

accepts the equality of Ceylon and Canada.

It is now clear that Malan will move away from all idea of racial equality, and so he must eventually leave the Commonwealth or wreck it. But even if he leaves it there remains the problem of East Africa and especially of Kenya, terribly exacerbated by the Mau Mau troubles and of the emerging Central African Federation. Here British settlers must work out their destiny and that of the Commonwealth. If they fail to move toward their proclaimed ideal of partnership between the races, then the Commonwealth will dissolve and what some people consider the best hope of world co-operation will have been destroyed.

**B**UT AT THIS moment, as Queen Elizabeth becomes Head of the Commonwealth and prepares for her trip later in the year to Asian and



Australian Dominions, it is permissible to assert that it will not fail. The British Empire has been buried by contemporary historians many times since Pitt said after Yorktown: "The Sun of England's glory is set"; yet it continues in a new constantly evolving form.

It continues not because the British have any special political magic, but because as the least self-sufficient

nation on earth they have to spread their activities over the whole world. As a result there has always been a keen awareness in Britain of the fraternity of the peoples of the globe—a realization that a rice famine in Ceylon is our business because our trade, our defense, our "interests" are bound up with Ceylon as with Malaya or Nigeria. It is simply that community of interest which is expressed in the phrase "the Commonwealth of Nations."

But far-off interests and foreign concerns can easily be forgotten or ignored. That is where the Crown, with its symbolism, its magic, and its evocation of loyalties, is essential. No one anywhere will cheer habeas corpus or the Statute of Westminster, but today in Europe, Asia, Africa, and both Americas there are millions of people of many races prepared to shout, with genuine feeling, "God Save the Queen!"

# Has Bevanism Shot Its Bolt?

**GEOFFREY COX**

**T**HE CONTROVERSY around Aneurin Bevan in the British Labour Party is entering a new phase. The level of British rearmament has ceased to be the central issue; the dispute has now taken on the classic form of a conflict between Left and Right, particularly over the degree of future nationalization. Bevan's personal bid to be Clement Attlee's successor as leader of the Labour Party has, for the present at least, been frustrated. In the cold war within the movement, Bevan's opponents have in recent months barred against him every direct route to the party leadership and through that to the Premiership. Only some major change in world events, such as an American recession, can possibly clear the obstacles from his path.

Bevan, biding his time aggressively

on Labour's front bench in the House of Commons, gives no sign of doubting that such a change will come. He retains enough confidence in his own destiny to be sure that events in due course will demand his drastic remedies. Whether this confidence is misplaced remains the most widely debated, and debatable, issue in British politics.

## **A Subdued Nye**

For the present the Bevanites have undoubtedly been forced onto the defensive. The counterattack launched against them in the past few months by Herbert Morrison, Hugh Gaitskell, and the leaders of most of the major trade unions has proved more successful than at first seemed possible. The Bevanites' triumph at the party conference at Morecambe last

October, when they won six of seven local places on the executive committee, has been offset by a series of defeats in the "Shadow Cabinet" at Westminster—and it is these elected Labour Members of Parliament who hold the ultimate power of selecting the party leader. These parliamentary moves have been accompanied, in the country at large, by a sustained campaign of denunciation by the leaders of most of the main trade unions, in particular by Arthur Deakin of the Transport and General Workers' Union and Sir William Lawther of the miners. Lawther's remark in New York in October that Bevan has "his feet in Moscow and his eyes on No. 10 Downing Street" has been among the milder pieces of vituperation fired at Bevan.

The anti-Bevanites gained their first

victory at Westminster when Clement Attlee, who had remained more or less silent at Morecambe, roundly denounced Bevan's group as a "party within a party" and secured its dissolution. Attlee was re-elected Party Leader unopposed, and Bevan was not only defeated by Herbert Morrison for the Deputy Leadership—by 194 to 82—but was outmaneuvered in the elections to Labour's "Shadow Cabinet" policy committee. Bevan barely got the last place on the committee, unaccompanied by any other Bevanite.

Aneurin Bevan thus finds himself back on the Opposition front bench, but on his opponents' terms. He can no longer speak when he chooses or as he chooses, rallying his supporters from the independence of the back benches. Now he can rise in a major debate only as the spokesman of the Shadow Cabinet. He can and does torment Morrison and Gaitskell by intervening with greater swiftness and greater belligerency whenever the chance offers for a row with the Tories, but this is a poor compensation for the loss of his freedom to heckle both parties at will. His two most recent appearances as a front-bench spokesman, in the debates over the budget and over a motion of censure against the Government on the denationalization of trucking, have lacked his old impact. It looks indeed as if he is making a bid to work his passage back to favor—a tactic which not all his supporters regard with approval.

