Philippines would be developed as powerful naval bases. The implications of these undertakings were naturally very unpopular with a large section of Japanese opinion, as was also the termination out of Britain's friendship with America of the twenty year old Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Liberal influences and internal economic problems succeeded nevertheless in restraining the aggressive elements in the state for nearly a decade. But it was an all too brief interval to establish a conciliatory policy, and the militant forces were soon in the saddle again. The seizure of Manchuria by the Japanese Army in 1931, and the setting up of the puppet state of "Manchukuo" marked the beginning of a determined attempt to establish in all its aspects the Japanese hegemony so long held to be the ultimate glorious destiny of the nation. There was to be no more halting in the onward march towards that goal.

Those in the West, who have watched with grave and increasing concern the successive phases of Japan's activities, show little knowledge of the real issues involved if they believe that Japan can now be treated as a normal Power willing for accommodation and compromise in the interests of a wider harmony in international relationships. Any compromises that she may offer or accept are interim only, and it would be gross self-deception to imagine that they would reflect any change of heart or any fundamental divergence from the road to world domination: they would merely be tactical moves. Nothing short of overwhelming military disaster and the debunking of the God-Emperor myth will restore Japan to sanity.

Every step, therefore, that Japan has taken since 1931 must be viewed in the light of her prevailing and unrelenting purpose. It was in 1934 that there was first publicly announced through the Japanese official spokesman what amounted to a Monroe Doctrine for East Asia. Later, for reasons of policy, there was an endeavour to explain away this blunt statement of intention, but it was evident that the spokesman had correctly interpreted the objective of the Government. In the same year Japan denounced the Washington and London Naval Treaties, thereby definitely repudiating naval inferiority as compared with America and Britain. Unrestricted fleet construction was essential if Japan was to assert her supremacy in the Pacific.

The subsequent attempt to detach China's five northern provinces from their allegiance to the Chinese National Government, the invasion of China proper in 1937 leading to the Sino-Japanese war which has now dragged on for more than three years, the setting up of a Central Chinese puppet administration at Nanking, has all been part of the plan to bring independent East Asiatic countries under Japanese influence.

The new European war has been regarded by Japan as a providential dispensation in her favour, permitting her to increase her pressure on the Western Democracies with Far-Eastern interests, to offer gross insults to Britain, and to make peremptory demands on French Indo-China. A bond of communion has been discovered with the Axis Powers, though if Hitler and Mussolini realized that Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy were one day expected humbly to submit to Japanese dictation as the final lords of the world they might not be so ready to bolster up Nippon's present claims.

Recent months have seen an intensification, and to some extent a clarification, of Japanese policy. The emphasis just now is concentrated on the "New Order in Greater East Asia"; but again there must be a warning that the accomplishment of this—if it is to be accomplished—is only a stage in the progress towards a Japanese World Order. No one should therefore be deceived by the bland and apparently reasonable declarations such as have been made by ex-Foreign Minister Hachiro Arita in his broadcast speech of June 29, or by subsequent statements of the new Japanese Government already quoted.

Mr. Arita said:

Japan's ideal since the foundation of the Empire has been that all nations should be enabled to find their proper places in the world. . . . In order to realize such an ideal, therefore, it seems to be most natural that peoples who are closely related with each other geographically, racially, culturally, and economically should first form a sphere of their own for co-existence and co-prosperity, and establish peace and order within that sphere and at the same time secure relationship of common existence and prosperity with other spheres. . . . The countries of East Asia and the regions of the South Seas are geographically, historically, racially and economically very closely related to each other. . . . The uniting of all these regions in a single sphere on the basis of their common existence, thereby insuring the stability of that sphere is, I think, a natural conclusion. . . . Quite naturally Japan expects that Western Powers will do nothing that will exert any undue influence upon the stability of East Asia. Japan, while she is carrying on vigorously her task of reconstructing the New Order in East Asia, is paying serious attention to developments in the European war and to its repercussions in various quarters of East Asia, including the South Sea region. I desire to declare that the destiny of these regions—any developments therein and any disposal thereof—is a matter of grave concern to Japan in view of her mission and responsibility as the stabilizing force in East Asia.

Upon this speech *The Times* of July 1 commented:

If it means the wide regions in the Pacific as well as in the Far East are to be regarded as a Japanese sphere of influence where other Powers, if tolerated at all, are to 'keep their proper stations', then the claim will not easily be accepted by nations which have definite rights and obligations in those parts of the world. If, on the other hand, it means that Japan expects to be consulted in any ultimate territorial or political changes in the Pacific, the demand would be natural enough at a time when the foundations and frontiers of a great part of the civilized world have been shaken or swept away by lawless violence.

As we have seen, the alternative interpretation is miles away from the mark, and even the first shows only a partial comprehension of the sinister significance of the statement. The areas embraced by the words Pacific and South Seas are not specified; but do they need to be specified when Japan's admitted programme is so all-embracing?

In view of Japan's actual aims it will be appreciated how necessarily futile have been Britain's attempts at appeasement in recent months. No sooner was the ink dry on the settlement of the Tientsin dispute than Japan demanded the closure of the Burma Road to Chinese military supplies. That being granted for a provisional period on the tacit understanding that it would relieve the tension, the Japanese Government then resigned and the new Government could regard itself as not bound by the verbal assurances of its predecessor. Moreover, the new Premier, Prince Konoye, appointed as his Foreign Minister Mr. Matsuoka, a man well-known for his

Fascist leanings and his desire to strengthen the relations between Japan and the Axis. His acceptance of the full implications of Japanese foreign policy we have already noted. Simultaneously there took place the arrest of a number of prominent Britons on charges of espionage and subversive activities followed by anti-British demonstrations in Japan and Japanese-occupied territory in China.

How, then, should be considered Japan's gesture to Australia, seeking co-operation "in a cultural mission for the promotion of international goodwill and the betterment of the human race"? Surely this too is of a piece with the other manifestations of Japan's determination to extend her influence by every means over the whole of the vast area included in the Far East and the South Seas. The "gesture" has so far been welcomed that there has been a reciprocal appointment of ministers, Sir John Latham, Chief Justice of Australia, becoming her first Minister to Japan. The portent, so far as the British Empire is concerned, is decidedly unfavourable, and only the future will show what is eventually involved in this tiger-riding experiment.

Now, Indo-China, consequent upon the precarious position of the French Empire, is experiencing the effects of Japan's unrelenting pressure towards the goal of her insatiable ambitions.

The challenge of the New Order in Europe is occupying most of our attention at the present time. But this challenge is really less to be feared because the issue has already been joined: we know the worst, and our dispositions have been made to meet and overcome it. The danger has reached its zenith and may soon be on the wane. A valuable part of the means of our salvation is provided by the support of the United States, which also recognizes our peril as hers. The challenge of the New Order in East Asia, if we could fully apprehend it, is much graver because as yet it is more intangible: it is Japan rather than Germany which has the "secret weapons". But we cannot wait much longer before we decide whether this challenge also is to be resisted to the utmost of our power, and here again—and perhaps to a higher degree—the peril is common to the British Empire and the United States, and only joint action or closely co-ordinated action will avert it.

THE STRUGGLE: THREE PHASES

BY MARY LESLIE

(Miss Leslie is 73. She tells here of her life as a factory worker, a free-lance journalist and as an old age pensioner. It is a social and economic document of great value and the spirit in which it is written reveals an unconscious nobility which nevertheless lays bare the hardness of the struggle.)

UP to nearly twelve years of age, my parents and I lived in Kent. At that time my father, through ill-health and other misfortunes fell out of work, and that fact necessitated our migration to the West Riding of Yorkshire, in 1878. My father got work in a brick-kiln, at £1 per week as wages, his duty being to burn bricks on every night during the week except Sundays. My mother took charge of a neighbour's child, for which she was paid 4s. 6d. per week, while the child's own mother worked every day in a factory as a weaver, and I was sent to work as a "half-timer" at the nearest worsted factory.

Sixty years ago the age of "half-timers" employed in towns and villages throughout the West Riding, had been raised to ten. Before that, in the "good old days," little children of six and seven were employed regularly as "half-timers," at wages ranging from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per week. "Half-time" in the factory simply meant that children worked one week in the morning turn, beginning at 6.30 a.m., and the next week in the afternoon, attending school alternately in the same way.

Being nearly twelve when we left Kent, I only had one year to work as a "half-timer." I began in the spinning-room, where children usually began their routine of factory life in those days, and I was soon earning 3s. 6d. per week as wages. At that period our combined income was thus £1 8s. 0d., and the rent of a cottage on the outskirts of a big manufacturing town was 2s. 6d. weekly.

After working three months at the brick-kiln, my father fell ill of rheumatic fever, and was never able to work again. My work as a "half-timer" in the factory consisted of keeping the spinning frames supplied with "rovings," which were spun on

to bobbins as weft ready for the weavers. It was not hard work, nor particularly dirty. The work itself I never disliked, but I shall never forget the sensation caused by the painful contrast which factory life presented to my former life.

The surroundings were all dirty, and sordid, vulgar, and revolting. Men and boys habitually used language to which I had never been accustomed. The other girl spinners were anything but refined, and for a time I heartily hated the factory and everything in it. Those were, indeed very dark days. I was not old enough to look beneath the surface, to understand the genuine good feeling and sympathy hidden under the brusque manner and rough dialect speech, and so for a time the sun refused to shine and everything looked dark and forbidding.

At thirteen I went "full-time" in the factory, while in the sixth "standard" at school, and I soon learned to become a "piecer" in the spinning-room, and to be responsible for two "sides" of a spinning frame, for which I received a weekly wage of 10s. My year of probation as a "half-timer" had reconciled me somewhat to factory life and work, and I believe that I was always philosophically inclined, not given to crying over spilt milk, but determined to make the best of things. At anyrate, when I was sixteen, I found myself promoted to weighing and testing yarns, and my wages were raised to 13s. This new work gave me opportunities of seeing the different operations of converting wool into cloth, and the knowledge thus acquired has since proved very useful.

Afterwards I passed on to paying wages, taking stock of weft and warp, checking wage-books as they came in from the various departments, for which duties my wages were raised to 16s. weekly. Thus acting as a sort of general clerk I found life in the factory far pleasanter than at one time I ever imagined it could be. Now I had a small office to myself, and I had no whirr of machinery or smell of oil and tallow to annoy me, and when I felt inclined, I could spare a few minutes during the day either to read, or write down my thoughts.

When I was twenty my father, who had been bed-ridden for two years, died, and mother and I were left to keep house together. For three years there was nothing coming in but my 16s. and my mother's 4s. 6d. Naturally, we were driven to applying for parish relief, not a very pleasant experience, but there it was. Life was a hard struggle in those far-off days. There was no National Insurance, no Widow's Pension,

no Old Age Pension. One thing, living was comparatively cheap. I advised my mother to join the Co-operative Stores, and their half-yearly dividends came in very useful. The doctor, who was a kind-hearted, generous Scotsman, never pressed for the money we owed him for the many visits he paid to my father, and the medicine he needed, which the doctor provided.

Every week we put by 2s. 6d. for the rent, and paid it monthly. Our scale of living was by no means elaborate. Fresh meat once a week, and fish every other day, herrings mostly either fresh or kippered. Best Irish rolled bacon was only 8d. per lb. in those days, and 1lb. lasted the two of us a full week. Butter, I think, was about 1s. per lb., and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. was enough for us. Porridge came in handy for breakfast and supper in the winter. Eggs were 16 for a shilling, home produce, and often one egg each served for dinner, with a slice of bread and a bit of cheese to follow. I have forgotten the price of milk, but we used $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint per day. My mother was a very good cook, and she could make exceedingly nice sago or rice puddings. No granulated sugar for working people sixty years ago, but brown moist was about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. or 3d. a lb.

There was water laid on in the cottage, but no gas, and oil for lamps was an item in winter time. Coal we got in by the ton, and paid for it so much weekly, one shilling if I remember rightly. Needless to say, with the strictest economy, there was not much left out of the £1 which came into the home every week. I could never afford to keep regular spending money, and was obliged to wait for "Co-op." dividends to get myself boots, stockings, and clothes generally. Soon after my father's death, my mother's health began to fail, and for the rest of her life she was a semi-invalid. There were no "pictures" to spend money on, and the nearest approach to amusements for me was a Sunday School concert now and then, and one extra treat every year when I contrived to visit the nearest town to hear one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas.

As far as clothes were concerned I kept in the fashion as much as I could afford to do so. My means being so strictly limited I could only get a new costume every other year, and that usually cost about £2 2s. 0d., including the making. Girls who worked at the factory where I was employed for so many years, had one great privilege allowed them. They could always buy good cloth and blouse materials out of the factory at cost price. Of course that meant the saving of a few

shillings on every blouse and costume. Unlike the majority of factory workers, I was not clever with my needle. Many girls made their own blouses, trimmed their own hats, and sometimes even made their own costumes. That was one of the reasons why the factory lasses of the West Riding managed to look so smart in the evenings and on Sundays. Naturally, they could afford to spend more money on clothes when they had nothing to pay for the making.

As far as I can remember, I used to spend about £5 yearly on clothes during my factory life, that is, taking one year with another. The bill worked out something as follows:—One costume, £2/2/0; one pair of kid gloves, 2s. 6d.; one pair of woollen gloves, 1s. 6d.; two pairs of strong boots, £1/1/0; one pair of best boots, 12s. 6d.; two pairs of stockings for summer wear, 3s. 4d.; one best blouse, 5s. 6d.; two working blouses, 4s.; one summer hat, about 5s.; one winter hat, 3s.; which broughn the total to about £5. Occasionally I would need a fresh supply of underclothes, both for summer and winter. This generally meant that I had to go short of some outside adornment, at least for the time being.

At any rate, it was good training in thrift and economy, and I have often been thankful for it since. Often I grumbled, and sometimes I kicked at my limitations, wondering why I could not do as other girls did. But as I grew older I gradually realized that it was not always the smartest dressed girls who earned the best wages and kept out of debt, and eventually I grew resigned to my lot. In this respect I do not wish to pose as a superior person. Far from it. Dress was never a temptation to me, even in my young and perhaps foolish days, nor was theatre going or dancing.

During my working life in the factory—which covered twenty years—I did not receive the sort of training which one would expect to get at a select seminary for young ladies. Nevertheless, I learned some valuable lessons there, among them to

Gently scan my brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,

and also the truth of George Eliot's words:—"It will never rain roses; if we want more roses we must plant more trees."

II

I always look on the Girls' Friendly Society as being the means of rousing into life any literary talent I may happen to

possess. As a girl of sixteen or seventeen I had become a member of the G.F.S., and one year prizes were offered for the best essay on a certain subject. I competed, along with teachers in elementary schools and girls still attending school, and to my unbounded surprise I succeeded in winning the second prize. Was ever anyone so proud of half a sovereign? At any rate the incident fired my slumbering ambition. If I could win ten shillings for an essay, why could I not write for papers and earn money in that way?

Well, my first journalistic venture was to describe a local football match from a girl's point of view. I sent it to a well-known north country newspaper; it was accepted and I received the sum of five shillings. Then I began to write articles on factory life and work, detailing my own experiences. I remember one laughable incident. I had written an article for a monthly magazine on *The Inside of Factory Life and Work*. One reviewer gave it as his opinion that the article was well written by someone outside the factory. As time went on I naturally got more ambitious, and began to try some of the London dailies and weeklies. To my great surprise I was again successful in my efforts.

After going "full-time" into the factory, I attended evening classes held in a Mechanics' Institute. In those days there were neither trams nor buses running from outlying districts into the town, so I had to walk there and back after a day's work in the factory. Also I tried to form a little private library of my very own. *Nuttall's Dictionary* I bought instead of a new hat. When I succeeded in becoming the owner of *Green's Short History*, it meant doing without new boots one summer. *Brewer's History of Phrase and Fable*, second-hand, of course, saw me minus a necessary pair of gloves. In this way I discovered the secret that one never really values a purchase until one has practised a little self-denial to get it.

At this period of my life, I corresponded with the late Edna Lyall, the author of *Donovan* and *We Two* and she showed me a lot of kindness. She was the means of my getting some articles into *Good Words*, then a 6d. monthly, under the editorship of Dr. Norman Macleod. It should be borne in mind that I was quite without wealthy, literary, or influential friends of any kind. I was just struggling on alone unaided, sometimes making any number of mistakes and paying dearly for them, but never quite losing hope. Naturally, after spending ten hours in the stuffy atmosphere of a factory, I did not always

feel equal to the strain of literary work in the evening, and then, too, after my father's death, my mother had become a semi-invalid, and I had household duties to perform which took up still more time. However, through it all editors proved very kind indeed, giving me every help and encouragement that lay in their power.

I remember that *Young Folks' Paper*, a London weekly journal long since dead, afforded great help to all literary aspirants who liked to avail themselves of the opportunity. Every week a column appeared, giving hints and practical advice to beginners: readers were invited to send in their attempts at composition, which the editor printed from time to time and criticized more or less severely. Several names with which I got quite familiar in the pages of *Young Folks' Paper*, have since become well-known in the world of journalism.

Mrs. Fenwick Miller, a name well known on both sides of the Atlantic, was also very kind to me. She accepted several of my articles for use in the *Woman's Signal* of which she was then editor, and I think, proprietor. Helpful, too, was the late Mr. A. E. Fletcher, then editor of the *New Age*, and the editors of the *Weekly Budget*, *Lloyd's Weekly News*, *Young Woman*, *Christian Commonwealth*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Westminster Review*, and other magazines and papers.

So the years went on. I was gradually gaining a footing in the world of journalism, slowly, as I often found to my cost, but none the less surely. At last I determined on a bold stroke of business, and even now I sometimes wonder how I dared. In the meantime my mother had died and left me desolate. So that I had a strong incentive to break up my home, leave the factory, and embark on my career as a "free-lance" journalist. I felt that a complete change of environment was necessary, and I got it. Of course my friends and relations said I was mad, and where they did not say so, I was morally certain they thought it all the same.

As it happened, later events quite justified my action. For several years I depended entirely on my pen for a living, and every year my prospects got brighter. That the struggle has been hard I do not deny, sometimes terribly hard, and how many times I have been tempted to give up in despair I cannot remember. But I liked the work, I did not like being beaten, and I have come to the conclusion that, taking it altogether, the game has been worth the candle. After all, there is some-

thing bracing and exhilarating in the thought that you have carved your way in life step by step, without help from anyone, and without hurting a single human being in so doing, and also that you have still strength and energy enough left to go on carving. I do not know the meaning of nerves. I can still sleep well and eat well, and when one can perform these functions to one's entire satisfaction, the frowns of the world have little effect. Of course, as Longfellow says,

Into each life some rain must fall
Some days be dark and dreary,

and as the same poet says with equal truth,

There are things of which I may not speak,
There are dreams that cannot die.
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eyes.

As a "free-lance" journalist, my three best years were 1904, when my earnings just cleared £72. 1906, they jumped to £76, and in 1913 they reached £75. Naturally, when the war of 1914 broke out, my freelancing came to a dead stop. By this time I had returned to the West Riding of Yorkshire, and was living in a Girls' Friendly Society Lodge, paying 15s. a week for board and lodging. But in a manufacturing town there were plenty of openings for clerical work which could be easily filled by women and girls. Until the end of the war I was in full employment, and ended as a bookkeeper in a large canteen, run under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association.

While still working in the factory I had joined a public library, and my reading covered a very wide field. Some of my favourite authors were Ruskin, J. A. Froude, Charles Kingsley, Sir Walter Scott, George Eliot, Dickens, Charlotte Bronte, Louisa M. Alcott, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Macaulay, Mrs. Henry Wood, Charlotte M. Yonge, Emma Jane Worboise, Robert Blatchford, Marie Corelli, Ethel M. Dell, Henry Seton Merriman, Thomas Hardy, Robert Hichens, Halliwell Sutcliffe and Lord Lytton. Of poetry, well, I owe Lowell, Robert Burns, Oliver Goldsmith, Tom Hood, Ella a great deal to Tennyson, Longfellow, Bret Harte, J. Russell Wheeler Wilcox, W. T. Stead and his Penny Poets, and Rudyard Kipling's *Song of the English*, have often inspired me to further efforts.

Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men.

Of course, during my years as a free-lance in a manufacturing town, my clothes cost me more than they did while working in the factory. As far as I can remember I spent between £10 and £12 every year. Then, too, after being without a proper holiday for over 20 years, I was naturally prone to spending money rather freely in that direction. My first taste of a real holiday was a fortnight in Whitby in company with a friend, and we had an enjoyable time in the quaint and interesting old town, but I cannot recall the cost of board and lodging.

On another occasion I had a long spell with my relations who lived on the borders of the New Forest. The railway fare from Yorkshire to Hampshire was a good sum, and as they were not rich people I was glad to be able to pay my own expenses getting about the country, which I found so delightful after being cooped up in a factory for so many years. Then, another year, I visited some relations in Cheltenham, and there again the railway fare was rather heavy, although in neither case did it cost me anything for board and lodging.

Then, too, I had found it necessary to join the Workers' Educational Association, the Co-operative Women's Guild, and the Society of Women Journalists. The fees had to be found annually, and also money for journeys to Oxford, Canterbury, Glasgow, and London, in connection with these societies. But my savings were practically nil, as I had some debts to repay after the death of my parents, contracted during their long illnesses.

III

To me, and I believe, to the majority of people in this country, the years 1939 and 1940 have been very trying and upsetting in many respects. When the war broke out in September, 1939, I was two years over the allotted three score and ten. At that time I was working as a sort of assistant matron and secretary in a Girls' Holiday Home, not getting a stated salary, but of course given free board and lodging. My friendship with the then matron of the Home was of twenty-five years standing, and when she died in July, 1939, I left the Home, and again took up my previous calling as a "free lance" journalist—or at least I tried to do so.

On my 70th birthday I applied for my Old Age Pension, but the authorities refused to grant it, on the grounds that I was getting free board and lodging, which they estimated as being equal to 30s. a week, and therefore I was not entitled to the pension. While I was living at the Home, I did manage to do a bit of "free-lancing," just enough to keep my hand in, and supply myself with clothes, postage stamps, writing paper and envelopes, and other necessities of modern life. But alas! my expectations of being able to turn again to "free-lancing" received a severe shock. As it had proved in 1914, so it proved again in 1939, the outbreak of war speedily brought "free-lancing" to a dead stop. Newspapers and magazines were quickly reduced to half their normal size, and the majority of "free lances" were again banished to outer darkness, to sink or swim as best they could.

Well, I was compelled to look round for a modest bed-sitting room, which I was lucky enough to find without much trouble. My landlady has proved a most kind and motherly woman. She charges me 10s. a week as rent, with 1s. extra for coal in the winter months, and I board myself.

When I left the Home I had about £3 in hand, and I was owed for three or four articles which were already published but not paid for. Before the £3 had dwindled very much, I again applied for my Old Age Pension, and this time I was lucky. The pension officer called to see me and asked the usual string of questions, such as "where was I born, what were the names of my parents, and where and how had I lived during the last few years"? Then he began to get more searching still; "had I any money in hand, or money invested in shares of any description, did I earn any money by 'free-lancing' and how much had I earned for five years back"? He ended by asking if I could not get a cheaper bed-sitting room. My reply was, I could get a room at 5s. or 6s. weekly, but it would be unfurnished. In my case I had no furniture, and no money to buy any, so he dropped the argument. The catechism finished quite amicably, and eventually I got my pension. I was equally lucky when I applied for the Supplementary Pension, and nowadays I am in receipt of 19s. 6d. per week.

Of course it is utter nonsense to claim that any woman of seventy—or upwards—can live on 10s. a week. She may exist, but she cannot be said to live in decency and comfort. I had the practical experience of trying to live on 10s. a week

for my sole income, and then I was driven to apply to the Public Assistance Committee, which granted me 5s. a week for food. It was not a pleasant experience, by any means, but there it was. At this time I was four weeks in arrears with my rent, so had to do something drastic.

Now I will try and make clear just how I lay out my 19s. 6d., which I am thankful to get regularly every week. The food can easily be divided into three sections, rationed, unrationed, and extras. Take the rationed foods first. Butter is 1s. 6d. a lb., and I am allowed $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. weekly, which amounts to $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.; the best margarine is 9d. a lb., of which I am also allowed a $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. a week which costs $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.; tea at 2s. 2d. per lb., is doled out 2-ozs. per week to each person, and amounts to $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.; bacon is fixed at 1s. 8d. per lb., and each person is allowed 2-ozs. per week, which works out at $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.; fresh meat, which I can only afford once a week, is either a chop costing about 6d., or a small piece of steak at the same price; sugar is now $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb., and each person is allowed half a pound, and you are charged $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. for that amount. The rationed foods which are strictly enforced, amount to 1s. $8\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Now comes the turn of the unrationed foods. I use a tin of condensed or evaporated milk each week which costs 8d.; a bottle of coffee essence (small, and which saves tea) costs $6\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and a tin of cocoa, Rowntree's or Cadbury's costs 5d. per tin, and lasts a fortnight just for supper; then I eat usually three loaves of bread per week, costing 9d. What I class as extras are fresh herrings or kippers which are selling at 7d. per lb. and run about $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. for two. Sausages make a nice change now and then for dinner. Good beef sausages are 8d. per lb., and one lb. of sausages will last two days. Toilet soap is 3d. per tablet. Cheese is usually 1s. 2d. per lb., and one quarter at $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. lasts me a week, while tripe, of which I am very fond, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per quarter lb.

Of course the extras include things which cannot be classed as absolutely necessary to life, yet they are needed by way of a change in a rather monotonous diet, and are varied as often as possible. If I cannot get one thing I like, I put up with something else. Just now eggs are $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. each, and I am very fond of eggs. If I cannot afford bacon and egg for breakfast, I just have one egg for dinner, in company with two medium-sized tomatoes and some fried slices of bread. Last winter when the weather was so cold and frosty, stews and soups had to be largely included in the daily menu. Then, there is no

convenience in a bed-sitting-room for laundry work, except just to wash handkerchiefs and stockings, so that it is compulsory for me to send my larger garments out once a fortnight, which generally costs 1s. 6d. or 9d. per week. Fresh fruit and bananas are out of my reach. Fruit has been very dear all the summer, and bananas are 2d. each.

As nearly as I can reckon the rationed foods cost me 1s. 9d. per week, the unrationed 2s. 5d., and the extras 2s. 6d., making a total of 6s. 8d., leaving me just 2s. 10d. out of the 9s. 6d. This leaves me to get stamps, ink, envelopes, writing paper, and a daily newspaper, with shoes, gloves, and underclothes, out of what "free-lancing" I can pick up. I cannot afford to go to the "pictures," or to a concert or play, but fortunately for me I live close to a good public library, and can indulge my appetite for reading to its full extent.

One blessing I have always valued highly. My health has been excellent throughout my life, and surely that is something for which to be truly thankful! During the present struggle, and the tremendous possibilities involved, the words of James Russell Lowell, the American poet, have often crossed my mind—

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good and holy side ;
Some great cause God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

OF NOVELS AND FILMS

BY M. ST. CLARE BYRNE

SOME obscure but instinctive realization of affinity appears to impel the film to demand and use literary material. It goes steadily on, adapting novels and stories, undeterred by frequent failures, by commercial losses, by the contempt of its own intelligentsia, and the equally open contempt of most literary authors. Its best friends urge that it should write its own stories, do its original thinking in its own medium, and keep its hands off "literature"; and the general comment upon the film version of any outstanding work of fiction is always the same—"Of course you can't expect it to be as good as the novel". The commercial value of a best-seller accounts for some of this persistence, but not all. Instead, therefore, of reiterating the parrot-cry of the inevitable inferiority of the film deriving from the novel with legitimate pretensions to greatness, is it not time to accept this persistence as matter for respectful consideration, and to admit that this particular kind has earned the right to serious constructive criticism?

