

gence to handle them in the right way.

Mr. Cranwell first. He holds that the destiny of sea-power is not so much that of being replaced by other forms of military force as of lending its technique to those others. The air? It may replace sea-power some day, he says willingly—but not because bombers can sink battleships. Even if bombers sank all the battleships, there would have to be aircraft carriers and anti-aircraft cruisers to keep bombers from sinking merchant ships. Air power will replace sea-power only when air commerce predominantly replaces ocean commerce, which leads him to a new definition of sea-power, a revision of Mahan, defining it as the ability to use the sea for the transport of goods and men. In connection with which he points out that a German submarine may be quite as effective an agent of sea-power as a British battleship.

But this is only a preliminary to his remark that war on the ocean has been mechanized ever since the sail replaced the oar as the prime mover for ships. Armies today still use for their movement, especially in battle, an enormous amount of that human muscular energy which went out of naval war at the Battle of Lepanto. But the process has already set in on land, and was early developed in the air; and the end of it will be that the vehicle will become the tactical unit; from which it follows that the cannon, a vehicle-destroying unit, must be the primary weapon of the future. If the analogies of the earlier mechanization at sea are to be followed, he insists, we shall build more securely toward our own defense.

This comparison, this analogy, is the main service of his book. At the one point where he attempts specific application, he turns up the doctrine that war in the air will produce planes with less speed and more armament and armor, to fight for military control of the new element. This was exactly the theory on which the French went to work when they built their combat air force around the "flying tank," already a failure in the days of Franco's rebellion.

But at the point of specific application Mr. Marshall takes over. He begins that way—most specifically with brief pictures of the 1941 Balkan campaign, those of Greece and Crete, Romell's desert campaign, and part of the Nazi adventure in Russia, freely admitting that there is much in all of them that remains obscure, yet insisting that in spite of the obscurities, analysis must be made now to be of any practical use. It is rather surprising to discover that although starting from exactly the opposite point from

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Behind the Russian Front

THE SOVIETS EXPECTED IT. By Anna Louise Strong. New York: The Dial Press. 1941. 279 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN

IT used to be the fashion in the Soviet Union to launch societies for the vigilant maintenance of "Marxism" and "Leninism" in every branch of human life and thought. Leninism in literature, Marxism in art; it would have been a bold, not to say suicidal Soviet citizen who would have contradicted either formula. But the vogue went still further. It is a matter of record that Soviet journals, in all seriousness, put forward such slogans as "For Party Spirit in Mathematics," "For Purity of Marxist-Leninist Theory in Surgery," and there was a society of physicians called "Leninism in Medicine." A genial foreign Soviet sympathizer who had not lost a sense of humor commented on the latter:

I suppose its practical rule would be: if the patient has a pain in the toe, cut off the leg. If there's any doubt about it, cut off both.

These recollections of the Soviet Union were evoked by reading this latest book by Anna Louise Strong, which rigorously interprets every event in recent and contemporary Soviet history from the standpoint of the "Party line." There has been no such uncritical eulogy of Stalin and his regime since that amazing work of the Dean of Canterbury, the one clerical figure whom communists like to cite as an infallible authority.

A reviewer who is not on the Party line himself is at a distinct disadvantage in discussing such a book. It is not a matter of agreeing with the writer on some points and disagreeing

on others. It is rather a question of analyzing a doctrinal, dogmatic approach to contemporary history, the refutation of which would require, if not another book, at least a good deal more space than a review could claim.

What is one to say, for instance, about such a curious title, in relation to the Stalin-Hitler deal of August 23, 1939, as "The Pact That Stopped Hitler?" The immediate effect of this pact was to let loose the second European war. The second was to permit Hitler to throw his full military force against France and achieve the crushing victory of June, 1940. This in turn facilitated the conquest of the Balkans and finally made possible an attack on the Soviet Union itself. Just where, and how, was Hitler "stopped" by this pact?