Nor is it a practicable route for him to take. For astride it stand the irate union leaders and his own distrustful front-bench colleagues. Deakin, Lawther, and Sir Lincoln Evans (whose acceptance of a knighthood was strongly criticized by the Bevanite weekly *Tribune*) together compose a very formidable force. Moreover, their antagonism to Aneurin Bevan—and even more to his colleagues Ian Mikardo and Michael Foot, both co-editors of the *Tribune*—goes deeper even than personalities.

It goes down to the bedrock issue of the position of trade unions under nationalization. More nationalization is the central point now in Bevanite policy. But the union leaders want to look very carefully before they leap again in this direction.

Many of their members argue that nationalization has meant bureaucratic control, not workers' control—and have said so in resolution after resolution and speech after speech. Wage negotiations with the state monopoly have in some cases contained more snags than the old arguments with a group of employers. As loyal Labour Party members the Deakins and Lawthers are for nationalization in principle—and in time. But union suspicion of "intellectuals" inevitably revives sharply when the ex-journalists and ex-professors around Bevan come forward with a new list of industries to be taken over at once for ideological reasons.

**E**VEN union antagonism might not prove an insuperable obstacle if it were not accompanied by the deep distrust that has grown up between Aneurin Bevan and virtually all the other leading Labour politi-



**Bevan**

cians. That mutual confidence without which no democratic party can function has been the first casualty in this struggle. The accusation that Bevan has threatened party unity and his own angry repudiation of this charge have made the distrust on both sides very personal and very bitter.

Bevan has failed to win over any major figure in the Labour move-

ment except the one former Cabinet Minister who resigned with him, Harold Wilson. Above all, no important trade-unionist has backed Bevan, with the temporary exception of Walter Padley, of the shop assistants' union, who lined up with the Bevanites because he too favored a cut in the arms program. Most of the politicians around Bevan—Michael Foot, Tom Driberg, Barbara Castle, Richard Crossman—are propagandists rather than leaders. Only one, the shrewd and burly Ian Mikardo (the real strategist in the Bevanite campaign), has the true stuff of leadership in him. Bevan keeps brilliant but not powerful company—and politics is ultimately a question of power. It is significant that neither George Strauss, Bevan's prewar Popular Front colleague, nor John Strachey, the former Secretary of State for War and still a figure of importance, has been willing to commit his political future to Bevan.

Nor can Bevan offset this opposition within his own party by appealing to any major body of non-Labour opinion among the voters. The reverse is indeed true. His sudden outbursts of hatred, such as his description of his Tory opponents as "lower than vermin," send chills down the backs of the middle classes, and his is a middle-class country. Many of Britain's cautious small-income suburbanites fear that Bevan's policies may be shaped as much by a desire to avenge the past as to rebuild the future. He has certainly enough to avenge—his childhood in grim, gray Tredegar; his father's death from pneumonicosis after a lifetime hewing coal underground; Bevan's own frustrated early years when he was blacklisted by the mineowners. But the element of hatred which all this implanted in him is a serious defect in a man who seeks to lead not just one class but a whole nation.

### **Omens and Portents**

But what if the specter of an American recession becomes a reality and a collapse in international trade brings millions of unemployed back into British streets? What if the Tories start a deflationary spiral inside Britain's own economy? What if the new American Administration embarks on some venture in Korea

or China, or even Europe, which brings the risk of war much nearer? Will that then prove to be Bevan's challenge and his opportunity? In the face of mass unemployment the union leaders may well look anxiously around for a bold new leader, or they may be swept aside by a new generation of unionists weary of cautious gradualism. In an international crisis the middle classes' fear of Bevan could be drowned in their fear of war. If events carry Britain into another war, there are even some Conservatives who speculate on the possibility that its people might gamble on Bevan's strength and aggressiveness in the hope of finding another Lloyd George or Winston Churchill.

Yet even if such events occur, is it certain that power within the British Labour movement would fall to Aneurin Bevan and to no other? Is he the one man to whom the Labour movement and the public would inevitably turn, the one sure residual legatee on the Left?

It is at this point that any observer of the British scene is forced off the relatively sure ground of contemporary events onto the highly debatable topic of Aneurin Bevan's own personality. Men in daily contact with him, whether as politicians or journalists or officials, differ strongly as to his true worth. One sees him as a philosopher and revolutionary, a man who combines a passionate longing for the welfare of the ordinary people with a Welsh fervor and mysticism; another sees him as a charlatan and demagogue; and yet another depicts him as just one more politician with an unusual flair for self-dramatization.

**T**HE EVIDENCE is certainly contradictory enough. The man who on the public platform or in private conference seems to relish the crudest forms of abuse will walk out of the House of Commons and spend half an hour by himself among the El Grecos and Murillos of the National Gallery. The politician who, face flushed, gray hair falling over his forehead, will shout down his colleagues in a conference, was known at the Ministry of Health as a highly efficient administrator who won the respect of cautious bureaucrats. The



**Morrison**

robust Welshman who can still feel at home amid the slag heaps and grime of his native valleys is also the occupant of a house on the edge of London's fashionable Eaton Square—though he lives there modestly enough.

