

# UN: INTERIM REPORT

**Watching the battle of Lake Success. Mr. Dulles goes in for real estate in a big way—without quotations from Charter or scripture.**

**By JOHN STUART**

I DON'T suppose that it is a matter of large significance but in wandering through the huge rabbit warren housing the United Nations at Lake Success I was struck by the absence of the gray-enamelled lapel buttons. Back at Hunter College where the Security Council first met everyone wore the identification button with a noticeable pride. Delegates and clerks sported them while correspondents accepted them as a special badge of distinction. Now it is only the neophytes who feel that way; everyone else wears a look of weariness. The children who come on visitors' passes are seemingly the only cheerful faces in the endless maze of halls.

The early innocent enthusiasm has rubbed off. Eagerness has turned into routine duty. What goes on in the conference rooms has little tonic effect on those standing by and watching. I am not surprised, because one major activity at the UN these days is to subvert the things for which it was founded. This subversion has a way of communicating itself adversely to people on the outside while it hits those on the inside with special force. But the picture is not a dreary one for while there are those deliberately knifing the UN there are others who defend it, who keep to its principles. Yet if I gauge correctly the status of public opinion about UN it is not what it was when UN opened its doors to let a better world come in. And I also suspect that the bureaucracy which pervades the UN's operations does not help too much in keeping it the repository of hope.

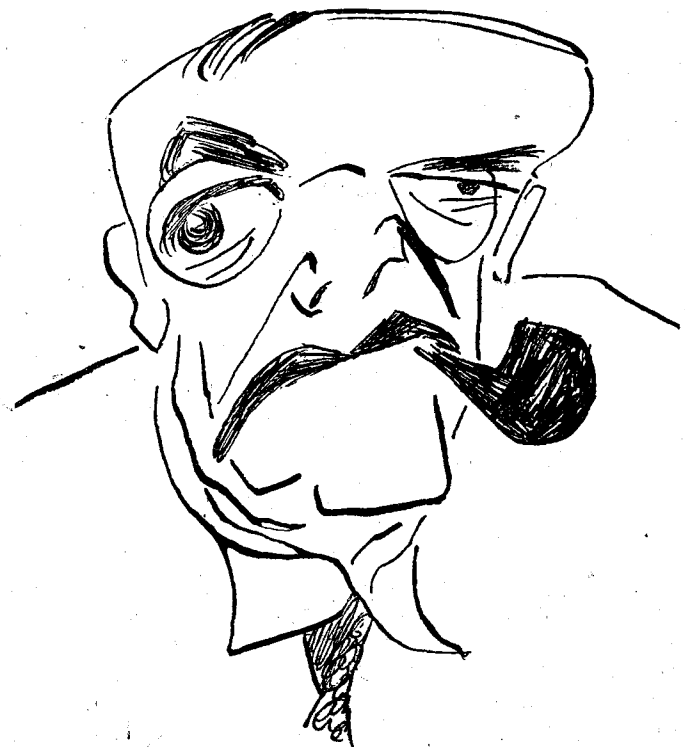
I have watched the Americans work as well as the British and the Russians. The General Assembly committee meetings permit a considerable degree of intimacy between observer and observed. You can watch a delegate from a Latin American country jiggle his right foot for fifteen or twenty minutes and you feel that the man is reaching the point of exasperation. You know in no time, too, who are the dummies among the delegates—the stuffed shirts and the poseurs who hold down jobs without the slightest knowledge of the central issues confronting them. There are also those who bang on tables and bellow as though they were lost steers on a Texas plain. There are the smooth operators and there are the tough and strong-willed. At bottom, though, all of them, whatever their personal conference-room quirks, are the vehicles of government policies. They speak either on behalf of imperialism or against it, and in between there are gradations and shadings of thought. There are, in short, those who refuse to walk into the future, those who walk into it backward with their eyes sharply fixed on the past, those who boldly march forward.

Among the Americans there are the frauds, as well as the clever, and the obtuse. One or two of them are moved by an almsgiving humanitarianism. They speak with the kindness of the man or woman distributing turkeys to the poor on Thanksgiving. Their influence on major policy is decidedly limited, for the American delegation as a whole is neither philanthropic nor humanitarian. What characterizes the delegation at this point is that by and large it has

quit moralizing. In the past, as I remember from reading their speeches, the American representatives at UN sessions rarely reached their point without first preaching a sermon. They often sounded as though they had just left a rousing Bible meeting and so lofty were their sentiments that I have more than once wondered how they managed to hide their wings.

