

selves and their mission in the eyes of "most people in Beirut." Future scholars, looking to contemporary source material, will find it difficult to evaluate Mr. Miller's comments concerning the attitudes of "most people" in Beirut or, as he enlarges upon the point in the same context, "most Lebanese." This important event in the history of the Organization and the development of the concept of the "United Nations Presence" is analyzed by Mr. Lash with greater insight and dimension.

Another illustration of the risk of confusing fact with questionable opinion may be found in Mr. Miller's comment that when Khrushchev banged his shoe upon his General Assembly desk, the "new members were puzzled more than anything else. Their proper English and French education said this was not the thing to do, but their tribal roots said quite the opposite." Such carefree disparagement of the undifferentiated "new members," again without citing the evidence, does not enhance the value of the work as a "source of data for more detached studies."

Indeed, Mr. Miller's analysis appears to this reviewer to be quite wide of the mark. Khrushchev's desk-pounding demonstrations were gestures of frustration, tinged with contempt. There were few, if any, in the Assembly Hall who were "puzzled"; nor did it require the ancient wisdom of "tribal roots" to see who had won the day.

The conclusion of Mr. Miller's book, written in July 1961, suffers more than does that of Mr. Lash from the hasty publication following Hammarskjöld's death, without opportunity for revision to meet the basically altered circumstance. Allowance must always be made for some obsolescence in a contemporary chronicle, by reason of the inevitable lag between authorship and publication. Nevertheless, one cannot escape a sense of disturbance upon reading, posthumously, such comments as: "Today Mr. Hammarskjöld probably understands more fully what Trygvie Lie had in mind when . . ."

There is particular poignancy in Mr. Miller's unwitting prophecy in his concluding remarks concerning the Congo: "The stakes in the Congo are high. They involve not only the fate of Mr. Hammarskjöld . . ."

The "Custodian of the Brushfire Peace" was himself consumed in one of the fires. A bereaved survivor of one lost with him in the final mission cried in anguish: "Surely, some phoenix must arise from this . . . It *can't* have been in vain!" Dag Hammarskjöld neither worked, nor died, alone. It is left for all the rest of us to say whether he worked, or died, in vain.

Rising Star of the P. M.

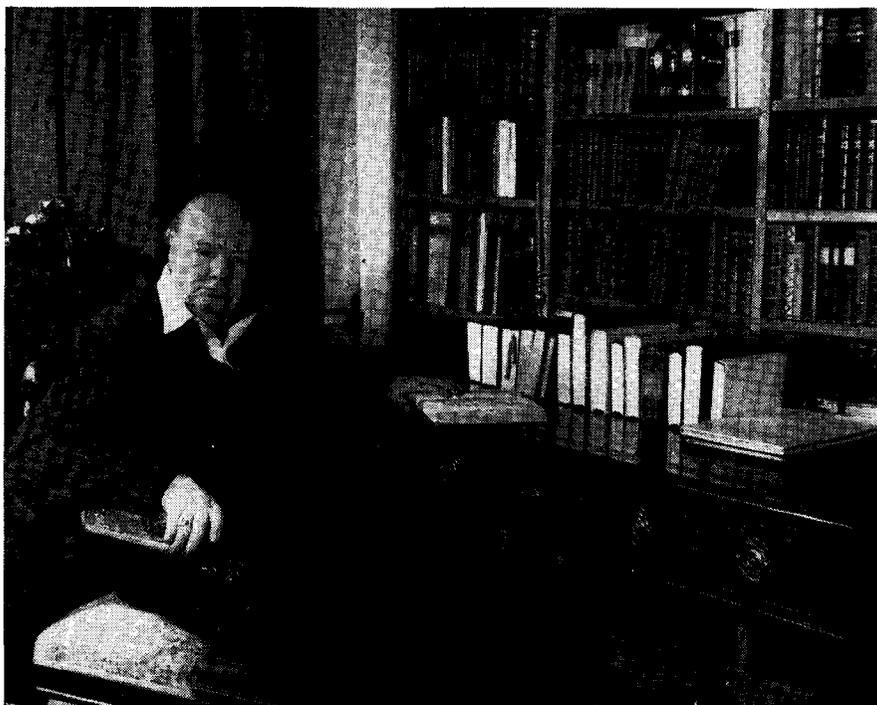
"The Age of Churchill: Heritage and Adventure, 1874-1911," by Peter de Mendelssohn (Knopf, 650 pp. \$8.95), begins with the youth who was considered backward by his family, ends with Sir Winston installed at the Admiralty. John Clive is associate professor of history at the University of Chicago; his specialty is modern Britain.