### **Engaging the Enemy**

The key to these contradictions lies in the strong element of emotion which characterizes all Bevan's political actions. Democratic socialism, he has written, "must achieve passion in action." This passion, which in normal times makes the unemotional English wary of this Welshman with fire in his belly, is at one and the same time Bevan's greatest strength and his greatest weakness. His oratory shows this. As an orator he remains, with Winston Churchill, in a class apart. To understand Bevan's grip on his followers, one has only to hear him at a mass meeting. As he rises from his seat his burly figure embodies "that burning desire to engage the enemy" which Field Marshal Haig once called the essential characteristic of a commander. The thatch of thick gray hair, the dark eyebrows, the brilliant blue eyes, the ruddy face that seems slightly too small for the massive head, all rivet the attention of the crowd. The same vitality is forced into the thundering periods, the epigrams, in the hammering and thrusting gestures of his outstretched right arm. It shows even in the occasional stammer, in the curt joke tossed out triumphantly. It car-

ries the older delegates back to the fights of the past on dark wet street corners, to the hunger marches and the slump and the General Strike of 1926, and it stirs the hopes and confidence of the youngsters.

Yet too often Bevan himself seems to be carried away by a desire to give expression not to his own views but to the feelings of his audience, a characteristic that has made him say rash things and do great political damage to himself and his party. Too often Bevan is content merely to arouse emotion. One can put a title to each important Churchill speech, but the crowds who come from a Bevan meeting flushed and hoarse with their own cheering would be hard put to it the next week or even the next day to say exactly what had been preached to them.

### **The Bevan Mystique**

Bevanism is, in fact, not so much a statement of principles as a state of mind. But it is an important state of mind. It is the state of mind of many people who may not have thought their beliefs out very clearly but who support deeply and sincerely the welfare state, who abhor the thought of another world war and who are yet profoundly and instinctively anti-Communist, the people who believe that Labour's job is only half done. These may be confused feelings, but they go deep and are spread wide.

Amongst them is one stream of opinion of great importance outside the borders of Britain herself. This is anxiety about American policy—a mixture of desire to avoid another war, dislike of many aspects of American life, and the frustrated nationalism of a great nation which finds itself, while still a world power, forced continually to do the bidding of another state. Bevan, it is true, is punctilious in asserting that he likes and respects many Americans a good deal more than he likes and respects any British Tory and that Britain must maintain and preserve the American alliance. But these are not the passages in his speeches into which he breathes fire, as when he thundered at Morecambe that America is "hag-ridden by two fears: the fear of war and the fear of unemployment—a fear of peace."

Again and again he argues that



the shortsightedness and rashness of American foreign policy is as much a danger to peace as Communist aggression. It is little wonder that Bevanism has come to be regarded as synonymous with neutralism, and though Bevan has never committed himself unequivocally to any such stand, he has nevertheless done a great deal to make anti-Americanism respectable.

**B**EVAN's critics within his own party regard him as deliberately playing on anti-American sentiment in order to win popularity. His supporters argue that since such sentiment exists it is a good deal better to have it canalized by Bevan into the Labour Party, where it is kept under control, than to allow it to swing away to reinforce the Communists.

The obscurity in Bevan's attitude toward the cardinal problem of Britain's relations with America demonstrates a certain lack of clarity of mind which in these past two years has marred his qualities as a leader. He often gives the impression of failing, or refusing, to carry his thinking through to its logical conclusion, to make clear exactly where he stands on the issue of the moment. His long-term attitude is clear. He believes in socialism accomplished through the parliamentary system. He despises the Communists as a party that is afraid of the people. He has been rightly described as the last of the Chartists, those British reformers of a century ago who believed universal suffrage would solve every problem. These views he shared with the late Sir Stafford Cripps, who was the one man in the postwar Labour Administrations to whom Bevan would yield with good grace.

### Less to Shout About

The vagueness of his ideas at first helped rather than hindered Bevan's claims. Everyone in his party from the fellow traveler to the pacifist could find some point with which to agree. But this has proved a diminishing asset. With each month that passes, the gap between Bevan and the rest of the party closes. To a considerable degree, Bevanism in its formative months was simply the embodiment of the frustrations of the rank and file during the closing



Attlee

days of the Labour Government, the inevitable swing away from its official leadership that every party makes as it moves into opposition.

Bevan, by leaping into opposition nine months ahead of his colleagues, put himself at the head of this movement. But now the others are catching up. There is no longer any deep disagreement over rearmament. Even Mr. Churchill has become a Bevanite on that issue. On German rearmament, on Far Eastern policy, there is little but vehemence of expression to distinguish the Bevanites from the bulk of the Labour Party. Churchill has urged a three-power meeting with more warmth than Bevan himself.

