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During World War II, Dr. Oliver was Director of Research in a highly secret agency of the War Department, and was cited for outstanding service to his country.

One of the very few academicians who has been outspoken in his opposition to the progressive defacement of our civilization, Dr. Oliver has long insisted that the fate of his countrymen hangs on their willingness to subordinate their doctrinal differences to the tough but idealistic solidarity which is the prerequisite of a Majority resurgence.

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM *AMERICA'S DECLINE:*

On the 18th Amendment (Prohibition): "Very few Americans were sufficiently sane to perceive that they had repudiated the American conception of government and had replaced it with the legal principle of the 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' which was the theoretical justification of the Jews' revolution in Russia."

On Race: "We must further understand that all races naturally regard themselves as superior to all others. We think Congoids unintelligent, but they feel only contempt for a race so stupid or craven that it fawns on them, gives them votes, lavishly subsidizes them with its own earnings, and even oppresses its own people to curry their favor. We are a race as are the others. If we attribute to Ourselves a superiority, intellectual, moral, or other, in terms of our own standards, we are simply indulging in a tautology. The only objective criterion of superiority, among human races as among all other species, is biological: the strong survive, the weak perish. The superior race of mankind today is the one that will emerge victorious — whether by its technology or its fecundity — from the proximate struggle for life on an overcrowded planet."

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We believe that we can and will change our society for the better. We declare our long-held view that no institution or government created by men, for men, is inviolable, incorruptible, and not subject to evolution, change, or replacement by the will of the people.

To this we dedicate our lives and our work. No effort will be spared and no idea will be allowed to go unexpressed if we think it will benefit the *Thinking People*, not only of America, but the entire world.

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

POSTSCRIPTS

by
Revalo P. Oliver

ANOTHER AMERICAN TRIUMPH

A friend has brought to my attention a book that will be instructive to most Americans, and will serve as an excellent touchstone to test their intellectual maturity. It is *Murder of a Gentle Land*, by John Barron and Anthony Paul (New York, Crowell (Reader's Digest Press), 1977.) The "gentle land" is Cambodia, and the adjective incidentally suffices to show that while Messrs. Paul and Barron doubtless informed themselves rather thoroughly about recent events in Cambodia, they remained almost totally ignorant of its history. Typical journalists, they doubtless think that anything that happened before they were born is ancient and, of course, obsolete and inconsiderable.

The period in which Cambodia has permanent significance in the history of the world runs from the Tenth Century to the Fifteenth and is the era in which the Khmers, the native population, came under the cultural dominion of India, adopted the religions of both Hinduism and Buddhism, and accepted Sanskrit as the language of the educated ruling class, itself of Hindu or mixed Hindu and Khmer stock. The very name of Cambodia is Sanskrit (*Kāmbōja*). This era ends with the sack of Angkor Thom by the Siamese and the consequent decadence of the nation.

The recent history of the country begins, appropriately enough, with another invasion from Siam (now called Thailand) in 1854, which impelled the ruler of Cambodia to appeal to the French for protection. The French did intervene and, more by Aryan prestige than military force, saved the Khmers from another bloody invasion. The French were establishing their colonial empire in Southeast Asia, beginning military occupation with their capture of Saigon in 1859, and culminating with the organization of Cochin-China, or Indo-China, as a single colony which brought under one unified rule the baker's dozen of ethnically distinct and mutually antagonistic peoples who inhabited the various territories east of Siam, including, of course, Cambodia. In 1884 they found it necessary to govern Cambodia directly and

depose the Norodom¹ by depriving him of all authority. If you have read even the most minor works of Lafcadio Hearn, you will remember his somewhat elegiac essay, "Norodom the Last" (1885), which was reprinted in the collection of his newspaper articles by C. W. Hutson, *Editorials* (Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1926).

French rule in Indo-China was of great importance to human history, for it was the French who discovered in the jungle the monumental ruins of Angkor and recovered the history of Cambodia in its great era, which the natives had so completely forgotten that the few who knew that the great stone edifices survived amid and beneath the teeming vegetation of the jungle, believed them the work of demons. Although no one seems to know what has now happened to those memorials of Cambodia's transitory greatness, the work of the French archaeologists will have saved them for history.

The French occupation of Indo-China gave rise to a very considerable literature. If I were required to select the one most important work, I would select a novel by the French naval officer who wrote under the name of Claude Farrère, *Les Civilisés* (1905). It is as instructive today as when it was published.

The French, ever since the bloody orgy called the French Revolution, have had a morbid proclivity toward multi-racial folly, and in his novel Farrère studies the demoralizing effect of contact with the native cultures on Frenchmen thus morally tainted. If you read the novel for this fine analysis, you will, of course, make allowance for the fact that it was written when a war between France and Great Britain seemed inevitable.

The French rule of Indo-China, despite some concessions to those pests of our civilization, "Liberal intellectuals," was securely established until Roosevelt's War, when the Japanese, whom the Americans, as tools of the Soviets, had deflected from their natural zone of expansion, invaded Southeast Asia. You should realize that, insofar as there is any justification for the word 'gentle' in the title of the book I am discussing, that was directly and uniquely the result of French dominion over Cambodia as a part of Indo-China.

1. 'Norodom' is a gentile name and, borne in hereditary succession by the rulers of Cambodia, became a dynastic name, which, I was told, excited such popular veneration that it almost replaced the Cambodian word for 'king,' *roj* (obviously a derivative of Sanskrit *rājān*).

After 1945, the French returned, but the Americans, having ruined the one healthy nation of our race, continued their offensive against our civilization under the guise of their habitual meddling with the affairs of other nations, and rushed in "foreign aid" to prepare the country for a Communist conquest.

Then the United States began one of its bloody and devastating "peacekeeping" operations in Korea for the purpose of not only killing thousands of young Americans, bleeding the stupid tax-paying animals, and advertising the suicidal mania of the American people, but specifically to consolidate the Communist régime in China, in close coöperation with the Soviet Union, which simple-minded Americans were told was the enemy they were supposedly resisting. The gullibility of unthinking Americans is simply infinite.

The French returned to Indo-China after the defeat of Japan, but were immediately attacked by the Communist régime in China, which the United States had established by cozening and betraying the Chinese Nationalists under Chiang Kai-Shek. The French fought the invaders from 1946 to 1954, when the Americans, with their wonted treachery, betrayed the French at Dienbienphu and delivered Vietnam to the Communists, in preparation for another bloody and devastating "peace-keeping operation" in that country. Washington, obviously by agreement with Moscow, began direct military action in 1964 and successfully killed many young Americans, bled the tax-paying animals, further subjected them to domestic despotism, and conclusively disgraced the United States by demonstrating to the world that it had become a Jewish colony ruled by a Yiddish satrap named Kissinger.

It is at this point that Messrs. Barron and Paul become aware of events, although apparently not of their causes. The "war" in Vietnam naturally spilled over into Cambodia, which had become theoretically independent in 1955, been given a minor rôle in the vaudeville show called "United Nations," and thus been exposed to the devastating effects of American "foreign aid." In 1969-1970, the United States, under the usual and flimsy pretext of "fighting Communism," began extensive military operations in Cambodia which were long kept secret from the dim-witted boobs in the United States who paid the bills. The natural (and planned) result of the American intervention was that, as the authors say, "When the Americans pulled out, they left the communists in effective control of larger areas of the country than ever before."

The Americans had also succeeded in making the Cambodian government hopelessly and helplessly corrupt, as is usually one of the objectives of "foreign aid." Messrs. Barron and Paul speak harshly of Norodom Sihanouk, who was installed as the monarch of Cambodia when it became "independent," and I know too little of that individual to judge his character, but we can understand why, when he had to choose between the hypocrisy of the United States and the candor of the Soviet Union, he chose the frankly Communist power in a kind of desperation, which probably saved his life, since he did not undergo the fate of Ngo Dinh Diem, who was assassinated in 1963 by his American "allies" in Vietnam.²

Since 1932, American foreign policy has been uniformly successful in spreading terror, death, and destruction throughout the world, and no observer capable of objective reasoning was astonished that it attained another triumph in 1975, when Cambodia was "liberated," American style, by hordes of "freedom fighters" from Communist China and Vietnam. They immediately instituted "democratic reforms" to liquidate the Khmers.

They began by immediately expelling from the capital city, Phnom Penh, the entire Cambodian population, estimated at three million, including the refugees who had swarmed into the city from the surrounding countryside as it was overrun by the Communists. The victims, suddenly forced to leave at once, were not permitted to take any clothing or food with them, and the Cambodians who were most fortunate were probably the ones who were murdered while the city was being looted.

For the benefit of any readers who may know nothing about the standard procedures of Judaeo-Communist operations, we may add that the Cambodian "intellectuals," who had helped the "freedom fighters" by further undermining the Cambodian government with their seditious yammering about "social justice," were systematically butchered, since a smattering of education was sufficient to prove that they had become "enemies of the people."

Murder of a Gentle Land is a compilation of the experiences of the Cambodians who survived and found refuge in Siam (Thailand) and Malaya (Malaysia). With the aid of interpreters, of course, Messrs. Barron and Paul interviewed hundreds of those

2. It is now generally known that the assassination of Diem was arranged by the C.I.A., but uncertain whether promises or bribes were used to inspire the Vietnamese officers who carried out the murder.

survivors and obtained narratives of how they had escaped from their "liberated" country. It is an appalling record of human suffering and will deeply move Aryans, who have a racial peculiarity that inclines them to compassion and generous sympathy with the unfortunate, and have only recently learned to be pitiless towards members of their own race, while retaining a tender concern for the welfare of their enemies.

The activities of the social reformers in Cambodia will horrify Aryan readers. Although the normal procedure was simply to shoot "reactionaries" with American rifles or, preferably, to save ammunition by using a pickaxe on their skulls, there were refinements for persons who were specially disliked or fell into the hands of captors who had leisure to amuse themselves. One neat method of disposal was to lock the victim in a cell and let him starve to death.

Officials of the former Cambodian government were given a star billing. After ears and nose had been cut off, and gashes made in the flesh to produce slow bleeding, the victim's arms were tied behind his back and he was fastened to a convenient tree by a long rope and forced to dance around the tree in pain. If the show was well directed, he thus provided the interested audience with continuous entertainment for two days and nights before he finally died.

Schoolteachers were usually given a distinctive treatment: a noose was put about the neck and the rope passed over the branch of a tree; half a dozen children of eight to ten were given the privilege of pulling the rope to lift the victim up to the branch and then let him drop suddenly to the ground before he was quite strangled by the noose. This could, of course, be repeated many times before the wretch was released by death.³ The children greatly enjoyed their sport and took pleasure in the approval of the adult spectators.

3. This sport was probably suggested by the Chinese punishment known as *san-fang-san-chin*. The condemned man is strangled to the point of death and then revived and restored to consciousness so that he may fully appreciate being similarly strangled and revived three or more times before he is finally choked to death. In the traditional law of China, this is regarded as the *most lenient* method of execution, and that will enable you to estimate the Chinese scale of human values.

If you want a conspectus of the various ways in which social engineering was applied to administrative problems in the new "people's democracy," read the book; it would be tedious to enumerate them here.

Progress was naturally extended to the rural regions, which were purged of Cambodians suspected of being literate or otherwise respectable, but the ignorant proletariat was spared, since labor was needed to cultivate the land, and high-minded social reformers cannot be expected to do hard work. Many of the peasants, however, were in need of "re-education," and since the Marxist religion ordains that all men are equal, it is not surprising that what was called *kosang* in Cambodia was almost identical with the technique of "re-education" used by the Communists in Romania, which is described in Bacu's *The Anti-Humans*.⁴ Unenlightened persons were beaten by committees of their re-educated fellows, and then forced to "unmask" and confess their sins in sessions of "group criticism," similar to the "sensitivity training" that is so popular in the United States.⁵

The events described in this book will be highly gratifying to the intelligent coryphaei of "anti-colonialism" in the Western world, for they must have planned for precisely this result; their choruses, however, are composed of sentimental fools who are too stupid to perceive the uniform results of their idealistic yapping and will always be available to make noise about *Apartheid* or whatever other sin their trainers designate when they give the order, "sic'em."

Normal Aryans will be appalled by the fate of the more than one million Cambodians who were sacrificed to "make a better world." If rational, however, the naturally horrified Aryans should carefully monitor their own reactions.

They should begin by controlling their vocabularies. They are apt to stigmatize the Communists as 'bestial' or 'inhuman,' but that is an abuse of language. Beasts kill, in ways that are neces-

4. Available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$7.00 (3 copies for \$15.00) + postage.

5. This technique for destroying the vital instincts of men and women is peddled to gullible victims under many deceptive names; for an analysis of it, see Ed Dieckmann's *Beyond Jonestown: 'Sensitivity Training' and the Cult of Mind Control* (Torrance [now Costa Mesa], California; Noon-tide Press, 1986).

sarily painful to the victims, to obtain food or to defend themselves from predators, but it is a notorious and indisputable fact that no beast has ever killed or done harm for the pleasure of inflicting pain. Delight in torturing and killing others of their species is a characteristic found only in talking anthropoids, and in no other animals. Cruelty is exclusively human, *allzumenschlich*, and cannot be called 'inhuman.' It may, of course, be called 'fiendish,' with reference to a class of mythical beings who are imagined to show human proclivities intensified by supernatural powers.

Aryan readers should always remember that their instinctive revulsion from cruelty and their compassion for the sufferers form one of their racial characteristics, like the color of their skin. It is not found in other races. The joy that American Indians took in massacres and in torturing their captives when they had leisure for recreation is notorious. Congoids instinctively rejoice in torturing to death members of their own race, especially while they are so underprivileged that they hesitate to have fun with white men; even the Jews who censor television were unable to prevent Americans from seeing glimpses of Congoids in action in South Africa. As recent archaeological discoveries have shown, Jewish ingenuity was able to find means of making even crucifixion more exquisitely painful, and racial bigots among us do not approve of the clever ways by which Aryans were tortured to death at the time of the famous Jewish Conspiracy of A.D. 117.

When we consider Mongolians, we know that their race must be accorded the distinction of having shown the greatest ingenuity in devising means of inflicting protracted torture on human beings, and one of their inventions, *ling-ch'ih* ("the lingering death"), is regarded by experts as producing the maximum of agony that a man or woman can be made to suffer. Executions by this technique were especially enjoyed and were public holidays, at which the spectators refreshed themselves with hors-d'oeuvres and drink while watching the slow and lovingly prolonged dissection of the living victim. Perhaps even more significant is the normal racial indifference to others' pain and misfortune. You may remember, for example, some of the typical incidents described by Frank Harris in his *Undreamed-of Shores*.