By John Clive

THE GREATEST service performed by this massive first part of Peter de Mendelssohn's planned trilogy is to remind us that the Churchill of "blood, sweat, and tears," of "the Nahzi menace," of "some chicken—some neck!" represents only the magnificent concluding chapter of a career that had its beginning when Queen Victoria still sat on the throne of England, and when "fall out" meant nothing more ominous than leaving one's place in the ranks. Descended from the great Duke of Marlborough, whose biographer he was to become, son of a famous American

beauty, Jennie Jerome, and of that brilliantly gifted and ill-fated Lord Randolph, who flashed cometlike across the late Victorian political firmament, Winston was for some time regarded as backward by his family. He did very badly at Harrow; and when, as something of a last resort, he chose the army as his career, he twice failed the entrance examination to Sandhurst, and his performance the third time around sufficed only to give him a cavalry cadetship and not, as he had hoped, entrance into the infantry. But his talents soon were revealed. They were not such as could be circumscribed by the institutional framework of a public school or military academy: love of action and adventure, independence, blazing ambition, a sardonic sense of humor, a burning curiosity about men and ideas that sought its own channels. Here, if ever, was the prototype of the inner-directed man (though his sensitivity to the English language, the one accomplishment he took away from Harrow, would have made him shudder, then and now, at this formulation).

These qualities drove him into the vortex of events, wherever it was to be found—into the North-West Frontier



Winston Churchill—"prototype of the inner-directed man."

—Vivienne, *Piz*

war; into the Sudan, fighting off the charge of the Dervish army at Omdurman, "the last armed clash between the Middle Ages and modern times," and, as a far-from-nonbelligerent war correspondent, into the Boer War. He was not yet thirty. But he had already become such a well-known figure that news of his escape from the officers' prisoner-of-war camp at Pretoria was greeted in song by a Lancashire music-hall comedian:

You've heard of Winston Churchill.
This is all I need to say—
He's the latest and the greatest
Correspondent of the day.

Then came politics, first on the Conservative side of the House, his father's old stamping ground; later, when road-blocks of Cecils, Balfours, tedium, and protectionism barred the way to advancement and adventure in that party, with the Liberals, who were about to undertake the double task of establishing a measure of social democracy and of demolishing what remained of aristocratic predominance in English society. The scion of the house of Marlborough who had "ratted" from his party threw himself into both parts of the task with gusto and to good effect. As president of the Board of Trade and as Home Secretary he came to be directly concerned with such measures as setting up the first labor exchanges in conjunction with unemployment insurance, prison reform, and Acts improving conditions of work in the mines and in the retail trades. And in the Liberal Party's epic constitutional struggle with the House of Lords he fought alongside Lloyd George to curtail the powers of that body.

During that period Churchill found time to write the classic biography of his father, to get married, to take personal charge of smoking out a couple of anarchists who had barricaded themselves in a London building, to defend himself against the suffragettes, who had chosen him as one of their special targets, and to become both star and stormy petrel of London society. The end of this volume sees Churchill installed at the Admiralty, preparing for the war with Germany that he felt sure was coming.