The amazing divergence between the enthusiastic send-off accorded by the press to the film of *The Grapes of Wrath*, and its more than apathetic reception by the public, both in the West End and in the London suburban cinemas, provides an extraordinarily interesting topical occasion for an attempt to examine the situation. It was probably unfortunate that the majority of the notices gave it unmeasured and indiscriminating praise. When misled by hyperbole and disappointed of its expectations the public is apt to refuse to strike a decent mean of appreciation. It found itself tired by the length and bored by the monotony of what it had been told was a masterpiece. On two visits, the first in the West End, the second in the south suburbs, at popular week-end hours, I found the auditorium more than half empty; and before the film was more than three-fifths over, people who had come in at the beginning, as I did, started to straggle out. It is being

described as "altogether too miserable and depressing"; and those who fancy they know all about the public taste are busy, as usual, saying that the public will not have an "unhappy" story, and that anyway the public taste is always bad. Admirers of Steinbeck's novel are saying, quite rightly, that the film is inadequate and disappointing; and concluding as usual—quite wrongly, I believe—that it proves once again that the film should not attempt to handle literary material. Every reason, in fact, is being advanced to explain its failure, except the simple and obvious one. Public taste is a queer and chancy thing, but it relates to and is in some sense responsible for sound theory. The principles of artistic composition are not arbitrary rules, like those devised for a game: they are the methods that centuries of experience, observation and practice have proved to be successful, and even the youngest and newest art forms defy them at their own peril.

With the type of novel the composition of which can be analysed in terms of the sheer technique of good story-telling the film has shown itself fully competent to deal. A striking example of perfect transference from the one form to the other is *The Lady Vanishes*, where the problem is precisely technical, involving questions of timing, tensions, variety, emphasis, and a correct assessment of visual, aural and dramatic values, but not questions of reorganization of composition in visual terms or of structural alterations other than the simple kind necessary for the transferring of sequences of incident from the printed page to the screen. In the original novel the narrative *was* the composition, it was the rhythm, it was the sum total of the content. The writer had no statement to make, simply a good story to tell, a straightforward narrative of exciting action.

The novel proper, however, is something more than a good story. It has statements to make, a theme to develop, larger issues to shape, and a pattern other than that supplied by the mere chronological sequence of events. Clearly, therefore, it will demand for its derivative film not so much transference as translation, and an altogether subtler re-thinking. Between the two independent artistic creations there lies a borderland belonging absolutely to neither, and until the film sets itself the task of the full and faithful exploration of this *terra incognita* it is never going to do itself justice as a translator. As territory it is co-extensive with the whole field of interpretative criticism, and its mastery would mean for the film

understanding of the elements and sources of power in great literature. It is precisely for lack of such understanding that the film of *The Grapes of Wrath* fails artistically, in spite of the natural suitability of the material and of the sincere, honest, and well-intentioned handling it has received.

No film company would dream of employing camera-men who could merely snap the shutter but knew nothing of the potentialities of their apparatus. But if we are to judge by results, it will blithely employ as key workers, or as the final authority, men who understand nothing beyond the mechanics of the writer's craft, who have no grasp whatsoever of artistic form, are incapable of apprehending or interpreting the writer's larger intention, and have neither the natural nor the trained judgment that can assess and analyse the precise sources and elements of power in literary work, and distinguish between the essential and the inessential in selecting incident, episode and detail. The writer's effects are admired, but no attempt is made to see how they have been achieved, as the necessary preliminary for achieving the equivalent in another medium.

The first and most obvious strength of Steinbeck's novel is the largeness of its composition. It is built on the grand scale, and infinite skill has been devoted to the balancing and interlocking of all parts of the structure. Visually, it should have been a gift from heaven to imaginative production. It includes everything. For background there is the magnificent sweep and scope of the American scene—millions of square miles of it. A challenge art cannot meet? Far from it! Steinbeck, artist in words, meets it in the economically written pages of his choric-interlude chapters. It is his frame—the limit which must always be included, but from which the eye must always travel back to the centre. Governing the rhythm of the composition, creating the natural movement within the frame there is the migrant motif, sketched in on broad lines, emphasized and made clear and vivid by the familiar and accepted device of a journey, the progress of which is the story. Within this current of movement is the centre of rest, the focal point, the stabilization of interest in the intensely personalized story of the Joads, one of the dispossessed farming families of the Middle West, trekking to California in search of work—at once individual and symbolic; and within this focus there is yet a further concentration upon the two outstanding characters, a man and a woman, Ma Joad and her second son

Tom. Boldness and speed characterize the composition, and are reinforced by the vigorous rhythm of the prose. Here, in sum, is a source of strength so fundamental that any translating must make it a first charge on its resources. Here is plan, shape, coherence; instinct, moreover, with visual and pictorial opportunity. The intensely concentrated quality of life as conditioned by the family regarded as a group unit, for example, is made pictorially effective by being framed within car, tent, or shack, giving enlargement to the human beings and getting a striking adjustment of balance against the vastness of the background.

Now when a fundamental source of strength like this is missed it becomes not simply a lack but a positive weakness; and in the film as now shown there is no sign that this basic composition was ever recognized or reckoned with. Composition is not merely scamped: it is scrapped; and a part—the narrative—is substituted for the whole—a simplification which falsifies all the values, so that a novel of inescapable tragic grandeur and dimensions dwindles into an 'unhappy' story with a 'depressing' effect. For the beauty and the vastness of the American scene there is some assorted scenery, much of it perfunctory, photographically flat and un-alive or cardboard in effect, together with some 'views' and some shots of the Joad car that are irresistibly reminiscent of the seaside photographer's backcloth. Instead of expanding, everything seems to have shrunk in the filming, especially the migrant motif, the road, that terrific two-thousand-mile journey and that awful urgency to press on and on. Several of the choric-interlude chapters—notably No. XII—provide admirable material for getting-over the *feel* of all these; but as with the scenery, the use made of it is perfunctory and slipshod; and no real use is made of the counter-swirl or resistance to the movement, the rhythm of the westward trek, that is visually realizable in the returning migrant cars. This failure to find work in California is discussed in an over-lengthy bit of talk, when it could have been more vitally and economically expressed in visual terms stressed and commented on simply by the Joad faces. As for the journey—the whole point of it is its heroic quality as a struggle against small mishaps which mean a couple of hours delay to the smart roadster and may mean absolute disaster to the Joads who have to think in terms of ten cents' worth of bread. When a knocking in the engine—rear end gone dry?—means panic in the driver's heart, you do

not experience either the triumph or the terror of that journey by seeing a few shots of filling stations, a puncture mending, and things like a pretty picture-postcard view of New Mexico. And if any admirer of the novel who has *lived* that journey with the Joads should ask, Why use a shot of a flock of sheep surging across the road? the answer presumably is, 'Nobody ordered wolves'.

While missing this largeness of design by failing to recognize its elements, the film has seized with notable success upon the novel's second great source of strength, which is its admirable character work. The casting of the Joad family was brilliantly done: they really looked like a family—leanness and the Joad face emphasized in Granpa, Pa, Uncle John and young Al—Tom, Noah and Rosasharn stouter and more like Ma. And the acting throughout was fine and veracious. Again, however, the recognition of this source of strength seems to have been a slap-dash rather than a considered judgment; because although the individual character work was excellent, a great deal of its force and value was lost for lack of the reinforcement and background provided for it in the novel by the equally admirable group characterization. The casting gave one every hope that this was to be well translated, but after a good start it petered out and just got lost. (So, incidentally, did some of the individuals—perhaps in the cutting-room.) Uncle John, Al and Noah were never really *used*: consequently they became just so much clutter and loose ends. Had first things been made a first charge on the film, this group characterization and the adequate realizing of its subsidiary members would never have been sacrificed; and the family-ness of the family, together with its relation to society, would almost certainly have been stressed and brought out by the use of one of the other families—probably the Wilsons—with whom they temporarily link their fortunes.

By scamping this group characterization the film loses in great part one of the most poignant things in the novel—what it is that happens to these dispossessed people *as families*. Suddenly cut adrift from the settled habit of the agricultural community which for generations has conditioned their lives and bounded their outlook, it is the general tragedy of these folk that there is no place for them in the outside scheme of things. They belong to the land, and to that way of living. Turned out on to the migrant road, they belong nowhere; and dispossessed as a unit, the particular tragedy of disruption

within begins to overtake them. They slip out of their proper places: what was ordered living becomes haphazard existence: the harmony of relationships is lost: the man is no longer the head of his family; and the family, upon which the woman stakes her ail, disintegrates. Throughout the book we live through this experience with the Joads, and it is one of the most important and moving things in their story.

Which brings us from the obvious to the underlying and most vital source of power in this as in any other great novel—that is, the statements of poetic force which the writer has to make, and the way in which he makes them. If you believe that the poets are ‘the unacknowledged legislators of the world’, and that the film is the art form which has the most immediately widespread effect in the modern world, it becomes one of the most imperative things in the world that the poet’s vision should find expression through the film. It has found it, now and again; as, for example, in *Men of the Lightship*, in the concluding shots and in the introductory sentence beginning, ‘Since Louis XIV told his army, ‘I am at war with England but not with humanity . . .’. In *The Grapes of Wrath* Steinbeck’s poetic vision has burnt clear of the crudities and alloys of his earlier work, and now flames steadily. He has something to say about man, who “grows beyond his works, walks up the stairs of his concepts, emerges ahead of his accomplishments.” He sees him as

muscles and mind aching to grow, to work, to create, multiplied a million times. . . . Having stepped forward, he may slip back, but only half a step, never the full step back. This you may say and know it and know it. This you may know when the bombs plummet out of the black planes on the market-place, when prisoners are stuck like pigs, when the crushed bodies drain filthily in the dust. You may know in this way. If the step were not being taken, if the stumbling-forward ache were not alive, the bombs would not fall, the throats would not be cut. Fear the time when the bombs stop falling while the bombers live—for every bomb is proof that the spirit has not died. And fear the time when the strikes stop while the great owners live—for every little beaten strike is proof that the step is being taken. And this you can know—fear the time when Manself will not suffer and die for a concept, for this one quality is the foundation of Manself, and this one quality is man, distinctive in the universe.

Everything that Steinbeck has to say is, in a sense, part of this statement, and sixteen of his thirty chapters are devoted to it. If anyone still believes that all the film wants from works of this kind is its ‘damn good story’ he had better re-read one of the best of A. P. Herbert’s *Topsicalities* and see

just what Topsy’s “fresh mind” made of *Othello* as a good story about “one absolute cad, one absolute half-wit, and one absolute *cow*”. It is the whole book that has swept through America and England, like a great wind, quickening the imaginations of men; and it is preposterous to imagine that those sixteen vital chapters can be ignored or distorted in translation to the screen. But that, in effect, is what the film has done. It cannot expect to use them in the same way or in the same order as the novel; but if it will take the trouble to see what these vital statements are, its task should then be clear, because the novelist, as it were, hands us the method when he keys, points and stresses them in those sixteen choric-interlude chapters. To carry through and beyond the story-interest in the film they must similarly be keyed and stressed; and this can be done by re-thinking the order in which they are to be made. For maximum visual effectiveness, the order undoubtedly is—universal, general, particular; announcing the themes as one would in a musical composition, (and, if possible, with music, so that the repeated musical theme can help the spectator to pick up the statement again when it merges into and becomes one with the narrative.) Steinbeck’s universal statement is concerned with the land, its fruitfulness, man’s hunger for it, his love of it, and the relation of all this to the family as unit and to society as the whole. The film has dozens of good ways of making this statement, with all its dependent clauses, in a few minutes. It has only got to refer to the methods of its own documentaries, and to the technique of some of the early Russian work.

His general statement is co-extensive with his scene—America; with California and the “dust bowl” as dependent clauses. As he particularizes, land becomes on the one hand croppers’ land and on the other multiple farming; Joad land and the dust bowl: ‘the family’ becomes Joads: Joads become Pa, Ma, Tom and the rest. We follow their particular story, and its environment is seen in relation to the larger background, which is the general; and which relates always to the ultimate things which are his universal. Always, the wheel comes full circle. This is the fundamental structure which the novelist has invested with such rich and varied being, crying aloud with every noun, verb and adjective for visual realization. And the dynamic centre from which the emotional impulse of the independent film creation should derive is the passionate

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE EUROPEAN CATASTROPHE

By ROBERT POWELL

ROAD TO DISASTER, by Ernst Klein.
Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Many are the guides who would retrace for us the landmarks along the road which led to the European catastrophe. Some have been inspired more by wishful thinking than by any deep understanding of the countries and peoples concerned. Happily, however, there have also been others whose knowledge and experience justify their taking up this task.

Among these latter is Herr Ernst Klein, whose work as an outstanding journalist on Austrian, German and Swiss newspapers covers nearly 40 years. Like so many other Austrian writers at the beginning of the century he went to Berlin to seek a career. As Balkans correspondent to the *Lokalanzeiger* until 1914, and later in the Austrian army and secret service he had excellent opportunities of observing key events at first hand. His conclusions are here given in a book which is something more than memoirs.

Europe's *Road to Disaster* begins for Herr Klein when the Young Turks raised the standard of revolt at Monastir on July 23rd, 1908, and the Balkan confusion of the next six years led to the World War, especially as the Great Powers showed no sincere desire to enforce order in south-east Europe.

But "beginning" is obviously meant to mean the occasion rather than the cause of the catastrophe which he sees as the struggle of Pan-Germanism against Pan-Slavism and the elimination of Austria from a pivotal position in continental affairs.

Herr Klein is both an enthusiastic Austrian and an ardent monarchist. So ardent a Habsburger is he that he declares that he "tried again and again" to persuade Dr. Edward Benesh of Czechoslovakia in the post-1933 years that the restoration of that monarchy would not mean anything but the establishment of a bulwark against National Socialism. Such a contention is open to grave doubts, as is also the repetition of the hypothesis that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand had he lived would have introduced into the former Austria-Hungary the "trialism" which would have given the Slavs the equal position in the old empire denied them by the *Ausgleich* of 1867. Many Austrians who worked with the Archduke in the years immediately before 1914 have doubted whether he had the resolution to carry through such a scheme in the teeth of opposition from Berlin and Budapest.

Perhaps the author's experiences after 1919 are much more interesting to the average reader than those which

preceded it, since he spent the time in Berlin as correspondent of the great Swiss newspaper, the *Basler Nachrichten*. He only left the German capital in August, 1935, when he was expelled by the Nazis.

Herr Klein was a great admirer of Stresemann and, like many other observers, believed that if only the Reichstag had had less political parties and more political personalities and the Western governments had supported the Weimar Republic more openly and consistently, there would never have been a January 30th, 1933.

Of Stresemann Klein writes, "He was a monarchist. His ideal . . . was a popular imperialism (*Völkaisertum*) which he thought of in its groundwork as more democratic than the English constitutional monarchy".

Herr Klein's loathing for Nazism is clear in every line of his treatment of that subject. He sees it as a new form of Prussianism. "National Socialism is the work of Hitler and his band, but it is in essence nothing but a resurrection of the old Prussian Pan-Germanism which had the subjugation of foreign peoples in its programme". His description of the road to disaster is accompanied by suggestions for a new Europe more firmly established on just foundations. Like all who have the least understanding of German mentality to-day, the author opposes the dismemberment of the Reich as an action which would be as bitterly resented as was the Versailles Treaty. But he would destroy Prussia *within* the German Empire by reducing it to the size it was before Prussian aggression made it the dominant state east of the Rhine. The kingdoms, duchies

and free cities (Hanover, Saxony, Westphalia, etc.) which Prussia seized should be independent once more, and Prussia reduced to the size of a small state like Saxony. Weimar, not Berlin should be the new German capital.

As for central and south-east Europe, "the important thing is that the Danube states, with which I include the Balkan states, should find their way together quite freely and quite voluntarily without the participation of any of the European Great Powers. Then they will form a great power themselves strong enough to withstand successfully any aggressor". Within this framework would also be included Prussian and Austrian Silesia.

Such a confederation it is clear would have Vienna as its capital. Presumably Herr Klein with his great faith in the Habsburgs visualizes this new confederation as being directed by one of that house from the Hofburg. Such an idea certainly seems untenable to a large proportion of the present inhabitants of the area in question. But that something on a comprehensive scale will have to be arranged in Danubia after this catastrophe has passed is obvious to all.

ROGER FRY, by Virginia Woolf.
Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

This biography has the very great merit of allowing its subject to speak for himself on almost every page. In this holding back of her own personality Mrs. Woolf's artistry is most surely displayed. She knew Fry well; she might have assessed him with an authority which few would have dared to dispute; she has her own public which has come to expect of her certain

writing of Chapter XXV—"in the eyes of the hungry there is a growing wrath. In the souls of the people the grapes of wrath are filling and growing heavy, growing heavy for the vintage."

In the film, by ignoring the universal and handling the general without any clear realization of its function, breadth and vigour are lost, there is a consequent loss of sharpness in the detail, and the particular becomes monotonous and flat. The statement of California and the balancing statement of the dust bowl are selectively and photographically weak. There is neither beauty nor terror: neither the fruitfulness of the promised land nor the howling desolation of the lost land. The ignoring of theme and structure has led to the loss of such essential and naturally filmic incidents as the selling-off of the agricultural stock and the buying of the car from the car-knacker's yard: to the loss, also, of the beauty of the wayside encamping—"each night a world created"—which is so necessary to balance the squalor of Hooverville; and to the frittering away of the dramatic beauty and the ritual-idyllic value of that bathing in the river on the border of the promised land—structurally, a tremendously significant moment, when we should hear, for the first time, the note of menace, warning the outcasts that this land of plenty is not for their possessing. But while the lack of the proper bridge-work of interpretative criticism can account for these and similar artistic weaknesses, it is difficult on any grounds to account for the failure to utilize fully the possibilities of the Joad car, both as a character in itself, and as a focus for incident revelatory of individual and group character.

The Grapes of Wrath is one of the great tragic novels of our time, and it is a universal statement. Throughout the world the desert—man-made—is gaining on man; and the understanding of this is vital to his survival. It is not a purely American problem: the British Empire fights it too; and its dimensions are world-wide. England is still deeply ignorant of America and its problems; and the Anglo-American collaboration that is going to be essential for winning the peace after the war will never be effective unless there is sympathetic understanding between the two nations. Steinbeck's novel has given its readers this imaginative apprehension: the film, by its failure to grasp the principles which govern great artistic composition, fails to meet the need of the time and the challenge of great writing.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN*

READING over what I wrote a month ago has turned my mind to the caption of these notes. Ebb there was, beyond all imagined limit, till the miracle of Dunkirk stopped it; yet even after that, what seemed the very worst had to come with Pétain's surrender; the only sign of a new tide making was in the British people's amazing buoyancy. No hopeful movement of events could be registered; and what I wrote reflected only an incoherent confidence. To-day it is different. We can as yet look for no help in Europe, not being strong enough to ensure protection to the State that should offer it. Across the Atlantic we have till now had encouragement, yet limited meticulously by America's determination not to be involved. But now, statesmen have found a way to give expression to the desires and purposes of those whose heart is with Great Britain, and yet to do this without act of war. They have found it in an act of peace. Great Britain and France went to war for the world, and dearly they have paid for their venture; but while one of them is left standing, the purpose stands. To-day that purpose is served by conceding to the custodians of American freedom key-positions which should ensure the New World against predatory enterprise; in return for this, the United States hands over fifty destroyers, old but serviceable to Great Britain, in existing conditions. Both sides gain, not only by what they get but by what they surrender. This is the most constructive thing that has happened since the war started; it is the firmest step towards a new and better world. It may even be regarded as the most important happening of the year, for it is certain to last; Hitler's achievements we are taught to regard as transient.

Look at it this way. Somebody has to police the world; otherwise majorities will suffer from the Al Capones who organize their minorities of gunmen. At the moment, Great Britain is in deadly danger because, having already to police

the oceans and numberless territories across the ocean, she felt it necessary to act policeman in the continent of Europe. Never henceforward will Great Britain be able to say, or think of saying, that events in Czechoslovakia or Poland are too far off to be her concern. She is now part of the continent; and inevitably she feels the need to transfer some of her oceanic responsibility where she can do so with confidence. That is what she has done "along a wide arc" (in Mr. Churchill's phrase) reaching from Newfoundland to Guiana. Deliberately she has enlarged the sphere of transfer by throwing in a base in Newfoundland and another in Bermuda so as to make clear that the United States is to picket the seaways leading to the St. Lawrence and New York as well as those leading to the Panama Canal. Deliberately also President Roosevelt has accepted the responsibility which will be exercised at the discretion of the United States. One branch of the English-speaking world hands over to another a good slice of oceanic sovereignty which it had become burdensome to retain since resources were more than fully occupied in coping with the residue, yet which could be surrendered without the least fear that Great Britain's interest and her honour would suffer. By accepting, the United States assisted Britain to make good her championship of freedom in Europe, and at the same time, in acknowledgment of the added security gained for American interest they handed over a block of armament which undoubtedly would not have been transferred without a strong wish that success should attend them.

But above all there comes into sight something like a pooling of sovereignty; and this was not the only symptom. By action taken directly between Canada and the United States, and taken with a swiftness that no autocracy could outstrip, a council was set up to concert measures for the security of North America. Nobody seems to have questioned whether Canada had the right to act thus independently; everybody was overjoyed that the action should have been taken. Canada, remaining a Dominion of the British Commonwealth, not outdone in devotion by any part of that Commonwealth, is also part of North America, with security guaranteed by the United States, and on her part guaranteeing their security. Sovereignty tends to become international—in the English-speaking world.

But the lesson has further application. Great Britain gladly concedes eight Gibaltars in British territory to a power which

can help to police the ocean. It is a fair inference that Spain loses nothing by the British tenure of Gibraltar and that the world gains by it. There is also a reflection on the case of Ireland, which puts out of action two or three Gibaltars on her coast, with advantage only to the German U-boats.

* * * * *

If there have been positive gains across the Atlantic, losses have to be recorded elsewhere. Surrender of the Channel

Losses Islands was a painful necessity, though navy and air force combined have succeeded in maintaining that the Channel remains British. One need feel much less concern about what appears a grave matter—the withdrawal of a British garrison from the international settlement at Shanghai; for whether Japan wins or China wins, or neither wins, all European troops in the Concessions will be in an impossible position when that war ends. As to Hongkong, strategists may differ; but it would be infinitely preferable to see it in American hands than in Japanese.

What has happened in British Somaliland also leave me dry-eyed. It was offered to the Italians before and has at most a strategic value as a point from which communications to India can be threatened. But Italy already possesses these opportunities; and indeed the loss is generally measured in terms of prestige. This has a value which can easily be overrated. Attack by ships in the Dardanelles was undertaken, because if it failed, there would be no difficulty as to withdrawal; but when the Cabinet decided to admit failure, Lord Kitchener insisted that the enterprise must be carried on by land to avoid loss of prestige. After costing 400,000 casualties it had to be abandoned—with the maximum loss of prestige; yet the first decisive signs of victory came in the Mahomedan regions where loss of prestige had been specially feared. The Mahomedan world will not be greatly affected by withdrawal of the British flag from Berbera so long as it can be carried unchallenged from one end of the Mediterranean to the other and through the Red Sea.

* * * * *

Manifestly events are preparing in the Eastern Mediterranean. Turkey does not move not wishing to face a possible combination of Russia and the Axis powers: **Mediterranean Movements** yet plainly so far, Turkey counts victory for the British as at least possible. Rumania came to a different conclusion and surrendered to the Axis powers, after

first giving in to Russia. Not much is left of Rumania to-day, but what remains is pledged to support the Axis, even while bitterly rebellious against the terms which the Axis imposed for Hungary's advantage. It is only fair to say that Rumania could count on nothing but her own resources if she resisted: Great Britain could not reach her. The case is very different in Greece. Here, power rests with a man who is known to be a convinced admirer of German military skill and certainly has no enthusiasm for democracy. But he is also, in the opinion of highly qualified judges, the ablest statesman and the ablest soldier in any of the Balkan countries, and he is at the head of a nation said to equal any of the Balkan States in fighting quality and to excel them in military skill. It is therefore significant that General Metaxas, though formidably threatened by Italy, shows no sign of surrender and holds to Great Britain's guarantee of assistance—which the British fleet and air force are ready to afford. Plainly this leader, if he dare not count on British victory, is in no way disposed to count on British defeat. In short, prestige has not been appreciably shaken; and day by day, week by week, Germany has been losing the reputation for irresistible power. It looks more and more like a contest between the power which controls the seas and the power which controls the land for supremacy in the third element. Germany can concentrate her attack on a narrow crowded target accessible from a hundred points after a few minutes flying: the British must distribute their effort over an area reaching from the inner Baltic to Bordeaux, and from the Arctic circle to cities beyond the Alps. And yet up to the present Germany, to say the least, is not winning.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, individual Poles and Czechs and Frenchmen are helping to break up the invading armadas; but under General de Gaulle's leadership Free France begins to assume an international personality and power. Strangely enough, the first organic movement of a province to join in the resistance comes from equatorial Africa. France has been careful to let Africans know that Hitler classed them as "half apes"; and they know well enough that France has taught them to think of themselves as Frenchmen. This has not been mere theory. Some years ago I wrote here of a novel about Equatorial Africa which won the *Prix Goncourt*; the author of *Batouala* was a pure negro, and an administrator in the territory of which he wrote. One

**Free
France**

of the signatures which appeared in the announcement of the Chad districts decision looked to me like an African name. Senegal has not yet moved; in Morocco, the work done by Lyautey may or may not show results. But at all events in Africa, in what used to be called darkest Africa, there is sign of light. Even to-day messages may be throbbing across the Continent. Away north, in the shifting wastes of sand where Laperrine and de Foucauld, the General of the Sahara and the saint of the Sahara, lie in one tomb, comrade by comrade, surely there must be a stirring. Only one thing is clear; and General de Gaulle ought to understand that we understand it. There is talk of our fighting to give back to France what she has lost. That is wrong; no man and no nation can give such gifts to another; France herself must recover her own place in Europe, helping us while we help her. To wish General de Gaulle God-speed is wishing Godspeed to France.

* * * * *

Now that it becomes more and more strictly true to say that we are all in the battle zone, and more and more evident that **Industrial** workers in factories stick to their posts under **Soldiers** danger like good soldiers, one rejoices to see them looked after as the British officer is taught to look after his men. Mr. Bevin has interposed to prevent young men from killing themselves with putting in too much overtime for too long; I like the prohibition and I like the need for it. I like also a report on this matter of health and welfare issued by the British Association for Labour Legislation. They want to make sure that beneficent provisions of the Factories Act shall not become dead letters and they ask for additional factory inspectors to keep watch on all relaxations of ordinary rules; and for a careful reckoning to determine what is really the period to give maximum production, when allowance is made for loss through sickness or overstrain. If the inspectors can be trusted to realize that man or woman, boy or girl, is very seldom the worse for any amount of work that he or she wants to do, by all means have more of them.

things, a public on the whole less curious to know what Roger Fry was like than what Mrs. Woolf might find to say about him in her own distinguished manner.

Such readers may be disappointed. Here and there sentences and paragraphs occur which they will recognize and applaud, but for the most part the biographer is content to withdraw into a comprehending silence, whence the voice of Fry can be heard issuing clearly, almost as in life.

He was a puzzling character on the surface, though simple enough deep down. A Quaker by upbringing, a Bohemian by temperament; a painter for his own pleasure, a critic and lecturer for the pleasure of others; a man of complete integrity and what one of his friends called "an almost nefast gullibility;" a man who would not serve under Pierpoint Morgan on account of the millionaire's indifference "to the real value of things," but who could unconcernedly ask that personage for a thousand pounds to finance an unworldly magazine; and get it, too. These were his contradictions. The fundamental simple facts about him were that he was good as bread; that he could always learn, new things and people having no terrors for him; and that he had courage to spare, including the courage of his convictions.