It is true that our own race, despite its instinctive aversion from sadism, is capable of nauseating cruelty when in paroxysms of rage or inspired by Jewish superstitions. A little booklet published by the American Atheist Press (P.O. Box 2117, Austin,

Texas), George E. Macdonald's *Thumbscrew and Rack*, gives a concise conspectus of some of the mechanical devices used by Christians in the Middle Ages and as late as the Seventeenth Century to promote piety or reprove erroneous opinions about the way in which the three godly pieces of the Trinity fit together.⁶ In general, however, our race normally executed criminals by decapitation or hanging to ensure a quick death and a minimum of pain. The disgusting procedure of drawing and quartering was reserved for crimes thought especially heinous, and was commonly mitigated by killing the victim before cutting him up. It is true that executions were public spectacles, but for this there was a good reason, and today police officers who persist in taking their function seriously agree that if Americans should wish to discontinue their efforts to increase crime, a few public executions would be the most effective way to reverse the present policy. On the whole, therefore, even with the necessary deductions, our race is distinguished by a peculiar abhorrence of cruelty, which is not felt by the other races.

The foregoing summary will put the events in Cambodia in the correct racial and historical perspective. The peoples of Southeast Asia are all hybrids, produced by the confluence of diverse races, but the racial stocks are compounded differently in the different peoples, producing differences of both temperament and physique. Men who have had experience in Vietnam say that they could, for example, recognize a Laotian on sight and never mistake him for an Annamese or Tongkingese or Muong, etc., let alone a Khmer or Kha. The racial elements produce naturally differences in temperament that make the various peoples incompatible in varying degrees. Since the fall of the Hinduized Khmer Empire in the Fifteenth Century, the Khmers appear to have been the natural prey of the peoples to the west, north, and east of their country. The Communist invasion of which Messrs. Barron and Paul describe the consequences was not an unprecedented event; it was only a repetition of many earlier events, but on a scale amplified by modern weapons, supplied by the United

6. The most complete account of methods of torture used in Christian nations that I have seen is a treatise *De tormentis*, published around the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, which I read as a young man: detailed descriptions were accompanied by copper-plate engravings. I can neither recall the full bibliographic data nor find them in my yellowing notes.

States and its Soviet partner, and by direction and troops from Communist China.

Murder of a Gentle Land was published in 1977, but the triumph of American foreign policy in Cambodia was not a definitive event. Progress has continued in Cambodia, but only more of the same. When I last heard, part of the country was occupied by invaders from Vietnam, who were at war with the Khmer Rouge, the victors in Messrs. Barron and Paul's narrative. The antagonists are both Communists, of course, but their ethnic diversity is what counts. About a third of the country was in a state of anarchy, subject to neither group. The only possible way to end perpetual war and impose peace on Southeast Asia is by making the region once more a European colony, preferably French, but that is not feasible at the present time, and, indeed, one cannot see why it would be worth while anyway.

The pathetic narratives and present plight of the survivors whose stories are recorded in this book will arouse keen pity in every Aryan heart, and so will bring us to the crucial question, What can we, what should we do about it?

I assume that none of my readers is an Aryan, probably female, who, with sloppy sentimentality, will exclaim, "Oh, those poor people! Let's bring them all over here and console them with Coca-cola and hamburgers!" That is obviously an impulse of suicidal folly.

So we ask again, What should we, what could we, do about it? The answer of mature minds is simple: Nothing. Pathos and pity do not alter the fact that the events we deplore are merely another instance of what has happened innumerable times throughout recorded history: known causes invariably produce known results. And even American guilt for the particular episode that now moves us to compassion does not alter the situation. The United States committed a crime, but it cannot be undone. *Nemo est quin sciat praeterita mutari non posse.*

Gabble about a "better world" is mere drivel, a verbal residue of Christian illusions. The most that we can hope for—if there is hope—is a better life for ourselves, for the tribe to which we belong by biological necessity. Rational men can concern themselves only with their own nation and race, and hope that in the only area that is their legitimate or reasonable concern, that nation and race may somehow avert the known causes that produce inevitable results.

Human suffering is as much a permanent phenomenon on our planet as the tides and the polar ice caps, and from this little satellite of our dwindling sun endless wails of woe and terror always have, and always will, come from the ululant throats of suffering humanity, whose lamentations and screams forever rise upward into the unheeding atmosphere and die away in the cold infinity beneath the pitiless stars.

NICARAGUA

The recent agitation over the relative righteousness of the two factions in the civil war in Nicaragua seems explicable only as intended to distract public attention from more serious matters, while perhaps permitting some jockeying between rival groups in the government in Washington.

The civil war is merely an incident in the current phase of the encirclement of the United States that began with the establishment of a Soviet base and satellite in Cuba in 1959 and the installation there of atomic missiles that constitute a constant threat to this country, only ninety miles away. The second phase of the encirclement began when traitors to American interests took from us the Panama Canal, and at that time the present events in Central America must already have been planned in detail.

The civil war in Nicaragua, with as much subsidy to both factions by American taxpayers as may be necessary, will be prolonged until the region has been reduced to such exhaustion and prostration as will permit the firm establishment of an openly Soviet state, a counterpart of Cuba, from which Communist control can and will be extended rapidly southward and northward until all of Central America has been made solidly and frankly a Communist province from Panama to Mexico, thus securing Mexico in the rear when the time comes for her hordes to swarm across the Rio Grande with the latest military equipment, supplied by us, and, with the assistance of the immigrants that are now being sent in advance, expel the American boobs from all of the vast territory we gained by the only morally justified war in our history.

It may be interesting, however, to notice briefly the antecedent cause of the present situation in Nicaragua and to observe who is primarily responsible for it.

According to the latest statistics, the population of Nicaragua has not changed from what it was when I wrote my brief *Introduction to the Contemporary History of Latin America* (1961), when the population was officially reported as 17% White, 69% Mestizo, 4% Indian, and 9% Negro. The figure for the White population was certainly too high, since every one who can escape across the color line does so, and it has probably decreased even further since that time.

As everyone knows, all of the Western hemisphere south of some vague line near the present Canadian border and west of the Mississippi River was originally a possession of the Spanish Empire. After we acquired by purchase in 1803 the territory that approximately corresponds to modern Louisiana, Oklahoma, and the states north of them and east of the Rocky Mountains, the rest of North and South America remained in Spanish (and Portuguese) possession until Spain's colonial empire was shattered by a series of revolutions in her several colonies, all of which were clandestinely fostered by Great Britain (with the help of the United States) to permit commercial exploitation of those regions.

All of the territory north of the Isthmus of Panama became the newly established Mexican Empire, which was soon convulsed by civil wars of its own. The first of these separated from it what is now Guatemala and the states south of it, which became the Central American Federation and thus delimited the region now known as Central America.

The American adventurers who went into Texas eventually took it from Mexico and made it an independent and sovereign nation until they decided to join the American federation. In the resulting war with Mexico, we acquired in 1848 all the Southwest and all of our territory west of the Rocky Mountains.

The Central American Federation was soon dissolved in a long series of revolutions and wars, which it would be tedious and almost nugatory to enumerate, and from which eventually Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica emerged as precariously independent countries. The one crucial event occurred in 1855.

AMERICANS IN CENTRAL AMERICA

Nicaragua always had a special importance for the United States, since it was by far the most promising location for a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The construction of

such a canal was officially proposed in the American Senate as early as 1826, and considered a desideratum ever thereafter.

The discovery of gold in California in 1849 concentrated attention on routes to California, and a 'self-made' American capitalist, Cornelius Vanderbilt, who called himself 'Commodore' of the fleet of ferry boats, steamers, and sailing vessels he owned, saw a great opportunity. He sent his agents into the squalid territory of Nicaragua, which had relapsed into virtual savagery after it was no longer subject to Spain. They established navigation on the rivers and lakes, and connected the waterways by building the first real road in Nicaragua. Thus travelers to California could (if they could afford it) go to the Atlantic side of Nicaragua on Vanderbilt's ships, be carried to the Pacific side by his river craft and carriages, and there embark for California, again on his ships. He was the man who got the most gold from the "Gold Rush." And for a few dollars given some natives now and then, he owned all of Nicaragua for which he had a use.

In 1855 a great American, whom a rational nation would now honor and mourn, landed on the Pacific coast of Nicaragua with an army of 54 men. They were few, but they sufficed to rout the mongrel rabble and the effete and largely tainted Hispanics who tried to lead them. The Americans opened the country to colonization by their countrymen, hardy and spiritually healthy Nordics, men like the men who had created the United States by continually taking territories from inferior races. And several thousand Americans did follow the pioneers to Nicaragua.

William Walker was both a scholar and a hero. Born in Nashville in 1824, he was well educated in the local college and graduated *summa cum laude*; he earned the degree of M.D. with distinction at the University of Pennsylvania, and then studied, not only medicine, at Heidelberg, Edinburgh, and Paris. Returning to the United States, he was admitted to the bar, practiced law, and also founded a newspaper in New Orleans.

It should be noted that Walker had a rational opposition to slavery, foreseeing, as had Jefferson, the dangers of maintaining large numbers of superficially tamed savages on American soil—dangers which had been greatly augmented since Jefferson's day by the irrational and ever more sinister agitation carried on in the Northern states by sleazy crackpots and fanatics, abetted by dishonest holy men, and subsidized by interests determined to exploit and subjugate the South.

A man of great vision, Walker prepared himself for his patriotic career by diligent study before he undertook to extend the dominion of our nation. And he might have opened for the American people a great and glorious future—one that would surely have spared us all our subsequent calamities and the doom we now face. He quickly acquired complete control of Nicaragua and was beginning to convert it into a civilized land. He encountered two great obstacles that in the end proved insurmountable.

One does not become a great capitalist and financier, if one is hampered by scruples, and certainly not, if one permits patriotism to get in the way of fast and immediate profits. Vanderbilt did not want Americans to intrude into the jungle he virtually owned, and Walker's government, which had been officially recognized as an independent nation by the United States under the Presidency of Franklin Pierce, thought that Vanderbilt's Transit Company should be amenable to law. What was worse, Vanderbilt's local managers agreed and were willing to subordinate profit to the future of their race and civilization.

For a time it looked as though the glorious exploit of Americans in Texas was to be repeated, but Vanderbilt subsidized the barbarous states that bordered on Nicaragua, already aroused by the potential menace to their squalor, to invade the nascent White nation, and he hired for them as mercenaries some competent commanders. Walker had to fight off and defeat, with his army of about 1200 White men, hordes of virtually savage mongrels that poured over every border of his country and probably totalled thirty or forty thousand. This he did for a time, and he could have made his nascent nation of White men a permanent and strong outpost of the United States, if his fellow Americans had not been his and their own enemies.

President Pierce was an intelligent man, and he saw, more clearly than most of his contemporaries, what magnificent opportunity Destiny had given to the American people; he even tried to guide the nation toward that future, but he was ineffectual. He lacked self-confidence, quailed before vehement opposition, and loved his own comfort too much to brave foolish public opinion. He wanted everyone to like him—a sure means of eventually becoming disliked by everyone. In October 1854, he gave the measure of his character by disavowing the Ostend Manifesto and the American diplomats who had issued it, although they were

carrying out, on his instructions, a policy he had approved and by a procedure he may have specifically sanctioned or recommended.

The United States had changed since the Constitution of their federation was adopted. In every state the indispensable restrictions on the franchise had been relaxed or abrogated. The larger cities had been filled and corrupted by a rabble of immigrants. And the lentivirus of Christianity was slowly destroying our race's immune system. Itinerant evangelists roamed through the several states, scaring the uncultivated and ignorant masses with predictions of what the ferocious Jew-god would do to them if they disobeyed his holy man.

Rabble-rousers, consumed with envy of the supposed prosperity of the South and with proletarian hatred of the still unformed and often crude culture of a nascent aristocracy, roamed the North, ranting to the uneducated and sentimental about the sin of enslaving anthropoids on whom Jesus doted (as they said, with the effrontery of practiced liars). Cunning and unscrupulous politicians recognized an opportunity to cover themselves with a spurious morality that would put them into office and conceal their depredations in it. Greedy financiers recognized an opportunity to exploit the South, and Jews recognized an opportunity to undermine the nation they had infiltrated and instinctively wanted to destroy.

The country was accordingly convulsed with a campaign to prevent the organization of additional "slave states," and to prevent the expansion of our White nation into areas in which the climate did not prevent the use of Congoid workers. The interests of the nation as a whole were to be sabotaged to please the pestilential agitators, their dupes, and their greedy patrons.

Under pressure from Vanderbilt and the rabble-rousers, the spineless government of Pierce disgracefully sent the American navy to blockade what was becoming an American country and thus prevent recruits and supplies from reaching Walker, even sending Americans who hoped to join Walker back home in chains. This betrayal of our national interest and even of our race placed the Americans in Nicaragua in a desperate position, but what consummated their ruin was Walker's naïveté. When he had to leave his camp, he put a Jew in command of it, with the natural result. The camp was surprised by one of the hordes Vanderbilt subsidized, and the survivors of the rout dispersed. Walker had to take refuge on one of the American warships that

was blockading the coast, and thousands of American colonists soon had to abandon their possessions and flee for their lives.

When back in the United States, Walker was encouraged by the commendation and sympathy of many virile Americans, for our people had not yet become fatally degenerate. He had no difficulty in enlisting another force and tried to return to Nicaragua in 1857, but the government of weak-kneed President Buchanan was willing to use the American navy against the interests of the American people, and Walker's little expedition was intercepted and turned back.

Walker made one last attempt in 1860, on the very verge of the catastrophe that ended the American Republic, temporarily satisfied the sadistic malice and blood-lust of the righteous rabble-rousers, and began a moral decline that may have even then made inevitable the doom that has now fallen upon us. Walker landed in Honduras with woefully inadequate forces and was soon defeated. He took refuge on a British warship, believing that it was commanded by a British naval officer, and trusting the code of honor that in that age made officers keep their word inviolate. He was mistaken. The ship was commanded by a Sheeny wearing a British uniform, who, naturally, betrayed him to his enemies, and the champion of our race was executed by a squad of mongrels.

Walker's tragedy was that he did not realize to what extent the lentivirus had already rotted the collective intelligence of Americans and inspired the suicidal mania that finally led them to give their country to their enemies.

THE AFTERMATH

It is true that Nicaragua, even under the almost insuperable handicap of its inferior population, which makes a dictatorial rule absolutely necessary, did eventually attain a degree of civilized stability and even some prosperity after Anastasio Somoza took control in 1937.

Jim Taylor spoke harshly of the régime of the Somozas in *Liberty Bell* for September 1987, but I had my doubts, largely because a friend of mine had been a classmate and friend of Somoza when he was an undergraduate in Northwestern University. He said he remembered Somoza as a highly intelligent young man who was not taken in by the vaporings of "Liberal intellectuals," and who had a rational understanding of what would be requisite to make an independent nation out of Nicaragua, then a bar-

barism in which order was kept only by the U.S. Marines, who occupied the strategic points in the country, confining the Sandinista bandits to the jungle. It is doubtless true that, as Mr. Taylor said, Nicaragua under the Somozas was, like the United States, lousy with Jews, but no country has ever been able to erect a Jew-proof border, and it would have been unreasonable to expect so small and fatally handicapped a nation as Nicaragua to succeed where great powers failed.

After the assassination of Anastasio Somoza in 1956, his eldest son, Luis, became head of the family, and he was eventually succeeded by his younger brother, Anastasio Somoza Debayle.

The stability of Nicaragua was an obstacle to the plans of the Judaeo-Communist Empire for the encirclement and military occupation of the United States, and accordingly the western end of the Washington-Moscow Axis made Nicaragua the target of one of the innumerable actions of the United States to "befriend" and then betray independent nations into the hands of the Communists and their masters.