It cannot be said that Mr. de Mendelssohn has risen to the challenge of his theme with total success. He is, understandably, overawed by his great subject. But this does not excuse his penchant for indulging in ponderous pseudo-Burckhardtian aphorisms on the order of: "Strange indeed are the ways of history, and stranger still the ways of those who try to trace them"; nor does it justify his ultimately wearisome attitude of never ceasing to be amazed

by the fact that some of the people who crossed the young Churchill's path later gained fame in their own right. Indeed, he is excessively given to what turns out at times to be rather strained comparisons between the problems and personalities of Edwardian England and those of the England of the Forties and Fifties of this century. It is certainly true that Churchill was remarkably prescient; it is also true that he retained with little change many of the ideas he formed in his youth. But the Welfare State is farther removed from the age of Asquith and Lloyd George than Mr. de Mendelssohn appears to think.

On the debit side, finally, it must be noted that the author has not solved the problem of emphasis and proportion

Destiny of a Defector

"The Beloved Land," by Vladimir Dedijer (Simon & Schuster. 382 pp. \$5.95), according to the author, is the story of one man's fate viewed against the background of his family and his country. In 1944 Life magazine assigned John Phillips to report the Yugoslav Partisan war, in which Dedijer fought.

By John Phillips

VLADIMIR DEDIJER was a long-time associate of Tito, Djilas, Kardelj, and Rankovic, the four revolutionaries who set up the Communist state in Yugoslavia. Until 1954 he was one of Tito's closest friends; then he broke with him by publicly defending Djilas, who had fallen from power by advocating greater freedom for the Yugoslav people. Today Dedijer is in England teaching history and doing research at Manchester University and St. Anthony's College, Oxford.

His book is a harrowing saga of life in a backward and intolerant country from the days of his great-grandfather to the end of the Second World War. Dedijer believes that "tolerance" alone can solve Yugoslavia's problems and heal its "traumas"; and he offers an explanation for his young country's chronic intransigence: "We were put in an historical deep freeze for four and a half centuries. . . . One part of our people fell under Turkish rule, and the other constituted a bastion defending Europe. . . . Behind this shield, Europe could develop by itself; we, however, remained 'the people of the Balkans.'"

that inevitably arises in the writing of any "Life and Times." Some of the essential elements for a portrait of Sir Winston are present—his father's influence, Lloyd George's influence, Churchill's dramatic sense of self-involvement in the historical process, his prankish strain—but they float along an immense and occasionally murky stream of narrative, like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle that someone forgot to put together. However, generous quotations from Churchill's own speeches and from the opinions expressed about him by his contemporaries enable the reader to construct his own image; and, above all, help bring into view a Churchill often forgotten and obscured by virtue of his later achievements.

With its abundance of soul-searching and colorful characters "The Beloved Land" reads like a Slav novel. Great-grandfather Jovan flogs his daughter senseless for giving in to the whim of selecting her own husband. Grandmother Nana, a sixteen-year-old bride, climbs a nut tree on her wedding day. Mother Milica, an ardent feminist, devotes much of her energy to bringing up her boys with a proper respect for women. Father Jevto, a university professor, dedicates his life to the overthrow of the Hapsburgs (he participated in the plot to assassinate Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo). Brother Stevan, a paratrooper in the United States' 101st Airborne, becomes General Maxwell Taylor's bodyguard at Arnhem. But of the lot—family and friends—Djilas emerges the most striking figure.

DEDIJER started out as a journalist. To earn his keep, while he studied law at night in the Thirties, the author joined the staff of the opposition newspaper. Horrified by the cynicism of the regime, he was ripe for rebellion the day he met Djilas. At this first meeting Dedijer poured his heart out: "The Communist Party is the only national party. It is not rabidly pro-Serb or pro-Croat but pro-Yugoslav. . . . I am ready to do anything the Communist Party asks me."

With the candor of a cub reporter he describes what the Party did ask him. Take this conversation:

"Is there any possibility of your going to the World's Fair in New York?" he asked. I explained the chances seemed remote, but I was
(Continued on page 54)