

## KELLEY ON BOOKS

## Roosevelt and World War II

by Robert A. Divine

John Hopkins Press, \$5.95

Many important books on American diplomatic history have found their origin in the Albert Shaw Lectures in Diplomatic History at Johns Hopkins University: books by Arthur S. Link, Dexter Perkins, Julius W. Pratt to suggest a few. In 1968 Robert A. Divine delivered the Shaw lectures which were subsequently published as *Roosevelt and World War II*, a slim volume discussing Roosevelt as an isolationist, an interventionist, a realist and a pragmatist.

Briefly stated, Divine offers the standard assessment of Roosevelt the diplomatist; to wit Roosevelt was not equipped to function effectively in the international sphere, and that he unwisely tried to employ his "personality" to manipulate Stalin--much as he might have dealt with a family squabble between Sumner Welles and Cordell Hull or Harold Ickes and Harry Hopkins.

Although the author does provide a convenient summary--in Chapter Three, "Roosevelt the Realist"--of his earlier study, *Second Chance: The Triumph of Internationalism in America During World War II* (in which he cogently argues that Roosevelt did not, as did Hull, perceive the embryonic United Nations as a panacea), Divine's really novel arguments deal with Roosevelt's pre-Pearl Harbor "isolationist" attitudes.

If we accept Roosevelt's own public statements at their face value, then we can dismiss the concept of two Roosevelts, one the public figure saying what the people want to hear, the other the private man with an entirely different set of beliefs. Equally important, we no longer have to explain Roosevelt's conduct on the basis of a devious political expediency. Instead we can state simply that Roosevelt pursued an isolationist policy out of genuine conviction. (p. 7)

Divine argues that FDR's reaction to events immediately following Munich, rather than the often cited Chicago Quarantine Speech of October 5, 1937, mark Roosevelt's transition "from the isolationist of the mid-1930's who wanted peace at almost any price to the reluctant internationalist of the early 1940's who leads his country into war in order to preserve its security." In conclusion, Divine believes that "Roosevelt (may) never (have) fully committed himself to American involvement prior to Pearl Harbor." Yet Divine himself acknowledges that the September 1941 decision to convoy British troops would lead to war with Germany. When the reader combines this admission with entries from the Morgenthau diary which quote Roosevelt as waiting for public opinion to push him into war, plus the well-

known Rooseveltian sensitivity to the political power of such isolationists as La Follette, Johnson, Wheeler and Taft, it is not difficult to interpret Roosevelt's 1939-1941 actions as a sequence of policy implementations deliberately drawing America closer and closer to a status of co-belligerency, in hopes that some contribution short of undeclared naval warfare (as begun in the Atlantic in the Fall of 1941) might save Great Britain.

Regarding Divine's analysis of Russo-American relations, 1933-1945, he portrays Roosevelt as a realist in his "recognition" of the brutality of the Stalinist dictatorship, citing 1934 comments to Cordell Hull and 1940 remarks made before a contingent of the leftist American Youth Congress. Whatever analysis one makes of Roosevelt's perception of Russia's domestic circumstances, Divine's arguments cannot save Roosevelt's reputation as a statesman. He argues that Roosevelt's major failing vis a vis the Russians was a failure to work out a political settlement before the war ended. Agreed, but where Divine suggests that such a settlement should have accepted Russia's hegemony over Eastern Europe (or at least Stalin's demands to Eden in December 1941 for the pre-Hitler invasion boundaries), other authors have suggested that FDR should have taken a different tack. When might this have been accomplished? Surely it was too late after Truman's ascension to office for the United States to offer effective resistance to the Russian position in Poland, although American troops could have occupied Prague and possibly Berlin. Witness the inefficacy of Truman's supposed new "hard line" in the termination of lend-lease and the denial of long-term credits to Russia. Yet if Roosevelt had taken a harder line with Russia after the revelations of the Katyn Massacre and, later, the deliberate encouragement of the destruction of General Bor-Komorowski's Polish Home Army in the summer of 1944, then surely our post-war position might have improved. As it was, Roosevelt was so concerned with holding together the Grand Alliance that he willingly overlooked these clear indications of true Russian intentions.

When FDR went to Yalta, January 1945, he apparently still had no inkling of the catastrophe that his foreign policy had wrought. Reflecting on those days in the Crimea, Harry Hopkins later recalled how "we really believed in our hearts that this was the dawn of a new day. We were absolutely certain that we had won the first great victory of the peace--and by 'we' I mean all of us, the whole civilized human race." Of such heady thoughts are disasters constructed. □

COYNE (continued from page 12)

anti-war movement which became the anti-America movement.