Young Anastasio, in his book, *Nicaragua Betrayed* (Belmont, Massachusetts; Western Islands, 1980),¹ called attention to the fact that what had happened in Nicaragua was merely one item in the uniform record of the United States, which covertly incites disorders and mutiny in countries it "befriends," then rushes to help that country "fight Communism" as a pretext for betraying and delivering its victim to the Communists, in conformity with its unvarying policy of "assuming leadership, in a conspiratorial fashion, to annihilate anti-Communist nations." For that indiscreet disclosure of what Washington is consistently doing throughout the world, as distinct from the hypocritical sucker-bait recited by Presidents, and the hogwash disseminated by the Jews' captive press, Somoza was assassinated two weeks later. Whether or not the assassin was dispatched directly from

1. Still in print; \$15.00. Somoza must have paid for the printing and marketing of his book under the publishing imprint of the Birch business, which, of course, flourishes by denouncing Communism and treason while preventing its customers from perceiving that Jews control both. I do not know whether or not Somoza's book was censored, but the drastic censorship of Prince Sturdza's *The Suicide of Europe* before it was published by the Birch business at the expense of a wealthy American lady is a sufficient guarantee that if Somoza wrote anything that would displease the Sacred Sheenies, the wicked words were effaced before the manuscript was sent to the printers.

Washington, he was paid by the tax-paying animals who have labored to finance the Judaeo-Bolshevik conquest of the world since 1933.

So don't wonder about what will happen in Nicaragua, and then in Mexico, and finally in the United States. The American boobs have not only dug their own graves; they have dug a grave for all our race. But, to be sure, Jesus will give their ghosts an extra lollipop while their bodies rot in mass graves, so why should they worry? □

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THE WRIGHT STUFF

By
Major Joseph Stano, USAF-Ret.

ONE: ASS-A-NINNIES

Of all the many privileges claimed by our glorious Congress, none is more precious to the professional "Pol" than the privilege of performing in public as a P.P.A. Indeed, how many times have we been literally dazzled by a member of our glorious Congress, standing before the whole, wide world, and exercising his precious Congressional "privilege" — as a POMPOUS POSTURING ASS? I must confess that I've lost count of all our Congressional P.P.A. performances; after all, we usually get at least one or two "performances" every day on the "Boob Tube." However, as a life-long student of American History, I naturally remember a great many award-winning "performances."

As in 1960: when Hubert Horatio Humphrey, desperate for "media exposure" in his campaign to get the Democrat Party's presidential nomination, foolishly agreed to appear on a kiddies' Saturday morning television quiz program, and demonstrated—to the horror of the viewing audience—that he didn't have the foggiest notion of how many members we have in the United States Congress! Hubert's silly answer, "275," was off by 260 members! And then, to the horror of all the Boob Tube viewers, Hubert actually tried to HUFF and PUFF his way out of it!

Let's face it guys, if you've just shoved both of your brown brogans and a big, frilly sombrero into your mouth on national television, it's kinda hard to talk your way out of it. Unfortunately, Hubert tried to do just that!

Or, more recently, when Senator Daniel Inouye—a world famous P.P.A.—decided to lecture Col. Oliver North on the "historic" meaning of "truth," an endangered species in the United States Congress. And...and...he actually used Parson Weems' silly and preposterous tale about George Washington chopping down that mythical "Cherry Tree"—AS AN HISTORICAL FACT!

Should Senator Humphrey—with twenty years in the Congress at

that time—have known that there were 435 members in the House^d of Representatives, and 100 members in the Senate, for a grand total of 535 political "snouts" in the "national trough"? And should Senator Inouye—with almost forty years in the Congress—have known, as every grammar school kid knows, that the silly tales of Parson Weems weren't "history"?

Of course not! If Humphrey and Inouye actually knew what they were talking about, why, they wouldn't be Pompous Posturing Asses, and therefore completely unqualified for membership in the United States Congress—the world's largest collection of Pompous Posturing Asses.

I've long been convinced that somewhere in our green and fertile land, Stupid Exams are secretly taking place. To "weed-out" the intelligent, and only those who can pass these...Moron Marathons...with flying color are actually permitted to be members of our glorious Congress. In short: If you can tie your "shoesies" without too much help, you're certainly not "Congressional Timber."

And if you can actually count ELEVEN of anything—without taking off a shoe—you're certainly not "Presidential Timber." Example: Can anyone forget Senator Joseph Biden's speech, that he "lifted"—word for word—from British Labor Party leader Neil Kinnock? The crude plagiarism of Biden's P.P.A. "performance" didn't bother me half as much as the incredible content of the material that he "lifted." After all, all politicians plagiarize. If they didn't plagiarize, why, they would actually have to "think," and we all know that most of them can't get past "shoesies."

For example: let's take that very popular piece, "Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country." As we all know: A line from John F. Kennedy. As most don't know: A line from Oliver Wendell Holmes. As very few know: A line from Jean Jacques Rousseau. In all probability: A line Rousseau "lifted" from the Romans...who probably "lifted" it from the Greeks...who probably "lifted" it...(I'll take a guess)...from the fierce, "battle-axe" Nordic folk of the Stone Age...who probably invented it—but we really can't be sure the buck stops there.

In truth, there really hasn't been much "original" thought about in politics for a very long time. And if something original does "pop up"—take my word for it—it won't "pop up" in the United States Congress.

It was the content of the Kinnock speech that really stunned me. In his speech, Neil Kinnock boasted that he was "the first Kinnock in a thousand generations of Kinnocks to have gone to university." He

naturally attributed this “intellectual feast” to the rewards of Socialism—what else? Well...if that’s the result of a Socialist education—I don’t want any part of it. After all, this British P.P.A. was actually saying that he was the first Kinnock in a thousand generations—TWENTY-THOUSAND YEARS—to have gone to university!

Students of history: Tell me how many universities were around twenty-thousand years ago? How about...ten-thousand years ago? Or, maybe, just two-thousand years ago? Historically, universities weren’t around until the 12th and 13th centuries. And England’s first university, Oxford, wasn’t started until the 12th century, and it really wasn’t until the latter part of the 13th century (1264) that we would recognize Oxford as a true university. At most, Neil Kinnock could be dealing with little more than thirty-plus generations, and certainly not “a thousand generations.”

Now, students of history, as for a “Kinnock” going to university...well, that would have been impossible until sometime in the 14th century. For this very simple reason: Surnames didn’t come into use until the 14th century.

Soooo...a “Neil, son of Neil” might have been around. Or even a “Neil of Oxford” might have been “hanging-out” on one of its muddy corners. Or, perhaps, a “Neil the Fat,” or even a “Neil the Thin.” Or, what I truly suspect—a “Neil the Village Idiot” might have been plying his trade around town. But there certainly wasn’t a “Neil Kinnock,” or any other kind of “Kinnock” hanging about.

We know that the blind can’t lead the blind; however, we can’t say the same about the ignorant not leading the ignorant. Neil Kinnock makes an incredibly stupid speech, proving that he’s a BLOOMIN’ TWIT. And Senator Biden finds the speech so absolutely scintillating, that he copies it—word for word.

Is it possible that Neil Kinnock might be the Pied Piper of all BLOOMIN’ TWITS? If that’s true, perhaps we could induce Mr. Kinnock to march past the Capitol Building in Washington, D.C., reading selections from his silly speeches—and lead 535 BLOOMIN’ TWITS into the Potomac.

Of course, the most preposterous part of Senator Biden’s standard performance as a certifiable P.P.A.—when he’s not “lifting” the wit and wisdom of Neil Kinnock—is his incredible claim to a very superior intellect. Astonishing, isn’t it? But the Senator is prone to proclaim to all those around him: “I have a higher I.Q. than anyone here!” A possibility, only if the Senator were clinging to the leafy reaches of a very tall tree, and all his companions held bananas in their hairy paws.

For those who think that I’ve been a bit rough on our Senators and

Congressmen by suggesting they mentally inhabit the branches of tall trees, may I assure you that my opinion of the Congress is not unique—or even new. As another American once phrased it:

“Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself.”—*Mark Twain.*

TWO: P.P.s IN THE OVAL OFFICE

I’m sure we all know that the P.P.A.s are not confined to the Congress—we’ve had quite a few of them in the Oval Office. I think we all remember our last P.P.A. in that office—and I could easily write a tome on Jimmy Carter’s incredible P.P.s—but why cover any of the well known Pompous Posturings of Jimmy Carter, when I have a choice, little known example of Jimmy Carter, a world famous ASS-A-NINNY, prone to P.P. all over the place.

Ah yes, I remember it well: It was the Winter Olympics of 1984 and I was watching the “frosted” athletes romp in the snow on T.V.—from the warm comfort of my living room.

In the course of this NBC performance, the subject of the 1980 Carter boycott of the Moscow Olympics and the question of Russian participation in our 1984 Summer Olympics came up. Naturally, the network questioned Jimmy Carter on this point. And in an interview Jimmy literally STUNNED me with an award-winning P.P.A. performance!

Jimmy stated that his “main reason” for boycotting the 1980 Moscow Olympics, was that the Russians had invaded Afghanistan, and he remembered that “we had sent athletes to Hitler’s Olympics after he had invaded country after country.”

I almost fell out of my chair! Jimmy Carter actually thought that Hitler had invaded “country after country” before the 1936 Olympics, and he had therefore based his decision to boycott the 1980 Olympics on his monumental ignorance of history!

As the reader may guess, I don’t suffer fools gladly—because fools make others suffer from their stupidity. American athletes had trained all their lives to compete at the 1980 Olympics, only to be denied their chance by the fool in the Oval Office who made the decision to boycott the Olympics based on his ignorance of history. Carter had never bothered to even open an Encyclopaedia and check his facts before making the “historic” decision to have the United States boycott the Moscow Olympics. And four years later, in 1984, he still didn’t know how screwed-up he was on world history.

It was bad enough for the athletes to have a life's work wasted, because the President of the United States had decided to boycott the Moscow Olympics. Perhaps the athletes could take some consolation in the statement of Carter that it might seem to be rewarding Russia for invading Afghanistan by attending the Olympics. However, to find out that they were denied their one chance in life because of Jimmy Carter's ignorance of history, to be denied their one chance in life because Jimmy Carter didn't bother to even spend a minute or two in an encyclopaedia and check his facts before making a truly historic decision in behalf of the athletes and the American people, must be intolerable for the unfortunate American athletes.

Naturally, NBC didn't take note of Jimmy's monumental ignorance of history. As a card-carrying liberal Democrat, he could have Pompously Postured on a "flat earth," or a "green cheese" moon, and our liberal media would not have noticed it.

Funny, isn't it, but Jimmy Carter used to boast that he had an "historian" on his personal staff. Of course, he meant Jody Powell who had a degree in history. Well...I don't know about that... I remember that before Jody Powell got his degree in history from some nondescript southern college, he had been tossed out of the Air Force Academy for cheating on an exam. Right you are...it was a HISTORY EXAM! Maybe Jimmy read Powell's "crib note" wrong and really thought Hitler occupied all of Europe in 1936.

THREE: PROFITABLE POSTURING

To be perfectly fair, there are rare occasions when one of our P.P.A.s in the Congress inadvertently, and unknowingly, performs a real service for the American people with his blundering stupidity. As in this "classic" example:

He nervously appeared before a committee of Congress. As a freshman Congressman and former Naderite, he was naturally out to prove the standard Naderite "vile plot" by some capitalist company to poison the American people with their evil product.

Ya know, I've often wondered why these companies would want to "do away" with all their customers? It's an old Naderite mystery. However, the Naderites only "call 'em" — they never "explain 'em."

Now, our Naderite Congressman had a very serious problem: there was a critical shortage of "vile plots." It seems that most of the easy "vile plots" had already been snapped up by all the other pro-Naderite P.P.A.s in the Congress.

Oh, how he yearned to have another Naderite "triumph." Like...like...well...the infamous artificial sweetener that might cause cancer in a fellow's grandson. Yes, I said "grandson." You see, it took at least three generations of laboratory rats — crammed full of the stuff — to produce the desired effect in the male rat. (Apparently, it didn't bother the female rat.) Soooo...if you were to drink only 800 cans of no-cal soda every day of your life. And your son were to follow in the bloated footsteps of his father — your grandson's equally bilious efforts could make him quite ill!

However, thanks to the timely intervention of the Naderites and the United States Congress, all Americans who were sorely tempted to consume two-and-a-half tons of sweetener were now saved from themselves.

Well, at long last, after considerable effort, it seems that our Naderite hero finally found an innocuous chemical that would actually produce cancer in a laboratory rat. That is, if the little bugger was stuffed full of it.

So now it was his hour of triumph! He was seated before a Committee of Congress with his report — his thick tome of terrors open before him. As visions of the...SENATE!...THE CABINET!...THE OVAL OFFICE!...danced in his fevered brain.

The chamber was hushed as he began to read his tome on the vile chemical that would actually cause cancer in a laboratory rat. His voice choked with emotion and his eyes brimmed with tears, as he began to expose the "vile plot" of a greedy capitalist company to do away with the American people by poisoning them with their unspeakable chemical. But, thanks to our valiant hero, they were not going to get away with their dastardly deed. Our hero had "investigated," and he had discovered that their vile chemical could (he broke down at this point.) ...could...he sobbed: "CAUSE CANCER IN A LAVATORY"!

For one brief moment...those in attendance thought our hero had meant to say "laboratory" instead of "lavatory." But NO! As he read his thick tome, it was "LAVATORY" this...and "LAVATORY" that! Why, our brave hero had LAVATORIES to the right of him! LAVATORIES to the left of him! LAVATORIES in front of him! Our hero rode through the VALLEY OF LAVATORIES!

Whatever the original intent of our Naderite hero, his impassioned speech on "LAVATORIES" turned out to be an endless tirade on the horrors of PLUMBING!

Now, I know that there are those who suggest that this particular Pompous Posturing Ass wasted our tax money and the time of the Congress — based on the astonishing assumption that our glorious Con-

gress never wastes tax money and time!

I disagree completely. I truly believe our brave hero has, at long last, resolved a long debated question. Indeed, it is a question that many great minds have puzzled over; but, at long last, we now have an answer: Our Naderite hero has proven—beyond a shadow of a doubt—**THAT YOU REALLY CAN GET SOMETHING FROM A TOILET SEAT!**

Yes indeed, it seems you can get **CANCER!** That is, if you consume two-thousand plastic toilet seats. So, dear friends, if you find yourself tempted by the sight of a plastic toilet seat...**DON'T DO IT!** And if you really must do it, well, try to keep your limit under two-thousand a year.

In my view, this valuable “LAVATORY” research by a humble and simple Naderite P.P.A. in Washington, D.C., represents a true picture of our Congress and tax money in action.

FOUR: POMPOUS POSTURINGS ON PROCUREMENT.

One of our most famous (infamous?) Congressional P.P.A.s has done it again. I speak of Congressman Jim Wright, the Speaker of the House, as always a P.P.A. quite capable of **HUFFING** and **PUFFING** at the drop of a hat on just about anything. In his latest pomposity of “huffery” and “puffery”—a veritable Everest of asininity—he pompously postures on about the latest procurement scandal at the Pentagon, and claims that it has effected our national security.