Now our delegates have put their halos in storage. That eminent churchman, John Foster Dulles, refrains from citing scriptures when he demands parcels of real estate in the Pacific. He does not want much—just a few islands whose strategic positions command a million square miles of Pacific Ocean. They apparently belong in the American domain simply by right of conquest. Dulles not long ago quoted the Atlantic Charter as often as he did the Bible, but all that is in the past because for him to quote the Charter now would be to expose his own hypocrisy. The Charter expressly forbids annexation of territory, so it is kept on the dusty shelves and hauled down only for use against others.

Mr. Dulles, like Bernard Baruch, is also among those who want to poke into everyone else's affairs by demanding the right of inspection. He wants to inspect what arms other countries are making. He wants to send snoopers all over the place provided there are none on American property. This, of course, is an unabashed violation of the trusteeship provisions of the United Nations Charter. But it matters



John Foster Dulles.

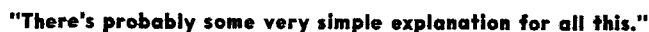
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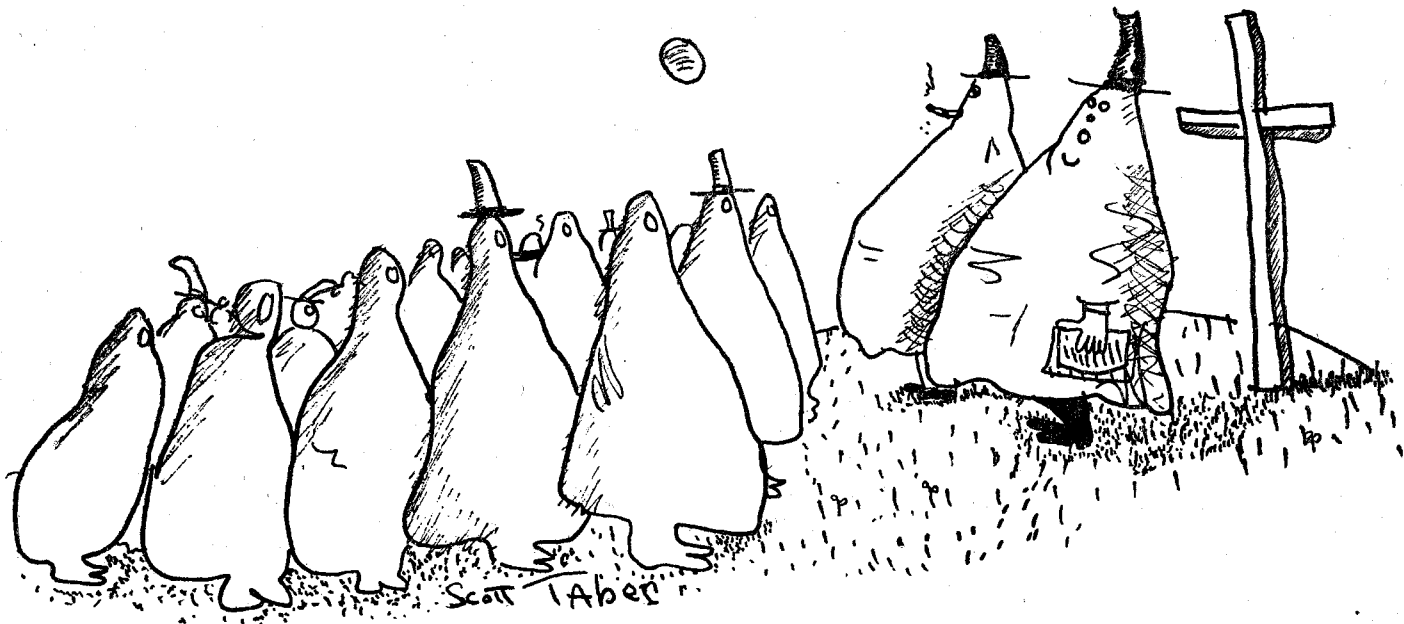
When I noted earlier that a major activity at the UN was to subvert the Charter I had Mr. Dulles in mind specifically. But I had something else in mind, too, for the American proposal on Pacific mandates proves how American imperialism is attempting to acquire for itself a territorial domain, which most Americans have always believed is alien to the American tradition. But Dulles has shown otherwise. Not only are we trying to tie an empire (which already includes Puerto Rico and the "independent" Philippines) to our dollar diplomacy but we are letting the military run the show and execute foreign policy. Last June President Truman asked Congress to give the brass hats a permanent place in making policy. To be sure it does not matter too much when a reactionary civilian policy fits neatly into the plans projected by the military. But again the American tradition has been to keep the military subordinate to the civilian agencies, with military authority deriving from the civilian. In many respects the positions now have been reversed—a reversal which creates new risks for the peace. Further, it is more than clear that the bases which Dulles demands in the Pacific are more offensive in character than defensive. They are far removed from our western shores and close enough to the Soviet Union so that there can be little question what their essential purpose is.