Mrs. Woolf makes great claims for Roger Fry. She says that he had an influence on English taste greater than any critic since Ruskin at the height of his fame. Such a statement is sweeping enough, but very few will dispute it. He brought the Post-Impressionists to London, and it is odd to read now, only thirty years later of the sound and fury raised by the per-

formances of Cezanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin; how he and they were mocked by the instructed public, scolded by the professors. He founded workshops where artists could earn thirty pieces of silver a week without betraying their own souls. He went up and down preaching his new vision with an irresistible personal charm, and a persuasiveness and a pertinacity which made a whole generation his converts. He was not, Mrs. Woolf thinks, wholly aware of what he was doing. He envied his friend Lowes Dickinson the power to create through his influence upon the minds of the young, and himself unknowingly assumed that power every time he opened his mouth. Young people loved him. He made everyone, they said, share his enjoyments. And since his enjoyments were concerned for the most part with form and colour, form and colour were accepted by them in that idiom which he preferred and spoke most freely. It was no doubt in his favour that this idiom should have been one which the indignant professors were refusing to master. "If they only knew," said he, "what mildness, what caution, what prudent conservatism, what elderly wisdom there was behind this hob-goblin mask of mine how very shamefaced they'd be." But they never found out; and even in 1927, when it might be supposed that the revolution which he started had passed into its innocuous stage, Oxford rejected him from the Slade chair. The snub did not anger, though it surprised him. In fact, he did not need a chair to give his critical authority weight. When he spoke out of his own incorruptible heart he spoke *ex cathedra*, and the British public listened while he told it to look at every

picture as though it had never seen any picture before.

Mrs. Woolf must be thanked for re-introducing Roger Fry to those who have forgotten their debt to him, and for performing the introduction with her own dignity and grace.

HELEN SIMPSON.

EARLY VICTORIAN CAMBRIDGE, by D. A. Winstanley. *Cambridge University Press*. 25s.

This work may be regarded as a sequel to those already published by Mr. Winstanley on *Cambridge in the 18th Century* and *Unreformed Cambridge*. Needless to say that it is a monument of accurate scholarship and painstaking research. In particular it is a shining example of filial piety towards the Great Foundation of which the author is a distinguished son. To all Cambridge men who are interested in academic politics and to Trinity men in particular Mr. Winstanley's book will be of great interest. Its appeal must, however, of necessity be rather limited. The "jacket" suggests that "battles of university politics (like those of chess) have the excitement and interest of battles of larger scope" and that "Cambridge, a nation in little . . . is a perfect subject for miniature history". Cambridge residents will naturally assent to this statement; but the author himself confesses to some misgivings when in his Preface he writes apologetically that he may be thought "to have taxed the memory and, what is worse, the patience of the reader by describing in such detail the many changes made in the curriculum and educational system of the University". Again he writes (p. 371): "It

has unfortunately not been possible to do justice to the combatants in that struggle (between the Statutory Commissioners and the Governing Body of Trinity College in 1859) without going into much confusing detail". In view of such a frank apology it were ungracious to emphasize the point, but it must be acknowledged that the general reader may find the "detail" more than a little confusing.

"Such an institution cannot be regarded as a mere aggregation of private interests; it is eminently national. It would seem, therefore, to be a matter of public policy that . . . such measures should be taken as may serve to raise its efficiency to the highest point and to diffuse its benefits most widely." That emphatic assertion of the national character of the University appeared in the forefront of the Report of the Oxford Commission of 1852. It was equally true of Cambridge. In the case of Oxford no less than of Cambridge many of the resulting reforms were primarily domestic in character affecting the Constitution and powers of the Governing Bodies in the University and the Colleges, the relations between the State and the ancient Universities, and still more the relations between the Universities and the Nation.

If the Commissioners were justified in regarding the Universities as national institutions, it was evidently pertinent to enquire how far the Universities were conscious of their wider responsibilities and were prepared to adapt their internal economy to the growing needs and demands of the nation as a whole. The answer to these questions was found on the one hand in the

abolition of religious tests, by the admission of poorer students who were not attached to any College or Hall, by extending facilities to women students and so on; on the other hand by instituting local examinations and local lectures for the benefit of those outside the limits of the resident University.

Some of these reforms were effected only in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, and so do not fall within the limits of Mr. Winstanley's survey. He does, however, deal with evangelical movement at Cambridge, with which Charles Simoneon was so closely associated, and with the establishment, despite influential opposition of a Branch of the British & Foreign Bible Society at Cambridge, and, at greater length with the movement for the abolition of Religious Tests. But much the greater portion of this book is devoted to the internal affairs of the University; to the position of the Heads of Colleges and, in particular, of the Masters of Trinity; to a storm in a tea-cup at the Fitzwilliam Museum; to the establishment of new Triposes, the provision of laboratories, lecture rooms and the like. It is characteristic of Mr. Winstanley's "piety", and his natural preoccupation with the internal affairs of his own College, that a whole chapter should be devoted to Christopher Wordsworth, and that all four appendices should deal with Trinity: its Fellowships; its Seniority; with Sir Isaac Newton's Rooms, and with the statue of Isaac Barrow in the Chapel. A concluding chapter on "Cambridge as it Was" is, for the general reader, the most interesting in the book.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

THE WEST WIND OF LOVE, by Compton Mackenzie. *Chatto & Windus. 9s. 6d.*

WEST TO NORTH, by Compton Mackenzie. *Chatto & Windus. 9s. 6d.*

Whew! Mr. Mackenzie, your winds are breath snatching. The latest instalment, *West to North*, is the second half of *West Wind*, so, to be scrupulously fair to the one, I re-read the other. From this test of endurance I emerge battered, dazed, chilly and brrrh! there's a colder wind to come.

For this shaken and apprehensive state Mr. Mackenzie's style and characters and the post-Great-War history he treats of are equally responsible. The mistakes, wilful or inadvertent, the muddle, the blindness of greedy politicians and a bawling populace in those days from 1918-22 are here set out in damning array. When he is simply telling that tragic story and not arguing a case he is altogether satisfying. But how rarely does he let the tale unfold without intruding his own particular brand of polemics. Let one of his characters but murmur something about Black and Tans, or Venizelos, or Jewish culture, or Mr. Lloyd George, or Atlantis, or music, or Blackshirts, or Scottish nationalism, or sedition, or the Roman Church, or anything you like, and away races John Ogilvie, his hero, with a couple of pages of rhetoric to each.

It is odd that such fluency, such enthusiasm, such knowledge of detail should fail to stimulate, unless it is indeed true that there can be too much of a good thing. John is an excellent husband and a fond father; he is frightfully intelligent, politically and artistically; he is intent on making the world a better place and could give

a very fair idea of how it should be done. One should love such an admirable man—and, as so often happens with those we love (or should love), we are irritated by him, as we are by the colourless mind of his wife, Athene.

Apparently Mr. Mackenzie is so interested in ideas that so long as his characters ventilate them he does not care if they fail to talk credibly. Indeed they are often not credible at all. Julius and Emil Stern are so intellectually snobbish that they are distorted into caricature. Geoffrey Noel wanders in and out of the two books making moan at his wife's failure to send his allowance on every occasion, but fails utterly to give a picture of himself. Miriam Stern obviously plays the piano very well indeed. She even talks intelligently, but one does not know her any better

than when one first met her in *The East Wind*. Perhaps Fitz comes nearest to a flesh and blood man (Irishman rather) and, true to type, he gets himself killed. Yet the children in these books are good. Their charming talk is just the correct fit; they are convincing and the young Prudence is a darling. Mr. Mackenzie's scenery is always good, too. He never overwrites this, and in a few words he can set before the eyes the magic of colour and light, of mountain, of sea and of the "Gothic masses" of cliff and lonely island.

If most of the foregoing may be described as carping it is still a measure of the disappointment that can assail an admirer of all that energy, that interest in affairs, that knowing a good story when he sees it, which goes to the making of Mr. Mackenzie's books. His reading of events makes him

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important as a historian, and a very little extra trouble, on top of all the colossal labour of writing these books, would make him so much more satisfying as a novelist. He has been accused, so says his dedication in *West to North*, of making John Ogilvie "too much of a Cassandra about the future". He must be defended from this particular sort of detraction. Ordinary minds know whither mankind is tending and are troubled thereby. It would be surprising if an acute intelligence like his should fail to see several steps ahead to the actual bomb crater.

And now, having recovered breath, I wait undaunted for *The North Wind*. Bitterly cold it must be. Nothing has happened between the early twenties and the present time which could alter Mr. Mackenzie's weather vane. It is his business to record foul weather in his next book, but perhaps he may be induced to forecast as well. A sign from such an authority that the depression is lifting would be as valuable as welcome.

GEA MORRIS.

HEIL HUNGER, by Dr. Martin Gumpert. *Allen and Unwin*. 5s.

Not the least peril of war is the willingness of all belligerents to indulge in self-deception. Dr. Gumpert, described on the book jacket, as "formerly head of a large clinic in Berlin," has no doubt good reason for disliking the Nazi régime but he does his case no good by this form of propaganda. Facts are facts, but as we all know from watching the weavings of Dr. Goebbels, they can be used to conceal what is essentially a lie.

I would not accuse Dr. Gumpert of evil intention. No doubt he believes

much of what he has written, even if he has been forced to strain a little to make the facts fit his declared object of revealing "to British readers that dictatorship is a sickness which drives all concerned to inevitable physical breakdown; that freedom is the first condition for the biological advancement of the individual and of the social group". In sum Dr. Gumpert by a judicious selection and omission of facts has contrived by an equally careful presentation to paint a picture of conditions which do not exist. It is a bad case of wishful writing.

The casual reader would need to be forgiven if on reading this book he came to three conclusions: (1) that the health of Germany under Hitler was so bad that Great Britain's task was simply to blockade Germany and wait confidently for Germany's collapse and victory; (2) that Germany under the Weimar Republic had a much better record to report; (3) that the health of this country before the outbreak of war was vastly superior to that of Germany. None of these conclusions would be true. Dr. Gumpert manages to make favourable comparisons to support his case but the fact is that a similar book could equally well be written by a pro-Hitler propagandist proving ostensibly the same points about this country.

The truth is that both in Great Britain and in Germany the standard of health was relatively high. What health conditions are like in Germany to-day, we do not know, but there would need to be a very marked decline for there to be an immediate prospect of victory through blockade.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

NOVEMBER, 1940

THE IMPORTANCE OF PANAMA

By ROSITA FORBES

THE Central American Republics are drawing together, conscious of their diverse weaknesses. But politics and trade depression have caused a spiritual decay. The sight of burning coffee, of cocoa diseased and bananas suffering from blue plague, of cattle still on the hoof unsaleable, and the futility of the specious remedies continuously suggested have proved as depressing as the original fall on Wall Street. Every Central American is—like his co-religionists further South—a gambler. Superimposed are first his politics, then his patriotism. Only an emotion could satisfactorily unite the people of the various small, striving republics. The great Simon Bolivar provided this necessary impetus, with his wars of liberation. It did not last, for every republic discovered a separate purpose.

Nicaragua, her amazing deserts festooned with volcanoes, is primarily interested in her metals, for which Germany was a good customer. Guatemala is in the fortunate position of being able to sell the fruit which is her main production direct to an American collecting and shipping company. Costa Rica has lost her Italian coffee market, but still makes a certain amount of money with bananas and rubber. Panama is largely dependent for a living on business connected with the Canal.

These countries have not suffered so severely as their neighbours in South America from the closing of European markets by our blockade. For the Caribbean as a whole sold nearly half its production to the U.S.A. Panama, Honduras, Cuba, Guatemala, Mexico, Nicaragua and El Salvador were all in the same category, disposing of from 61 per cent. to 86 per cent. of their minerals, nitrates, oil fuels, hides, skins, wool, cocoa, fruit, molasses, sugar and flax seed to their great neighbour. The economics of these republics—and consequently their politics—are therefore directly linked with those of the U.S.A.

Columbia, Costa Rica, Haiti and the Dominican Republic are not so closely attached to Washington, for less than half

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their exports go to North America. Venezuela—closely linked to Dutch Curaçao, for a fleet of vulnerable, flat-bottomed tankers, heavy and helpless as pelicans, transports her crude oil to the island refineries—sends only 13 per cent. of her shipments direct to the U.S.A., but her production is largely controlled by American finance.

So President Roosevelt may succeed where Simon Bolivar failed. But the Central American abhors organization. He is strongly, even fanatically, individual. Unity and co-operation mean little to him. He likes to keep things to himself, his business, his family, his personal and commercial relationships and his politics. His Catholicism is as fundamental as his revolutionary principles. He enjoys controversy, considers the ubiquitous lottery a necessity and cannot control his speech, his actions, or his need of intrigue.

Hitler and Roosevelt are faced with equal but different difficulties in the small, stormy republics north of the vital Canal. For the average Central American does not want the security Washington can offer. He prefers to gamble on the chance of political preferment or quick wealth promised by Nazi agitators. On the other hand, he does not like the idea of his whole life being cut and shaped to a German pattern. So far as humanity is concerned, there is no mass production between Mexico and Venezuela.

Throughout these countries, the Universities have an influence which seems to us exaggerated. In the recent presidential election, which destroyed the "Popular Front" in Panama and sent Dr. Alfaro, the liberal candidate, into exile, college students harangued the mob, led it to violent action, organized an amateur Gestapo or OGPU, conducted house to house searches for political opponents condemned in advance and generally acted as "*agents provocateurs*". Most of these ardent and excitable young men, who know that they will be out of employment as soon as they have matriculated, read Dr. Schacht's economy as they would a revolutionary pamphlet. In Central America, Hitler's advantage is that he offers something new and untried, whereas the Havana Conference is suspected of "yet another panacea".

"Germany bought what we couldn't sell to anyone else," said a Costa Rican, "and she sold us in exchange exactly what we wanted, whereas the United States tries to make us take whatever she can't use, whether we need it or not." This is a typical remark. It is also applied to Huddersfield's woollens, to Sheffield cutlery, Manchester cottons and Staffordshire's

pottery. Three months ago Central America could still get quick German deliveries by Italian steamers, whereas before the war began, she had to wait at least six months for a British order. I remember trying to buy a standard pattern of English tea-cups and being told: "We have been waiting for a repeat consignment for nearly a year."

Germany of course did not mind losing on her trade, which is in reality propaganda. Her agents bought in U.S.A., changed the trade-mark to "Made in Berlin" and delivered ahead of time goods superior to the specification. As a result Central American business men began to feel they could rely on the Reich. When France fell, they were prepared for Germany to win the war quickly and decisively. Already they were congratulating themselves on excellent trade relations with a country which, dominating Europe, would of necessity take the United States' place as their best customer. At that time it seemed that Dr. Schacht's planned barter could provide a sufficiently powerful inducement to establish and maintain not only national unity but international co-operation around the Caribbean.

If we smash Hitler's invasion, the effect on the Western Atlantic world will be prodigious. Many a Central American said to me: "If Britain can save herself, Roosevelt will have a chance of saving us!" Most of them added "Franklin D's re-election is certain if England can hold out". So it may be hoped that Washington, not Berlin, will provide the new design and the new structural stability for co-operation round the Caribbean.

So far, subconsciously, all the Americas, while singing their National Anthems, have trusted to our Navy to protect their eastern seaboard. Now they are all in a panic wondering if the strongest of them can hold the Pacific and what is the least harm they can expect in the Atlantic. So Panama and the Caribbean have become as important as they were to Columbus, whose first "landfall" in search of America—on San Salvador—is likely to provide President Roosevelt with his Bahamian naval base. The new world is still as far from war-minded as it was in the days of Spain's Lord High Admiral. But it may be faced with destruction on as vast a scale.

A Nicaraguan said to me: "Britain never considers herself at war until guns fire and bombs fall. Here in Central America, Germany has been at war with you for six years. She has an army of several hundred thousand talkers. Call them Fifth Columnists if you like. But remember this army

consists of bankers, industrialists, engineers, shop-keepers, commercial agents, shipping and railway men. Its officers are the German Consuls. Its Headquarters are the Legations. And its advance operations extend to the banks of the Panama Canal."

In this vital zone, everything is done for military reasons. The settlements are in effect a series of camps and garrisons. A third of the total population are soldiers. The Canal Administration maintain roads, houses, transport, hospitals, schools and clubs as much for the benefit of the troops as for its own special staff. Panama is America's link between two oceans, but also between two conflicting states of mind. The question which I heard echoing across the "Spanish Main" to the defenceless islands, whose sugar and fruit and oil feed and fuel a democratic continent, is "*Can we fight?*" not "*Shall we fight?*" But none of the Republics had decided whether America should be satisfied with a moderate part within a 300 mile limit, or whether—at this decidedly Anglo-Saxon moment—she should play lead on a world stage.

In two days the whole American fleet can pass through the forty-eight and a half miles of canals, lakes and locks united by the River Chagres and Rio Grande. This easy mechanical progress across what was within memory of our own generation an isthmus closely covered with hills, saves a thirteen thousand mile journey round Cape Horn. In eight hours the largest battleship of the U.S.A. can pass from Pacific to Atlantic. So long as the Canal exists, one American fleet can play a part in two oceans.

The Caribbean is—geographically—an American sea and it is possible that eventually Cristobal Colon's gift to totalitarian Spain may pass into the treasury of a people whose ideas—except in the importance accorded to gold—are in direct opposition to the most undemocratic Christopher's. But at present the Canal Zone is vitally important to us. So is the Republic of Panama which has just declared its intention of supporting President Roosevelt's "all-America" policy, but which in the recent "framed" election, resorted to Nazi forms of terrorism backed by an effective, local Gestapo, in order to return by a *hundred and one* per cent. of the total voters a party which probably does not represent more than a quarter of the electorate. Dr. Alfaro, the candidate of the "People's Front" was accused of revolutionary principles. A large consignment of arms intended for his supporters was seized in Costa Rica. The Axis Powers do not always work together in Central

America. On this occasion the Third International seems to have been supplying the People's Front with money and weapons, while the Fascist organizations supported Arnulfo Arias, the present President. So the new Panama régime described by Dr. Alfaro as "a farce by which a brutal Nazified Dictatorship attempts to disguise itself as democratic government" may have difficulty in maintaining it unequivocal support of President Roosevelt's policy for the protection of the Americas.

The Republic in question should be the Canal's second line of defence. One patriot-cum-revolutionary, sincerely believing that Germany will eventually be of more use to his country than Britain or the U.S.A., could do sufficient damage to a lock to interrupt the traffic essential for our supplies. Every year an average of 1,780 American merchant ships and 1,281 British have passed through the Canal; eastward bound with lumber, oil, ore, sugar, nitrates and grain. In emergency, all these cargoes could go by rail across the Panama Isthmus while night transit would double the speed of battleships passing from one ocean to another. But the smooth operation of these complicated processes depends not only on peace, but on the total absence of sabotage in the neighbouring zones.

The jungle presses close to the Canal and its accompanying railway. It is the cloak of invisibility spread over scores of big guns and their concrete emplacements. And this invisibility is stretched to cover the movements of 25,000 men and the watching planes ready to hold the sky.

At the key points, there are forts deep buried in the earth. Naval vessels guard the waters at each end, with a submarine depot and hydroplane station at Cristobal. Bombers and fighters are in reserve at the nearest aerodromes.

The Canal is supposed by experts to be impregnable from the sea. It is said that big coastal guns could prevent enemy ships standing in to shore. On the Atlantic side, America has a base at Guantamano in Cuba and the narrow passages between the Virgin Isles would be easy to defend. Air attack from the Pacific might be more effective if enemy aircraft carriers protected by such means as Japan's new 45,000 ton battleships could remain out of range at sea. But it would be difficult to ensure direct hits on the Canal machinery. Most of it is underground. At Miraflores, third of the great locks, I saw complete duplication of mechanical control, embedded in concrete under the earth. If enemy planes succeeded in evading the mighty guard which would rise like hornets from

civilian Albrook, the naval air base at Coco Solo and from military France Field, they might be able to bomb the spillway gates in Gatun Dam. But repairs could be quickly effected with coffer dams already available. So Gatun Lake would not necessarily run dry, nor ships be stranded in the locks. These are operated by power supplied by hydro-electric plants at Gatun and Madden, but there is an alternative steam system, and diesel engines are prepared for emergencies. As a last resort, the locks can be worked, temporarily, by hand.

America is fully alive to the necessity for special protection of the Canal which gives her such a fantastic weapon of defence or offence in case of war. Submarine nets have recently been placed at the entrances and experiments effected with smoke-screens. But it is on sabotage that Hitler and his *Ausland Deutsch* or local Nazi satellites rely for destruction and delay in all the Americas. The moves carefully planned in Berlin and brilliantly carried out by trade and diplomatic forces, by purposeful agitators and economists offering something which appears hearteningly *new* and *original* instead of the old, stale ways ending in destruction of crops and waste of raw material, can only be countered by productive action on the part of the U.S.A. and Britain. We also need "an army of talkers", such as Germany employs and that army must be recruited from workers of every kind, capable of appealing to their fellows in Latin America. They must be young, vigorous and expert in Spanish.

It is to the purse, the imagination and the stomach that Germany appeals. In collaboration with the United States, the British Empire ought to be able to provide the credits and the markets, *as well as the personal contacts* which would defeat Germany in the vitally important republics protecting or endangering the Panama Canal.

Caribbean history has been written by the aggressors. The advantage—when Britain, France and Holland flung themselves against the fortifications of Spain—was nearly always with the attack. Defence was at a disadvantage. The vitality of Europe in the Western Atlantic ebbed with the tides of discovery and occupation, while the first indications of an American age were consistent with swift, effective conquest in Cuba and Haiti.

Washington's new naval bases stretching from Bermuda to Guiana on the north-east coast of South America will protect the stormiest seas in the world. For four hundred years, the hurricanes have been imperial and religious, national, racial

and psychological as well as climatic. If the United States accept the full heritage of Columbus and of the men who followed him—de Soto the Spaniard, Morgan, Raleigh and stout old Benbow, the amazing Dutchmen de Graff and Van Horn, and France's great Viceroy Bertrand d'Ogeron—they must be prepared for more than defence.

The great issues of empire, black as well as white, were decided in the front line, under fire. If this century is to see the end of imperial ambitions, if 'federation' is to take the place of sovereignty and the map of the world be redrawn according to economic instead of national aspirations, the dominating democracies cannot be content with the parts of Spanish Governors beleaguered in Cuba or at bay in Cartagena. Peace is no golden apple to fall from a tree in Eden. It must be won on the world's seas and in its skies.

The work of Genesis is all to be re-done. We are at the sixth day of destruction. It is inevitable that the new world of Columbus which first defeated Napoleon,* must play its part in reconstruction. If democracy as a whole will not make the sacrifices familiar to dictatorships, Christopher's world and Abraham Lincoln's can play no enviable part in history.

The American age has yet to begin. It was predicted when Columbus imagined "a narrow cut joining the oceans of East and West" and again when Francis Drake astride the branch of a tree in Panama realized that one Great Power could hold—from "the waist of the World"—Pacific and Atlantic.

Ferdinand de Lesseps offered Christopher's Lord High Admiralty to the United States when he began the Panama Canal. Winston Churchill repeated the offer and Franklin Roosevelt accepted it when new Western Atlantic naval bases were leased to America. So the Jew Colon's viceroyalty of "seas, islands, oceans and a mainland", whose prodigious natural wealth is as important to the socialism of the future as to the tyrannies of ancient Spain or modern Germany, goes to the people whom the greatest genius and the greatest failure of the West visualized as "dying only when they are weary of living".†

*Dessalines, negro leader of Haiti, defeated Napoleon's General Leclerc.

†Bishop Las Casas' transcript of Cristobal Colon's Lost Journal.

AMERICAN DEFENCE AND THE PRESIDENCY

BY ALISTAIR COOKE

AS long ago as April, almost any day after the invasion of the Low Countries, everybody admitted that national defence would be an issue in the forthcoming campaign. But from the timid attention given to the foreign policy plank in the Republican platform, it was clear that the Republican party thought of defence in just those terms,—as a new national topic, a politician's headache, something the Committee on Resolutions must be sure to put on the agenda and do something about. Nowhere in the Republican party, except in the opinions of Wendell Willkie, who was hardly consulted when the platform was being written, was there any recognition that national defence was already a national emergency. Of course the President said it was, but the Republicans claimed he was anxious to say so in order to buy himself out of the New Deal fiscal muddle with another 'emergency' appropriation.

The subsequent history of Europe has shown that the President was right, whatever his motives may have been when he went on the air to say that aeroplanes cost a lot of money but the United States was going to have them. He has been consistently ahead of the people (and a generation ahead of the opposition) on foreign affairs and with each new crisis he has never doubted his ability to persuade the people to go along with him. This time the opposition decided the people would lag behind and look rather to any friend who could assure them convincingly enough that their sons' blood would never be spilled in Europe and need not be endangered anywhere as long as they held their necks firmly and vertically in the sand.

The Republican platform was drawn up in June on a guess taken in March. The guess was that the Midwest, the Great Plains, and a turbulent population in the Northwest and in the maritime workers of the West Coast, were more fervently isolationist than political writers had guessed or the Administration cared to admit. The events of late June and September have turned this guess into a catastrophic miscalculation, but

to see why the Republicans are now losing all along the line you have to go back to the extraordinary incidents that prompted this fond belief.

Most of the Republican pre-convention campaigning was done through the winter and the early spring, and of the likely candidates Thomas Dewey had shown himself to have the best flair for campaigning. At some unrecorded halt on his Midwest itinerary, when his denunciations of the Administration's farm programme and pro-labour policies had not been getting much response, he showed a furtive hand on outright isolation and was warmly applauded. He decided to play isolationism for all he was worth. He went beyond the party slogan, which promised Millions for Defence but Not a Boy for Europe,—traditionally a cry that might expect a rousing echo through all the farming states. Dewey might have hesitated a moment to consult the Gallup polls, which were revealing that many of the most hallowed axioms about regional beliefs and prejudices were to-day threadbare myths. He did not hesitate, however. He acted on his hunch and, reaching his peroration some place in Nebraska, he thundered that not a single package of American manufacture should leave the United States while the war was on. He promised that not a gun or an aeroplane would aid any belligerent if he were the next man in the White House. Through the Mountain States, and the wheat belt, and so West Mr. Dewey pounded every isolationist note on the traditional Midwest keyboard. And in most places, there was a harmonious roar of response.

On this experience, the Republicans clung to regular isolationism, thereby doing a terrible disservice to Wendell Willkie, who though he would have none of it could not obliterate on his recent campaign tour the memories that other Republican candidates had left through the West and Midwest in the spring. For his personal misfortune has been that though he could win the nomination without the party, he cannot expect to win the election without its solid alignment.

Mr. Dewey's guess was taken, then, when the European war was slumbering away as a 'phoney' war and the Maginot Line seemed to be the charmed rampart that stood between Hitler and any hopes he might have of realizing the Wellsian vision of modern war. If Mr. Dewey had gone back to Kansas even on April 10, he would have been disturbed. For the Scandinavian invasion moved the Mountain States, and their Swedish populations, as no other incident of the war. The prospect of a defeated France, which was clearly envisaged here at a time

no correspondent could say so in dispatches to Europe, stirred the whole Midwest as no European calamity this century has moved them. By the second week in June, the Great Plains correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* wrote,

Mr. Dewey's iron-bound isolationism is now something for him to weep over, for the interventionist sentiment is coming along at an astounding rate the result has been that Mr. Dewey, Mr. Taft and Mr. Vandenberg are on the wrong side of a public issue, while Mr. Willkie, in agreeing with the Administration's foreign policy, has no popular issue to fight on.