Not true! The competition—legal and illegal—between companies for government contracts has no effect on national security, and probably little effect on the cost of procuring weapons.

Using “insider information” to appeal to the needs of the military and get a contract is certainly unfair competition. But it really doesn't effect national security, since it doesn't effect the performance or quality of the weapons.

Knowing the other fellow's sealed bid—so you can underbid him for a government contract—is also unfair competition. But it really has nothing to do with the performance or quality of the weapons.

As for cost: All proposed weapons are really promises by the manufacturer to “invent” a new and more modern weapon system. You see, the military sets very high performance standards in the hope that they can be met by the manufacturer, so the new weapon system will not only be effective today, but it will last well into the future and

not become obsolete. In short: more **BANG** for the **BUCK**.

Given the fact that these new weapon systems require extensive Research and Development, it's really quite difficult to estimate the actual cost of producing the weapon system described in the contract. Therefore, cost overruns due to R & D are to be expected. And chances are that any company of equal expertise in the field, if given the contract, would experience the very same problems and costs.

I am not making excuses for the companies, criminality enters the picture when “insider information” on weapon systems, or bids, leads to unfair competition. Or when the company deliberately puts in a very low bid—counting on large cost overruns in the future. Or the company pads or inflates the cost overruns during production to make an illegal profit.

All of the above mentioned illegal acts do not effect the performance of the weapon systems. And only the illegally padded or inflated cost overruns lead to needless expense for the long-suffering American taxpayer. All these illegal acts have happened before, and those caught playing “games” have been severely wounded, right where it hurts the most—in the corporate pocketbook.

The fact that this current procurement scandal did not effect our national security—and probably not our defense costs since we seem to be dealing with “insider information” and not inflated or padded “cost overruns”—doesn't mean that our national security and defense costs are never effected by procurement scandals. Far from it! In fact, our national security is routinely compromised and our defense costs are routinely inflated by the great criminals that infest the city of Washington. No, not the thieves. No, not the muggers. No...no...not the rapists or murderers. I mean the **REALLY BIG** criminals in Washington: **THE CONGRESS!**

It's not the defense contractors that compromise our defense, our treasury, our national security—**OUR VERY SURVIVAL!** It's all those **POLITICAL PROCUREMENTS** by our Congress that will do us in as a nation. A monumental corruption that goes on...yearly...monthly...weekly...daily...hourly!

FIVE: TEDDY'S SUPER-HOG

Everyone seems to condemn the so-called “Military-Industrial-Complex” (Ike's foot-in-mouth disease) for just about everything. But both the military and industry share a vested interest in having the best weapons possible. The military wants the best for the defense of the

nation and so does our American industry. In addition, the defense industries fight—tooth and nail—to provide the military with the most desirable weapons, because a sale to the U.S. military usually means profitable contracts with other nations all over the globe. A really good product is easy to sell, so all our defense contractors are always trying to produce the very best product that they can—if for no other reason than to beat their competition in the U.S. and around the world.

Our military procurement system is the very best system. And it sure beats the system in some socialist nations where a government-owned industry is given a military contract and there is no competition for excellence, or costs, and very little accounting on cost overruns. Our system, with all its faults, works best.

However, when politics enters the picture, national security and defense costs go out the window and contracts are awarded for purely political reasons. We end up with a system that is as bad, if not worse, than the socialist model. And the American military has inferior weaponry, or needless weaponry foisted on it without regard to the needs of the military, or our national security, or the cost to the American taxpayer.

Here's a good example of one of these "political procurements" that go on all the time in the criminal capital of the western world: Washington, D.C.:

The A-10 is a "close-support" aircraft that was ordered by the U.S. Air Force to kill enemy tanks in much the same way as the famous German JU-87 "Stuka" of World War Two fame. The "Stuka" opened up Russian tanks with a very effective 37mm cannon. Our A-10s use a very effective 30 MM rotary cannon, and the aircraft is sometimes referred to as "The Flying Can Opener."

However, like its famous father the "Stuka," the A-10 is very, very slow. Now, this makes for a very stable firing platform when you're shooting at tanks, but it gives the aircraft really lousy performance in air combat.

The Air Force decided to call the A-10 the "Thunderbolt II," after the famous P-47 "Thunderbolt" of World War Two fame. Of course, the P-47 could only open up a tank if it caught one on a cement road where the P-47's 50 cal. machine guns could be deflected off the concrete to rip open the lightly armoured bottom of the tank.

The Air Force may call the A-10 the "Thunderbolt II," but the guys that fly the machine usually name it. And they decided to call it the "Super-Hog"—clearly a tribute to its lethargic performance.

continued on page 35

LÜGE UND WAHRHEIT

During 1978 to 1983 a group of patriotic friends founded by the former mayor of Hamburg, Carl Vincent Krogmann, published revisionist letters on a great variety of historical and social questions of importance to Germans. A selection of 34 of these letters was subsequently published by Thies Christophersen in the Kritik series, numbers 60 and 61 (available from Nordwind Versandbuchhandlung, Molevej 12, DK-6340 Kollund, DENMARK or Nordland-Forlag, Postboks 7916, DK-9210, Aalborg SØ, DENMARK). Some of the letters pertaining to the history of the Second World War deal with such topics as the "Holocaust" film, the war guilt question, Lidice, the invasion of Denmark and Norway, Admiral Dönitz, the stories about soap and lampshades made from Jewish corpses and the battle of Stalingrad.

As an example of the interesting letters in this series we have chosen the one which deals with the background of the German declaration of war against the United States on 11 December 1941, an event which had even more tragic consequences than the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, which has been far more widely studied by American historians than the origins of the outbreak of war between Germany and the United States.

Having received the kind permission of Thies Christophersen, we plan to publish further translations of these letters.

Please note that the quotations from sources in English are re-translations and thus might not have exactly the original wording.

IT IS A LIE that the declaration of war by the German Reich against the United States made 40 years ago originated from an insane ideological idea of conquering the world.

IT IS THE TRUTH that this declaration of war on 11 December 1941 simply expressed one thing: that Germany would no longer tolerate in the future the American attacks on German submarines without taking action, but was henceforth ready to strike back. The

preliminary development was a systematic pushing of the United States into the war by Roosevelt and the "Morgenthau Boys," as they called themselves, along with the "gray eminence," Louis Howe. The American people did not want any war. Up to December 1941, in opinion polls there was a steady result of 85% of those asked who were against meddling in the European conflict. Only 9,000 volunteers reported for military service in spite of a campaign toward that end in such newspapers as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. Famous persons such as the Democratic Senator Wheeler and the aviator Charles Lindbergh led the movement for peace.

Roosevelt was able to win the presidential election of November 1940 because he advocated a definite program of peace, according to which the United States would participate in the war only if attacked. On 30 October he solemnly swore: "Your boys will not be sent into any foreign war."

And what was the truth? Even before the beginning of the war, on 23 June 1939, Roosevelt concluded a secret agreement with the English government concerning the delivery of armaments. On 10 August 1939, a committee on war supplies was created. England was subjected to pressure from the United States to declare war on Germany on 3 September 1939. The Secretary of War of the United States, Forrester, noted in his diary that "neither the French nor the British would have considered Poland a cause for war if it had not been for the steady nudging from Washington."

As early as 22 September 1939, the United States declared, in contradiction of every marine and international law, a zone of 300 - 1,000 nautical miles (later 2,000 nautical miles) to be a so-called "zone of neutrality," in which German submarines and surface naval units were not permitted to attack any British ships. As a result, the British convoys were protected by American destroyers.

On 3 November 1939 Roosevelt had the arms embargo (according to which no weapons were permitted to be delivered to belligerent countries) lifted. In this action he was fully supported by the capitalist circles of Wall Street. At the same time German freighters overseas which wanted to break through to home ports were "shadowed" by American cruisers, which radioed in British ships that sank them. On 19 March 1940 Roosevelt sold the best U.S. airplanes to England and France and on 3 September 1940 he exchanged 50 American destroyers for a couple of islands. The American newspaper, *St. Louis Dispatch*, correctly observed relative to this on 3 September 1940 that Roosevelt had thus committed "an act of war." On 16 September 1940 Roosevelt was able to introduce universal conscription. On 12 Decem-

ber 1940 secret British-American general staff discussions began which lasted to the end of March and which led to the establishment of two war plans: one against Germany, the other against Japan (which was competing with the United States for export markets in eastern Asia). Admiral Stark subsequently wrote to his fleet commanders: "The question of our entry into the war now appears to be that of when, and of if." On 29 December 1940 Roosevelt gave his famous fireside chat in which he said that Hitler would be holding a "pointed revolver" against the United States after a victory over England. It was thus intended that the Americans were to be made ready for further breaches of neutrality.

On 9 March 1941 the Lend-Lease Program was whipped through Congress, which meant an unprecedented program of supplying materials, first for England and then—as early as July 1941—also for the USSR. If the Lend-Lease Program had been sold to American citizens as a "protection of democracy," the support of Stalin's régime of terror exposed Roosevelt's real intentions.

In toto the United States delivered more than \$50,000,000,000 (at that time more than 200,000,000,000 Reichsmark) worth of material to the other belligerent powers. U.S. military airplanes began to patrol the North Atlantic from Newfoundland in order to track German submarines. For the purpose of better surveillance, Greenland was occupied by American troops in April 1941 and Iceland in July, and the navy was directed to use force in keeping the sea lanes open. On 25 August 1941 the secret command was issued to the Atlantic fleet to attack and sink "hostile naval forces." On 1 September 1941 Roosevelt openly declared in a Labor Day speech: "We shall do everything in our power to destroy Hitler and his armed forces." Naturally, incidents were bound to occur; an American destroyer dropped depth charges on a German submarine which tried to defend itself by shooting a torpedo. Roosevelt gave a misleading report about this on the radio on 11 September 1941 and said: "The time has now come when we have to recognize the cold, inescapable necessity of saying to these inhuman, reckless adventurers of world conquest who are attempting to establish a permanent dominion of the world: You are trying to subject our children and children's children to your reign of terror and slavery. You have now attacked our own security. You can go this far and no further!" This hypocritical indignation was all the more reprehensible because the British knew the German secret naval radio code and could intercept and translate all of the radio communications. They and their American confidants thus knew the directive which the German naval command had radioed to submarines on 21 June 1941: "The

Führer has ordered the avoiding of any incident with the United States during the coming weeks. Act accordingly in all conceivable cases. Until further notice, attack only cruisers, battleships, and aircraft carriers inside and outside of the blockade area, and only if these can be clearly recognized as hostile. In the case of warships, traveling under blackout is not considered proof of a hostile identity."

In keeping with this command, the German submarines were no longer permitted to attack their most dangerous enemies, the destroyers, frigates, and corvettes, even the English ones. They were not even permitted to defend themselves. Only by a later, supplemental command were the German submarines permitted to counter an attack in progress for the sake of defending themselves as long as the attack continued. On 15 September 1941 the American Secretary of the Navy, Knox, gave the order to "capture or destroy by all means available all merchant destroyers of the Axis powers, no matter whether they appear as surface or underwater pirates." After this "order to shoot" by the American president, the United States was in a war with Germany as of 15 September 1941, a war which the United States did not declare as a result of the lack of approval by Congress. United States Admiral Hart wrote appropriately to United States Admiral Stark: "In the Atlantic the navy is already at war; whether the country knows it or not, we are at war."

Even the Military Tribunal in Nuremberg was not inclined to assert, in view of this clear conduct, that Germany had conducted an aggressive war against the United States. This was supplemented by the statement by Grand Admiral Dönitz: "The aggressor in the latest war between the United States and Germany was clearly the United States."

Since Adolf Hitler could not be provoked, Japan was pushed into a corner by Roosevelt. The intention was to drive Japan into war by means of embargoes, confiscation of assets, and cutting off raw materials. The Japanese acceded to one demand after another, after which the Americans kept making new ones. After the last one was met Roosevelt also demanded that the Japanese apologize publicly to the world. Since this was against their honor and Japan would have lost face, Roosevelt knew that Japan would not be able to take this. By breaking the Japanese radio code the government even knew for certain the subsequent plan of the Japanese to spring a surprise attack on the American navy. It did not, however, warn the naval base at Pearl Harbor. As a result, the Japanese did not refrain from their attack. In order to attain the desired war against Germany, Roosevelt sacrificed a considerable part of the Pacific fleet and thousands of soldiers,

which brought about the added result that the battle ships sunk in Pearl Harbor had to be rebuilt, and that was not unwelcome to the armament manufacturers who were behind the Roosevelt administration. That was the back door to war (with Germany), as was revealed by the American Admiral Theobald.

Although Germany was, for practical purposes, already in a state of war with the United States, Hitler did whatever was still humanly possible. Since the Tripartite Pact with Japan was only a defensive alliance, Germany was not obligated to declare war against the United States following the lead of Japan. As a compensation for the declaration of war that took place on 11 December, Hitler negotiated an agreement with the Japanese that they would not make a separate peace with the United States. Since the Japanese had been willing to compromise up to the end, this was very important for Germany. The United States had already delivered considerable amounts of supplies to the Soviet Union. Adolf Hitler hoped that these deliveries of supplies would be suspended or at least reduced as long as Japan was at war with the United States. Since the Soviet troops had gone over to the attack near Moscow on 6 December 1941 with a strength of 100 armed (Siberian) divisions, by which the German army was put into a great crisis, it was apparent that no Blitzkrieg could henceforth be conducted against the Soviet Union. It was all the more important that the United States commit a large part of its forces in the Pacific.

The fact that this, not something like megalomania, was behind the German declaration of war against the United States on 11 December 1941 was ascertained just recently by the Stuttgart historian, Eberhard Jaeckel. After 40 years, constantly new revelations. But things are to be different now. A new law is being prepared by which a denial or excusing of "National Socialist crimes" is to be subject to punishment. The postwar politicians licensed by the Allies see a threat to the basis of their actions. For that reason, criticism must be choked off by courts before dissident opinions arise.

Let us defend ourselves against the muzzle law. Let us write to the representatives in the Bundestag that in this matter the intention is to shut off once more freedom of opinion. Let us not give up our right to free expression of opinion without a fight! □

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HITLERJUNGE HERBERT NORKUS and “HITLERJUNGE QUEX” (HEINI VÖLKER)

By
Peter H. Peel

There is no doubt that the fictional film *Hitlerjunge Quex* and the novel which inspired it were based on the real-life tragedy of Hitlerjunge Herbert Norkus and his brutal torture and murder. The fictional “Quex” (Heini Völker) and the real Norkus were both twelve years old when they were murdered by a gang of adult Communists in the Wedding district (“Red Wedding”) of Berlin. The murder of Norkus took place in January 1932. The film does not tell us the exact date of the murder of Heini Völker but it is evident that it is in the final months of the degenerate and perverted Weimar Republic with all its bloody violence, hopelessness, gritty despair, and trashy *Kulturbolschewismus*. The original novel on which *Hitlerjunge Quex* is based was written by Karl Schenzinger in 1932 shortly after the murder of HJ Norkus. The movie was made in 1933 and is therefore one of the very first films made during the Third Reich.