I watched Field Marshal Smuts of South Africa attempt to abuse the Charter to annex the territory of Southwest Africa (about the size of Washington, Oregon and California combined). Smuts is an old bedfellow of Churchill's, more discreet but no less a tory. Abroad he is known as a man of "large vision" but at home the Africans would like nothing better than to be rid of his tyranny. South Africa is for the Africans an enormous concentration camp

To me the most dramatic illustration of the Smuts policies was the character of the South African delegation in the General Assembly. South Africa's population consists of about eight million Africans and approximately two million whites. Yet on Smuts' delegation there is not a single African. It is an all-white delegation. And Smuts would annex the territory of Southwest Africa, a former German colony mandated to the Union of South Africa at the close of World War I. The Soviet representatives called this attempt a flagrant violation of the United Nations Charter while other delegates, notably one from India, joined in the protest against incorporating territory into Smuts' white supremacy domain.

**I**N THIS interim report I cannot help but underscore the outstanding issue of Spain. The Security Council voted unanimously to allow the General Assembly to make recom-





"Will Laundry Mark B-7993 please step forward?"

mendations for action and there is a Polish resolution pending within the Assembly calling on its members to break with Franco and to keep Franco Spain from joining any UN body. Outside the delegates' lounge I spoke with two members of the Republican government in exile. Their opinion was that Franco cannot last if the American delegation takes a forthright stand against him. In substance this is an accurate appraisal of the picture. For the Americans have adopted the tactic of talking a great deal and acting not at all. Words, however, never destroyed a tyrant. The British increase their trade with Madrid and the United States provides it with large quantities of war surplus materials. Presumably Franco cannot use these materials for military purposes but a great deal of the merchandise sold him becomes war material under a new coat of paint. I often wonder where Franco would be now if the State Department used against Franco a quarter of the energy and funds it expends to overthrow Tito.

The time has come to destroy Franco and to expose all those plans which count on letting him stay on until a new replacement is found to keep things in Spain as they are, albeit under a new auspices. Undoubtedly this is the main calculation in the British foreign office and in the State Department. Public opinion can no longer be satisfied by innocuous denunciation. There is too much backstairs intrigue and duplicity already. It can only be brought to an end by the widest and most relentless pressure on America's UN officialdom. Spain must be torn from the hands of the Nazi spy and returned to her people!

The UN can achieve this goal as it can achieve the others for which it was set up. Its shortcomings are many and they are for the most part attributable to those delegations and groups who fear the consequences of abiding by the Charter both in letter and spirit. It does little good to hide the shortcomings. To speak of them openly, to criticize sharply is to thwart the UN's enemies.

## SUNDAY IN CENTRAL PARK

By EARL COLEMAN

Her father carried tickets in his hand  
And showed her in,  
And leaned against the fence to watch her ride;  
He said the spinning world was spin enough for him.  
She chose a yellow horse and spread her dress against his side,  
And didn't tie the safety strap  
For that would have denied  
All beauty and all flight.  
*Tattoo.*  
The drum-sticks battered her heart  
And stuttered with excitement like the prelude of a dawn;  
The horse that carried her had wings  
So that they gently dropped and soared  
And then they whirled away in music,  
Up and never stopped,

They floated tumbling, twisting like the song  
And then she laughed as if her heart would break  
And like the wind in trees she whispered and she cried  
With color and swift time—  
The horse and she had snared the hot sun's axle-tree.  
They stopped at last. It was not long.  
The other people waited for their chance.  
When she got down she recognized the place  
And ran to him with tears and joy all jumbled in her face.  
"We did not move," she cried,  
"We flew and when we stopped we had been chained  
And never moved an inch."  
Her father dried her eyes and took her hand in his,  
"It is the way with carousels, and Sundays too," he sighed.