But there was an issue,—for Mr. Willkie, not for anybody else. There were indeed two issues: the efficiency of the new defence programme, and the perilous stalling of American productivity in Mr. Roosevelt's interminable dogfight with business. If he could prove that American security was being frittered away in political jealousies, poor organization, and Presidential truculence, if he could show that the best industrial, military, and aviation brains in the country were not being consulted, he might over a tranquil summer make the electorate doubt that Roosevelt was the best man for the urgent task of industrial co-ordination. This would have been a tremendous charge but if it could have been remorselessly documented, it would have been Mr. Willkie's best claim to victory. Early in the summer there was plenty to go on.

The defence need became a defence crisis in May, with the testimony of General George C. Marshall, the Chief of Staff, before the House Military Affairs Committee. Americans were suddenly shocked to learn that the United States army was as low as nineteenth of the world's standing armies, that its infinite straggling coastline could be protected by about 900 anti-aircraft guns, that the army had about a thousand tanks, a few hundred modern combat planes, hardly one mechanized division, and that there was altogether enough equipment for a fighting force of 75,000 men. Americans knew in sorrow and frustration for the first time that the U.S. had been caught napping as smartly as everybody else. Appeals for help from British and French spokesmen were salt in the wound and no keener twinge has been felt here since the war began than that which greeted Premier Reynaud's helpless appeal to the 'might' of the United States. The might of America at that moment was in automobiles and hot dogs, in milk and vegetables, in water power and ice cream and gold. It was not anywhere in weapons of war, which was all that could save France, or perhaps all that could not save France.

General Marshall added further twitches to the general embarrassment by such concrete statements as that there were about enough anti-aircraft guns to defend New York City, and that if an enemy fleet appeared off Chesapeake Bay tomorrow, there would be no hope of defending the Eastern shore of Maryland, which is that finger that crooks into the Atlantic between Baltimore and Southern Virginia.

Mr. Roosevelt began badly by declaring the need of 5,000 planes a year and announcing an appropriation of about one-fifth of the money that aeroplane manufacturers said would be needed. He asked the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Morgenthau, to look after aeroplane procurement, and Mr. Harry Hopkins, the Secretary of Commerce, to take care of industrial mobilization. The press and public roared its indignation at this first move to improvise a defence programme out of whatever talent the Administration happened to offer. Quick to make his peace with newspapermen, the President scrapped his first plan and announced a full-time Defence Commission similar to Wilson's creation of 1917.

If Mr. Willkie had been the Republican nominee the first week in June he could have made sweet hay while the President was beaming on the amateur 'co-ordinating' of two pet Cabinet Ministers. Yet, even as late as July and August, there was plenty for Mr. Willkie to fight about, if he had had the courage to risk making politics of a national emergency. It was no secret that William Knudsen, chairman of the Commission, had stated firmly that plant expansion was impossible unless President Roosevelt would allow much more generous amortization allowances to manufacturers who were being offered the contracts. In early September there was a rumour, with visible fire behind it, that Knudsen had been on the verge of resigning over the President's stubborn refusal to allow fairly for depreciation of plants, and for his general unwillingness to delegate urgent authority to anybody outside the New Deal. The Army figures on strategic reserves were deplorably confused but there was no doubt that it had allowed itself a dangerously low reserve of rubber, tin, manganese, and tungsten, for all of which the U.S. is dependent on the Dutch East Indies, on Bolivia, and Malaya. There was meat for valuable nagging in the fact that the U.S. has still only one tin smelting plant in all its vast landscape and has therefore still to get its tin smelted by Britain. There was an old but operative scandal to be probed in the knowledge that an American-German firm, Mellon and I.G. Farbenindustrie, has

a monopoly on aluminium. There was an inviting onslaught in the Administration's plans for the civilian pilot training scheme, which threatened to offer the false security of an army of civilian pilots whose combat training would begin only when they were called for active service. By the end of August, the army had ordered only ninety-nine new planes and the Navy two hundred and fifty.

Mr. Willkie has not uttered a syllable of all this. He has generalized sincerely and passionately about the incompetence of this Administration to co-operate with all the industries it has antagonized. It may be that during October he will produce exhaustive criticisms of the defence programme which will be too serious to refute. The chances are now very slim. For to make a solid and crushing attack on the Defence organism, Mr. Willkie would need to have access to the files of the Army, and the Navy and the Defence Commission. Of course, he does not have them for the galling but inevitable reason that they are locked in the secret bosom of President Roosevelt and his advisers.

The other issue which I have said might have stirred the people in a tranquil summer is one that Mr. Willkie has stated several times with fine clarity; it is the insistence on increased production, on the economic fact that as long as the United States is the world's biggest producer, and can continue to step up its production, it can 'outdistance Hitler in any contest he chooses in 1940 or after'. Alas for Mr. Willkie's luck and his hopes. It was not a tranquil summer. Total war was learning new ardour just as he finished his cross-country tour and was ready to energize his campaign in its last stage. The timing of Nazi coups had played like a sequence of miracles into Mr. Roosevelt's hands. And the latest, and to the United States the most alarming, detonated at the end of September and made even this telling Willkie plea sound like an interesting economic theory.

Until September 25, the London bombings and the lively retaliations of the R.A.F. had been the continental headline news. On the morning of the 25th, the *New York Times* published an astonishing dispatch from its Tokyo correspondent baring a diplomatic 'squeeze play' in the Far East almost as incredible as Leland Stowe's dispatch from Oslo on April 9 about the triumph of the Fifth Column. Mr. Abend's dispatch was wholly uncensored and evidently represented a news item which Tokyo regarded as ripe enough to let fall into Uncle Sam's lap. The next day the story broke, of the

Japanese-Axis pact. A fifty-year-old *status quo* in the Pacific was summarily revised, without American permission, by the mere scratch of Hitler's pen. Within forty-eight hours, the President had announced a new loan to China of 20 million dollars, declared an embargo on all scrap metal to Japan, henceforth limiting the American export to Great Britain; Japan had signed a full military, economic, and political alliance with the Axis; Italy had warned the U.S. that she would be attacked in both oceans if it interfered either way; the Senate promptly ratified the Treaty of Havana that it had been studiously debating; Lord Lothian was at the White House with Sir Walter Layton, asking for 'speed, speed, speed'; and the State Department was keeping the night lights burning engrossed in plans to step up material aid to Britain. The European war, which Mr. Dewey had promised Midwesterners in the spring we were at all cost going to stay out of, had unceremoniously moved over into the Western hemisphere.

Although President Roosevelt is a master at snatching crises from a hat when his political security needs an extra boost, history had once again delighted to snatch them ahead of him. This was a genuine American crisis, as serious as any since the Fall of France and the first direct Axis challenge to the U.S. since the war began. The Republican charge that the President has never relinquished powers he had legitimately assumed in an emergency seven years ago were now being made at a time when any President would have had to assume them. The Japanese-Axis pact confirmed the West coast in its traditional anxiety over Japanese intentions and probably assured Mr. Roosevelt the Western vote. It made the defence programme seem now even more pressing than it had seemed after the first air assault on London. Defence at any cost, impatience to see first draftees already in training, to have labour settle at once the terms of its co-operation with the national effort,—these were the fervent desires of Americans at the end of September. The campaign, which since Mr. Roosevelt had cleverly renounced any intention to make one, meant the campaign of Wendell Willkie, slithered anticlimactically on to the shelf of national memoranda, at the very moment when Mr. Willkie's trans-continental train was pulling into New York for a speech on the third term, which the Republicans had resolved to make 'the issue' and which popular sentiment now cared less about than the cut of George Washington's trousers. Mr. Willkie's two weeks of active campaigning had taught him confidence and boldness.

Wisconsin went Republican at the primaries and the Willkie managers delightedly noted that Willkie sentiment was now swinging away from the shuddering depths it had dropped to in August (when the Gallup poll gave Willkie only ten states to the President's thirty-eight). But Mr. Roosevelt's internecine quarrels with the Defence Commission did not seem to matter any longer, nor the advisability of the civilian pilot scheme, nor the chronic problem of the national debt. There seemed to be little time left to choose varieties of wisdom. A flood warning had suddenly been posted and it was no time to halt the horse, old as he was, in order to discuss the technicalities of stream-crossing. Moreover, if there were allies to woo and bind, they were undoubtedly the Americans below the Rio Grande, and if there was one name and one administration able to make it, the name was Roosevelt and the administration was that of Secretary Hull. For in foul and fair Yankee weather, the S. Americans chronically remember that United States 'discipline' has been enforced most intolerably under Republican régimes. And the South Americans, who do not read U.S. newspapers, rightly or wrongly think of Mr. Willkie as a Republican.

This article reads admittedly like an epitaph on the brave, unlucky, and mishandled career of Wendell Willkie. It may not be as bad as that. The popular vote was almost evenly divided, even before Willkie started his campaign tour. But since it is the state representation in the Electoral College that counts, it seemed doubtful, in the last week of September, if even the invigorated Willkie campaign could win for him on November 4 any more than eight or nine States. Yet when the voting is over, there will very likely remain more than half the electorate who would like to see Mr. Willkie President, some other time.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

By JOHN ARMITAGE

THE East End of London has become news at last. To the parson, who has battled away his best years in a contest of unequal strength with poverty on the one hand and apathy on the other; to the doctor who, faced with appalling living conditions and the dirt which spreads disease has yet considered the struggle worth while; to the club leader and the hundred and one organizations and missions which have tried to make life possible, it must seem an irony of painful violence that it has needed not only a war but the actual destruction of thousands of mean little dwellings to fasten the attention of the public on the question of how the poor live. Poverty is not news; war is.

Throughout the years between the wars it has needed the whole armour of God, and particularly the shield of faith, to keep the parsons going; it has needed a rare devotion to duty on the part of the doctors—those of them who have won through and kept their vision clear—, and it has needed a combination of faith and an intensity of political belief which amounts to faith to keep the hundred and one organizations marking time with a problem which was never solved and never likely to be solved. For the East End is the symbol, not the whole disease. There are parts as poor, as pitiful and as bug ridden in Paddington; there is stark poverty in South-East London, around the Elephant and Battersea; there is the iniquitous Scotland Road area of Liverpool, a swamp of human dross; there is, or was, the derelict area of Durham where grand people, like others in South Wales, were left to languish and to moulder.

Since belief in God is at a low ebb the idealists have turned to political theory for solutions. I am convinced that they are wrong. The problem which lies before us still is essentially a spiritual problem. We shall never solve it by rules and regulations, by Fascist, Communist or any other states. We shall solve it when enough of us really care about our neighbour; when enough of us have not got the stomach to walk

through the East End of London or the Scotland Road area of Liverpool and come out not wishing to do anything about it. When poverty is mentioned it is usual to plead ignorance. Or to hide behind some Act of Parliament which might put things right if the powers it gave could be put into operation. We may vote Conservative, Liberal or Labour but the fact remains that the vast majority of us have been content not to know how the other man lives. We vote—it must be faced—to better our own lot.

A spiritual blanket lies over these poor districts. They see life as a hand to hand, day to day struggle. They believe that it must be pleasant to be rich but the prospect of such a state is too remote seriously to be considered. Excepting those who imbibe strong doses of a political mixture they are not given to wishful thinking. They are sheep. Some of them even go to church. I, myself, have told a dozen old ladies and one man in an East End mission that Jesus cared, and they nodded their heads in agreement. It was the comforting message they wished to hear; with exceptions they saw little evidence of it among His followers. In that very street in which I was speaking four families were living in nearly every house, a family in each room. Twelve to sixteen people in a four-roomed house was average not abnormal. But ridding ourselves of overcrowding or some such evil, though useful, is only a small milestone in reform. What is needed is a plan.

For the past twenty years industry has led reform. Its influence has been benevolent and beneficial. Many large firms have cared for their employees in a thoroughly admirable way. They have looked after their health, their recreation and to a smaller extent their future. I can give an instance, now, of one big firm, a munition factory in a heavily built up area which has done more for its many workmen rendered homeless in the air-raids than any government scheme. They have housed these workmen, their wives and families in their deep shelter, they have aided the families to get away to safety and they are housing the wage-earner left behind in a large house, specially taken over for the purpose and run on hostel lines.

But good though industrial reform has been, it has in the long run been little better than enlightened self-interest. How else can we explain the fact that of all people the mother, upon whose energy and devotion the happiness and well being of the wage earner and his children depend, comes under no scheme of health insurance and as a result passes in a few years from a smart young girl into a tired, quarrelsome, unkempt, old

young woman? How else can we explain the plight of the old age pensioner, whom medical science prevents from dying but whose existence is one long battle of making-do? It is not more money that I plead for, although goodness knows it is the economic as much as the health factor which conspires to make so many homes a scene of strife. Divorce is a luxury the poor can rarely afford unless the need is desperate. There would be no need for it to be desperate if economic and health conditions were not so hard.

I have not been out of London since the serious bombing of this country began. I do not know how badly other industrial areas have been hit. But I have seen in London enough to overwhelm one with sorrow and at other times to make one glad. I would willingly see all the houses of the East End demolished if it meant that we were able and ready to build again on an enlightened plan. I know the people hate to see their homes destroyed. They have learnt, in a bitter school, that it is better to hang on to what you have, rather than to seek fortunes which may and generally do prove nebulous elsewhere. Fear of the unknown has been a predominant feature of the last few years. Most of us play for safety, which for one quarter of our population means financial safety and for the other three quarters, the safety of familiar streets and alley ways, known as home.

There has been some evidence recently of indiscriminate bombing by the German Air Force but the worst damage in the East End and other industrial areas of London, up till the end of the second week in October, was without question caused by bombs which just missed their objectives and landed on the small dwellings on either side. Those who know London will not need to be reminded that the railways are backed by our smallest and poorest homes. It is the same in the docks. The East Ender has great courage and he even has the courage to recognize this fact. He agrees that most bombs have been aimed, even if the aim proved weak. Said one badly injured man to a parson friend of mine: "It all comes of living near this bridge". What angers one is the indignation the bombing of small dwellings arouses in the breasts of those who have never paused to consider the conditions of these homes, or the situation of these homes, in times of peace. If they have anything at all to offer to the world, they must consider these conditions now.

Many people, through the sad school of personal experience of evacuation, are beginning to realize that quite a large per-

centage of the population is unclean. They are disgusted at the discovery. How deep is the pit of ignorance can be judged by the conduct of officials at one rest centre. This rest centre received 250 people, all homeless and some of them from a very poor district. Blankets were issued each night, collected in the morning, and re-issued. Officials, kindly, well-meaning officials, were surprised at the end of a fortnight to discover that they had considerably more lousy specimens among their flock than at the beginning. It has been the same story since the start of the evacuation. Horrified ladies tell one, more or less secretly, that their evacuees wet the beds and their heads crawl. They didn't know, they say, that such conditions were possible in England. We have no right to be so ignorant; we have no right to let our brothers live like pigs. The pig, I am told, is a naturally clean animal, but you can't do much with an East End sty.

A great deal has been said about the failure of the Government to find adequate shelter for victims of air raids and particularly for the 'homeless' who are willing to be taken right out of London. It was just another example of the inability of the well-to-do to grasp the immensity of the problem; the failure to realize that when a bomb fell on the East End, many men and women lost not only their homes but all their material wealth, represented by their few possessions. As a result the majority were quite unable to help themselves. They became entirely dependent on the Government scheme and charity, and during these first two or three weeks it was charity that came to the rescue. I do not think that those who saw the many homeless sitting on hard chairs in mission halls and rest centres will easily forget the sight. The meaning of the word 'forlorn' took on a new depth. The picture was much more poignant than the thousands of eyeless windows and the hundreds of rubble houses. It was humanity on the brink of despair and only the administrations of voluntary workers prevented collapse.

It is no easy task to feed hundreds when you have not got enough food and communications have broken down. It is still more difficult when there is no gas. It is not simple to clothe all those who have lost all their possessions or to find them room to sit or lie down. But somehow this was done and the respite gave the authorities the necessary time to re-organize. (Of course many officials worked desperately and unselfishly hard throughout; it was not their fault, as we say, but nevertheless it was the fault of ignorance). Perhaps I may

sketch in one picture of a voluntary organization, a church in the East End entirely filled with clothes put out in orderly array on pews and on the backs of pews. Services were held in the church hall to avoid interference with the efficiency of the arrangements—a strange contrast to the experience of the homeless woman, seeking aid from one official to another, and finally being told to return at 9 a.m. I do not press the point. It was after all Sir John Anderson who stirred the A.R.P. services into life and what we should have done without them the East End knows. All the same one is glad to see Mr. Morrison and Miss Ellen Wilkinson in their present jobs. They, surely, understand the poor.

But we must not look at this question from the standpoint of recrimination. We have erred and, please God, we are sorry. We must see the present situation as our big chance, as a great opportunity. In spite of the horrors of this time, in spite of the urgent need for deep shelters, Spitfires, destroyers and big tanks there will come a time when war will stop and we shall be faced with the tremendous task of reconstruction. If we do not make preparations for that task now, we shall fail, and we shall deserve to fail as we did after 1918.

We must see to it that there is no malnutrition, no lack of health services, no painful little houses, overcrowded and badly situated; we must have no skeletons in our social cupboard. And the best of it is that it can be done. We can plan our educational services and our entry into industry. We can see that the over sixties have life and not living death; we can provide community centres where mothers can forget their worries—as they did at the Peckham Health Centre—rest and refresh their bodies. We can tackle the problem of unemployment.

The war, we expect, will be followed by terrible unemployment. If this is so man is not going to stand another twenty years of it; he is going to seek new gods as Germany sought—and found Hitler.

This, then, is our urgent duty. We must plan now what we are going to do immediately the war is over. It must be a practical plan, involving first of all a detailed knowledge of our neighbour. Regional surveys should be made, as one has just been made by Mr. David Goodfellow for Tyneside,* collecting and collating all available statistics with reference to population, housing, health, birth and death rates, infant mortality,

*Tyneside—The Social Facts—by David M. Goodfellow. Obtainable from the Tyneside Bulletin, 51, St. Georges Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2. 1s.

illegitimacy and so on. When this has been done these regional surveys must be related to the whole problem, so that in possession of the facts, we can bend ourselves to the task of reconstruction. There will be no 'new world' in the much vaunted political sense if there is no new order at home. We must abhor ignorance like a pestilence. Our first task, a task for all of us, is to make ourselves acquainted with the facts.

WHY NOT A MINISTRY OF FINE ARTS?

By STORM JAMESON

THE settled official attitude to the fine arts in this country is an odd blend of fear—mistrust, apprehension—and contempt. Fear of something which may be uncontrollable, and need not officiously be helped to put the wrong ideas into the wrong heads. Scepticism about the usefulness or reliability of persons who invent things for a living or to amuse themselves. "So I suppose you are at the old trade again—scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Mr. Gibbon?" Scribble, scribble, daub, daub—very praiseworthy when the result is a vast solid commercial success, a positive Cavalcade of a painting or a symphony or a novel, but, in the absence of that resounding proof, not reassuring to the official mind.

Both these feelings—the mistrust and the contempt—are instinctive. They are not—or shall we say, not often—present actively in the minds of Ministers and their subordinates, and if these persons ever attempted to give a reason for their attitude to writers, painters and the rest, it would scarcely be worth very much. Writers—whose business is to pursue motive—might do themselves and their fellows a good turn if they could discover why they are so often praised after they are dead and snubbed during their life, why so much lip service and so little corn. Perhaps the turn decisively taken by this country in the nineteenth century supplies one of the answers. The longer it reflected on the punishment that had overtaken the upper classes in other countries—the danger to heads, fortunes, privileges—the more mistrustful our own upper class became of too much cleverness and precision. Voltaire had been very clever, and see where it had led. A sound instinct warned our ruling class—it is more than a class—that the right course was not to suppress but to ignore. Where reason and logic would have led it to suppress and exasperate, reliance merely on instinct created an inertia, an awful spongy indifference to what the writer or painter, unless he flatters or tickles, may have to say. And this instinct to ignore through fear was strengthened by a quite different

reflection. To a society which was still happily certain that to become the universal provider to the world you needed only money and brute nerve, the disinterested intellect and all its works must naturally have seemed childish. Civilization was more turbines, more richness, more variety in food, clothes, amusements.

But lately an uneasy feeling has arisen among administrators that something should be done to present what one of them has called 'a cultural front'. The British Council was born—and surrounded at once by a strange air of embarrassment, as though it were illegitimate. The many admirable efforts it has made are the least noticed. Had it been decently born it might have stepped forward at once when war broke out, in the rôle one would have supposed natural to it. But did it occur to any Minister to ask the British Council to carry out the task, the urgent task, of putting our point of view before other countries? It seems not.

Neither, it seems, did it occur to anyone that, if the Council were ruled out for some reason, the persons best able to speak to the intellect and emotions of other countries must be the men and women whose work gives them a peculiar skill in presenting facts, in making an impression? Suppose Mr. Priestley had been sent for last September and invited to call up a group of writers and painters to explain England to the rest of the world? It was, is, a task for a man of humane imagination or for no one, and it would have been better to do nothing than to stumble from ineptitude to crasser ineptitude for months. At home as well as abroad, the gestures of the Ministry of Information were clumsy in ways that a mind used to playing on other minds would have avoided. Contrast the pleasure of English and American listeners to Mr. Priestley's first broadcasts with their indifference—sometimes their frank annoyance—to the Ministry's awkward attempts to interest them. It is not only the difference between the professional user of words and the amateur. It is the difference between the writer, trained to feel his way into other men's minds, and the politician, to whom thought is hardly more than a regrettable necessity.

It is possible to excuse a Government for hesitating to employ this writer or that in a position of very great responsibility. But how explain—except by this attitude of fear and contempt—the refusal to make use of writers as writers? It is a refusal, a considered policy, rather than oversight. Had the Government been making a modest success

of its attempt to show England to the world and to itself, writers could not have complained when they offered their help and were dismissed with the advice to "Write a *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, everyone will like that". But the rejected writer has the mortification of seeing neglected or done badly the work he knows himself able to do. The 'epic of Dunkirk' is represented by a handful of little stories. The only account of the magnificent Calais episode was issued privately by the Colonel of the 60th Rifles and bowdlerized by *The Times*. Those elements of shrewdness and stupidity, dislike of officiousness, habit of patience, which give our nation its savour, are missed or vulgarized by the honest journalist or the fake science of mass observers. So are the griefs, humours, and the peculiar horror, of what is said and suffered in a bombed street. Had our Ministers between them an ounce of imaginative energy they would long ago have called in the professional writer, painter, musician, to help them in giving the country that sense of confidence and exhilaration which springs from a common danger and faith.

The mortifications of writers forced to watch amateurs bungling what they had better have left alone are worth recording only as a mark of the unhealthy intellectual state of a country where no liaison exists between the men of letters, painters, musicians, and the administration. This would matter less if London were a centre of intellectual life, if, like Paris before its fall, it gathered into a vivid focus the experiments and thought of all the arts.* But there is no centre. There are solitary sheep, browsing, one in this county, another in that; there are small groups each fermenting in its private tub, the neo-marxists, the audeneers, the mass-observers, the surrealists, the others. It may matter less than one thinks that each group lives in a little fog of complacent and often ill-founded satisfaction. Perhaps its members are doing the best they can. It matters a great deal that the opportunity does not exist to graft the separate activities of artists into a common enterprise, fruitful for the individual and the nation. It is a mortal pity that we not have a Ministry of Fine Arts, with its share in the national purse and its right to employ artists as naturally as other Ministries employ economists, statisticians, dons, even—sad to say—copy-writers.

*A distinguished French writer complained that in London it was impossible to talk about anything but the climate simply because it is the only subject on which a writer, a painter, and a musician, can exchange ideas. "If I ask an English writer what he thinks of your liveliest young painter he says, 'I haven't read anything of his; what has he written?'"

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE FALANGIST STATE

By J. M. BATISTA I ROCA

IN the political history of Spain the 19th century shows a continuous struggle by the Spanish people for a written constitutional law. The last success came in 1876 under the monarchy, when a constitution was framed, which was superseded in 1931 by the Republican Constitution.

The National-Syndicalist revolution has not as yet produced any written constitution other than a number of separate laws and decrees. An attempt is here made to assemble these and so sketch the new organization of the Spanish State.

The Falangist State being organized on totalitarian principles, the rôle of the only existing party, that of the *Falange Española Tradicionalista y de las J.O.N.S. (Juntas de Ofensiva Nacional-Sindicalista)* is of primary importance. This political instrument was created by Decree No. 303 (April, 1937), usually known as the Decree of Unification, which welded the Traditionalists and the old Falangists together. On August 4, 1937 another decree formulated the organization of the Falange, and on October 19, forty-eight members of their National Council were appointed. This framework, however, lasted only for a couple of years, and on August 5, 1939, a new decree issued by General Franco modified the constitution and working of the Party and its relation to the bodies in control of the State.

A few days later (August 8) another law was promulgated by the Generalissimo, known as the Law of the Central Administration of the State, in which the powers of these bodies are further defined.

The keystone of the whole constitutional structure is the person of General Franco. He is Head of the State, Premier of his Cabinet, Generalissimo of the Army, National Chief of the Falange Party, and Caudillo—a diminutive derived from *caput* (and not from *cauda*!) meaning “leader”—of the whole country. According to Article 47 of the Decree of August 5, 1939, defining the powers of the Party, the Caudillo personifies all the virtues and honours of the Falangist movement, “since

he is the author of the new historic era in which Spain acquires the possibility of realizing her destiny. The Chief assumes in its entire plenitude the most absolute authority. The Chief is responsible only to God and history.”

By the Law of the Central Administration of the State the Legislative Power is embodied in the Caudillo. He has the right to issue laws on condition that he informs the Cabinet.

One point of interest is the arrangement for his successor. General Franco decides secretly who it shall be, and the name is kept in a sealed envelope, to be revealed by the National Council when the time comes. This however applies only on the death of the Caudillo. The possibilities of his resigning or of the National Council wishing to depose him are not envisaged in the present legal texts, which seem to indicate that General Franco is bound to carry on his duties until death.

The Law of the Central Administration of the State sets up the Cabinet, composed of the following twelve departments: Foreign Affairs, Gobernacion (the equivalent of the Home Office), Army, Navy, Air Force, Justice, Finance, Industry and Trade, Agriculture, National Education, Public Works, and Labour.

When the present Cabinet was set up on August 12, 1939, three ministers without portfolio were added. These were: General Muñoz Grande, then Secretary-General of the Falange and Chief of the Militia; Sr. Gamero del Castillo, Under-Secretary of Falange; and Sr. Sanchez Mazas, Vice-President of the Political Junta. Its President, Sr. Serrano Suñer, also joined the Cabinet as Home Secretary. It is obvious that under this arrangement, while the ministers had the right to attend the meetings of the National Council only when subjects connected with their own departments were under discussion, four members of the Political Junta of the Falange had permanent seats in the Cabinet, which was thus under its control.

In recent months there have been signs of a change in the relations between the Party and the Cabinet. While all the ministers of course remain members of the National Council, and most of them of the Political Junta, the number of ministers without portfolio representing the Party in the Cabinet has been reduced. General Muñoz Grande has been dismissed from his posts of Secretary-General of the Party, Chief of the Militia and minister without portfolio; and more recently Sr. Sanchez Mazas, the Vice-President of the Political Junta, has also lost his seat in the Cabinet. The link between the Political Junta and the Cabinet remains assured by the presence in both

of the present British Council to form ties with the cultural life of other countries. There seems no good reason why he should send out English lecturers—it is an uncivilized habit—but his Department will go on arranging the exchange of artists, technicians, students, companies of actors; shows of books and paintings; travelling scholarships.