“Quex” is played by a very attractive youngster and fine actor, Claus Clausen. His home is a seedy apartment where he lives with his parents. His mother is a decent, working class woman who takes in laundry. She has obviously once been pretty but she is worn and driven to despair by grinding poverty and a domineering and abusive husband. The latter is an embittered and chronically unemployed Com-

*Heini's father is played by the famous character actor, Heinrich George who played (inter alia) the Bürgermeister Nettlebeck in one of the greatest films ever made, *Kolberg*. He died from ill-treatment at the hands of the Russians in a prison camp in 1946. His “crime” appears to have been that he was prominent in German patriotic films during the war. The Western Allies, marginally less vindictive (perhaps), only deprived their victims like Veit Harlan or Emil Jannings of their means of livelihood for similar “offenses.” Some of the victims, particularly the prettier actresses, were driven to suicide as a result of their treatment by the victors. One example is that of Kristina Soederbaum.

munist who spends most of what little income the family has, boozing at the *Lokal* with his Communist cronies. He signs up an unwilling Heini with the Communist party and beats him to make him sing the *Internationale*.

Heini is induced to join a Communist picnic and overnight campout in the woods but he is more repelled by what he sees and hears and he wanders off by himself. He stumbles on an encampment of the Hitler Youth who are sitting around a camp fire, singing. The tidiness of the camp, the clean, fresh faces of the boys, the uniforms—rather like the Boy Scouts—appeal to Heini in contrast to the scruffiness and rowdiness of the Communists. He longs for the evident idealism and camaraderie and, we surmise, for the paternal love he so sadly lacks at home. His opportunity to escape his bullying father, though, does not occur until his unhappy mother kills herself by turning on the gas stove without lighting it. Heini also nearly dies. He awakes to find himself in hospital where, having done the local National Socialists a service by warning them of a planned dynamiting, he is visited by the Hitler Youth group leader and a few other lads who invite him to join them. He is “adopted” by the local group and now lives happily and productively in the National Socialist Boys’ hostel. The plot has the standard elements of misunderstandings and mistrusts which are subsequently cleared up and Heini becomes a much valued comrade. There are even hints of a possible future romance with Ulla, a Hitler Mädchen. By some inexplicable casting, however, Ulla is rather plain whereas the Communist teenager-siren, Gerda, is much prettier and easily seduces a weak HJ comrade from his loyalty. The various characters in the film are nevertheless not mere cardboard symbols but interesting in their own right.

One winter's night, the older boys are detailed off to post up and hand deliver some announcements of a forthcoming National Socialist rally. One of the lads is suffering a concussion from a stone thrown at him the previous day and Heini begs to go in his place. Because of his youth, the Group Leader refuses permission but Heini finally persuades him by his fervor and eloquence to change his mind. As Heini sets about his task in the pre-dawn darkness, a series of menacing whistles—evidently a code—are heard from various windows and street corners and a large gang of adult, male Communists converges on the area where Heini is working. Eventually Heini recognizes peril and attempts to flee but all avenues are blocked. A horrifying game of hide-and-seek ensues and we become passionately involved in hoping that Heini will escape. Of course, he does not. He is caught. We hear a cry of agony off camera and see only his thin, boyish legs stumbling

and then falling. His comrades find him on his face in a pool of blood. One of them kneels down and gently turns him over and cradles him. The dying boy tries to sing the Hitler Youth song. Very faintly, we hear him utter the first two lines before he dies. It was what the boys around the camp fire were singing when the lad first saw them.

We grieve for the young lad and our hearts are moved. There is in Heini, not only idealism, but a kind of knightly purity which too seldom lasts beyond puberty. We sense that something of irrecoverable beauty has been taken from the world by something irredeemably base.

The only tape of *Hitlerjunge Quex* currently available has been vandalized throughout the first one third by the interpolation of inane and pompous frames in English which interrupt the action to offer us uninvited and sophomoric comments on the psychological aspects of the plot—deprecatingly of course—and at an intellectual level that would disgrace the essay of a “C” student in Psychology 101 at some jerkwater junior college.

Like Heini, poor little Herbert Norkus was only twelve years old. He was the son of a Berlin taxi driver but his father was neither a bully nor a Communist. Young Norkus, too, was sent out in the pre-dawn darkness to distribute and post bills announcing a National Socialist rally. He was seen and caught by a gang of adult Communists in the Wedding district and repeatedly stabbed. He managed to escape temporarily and staggered to a house to seek refuge but the householder would not open the door. He was caught and stabbed again and dragged into the entrance of Number 4 Zwinglistrasse. The autopsy showed two stab wounds in the chest, five in the back. The boy's face was mutilated beyond recognition and the lower lip had been cut off. The lad must have died in unspeakable agony.

In the last days of the Weimar Republic, in Berlin alone, six young HJ lads were similarly murdered by Communists. When the National Socialists came to power in 1933 and a number of leading Communists were rounded up and spent some time (actually a few weeks) in detention camps, the democratic world raised pitiful cries of “tyranny” and “oppression.” Comment is surely superfluous.

Yet a haunting question refuses to go away. Was the fate of Quex and Norkus in some strange, unconscious way, a microcosmic prevision of the European tragedy of May 1945? Twelve years of a shining and beautiful ideal destroyed by scum. Twelve years, *twelve years*....

Hitlerjunge Quex and *Kolberg* are available on VHS video cassettes @ \$50. + \$2.50 for postage each from LIBERTY BELL PUBLICATIONS, Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA.

THE WRIGHT STUFF, continued from page 26

Unfortunately, the Super-Hog was built by Fairchild Republic in the state of TAX-A-CHUSETTS, the bailiwick of Senator Edward Kennedy, a monumental P.P.A. and a senator who is unalterably opposed to anything that might go BANG! Or...POP! Or...anything with a sharp edge. EXCEPT!...those items produced in TAX-A-CHUSETTS that provide jobs for the citizens who dwell in the Kingdom of Kennedy (a mythical kingdom in the other forty-nine states). In short: all the senator's moaning and groaning about man's inhumanity to man go right out the window when it comes to playing politics.

Sooo...enter politics—howling! When the contract was filled and the Air Force had its fill of Super-Hogs, Senator Kennedy was seen to enter his chrysalis—as he has done so many times in the past—and undergo his usual political metamorphosis, and emerge as: ATTLA THE HUN! Insisting—no, DEMANDING—that the Air Force take more, and more, and more Super-Hogs to keep the factories of TAX-A-CHUSETTS a-humming.

The Air Force didn't want any more Super-Hogs. They had more than enough Super-Hogs. And they kept on insisting that it was a waste of the taxpayer's money to build more, and more, and more Super-Hogs!

All to no avail—the Democrats in the Congress saw nothing wrong with Teddy buying votes with fleets of Super-Hogs; after all, it was just money.

Our great investigative news media found Teddy's political machinations to be...NOT NEWSWORTHY.

So now the United States Air Force has more Super-Hogs than it knows what to do with—thanks to Teddy “Attila” Kennedy, who has again assumed his guise as...ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, as he emotes about the horrors of “Pentagon waste.”

The problem inherent in forcing the military to take weapons that it doesn't need, just to satiate a political need and not a defense need, is that the military is now forced to use these weapons in place of other weapons. During the Second World War, the *Luftwaffe* tried to use “Stukas” in an air combat rôle when they were short of Me-109s and FW-190s. It was a slaughter! The slow-moving “Stukas” were no match for the fast and maneuverable British and American aircraft. It will be much the same story if Americans try to engage fast enemy fighters in Super-Hogs instead of F-16s or similar aircraft.

So in this example, we see that Teddy's “political procurement” has compromised our national defense by forcing the Air Force to take

a weapon system that will probably be completely unsuited to a mission that it will be assigned. He has wasted tens of millions of taxpayers dollars. And he will certainly kill Americans who will be forced to fly the Super-Hog in a combat rôle for which it was never designed.

And as a liberal Democrat, Teddy Kennedy will certainly get away with it, since the American news media always finds these disasters foisted on the American military by Liberals to be NOT NEWSWORTHY. Thanks in large measure to the American news media, the real "procurement scandals" at the Pentagon go on year after year. If it were not for the active connivance of the American news media, a great many liberal politicians would have been lynched by an outraged public.

SIX: WHIZZING AT THE PENTAGON.

In the flourishing field of Political Procurements, Teddy's Super-Hog "roundup" pales into insignificance when compared to the MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR "Fliegend-PLOP" of Jim Wright. However, for this monumental national security disaster we must go back in time to the many blunders of the Kennedy Administration.

Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, once said of JFK: "He knew nothing, and even this would not have been too terrible, if he only had a few good advisors. But instead of picking experienced advisors, Kennedy picked a bunch of fuzzy-headed professors from Harvard, men who had never made a serious decision in their entire lives. So every time he had a crisis at the White House he had twelve frightened men who were incapable of deciding anything." (I quote from memory, from a speech made to SAC crews by Gen. Twining in 1966.)

In point of fact, Kennedy loaded the entire government with fuzzy-headed academicians, and he sent a truly obnoxious bunch of liberal "know-it-alls" to the Pentagon where they soon became known as McNamara's "Whiz Kids."

Secretary of Defense Robert STRANGE McNamara's covey of Whiz Kids were a very, very liberal bunch. And they all shared the distinction of never having worn a military uniform in their entire lives. They wore this great "distinction" with pride at the Pentagon, and they were often prone to quote Georges Clemenceau's famous motto, "War is too important to be left to the Generals." Their hero, Clemenceau, shared the very same distinction of never having a military uniform drape his noble shoulders—or cover his ponderous posterior. Like our

Whiz Kids, Georges Clemenceau was a civilian, through and through.

That is, until the First World War, where—as the greatest Pompous Posturing Ass in all of France—he assumed the dual rôle of Premier of France and Minister of War.

As for his expertise in the field of warfare, I can only find this one possibility: At one time Georges Clemenceau taught Latin at a girl's school in Connecticut. Now...if we assume that he touched on the Punic Wars in the process....VOILA!...we have uncovered Georges Clemenceau's total expertise in the field of warfare. Which...would probably disqualify him under McNamara's Whiz Kid "standards" as being "over trained."

Let us give credit where it is due: Clemenceau did achieve a considerable degree of well-deserved "fame" (infamy?) amongst military historians for splendid actions like: ordering the French infantry—the unfortunate Poilu—to make many brave and courageous frontal assaults against massed German machine guns. He naturally did this from the comfort of Paris where courage flowed like wine, and his brave charges looked awfully simple on a map. Because the map didn't show the mud that could drown a man, or a horse, or the residual poison gas in the bottom of shell craters that were rim to rim and looked like the moon. Why, this P.P.A. of all P.P.A.s even had some survivors of his courageous charges shot! For not being courageous enough. After all, they only had to cross that little green area on the map.

Dear reader, to understand the thinking of Georges Clemenceau is to understand the thinking of our Whiz Kids: everything looks simple if you don't know what you are doing.

McNamara's Whiz Kids wore their complete lack of military experience as a badge of honor. They insisted that a complete lack of military experience in the running of the Pentagon didn't really matter, because they had something far more important than military experience or military expertise, they had...SENSITIVITY! Yes indeed, our Whiz Kids at the Pentagon had loads and loads of SENSITIVITY. It oozed from their bodies and literally dripped from each and every orifice. In fact, if one of McNamara's Whiz Kids were to pause, but briefly, in his travels and emote on...oh..."Man's Inhumanity To Man"...or..."War Is Hell" (two of their favorite subjects), he would literally leave a tell-tale puddle of SENSITIVITY where he had stood! Why, the very halls of the Pentagon were literally AWASH with SENSITIVITY! And very little else.

And talk about genius! After only a week or so—having mastered all that there is to know about military science—our Whiz Kids

became self-proclaimed "military experts" on each and every facet of warfare. In fact, they were so "expert" on this simple subject that they were prone to sing a little rhyme when they passed a General or an Admiral in the halls of the Pentagon. They would giggle and chant: "Twinkle...twinkle...little star...WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?"

Unfortunately, this rather happy, halcyon time at the Pentagon ended abruptly when JFK and his twelve frightened Harvard "Profs" blundered into the Cuban Missile Crisis. Not surprisingly, the ensuing PANIC! still retained a kind of Mother Goose quality as our Whiz Kids rapidly transitioned from the cheery "Twinkle...twinkle..." to a rather high-pitched, "THE SKY IS FALLING!, THE SKY IS FALLING!" And traffic in Washington came to a complete standstill as scores of Whiz Kids ran SHRIEKING through the crowded streets. Each and every Whiz Kid doing his very best rendition of CHICKEN LITTLE and leaving little tell-tale puddles of something quite different from SENSITIVITY.

Having abandoned the Pentagon to go shrieking through the streets, the SENSITIVITY drained from the halls and dribbled down the steps into the sewers of Washington. So the guys with the "little stars" took over the abandoned ship and Gen. Thomas S. Power dispersed the SAC Bomber Force to save it, forcing the Soviets in Cuba to try and retarget from all the SAC Bases to five times as many civilian airfields.

I remember it well: I sat alert in my B-47 Bomber at St. Louis International Airport; other bombers from our Wing were on alert at Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport; and we also had some of our bombers on "Reflex Alert" in Saragossa, Spain.

The SAC Force, dispersed as it was all over the United States and the world, presented an insoluble tactical problem for the Soviets: We could easily hit them from all these fields—and even disperse to other fields—and they could not keep up with our moves. So they finally saw the light. The missiles in Cuba presented a wonderful tactical advantage for the Russians; they could hit our bomber force before we could get it off the ground. That is, if we didn't keep moving it around.

This is the TRUTH about the Cuban Missile Crisis; the silly tales by Kennedy worshipers like Arthur Schlesinger Jr. about Saint Jack and the dragon Khrushchev are pure Kennedy propaganda. After all, Arthur was one of the great SHRIEKERS at that time—and I'm told that he was also a PUDDLER.

It should be noted that Gen. Thomas S. Power was well within his rights to disperse the "Force" in order to save it. However, that didn't

impress the Kennedy Administration which seemed to have an allegiance to the mythical kingdom of Kennedy and not the United States. So Gen. Power was fired by Kennedy for preventing World War Three without permission from JFK and his twelve frightened men who were in a coma at the white House.

I'm not kidding about the coma. Kennedy foolishly ordered all his staff to stay awake during the crisis, so after seventy-two hours the whole bunch of them—Kennedy included—were stumbling about the Oval Office in a stupor.

One of the great historic miracles is the fact that the United States of America managed to survive the Kennedy Administration.

So this was the Kennedy Administration and the Whiz Kids in the Pentagon who were to function so brilliantly in behalf of Jim Wright and his MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR political procurement.

SEVEN: WHIZZING ON THE PENTAGON.

Having sampled a bit of Kennedy's background, I think most people can now appreciate the source of Jim Wright's MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR BOONDOGGLE. Not surprisingly, it was created by good ol' Robert STRANGE and his merry band of Whiz Kids. It was called the "TFX" or the "F/B-111."

