



On a stretch of U.S. Highway 66, an expanse of Arizona sky above a lone Texaco gas station beckons cross-country travelers in 1947.

Captain America played by Peter Fonda crossed the Colorado River into California on the U.S. 66/I-40 bridge, as his own father, Henry Fonda, had done playing Oklahoma migrant Tom Joad in the 1940 film adaptation of *The Grapes of Wrath*. The road has meant a good deal to real-life capitalists too: In 1975, Bill Gates and Paul Allen founded Micro-Soft (later de-hyphenated) in an Albuquerque office building on U.S. Highway 66.

And just how did Route 66 come by its magically incantatory double sixes? In 1925, a planning committee of state highway engineers designated the route U.S. Highway 60, one of nine transcontinental roadways whose route number ended in zero. But Kentucky governor William J. Fields, stung by the absence of a national “zero” route through his own state, successfully lobbied Washington for a U.S. 60 across Kentucky. To maintain a cross-country tourist route from Chicago to L.A. identified by a single number, highway officials from Illinois, Missouri, and Oklahoma agreed in 1926 to give up their coveted zero, and adopted—for reasons shrouded in mystery—the number 66.

With enactment of the Interstate and Defense Highway Program 30 years later, states set to

work on a national network of high-speed, limited-access freeways that, in just a few decades, bypassed U.S. Highway 66 or supplanted it entirely. Long stretches of its original roadbed were obliterated, and much of what remained was in disrepair. In 1985, it was decommissioned as a federal route.

For younger readers, Krim’s history might assume too much familiarity with a road that was, for much of the last century, *the* route to the promised land of California. But for those who remember Bobby Troup’s near-perfect rhyme of “Winona” and “Arizona,” *Route 66* is a fascinating account of the real people and real events that built a fabled road in our minds.

—Eric Jones

HISTORY

American Iconoclast

AFTER HALF A CENTURY IN journalism, I. F. (Izzy) Stone—one-man band, self-described Jeffersonian Marxist, investigative reader, patriotic subverter of the official line, merciless monitor of the mainstream

media, early Holocaust exposé—had graduated from pariah to prophet: When he sold his 19-year-old political newsletter, *I. F. Stone’s Weekly*, to *The New York Review of Books* in 1971, its circulation was 70,000, astonishing for a publication of its kind.

Blind without his Coke-bottle glasses and deaf without his hearing aid until an operation late in life, I. F. (born Isador Feinstein) Stone (1907–89) knew how to read and listen between the lines. He was ahead of the herd on pointing out the contradictions posed by McCarthyism to a democratic society. Even as J. Edgar Hoover’s FBI spent thousands of man-hours tracking and reading him, he counter-investigated, exposing the follies, illegalities, and excesses of the FBI director and his Bureau. Vociferously opposed to totalitarians (although he was a little late in dis-

ALL GOVERNMENTS LIE!

The Life and Times of Rebel Journalist I. F. Stone.

By Myra MacPherson. Scribner. 564 pp. \$35

covering that Stalin was one), this man, who blasted the Soviet Union for rejecting the Marshall Plan and eventually became a severe critic of Soviet repression, was falsely accused by his critics of following the party line, or worse.

Izzy denounced the Kennedy administration's invasion of the Bay of Pigs, which he regarded as illegal and unwise, and its conduct during the Cuban Missile Crisis, which he saw as reckless. After JFK's assassination, he warned his readers, "Think it over carefully before canonizing Kennedy as an apostle of peace." In contrast to his journalistic brethren who accepted the Johnson administration's invocation of the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin episode



Journalist I. F. Stone at his desk in 1968

as an excuse for American engagement in Vietnam, Izzy highlighted the antiwar remarks of senators Wayne Morse and Ernst Gruening in the bold-faced boxes featured in his newsletter.

All of this and much more may be found in Myra MacPherson's *All Governments Lie!* The book acknowledges Izzy the iconoclast's minor shortcomings and vanities even as it celebrates and captures his prescience, his independence, his moral perspective ("He had no master but his conscience"), his humor, and his gift for the apt phrase. (*The Washington Post*, he said, was exciting to read "because you never know on which page you will find a front-page story.")

Like Plutarch, who illuminated his subjects by devoting chapters to parallel lives (Alcibiades and Coriolanus, Demosthenes and Cicero, etc.), MacPherson punctuates her affectionate portrait of Izzy, the quintessential outsider, denied admission to the Overseas Writers group, by periodically contrasting him with fellow journalist Walter Lippmann, who dined regularly at the White House. But MacPherson, a former reporter for *The Washington Post*, tells Stone's story primarily through his journalism (for *PM*, *The Nation*, *The New York Post*, his newsletter, and *The New York Review of Books*), supplemented by revealing

personal anecdotes and the requisite historical context.

Her impressive book, 16 years in the making, draws on but goes far beyond the two previous Stone volumes: Andrew Patner's invaluable collection of interviews recorded in 1984, and Robert C. Cottrell's updated doctoral thesis, published in 1992 as *Izzy*. She generously credits D. D. Guttenplan, whose own unpublished biography of Izzy is much anticipated, with putting the lie to the allegations of those who tried, a few years ago, to argue that he was some sort of Soviet agent. Izzy once famously said, "I have so much fun I ought to be arrested." *All Governments Lie!* makes everlastingly clear that the last thing I. F. Stone would ever be arrested for is serving as anybody's agent but his own.

—Victor Navasky

The South's Hard Swallow

NEGROES KNOW THEIR place and are happy with segregation.

They have no desire to vote or take part in political affairs.

Integrating schools and public accommodations will lead to mongrelization of the races.

The civil rights movement is a communist plot and a threat to the freedoms of white people.

God is a segregationist. He says so in the Bible.

If you were a white person living in the South before the world turned upside down in the 1960s, you probably believed every one of those statements. You probably believed them if you were a white Northerner, too, but that's another story. Jason Sokol, a young historian at Cornell University, is concerned with white Southerners, and he is determined that we not forget how far the South had to go to expel the poison of racism.

Here is but a sample of how deep the poison ran and how casually it was accommodated by otherwise-decent people. A white woman who

THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING:

White Southerners in the Age of Civil Rights, 1945–1975.

By Jason Sokol.
Knopf. 433 pp. \$27.95