To us dinosaurs from the deep fifties, these were puzzling types, and we contented ourselves with drinking our Coors and baiting them. There was some sympathy, of course, for we as much as they held no brief for the condition of universities or for racial bigotry. And we didn't really too much mind their in-

tensity, for although the code of the mid-fifties, like the code of all neo-classical periods, called for us to eschew enthusiasm, something way down there in us responded to it (after all our older mentors the Beats, had been romantics). But these kids were humorless, and we didn't like this at all. Then there was that other thing--a great deal of worldly innocence (although not innocence in the pristine sense. One of the things that we hated was that almost overnight it became impossible to seduce girls in the great old round-about way. You just slapped the New Breed girls on the rump and they cooperated willingly and immediately, like earnest young female missionaries accepting vaccination. No fun at all), worldly innocence all mixed up with a dogmatic conviction that they'd seen it all. And it made us uneasy, for they seemed uncomfortably reminiscent of those true believers Eric Hoffer had warned us about, touched--like all true-believers--with a strong streak of uneducated fascism. And it wasn't until much later, when the Berkeley riots first erupted, that we understood how right we were to be uneasy.

I was never, as I mentioned earlier, a Beat. But my contemporaries and I shared a great deal in common with them, and our life style--wandering, drinking, brawling, womanizing--was in great part based on theirs. We liked one another, we members of those two generations, and we shared an undiscussed but profound love for our country. My friends and I, I think, are the last survivors of a distinct era, running pretty much consistently from the twenties through the fifties. After us there is a great discontinuity, a chasm across which we've watched something entirely new--frighteningly European--grow up, something completely alien to the American experience. And the surviving Beats (with the exception of freak-outs like Allen Ginsberg, of course, who has had to adapt to insure a continuing supply of young men) share our view of the New Breed. Kerouac died hating them. And Kerouac was almost exactly the same man in 1969 that he was in the mid-fifties. Fatter, less mobile, sick. But the same good man.

But let me stop here. As I look back over this I realize that I haven't at all done what Bob Tyrrell had asked me to do. So many things--professors, panty-raids, fights, trips, poetry, novels, bureaucrats, a little bar in Idaho, a waitress in Montana, boilermakers, jails, Fairbanks, Gallo, sweet Lucy, sneaky Pete, the Midnight Mission in L.A., truck drivers, Iron City beer, Tiajuana, wisecracks--all of which just have to be talked about if you're to understand the fifties and the Beats and those of us who for a few quick years tried to carry on for them. Too much, and it all begs for a dozen more articles. But maybe this is at least a beginning.

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MEYER (continued from page 4)

incentive to find ways to reduce pollution at a reasonable cost and a strong disincentive to introduce new industrial processes which cause pollution.

In the area of water pollution a major proportion of anti-pollution activity will necessarily take the form of government programs, both because a far greater proportion of water pollution than of air pollution is government caused, and because clean-up projects are possible in this area, while no techniques for cleaning up the air have as yet been developed.

The advantages of the taxation approach over the regulation-government program approach to pollution are manifold. First, by avoiding the all-or-nothing approach, taxation reaches all pollution substantial enough to be worth the effort to detect, while regulation reaches only that which exceeds the specific standards imposed. Second, for the same reason, taxation allows a much smoother adjustment to the problem of pollution in each area and reduces incentives to violate the law. Third, taxation engages the mechanism of the free market in providing solutions, instead of relying on government programs which are inevitably prey to the myriad evils of inflexibility, bureaucracy, and political log-rolling.

Nor is it true that, whatever the evils of the regulation-government program approach, at least it will get this urgent job done. If the history of other government programs is any guide, private industry, given a sufficient economic incentive, will actually get the job done faster, as well as better. The government will neglect large areas, which are either politically invisible or protected by powerful pressure-groups, while concentrating on highly visible improvements which may not eliminate the largest amounts of pollution. Crucial projects will get bogged in red tape, especially if public attention is diverted to other issues, whereas corporations will move fast to avoid falling behind their competitors. Regulatory agencies will have certain rules and guidelines to enforce, whereas private industry will be free to try any approach, under the sanction of increased taxes for failure, and the incentive of lower taxes for success.

I must add a historical note. If common law principles already in existence had been extended to protect individual property rights many years ago, instead of being limited in the name of the "public interest" in the growth of manufacturing, the growth of many industries would have been diverted into cleaner channels. Water pollution, in particular, would be a far less serious problem if the courts had remained strictly true to their function of adjudicating rights rather than making policy.