Now, procurement fans, any airman or aeronautical engineer on our globe will tell you that the "F/B" designation must be a joke. After all, it means "Fighter" and "Bomber"—and that's impossible. All fighter aircraft carry bombs, and some are disposed to refer to them as "fighter-bombers," but what McNamara and his whiz Kids had in mind was a "Tactical Fighter" and a "Strategic Bomber"—ALL IN ONE AIRCRAFT!

Every reputable scientific organization said it was impossible. Even *Popular Science Magazine* said it was silly. But what was science, engineering, reason, common sense...to those possessing vast reservoirs of...(Aw, you guessed it)...SENSITIVITY?

Gen. Eisenhower was once stunned to find out that Winston Churchill was trying to duplicate one of his World War One disasters during World War Two. As First Lord of the Admiralty during WW I he had brilliantly sunk the British fleet in the Dardanelles on the German mine fields. And if that wasn't enough of a military triumph, he then landed half a million troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula and sustained 145,000 casualties without accomplishing anything. Since his "master plan" for winning the war had failed at sea, he tried it on

land—where it also failed. It was a stupid, ill-planned campaign that is still remembered by the Australians, who curse Churchill to this day for his hard-headed, stubborn adherence to a plan that had proven to be so foolish—and so deadly for the Australians.

Well...it seems that good ol' "Winnie" was out to prove that he really wasn't wrong in 1915. In fact, he wanted to try it all over again—with American troops. If at first you don't succeed...try, try again. Fortunately for us, Gen. Eisenhower was quite familiar—as was every other military officer—with Churchill's WW I disasters, so he put a stop to good ol' "Winnies" dreams of latent "vindication."

It was much the same thing with Robert Strange McNamara, a man also seeking a kind of "vindication" for one of his great disasters. You see, before taking over as Secretary of Defense under the Kennedy Administration, McNamara had worked at the Ford Motor Company where he had produced a BLUNDER that still brings chills to every automobile manufacturer in the world. Dare I say it? I really must! Robert STRANGE McNamara was the father of the...EDSEL! Oh! the shame of it all!

For those who don't remember the Edsel: Well, the Edsel, like the F/B 111, was supposed to do everything. It would be an inexpensive automobile for the working stiff and also a luxury car for the very affluent, ALL IN ONE CAR.

Alas, the unfortunate owners of the Edsel discovered, to their horror, that all Edsels seemed to look the same. And those extra-large doses of chrome on the expensive model didn't half compensate for the extra-large price of the vehicle. Why, a fellow might buy an Edsel that cost the same as a Ford; or an Edsel that cost the same as a Mercury; or an Edsel that cost the same as a Lincoln—AND THEY ALL LOOKED THE SAME!

Of course, the Edsel had another much more unfortunate "LOOK." Whereas the Buick had a kind of "ferocious" look, with bared fangs, the unfortunate Edsel looked completely different. Some said an Edsel looked as if it were..."sucking a lemon." Others thought an Edsel looked as if it were..."holding its nose." And a considerable element were of the opinion that it was..."doing BOTH." At the same time!

When all owners of Edsels began to feel very, very foolish—that was the end of McNamara's Edsel.

Now, with the F/B 111 it seemed as if McNamara was trying to duplicate his Edsel disaster at Ford. If at first you don't succeed...try, try... Analogy: If the F/B 111 were an automobile instead of an airplane, it would have to be a wondrous vehicle; with the

maneuverability of a sports car, the cargo carrying capacity of an eighteen-wheeler, and the remarkable ability to drive for thousands of miles on a single tank of gas.

Sure it's silly! As I said, even *Popular Science Magazine* said it was silly. But, procurement fans, we must remember that all the Whiz Kids oozed SENSITIVITY and very little common sense. I guess one aircraft looked pretty much the same as another aircraft to them—when the whole world is viewed through the SENSITIVITY that sloshed in their eyeballs.

We must remember that the Kennedy "master plan" (all politicians seem to have one) called for buying one aircraft instead of several. This remarkable aircraft would be a long range bomber for SAC; a tactical fighter for TAC; and a Navy fighter for the U.S. Fleet. Thereby saving BILLIONS of dollars that could be spent on vast, new social programs. After all, their SENSITIVITY told them—twenty-four hours a day—that we desperately needed a great many new government programs that would hire a great many unemployed Democrats as administrators.

So the F/B 111 was to be the world's very first SENSITIVITY aircraft. And it probably should have been called "THE PHIL DONAHUE," but it ended up being called a lot of other names.

Over the very strenuous objections of the U.S. Air Force and the U.S. Navy, the contracts were put up for bids on the fabulous F/B 111, the first SENSITIVITY Fighter/Bomber.

Given the fact that this almost mythical flying machine was to have moveable wings, it was promptly christened by Air Force and Navy pilots as: "McNamara's Scissor-Winged Edsel." Robert STRANGE was not amused!

To kinda placate the clearly depressed Air Force and Navy, the Whiz Kids allowed the choice of the designs submitted to the Air Force and the Navy. They thought this offer was most generous. I guess they didn't realize that this was the usual way of doing things, and the Air Force and the Navy usually had a say in the kind of aircraft they needed. But being Whiz Kids, they probably figured that "choosing an aircraft was much too important to be left to pilots," and it really should be done by a Harvard "grad" with a degree in Social Science and lots and lots of SENSITIVITY.

There really wasn't a choice: both the Air Force and the Navy picked the Boeing design as being the best. In fact, not only was it a lot cheaper than the other major competitor, General Dynamics', but the General Dynamics design could not even meet the basic specifications for performance.

At this point, an American taxpayer without any knowledge of Washington politics might assume that the matter was now settled; after all, the Air Force and the Navy had been given the right to select the best design, and they had both picked the best and the least expensive design. Hooray for the taxpayers!

NO WAY, JOSE! That's how "military procurement" works—we are dealing with "political procurement."

General Dynamics—the high bidder—just happens to be in Fort Worth. And...Fort Worth just happens to be good ol' Jim Wright's district. And...good ol' Jim Wright just happened to be in a very tight race with a Republican. And...good ol' Jim Wright kinda needed HELP!—DESPERATELY!

So Jim naturally went to our Vice-President at that time, good ol' Lyndon Baines Johnson—the biggest wheeler and dealer that Congress and the world has ever known. And fellow Americans, if we're real, real lucky, we may NEVER know his like again.

Well...let me tell you...there wasn't anything good ol' LBJ couldn't do in Congress or in Texas. Especially in Texas. Why, LBJ was so darned popular in Texas that everyone voted for him: the rich...the poor...the black...the white...the QUICK...the DEAD.

Sopping wet Mexicans—who had QUICKLY dashed across the Rio Grande—dutifully lined up to cast their ballots for their hero, good ol' LBJ. And lest we forget the very important *Doppelgänger* Vote (no Democrat is elected in Texas without it), every grave yard in Texas experienced a mass resurrection, as the DEAD rose in Ectoplasmic waves...to vote for good ol' LBJ. Sometimes the deceased voted in alphabetical order! And on at least one occasion, the dearly departed voted in alphabetical order—and GREEN INK! Boy-oh-boy, talk about a popular guy!

For the uninitiated, Texas is kinda like the mythical elephant's graveyard; where myth has it, all elephants go off to die. Of course, the beast in Texas is not the elephant, it's the donkey. And it's certainly the graveyard of choice for the discriminating jackass who wants to be remembered. Make no mistake about it, he certainly will be remembered—every election day. It's kinda like the ultimate in "Perpetual Care." In some states the politician may please his electorate by building a U.S. Post Office on every available corner. In Texas, the smart politician "mows the grass."

I ask you my fellow Americans, would the fact that the Air Force and the Navy had both selected the Boeing design stop our hero LBJ?

NO!

Would the astonishing fact that the General Dynamics design

could not meet the basic specifications for aircraft performance stop the valiant LBJ?

NO!

And would the fact that the inferior General Dynamics design actually cost more than the Boeing design prevent our courageous LBJ from rushing to rescue the foundering political career of Jim Wright?

NEVER!

LBJ responded to the heart-rendering pleadings of fellow Democrat Jim Wright and awarded the F/B 111 contract to good ol' General Dynamics of Fort Worth. Now, who says prayers are never answered?

McNamara and his merry band of Whiz Kids naturally acquiesced to LBJ's "political procurement." It may have been very bad for the strategic and tactical defense of the United States. It may have been an outrageous assault on the Treasury of the United States. However, it was politically very good for the Kingdom of Kennedy, it saved the political career of a loyal vassal, good ol' Jim Wright.

Indeed! the alternative was absolutely unthinkable! Why, it...it...might have finished the political career of Jim Wright! Just think of it! Had that contract not been awarded in 1962, we might not have good ol' Jim Wright in Congress today!

Delightful thought, isn't it?

When I was in the Air Force I spent a considerable amount of time—off and on—in the sovereign state of Texas. I found most Texans to be warm and friendly people. I thought it was a remarkable accomplishment for a people living smack in the middle of the "Great American Desert." Frankly, given the climate and real estate of Texas, I couldn't blame Texans if they were as mean as the environment they have to live in.

For example: In Texas a fellow might easily slip on the ice in the early morning and break a leg. You say, "Well...so what? That could easily happen almost anywhere in the United States." Perhaps, but would the accident victim—lying in a cast that very afternoon—be sweltering in the 110 degree heat of Texas? Radical climatic changes in Texas are truly astonishing.

We all know this familiar scene: In our northern states it's a common sight after the first light snowfall of winter to see merchants sweeping the snow from their sidewalks into the gutters with push-brooms. In the Rio Grande valley it's also a common sight to see merchants sweeping the June Bugs from their sidewalks into the gutters with the same kind of push-brooms. In the Rio Grande valley they don't have SNOW FALLS—they have BUG FALLS.

Lastly, where in the world, as a pilot, can you be diverted from your planned destination by this astonishing weather report: "VISIBILITY ZERO ZERO IN BLOWING MUD."

Now Texans, bless 'em, can't easily be surprised by almost any kind of climatic aberration. But it sure must have been a shock, in the blistering heat of the summer of '62, when they heard...the sound of SLEIGH BELLS! And...and...coming down the road that would fry a Texas Rattler before it got half-way across, there appeared a truly astonishing sight: A SLEIGH...drawn by eight tiny reindeer! And...and...driving the sleigh—THERE HE WAS! Yes, it was that familiar figure in the Red Suit and long white beard—IT WAS SANTA CLAUS!

Well, not quite. It was really Jim Wright dressed in the Red Suit and wearing a long white beard and doin' all the HO! HO! Santa (Jim) had arrived bearing great gifts for all the people of Fort Worth. And to the delight of all the good people gathered 'round, the jolly fellow in the Red Suit and long white beard reached into his great white sack and pulled out...THE MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR F/B 111 CONTRACT! And...and...a small child in the crowd was heard to cry out: "GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!"

It was one of history's greatest political coups! Jim Wright, knowing full well that he couldn't be re-elected on his own merit, had brilliantly assumed the guise of Old St. Nick bearing multi-billion dollar gifts. Confused by the sight of Santa in the summer, and DAZZLED by the great gifts he bore, the people of Texas sent Jim Wright back to the House of Representatives. After all, only a mean-spirited person would vote against Santa Claus, HO! HO! HO!

EIGHT: JIM WRIGHT AND HIS FABULOUS FLIEGEND-PLOP.

Santa Jim had placed wonderous gifts under the Christmas Tree that broiling hot summer in Texas, but all was not unlimited joy in Fort Worth. Some aviation experts suggested that General Dynamics lacked the special expertise required to take on this particular aviation challenge. In fact, it might be said that General Dynamics had acknowledged this lack of expertise by admitting that it could not even meet the design specifications established for bidding on the contract. Perhaps that's why they bid high—because they were afraid to undertake this contract and fail at it. In point of fact, the fabulous F/B 111 did give General Dynamics a very bad name in the aviation business—in

much the same way that the EDSEL gave Ford a very bad name in the automobile business.

It's easy to understand the astonishment at General Dynamics when they were awarded the multi-billion dollar contract to build this fabulous aircraft. After all, they had submitted the highest bid and had even admitted that they could not meet the design specifications. They must have been stunned! They had been saying at the very outset: We can't build the thing, and it will probably cost a lot more if we try to do it.

In a "political procurement" nothing really matters except the political result. The national defense doesn't count. Nor do the requirements of the military. Or the drain on the U.S. Treasury. Or even the wishes of the company getting the contract. The only thing that really matters is the political result; therefore, as a "political procurement" the General Dynamics F/B 111 contract was a complete triumph the moment it kept Jim Wright in the Congress.

The usual "political solution" to the problem that arises when military contracts are awarded for political reasons and not national security reasons, and the company benefiting from the "political procurement" can't meet the specifications in the contract, is to simply lower the design specifications down to the level of the company. Of course, the result of this practice is directly proportional: the more incompetent the company, the more inferior the weapon.

It's really quite simple. Take this hypothetical situation: Let's say that good ol' Jim Wright has a factory in his district that will get him votes if he can keep it running. Let us say that this factory produces shovels—good shovels—but Jim Wright gets them a "political procurement" to produce wheelbarrows—a far more sophisticated product. Now, in the course of trying to produce wheelbarrows to meet the specifications in the contract the company discovers that it is unable to produce a workable wheel for the wheelbarrows. Does this failure by the company terminate the government contract and deny Jim Wright his votes?

Of course not! The simple "political solution" to this common problem is to lower the original specifications down to the competence of the company. This can easily be done by simply dropping that one innocuous "specification" in the contract that the wheelbarrows actually be able to move. Now the company need not worry about producing wheels.

In fact, a really clever politician would change the design specifications to those of a wheelbarrow "guaranteed" to not move no matter how hard you push it. Without a wheel that should be "a piece

of cake"—especially if you double the test load specifications. In this way, a clever politician might even get the company an "E" for "Excellence."

Changing basic specifications in weaponry is nothing new for the American military—it happens all the time. And some of these "political procurements" that produce "political" changes to the basic specifications of weaponry, have produced some rather strange "beasts," in that some of the design specifications have only been met at the expense of other design specifications. Naturally, some of these "political" beasts have been acknowledged by airmen at the piano in the "O" club bar. As in this example:

OUR BOMBER FLIES TEN THOUSAND MILES,
THE DESIGNER JUST SITS BACK AND SMILES,
BUT A BOMB LIKE A CHERRY IS ALL IT CAN CARRY,
WE'D BE SMARTER TO BOMB THEM WITH PILES.

This airman's lament pays tribute to an aircraft that met the "range" specifications at the expense of the "bomb load" specifications. As we know, McNamara's "Scissor-Winged Edsel" was supposed to be the aircraft equivalent of a fabulous motor vehicle, with the maneuverability of a sports car, the cargo carrying capacity of an eighteen-wheeler, and the ability to drive thousands of miles on a single tank of gas. What Robert STRANGE and his Whiz Kids produced was a vehicle with all the maneuverability of an eighteen-wheeler, the cargo carrying capacity of a very small sports car, and the nasty habit of running out of gas when it went around the block. That is, if it didn't crash before it got around the block.

Question: If you've built an aircraft that can't do anything, what can you sacrifice to make it do something? Quite a problem, isn't it?

