

# Industry at War

*"Miracle of World War II," by Francis Walton (Macmillan, 575 pp. \$7.50), studies in detail the part played in that conflict by American industry. It is reviewed by William M. Freeman, who writes the advertising marketing news column in The New York Times.*

By William M. Freeman

WHO won the war? And how was it done? It is a commonplace to say that World War II was won by workers in the factories of America, but no one has ever set down in detail the actual story. This omission has been remedied by Francis Walton, for years associated with the aircraft industry and General Motors, in a monumental volume aptly titled "Miracle of World War II." He calls it "a success story of the American people in action," and it is apparent that he enjoyed what must have been an incredible total of man-hours sketching in the minutiae of the vast panorama of the prodigious effort that backed up the armed forces.

It was no easy task. When Pearl Harbor erupted upon the face of America in December 1941 the United States was ending one of its best years, with business highballing along at a record rate of \$345 million a day and national income at \$105 billion. Steel production was up nearly twenty million tons over the year before, and annual output of electric power had topped the record figure of 200 billion kilowatts. Exports, too, were over the "normal" year of 1936, and it meant little at the time that some of this volume was derived from the sale of scrap iron and steel to Japan.

Mr. Walton notes these facts and adds grimly that while the statistics were cheerful the outlook was not. The country lacked a war-production machine ready to take on short orders. And, making things worse, the economic upheaval of the Thirties, from which the country seemed at last to be emerging, had shifted business headquarters to Washington. That meant that every decision had to go to the banks of the Potomac.

The Government was into business, every kind of business. Officialdom and bureaucracy and alphabet agencies swamped everything in a sea of red tape. Mr. Walton comments that Federal authorities had taken over many functions of private enterprise and calls this "the real significance of the political revolution."

It is a bitter story in some respects.

a sad one and above all—although it is a success story, too—one with a warning for the future. There is a moral in the recounting of the misuse of abilities, the endless succession of new bureaus, the niggardly distribution of authority, the conflicts, and the delays. The managers of American industry had no liking for their task, even though it was essential.

Yet, despite all the handicaps the great task was accomplished. The tools of war were fed in staggering volume to the fronts all over the world. And canny management, with an eye to the future, set aside budget funds for "cost of reconversion" and in 1943 alone spent \$2,130,000,000 for advertising to tell of the goods they were unable to make but would have "some time later."

**INALIENABLE YANK:** When Sergeant James C. Gallagher was convicted recently of maltreatment of his fellow prisoners and collaboration with the enemy while in a North Korean prison camp the principal witness against him was Sergeant Lloyd W. Pate. His testimony, besides assuring Gallagher's conviction, revealed the fact that Pate had led a resistance group of American prisoners who not only refused to be brainwashed, but who actively fought and confused their captors and kept many other Americans from going "progressive." For these acts Pate and his men earned the label that now appears in the title of the Sergeant's book, "Reactionary!" (Harper, \$2.50). With the assistance of B. J. Cutler, a *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent, Pate gives a brief sketch of his tough and precocious childhood (at thirteen he was a bartender in a Florida sporting

house). tells how he faked his age to get into the Army (he celebrated his seventeenth birthday as a prisoner near the Yalu River), and finally gives the brutal story of how he was captured and how he and others like him resisted torture, malnutrition, and the stool-pigeon activities of some American prisoners. Like others who have gone through the Communist brain-laundry, he speculates on what it is in a man's background that determines how he will act under this treatment. He says that better knowledge by Americans of their own history, geography, and politics would help; but his observations on his own background and character and on those of his fellow prisoners are much more revealing. It seemed to be the overprotected boys who were most likely to weaken.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

**GUERRILLA GENIUS:** The first successful Allied action against the Japanese in East Asia during World War II was a "long-range penetration" by three thousand troops, some on foot and some in gliders, behind the Japanese lines in Burma. The man who conceived, mounted, and commanded this operation was Major General Orde Charles Wingate. Leonard Mosley has written a fascinating biography of this tortured genius of guerilla warfare, "Gideon Goes to War" (Scribners, \$3.50), which shows how compatible ambition and fundamentalist religious views can sometimes be.

Wingate's Bible-dominated childhood apparently engendered in him the conviction that he must be a militant prophet in the Old Testament manner. As he grew up and entered the Regular Army as an artillery officer this sense of mission led him to be contemptuous of orthodox military men ("military apes" he called them) and earned him many enemies. It also led him, when he was assigned to the Sudan Defense Force, to take up Zionism and to help the nearby Palestine Jews in their fight against the Arabs in the early 1930s. In these bitter and often unofficial skirmishes with the Arabs Wingate developed his theories of guerrilla tactics, his physical endurance, and his almost messianic powers of leadership. How he went on to retake Ethiopia from the Italians in 1941, how he interested Churchill in his plans for the Burma campaign, and how he fought his personal battle with antagonistic superiors and his own suicidal despair—these stories give Mr. Mosley's tightly-written book a depth and color that are uncommon in the biographies of military heroes.