On domestic policy, too, there is much wider agreement than seemed possible a year ago. Nationalization, supported by the Bevanites on ideological grounds, has been refurbished and made respectable by the managerial wing of the Labour Party, who have adopted it as one possible technique for dealing with Britain's trading problem, since increased production in nationalized steel and coal is taken as a proof of its value for securing a general increase in production. Recent discussions held by the Labour Party executive proved remarkably amicable,

and preparation of a long-term policy is going ahead smoothly.

**I**N THE contest for the party leadership, time, it is true, is on Bevan's side. He is only fifty-five—ten years younger than Herbert Morrison, fifteen years younger than Clement Attlee, seven years younger than his fellow Welshman James Griffiths, the ex-Colonial Secretary. No other Labour politician of any stature belongs to Bevan's age group, for his was a generation decimated by the First World War. Both his younger challengers—Gaitskell, who is forty-seven this April, and Alfred Robens, former Minister of Labour, who is forty-two—are immature in the tasks of public leadership, however skilled they may be as administrators. Had Bevan been content to sit quiet and wait, he might have been sure of the succession after Clement Attlee's resignation. As it is, Attlee is clearly determined to stay on until someone other than Bevan is groomed for the leadership.

Even if an extreme crisis forces the British Labour movement sharply to the Left, it is not certain that it will swing to Bevan. Not certain—but not uncertain. For with all his defects Bevan has that touch of deep feeling, that profound confidence in his historic role, which marks but few men in the grinding daily world of politics. He walks apart, believing in his own destiny, prepared to answer its call.

It has become customary to regard Aneurin Bevan's future as a choice between two extremes, between power and frustration, between the Premiership and the fate of ending as "an elderly burlesque of an agitator, living in Chelsea." Yet there is a third possibility. It may be Bevan's destiny to keep the Labour Party on a leftward bearing, to keep alive and clear its socialist beliefs, to prevent its slipping into the ideological sterility that has afflicted social democracy on the Continent, to provoke ideas in others even if he does not provide them himself. This may be his historic role, and he may already be fulfilling it. That he is doing so as a rebellious lieutenant rather than as an accepted leader may prove to be of only secondary importance.

# Las Vegas: The Sucker And the Almost-Even Break

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

UNDER the low green ceiling, customers filled the floor and lined the tables. Behind the cashier's window a young lady politely interrogated a patron about the status of his credit. A porter slipped through the crowd removing fallen ashes from the thick carpet. Mr. Soskin, a short, dapper, almond-eyed man whose watchful aplomb marked him as a member of the management, smiled greetings at familiar faces while he worked his way purposefully toward Mr. Jones.

"How's it going?" asked Soskin.

"Poorly," said Jones. "I just checked the balance sheets for the first shift."

Except for occasional muffled announcements such as "Hard Eight," "Coming out," and "Six, a winner," the atmosphere might have been that of a department store on a moderately busy day.

That this was the gambling casino of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, that C. J. ("Kans") Jones was assistant casino manager, that Frankie Soskin was a pit boss, and that dice instead of merchandise moved on the tables made little difference. For this was also Las Vegas, where gambling is a legitimate industry and competition has made courtesy and adroit public relations the order of the day.

ALTHOUGH the State of Nevada legalized gambling in 1931, the present elaborate Las Vegas industry is mostly a product of the prosperous past decade. In 1940, the city's population was 8,422 and the gambling

business consisted of three major casinos downtown plus a random assortment of slot machines in local taverns. Today the population is about thirty-five thousand. The downtown area now boasts ten major casinos and a dozen-odd smaller clubs. Between the city limits and McCarran Airport a barren highway has blossomed into "The Strip"—seven luxurious resort hotels sometimes described as "casinos with rooms."

Two of the Strip hotels, the Sands and the Sahara, have opened since last October; three more and a race track are in various stages of planning. In addition, almost every roadhouse in the area now sports at least one crap table, and many drug and grocery stores house slot machines to relieve customers of loose change.

Last year the Las Vegas gambling industry paid state taxes on about

\$45 million in gross winnings, which helps account for the fact that Nevada has no state income tax, no inheritance tax, and no sales tax. Considering the tendency of some casino proprietors to "rake off the top of the heap" before recording daily receipts, the gross winnings of the Las Vegas industry may actually have approached \$55 million—which, in turn, would have meant that about \$300 million was gambled during the year. This year's business volume may well reach the half-billion-dollar mark, dwarfing that of any other industry in the state.

The huge Golden Nugget Club in downtown Las Vegas has a payroll of 750 people, making it one of the largest employers in Nevada apart from the state government. The 6,400 people working in Las Vegas