It is clear that a good Minister of Fine Arts can only be a man of imagination, enthusiasm, and—not least—discretion. He will be justified by the things he leaves undone as much as by those he does. A Minister who tried to censor art in the interests of any doctrine, however respectable, would be a bad Minister. So would he who was too much the civil servant and too little the man of imagination. Or who hesitated to get rid—to some other Department—of a worthy subordinate who spent nine-tenths of his time putting papers in a file and taking them out.

It will be said that the middle of a war—and a war which has subdued almost the whole of Europe to barbarism—is not the time to create a Ministry of Fine Arts. This is untrue and foolish. If when war broke out we had had such a Ministry, it would naturally have taken over the work, the double work, of discrediting the hideous Nazi doctrine and of mending our English reputation abroad. We should have been spared the initial mistake of asking the same Minister to influence opinion, at home and abroad, and to control, or at any rate seem to control the issue of news—which brings the unfortunate man into the bad books of journalists at once. And it would not have been necessary to improvise a staff of all sorts of people, including even a few writers—and then to dismiss some and engage others—and dismiss some of these and engage another few. And so, with purges and reforms and changes of Minister, to shift from policy to policy, expedient to expedient, a few of them good, some vicious, many of them only negligible. A Ministry which already had friends and allies in the institutions and circles in other countries where opinion is made, and had not a rooted objection to employing writers to write, would have started with an immense advantage. And at home? Would any man fit to be a Minister of Fine Arts have allowed his Department to disgrace itself by the imbecility of the Silent Column—a notion which might have suggested itself to a firm of advertisers? And, one might have hoped, to no one else.

If we had a Ministry of Fine Arts it would now have been busy stimulating the cultural life of the country to take the

shock of the war. *Pourvu que les civils tiennent*—this winter, between air raids and long nights, will take a deal of living through. Consider the chance it gives a man of imagination and energy. Why, in a year of war he might bring us to be as adaptable and self-reliant in our amusements and interests as our great-grandfathers.

If we had a Ministry of Fine Arts . . . There could be no better time to set it up than in the second year of a war for civilization, for the humanities, for the dignity and freedom of the individual. It would look well over against the antics of Dr. Goebbels.

Nation and individual both lose by this divorce between the administration and the artist. The loss to the nation is incalculable. A new public building is at the mercy of municipal authorities who may manage well, or may put up a baroque town hall and decorate it with stuffed fish and antlers. Music can scarcely keep itself alive. The efforts to build a national theatre in London would be pathetic if they were not absurd and disgraceful. We rely on the devotion of individuals to plant and keep alive a few cuttings of civilization: on such strokes of genius as the National Gallery concerts begun by Miss Myra Hess. It flatters us to pretend that we order these things as well by individual enterprise as other countries with their States theatres and operas, but it is not true, and as a nation we are poorer for our wilful negligence.

The impoverishment of the artist is not less obvious because it is part of a widespread breakdown and disorder in social relationships on one side, and on the other in the relations between men and things. Vast groups have lost all contact with a normal healthy rhythm of life and become 'hands'. A suddenly accelerated technical development has made it possible for politicians to speak of 'human scrap', and of civilization as a wireless set in every home. The benefits of material progress have multiplied, even the 'human scrap' is not cut off entirely from them. And yet we are discontented, and not only because the wireless can only give us news of air raids. Our discontent has a moral and spiritual basis as well as an economic one: we have become rootless men, unable to like the society we live in, uncertain of its value, not able to relate it to any moral basis of living. It has become clear that certain ideas, present in one form or another in many minds, must be allowed peaceably to transform society if they are not to destroy it. And it is now, at this most critical moment of our history, when external war and an internal revolution are determining our future for, probably, centuries, that men of letters—whose business is with ideas in their precise and significant forms—are less used by the Government of the country than we have ever been. Since we know very well what is going on, we have not enjoyed being kept out of the way. Some of us went one better than we were told to, and retired into a world so small and private as to be incomprehensible, or merely silly. Others, determined at least to be politicians, have formed societies or joined movements, and on a ground of as much knowledge as we can pick up have become very indignant and didactic.

This fissure in our national life—it is not the only one, but it is peculiarly dangerous—is not bridged by the existence of half a dozen politicians who are also, with a varying right to the title, men of letters. The fissure remains: on one side of it an administration ever more harassed by problems which have their roots as deep in moral and intellectual ideas as in economic disorders; on the other the atrocious energy of the artist, turned in on itself, or shaking its fist outside the windows of Ministries. The spate of protests and manifestoes has been lowered an inch or two by the shortage of paper—thank God—but it can never, even in the best days of pamphleteering, have reached the mark of the last decade. One wonders what impression this paper barrage has made on the ranks of Tuscany. Little enough, no doubt. The inedited comment of an Under-Secretary on Mr. H. G. Wells—"I don't think one could ever make use of him: he can't resist the temptation to try to improve on us"—suggests one reason why officials do not like artists. But—it is unfortunate—not every artist is so uncompromising, restless, and sharp-tongued as Mr. Wells.

The work of a Minister of Fine Arts can only be done properly by a man of wide culture with a talent for administration. He must be familiar with the work of established writers, painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, scholars, and with the revolts of the younger generation against their elders. And he must be vigorous in imagining means of using all this furious energy to enrich the nation. It is probably better that he should be a scholar, or a critic, rather than in the first place an artist—an R. H. Tawney rather than a mere man of letters. But he will seek the advice of men of letters, musicians, architects, and the rest. He will recruit for his Department intelligent young men and women who, nowadays, sink into becoming dons or novelists. It is very necessary that he should not fill his Department from the ordinary Civil Service channels. At all costs he must protect it from that hardening of the arteries, due to fear of responsibility, respect for rules and customs, the hierarchic principle, which doubles the age and halves the efficiency of all the existing Departments.

The new Minister will find, camping in his field, every imaginable and unimaginable form of society for shoring up this and that fragment of the fine arts. England has never gone short of enthusiasts. If he is wise he will not serve notices on them. Instead, he will lay down a tradition of liking for unpaid enthusiasm; he will make use of them, even

subsidize them when they are doing his work for him as well as he could do it for himself. His field is wide enough to allow unofficial enthusiasts room to move about—no Minister will be able to do what he can imagine done: Chartres, he will remind himself, was not built in a century.

He will be responsible for public building all over the country—and not only for the building itself, and the suitability of its site. Through him painters and sculptors will be given the employment earlier artists were given by the Church in the cathedrals, and capriciously by princes. When it is a question of a housing estate he will have in front of him photographs and reports of housing estates in Sweden and other countries where the housing of families of small means is not looked on as a disagreeable necessity, to be got over as cheaply as possible. When we think what a civilized authority, with architects, sculptors, painters, at hand, could have brought off in place of the disorderly building and rebuilding of the last twenty years, it is difficult not to groan.

He will encourage schemes for showing the work of modern painters to people who cannot visit the great galleries. He might, for example, send an exhibition of Cézanne round the country—sending not only Cézannes borrowed from galleries or collections, but a few paintings of other artists which illustrate his development and place in nineteenth century French painting, extracts from his letters and letters about him, extracts from Roger Fry, the whole so arranged that a commentator is little needed: in this way half a dozen Cézannes could be made to say a good deal, and memorably.

He will give us an Opera House in London—and, which is perhaps more important still, he will help cities to support their municipal orchestras. And why not travelling orchestras? Is it too late to teach Englishmen to listen with their ears to music? A generation is growing up to whom music means a flood of noise produced by turning on a tap. Can they be taught better? Can churches be persuaded to restore the violins? It may be too late—short of a prohibition of music on the wireless for, say, twenty-three hours a day—to save our ears. The Minister and his musical advisers can at least try.

And, since we shall naturally get our State Theatre at his hands, is it too much to hope in time for a State school of ballet?

An extremely important side of his work will cover the endowment of books. And of research in a field which is very badly attended to in this country—the field of local history.

A certain number of works of importance to scholars and research workers are published by the Universities and other bodies. But the larger number of these necessary books must be published, if at all, by the ordinary commercial firm. Publishers, who are often literate men, will sometimes publish a book which is clearly of the utmost value to specialists, knowing that very likely they will lose money. They are compelled, moreover, to publish it at a price which puts it far out of the reach of all but a fraction of its possible readers. Serious readers are not always rich men. Thus a book which might stimulate research and speculation in many directions is isolated on the shelves of a few libraries, and the publisher rejects sadly the next valuable but unsaleable book which comes his way. Research into local history is still worse served, far worse: the most recklessly public-spirited of publishers hesitates to accept a monograph on stone-masons in a Gloucestershire parish in the seventeenth century. Nor is it so simple as this. The details that historians of the seventeenth century would like to know about stone-masons may only exist piecemeal in records scattered over the whole country, and the only way of discovering them, or enough of them, to be able to speak authoritatively about an important craft, is to write to the local archivist in a number of towns and parishes. Or it would be—if there were any archivists. Their appointment—attached, perhaps, to the local museum or city library—at a modest salary, will disturb the dust of attics full of unread documents. Universities and other research bodies will suggest and advise on the line of research to be followed in any area and, where an intensive special study is to be made, will no doubt find the Ministry willing to pay a share of the salaries of specially appointed research workers. The study of local crafts, and of towns and parishes, will occupy a great many years and several generations of historians, economists, archæologists, persons who do not expect to be paid lavishly for what they enjoy doing. A Minister will be fortunate if, during his term of office, a small fragment of it can be said to be complete; or if he is able to agree that work can begin on another. Local history, valuable and neglected as it is, is not the only sort of research he will care to encourage. It will be natural—it will be a very good thing—for the Minister and his advisers to prepare to endow research in the way it is endowed by such bodies as the Leverhulme Trust, and with less arbitrary terms of reference.

He will keep up and, let us hope, double and treble the efforts

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of Sr. Serrano Suñer, Home Secretary and President of the Political Junta, and Sr. Gamero del Castillo, who now acts as Secretary of the Party and is still a minister without portfolio.

The Law of the Central Administration of the State (Article 4), curiously enough, deals with the formation of two military bodies. One is the High General Staff, under the direct orders of General Franco and including the General Staff of the land, sea and air forces. The other is the National Defence Council, also under the presidency of General Franco and consisting of the ministers for Army, Navy and Air, and their Chiefs of Staff, its Secretary being the Commander-in-Chief of the High General Staff. When their presence is required, the Ministers of Industry and Trade and Foreign Affairs, as well as the heads of the war industries, may be called.

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There is no possible comparison between the influence of any party in a democratic country and that of the single official party in a totalitarian State. The party is closely interwoven with the State; in Spain it is an essential part of the fabric of the National-Syndicalist State.

The Falange party and its aims are described in Article I of the Law of August 5, 1939, as

the militant and inspirational movement providing a basis for the Spanish State, which, in a common faith and purpose, undertakes the task of giving back to Spain the profound sense of her indestructible unity of destiny, and a resolute faith in her catholic and imperial mission to set up an economic régime superseding individual, group and class interests, which will place increased wealth at the service of the State, of social justice and of personal Christian liberty.

Leaving aside such rhetorical effusions, which seem to be characteristic of the Falangist official literature, it may make things clearer to outline the organization of the Party and proceed to a closer study of its elements.

In every village and even in every district of the larger towns, there is a local group of the Party, run by a council under the direction of a chief. Above the local councils, each of the fifty provinces has a higher council, its chief appointed direct by the Chief of the movement, who may also appoint inspectors to supervise the work of the provincial chiefs and their councils.

The Party includes thirteen National Services, which give organic expression to its work, and through which a strong hold is exercised over the life of every citizen. Each of the

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Services works under the direct orders of a National Delegate.

The Party also has its Militia, which is very similar to the Nazi S.S. and the Italian Fascist M.V.S.N.

The work of the Party is directed by a National Council of over 100 members, but above that there is the Political Junta, which holds control not only over the Party but over some essential aspects of the life of the country.

Affiliated members are divided into militants and adherents. The first category includes those who were already members of either the Traditionalist or the Falangist parties before these became fused into the present movement. The adherents are those now applying for admission. After a probationary period of five years it will be decided whether they may become militants or should be excluded from the organization.

A very important point is that all army officers are *ex officio* militant members. This is a step of the utmost significance for both the Army and the Falange, since it marks a break with army tradition. Throughout all the *pronunciamientos* and military dictatorships of the last century, and up to the time of General Primo de Rivera, the Army held the politicians in the most utter contempt. The officers for the most part believed that they alone were capable of saving the country from the mis-management of the politicians. The result of this distrust (which the politicians returned with interest) was that dictatorships in Spain rested upon the Army, without much co-operation from the civilian politicians. It might be said that the army officers constituted a sort of latent political force which was apt to seize power when the opportunity arose. The dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera was a very typical example.

The Republic tried to change all this and make the Army a purely technical body under the orders of the civilian government, with the officers as servants of the State, keeping clear of politics—a policy in keeping with democratic practice in all western European countries. The problem was not easy, when one considers that when the Premier, Sr. Azaña, passed his famous decree for the reorganization of the Army, there were 258 generals and 21,996 officers (excluding generals and officers of the Second Reserve.)

Under the Falange both the policies just described have disappeared to make room for a new conception. Army officers become compulsorily members of the Falange, a political party, and are subject to its discipline.

It may be remembered that in both Germany and Italy, at

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the beginning of the totalitarian régimes, the Army was kept separate from the Nazi and Fascist parties, and was not permitted to interfere in politics. In Italy, army officers were expressly forbidden to belong to the Fascist party. Later however, the Army came more and more under the control of the ruling party. In Germany, after the dismissal of General von Blomberg and his friends, the Army became entirely subservient to the Nazi party. The present relations between the Falangist party and the Spanish Army would therefore seem to be based on the experience of the Nazis with the German Army. The officers, as members of the Falange, become subject to its political leaders and are pushed into the political arena. This measure, however, thought by the Falangists to bring the Army under the control of the Party, may defeat its own ends and sow the seeds of discord between the officers and the rest of the Falange. This after all would be much in keeping with Spanish traditions.

Just as the Junta has political control over the Party, the National Services form its organic and technical machinery, which embraces the whole life of the country. They cover the provincial and local organization of the Party, and so have a very close grip on every aspect of the national life, as will be seen from the list of their names:

FOREIGN
NATIONAL EDUCATION
PRESS AND PROPAGANDA
WOMEN'S SECTION
SOCIAL WORK
SYNDICATES (LABOUR UNIONS)
YOUTH ORGANIZATIONS
EX-SERVICE MEN'S ORGANIZATION
EX-PRISONERS' ORGANIZATION
LAW AND JUSTICE
COMMUNICATIONS AND TRANSPORT
TREASURY AND ADMINISTRATION
INFORMATION AND INVESTIGATION

Each Service is headed by a National Delegate or Chief.

Sometimes, in order to ensure complete accord between the Party and the Government, the same man holds office both in the Cabinet and as National Delegate: for example, Sr. Ibañez Martin, Minister and National Delegate for Education. The posts of National Delegate for Information and Investigation, and of Director-General of Police in the Home Office, are also held by the same man, the Count of Mayalde, who thus has at his disposal the organization of both State and Party in con-

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trolling the life of the citizens. He was in Berlin recently, and Herr Himmler, head of the Gestapo, is now going to see him in Madrid.

The Syndicates (or labour unions) Service is worth considering by itself, since by its means the Falange controls all labour and the whole economic life of the country. Also, from the individual's point of view it means that persons unfriendly to the Falange are not likely to get work from the labour exchanges of the C.N.S. (*Central National-Sindicalista*).

The Falangist organization of labour is based on the theory of the vertical syndicate, which controls in a single union workers and employers and all the different stages of any one economic branch. For instance, the agricultural vertical syndicate will control not only production but also the distribution and sale of all agricultural merchandise. This idea of course differentiates the Falangist unions and their federation (the C.N.S.) from the socialist conception of a labour union, but on the other hand it brings them into line with the Italian Corporazioni and also with the pre-war anarcho-syndicalist organization of the Spanish C.N.T. This is not really so surprising, for the Fascists and syndicalist organizations have common progenitors, such as Georges Sorel for instance.

The law of Syndical Unity (January 26, 1940) abolished all existing employers' and workers' organizations, to weld them together in the Falangist unions.

Another Service of particular importance is the Youth Organizations. The training of the leaders in Nazi and Fascist camps has assured a similarity of ideals and methods with those of the *Hitler Jugend* and the *Balilla* organizations, in the military and totalitarian education of the boys and girls.

The men who fought in General Franco's army, and those who were imprisoned by the Republican authorities for their Falangist activities, form two other National Services. A number of labour decrees have made it compulsory for the Government and all employers to reserve 80 per cent. of their posts for men in these categories.

Apart from the Falangist Militia, there is the National Service of Information and Investigation, which amounts to a Party police, its agents having the right of search and of arrest.

Another important Service is the Foreign or *Falange Exterior*, formed of Falangists abroad. It is the equivalent of the Nazi *Aussland Bund* and the Italian *Fascio dell'Estero*, with

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• which it co-operates in many countries, particularly in South America.

There have been various contradictory decrees about the number of members of the National Council. When General Franco appointed the new National Council on September 9, 1939, he decided that the number of Councillors appointed direct by himself should be up to a maximum of 100, in spite of his original intention that there should be only 50/65 members. The Cabinet ministers may attend meetings of the Council in order to deal with matters concerning their own departments. The National Delegates are also *ex officio* members of the Council. The Caudillo is its President, and its Vice-President is Sr. Serrano Suñer, President of the Political Junta.

The duties of the National Council are to investigate the fundamentals of the organization of the movement, of the State and of the Syndicates, important national problems submitted to it by the National Chief, and important international problems.

As there is now no parliamentary institution in Spain (which differs in this respect from Germany with the Reichstag and Italy with the Chamber of Corporations) the rôle of this assembly in the political life of the country is all the more important. The ceremonies which accompanied the taking of the oath by the members of the National Council at the historic monastery of Las Huelgas in Burgos, clearly showed the intention of lending the utmost importance to this assembly, as a kind of Party Parliament.

The most important instrument of the constitutional organization of the Falangist Party and of the State is the Political Junta. It has been described as a Party cabinet alongside the Government Cabinet. It has a President (Sr. Serrano Suñer), a Vice-President, and ten National Councillors—five appointed direct by the Caudillo and five more suggested by him and appointed by the Council. In addition, the Under-Secretary of the movement and the Delegates of the following Services are *ex officio* members of the Political Junta: Foreign, National Education, Press and Propaganda, Women's Section, Syndicates, and Youth Organizations. One of the main duties of the Political Junta is the study and direction of any problem connected with the general trend of the movement. Since the Party controls the whole life of the country, it is easy to estimate the power of the Junta. Also in its capacity of adviser to the National Chief its influence is very great.

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Prominent not only in the Political Junta itself but in the whole movement and the life of the State is the President of the Junta. Not only does he direct the activities of the Junta and the Party, but in the Decree giving force to the Statutes of the Falange he is described as "the permanent link between the State and Falange in order to ensure the necessary co-operation for the common political purpose".

Considering that this post is held by Sr. Serrano Suñer, whose family connections and personal influence with General Franco are well known, and who as Home Secretary controls the police and propaganda of the whole country, the political power of this man is obvious, and from a theoretical point of view only inferior to that of General Franco, although for all practical purposes he may enjoy an even greater control over the key points of the present political machinery.

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The reader may have found this article a dull one. Political comments—too easy and too obvious—have purposely been avoided. Only the dry bones of the subject have been given—the skeleton of the constitutional organization of a minor totalitarian State. There is no need to analyse the spirit behind it; it is all too well known. In the German, Italian or Spanish Empire the totalitarian spirit is always the same.

itself from it—even Albania, although now occupied by Italy.

The relations established by the Danube between its Basin and the Balkans, between Central and South-east Europe, are much stronger by far than all the artificial frontier-lines which politics try to draw. They are necessities created by nature, whereas political frontiers are perishable like all human work.

Out of these natural economical conditions the Austro-Hungarian Empire was born. It was not built up by violence and force like Germany. As long as it existed, these natural conditions, so indispensable for the development of a sound economy, remained undisturbed. Nature itself had established the most effective way of distribution between production and consumption within the Danube Basin. Its western half, Cisleithania, had inexhaustible water powers in the Alps; iron and magnesite in Styria; plumb in Carinthia and coal in Bohemia and Moravia. The Styrian Erzberg, one of the richest ore deposits in the whole of Europe, furnished first class ore not only for the needs of Austro-Hungary, but also for the Balkans, Germany and Italy. It provided the raw materials for the Skoda-works at Pilsen and the Rothschild-works at Witkowitz in Bohemia which are now in the hands of the Nazis too. The monster tanks with which Hitler's hordes crushed the Belgian and French armies were constructed in Pilsen.

In Bohemia and Moravia were also the most important coal mines, the product of which was far superior in quality to the coal of Westphalia and North France. Before the war they belonged to Archduke Friedrich, cousin of Emperor Franz Joseph, nominal commander-in-chief of the Austrian army and one of the richest men of Europe. After the peace of 1919 the Czechs took over all his properties and had to give them up to the Germans twenty years later.

Cisleithania was a land with a highly developed industry, a most efficient competitor even for Germany. Transleithania, the eastern half of the Danube Basin, had the function to produce all agricultural necessities for the western half, cattle, horses, pigs, fowls, wheat, corn and maize. Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia-Herzegovina and Transylvania also had a very valuable export in wood of all sorts. The Balkan countries derived immense advantages from this economical situation, especially Rumania, which as the proprietress of the richest oil deposits in Europe enjoyed a most favourable position in the whole of the system. The only breach in the economical unity of the Danube System was the animosity between Serbia

and the Monarchy, becoming greater and more dangerous every day. It is not the moment to examine in this connection the causes of the fateful development. Nevertheless, it must be stated that one of the most forceful reasons for it was the egotistical attitude of the Magyar agrarians, who upset the foreign policy of the monarchy in order to exclude the Serbian competition from the Austrian and Hungarian markets. Serbia was pushed out of her natural relations with the Danube Basin and had to look for other markets. There is a saying: "The Hungarian ox caused the war." It is not so far off the mark.

This example is only too apt to show how decisive the economical conditions were which bound the Danube countries together. With the exception of rubber, cotton and nickel, the Basin was what totalitarian economy is accustomed to call autark. But in 1919, when the new map of Europe was drawn, this historical and economical unity was sacrificed to political considerations. The organic body of the Danube Basin which has stood the test for nearly one thousand years was torn to pieces, which instead of being woven together in a new order, were deliberately kept apart. The Successor States which either were created on the soil of the Habsburg Monarchy or enlarged by its provinces, started to build their own national homes. In order to strengthen the newly acquired national freedom they also wanted economic freedom. They tried to erect their own industries, which of course they had to protect by insurmountable walls of customs and taxes. Economic chaos was inevitable. It prepared the path for Nazidom's trade policy.

But worst of all: in 1919 national hatred and revenge were allowed to triumph over every reasonable consideration.

Before the war there were three centres of national strife and unrest in the Danube Basin. First: Bohemia, where Czech and Sudeten Germans fought each other with inexorable tenacity. More than once the Austrian Government tried honest mediation between these two nations, but all their efforts failed. The story of the *Böhmischen Ausgleich* (Bohemian settlement) is the tragic story of nationalist fanaticism. The greater part of the responsibility lies with the Sudeten-Germans who always were the wildest of wild nationalists. In Trautenau, a German town in Sudeten-Germany, National Socialism was born long before the present German Messiahs came into the world. The leaders of the Sudeten-Germans founded in 1888 the *Sozialistische*

LAND OF THE DANUBE

BY ERNST KLEIN

IT is the tragic fate of Europe that the British statesmen who were responsible for their country's policy during the last decades were never directly interested in Central and South-East Europe. As far as British statesmanship was concerned the European Continent came to a political and economic end somewhere in the neighbourhood of Vienna. The passage through the Dardanelles was the only question harassing the master minds of Downing Street. All the other events between Constantinople and Vienna were of minor interest. A few years ago a British Prime Minister spoke the famous words: "The frontiers of Great Britain are on the Rhine." If he had said—and acted accordingly: "The frontiers of Great Britain are on the Danube", perhaps the development which led the world to this war would have taken another turn. On the day on which Vienna fell, began the siege of London.

Bismarck once said: "The man who possesses Bohemia is the master of Europe." Bismarck was a Prussian and only thought as a Prussian. For him neither the Balkans nor the whole South and East of Europe existed. He did not want to conquer Europe. He was satisfied with the work which he had accomplished. But that megalomaniac Austrian who continues where the Prussian Bismarck left off, wants to conquer Europe. He knew that the possession of Bohemia was not sufficient for the fulfilment of this ambition. He knew that he had to get hold of the Danube Basin. Not the Rhine, but the Danube is the stream of destiny for Europe and Vienna is the strategical and economical capital of the Danube Basin. A fact already recognized by the Romans. They erected on the present site of Vienna one of their strongest camps and put as a garrison one of their crack legions, the tenth.

Hitler marched into Vienna, and Bohemia became his easy prey. Now he does not need to subdue the Basin of the Danube by any major military action. All its states are at his mercy. And his troops are holding the whole west of Europe, from the fjords of Norway down to the mountains of the Pyrenees.

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He may be driven back out of Norway and France and all the western countries which he conquered. But as long as he possesses the Danube Basin, that is Central and South-east Europe, he never can be beaten.

Not for nothing has he proclaimed this part of the continent Vital Space of Germany (*Deutscher Lebensraum*).

What is the Danube Basin?

It would be a great mistake to confine this designation to the countries of the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy through which the Danube takes its course. One look at the map is bound to show how the Danube Basin comprises a much larger area which, it is true, is divided by many political frontiers, but nevertheless preserves its character as a compact geographical unity.

At the point where the Danube receives the beautiful son of the Alps, the river Inn, on the right bank, near the old episcopal see of Passau, it enters that huge basin to which it gives its proud name and which stretches down as far as the Transylvanian Alps, including the whole territory of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, with the exception of Galicia which became after the first world war part of Poland and is now carved up between Nazi Germany and Russia. A complete circle of high mountains (in the north-west the Bohemian and Silesian ranges, in the north-east the Carpathians, in the east the Transylvanian Alps, in the south the wild Balkan mountains and finally in the west the Alps) forms a natural rampart round the basin. With it two halves are to be discerned; they are separated by two lower mountain ranges whose direction is from north to south, the Little Carpathians on the left and the Leitha Mountains on the right bank of the Danube. The western half comprises what formerly was called Cisleithania, the Austrian half; the eastern, Transleithania, the Hungarian half of the Habsburg Empire.

Flowing through the vastness of the Hungarian low plain, the Danube reaches Yugoslavia and afterwards Bulgaria in the south, thus embracing these two countries into its geographical and economic system. For a long distance the stream forms the political frontier between them and Rumania, which is land of the Danube as well as the others, perhaps the richest and most fertile of them all. Although these three kingdoms are situated outside the mountain circle surrounding the Inner Danube Basin they must not be excluded from its system. It extends its sphere of influence so deep into the Balkans that the rest of the peninsula cannot abstract

deutsche Arbeiterpartei, an organization with the one and only purpose of fighting the Czechs. They had the same programme as National Socialism of to-day, the same anti-semitism, the same racial intolerance against other nationalities. It was the policy of the Sudeten-Germans who turned the Czechs into such implacable enemies of the Habsburgs, although the Sudeten-Germans themselves were the worst adversaries of the Imperial House and shouted themselves hoarse with the cry: *Heil Hohenzollern!*

The second theatre of national struggle was Hungary. The responsibility here lies entirely with the Magyars, who, proud and haughty like all so-called master-peoples, from the moment when they had obtained their own national liberty pursued a policy which had only one aim—the suppression of the liberty of all those small nations which had had the misfortune to become subjects of the Holy Crown of St. Stephen. It is true, in 1868 the Hungarian Diet decreed a school law which was to give free national education to all nations under Magyar rule. But this law never came into use and only served as a legal means to make the illegal suppression of the other nations possible. In the peace treaties of 1919 the Magyars were treated worst of all nations belonging to the losing side. They had to renounce half of their territory and more than the half of their population. More than two millions of their co-nationals came under foreign domination. It is no use to shirk the truth: they have nobody but themselves to blame for this fate.