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TYRRELL (continued from page 6)

ago. And Erich Fromm and Leslie Fiedler are entering those golden years where any

exuberance on their part is more likely attributable to senility than to youth. So the leftish thought of the young originates not with the young but with their older teachers, and among these ideas there is not one that was not thought of one hundred years ago. Most of the noisy young supposedly representative of their generation are animating their liberal parents' values. And the more bizarre utterances of the radicals are inspired by intellectuals of rather ancient vintage.

I have hoped throughout this discussion of youthful thought to suggest that not all young persons think the exotic thoughts the pundits attribute to them. There are of course young conservatives in America (some 51,000 in Young Americans for Freedom and even more in the Intercollegiate Studies Institute), and many more whose values are quite bland. As with the youthful left these young people follow their Buckley's, their Agnews, their Nixons and their parents. How could it be otherwise? To believe that young people can somehow evolve a philosophy or epistemology endemic to just them is to believe in spontaneous generation.

Obviously the claim that an ever widening chasm divides the American youth from his teachers and parents is just another contemporary myth, polluting our intellectual landscape and spread by the litterbugs of the media. Lacking the audacity of Mr. Agnew I dare not suggest the media abandon drama for truth and sensationalism for responsible reportage. Instead I retire to safer ground by suggesting that through the pollution the sun also rises.

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McQUILLEN (continued from page 10)

Since that would be a rather hollow "I told you so" for myself and most readers of this esteemed journal, it seems more advisable to act in any democratic way we can to keep such short-sighted advocates of peace from controlling our government and to make it clear to our present officials that we are willing to support defense as the first national priority.

As argument over defense spending reaches Congress, it takes shape around individual expenditures carefully chosen to draw public attention and disapproval. While we should not support wasteful use of our tax money, we should always keep in mind that even if a proposed ABM or military aircraft is not of immediate value, or is not invulnerable, it was created to plug a gap in our defense which should be filled, either by an improved version of the same design or by a new device. The Military-Industrial-Complex, if you wish to apply the term to the armed forces and the separate industries which supply them, is likely to come up with the most efficient means of achieving any defense goal due to the competition between firms for big contracts. In this case we should be grateful for M-I-C, without which government would flounder about in the monopolistic production of weaponry which will end up working less efficiently and costing more just as in the cases of Social Security and the Postal System.

Finally there is displayed in the left's whole attack on M-I-C a child-like ignorance

of how the military budget is arrived at. It is an arabesquely difficult procedure, and I dare mention only a few of its complexities as I am not yet a staff member of the Brookings Institute. Firstly, the military budget cannot be discussed independent of the total economy; inflation effects it profoundly as do other economic variables. Secondly many military expenditures are the consequence of already approved and begun weapons systems. Thirdly there is a natural "cost escalation"—the final costs of weapons systems are always higher than in original estimates due to rising unit costs, changing and increasingly expensive technology and simple administrative stupidity. And fourthly "contingency planning" must be taken into account.

Thus at the outset we find in the much discussed, often damned Military-Industrial Complex a basically over-dramatized entity created as a whipping boy and purposely misinterpreted. Having demonstrated the inaccuracy of many commonly held beliefs about military spending, we have further found arguments about defense based on faulty premises. In short, there is no M-I-C war profiteering conspiracy, and where the military branch of the government works with the private sector of business the result is in the best interests of the nation and all its citizens.

*D. Peyton McQuillen anticipated the Women's Liberation Front by two years in becoming 1967 Indiana University Homecoming Queen. Now he turns his talents to debunking the hysteria over the Military-Industrial-Complex and showing that even John Kenneth Galbraith is making money at M-I-C's expense.*

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the majority of the American public supports this policy, though simultaneously believing that it will fail and result in a communist victory in South Vietnam. Clearly this resignation in what is seen as a fait accompli indicates a rather strong sentiment for retrenchment, and perhaps hints of a return to neo-isolationism. There could be no more disastrous policy for America in the seventies. This acquiescence in a politically pointless drift with the possibility of a frantic retreat to the womb is due to twenty-five years of erosion of American sovereignty. It can be reversed. Professor George Liska has eloquently noted the serious consequence of such a flight from reality: "An adverse turn in the national mood of an imperial community can terminate the imperial task prematurely only by accelerating the decline and decay of the community itself both as international actor and as national body politic." This need not be our fate. The future lies before us yet unseen, holding its promise and danger. If we shirk our imperial task today, we shall indeed defend our very homes tomorrow. The choice is ours to make. If America is to be true to its idealism and self-interest it is imperative that she play the role of an imperial, but non-imperialistic power. If "absolute power corrupts absolutely," then lack of power also corrupts.