So, it seems that the unfortunate American military was about to get an aircraft that couldn't fly very far, or carry very much, and it would probably crash before it got there anyway. That is, if it wasn't outmaneuvered and shot down by a Lear Jet.

What do you do with it? It might be useful if we ever went to war with Canada; let's say you flew the "beast" out of Plattsburgh AFB in upstate New York—it could easily strike Montreal. But it didn't seem to fit any Air Force or Navy mission at the time.

Let me make this point: With a "political procurement," the public should not hold the company involved solely responsible for the results. A company really can't turn down a contract dumped in its lap

by a politician—just think of the screams of all the stockholders. I really think that American companies try their very best to provide the military with a quality product, the villain in the piece is always the politician, in that, he cares little about our national security or even the reputation of the company. The politician's only concern is keeping his place at that GREAT TROUGH in Washington, D.C.

It's interesting to note that after a long series of crashes the people at General Dynamics started referring to their "beast" as the "AARDVARK," a name that it carries to this very day. It's a name that really fits. Webster defines the "aardvark" as "a large burrowing mammal." Indeed, the General Dynamics "AARDVARK" seemed to be constantly "burrowing" into the ground.

In my view, Jim Wright's "flyer"—not to be confused with Wilbur's and Orville's "Wright Flyer," a machine that actually worked—was more a... "Fliegend-PLOP"! But it served to keep good ol' Jim Wright in the Congress, and that's what really counts, isn't it?

NINE: ROCK AND ROLL!

Who says nothing is "perfect" in this world? The first model of Jim Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOP (F-111A) proved to be a "perfect" disaster. Absolutely everything was wrong with it.

As in:

It was grossly O V E R W E I G H T !

It had the D...R...A...G.....of a very large BARN!

It had problems with prop...SPUT!...prop...SPUT!...propulsion (engines).

It had serious problems with ST^{RU}CT^{UR}E (airframe and scissor wings...WHOOPS!).

It had problems with systems...SQUIRT! (hydraulics)...WHOOSH! (pneumatics) and...CRACKLE, CRACKLE! (electronics).

If General Dynamics had set out to design a disaster, they had succeeded beyond their wildest dreams with their...SPUT!...SPUT!...SQUIRT!...SQUIRT!...WHOOSH!...WHOOSH!...CRACKLE!...CRACKLE!...WHOOOOPS!...Fliegend"...PLOP!

The most unusual feature of Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOP was to be its scissor-wings, or SWING-WING. It was to be the very first SWING-WINGER. With straight wings for slow take-off and landing speeds, and swept wings for high-speed performance.

Now man, it's like this way: If you want to learn to SWING, you've got to have...like...SYNCHRONIZATION man! And man, what you don't need is...like...SYNCOPATION. 'Cause if you SYNCOPATE, when you were supposed to SYNCHRONIZE... Hey man! You're gonna like...RO L L ! And man, if you ROLL 'nough, you're gonna like...hit a ROCK! I'll tell you man...ol' Jim's maa-chine was a-ROLLIN' and a-ROCKIN' all over the place! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

For simplicity's sake, let's think of Jim's SWING-WING problem as the infamous WHOOOOPS! factor. For example: If the pilot attempts to move the SWING-WINGS and they get out of SYNCHRONIZATION, it means that one wing rapidly gets more LIFT than the other wing, and...WHOOOOPS! "Mayday, mayday, mayday...ROLL instructions please!" Adding to the problem were the six pylons—three on each wing (they got that right) for carrying external fuel and weapons. Naturally, the pylons had to rotate when the wing moved, and if a pylon didn't rotate in synchronization with the wing...WHOOOOPS! On a really bad day, a chap could be WHOOOOOOPSING! all over the place!

TEN: MODIFY OR DIE!

General Dynamics had no choice, they had to modify Jim Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOP (TFX, F/B-111, Scissor-Winged Edsel, Aardvark and "One-Eleven") so that it could perform some kind of mission. A "Static Display" on Armed Forces Day simply would not justify the cost.

So, in order to increase the range of the fabulous "beast," the bomb bay had to go to make room for additional fuel tanks. After all, the "One-Eleven" (as it was now called) was supposed to out-do the old Boeing B-47.

It didn't quite make it. The B-47 "Stratojet" became operational in 1949 and it had a max range of 3600 miles carrying a max internal bomb load of 22,000 pounds. With its new fuel tank modification, the One-Eleven had a max range of 3165 (not bad), but it could only fit two 750 pound bombs into its tiny bomb bay.

"A BOMB LIKE A CHERRY IS ALL IT CAN CARRY....."
Well, at least the One-Eleven saved the guys at the bar the time and trouble of composing a new song for it.

Since there wasn't room inside the "beast," the bombs and addi-

tional fuel had to go on the outside—on the six pylons that had to rotate in synchronization with the SWING-WINGS. Each external fuel tank, with 500 gallons of fuel, could increase the range of the aircraft. However, since the ordnance (bombs, etc.) had to be hung on these pylons, it considerably increased the DRAG and therefore reduced the RANGE. Something like a sleek, new, modern, aerodynamic automobile...with a very large couch strapped to the roof.

Although all liberal politicians in the United States have been given the "unalienable right" to lie, cheat, steal, and get away with almost anything by our liberal news media, LBJ's "unalienable right" was wearing kinda thin, and questions were being asked about Jim Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOP/One-Eleven. So, in a frantic effort to get Jim Wright's Fliegend-PLOPS operational, Johnson's bunch sent six of the fabulous "beasts" to fly combat in Vietnam. The year was 1967, and these fabulous machines flew out of Takhli, Thailand. Three of the fabulous six were rapidly lost to mechanical failure... PLOP!...PLOP!...PLOP!

I was a Forward Air Controller flying the so-called "Ho Chi Minh Trail" in Laos at that time. I remember we spent a week or so looking for downed One-Elevens in Laos. They had taken-off from Takhli and they had "vanished" before they even got to their targets in North Vietnam.

It was an impossible task: We didn't know where they went down in Laos. Or even if they went down in Laos. The triple-canopy jungles of Laos could hide almost anything, and the farmers of Laos were into "slash and burn" in a big way. So any one of hundreds of burned fields could have been a crash site. And if you did more than one orbit looking at a possible crash site with your binoculars, and not doin' a little "jink" (random turn), all those nice orange "golf balls" (37mm) started coming your way. Not nice in a O-2 FAC aircraft—a Cessna Super-Skymaster with an Air Force paint job.

Eventually, we started looking for One-Eleven crash sites in Thailand—on the assumption that they didn't even get as far as Laos. Some wreckage was found (I don't know where) and the manufacturing defect turned out to be faulty welds in the tailplane power units. So all One-Elevens were pulled out of combat for modifications.

It was clearly political pressure that forced the Air Force to send Jim Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOPS into combat—where they promptly PLOPPED! A fifty percent loss rate (three out of six) to the same mechanical failure clearly reflects a lack of proper flight testing.

The only question we have is who gets "credit" for the three One-Eleven "kills," the "Ace" Johnson, or the "Ace" Wright?

When LBJ finally left office—after completely screwing up the war—there was no pressing need for the Republicans to justify the purchase of Jim Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOPS, so the machine was allowed to be extensively modified, and it was sent back into combat four years later where it finally performed well. Given enough time, money, and lives, the most ungainly "bird" can be made to fly.

ELEVEN: FLIEGEND-BOMBIN'

The fabulous Fliegend-PLOP finally learned to fly! At this point we must digress and mention the successful use of the fabulous PLOPPER by the U.S. Air Force—a triumph of man over machine.

This happened when 18 F-111s from the 48th Tactical Fighter Wing stationed at Lakenheath, England took off as the sun was setting over Great (?) Britain (it set long ago) on the 15th of April 1986. Their mission was to bomb Muammar al-Qaddafi's El Azziziya Barracks and training camp at Sidi Bilal, and the Tripoli Military Airport.

The One-Elevens returned the next day as the sun was rising, with the loss of only one aircraft. And that aircraft probably went in the "drink" while trying to avoid a missile at low level.

It was a terrific mission by Air Force and Naval personnel. They flew against the very best air defense our Commie counterparts could produce: SA-2, SA-3, SA-6, SA-8, and even some French-built "Crotale" surface to air missiles. It must certainly have raised a great many appreciative eyebrows amongst the world's military—including all the guys behind the Iron Curtain. None more appreciative than our Russian counterparts (excluding those on their way to Siberia for having planned the "air defense" of Libya). The Russians must have studied the mission for several weeks and raised their already high estimate of U.S. military performance to an even higher level. Of course, they could not help but notice the rather striking "range" limitations of Jim Wright's Fliegend-PLOPS. However, military men are pragmatic and give credit where it is due, especially if credit is due to an enemy you might have to fight sometime in the future.

It would be stupid to do otherwise. The maxim of the professional soldier is: "KNOW YOUR ENEMY." As a professional you must know all his weaknesses, and above all, you must know all his strengths. If you don't know his strengths, you're going to be in for a very rude surprise when you fight him.

As always, the very high caliber of the Air Force and Navy personnel was, in large measure, responsible for the success of the mission. The United States produces the best-trained airmen in the world—a fact recognized by the military of the world. And, amazingly, a source of embarrassment, if not shame, amongst all our WACKO liberal politicians. I guess any kind of SUPERIORITY is an anathema to those who believe in SENSITIVITY.

The only sour note in this magnificent military symphony of men and machines was the fact that this very long mission required some rather unusual (and revealing) refueling procedures.

The French, who have brought a new and more profound meaning to that fine old American word DEADBEAT, by never paying their debts, had taken the usual anti-American delight in giving us the fabulous "finger" by refusing to allow our aircraft to over-fly French territory. Charles de Gaulle, "Le Grand Deadbeat," developed this charming French attitude while strolling on the Seine—and giving lectures to GOD. This meant our guys had to fly around the whole bloody Iberian Peninsula and back again.

This was accomplished by assigning a SAC KC-10 tanker to every three aircraft. The tankers stayed with the aircraft until they got to the target area, and then the tankers broke off contact with the fighters and went to be refueled by other tankers. After the "strike," the tankers then made "rendezvous" with the fighters and refueled them during the long haul home to Lakenheath.

It was a 5600 mile round trip, with aircraft "dragging" four 2000 pound lazer-guided bombs, or 12-MK-82 500-pound bombs, to their targets. During the course of this long mission, one of the squadron commanders piloting the "lead" aircraft in the "strike" hooked up ELEVEN TIMES for fuel during the flight. I'm sure the "range" limitations of Jim's Fliegend-PLOPS didn't escape the notice of our watchful Russian counterparts.

Twenty-four years after McNamara's Whiz Kids "designed" the One-Eleven, and twenty-four years after Jim Wright was "awarded" the fabulous Fliegend-PLOP to save his career in the Congress, the "political procurement" of 1962 was still with us—and plaguing the military.

No aircraft could be expected to fly very far "dragging" external stores without refueling, but the need to provide a tanker for every three aircraft clearly demonstrated the extremely short range of Jim's Fliegend-PLOPS. We have no way of knowing what those airmen might have been flying had the Whiz Kids not assumed an expertise

that they clearly never had, or even what kind of aircraft Boeing would have given the Air Force if LBJ didn't "muscle" his way into the Pentagon to save Jim Wright's career. We know only one thing for certain: A "Political Procurement" is something the military must live with—and die with—twenty, and thirty years after it has served its minor political purpose.

I'd be willing to bet that it never occurred to Jim Wright to even contemplate the effect that his "political procurement" of twenty-four years before had on the air strike against Muammar al-Qaddafi's military installations. That kind of "stuff" may be "Wright Stuff," but it's "old stuff" as far as good ol' Jim Wright is concerned. Besides, he's much too busy pompously posturing about the horrors of "insider information" at the Pentagon to even worry about a very minor "political procurement," all those many years ago.

TWELVE: THE R.A.F. "BAILS-OUT"!

When McNamara and his Whiz Kids first gave birth to the Scissor-Winged Edsel, it was supposed to be so terrific that all our allies would be clamoring to buy these fabulous aircraft. And...the Pope is Jewish! Winner or loser--the word gets around. In truth, nobody wanted McNamara's Fliegend-EDSELS. So LBJ had to do an awful lot of arm-twisting (he was good at that) in order to "sell" good ol' Jim Wright's Fliegend-PLOPS to a very reluctant world. After all, the development costs had been astronomical, and if General Dynamics had to shut down the production line after producing a limited number of aircraft, the cost per aircraft would be mind-boggling. (It was!)

After a lot of painful TWISTING, the British reluctantly agreed to buy 24 "C" models—with an option to buy 50 more at a later date. These aircraft were finally delivered to the "Brits" after they had been in storage for...NINE YEARS! The 24 "C" models were more than enough T R O U B L E for the "Brits," so they canceled the additional order for fifty more fabulous Fliegend-PLOPS.

THIRTEEN: THE NAVY RELIEF ACT

I suppose there is no better example of the gross, mind-boggling incompetence of McNamara's Whiz Kids than the untold story of the fabulous Fliegend-GLUGS that they tried to foist on the U.S. Navy.

As usual, McNamara's Whiz Kids had chosen the F-111A for the Navy by exercising their vast resources of SENSITIVITY—and little

else. After all, Naval Aviation was much too important a matter to be left to Naval Aviators.

Experience and training are no substitute for SENSITIVITY, so the Whiz Kids would never admit that their pure, pristine SENSITIVITY was ever corrupted or befouled by military training or experience. In fact, they were so "pure" I doubt if their combined naval experience was greater than that required to successfully sail their beloved "Rubber Duckies" through the storm-tossed waters of their bath tubs. Therefore, it seemed perfectly logical for our Whiz Kids to make this simple assumption: since the Navy's aircraft carriers are considerably larger than Jim Wright's Fliegend-PLOPS, there would not be any problem in landing the Fliegend-PLOPS on the Flight Decks. And, would you believe it, for the first time they were absolutely correct!

Of course, the aircraft length of 73 ft. 6 in. presented a problem that they had obviously never considered: the Fliegend-PLOPS were too bloomin' big for the aircraft carrier elevators. They sort-a fit...with maybe a couple of inches to spare. That is, if they were placed precisely CAT-ER-WOMPUS on the elevator. Off a bit, and there was a terrible C R U N C H! on the way up to the Flight Deck, or a terrible C R U N C H! on the way down to the Hanger Deck. In a combat situation, when the aircraft must be brought up to the Flight Deck as fast as possible, or during night operations, it was clear that there would be a whole lot of CRUNCHING! going on. A whole lot of very, very expensive CRUNCHING! going on.

And then there was that other problem. Just a minor faux pas. Something hardly worth mentioning. It seems that with a max take-off gross weight of 91,500 pounds, the hydraulic catapults on the Navy's aircraft carriers could not properly "launch" the aircraft into the air. Instead of catapulting the aircraft into the "wild, blue yonder," the catapults could only DUMP them into the "deep, blue sea." The scintillating SENSITIVITY of our Whiz Kids and the "political procurement" of Jim Wright, had given the U.S. Navy the world's very first multi-million dollar "disposable aircraft."

Let's face it folks, even the best efforts of the media could not be expected to cover up a plan for flinging very expensive aircraft off the front of aircraft carriers and into the DRINK! In the eyes of the Navy, Jim Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOP was more a Fliegend-GLUG!...GLUG!...Glug!...glug!...glug!.....URP!