—T. E. C.



—Associated Press Photo.

Lloyd W. Pate—"refused brainwash[ing]."

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## Time for Hope

WITH the exception of the early years of the Civil War and the decade following the Second World War the American people have never doubted that America was destined to be one of the world's leading nations and that we could live in a state of mild euphoria, no matter what cataclysms might temporarily overwhelm the European scene. The conception that with our wealth and our armed forces we could redress the balance of power whenever it might be necessary gave the traveling American a bombastic assurance which has always amused foreigners. When the war ended we were immediately faced with problems which we had never before conceived of. Nevertheless, we are a mercurial people; we have never met a time of danger with the calm stoicism of the British or the stolidity of the Russians. But neither could we imagine that we would ever be faced with insoluble problems and dangers.

Our literature and our press, which operate on the theory that good news does not sell newspapers, have darkened the American scene. Our post-war novelists have presented spectacle after spectacle of depravity and fear. "Hell-bent for destruction," Van Wyck Brooks writes, "their younger people are generally corrupt, often depraved, alcoholics, homosexuals, morons, and incestuous children."

It is only necessary to look at the best-seller lists today to prove that this miserable view of *homo americanus* has almost disappeared, though readers still enjoy the pleasures of being startled and shocked. The innate soundness of the American pub-

lic has of late been proved by its ability to have faith in itself and in the future. It is the apparent rapidity with which it can change its mood and its beliefs that is most astonishing. The so-called intellectuals, whose stock-in-trade seemed at one time to be despair and condemnation of the mental equipment of their presumably intelligent countrymen, seem to have decided that, like Francis Bacon, who had cited at great length the reasons there were for hopelessness, proceeded to say, "I am now therefore speaking of [and for] hope."

IT NOW appears that we are not hopeless or helpless, and our writers are no longer determined to sell human nature short but are returning to what William Faulkner called "the old truths." Fortunately, we are a temperamental people, as indeed we have good reason to be, and we can change from fear to a mild euphoria in short order. The reasons for the fear which has been our obsession for the last decade are so obvious they are hardly worth repeating. The discovery of the terrifying power of the atomic bomb gave point to the catastrophic title of a *Saturday Review* editorial, "Modern Man Is Obsolete."



We were next confronted with the nightmare of the steadily increasing power and might of Russian politics and technology. Then, with the Korean conflict, the first war in our history which we did not win. In the midst of these shocks we were faced with native traitors and foreign spies, afflicted with hysterical witch-hunts and illegal investigations. But TV put an end in June 1954 to the hysteria named McCarthyism.

If anyone wants today a sound basis for relief and the return of sanity of our people he can find chapter and verse for it in a somewhat unexpected place, the Winter Edition of *The American Scholar*. Hiram Haydn, its editor, believes that "we have entered a time of tentative and uncertain gropings toward a stabilized order of world peace," which—though he does not say so—must be partly based on the fact that another world war is unthinkable. "It seems an appropriate time," Mr. Haydn writes, "to take stock, to ask where we are, how we got here, and where we may be going. To this end *The American Scholar* devotes the entire winter issue to an examination of the human situation today, and he has invited to participate a formidable array of intellectuals, a theologian, an educator and literary man, a biologist, a psychologist and historian of ideas, an ecologist, and a political commentator of civilization. It is the habit of scholars to advance timidly into the future, leaving an escape-hatch wide open, but nearly all these distinguished gentlemen betray more than a usual amount of confidence in our survival."

"We seem to be emerging from the last twelve months," writes Reinhold Niebuhr, "from an hysterical mood which had all the symptoms of a collective psychosis. If the hopes of previous decades had been proven dupes, our fears now seemed to be liars. . . . Our best chance for survival lies not in our courage or our resolution so much as in our modesty and patience." Max Lerner says that America's situation is also the world's: "If man is doomed for tomorrow, he shows a strange up-welling of energy and bounce." Eric Fromm carries out the same theme. "Man will have to be adventuresome, courageous, imaginative, capable of suffering and joy, but his powers will be in the service of life, and not in the service of death." These are qualities which are presumed to be the attributes of his countrymen. Harvard professor of psychology B. F. Skinner adds to this, "If Western democracy does not lose sight of the aims of

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