The Balkans were the centre of the third national movement: the struggle of the Yugoslavs for union.

Before the Balkan Wars the peoples of the Peninsula fought against the Turks as well as against themselves. They were so intermingled that even the most objective award could not have settled their disputes. The Balkan troubles, therefore, were a permanent headache for the chancelleries of the Great Powers, especially the Macedonian question which Austria and Russia tried in vain to solve through the Convention of Muerzsteg in the year 1903. The revolution of the young Turks intensified the national and racial chaos in the Balkans and the Bosnian annexation crisis which followed it was the first signal of the coming storm. The Balkan Wars brought neither peace nor solution of the national questions. On the contrary—Bulgaria, robbed by her former allies whom Rumania had joined, never forgot that her national dream, the liberation of the Macedonians and the acquisition of Salonika,

was not only not fulfilled, but that, after having had to bear the brunt of the fight against the Turks, she had to suffer the loss of the Dobrudja. In the first World War she marched with the Central Powers, hoping to get her revenge. But this hope did not come true either and Bulgaria had to share the fate of her vanquished allies. Since then she remained hostile to all other Balkan States and even refused to become a member of the Balkan League in which Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia and Rumania took part. Bulgaria bided her time. Bulgaria waited.

Serbia was favoured with much more success. After the Balkan Wars she became the predominant Balkan Power and proceeded with the help of Russia to prepare for the accomplishment of her sacred national ambition—the Union of all South Slavs. Since the Habsburgs had no Slav idea of their own to oppose the alluring phantasmagoria of Panslavism with which Russia rallied all Slav peoples under her flag, the Greater Serbia propaganda easily found its way into the Austrian and Hungarian provinces, inhabited by South-Slavs. Only the Croats showed not much enthusiasm. Their country, which had a rather far-reaching autonomy within the Hungarian kingdom, was part of the former old "Military Frontier" founded by the Empress Maria Theresa against the Turks. The Croats were loyal to the Emperors of Austria, not to the Magyars whom they hated as fiercely as the Serbs. They belong to the Western Culture, are Catholics and use the Latin alphabet, whereas the Serbs are Greek-Catholics, use the Cyril-letters and are as a whole in their culture rather a more eastern people, not to say oriental. There is bitter hatred between Serbs and Croats. And there will ever be.

All these facts, although well known, had to be set before the reader again in order to show how great the mistake of the Allies was in 1919, when instead of finding a just and durable solution of the problem with which they were faced in consequence of the destruction of Austro-Hungary, they gave way to all exaggerated claims of the Danube nations. These small states all committed the error of over-estimating their own national strength, meaning the larger their population the stronger became their state. To maintain their position as "State People" they then had to use force against their minorities and were compelled to make the same policy of suppression which they had fought themselves.

Even the Czechs, one of the most democratic of peoples in Europe, could not evade this tragic circle. They only

numbered $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions in a state which had $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions of Germans, 1,200,000 Slovaks, 750,000 Magyars, 480,000 Ruthenes, not to mention the other nationalities, Poles, Jews, etc., who made up another half a million. Their position was so weak from the beginning that they were not able to fulfil the Treaty of Pittsburgh in which they had promised full autonomy to the Slovaks, who were consequently converted into their bitterest enemies. The Czech State broke up from the interior and it was doomed when Hitler started to "liberate" the Sudeten-Germans.

Rumania also swallowed more than she could digest. She received Transylvania, the largest part of the Hungarian province of the Banat, and the Austrian territory of the Bukovina. The 12 million Rumanians had against themselves 1,700,000 Magyars, 2,200,000 Ruthenes and Ukranians, 800,000 Germans, 800,000 Jews, 250,000 Bulgars and more than half a million of other smaller nationalities. How could that country, so backward in its social and cultural development, saddled with the problem of a continuously postponed agrarian reform, overcome its internal difficulties, with Russia, Bulgaria and Hungary waiting outside the frontiers for the right moment to get back what was taken from them? Just while these lines are being written, the news comes from Bucharest that German troops have entered the unhappy country. A second Czechoslovakia?

In order to secure the undisturbed possession of their spoils, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia had concluded the "Little Entente" which was directed against reparation claims of Hungary and Bulgaria as well. It was considered the strongest military power in Central Europe. Whoever dared to attack one of its members would have to reckon with its 175 divisions! But the "Little Entente" could save neither the Czechs nor the Rumanians. Nor could it—even if it were still in existence—save the Yugoslavs, when the hour of fate strikes for them.

So far their country has not been touched. But it is allowed to breathe freely only as long as the Axis Powers, i.e. Hitler, permits it to breathe. The Greater Serbia had the same troubles with her nationalities from the beginning as Greater Rumania and Czechoslovakia. It was the fault of the Serbs who came into their new provinces not as liberators, but as conquerors. Even the Bosnians and the Dalmatians, although Yugoslavs in their heart of hearts, were bitterly disappointed. The Croats openly resisted, and the struggle

between them and the Serbs became so fierce that Stephen Raditch, the leader of the Croats, was fatally wounded by a Serbian deputy in the Skutchina on June 20, 1928 and died in a hospital on August 8. The Croats retaliated some years later with the assassination of King Alexander. The present government, with Prince Regent Paul at their head, are doing their best to come to an agreement with the Croats, whose leader, Dr. Matshek, even accepted a post in the Cabinet. But a real solution cannot be found as long as the Serbs, as the "State People", have to continue their policy of relentless centralization in order to maintain their supremacy. A state which is so weak in the interior cannot defend itself against an aggressor from the outside. The Serbs have also to reckon with the German minority, about 600,000 strong, and the Magyars who can muster half a million. Both of them are waiting for the signal to start disturbances on a great scale.

There remains Greece. Notwithstanding the sincere sympathies of the Greek Dictator for his German model, his country will not be spared. He also may be sure that, at the right moment, Bulgaria will present her bill of recompense which includes Macedonia, the town of Drama and the port of Dedeagatch. Bulgaria has never renounced her claim to obtain an access to the Aegean Sea.

Such is the situation in the Danube Basin and the Balkan countries belonging to it. Not a very encouraging report. A tale of continuous blunders, errors, of injustice and violence. The Axis Powers are well aware of the dangers with which even they are threatened by the present national and economic chaos in the Basin of the Danube, and they have therefore imposed on the Danube People what they are pleased to call the "New Order of Europe". Hitler gave to the Slovaks the freedom which the Czechs had denied to them. He presented Hungary with the southern part of the Slovakia where the Hungarian High Aristocracy have their estates. But he threw back into Magyar domination the Ruthenes of Carpatho-Russia, a pure Slav and exclusively orthodox people. He restored the Szecklers, a Magyar race, back to the Crown of St. Stephen, but he also handed over nearly a million of Transylvanian Rumanians to the Magyars. This is no solution.

This is the undoing of one injustice by another.

The only solution of all these complicated problems of "The

Land of the Danube" can be found by nobody else but the Danube people themselves.

It is to be hoped that they will have learned their lesson from the history of the last twenty years. They have wilfully destroyed the great organism which had been created by the natural conditions themselves. They have at last to construct a new one, solid and strong enough to secure order and peace for them all. They must have learnt that each of them alone, left to its own national strength, is too weak to resist the aggression of foreign conquerors. They must form the *Danube Confederation*.

They must arrive at this solution by their own free will. No foreign power has to interfere in this business of settling once and for all the order in the Danube Basin. At the moment that one foreign power tries to make its influence felt, the others will do the same, and the old game begins anew. No—the password has to be "*The Danube for the Danube*"!

It must be said that the solution is not very easy. There are first of all the racial and national questions which cannot be put out of the way by wars or by unjust awards. The nationalities in Transylvania and in the Banat are no less intermingled than those in the Balkans. Larger and smaller groups of one nationality are located like islands in the midst of another. The only possible means of solving this problem is an exchange of populations, not by force as Russia and Germany have executed it in the last year but with the free will of the people concerned and under the supervision of a disinterested neutral—a Swiss or a Swede, for example.

The difficulty of the economic questions is based on the fact that the whole eastern part of the Danube Basin is still an agricultural producer. And all its countries produce the same products. Therefore it is necessary not only to organize a just distribution in the Basin itself, but also to establish by trade pacts with foreign customers (Germany, Switzerland, Italy, etc.) a just distribution of the markets.

This is the starting point of the Danube Confederation. All its members, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece and Albania, are to have a common economic policy. Since such a policy cannot be pursued with energy and vigour without a common foreign policy, they must agree to have a common foreign policy as well. And it goes without saying that a common military force has to be brought into existence in order to give this common policy of eight individual states the right support. Things being as they are

in the life of states and their dealings with each other, the ablest diplomat can achieve nothing without a well-armed military power behind him. When the Danube States really unite, they will form a block of 70 to 80 millions strong enough to resist the strongest aggression.

Within the Confederation every member is at liberty to give itself the form of government which is best suited for its needs. There can be monarchies and republics in the Confederation. A supreme Council has to be formed which has the responsibility for the common affairs of the Confederation, but has not the slightest right to intervene in the internal politics of the individual members.

It would lead too far in the scope of an article like this to delve into the details of the constitution of such a Confederation. We can only sketch the outlines and have to rest content with the hope that after the final defeat of Hitler the Danube States will put aside all their disputes and jealousies of the past which made them weak and helpless, and form their Confederation, which will make them strong and able not only to defend themselves, but also to bring about the peace of the whole Continent of which they are such an important part.

ALIVENESS IN LITERATURE

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

I HAVE always had an aversion to expressing definitive opinions about literature. I enjoy picking up ideas from other people, but anything opinionated fatigues and irritates me. What I am about to write must therefore be taken as a mere good-natured exercise in discursiveness, and not as an attempt to lay down the law. Opinions, in the long run, are rather dreary things. They serve to pass the time and promote arguments. But here again I am at a disadvantage, for I have spent most of my life in trying to avoid arguing with persons who seem to prefer differing from their fellow bipeds to any other form of lingual employment.

The downright assertions of a man of ripe wisdom—Dr. Johnson, for instance—are valuable to posterity; but I enjoy them mainly for their revelation of the man himself. What Dr. Johnson thought about Milton matters no more to my mind than what Milton might have thought about Dr. Johnson. The tone of voice is what I care about, and the recovery—diminished though it must be in the lifeless print—of the dear old dogmatist in his natural habit of mortality. . . .

But I must 'start up' the engine of my chosen subject by postulating that literature never survives unless it was alive when written. No cold accomplishment of language, intellect, and art can ensure its preservation in the mind of the capricious conglomeration called Posterity. And this problem of survival power in the printed word is one which needs exploration. Why is it that so many unexpected authors have outlived their more august and acclaimed contemporaries? It may be because they conceived and wrote their works as human beings more than as ambitious authors, and expressed essential humanities rather than profound or seemingly original ideas. A few lines about a gooseberry tart may well be remembered and cherished while Odes to the Universe belong with the lumber of obsolete sermonizing and impenetrable sociology. Studying even the most imperishable authors, we value and retain in memory—not their notions

about lofty subjects but those human touches which keep them alive for us,—not what they revered or reasoned about, but what they loved or disliked.

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To generalize thus is dangerous. Let us look into the matter more specifically. Let us consider the novelists, for instance, adventuring no further afield than Bennett, Wells and Galsworthy. Bennett was himself and none other while describing those Five Towns which were the background of his upbringing. On the flavour and quality of those presentations of scene and character his reputation and readability will depend. As a provincial he excelled. As a man of the world he was far less successful. Wells is never so adorably memorable and humorous as when he is drawing on material derived from his early experience. (His imaginative writings come into another category of his munificent versatility). Galsworthy's masterly (though less vital) achievements are to be found in the splendidly drawn figures which he created from observing his elderly relatives in the days of his youth. The old Forsytes are the real thing. The younger ones are mere fictional contrivings by comparison, adroitly and sympathetically manipulated though they be. Here, in these three writers, we seem to have found a clue to the conundrum of what—conceivably—constitutes literary aliveness. Their best material was absorbed during the most receptive period of life; it is experience recollected and recreated with spontaneous gusto and constructive control. Such writings have the strong aroma of a greenhouse; they spring from rich and productive soil. The reader sits back with a sigh of relief, knowing that his author can be relied on to sustain the performance without striking a single false note.

It is my self-confirmed belief that when a writer is in his best form he feels his material with every nerve and fibre of his being,—is, in fact, in love with what he is putting on paper. (I wish I could say the same about this article). Something which has been stored up in him is finding its fullest expression. Good writers, I repeat, are most memorable when they are most human. It must, of course, be executed with acquired art; but the humanity is what 'does the trick' for the delighted reader. Perhaps I ought to point out that by 'humanity' I mean some quality in the writer which causes what he communicates to meet us more than half way. And I must add that the undissectable 'something' usually comes from his emotional creativeness. It is our author's business

to persuade his readers to *like* him. His small master-strokes of detail come from his intrinsic temperament. Hence the advantage of being sympathetic. Writers who score off us by brilliant exhibitions of ungenerous wit need great genius to put the lasting breath of life into their productions. Posterity prefers to be edified with kindness. Shakespeare knew this when he said that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

One remembers, for instance, Trollope's old clergyman, Mr. Harding, and how, in moments of absent-minded perplexity, he used to go through the motions of playing an imaginary 'cello. Who—having read that—will ever forget it? The picture is imperishable. It could not have been otherwise. Of such cardinal felicities we feel that nobody but that particular author could have evolved them. He has transmitted his indigenous aliveness, and we love him for it.

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I have suggested that our supposedly high-class literature does not inevitably retain its human interest. (By 'high-class' I mean written with eminent literary accomplishment). A lot of lifeless literature may continue to provide professors with pabulum for solemn researches; the longer an author has been neglected the more chance he has of being disinterred and made much of by some industrious specialist in the obsolete. But this does not constitute aliveness. A man of letters may even remain a great name and yet have ceased to be at all readable. Consider, for example, Chaucer and Spenser. The former (has he ever been called that before, I wonder?) has stoutly refused to become mere literary history. Through the full blooded homeliness of his Pilgrims he prospers undiminished, in spite of the unavoidably archaic language which he employed in putting them before us. His people have not lost their reality; they are our comfortable, though remote, kith and kin. Spenser, on the other hand, seems likely to fall into the hands of the literary experts of the future. With all its manifold beauties, *The Faerie Queene* strikes one as a somewhat ghostly performance. Its elaborate fantasy has no recognizable relationship to anything on the present day earth. It is noble literature and contains many magnificent passages, such as the well-known procession of the Vices. But has it anything approaching the vitality and vividness of the old Border Ballads? A few years ago I toiled through more than half of it and then gave up with a feeling that its interest was as

academic as that of Sidney's *Arcadia* and Raleigh's *History of the World*,—both of which I had previously attempted to peruse for their period quaintness. These—and many other splendid old authors—are best enjoyed in an anthology of memorable and finely phrased philosophies. We cannot read their works as a whole unless we are literary-minded to the exclusion of all else. Anyhow *The Faerie Queene* fatigued me. As fast as my mental legs could carry me, I returned to those scenes in which Falstaff is as inextinguishably alive as Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Jorrocks. (Fat men, by the way, seem to have a much better chance with posterity than thin ones).

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It is, I think, obvious that writers are only people who try to button-hole us with what they wish to say about things in general and themselves in particular. The voice—and the man behind the tone of voice—is what matters most. In the long run, we don't much mind what he talks about, provided that he expresses the results of his own thought and experience with tact and intelligence—or better still, with emotional potency as well. The style is, admittedly, the man; but the man is also the style!

Our best living stylist in prose is Sir Max Beerbohm. Those who are privileged to know him (and those who were lucky enough to listen to his three broadcast 'talks' a few years ago) are aware that he has acquired the art of putting on to the printed page—in so far as is humanly possible—every intonation of his exquisitely sensitive conversational style. Sir Max is that *rara avis*, a man who writes as well as he talks, and vice-versa. That he will become a classic it is not for me to assert, though I fully believe that his essays will continue to be enjoyed in much the same way as those of Elia. What I do assert is that he has found the surest method of achieving literary aliveness. He knows the scope of his temperate and beautiful talent, and has never attempted to exceed it. (In my opinion the word 'talent' is an understatement). It may be more glorious to attempt mighty things and fail to 'pull it off'. But I am not dealing with ambitious immensities. A live trout is better than a dead whale.

While on the subject of style, I would like to say that much modern writing seems to me comparable to the staccato tappings of a typewriter. Meanings are indicated with energetic precision, but no concessions are made to any inward ear which enjoys listening to finely controlled cadences of

sensitive speech. This, I suppose, is merely a further proof that we are living in an ultra-mechanized state of society. But if it be true that the man is the style, I rather flinch from the idea of attending a gathering of modernist authors and being introduced to a row of hard-worked typewriters. After meeting one of my favourite living authors for the first time I have almost always exclaimed that he was exactly like his works. (I have also noticed that handwriting is peculiarly significant and characteristic). 'The man is exactly like his typewriter!' I utter those words as a warning to all whom it may concern.

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It is, possibly, worth pointing out that a notable exception to 'the man being like his works' was Robert Browning, who seems to have been a case of dual personality,—his genius independent of his everyday life in the presence of other people. (It would be interesting to know whether this was the case with Shakespeare,—though it is now too late for us to find out for certain). It is noticeable that the published letters of the author of *The Ring and the Book* make very tame reading; and even in the *Love Letters* he emerges as an unimpressive and unilluminating sort of amorist. Henry James wrote a masterly short story—*The Private Life*—in which he delineated the problem of the strange discrepancy between Robert Browning the poet and Mr. Browning the distinguished social celebrity. One of his Prefaces sums up the enigma in the following passage (a profusely elaborate specimen of the Jacobean 'late manner').

I have never ceased to ask myself, in this particular loud, sound, normal, hearty presence, all so assertive and so whole, all bristling with prompt responses and expected opinions and usual views, radiating all a broad daylight equality of emphasis and equality and impartiality of address (for most relations)—I never ceased, I say, to ask myself what lodgment, on such premises, the rich proud genius one adored could ever have contrived, what domestic commerce the subtlety that was its prime ornament and the world's wonder have enjoyed, under what shelter the obscurity that was its luckless drawback and the world's despair have flourished. The whole aspect and allure of the fresh sane man, illustrious and undistinguished—no "sensitive poor gentleman" he—was mystifying: they made the question of who then had written the immortal things such a puzzle!

While transcribing those inimitably tortuous virtuositities I found myself wondering whether Henry James, unbosoming himself in his 'late manner', wasn't asking just a little too much of our attentiveness to his meanings and implications. I thought of the enchanting lucidity of his earlier style, and

became more than ever convinced that simplicity and *directness of utterance* are inseparable from vigorous and effective writing. Henry James gradually got into the habit of talking to himself instead of to his audience. It was a miraculous performance, but too parenthetical to be overheard by anybody but his devoted admirers (among whom the present writer is most emphatically to be included).

By *directness of utterance* I mean a full and living voice with something urgent to communicate. Simplicity follows, quite naturally, since one cannot be elaborately urgent without failing to be vigorously effective! Simplicity and directness are attended by all the virtues which go with good writing. But when a man sets to work to do otherwise, Pretentiousness and Preciosity lift their heads with long sickly smiles of satisfaction. Wilful Obscurity throws dust in his eyes. And Oblivion prepares for him a comprehensive abiding place on the dust heap of the damned and disregarded.

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These remarks have now reached a point where I ought to safeguard myself by appending a few obvious after-thoughts,—such as 'a writer's work remains alive when he has happened to be one of those people who excite our curiosity and speculation,—Byron, for instance, or T. E. Lawrence.' But that only brings me back to my supposition that the essential element needed is humanity. One might add that conservation of energy produces fruitful results (and that overproduction has been the doom of most authors ever since publishing became an overpopulated profession). But there, again I am merely repeating my tentative theory that a man's best work is derived from his completely assimilated experience. In other words, a good book relies on living material from its author's endemic mental system. Anything fortuitously introduced from elsewhere can have no permanent roots. The writer becomes a reporter. It may be argued that genius imposes its vitality on whatever it happens to get hold of. But genius has the advantage of being able to select instinctively.

In conclusion I can only suggest that the most vital literature is a re-creation of things remembered. A note-book in the pocket is often necessary; but memory, as someone said, is the mother of the muses,—memory transfused by emotion into an essence of the writer's whole response to life.

IN SEARCH OF FLOWERS

BY W. L. CARTER

SHORTLY after the 1914-18 war I began the first of the botanical travels which, with intervals at home and some journalistic work, continued right up to the outbreak of the present conflict. The area covered in my journeyings has been extensive and includes from west to east in Europe, parts of the Near East, Egypt and into Burma.

I started with Spain, a far from popular choice. There have, of course, been notable collectors in that country but they are few in number as compared with other areas in Europe and elsewhere. Spain has been much in the news of recent years but to only a very few has she unlocked her native treasures of wild flowers and plants. Every type from purely alpine species and hybrids to semi-tropical kinds flourish within her frontiers and, although I have made nearly twenty trips, I am conscious of having barely touched the fringe of the immense array of the floral beauties of Spain. The Picos de Europa, a range difficult of access, which runs across the Asturian and Santander provinces, are full of flowering plants, and I spent one of my happiest collecting seasons in this district. There was a certain amount of rough living to be done, but I understand the provision of facilities for tourists is among the scheduled improvements in this remote area. Although at first my interests were only those of flowers and plants, I saw enough of the fauna in this district to use a camera to advantage.

The flowers were, naturally, mostly alpine. Many plants familiar to collectors in the Pyrenees flourished in the rock crevices, on the slopes and among the foothills, but there were also specialized local forms. A small alpine meadow yielded a very pretty variety of narcissus with golden trumpets which patterned the wiry grasses in company with some pink anemones. The daffodil stems were nearly a yard high and bore enormous blooms. With difficulty, I collected seven bulbs. These grew beneath a thin covering of fine soil, and had to be levered by a small crowbar out of a hard mass of dis-

integrated rock. Brought back to this country, they soon became established under normal daffodil cultivation, and have since proved to be an old friend about which Matthias de Lobel wrote in 1576 and mentioned by our John Parkinson in his *Theatrum Florae* in 1629.

These Cantabrian mountains offer scant hospitality to the visitor, and roads are neither plentiful nor good. We rarely expected, and were seldom surprised, to find much better than a good mule track in the fastnesses, although a fairly good road ran to the shrine at Covadonga. This last is one of those places where Nature's grandeur is unmistakeable, and, somehow, I could not refrain from mental comparison of this monument of early Spanish Christian resistance to the Moorish invader with that of the remote cave at Siyah-Sang near Chahar Bagh visited by Hsuan-tsang, "Master of the Law," the Buddhist traveller of the early 7th century, in the hope of seeing the shadow the Buddha left, so legend says, after his defeat of the Naga king Gopala. In this rock cleft hillside of Spain lies Pelayo, the first Christian ruler to stem the onrush northwards of Moorish hordes in the early 8th century. We climbed the sloping road leading up to the shrine, which appears from below as a white edifice resembling a small church built on a rock platform cut in the face of the mountain. To the left the river Deva has its source. The waters thunder ceaselessly, splashing down in a kind of waterfall clear of the rock face. We found some choice ferns hereabouts obviously flourishing in the damp atmosphere. Some young ones selected from among many thousands travelled safely home to England and are now sizeable specimens.

Several times, while working in this district, we heard falls of rock, and once, rounding a bend in one of the narrow defiles, we were able to inspect a fall at close quarters. The rock bore traces of ore content, and, indeed, most of this area is a potential source of metalliferous ores—lead, zinc, copper and iron, as well as sulphur—but it is in a totally undeveloped condition, although I have since learned this state of affairs is likely to be remedied without delay.

In the south-east of Spain we visited the Sierra Nevada which offers a great variety of plants to the collector. As always, I made a point of photographing good specimens of those species and hybrids one can obtain in this country, for it is unnecessary to spoil Nature's garden when the plants are already in cultivation. Of a few rarities seed was secured. We worked up to about 8,000 feet in most interesting country.

Rocky outcrops, slopes, ledges and rounded crests—some still with snow lying in the clefts and pockets at high altitudes, although it was midsummer—mingled with a gorge, goat walks and, in the lower parts, with the sun-dried and parched vegetation. We passed an extensive stony waste that appeared devoid of life, but a return visit early in spring revealed an astonishingly beautiful floral picture, a true wild garden composed of an almost bewildering mixture of colours and plants. Tiny thymes—some with white flowers, but all delightfully aromatic—merged into a *linaria* of a fine shade of very deep red with cool grey foliage. An occasional specimen with royal purple blooms was conspicuous. Spreads of a white-flowered flax with purple shading at the petal base mingled with dwarf spiny bushes of *erinacea*, whose blue blossoms gave them the appearance of little blue brooms. Blues were fairly common among the flowers in this area. One could give a lengthy catalogue of the plants and shrubs recorded in this natural nursery, but specially collected specimens included the choice *Dianthus lusitanicus*, with clusters of fine red flowers on twelve-inch stems, a small local *aquilegia* species with purple-blue blooms, a fine shrubby honeysuckle with greenish-grey leaves and heads of reddish-yellow blossom, together with a yellow-flowered *potentilla* and a curious *anthericum* with lily-like blooms.

A dwarf *artemisia*, a relative of the common wormwood of British gardens was, to our surprise, very scarce, but on the way down a valley, whose visible rocks were of ironstone, we overtook an old man and boy leading two mules laden pannier-fashion with sacks stuffed with plants of this Iberian wormwood. The local folk enjoy a kind of *tisane* prepared from its leaves, an inherited taste I think. I write with much feeling from the unhappy experience of having been unwise enough to sample a glass of what I shall ever be convinced was the pure concentrated essence of all the bitterness the wormwood family contains.

Goats are a nuisance to the plant collector in the southern sierras of Spain. Often we would mark suitable plants, intending to return when the seed was ripe, only to find nothing remained but the bare stump of the main stem gnawed nearly to ground level. One pair of these tough mountain animals stood on a fairly narrow track solemnly munching a mixture of choice *fritillarias*, a truly lovely blue *centaurea*, and an extraordinarily beautiful *erodium* with delicate ferny foliage and rose-red flowers whose petals were patterned with a net-

work of dark veins. No doubt a few specimens of pink-flowered *alliums* were consumed in an effort to add a more robust flavour to this floral diet.

At a high altitude on the Pichacho de Veleta, an 11,000 foot peak, we found a plant that formed a link with our work in the Near East. This was large-flowered buttercup, *Ranunculus demissa*, a colony of which flourished on the edges of melting snow patches. As might be expected, the locality was very wet, with rock *detritus* acting as a kind of surface drainage. I located the same plant in Crete growing happily in almost dust-dry conditions. Seedlings raised from both colonies have taken to our British soil and climate without difficulty.