One of the features of the Party line is its extreme flexibility. Communist publications which could see in the British nothing but predatory imperialists until June 22, 1941, discovered after that date they were heroes. Miss Strong does not adjust her justification focus, even when some later event has clearly upset an earlier propagandist statement. For instance, she argues gravely that the Soviet protectorate which was forced on Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania in the autumn of 1939 did not make them "vassal states." Inasmuch as this protectorate was merely the prelude to forcible annexation and the complete obliteration of the independent existence of these states in the summer of 1940, the point about their not being "vassals" seems, to put it mildly, rather farfetched.

Miss Strong hasn't even caught up with the fact that there was a famine in Russia in 1932-33, something that is grudgingly and shamefacedly admitted now, justified, of course, as part of a higher good, even by writers who are extremely favorable to the Soviet regime. She couldn't find evidence of famine, she says, in individual villages or in the total Soviet census. Apparently she did not visit the right villages at the right time; this reviewer could give her the names of several, in the North Caucasus and in Ukraina, where the local Soviet authorities admitted that from one tenth to one third of the people died during the terrible winter and spring of 1932-33.

The whole picture of Soviet-Finnish relations is comparable in accuracy and realism with a statement of von Ribbentrop or Goebbels about German relations with Norway or Belgium. Without batting an eyelash she suggests that the Finns fired the first



Anna Louise Strong

shot in 1939-1940, and she brings up about every reason for that war except the true one: the desire of the Finns to defend the integrity of their own country. Nothing in her long-winded apologia explains either the marvellous tenacity of Finnish resistance against overwhelming odds or the fact that not a single Finn, so far as the records show, elected to remain in the regions which were annexed to the Soviet Union. She also omits reference to a fact of great importance in understanding Finland's hard dilemma in the present war. When Molotov went to Berlin in November, 1940 he wanted a complete annexation of Finland.

This would have meant more than subjugation: it would have meant physical annihilation. For it has always been Soviet policy to break up recalcitrant nationalities by mass deportations to remote and unhealthy parts of the Soviet Union. This was the experience of the Poles when Eastern Poland was occupied, of the Finns in the neighborhood of Leningrad, of many Koreans in the Far East and Uzbeks from Central Asia.

Like the Dean of Canterbury, although with less excuse, because she has lived for a long time in Russia, Miss Strong humorlessly and uncritically adopts as her own the official Soviet explanation of every phase of foreign and internal policy. The whole sale slaughter of the purges was just "smashing the Fifth Column." Even the reader who is disposed to give Stalin's regime the benefit of every reasonable doubt would become suspicious, I should think, of the portrait of a society where every worker is on fire with zeal for more work, every peasant shouts with delight at the mention of the collective farm, and every Soviet citizen of every class is so pat in saying to Miss Strong exactly what the Soviet Government would like him to say. Such a society is just a little too good to be true in the present fallible state of human nature.

Years ago the younger generation that is now nourished on Superman was offered for reading fare a series of books on a model little boy named Rollo. And this work belongs on a shelf of "Rollo books" about Russia. It is a pity, because the whole phenomenon of the Bolshevik Revolution and the tremendous ordeal through which the Russian people are now living, and which may lead to profound changes in the character of the Soviet state, deserve a more live and realistic and credible explanation.

William Henry Chamberlin is the author of the recently published "The World's Iron Age."

Springboard

DAKAR, OUTPOST OF TWO HEMI-SPHERES. By Emil Lengyel. New York: Random House. 1941. 312 pp. \$2.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

AMONG the geographical names which the war has impressed upon our Western hemisphere consciousness, none is more portentous than Dakar, capitol of Vichy French West Africa.

Sweltering under an equatorial sun where the Dark Continent bulges nearest to South America, 1600 miles away, Dakar is the potential jumping-off place for Nazi legions if and when Hitler decides to undertake an invasion of this hemisphere. Dakar is also a current menace to the successful prosecution of democracy's battle for survival, because its tactical advantages already have been placed at Hitler's disposal by the weak-spined Pétain government.