It was luck that Kennedy, Johnson, McNamara, Jim Wright, and all the Whiz Kids were card-carrying liberal Democrats. Had they been Republicans, or (HORRORS!) conservatives, the American news

media would have “spilled the beans” about this monumental, mind-boggling and horrendously expensive blunder—and they all might have been impeached...or fired...or even LYNCHED by an outraged mob of taxpayers.

Well...the solution to this minor multi-billion dollar BOONDOG-
GLE was simple: Quietly cancel all the fabulous Fliegend-GLUGS for the Navy, and count on the American news media to cover up this minor blunder of Kennedy, Johnson, McNamara, and good ol’ Jim Wright. Naturally, the Whiz Kids had to only “flash their cards” as liberal Democrats and the whole of the news media willingly covered up for good ol’ Larry...good ol’ Moe...good ol’ Curly...good ol’ Shep, and all the other good ol’ Whiz Kids in the good ol’ town of Washington. This whole, horrible Naval Disaster became: “NOT NEWSWORTHY.”

With the silent passage of the “NAVAL RELIEF ACT,” the quiet cancelation of Jim Wright’s fabulous Fliegend-GLUGS, the United States Navy breathed a collective sigh of RELIEF.

Years later, the new “steam catapults” on our aircraft carriers could handle a Fliegend-GLUG, so our Navy guys had a very close call.

FOURTEEN: PETER PERFECT

Alas, the unfortunate Air Force was not as lucky as the Navy—we had (HORRORS!) HAL! Of all the Whiz Kids: Larry, Moe, Curly, Shep...I think Hal was the worst of the Lot. Of course, I’m referring to McNamara’s favorite Whiz Kid, Harold Brown. Good ol’ Hal, who was our secretary of the Air Force under Kennedy and Johnson.

Hal and I are about the same age, but that’s where the similarity ends. Unlike Harold Brown, I did not remain “pure.” In fact, at the age of seventeen I recklessly compromised my “sensitivity” by enlisting during the Korean War. And then I ruthlessly demolished every shred of “sensitivity” in my being, by wallowing in training and experience—in two military services!

First I served as an enlisted man. And then I further compromised my “sensitivity” with training and experience—I became an NCO! Finally, I threw all caution to the wind and became an officer; and a navigator; and a radar intercept officer; and a pilot—checked out in bombers and fighters! Oh, the shame of it all!

Let’s face it, SENSITIVITY is completely incompatible with training and experience, and I had “gone wrong” at a very young age. And

then I kept “falling off the wagon” with binges of training and experience, the two evils that could only diminish my “sensitivity.” If this were not enough, I ruthlessly trod-out every spark of “sensitivity” in myself by using all my training and experience in combat. A thoughtless act that could only increase my training and experience.

Therefore, I must confess that I truly lack SENSITIVITY. I completely lack those wonderfully intuitive “feelings” about our Communist adversaries that others, possessing “sensitivity,” seem to have all the time. I’m not the least bit “sensitive” to all the “warmth” and “affection” that “sensitive” people find radiating from the Communists. In my crude and completely “insensitive” way, I continue to count their missiles, their bombers, their submarines, their tanks...it’s nasty and “insensitive” of me, I know, but I can’t seem to help it. And I very much doubt if I’ll ever change. I guess that once you’ve lost your “sensitivity” you can never get it back. I guess it’s a lot like VIRGINITY.

I suppose my greatest lack of “sensitivity” lies in the field of weaponry. I lack...how shall I put it?...that splendid “sensitivity” a fellow needs to divert funding from the military to new and wonderfully progressive social programs. I guess it’s the “experience” of trying to defend America with obsolete weaponry that corrupts. It literally fills a fellow’s mind with all those crashes during those periods the politicians call “peacetime”—when we’re really still at war—you know, when the junk given the military during “peacetime” falls apart and kills so many of his friends. Funny, I can’t seem to get all those “peacetime” crashes out of my mind. Nor can I forget that we gamble with our very survival as a nation during “peacetime” when we try to defend America on the cheap—with Junk.

Of course, there is clearly no greater corruption of a fellow’s “sensitivity” than experiencing years of combat, where he sees his fellow Americans needlessly killed, wounded, blinded, crippled, maimed, mutilated...all because the weaponry they needed to stay alive and well in combat was not available; or it was the wrong weaponry; or the weaponry was the result of a “political procurement.” Take it from me: COMBAT will drive every bit of SENSITIVITY right out of you—forever!

Harold Brown was completely different. He never crudely assaulted his SENSITIVITY as I had done. Harold kept his SENSITIVITY Simon Pure. During that nasty altercation in the Pacific that we call the Korean War—when I foolishly rushed to enlist—Harold rushed to defend his SENSITIVITY by getting a college deferment from the draft. A man of great vision and foresight, Harold assiduously

avoided ROTC training in college, thereby keeping his SENSITIVITY completely pure, so that years later he could rightly assume his powerful position in our Defense Department as our Secretary of the Air Force. Pure, completely uncorrupted by any military training or experience, it's little wonder Harold rose, meteorically, in the field of defense. As we all know, Harold was later to become Jimmy Carter's Secretary of Defense, thereby following in the footsteps of his mentor, Robert Strange McNamara.

As we all should know by now: Training and experience are poor substitutes for SENSITIVITY. And it's only those persons who completely lack any training and experience, whatsoever, who can exercise their SENSITIVITY to the fullest measure. After all, if you really knew what you were doing, you simply could not stand around feeling "noble" while compromising the national defense of the United States. And you certainly could not experience those wonderful feelings as a "great humanitarian" if you knew that your actions during a war were needlessly killing and wounding Americans. A person needs lots and lots of SENSITIVITY and absolutely no training and experience to do that. Like...Harold.

There are those in the military who suggest that Harold Brown represents a classic example of the well-known "PETER PRINCIPLE." Wherein, under the Peter Principle, a chap rises to his ultimate level of incompetence. Well, our Harold seems to be PETER PERFECT, in that his tenure as our Secretary of the Air Force was but a stepping stone for his ultimate level of gross incompetence as Jimmy Carter's Secretary of Defense.

James Earl Carter—the most incompetent politician to ever trip and fall through the door of the Oval Office—had for his Secretary of Defense, our Harold—who tripped and fell through the door of the Pentagon. Historically speaking, Jimmy Carter and Harold Brown both reached their ultimate levels of gross incompetence at the very same time. Like two peas in a pod, they were both PETER PERFECT.

Who can forget that memorable moment when the newly sworn in Jimmy Carter stunned the western world—GUSHING SENSITIVITY all over the place in one of his first speeches—he...he emoted: "I can't understand why Americans have this unnatural fear and mistrust of the Russians."

Hey Jimmy! Count me in as being "unnatural," and "fearful," and lacking in "sensitivity."

Of course, Jimmy and Harold went on to literally terrify "Scoop" Jackson, and they even frightened some liberal Democrats with their

"defense" measures that seemed to be more like unilateral disarmament

So as you can see, it's little wonder that Harold was PETER PERFECT when it came to Jim Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOPS. Only a fellow possessing vast amounts of SENSITIVITY could appreciate an aircraft that would be all things to all pilots.

As in this classic example: I know it must seem uproariously funny now, but ol' Harold, as our Secretary of the Air Force, was absolutely convinced that Jim Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOPS would be able to replace some of the B-52s in SAC! Man-oh-man you really need lots and lots of SENSITIVITY for that one!

Let's see now: the fabulous Fliegend-PLOP had a max range of 3165 miles with a max internal bomb load of two 750 pound bombs. Now I didn't fly the Fliegend-PLOP (just lucky, I guess), but I did fly the B-52. And that particular "aluminum overcast" is usually listed as having a max range of 12,500 miles with a 27,000 pound internal bomb load. Sure it's silly to confuse a Fliegend-PLOP with a B-52, but when you're drowning in SENSITIVITY you just don't notice the difference.

Our Harold obviously didn't notice the remarkable difference between the range and bomb load of the fabulous Fliegend-PLOP and the B-52, so he ordered 210 of Jim's "PLOPS" for a very reluctant SAC. Unfortunately, by the time General Dynamics finally got the "beast" tamed—with modifications on modifications—the money appropriated for 210 Fliegend-PLOPS would only buy 76 Fliegend-PLOPS. How about that!

However, not to fear, the news media covered it up nicely and the American public was totally ignorant of the massive sacrifice in tax money and national defense that they had made—just to keep good ol' Jim Wright in the House of Representatives. And if the Defense Department was being run under McNamara by Larry, Moe, Curly, Shep, and Hal, the news media never let the American public in on it. It was...(Aw, you guessed it again)...NOT NEWSWORTHY.

FIFTEEN: THE NEWS TRUSS

The media silence on Jim Wright's fabulous Fliegend-PLOP was understandable; after all, the fabulous "PLOP" had its birth under the sacred Kennedy Administration. And let's face it, the American media wrote, produced, directed—INVENTED!—the fabulous Kennedy Administration. In a sacred rite, each and every morning the whole of America's media would face east—toward Washington, D.C.—and

patiently wait for the sun to RISE...from the celestial Kennedy backside.

Think that's overdoing it a bit? Well now, remember how the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and the *Boston Globe* would carry all the "hard news" during the Kennedy Administration? We would find Caroline's latest mutterings in her sand box, or even a splendid picture of Jackie's latest Paris frock—ON THE FRONT PAGE. And all the horrible disasters that befell the United States and the American people during "Camelot" would be found as "soft news," tucked in amongst the "Truss Ads" and the "Agony of Psoriasis." Little wonder that a modest multi-billion dollar blunder to rescue Jim Wright's political career was considered to be "not newsworthy" by the infatuated (inflatulated?) "hot air" hustlers of the American media. They just L O V E D the Kennedys!

SIXTEEN: SLEAZING!

We have examined, in depth, one "political procurement" that was foisted on the Pentagon and the American people. One amongst thousands of "political procurements" that go on today, and have gone on for years in Washington, D.C. And I think I've proven that this "political procurement" clearly compromised our national defense, and cost the taxpayers needless billions of dollars, and killed a lot of good Americans in the process.

Compared to this one "political procurement," the insider trading of information by manufacturers in order to "build the better mousetrap" and produce a weapon's system more appealing to the military...is laughable! A tiny, pathetic molehill lost in the shadows of snow-capped mountains of political corruption.

However, as most Americans realize, the American military is the number one target on the media's approved "hit list." It's always "open season" on the military—the media types just love to stick it to the guys in uniform. Example: Even though all the cartoons in the press show guys in uniform "on the take," it was the political appointees, the civilian consultants, and the civil service types at the Pentagon who were the ones involved in the hanky-panky. But the media just can't resist writing all that "good stuff" about the guys in uniform.

As we now know, our media would never mention "The Wright Stuff" since liberal Democrats are always "out of season" with the American media.

Fascinatin' ain't it? The whole of the American media has successfully covered up "The Wright Stuff" for twenty-five years— 'cause good ol' Jim Wright is a liberal Democrat—but someone left another door open—just a crack—and now good ol' Jim wright is SLEAZING! all over the place. Poor Jim seems kinda prone to catching cold anytime someone opens a door—just a crack—and lets a little light in on his career. It's: SLEAZE!...SLEAZE!...SLEAZE! (GESUNDHEIT). With Jim spreading germs all over the place and infecting every Democrat in sight. Alas, I think the prognosis is not very bright for good ol' Jim. I think poor Jim will probably SLEAZE! himself to a painful political death—twenty-five years too late for the taxpayers, the Air Force, the national defense, and a lot of good guys who died in his fabulous FLIEGEND-PLOP!

SEVENTEEN: "THE GREATEST" P.P.A.?

Is Jim Wright the "Champ"? The greatest POMPOUS POSTURING ASS on the world scene today? Remember: Many are called—few are chosen! We must all make this decision for ourselves. Is our Jim "The Greatest," or does someone else hold the "title"?

Fellow fans of Political Procurement, let's watch our Jim in action and I'll show you how an expert scored another match:

When good ol' Jim Wright stands before us on TV—as we all know he will—and pompously pontificates on the terrible "crimes" of the manufacturers who paid for insider information.... Come travel back in history with me; back to ancient Greece; back to the fourth century B.C., where a pretty clever Greek philosopher named Diogenes "scored" another politician, very much like Jim Wright, as he pompously postured about the "crimes" of another. Diogenes said: "Behold the great criminal leading the small thief away."

Ya gotta admit it, Jim Wright posturing about "procurement scandals in the Pentagon" is a terrific performance. We've got to give Jim a lot of points for his dazzling display of footwork in dodging his BILLION DOLLAR BOONDOGGLE. And talk about speed—I trust you've noticed that Jim has a pair of the fastest LIPS in the business. But does Jim have a "knock-out" punch? We shall see.

"And in dis corner...in da poiple trunks...the challenger for da title of POMPOUS POSTURING ASS of da woild...Vice Presidential candidate...LLOYD "THE LIP" BENT S O N !"

Now, procurement fans, according to Jim Wright's bosom buddy

and fellow WHEELER-DEALER from Texas—the home of POLITICAL PROCUREMENTS in the Southwest...and maybe the West...and...maybe the North, and East, and South—the Republicans are “POISONING DEFENSE POLICY WITH PARTISAN POLITICS.”

Talk about a KNOCK-OUT PUNCH! That’s not just the POT calling the KETTLE black! It’s more like the BLACK PLAGUE emoting on the horrors of PRICKLEY HEAT! WOW! What a performance!

“Ladies and gents...in thoity seconds of da foist round. By a KNOCKOUT!...I give youze da new woild’s cham-peen POMPOUS POSTURING ASS...LLOYD...“THE LIP” ...BENT S O N !”

Jim may have had “THE WRIGHT STUFF,” but Lloyd clearly had the BETTER STUFF in this P.P.A. contest.

EIGHTEEN: AMERICANA

For those readers who understandably don’t place much faith in Greeks these days—even DIOGENES—here’s a bit of home-grown American philosophy from a great American:

“IT COULD PROBABLY BE SHOWN BY FACTS AND FIGURES THAT THERE IS NO DISTINCTLY NATIVE AMERICAN CRIMINAL CLASS EXCEPT THE CONGRESS.”

—Mark Twain.

DOES THE WEST HAVE THE WILL TO SURVIVE?

That is the obvious question posed by Jean Raspail’s terrifying novel of the swamping of the White world by an unlimited flood of non-White “refugees.” But there is also a less obvious and even more fundamental question: Must Whites find their way to a new Morality and a new spirituality in order to face the moral challenges of the present and overcome them? *THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS* is the most frightening book you will ever read. It is frightening because it is utterly believable. The armada of refugee ships in Raspail’s story is exactly like the one that dumped 150,000 Cubans from Fidel Castro’s prisons and insane asylums on our shores in 1980 — except this time the armada is from India, with more than 70 times as large a population. And it is only the first armada of many. If any book will awaken White Americans to the danger they face from uncontrolled immigration, it is *THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS*. For your copy (Order No. 3014) send \$9.50 (which includes \$1.50 for postage and handling) to: *LIBERTY BELL PUBLICATIONS, Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA.*

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