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For years now this revered journal of social conscience has courageously espoused the worthiest causes--always in the name of justice, always against the tide of prejudice, and always against apparently insuperable odds. Our victories have been many, our defeats few and trivial. But one just cause continues to defy our indefatigable genius--the cause of conservation.

Admittedly today we have aroused more compatriots on behalf of conservation than ever before, but lamentably it might now be too late. Extinction appears inevitable for several of the world's rarest and most valuable species. Our colleagues at the World Wildlife Fund and the Fauna Preservation Society tell us that the majestic Mexican grizzly--historically a major antidote to Mexico's minatory population explosion--has now gone the way of the dodo. Further, the Red Data Book of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources fears for the western giant eland of Senegal, the orangutan and the American liberal. Predatory man stalks the first two. The third is the victim of a kind of reverse evolution.

The American liberal, though dating back only to about 1763, was one of nature's most marvelous creations. Endowed with a wondrous cerebral agility, intuitive sense of grace and natural compassion, he was, alas, always subject to diseases like populism or demagoguery. And at times he took himself a bit too seriously. Yet today he seems destined for the tar pits because his progeny have evolved to a lower form variously referred to as radical intellectuals or idealistic youth. Taxonomically they are all Ritualistic Liberals, and their declivity is evident in their journals.

From the following examples you will probably conclude, as we did, that the devolution of liberalism has about reached the level of the jackass. Consider these zany tidbits from that distinguished old journal--once inhabited by so many majestic liberals--The Nation. In The Nation alone there appears enough arrant bosh to fill this column forever. Now is it not time to collect any specimen of America liberalism still lumbering around the Republic, uttering intelligent if passe mating calls, and stuff him for one of our great museums?

## THE NATION

Straightfaced description of the young political geniuses who make bombs and assure George Wallace his constituency, from a fairy tale reporter at The Nation (subscription price \$10 yearly):

Radical activists tend to have sophisticated notions of political theory, strategy and tactics. Their outrage has been disciplined into organizational activity; they are typically too "rational" to become "adventurists."

Ingenuously the editors of The Nation expose the behind-the-scenes motives for development of the supersonic transport (SST):

In the meantime, measures for increasing pollution, as on the development of the supersonic transport, go on apace.

Even the anti-Nixon forces of The Nation attribute genius to this great man:

The new Nixon is but an ingenious version of the old Nixon.

These are sorry times. The drug cult seems to have spread even to the austere offices of The Nation, whose writers now are listening to "rumbling" gaps along the Potomac. What next?

Before Mr. Nixon has been in office a year and a half, the rumbles of a credibility gap are heard along the Potomac.

Temporarily abandoning the worries of this world the fun-loving Nation reports on Mr. Nixon's attendance at a concert with its typical mad cap humor:

The concert opened with Hail to the Chief--all players standing--and closed with Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture. That's the one with the cannon fire, and the Valley Forge Military Academy band joined the orchestra to add martial overtones. Mr. Nixon presented Mr. Ormandy with the Medal of Freedom.

Rueful dispatch from a leading American historical review:

By all the available evidence, Richard M. Nixon will never inspire the nation to great deeds, nor formulate principles to excite the admiration of mankind.

## THE NATION

America, it is just possible, can be mobilized to repudiate the futile policies that have deranged its values in the last thirty years.

You'd just never guess what great liberal journal has crusaded for these "futile policies" for thirty years, would you?

"Wake up America" as roared by a group of Concerned Citizens over at The Nation:

The American system economically--fails to meet the

elemental needs of one-third of its people while engaging the others in a frantic cycle of excess work and excess consumption. Politically, it generates impotence, ignorance, and mediocrity among leaders and followers. Socially and psychologically, the American system divides men against one another and against themselves. It is, by and large, a cultural disaster.

## THE NEW YORKER

A humorous little quip from the rustic New Yorker:

It is important to remember when the effects of bad conduct by the judge are weighed against the effects of bad conduct by the defendants that the trial could not possibly have resulted in the defendants' putting the judge in jail.

## NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS

A heavenly vision recently beheld on Chicago's Michigan Avenue by the saintly Murray Kempton, D.D.:

...Rennie Davis will come to speak to them and his voice will come across the street. "Free Huey, Free Bobby, Smash Capitalism"--the face so young, so serious, so sweet, indeed so brave in the twilight as to seem to give him every right to talk about the shadow of prison upon him too, and still, stubbornly, he will not talk about himself.