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The islands of the eastern Mediterranean, particularly those of the Aegean, are the home of many small bulbous flowering plants. Some of them are local forms of wild flowers common in Britain, but there are many lovely species one finds nowhere outside the confines of the Near East, and the tulip is one of the principal families of this type. Perhaps it was the wild tulips of the hinterland of Asia Minor that attracted the attention of some of the Turkish mullahs at Constantinople more than three centuries ago. Species, as well as garden hybrids, were grown, and more than two thousand varieties were known. The Sultan Mahmud IV was a tulip enthusiast, and descriptions of some of those he grew have come down the decades. I was able to confirm from personal observation the colouring of one of these flowers. This was the variety Chorbaji Aladga, which is described as having a ground colour similar to that of the blossoms of the Judas tree, with canary-yellow stripes. Chorbaji was a Turk who first "exhibited" this tulip. I presume that to mean he raised it. He was said to live near the Galata Gate. If the ground colour truly resembled that of the Judas tree flowers it would match that of the splendid masses of bright lilac-rose—not the washy magenta that so often masquerades as this shade, but a clear definite colour—produced on the trees all along the coast of the eastern stretch of the Bosphorus. There is a white form I have occasionally seen in the Near East, but as Chorbaji Aladga means the "Magenta Lord," it seems fairly certain the type tree, *Cercis siliquastrum*, is the one whose blooms the colour of this old tulip resembled. Important mullahs and sheiks are known to have taken great interest in their tulips, and several unpublished works, still in manuscript, by such authors exist. Four centuries ago, tulip gardening in Turkey was on the grand

scale. Selim II wrote ordering fifty thousand bulbs to be sent from Aziz, the expenses being drawn from the Treasurer at Aleppo.

On the subject of royal tulips in Turkey one cannot well avoid a reference to the old building at Anadol Hissar on the Bosphorus. This—now falling into ruin—is a kind of one-roomed kiosk resting partly on the shore, the remainder hanging over the waters. It is said to have been erected to the order of a Grand Vizier of Selim II. This Sultan was what to-day would be termed a violently enthusiastic cultivator of exhibition tulip varieties, and the Vizier tried to copy his master. The ground about the pavilion is said to have been planted with the rarest and most desirable kinds, and the tulip *motif* even extended to a kind of wide frieze running around the apartment near the ceiling. This frieze was filled with painted reproductions of choice tulips, but very little of these can now be recognized, the building having been allowed to fall into a sad state of repair, although this occurred before the establishment of the present energetic régime in the Turkey of to-day. Most of its glories have departed. There are no longer any grounds planted with tulips, and I was unable to restrain a thought as to who had taken the rarities so carefully acquired by the Grand Vizier.

The Cretan *ranunculus*, mentioned earlier, flourished near the burnt-out ruins of the Minoan palace at Knossos, and near the main colony grew a shapely oleander bush. It was of the ordinary pink-flower type common throughout the Near East. Incidentally, it is from Theophrastus's reference to a rose of like colour to that of the oleander that we know at least one of the shades found among the roses of the ancient world. It was on this bush that I saw a specimen of the exceedingly lovely oleander hawk-moth. This insect was a study in beautiful greens and olive-brown marblings, with additions of white and pinkish-grey. The outstretched wings were quite five inches across. Crete is fairly familiar ground to the traveller-botanist. Most of its flowers are those enjoying hot dry sites, but the wild violets, parsley and saffron crocus form links with the ancient Minoan and Greek civilizations.

The saffron crocus, in particular, is common enough in the Near East. I have stood ankle high among its blooms in the vegetation of the meadows bordering the Hellespont, our modern Dardanelles. In spring they are thickly sprinkled with anemones of many types, and several wild tulips—the interior is a happy hunting ground for the tulip species

enthusiast—can be found without much searching in summer. The saffron crocus comes later, but there is no mistaking the gleaming flat chalices of pale lilac, whose centres glow with the intense orange-red fire of the stamens for which the plant has been grown and sought throughout the centuries. It was in these same Hellespontine meads that Europa was picking saffron at the time of her enticement by a bovine Zeus. I have seen many choice specimens of this royal flower growing in the wild, but two have always stood out in my memory. One thrived in a rock crevice near the so-called Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ. It was inaccessible, and, as might be expected, was a particularly fine example of *Crocus sativus*. Of almost equal quality was a large clump I found growing among some rocks near the Scæan Gate site at Troy. This colony was an old one and some of the tiny bulbs—they are very small, not much larger than the tip of the little finger—had been forced out of the shallow layer of poor soil in which the clump had made its home. There were at least seventy half-opened and mature blooms, and these appeared to be a favourite place of resort of some finely shaded copper butterflies whose colouring was in harmony with the intense heat and brazen skies of that late summer. That night a terrific thunderstorm broke, the heavy peals echoing among the ruined towers of Ilium, while Scamander again gathered the storm waters into its usually placid stream, bursting the low banks and flooding the saffron meadows. The clump near the Scæan Gate was beaten flat, but several seasons later I sought it out and found it had not only recovered—many of these wild plants have astonishing reserves of vitality—but had actually increased and was displaying even more of the gleaming chalices than before.

There is one feature about wild tulips that rarely fails to surprise those who have seen none but the ordinary garden kinds, and I confess I have not wholly rid myself of a feeling of the unusual when finding some of them in bloom. I mean the habit of some species of producing more than one flower to a stem. Anything up to six blooms on a branched stem may be expected. Crete contains several such species, and one beautiful morning in late spring found me climbing up a rock gully. The loose surface constantly yielded to one's steps, with the result that ten steps forward and a slide back usually left the net advance one of about two feet after a prodigious expenditure of energy. Towards the end the slope became much less severe, and the loose rock fragments changed to a rough grit, then passed into a blackish stony soil. On a kind

GAINING THE MASTERY IN THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

A STAGE has now been reached in the long-continuing air battle for, and over, Britain at which it is possible to take stock of the situation with a fair promise of accurate summation. Certainly it is hardly possible to over-estimate the advantages that Hitler holds. His squadrons are able to operate from a forward fringe of conquered soil which makes their flights to main objectives in our country a mere matter of minutes, instead of hours. In consequence the Nazi bombers can be escorted to their hearts' delight by Messerschmitts and are thus placed, presuming a proper and active co-operation between the two, to inflict a maximum of damage at a minimum of risk. The Royal Air Force, on the other hand, suffer an exceeding handicap. Targets in enemy territory proper are at such a distance from safe air on this side of the Channel that our own fighters are precluded, owing merely to lack of air endurance, from attendance on the bombers. Daylight bombing therefore, which is naturally the more efficacious form of air attack, may be undertaken only at great, and sometimes unjustifiable risk, our aircraft on such occasions being liable to interruption during practically the whole period of their flight, both outwards and on return. We are able, it is true, to escort our bombers, if need be, as far as the hostile aerodrome establishments on French, and other foreign soil. But these are, in their nature, short flights, partaking always of an element of surprise, and the objectives, looking at the matter exclusively from an air warfare point of view, are invariably of a military significance, the destruction of which cannot be expected to strike at the root of the Nazi air power. It is, in this connection, as if casualties were inflicted in the course of battle on the light advanced forces of the enemy, the main bodies, vastly arrayed in depth, being comparatively safe from danger and even impervious to attack. A further advantage to Hitler, engendered by the situation, is that his possession of the entire European littoral facing these shores confers on his air forces the ability to come

in simultaneously from many different, and widely separated, points. Thus our defending aircraft must necessarily be scattered as they fly to the attack, while the mere exigencies of replenishment, not to count some slight denudation by reason of their losses, must result in a thinning out in areas overhead which may be those selected by the enemy for his main thrust. So far daytime air action alone is the subject of this article, and it now remains in that consideration to lay some stress on the greatest disadvantage of all in the existing strategic situation. It is a somewhat subtle point and has not received that mention in press articles bearing on the subject which its extreme importance would appear to ensure. It is this.

In his various, and persistent, daytime air attacks on Britain of heavy calibre, hitherto chiefly confined to London and the South-East, Hitler is opposed entirely by our fighters, who alone bear the full brunt of the battle in the air, and who alone are liable to suffer loss. This is not said to cry down the strenuous and manly efforts of our anti-aircraft batteries, much less the protective curtain of the balloon barrage. Both indeed will play their parts. But in the consideration of relative air power, of the ebb and flow of casualties inflicted or received, and of, in grand terms, the Battle of the Air, it is the Hurricanes, the Spitfires and the still too few, Defiants that shoulder the responsibility for success or failure, and on whom must ever rest the burden of the struggle.

In that particular sense, indeed, the air fighting over British territory becomes a battle between the Nazi fighter forces and our own. For consider what would happen if our fighters were eventually borne down by weight of numbers, or if their strength became so seriously denuded that the sum total of their powers of resistance became a dwindling quantity. If such a lamentable result were feasible at all then it is not too much to say that the prospect of invasion would bear a different complexion altogether. The enemy bombers might then bomb at will, obstructed only by the anti-aircraft guns, a method of defence which, acknowledgedly, would be quite inadequate to cope with the situation. The enemy fighters could then fly low to the attack of whatever objective they selected, either troop formations, civilians in pursuit of their lawful occasions, or columns in movement, by train and road, to the vicinity of the landings. We would have insufficient fighters with which to bring the Nazi bombers down, to tackle the predatory Messerschmitts as they flew around on mischief

of flat platform, shielded from the north winds by a large rock, was a spread of a *saxatilis* tulip. The site was sun-baked for most of the day, and, of course, the drainage was impeccable. From each of the tall stems of a fine colony of tulips hung two bells of delicate lilac. The base of the flower was light yellow. I decided to collect one specimen but was compelled to give up after a two-hour effort. The blackish earth was rocklike in its hardness. The colony was obviously that of one founder bulb—probably a seedling developed from seed dropped by a bird—and this type of tulip species extends underground by stolons. Some seed collected later from this location has come true to the parent plants.

Another two-flowered species was encountered by me in the Lebanon Hills some years ago. This was undoubtedly one of the most difficult plants I have ever attempted to locate and to add to my collection. It is exceedingly rare in its own native habitat, and comes into bloom as the snows melt on the higher levels of the Lebanon range. I saw about twenty specimens altogether. They were widely scattered—three plants was the largest number I found in a single colony—and most of them were blooming on the very verge of a sloppy mush of melting snow and ice. One literally splashed and wallowed to reach the plants. This tulip species is called *Lownii* and has tiny stems which carry two nodding little creamy cups flushed with a clear shade of mauve. I saw no specimen six inches tall. After slipping and sliding along a narrow way between two large rocks I ended waist-deep in an icy pool formed by melting snows. The tulips grew in a little pocket on the other side. Seeing some old pods of seed on dead stems of previous years, I took some of this in preference to digging out a bulb that might or, as is more probable, might not have survived. In any event, it would have been a difficult task to accomplish, as there was no foothold on the opposite side and one would have been obliged to work one-handed supported by the other. I have done this on two occasions but it is very fatiguing, and standing on dry earth is vastly different from trying to work while standing half-plunged in a mass of dirty snow water. Some of the seed germinated, albeit very slowly, and towards the end of the spring of this year two plants thrust up their half-grown stems. My fears that the seed might prove to be that of hybrids in case the original plants had perhaps been pollinated by outside insect agency proved to be without foundation. The two specimens were true *Tulipa Lownii*. There was no mistaking the short

two-flowered stems with the little creamy-mauve blooms. Not all plant collectors are so fortunate and one does not expect many successes of this nature.

A large proportion of botanist-travellers arrange their work, as is natural, on a strictly scientific basis, with interest only in new and rare plants, but a few plan their schedules to cover a different kind of investigation. Part of my own work has fallen within the latter sphere. This arose of a long-standing desire to examine the sites mentioned by ancient and classical writers, with special reference to the flowers, herbs and plants named as growing there. Much of this is labour in vain with fruitless results, but occasionally one encounters a site whose flowers and plants might well have been described only yesterday. One of these places of ancient repute was the Macedonian garden of Midas, son of Gordias. Midas was the first recorded patron of the rose. The site lies within view of Mt. Olympus. I failed to find the old silvery-pink cabbage rose, the "hundred-leaved" rose of the ancients, whose fragrance has always remained the standard by which all other rose perfumes have been judged. But the glorious flower meadow near the reputed site, which Tertullian compared as vying in beauty with the orchards of Alcinous on Corfu, is one my companion and myself have never forgotten. There were thousands of tiny single fringed aromatic pinks. Starry relatives of our woodland bluebell grew along with violets, narcissi, and a kind of wild pea. Blue and white windflowers studded the site, picked out by a few yellow and fiery red kinds, while the spicily fragrant lilac flowers on the mountain thyme hung heavily with small bees. It was a true mead of ancient Greece, "soft clad with parsley and with violet". It was there I found a rare Grecian form of *sternbergia*, one of whose more plentiful forms is the lily of the field, with large yellow crocus-like blooms, so widely distributed in Palestine and Syria.

Most of the flowers mentioned in these notes now flourish in my English garden, where they have taken kindly to our soil and island climate. One of the advantages of plant collecting is that one's successes flower before one, whereas the failures do not obtrude but stay in their native haunts.

experienced a serious setback in the air, inflicted on him by a lesser air force. That part of his war machine which conducts the battle above has been thrown badly out of gear, its natural steps have lost their military sequence, its motive power is being misapplied and there is no longer discernible an ordered progress of events.

All this has been accomplished by an inferior air power as far as numbers go. But ere long its numbers will be swelling as the Canadian trained personnel come over in the spring and the ensuing months, and as the output of machines, both at home and overseas, increases to a flood. New types will appear as the days go on to more than answer any improvements that the enemy may have in store. Parity, that much abused expression, will soon be reached and soon exceeded, and as those days accrue the far-famed *Luftwaffe*, already a terribly punished arm of war, will go down to utter ruin before the irresistible onrush of our pilots and air crews flying towards the enemy in veritable hordes. Before that near day our people will have to endure much. And yet they will endure it, for well they know the price of victory that Hitler would exact and, better still, the abounding cruelties that would accompany the military occupation by the Nazis of our soil. As it is it only remains for the menace of the night-bomber to be countered by some means or method for our day of victory to dawn. We do not need to fear the enemy in the air by day. We have already taken his full measure. Strictly speaking his activities by night do not amount to a military menace, for indiscriminate bombing cannot, in its very nature, cripple a country's war potential, more particularly when so much finished material is being received from overseas and manufactured in regions which will be forever out of Hitler's reach.

But we do badly need to relieve the suffering of the populace which is at present the chief recipient of the bombs by night. To that end the country's best brains are applying their talent, and meanwhile, by military device alone, we are progressing in the night interception of the bomber, as the steadily mounting figures for German casualties of late continually show. Meanwhile, also, our own bomber force is successfully, and constantly, engaged in striking at the enemy in places where he stores the essence of his air power. Results may not be apparent to the uninitiated eye, and weaker ones among us will still clamour for reprisals, but one day soon we will be glad that we went on hammering at the Ruhr, and elsewhere, instead of wasting our valuable resources by copying the

enemy's barbarian method. It is not a little that we have accomplished up-to-date. We have completely altered Hitler's plan of campaign and sent him seeking elsewhere, and in doing so our Air Force can claim, over the period of the enemy's air attacks on Britain, a resounding victory. Once we have attained material, as well as moral, air superiority it will be the beginning of the end. From that time history will date Hitler's defeat, commencing with a series of crushing reverses in the air, succeeded by a never-ceasing rain of bombs on his munition centres, and ending with the complete collapse of the Nazi war machine.

bent, and, worst of all, our own bombers, set to the vital task of sending the transports and the barges to the bottom, would be largely at the mercy of the clouds of Nazi fighters detailed for the purpose of preventing them. Our Air Force, in other words, would be largely, and in time wholly, withdrawn from the fray, leaving the ground and sea forces of the nation to meet the impact of invasion and defeat it, themselves being unprotected from the air. Here is a concrete instance bearing directly on the argument.

During the week Sept. 25-Oct. 1 we accounted for 257 enemy aircraft, a number that included the result of the brave day's fighting when 133 were brought down between dawn and dusk. During the same period we ourselves lost 82 machines, all of which, of course, were fighters. It is true that of the pilots thus involved no less than 36 were eventually reported safe, though it is fair to assume that a large proportion thereof would not be immediately available for further combat. Let us say, then, that as a result of that week's fighting we lost 82 fighters, the pilots of some of which could return later to the fray, while the enemy losses amounted to an all in total of 257. The result is highly gratifying at first sight, and on numbers, both machines and air crews, we have as usual scored a notable victory in defence. The real point, however, is this! Of the enemy losses how many were bombers and how many fighters? For if, as is very possible indeed, we can assign the round number of 200 to the Nazi bomber losses, remembering that the occasion of the fighting was to repulse an air bombardment, then the result is not so good. It would then indicate, in fact, that the enemy had lost 57 fighters to our 82, and this, considered as a battle between two fighter forces and bearing constantly in mind the vital rôle which our fighters have to play, so far from being a victory is in the nature of a reverse. In a nutshell unless we are able progressively to account for more enemy fighters than, of that type of aircraft, we lose ourselves the result, notwithstanding Hitler's bomber losses in the course of combat, is apt to go against us. It is in that little recognized fact that the kernel of the issue lies, and in the situation, thus fortuitously created for him, lies as well the enemy's main advantage. When, on top of this, it is remembered also that the Nazi air power, both in bombers and in fighters, is still preponderant to our own the significance of the relative bills of casualties can be easily appreciated.

So much for the situation by day as it exists at present. By night there is a different tale to tell. Our night-bomber crews

are very highly trained to attack specific targets, and a word here is, perhaps, appropriate on the subject of the reprisal bombing of Berlin. Such a proceeding is no mere matter of sentiment, founded on a disinclination to occasion wanton waste of life. If, for instance, we could be assured of a prompt and crushing victory if we indiscriminately bombed Berlin would we refrain on humanitarian accounts? Assuredly not, and well would we deserve defeat if we found it in our hearts to do so. The totalitarian aspect of this war has been forced on us by our relentless foe, and if our own civilian masses have been thus obliged to stand in the forefront of the battle there can be no objection, on purely military grounds, to the enemy's civilians assuming the same stance. Military exigency is the crux of the whole affair and, at present, we consider our methods more damaging to the Nazi war machine than would ever be the wholesale bombing of Berlin as an alternative means of compassing the same result.

In this, however, the enemy think differently and he has chosen to assault our capital, and other of our teeming cities, with the obvious intention of breaking our national will to war by bringing about war weariness. Actually he is consolidating our ranks and further fixing our determination at all costs to see the matter through. But the German is ever a bad psychologist and a poor translator of history, quite unable to conceive that hard won liberty is preferable to life. Our urban populations are showing enormous adaptability to their new way of life, while the ideas of casualty by bomb, of homelessness, and of hardship are become so common amongst them that they are losing the force of fear. It is, at the same time, of extreme significance, and a matter even for mild reassurance, that Hitler has had recourse to the mass bombing of cities. For it means, as plainly as if it were written large, that his day offensives, so promising of result and so well-conceived to achieve their object, have fallen far short of that which was expected of them. Our fighter force has not been denuded, and the logic of the whole proceeding has been over-set. He miscalculated its strength for one thing, and, for another, the bravery and skill of its personnel, coupled with the excellence of its equipment, has taken him badly by surprise. There is a growing fight-shyness amongst the Nazi pilots and it has been proved again, this time in our favour, that even in the air mere numbers will not bear down either the spirit of defiance that our own airmen show or the courage to endure of a stricken populace. Hitler has undoubtedly

AXIS INTENTIONS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

WHEN Dictators meet in conference one cannot expect them to announce their decisions, nor is there much chance of leakage. We are therefore left speculating on possibilities and probabilities. German occupation of the Rumanian oil fields may have been the first result of the Brenner meeting and current speculation appears to accept the event as an indication that a German drive through the Balkans against Turkey and our interests in the Middle East may be expected. Obviously Rumanian oil fields are conveniently situated to supply the oil requirements of such a campaign and, threatened at close quarters from Rumania, Bulgaria might well hesitate to deny passage to German armies. Hungary we may safely assume has already agreed to allow Germany all necessary facilities in return for German support of her Transylvanian claims. Yet I am not inclined to accept the view that an attack on Turkey is imminent. It would hardly be welcomed by Russia, and Russia, so long as the British Empire can maintain the blockade and drain the resources of the Axis, is a power to be reckoned with; even if her military preparations are in a backward condition. Apart from that, in a war either with Turkey or Russia the Rumanian oil fields and their communications would be exposed to air attack. Rail and barge traffic might be even more vulnerable than the oil wells themselves. Is it probable that Germany would risk exposing her chief external source of oil supply while she was engaged in war on two fronts and while her internal supplies and reserves were suffering from the attentions of the R.A.F.? While Rumania was neutral she was of course entitled to supply Germany with oil without risk, but now her neutrality, if it still exists, has worn too thin to provide practical protection. A country that admits the forces of a belligerent without resistance and without attempting to disarm and intern them can hardly expect the immunity of a neutral.

Up to the present Germany has carefully abstained from backing her diplomacy in the Balkans with force, and she has

intervened to prevent local wars which would have interfered with the transportation of Rumanian oil or might even have led to damage to the wells. Is it not therefore likely that her latest move is primarily an extension of that policy which includes threats?

Naturally one cannot exclude the possibility that Hitler, knowing Russian unpreparedness, may consider that now is his opportunity to start the long talked of drive to the East while Britain has not yet developed the full strength of her Empire, and while the Italian threat to Egypt still hangs over her. The deplorable conditions in Syria afford an additional inducement. Yet if Turkey offered stubborn resistance the German armies, with a long line of communication to maintain, might find themselves committed to a winter campaign in Asia Minor and with many natural obstacles to be overcome before British interests could be seriously threatened. Unless Turkey's resistance broke down under threats the campaign could have little of the character of a "blitzkrieg". It might well prove an entanglement reminiscent of Napoleon's in Russia. When one considers that the actual striking force in Asia Minor must be limited in size and that the terrain does not lend itself to the use of highly mechanized formations; that there would be little loot to replenish supplies; that large forces must be maintained as armies of occupation in the overrun countries, and to watch Russia; that the threat of invasion must be maintained in order to immobilize the main British Army, and that all the time Germany herself would be suffering from the attacks of the R.A.F., the arguments against the project mount up.

The advantages Germany acquires by her move into Rumania on the other hands are obvious. She will now control the whole of the oil output instead of receiving only a share, and that share a somewhat uncertain quantity. She will be in an even stronger position to exert economic and other forms of pressure on the Balkan countries and to oppose a barrier to Russian influence or action. British interference with the output of the oil fields and its transportation is eliminated.

Should action be taken by Italy against Greece in order to divert British Middle East forces to her assistance no danger to the Rumanian oil would be incurred unless Turkey declared war on Germany. For Turkish, Bulgarian and Yugoslavian neutral territory would form a protecting screen. Greece under Axis control would of course increase the liabilities of the British Navy and provide air bases for attack on Egypt

thereby favourably affecting Italian operations in Libya and German co-operation in that theatre.

If Germany has no intention at present of embarking on a major drive to the East, as I confess I think is probable, it is certain that she must look for some theatre where she can employ her army to the detriment of Britain. It is the instrument with which she has so far won her victories, and it is inconceivable she will allow it to rust in idleness now that the chances of her being able to land it on British soil have become so slender. Although General Franco has evidently shown no inclination willingly to accept German assistance in furthering Spanish territorial ambitions it does not follow that Hitler has abandoned ideas of obtaining control of the western door of the Mediterranean, and Spain is hardly in a position to offer resistance to German insistence backed by force. The German Army is still we believe, in the main disposed in Western Europe and its communications with Germany must by now be well established. Rapid development of a campaign through Spain towards Gibraltar and North-West Africa would appear therefore easier to organize than a drive to the East. It would imply less interference with the air war on Britain and be consistent with the maintenance of the threat of invasion. Moreover, it would tend to divert part of the R.A.F. bombing from Germany on to the communications of a German Army operating in Spain. Synchronized attacks on Greece, on the Gibraltar area and on Egypt from Libya would, I suggest, tend to weaken our naval position in the Mediterranean and to isolate our Middle East forces more than a German drive to the East. It would be less likely to lead to Russian intervention or to the active hostility of Turkey.

In whatever light we consider the German problem we must not forget that it is no easy matter to transfer a great army right across Europe. The movement of fighting troops represents a comparatively small part of the problem. It is rather the transport of the administrative organization—supplies, munitions and repair establishments. For their campaign in France and for the invasion project there must have been numbers of well stocked advanced depots, and for a great effort in a new direction much of their contents have to be transferred across the Continent. They could hardly be left unused. We are told that the German railway system was in indifferent condition at the outset of the war and it has suffered damages and great strain since. Would it now be equal to the task of reorienting military effort super-

imposed on winter traffic, even though we may assume that rolling stock from the conquered countries has in a measure improved the position?

There is no doubt that whatever strategy the Axis Powers adopt our Middle East forces will bear the brunt of it during the autumn and winter. Except for air attack our home base is now secure. The danger is perhaps that we should suffer from a Maginot complex and either relax our efforts or direct them too exclusively to strengthening our already strong position to the neglect of dangers in our vital outposts. A time may come, if it has not yet arrived, when continuous attacks on the invasion ports would become to some extent waste of effort and when we might find ourselves with an undue proportion of our forces concentrated for home defence. In the Middle East, in fact in the whole Mediterranean area, our position, in the air especially, is none too strong and the enemy has greater facilities for concentrating his air effort there than we have. No doubt the situation is kept under continuous review by authority, but public opinion is apt to concentrate on dangers which most directly affect it. The Mediterranean and the Middle East situation is no side show but an integral part of our major strategical problem. As the chances of attempted invasion recede it grows in importance.

There has been an inclination to treat Graziani's slow and deliberate advance as a sign of hesitation and timidity. It would be safer and probably more accurate to look on it as a proof that Graziani is a capable general who realizes the difficulties of his task and knows how to minimize them. The manœuvres of the Italian Navy have certainly not been impressive but until it fails to make its influence felt at a time of crisis it is a mistake to treat it too much as a subject for derision. Concentration of effort at the decisive time is too well known a strategical principle to escape Mussolini's notice. Our own commanders are well aware of it, though it appears to be forgotten by those who are disposed to criticize our withdrawal from Sollum and the Libyan frontier. This is certainly no war in which we can afford to waste men in disputing worthless territory especially when it is possible to meet the enemy under more favourable circumstances.

THE WAR AT SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

IN the September number of THE FORTNIGHTLY I remarked that if the enemy could pass some larger units than submarines or motor torpedo boats through the Straits of Dover we should have to expect to see larger craft working from the Channel ports, in concentrations against our trade. Recent events show that destroyers have reached the ports of Cherbourg and Brest, and it is to be supposed that we shall hear of others in L'Orient and not improbably in the Biscay ports to the southward. The bombardments of Brest by air forces and of Cherbourg by the Navy are reported to have done some damage to some of these craft. Valuable as such action is it is not to be expected that it will solve the question of getting rid of this threat, for it would be the height of optimism to imagine that they can all be sunk or disabled by this means. As we may leave out of account the radical cure of capture of those bases there remains only the defensive method of convoy. The strain which the defection of France has thrown upon our flotillas, weakened as they have been in this year of dangerous and unremitting work from Narvik to Dunkirk, is reflected in the rising tale of shipping losses. In the week ending September 22 these amounted to nineteen ships of 131,857 tons, sunk principally by U boats. We have had ample evidence of the effectiveness of the convoy system, but that effectiveness depends upon the fulfilment of two conditions; that the escorting forces are sufficiently strong, both in numbers and type, to deal with whatever attacks are to be expected; and that the protection is continued throughout the whole of the zone in which the danger exists—one of our greatest losses in naval history, that of the Smyrna convoy, occurred through an underestimation of the distance to which an enemy fleet had gone from its base. It appears that the submarines, or some of them, are now working at a considerable distance from the actual Channel approaches and it can hardly be doubted that the possession of the French ports has been of marked value to them. A recent writer on Sea Power

has said, in commenting severely upon the attempts to capture the Flanders bases in the last war, that those military efforts were a mistake; and that if one's ships are numerous enough and reasonably based themselves, it ought not to matter that the enemy may have useful bases too: the deciding element in the commerce warfare of the past was, he observed, the men-of-war and not the bases from which they sailed. This puts the matter too crudely. True as it is that the men-of-war are the executants of protection, the sufficiency of their strength depends very largely upon whether the enemy possesses bases conveniently situated. Until the defeat of France the only craft that could act in the Channel were submarines and an occasional aircraft, but when he came into the possession of all the ports in Northern France motor torpedo boats, which hitherto had not been able to reach the Channel, came into play, and now destroyers, threading their way under the cover of the enemy's coastal batteries, are in the Western ports. This, in its final analysis, amounts to a strengthening of the enemy's forces, so that it is idle to say that bases are of no importance. The wisdom of the transaction by which fifty American destroyers came into British hands is plain.