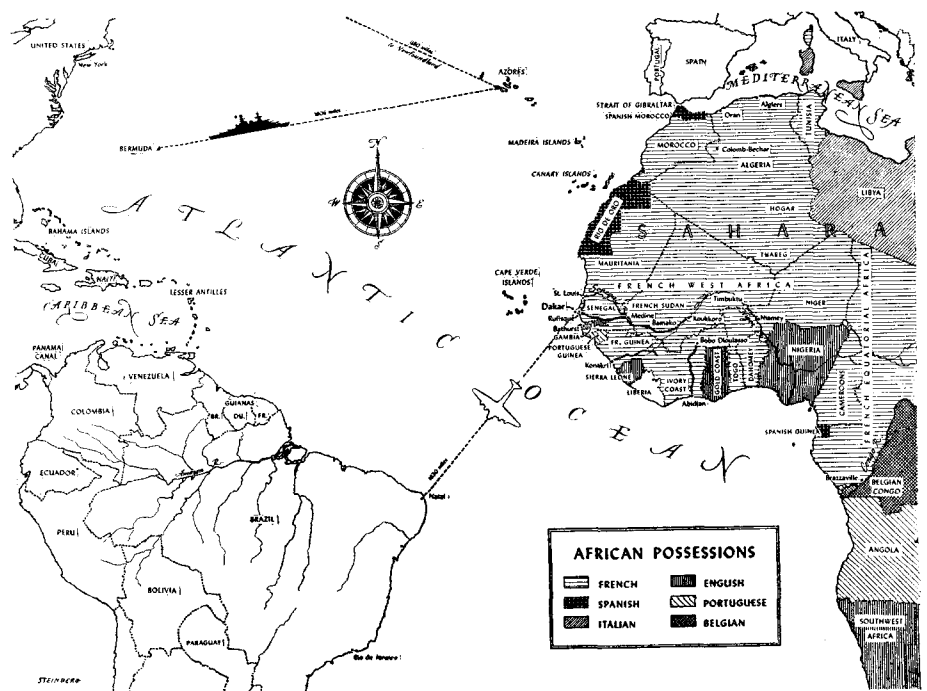
Emil Lengyel says, "There is not one book on Dakar in the English language, and, except for two brief monographs, even the French have neglected to write about it." So Mr. Lengyel has compiled a book about Dakar, but has not quite made up the deficiency.

The author has used his shears and paste with a free hand, and the result is an encyclopedic and repetitious history of places, peoples, and power politics, utterly devoid of the color which intimacy with a subject automatically would have given it. Actually, "Dakar," the book, is as dry as Dakar itself during those eight months of the year when Senegal is a living hell.

Nevertheless, it enables the reader to arrive at a better understanding of Dakar's importance, particularly as it affects the United States. Despite Vichy denials, it has been definitely established that Dakar's excellent, strongly-fortified harbor is being used by Nazi submarines to harass Atlantic shipping and that its airport is a base for German long-range bombers. In fact there is a good reason to believe that the American freighter *Lehigh*, torpedoed off the West African coast, was sunk by a U-boat operating out of Dakar.

Mr. Lengyel's book takes you beyond the coastline and, among other things, shows you how the Germans are preparing for the future—forcing the Vichy French to build scores of strategic airports with native labor, realizing an old French dream to build a railroad from Algeria's Mediterranean littoral across the Sahara to Dakar. This Trans-Sahara railway runs through 2200 miles of hell, and is being built at fabulous cost by enslaved men from the concentration camps of Hitler-dominated Europe, working shoulder to shoulder with the natives. But when it is completed, Mr. Lengyel points out, the Germans will have a comparatively safe route for the transportation of troops and supplies one way, and vital raw materials the other—provided, of course, the current empire effort to drive the axis out of North Africa fails and is not extended into the French colonies, or the United States neglects to occupy this strategic territory and nearby Atlantic islands before the Germans get entrenched.

The impression left by this book is that we had better get a wiggle on.



—From the book.