While there has been this increase in the activities and injuries done by the U boats there seems to be good reason to assume that the attempt at invasion has been suspended. It would be unwise to presume that the thing has been abandoned altogether for there is plenty of fine weather in the winter and the nights are long, favouring evasion. The threat will certainly be maintained even when the authorities give up the idea of carrying it into execution, for so long as we are unable to discover what is happening to the troops and other elements our efforts must be continued against the assembly ports and vessels, and the aircraft cannot be set free to operate against the submarines. What was originally intended to be an attack is transformed into a feint—an old trick in war and an inconvenient one for those upon whom it is played until or unless he can assure himself of the real state of affairs. In the meantime, however, a very large number of barges have been withdrawn from the inland transport services of Germany which, in the present condition of rail transport can only be a considerable inconvenience.

Turning to the Mediterranean, the Italian fleet continues to show no undue anxiety to make an effort to obtain command of the sea. The ruling idea appears to be that it is Marshal Graziani's army that is to bring about this desired command

by the occupation of Egypt and Palestine, thereby depriving the British fleet of its bases in the Levant; as the conquest of the Italian Riviera by Bonaparte forced the fleet away from that coast. The function of the fleet seems to be to assure the supplies of the army in Libya, making short rushes across the sea, covering the movements of supply ships. Such movements are difficult to intercept unless the fleet can lie in a position on interior lines, which it does not do in Egyptian waters. However, with our recollection of the fate that eventually befell the German Battle Cruiser Squadron at the Dogger Bank in somewhat similar strategical conditions, we may hear that the venture has been tried once too often.

It is not impossible that, as some predict, the Marshal will seek to assist his advance by creating trouble in our rear by air bombardment of the civil population in Cairo and Alexandria; for he is not noted for the nicety of his methods in warfare, and Italy did not scruple to bombard the unfortunate civil peoples in Abyssinia: and in Haifa and Tel Aviv he has used the same measure. It is a measure approved in Italy. It may be remembered that during the Spanish civil war the *Messagero* poured ridicule upon the idea that civilians should be spared and that a humane code should be applied to aerial warfare. War, said the writer, means breaking down the enemy's strength by any and every method available; a bombardment which blows a few people to bits is no more objectionable than a blockade that deprives them of food.* It may therefore be well that Italians should recollect that their coast is open to the sea and that 200 tons of shells can be as easily thrown into Naples and other spots as they could be thrown a few nights ago into Cherbourg. The deterrent of a threat to bombard was used by a British squadron at Naples in August, 1742, when the then King of Naples was preparing to stab the Queen of Hungary in the back in the approved fashion; but was dissuaded from doing so and induced to withdraw his army when Commodore William Martin appeared and laid his ships along the seafront, giving the king a short time limit to recall his army. It was withdrawn. A clear understanding that a similar punishment would follow a repetition of Haifa and Tel Aviv might mitigate the *Messagero's* enthusiasm for this extension of the war. A preliminary notice to withdraw the populations from the coast towns from Ventimiglia to Venice would enable the folk to be out of the towns in good time.

*Cf. *Times*, June 27, 1938, quoting an article in the *Messagero*.

Dakar was a singularly unhappy episode. Though the Prime Minister has assured us that the "mischievous arrival" of the French ships did not arise from any infirmity of purpose, it is difficult not to attribute it to some want of foresight and adequate precautionary measures. General de Gaulle evidently had good reason to believe that the majority of Frenchmen in Dakar was favourable to the Free French movement; but while fully accepting his assurances it was proper to remember the long record of disappointments of expectations of support from populations discontented with their rulers, from the Athenian expedition to Sicily onwards, and to be fully prepared to meet whatever situation might be found to exist. One asks whether the question was frankly put and faced: "But what are we going to do if opposition is encountered?" It was an obvious question and it demanded a definite reply. There is little to recommend in sending an expedition without facing the fact that it might have to fight and without deciding whether the thing was to be seen through whatever happened. Further, if the Vichy authorities were able to foresee the need for strengthening the garrison with its "bitter partisans" it should seem possible for the authorities in London equally to foresee the possibility that reinforcements might be sent, and in that case to take the most complete steps to ensure their being intercepted with an overwhelmingly strong force, and turned back. The Prime Minister has told the House that neither the First Sea Lord nor the Cabinet were informed of the approach of the French ships until it was too late to stop them passing through the Straits of Gibraltar. Again one asks, why was the officer on the spot not fully instructed beforehand that such a movement was to be prevented, and that all the dispositions necessary to do so were to be made, together with complete authority to act without the loss of time—and opportunity—involved in communicating with London.

A situation of an analogous character arose in one of our earlier wars and was dealt with in a timely and vigorous manner. England was at war with Spain, and France was a "Non-belligerent neutral" whose "pro-Spanish" sentiments were clear. The possibility that a French squadron might be sent to the Spanish port of Ferrol being foreseen, the Inner Cabinet in the persons of Walpole, Lord Hardwicke and Admiral Wager, gave the following clear instructions in advance to the Admiral concerned as to how he should act:

It is not his Majesty's intention to begin hostilities against France unless the conduct of the French squadron should make it unavoidable

by showing an indispensable resolution to attempt to join the Spanish fleet Upon the first intelligence you shall receive from any of your cruisers of the French squadron putting to sea and coming towards Ferrol you should endeavour to put yourself between that port and them and dispose your squadron so as to make it difficult for them to go into Ferrol without either using force against you or your removing from before that port You will declare to the Commander of the French squadron that though his Majesty is firmly resolved on his part to preserve the most perfect friendship with the most Christian King yet that you cannot suffer any ships of force whatever to go at this juncture into Ferrol.

With instructions on such lines in his hand the Admiral on the spot was in no need of reporting the movement of the French squadron or of awaiting orders as to what he should do.

One cannot say that the management of the affair at Dakar makes a good showing in comparison with some of the enterprises of the enemy.

THE MAHARAJA AND THE TORTOISE

BY MULK RAJ ANAND

OF all the ancient (and, of course, noble) princely houses which have succeeded in preserving, by natural and artificial means, the continuity of their blood stream through the ages, the line of the Maharajas of Udhampur, of the Suraj-Bansi clan who claim their descent from the Sun, by way of the God-King Rama, is the most ancient and most noble.

They are proud and warlike chieftains whose chivalry is a byword in Indian homes, whose jewels and diamonds and rubies and sapphires and elephants are coveted by all the shop-girls of Europe, and whose splendid contributions in men, money and materials to the British Raj, in bringing law and order to India, have been recognized by the Sarkar through treaties which appoint them the guardians of millions of the poor, and by the grant to them of various titles, certificates and scrolls.

Besides being confirmed a ' descendant of the Sun ' by special decree of the Government of India on the death of his revered father Maharaja Gulab-Singh and on his accession to the ancestral throne, His Highness Maharajadhiraj Sir Ganga Singh Bahadar was made Knight Commander of the Star of India (2nd class) for his services as an orderly to His Majesty the King Emperor at the Coronation Durbar at Delhi. And he was awarded a salute of twenty-one guns for supplying a whole brigade of Sappers and Miners and for his valiant services in the field and at home during the War. The Hindu University of Hathras had conferred on him the Honorary degree of Doctor of Law's for contributing lavishly to its funds and several women's clubs in America and the Hon'ble Society of Haberdashers of the United Kingdom had elected him an honorary member. Besides these a long list of chosen letters of the Latin, Arabic and Sanskrit Alphabets had accrued to his name during the years.

Be it said to the credit of His Highness that though he was gracious enough to accept all these honours and had, indeed,

in his younger days, been eager enough to seek them, the superabundance of these titles, mostly couched in angrezi speech which he did not understand, seemed to him irrelevant in his mature years, except as the necessary adjuncts of a modern existence like the beef hide pump shoes, and the eighteen carat gold watch studded with diamonds which he wore on special occasions with the ceremonial robes of the ancient and princely house of Udhampur.

For, in spite of his loyalty and devotion to the British Crown and his consequent assumption of the privileges that this devotion and loyalty brought in their train, His Highness had never really accepted the suzerainty of the dirty, beef-eating race of which even the Kings were used to wiping their bottoms with paper. He was a strict Hindu and, being true to the great traditions of his house, and conscious that its eminence among the princely houses was founded more on the spiritual than the temporal power associated with his ancestors, he only valued one title, 'Descendant of the Sun' and didn't care for the other decorations.

In fact as he grew in age he had been inclined to care less and less for the things of this world and more and more for the things of the spirit. But, since the habits which he had cultivated in his hot-headed youth and the responsibilities of his position as the head of his state did not altogether conduce to renunciation, he had compromised and accepted the appurtenances of a modern existence at the same time as he sought to deepen his faith in the invisible, ethereal God and cast off the false cloak of the flesh.

Now, as every one knows, even the greatest saints and prophets of this world have found it difficult to achieve the ideal of complete detachment or non-attachment. The Lord Buddha who preached the cessation of all desire in order to rid the world of suffering died of meat poisoning. And Jesus wept in vain. And Lao Tze suffered from pangs of bad conscience about his love of the world, and the gout.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if His Highness Maharaja Sir Ganga Singh failed in the pursuit of God. For this evil iron age imposes certain limits even on the most heroic sons of India: hedged in between a diabolical Sarkar, whose real feelings about him were difficult to discover in spite of his intimacy with the Political resident, Sir Francis Wimperley, and a people who were always clamouring for something or another, His Highness was in a doubly difficult position in realizing the great spiritual ideals of his inheritance.

The catastrophe which led to his disillusionment is one of the most important miracles of religious history in the world and has become a legend to all true followers of the faith, besides being the greatest spiritual crisis in the annals of Rajasthan since the Johur, the last sacrifice by the Rajputs when they were besieged in the hill fort of Chitore by the lusty slave King of Delhi, Ala-ud-din; and since the performance of Suttee by Queen Padmani, who burnt herself with her female companions rather than yield to the conqueror.

* * * * *

It so happened that as Maharaja Sir Ganga Singh reached the age of forty and felt he was getting old he sought the advice of Pandit Ram Prashad, who was both the high priest and the Prime Minister of Udhampur, to prepare an easy passage for his journey to the next world.

Pandit Ram Prashad, a clever little lawyer who had been able to maintain his position in the state for seven years, a longer term of office than had been enjoyed by any other Vizier, because he was superior in cunning to all the other courtiers, advised His Highness that, according to the holy books, on the appearance of every full moon, he should donate his weight in gold to the priests, entertain seven hundred of them to a feast in the palace and take to prayer, mentioning the name of God three hundred and seventy-five times on the rosary after offering oblations to his ancestor, the Sun, seated in the lotus seat by the edge of the Ganges every morning. If this ritual was not followed, said the Pandit, His Highness was in grave danger because, the access to heaven apart, he would have prolonged illnesses as the planets Saturn and Venus were clashing daily in the scroll of his horoscope.

As the palace of the Maharaja of Udhampur was situated on the edge of the desert of Rajputana and the river Ganges flowed about a hundred and fifty miles away up north, His Highness was hard put to it to understand how he could offer oblations to the Sun sitting by the Ganges water. But Pandit Ram Prashad had a more agile mind than His Highness, or, for that matter, anyone else in Udhampur. He immediately called Sardar Bahadur Singh, a contractor who paid the best commissions, and arranged the construction of a tank which was filled from the river Ganges by means of a pipe line all the way from Hardwar, where the holy river first enters the plains from the hills. The cost was to be a meagre hundred and eighty lakhs. And he presented this plan to His Highness.

Needless to say money was no consideration to His Highness Maharaja Sir Ganga Singh, as everyone knew who knew that he had given a hundred lakhs to the Sarkar during the war and had spent forty lakhs on a fleet of Packards which broke their axles on the rutted, unpaved tracks of Udhampur and lay rusting in the stables. So that when Pandit Ram Prashad laid the scheme before His Highness he nodded assent even as his bleary eyes, yellowed by the smoke of opium, closed in a half sleep and he sank deeper into the cow-tailed cushions, the carved silver handle of the long tube of his bubble-bubble dropping from his hand.

There is a sacred belief in India in a system of Government called the Ram Raj. According to this the monarch is regarded as the father-mother of a happy family, which not only includes the male and female members of the royal household but even the dirty, ragged, lice-ridden common people of the kingdom. Since it was said in Udhampur that all the Rajputs from the Maharajadhiraj downwards were cousins who once belonged to the same clan, caste and race, the belief in Ram Raj in this state was most intense. But though the kinship on which this belief was founded was not too obvious during those resplendent feasts which were held in honour of visiting officials at the palace, it appeared on other occasions, specially at times of national emergency when the people were asked to give up their own occupations and help to increase the prestige of their spiritual and temporal head by dedicating themselves to some duty in the service of the state.

When the plan of building a tank by the palace and connecting it by a pipeline to the Ganges was conceived in order to enable His Highness to offer oblations and prayers to his ancestor the Sun, all the manhood, as well as the womanhood, and even the childhood, of Udhampur was conscripted to help to build the construction and earn the blessings that would indirectly accrue to them through the Maharaja's realization of easy access to heaven.

Though there were some in Udhampur who thought the scheme fantastic, others believed that the Maharaja, who had once spoiled his religion by crossing the black waters and shaking hands with people who ate cow's flesh, and by whoring and drinking, was now returning in his old age to the right path. And they accepted a mere pittance from the contractor and willingly worked day and night, sweating and straining, with the thousand names of God on their thirsty lips and the roots of wild plants in their bellies, to complete the work.

It did not take many months before the long line from Hardwar to Udhampur was laid and a beautiful square tank was built, connecting the palace by means of three steps with the holy water.

With that large heartedness which was characteristic of His Highness' family, capable of the utterest hatred for the enemy and the most tender solicitude for those who had won favour, the Maharaja had all those who had pooh-poohed the plan of constructing a tank supplied from the Ganges, flogged and brandished, and all those who had helped in preparing the conditions through which he was to perform the prescribed ceremonies, feasted. And there was some weeping in Udhampur but also much rejoicing; and, as always happens on such occasions, the shouting and the laughter drowned the tears.

For a few days after these celebrations His Highness could not start practising the prescribed ritual of offering prayers and oblations to the father Sun, from whom he was descended, because it seemed difficult, after the feasts which were held on the auspicious occasion of opening the tanks, to settle down to the serious business of praying every morning, especially as His Highness had never been an early riser, and also because he was not feeling too well after the strain on his liver of good food during the banquets.

When a number of digestive powders had restored his liver somewhat the Maharaja developed gout in his left foot and that made it difficult for him to stir from the velvet cow-tailed cushions on which he reclined, swathed in bandages and Kashmir shawls.

This enforced delay in search of the kingdom of heaven fortunately gave His Highness time for some heart-searching as a preliminary to the prayers which he was soon going to undertake.

He asked himself whether the favourite young Rani who had come in the palanquin sent by the Maharaja of Nepal on the inception of the project for building the tank, was not right when she insisted on his having his proud beard, which spread in two different directions at the chin, shaved off. Did it really make him look old? And was it a fact that the angrez log considered a man young at sixty? If what General Bhola Singh, the Commander-in-chief of his army, had told him was true that by taking a paste made of the powdered flesh of a male bear's organs one could rejuvenate oneself and even become the father of a child, then he had only to set his hunters

searching for game and not despair or feel old at forty . . . Why impose on himself the duty of offering oblations and saying prayers, anyhow, when one could easily get the priests to repeat the holy verses for a little money, or even get them to say that the feeding of a thousand priests or the bestowal of gifts to a shrine could compensate for one's salvation by 'mumming' hymns? He had never learnt any sacred verses and formulas and, after all, what was he to say to the Sun if indeed he did go down to the tank at dawn and throw water skywards? The longer he reclined on the cushions and the more his gout pained him, the more such doubts and misgivings assailed him. And he twisted the hair of his beard between the forefinger and thumb of his left hand as he rested his head on his right. But a good mixture of opium and tobacco in the chilm of his bubble-bubble dispelled every thought and he succeeded in postponing the awkward decision for days on end.

Only for some curious reason Pandit Ram Prashad kept on plaguing the Maharaja with enquiries about when His Highness was going to begin saying the prescribed prayers. Besides the clashing of the planets Saturn and Venus in His Highness's horoscope, said the Prime Minister, the construction of the tank and the pipelines from Hardwar had almost emptied the State treasury. The only way of collecting new taxes from the peasantry was by sedulously persuading them to believe that His Highness' prayers would bring merit to the whole kingdom, as the prayers of no other person could. The fellow was so persistent that he nearly bit off the Maharaja's ears by his constant bullyings and naggings. And he absolutely refused to point any other way of securing the advantages of heaven, although previously he had prescribed the feasting of seven hundred priests in every emergency as a way of getting out of more arduous sacrifices.

The Maharaja's pretences about his indisposition, his ignorance of the sacred verses etcetera, were met by the argument that by attaining the purity of heart he would attain good health. And since His Highness could not confess that the real reason for his lack of pietic zeal was that he wanted to have one last fling before he regarded himself as an old, spent man fit only for the mumbling of prayers, he found himself in a corner.

One day, indeed, he burst into a regal rage and declared that it was not necessary for him, the descendant of the Sun, to pray in order to be taken into favour by his ancestors, and that no

dog of a Brahmin could force him to renounce life at the age of forty.

But Pandit Ram Prashad respectfully assured him that if, after spending all the revenue of his state he did not devote himself entirely to religion and he, the Prime Minister, was not given a free hand to rule the state in the best interests of the praja, he would have to declare the treasury bankrupt and beg the British Sarkar to force His Highness to abdicate and appoint a court of wards.

The Maharaja had no option but to submit to this threat. He, however, sought a few days grace from the Prime Minister on the plea that he wanted to learn the words of the *Gayatri*. And His Highness had perforce to listen to the recitation hundreds of times. Long before he had learnt the whole thing by heart he pretended that he knew it as it was the only way he could keep the Prime Minister's abominable nominee off the palace.

And at length the day was appointed when the Maharaja was going to begin worship on the edge of the tank and to bring merit to himself and his subjects.

With the beating of drums, the blowing of conches, the strikings of cymbals and gongs and the tolling of bells His Highness rose at dawn from the side of his favourite consort and, with his feet swathed in bandages, for he still suffered from gout, he limped down the three steps which led from the balcony of his Diwan to the edge of the tank where Pandit Ram Prashad, and the other courtiers, priests and people had preceded him.

The eastern sky was colouring with a rosy flush as the refulgent visage of the Sun, the ancestor of Maharaja Sir Ganga Singh, showed up over the rim of the hills beyond the desert.

After the recitation of mantras was over the congregation sat down in the lotus seat on the lowest step of the tank to repeat the whole *Bhagvad Gita* and to contemplate the vision of God in their souls with closed eyes, as is prescribed by the rules of Hindu ritualistic worship.

His Highness was afraid that if he closed his eyes tight to contemplate God he might fall asleep and tumble into the water. So he had to be vigilant if only to keep himself balanced in his seat. As he kept opening his eyes and shutting them, opening them again to shut them tight, he saw what appeared to be a piece of round green moss floating among the flower

petals and the rice which had been copiously sprinkled by the congregation during the singing of the hymns.

The continual hum of the prayers recited by the priests became monotonous and His Highness, catching himself half asleep, deliberately opened his eyes and scanned the landscape. Thousands of his devout subjects, who had helped to construct the pond, were gathered all round, apparently happy to be sharing in this communion which he had graced by his presence.

Feeling that he might be observed he bent his eyes to his feet. The curious piece of moss had now floated to his legs and was moving to his bandaged feet, as if drawn by the dirty-looking green potion which was showing through the bandages which the barber of the palace had wrapped round his feet. His Highness could not move his hands to throw away the scum, as he held them in the prescribed posture like the opening petals of the lotus flower on his knees. And yet he did not want the scum to stick to his gouty feet . . . He dared not move his body at all lest Pandit Ram Prashad should rebuke him for inattention afterwards. And yet he felt he must do something about it. In his panic he thought he could stir the scum away with a brief gesture of his feet without arousing the interest of any members of the congregation or the priests . . .

With one brisk little movement he stirred his left foot in the water and closed his eyes, sure that if he didn't see himself do this no one else would.

But he shrieked with a sharp shooting pain near the big toe of his foot and lifted his lids with a dazed look of horror in his eyes. A little piece of pale brown flesh floated before him and a stream of blood was spurting from the bandages between his toes like a miniature fountain.

'A tortoise! a tortoise!' the priests shouted and drew back with upraised hands and scurrying legs.

'The tortoise has bitten off the Maharaja's toe!' a courtier shouted lifting the piece of flesh from where it was sinking behind the disappearing tortoise.

'Murder! murder!' shouted another courtier.

'Blood!' shouted a third.

'Keep quiet! keep quiet!' shrieked His Highness as he felt half afraid that the Prime Minister would rebuke him for ruining the ceremony by this unseemly behaviour, and the millions of his subjects might regard this inauspicious accident as the harbinger of more trouble to come.

But the frightened priests and the cowardly courtiers fled up the palace steps. And cries of Ram! Ram! Hari! Hari! arose from the throngs of people on the other sides of the bank. For everyone now believed from the pandemonium on the three steps that some evil had befallen the Maharaja.

With a resurgence of princely pride His Highness stood where he was and, though his face twitched and he went pale all over, he waved his arms in the gesture which signifies the casting of a blessing, in order to assure the people that he could maintain his composure even when his courtiers broke up like reeds in a panic.

At this instant his own astonishment at his calm charged him with a greater degree of princely pride and he confronted Pandit Ram Prashad, the Prime Minister, who stood on the first step casting the shadow of his presence on the Maharaja, with an accusing stare in his eyes.

'Catch that swine! Catch that robber, who has run away with my big toe!' the Maharaja shouted, 'Don't stand there looking at me! It is your infernal advice which has led to this. I shall break your head if you cannot catch the culprit and bring it to justice!'

And, shaking his hands at the Prime Minister, glaring at the retreating figures, shouting, cursing, moaning, whimpering and angry, he stepped limply up the three steps, fainted and fell face downwards on the marble floor.

The woman of the Zenana came weeping up to the balcony and there was mourning in the palace as well as in the capital as if the Maharaja were dead or dying.

But with a dauntlessness deriving from the Himalayan blood in her veins, the favourite Rani, took His Highness in hand and issued a proclamation to the people under her own name, giving a full account of the accident and assured the populace that the Maharaja was well on the way to recovery, and would soon see that the perpetrators of the attempt on his life were brought to justice.

The Prime Minister now realized that his attempt to wrest control of His Highness' earthly kingdom by pointing out to him the advantages of the kingdom of heaven had failed. And, recalling how even in the moment of his direst pain when he had been bitten by the tortoise, the Maharaja had kept calm while he and the other courtiers had fled to safety up the steps, he now felt afraid of the weak, opium-eating monarch whom he had thought as wax in his hand to be twisted as he liked. He did not know what kind of retribution the Rajput in His

Highness would demand from him if he didn't produce the culprit tortoise. And yet what could you do to a reptile to revenge yourself? Have it killed? But there would hardly be any satisfaction in that as most of the water creatures had cold blood anyhow. Apart from the Maharaja's words before he fainted, however, the favourite Queen's behaviour was menacing.

He forthwith ordered the fishermen of the village to lay their nets and catch the tortoise which had bitten the big toe of His Highness' right foot off, and he offered the prize of a rupee to the man who would produce the reptile dead, or five rupees to the man who would produce it alive.

It was not long that this prize remained unearned. For during the very next hour fishermen brought several tortoises, dead and alive, in baskets to the Prime Minister. Pandit Ram Prashad was hard put to it to discover which was the tortoise which had bitten the toe of his Highness' right foot off. And for a moment he was perplexed. But with that genius for inventing stratagems which is the secret of diplomacy, he had all the tortoises but one thrown back into the tank. And then, he went to His Highness' presence, bowed obsequiously and said: 'Your Highness' orders have been carried out. The tortoise has been caught. Would your Highness give the necessary commands?'

Maharaja Sir Ganga Singh's princely pride, fanned by his favourite consort's care, had crystallized into a stubborn sense of hurt dignity. His Highness shouted to the Prime Minister:

'Bring this, raper of its daughter, tortoise, before the court and let it be tried before me and let a just punishment be meted out to it and all the other culprits . . .'

It seemed a ridiculous thing for the Maharaja to want to try a tortoise in his court. But the Prime Minister was used to the strange and absurd whims of His Highness. He kept cool and had the tortoise brought into the court.

On seeing the reptile waving its head in the basket, His Highness ground his teeth in fury and, foaming at the mouth exclaimed:

'Bring the bitichod up here so that I may trample upon it with the foot which it has disabled!'

'Sire,' the Prime Minister advised, 'it has a sharp knife-like head and may bite the whole of your royal foot off.'

This restrained His Highness from taking the law into his own hands at once. But he pompously proclaimed:

'We, Ganga Singh, Maharajadhiraj of Udhampur, scion of

the Suraj Bansi clan, constitute ourselves as the supreme Judge of this court as well as plaintiff and prosecutor in this case. Let whosoever dares to come to the defence of this infamous tortoise who bit our toe speak in its defence. But be assured that if the guilt be proved against the said tortoise, then both the reptiles, the said tortoise and its counsel, shall be beheaded instantaneously in our presence.'

The redness in His Highness' eyes as well as the cracked fury of his stentorian utterance was obviously an attempt to imitate the violent and grandiloquent manner of public prosecutors in totalitarian states which he had visited during his last European tour. The Prime Minister came forward and said: 'I shall defend the culprit.'

There were whispers of pity, remorse and fear in the hall, as the nobleman, the courtiers, and the servants were sure that the bleeding, bandaged toe of His Highness was the surest proof of the guilt of the tortoise, and would, in being proved, involve difficulties for the Prime Minister since he had the temerity to defend the reptile.

'Acha then, proceed, you dog of a brahmin,' the Maharaja roared confirming the worst fears of the audience, his anger taking force from the pain in his foot.

'You are by father-mother,' said the wily Ram Prashad without being ruffled by the Maharaja's abuse, 'as you are father-mother of the people of this land. But I have been responsible for encouraging your Highness to have this tank constructed, and I have a plea to make.'

'Make it then,' said the Maharaja.

'Sire!' began the Prime Minister adopting the familiar and timeworn method of flattery: 'Your Highness is a scion of the Sun and, therefore the greatest and the mightiest Prince in the land. Your counsel is heard in far lands and your fame has spread into the farthest corners of the world, even in the lands of perpetual ice and snow, where you have travelled. But Your Highness may be pleased to know that, according to the holy books, it is a sin to kill a Brahmin, to be meted out with the consignment of the killer to twenty cold hells. Therefore I am free from attack from the highest as well as the lowest of the land.' Having secured immunity for himself with the aid of Manu's four thousand years old code, which is recognized in part by the Government of India and, of course, as a whole in the native states, he proceeded to apply his peculiar religious-forensic knowledge to the defence of the tortoise.