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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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The editor/publisher of *Liberty Bell* does not necessarily agree with each and every article in this magazine, nor does he subscribe to all conclusions arrived at by various writers; however, he does endeavour to permit the exposure of ideas suppressed by the controlled news media of this country.

It is, therefore, in the best tradition of America and of free men everywhere that *Liberty Bell* strives to give free reign to ideas, for ultimately it is ideas which rule the world and determine both the content and structure of our Western culture.

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 Revilo P. Oliver

HOW PANAMÁ HAPPENED

As I write, it is not yet apparent why the government in Washington invaded Panamá after the officer of the Israeli army who was in charge had secretly returned home, leaving his stooge, the duly elected President, a mongrel named Noriega, to be captured by the invaders.

The surprise attack on the Panamanians was, needless to say, in violation of international law, which the United States has flouted ever since it became a Jewish colony. It was an unprovoked and, by surprise, treacherous attack on what was officially regarded as an independent country, one to which traitors in the den of thieves called the Congress had given our Panama Canal further to cripple the United States.

Some Americans may have been relieved that the mongrel and bisexual rabble now called our army was still able to occupy a comic-opera country. The press particularly noticed the heroism of an Amazon, said to be a hybrid, who valiantly led her detachment in an assault on a dog kennel and made the dogs surrender by wagging their tails.

The public is fed some verbiage about a wish to abate the international traffic in cocaine, but that is obviously hogwash. The puzzled Noriega was brought to the United States to be brought before an American court, in open disregard of both international and American law, unless the latter be formally redefined as whatever our Yiddish masters want. What effect that is intended to have, and how Noriega is to be prevented from telling what he learned while he was cooperating with Reagan and Bush, are still unresolved questions as I write.

It occurs to me, however, that my readers may be interested in an account of how it happened that there was a República de Panamá for Bush to invade and conquer.

The Isthmus of Panama is the narrowest body of land separating the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the utility of connecting the two oceans by a canal was naturally perceived by intelligent Europeans soon after the region came under civilized control. So far as is known, the first formal project was submitted and advocated by the Portuguese explorer, colonial governor, and historian, Antonio Galvão, whose *Tratado* was posthumously published in 1550. This inspired the distinguished Spanish writer, Lopez de Gómara, to urge on the Spanish government the immediate construction of the proposed canal. He was ignored.

There was much talk and many projects during the three following centuries, but nothing was done until 1879, when the famous French engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps, having completed the Suez Canal in 1869, naturally sought an opportunity for another spectacular feat of engineering. He became president of a French corporation organized to construct a canal parallel to the American-owned railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, which was then in the territory of the United States of Colombia.

It is true that unanticipated difficulties were encountered, ranging from the torrential floods of the Chagres River to yellow fever, endemic in the region. These, however, were trifles in comparison with the fact that M. de Lesseps was being used as a figure-head by a scabrous gang of French politicians and international financiers. Only a tiny fraction of the capital raised was available for construction of the canal. The sober *Encyclopaedia Britannica* summarized the operations of the Panama Canal Company as "characterized by a degree of corruption and extravagance rarely, if ever, equalled in the history of the world."

When the inevitable crash finally came and it was found that \$240,000,000 of the stockholders' money had simply vanished,¹ an attempt was made to place the blame entirely on the old engineer, who was then eighty-four and evidently had not suspected the character of his associates, the chief of whom were French only in the sense that they had taken up residence in France.

The attempt was not entirely successful. De Lesseps died a poor and broken man, but some part of the truth was disclosed in the great "Panama Scandal," which was precipitated partly by the efforts of Édouard Drumont, the courageous author of *La France juive*, and partly by the enthusiasm of a group of young Frenchmen who were trying to hunt down the persons whom they regarded as responsible for the disgrace and suicide of General Boulanger. Readers of modern French literature will remember something of the atmosphere of those days from the pages of Maurice Barrès's *Leur figures*, although they may overlook the contribution made by Drumont.

A New Panama Canal Company was organized, partly to cover up the scandal and partly, it seems, with some intention of completing construction of the canal. Work was resumed, perhaps in earnest, in 1895, but was halted for reasons that may never be satisfactorily ascertained, since the company's books and archives were prudently burned before it was liquidated.

Another generation of hopeful (and perhaps patriotic) investors had been ruined, and were glad to dispose of their now worthless stock at any price. A syndicate of the international pirates, euphemistically called financiers, quietly bought up the cheap paper and thus became owners of a corporation whose only asset, aside from an option to buy stock in the American railroad and some rusting machinery through which the vege-

1. These figures are in terms of the dollars of that time; multiply by sixty to obtain the approximate equivalent in the dollars now printed by the Federal Reserve.

tation of the encompassing jungle was already growing, was a concession granted by the United States of Colombia, which no longer existed, since it had been dissolved by one of the frequent civil wars and replaced by the Republic of Colombia. Some of the pirates established residence in the United States to carry out a plan to sell the dubious assets to the American people.

The United States, in the meantime, had come to realize that a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific was indispensable to the nation's security as well as prosperity. The most feasible route, as determined by successive teams of competent engineers, was through Nicaragua, where an American corporation had begun construction. In 1902 the House of Representatives passed, by a vote of 309 to 2, a bill appropriating money for the completion of the canal under a treaty that had been negotiated with Nicaragua.

The international predators were naturally alarmed by the danger that American interests might be thought paramount in the United States, and hired a prominent (and eventually very wealthy) American attorney, William Nelson Cromwell, to distribute arguments and cash to convince Congressmen that the route through the Isthmus of Panama was ever so much better. The arguments were specious but the cash was real, and Cromwell was able to block construction of the canal in Nicaragua.

President Theodore Roosevelt is not known to have received any of the cash, and his brother-in-law seems to have received only \$200,000 when the gravy was ladled out. It seems likely, therefore, that only political pressures, exerted indirectly by the financial brigands, induced him to use his authority and influence to make the United States purchase the "rights" of the nominally French company for \$40,000,000,² which, although naturally less than was first asked, yielded a very lavish profit to Isaac and Jesse Seligman, and other principal promot-

2. Remember to make the computation suggested in the foregoing footnote.

ers, some of whom hid under cover names.³ The exact distribution of the loot is uncertain, for after the United States purchased all the property of the Canal Company, specifically including its archives, the archives and all other records were circumspectly reduced to ashes and smoke.

Then it was discovered—surprise! surprise!—that the Canal Company's only real asset, the concession from the defunct United States of Colombia, was worthless, and that a treaty with the existing government of Colombia would have to be negotiated. It was, but the Colombian Senate refused to ratify it, ostensibly on the grounds that the constitution forbade alienation of sovereignty over any of the nation's territory—although "constitutionality" meant no more in Colombia then than it does in the United States today. The real motive was an expectation that an additional \$10,000,000 could be extracted from rich old Uncle Sap, plus, no doubt, a hope that the old duffer could be bluffed into agreeing to some scheme of joint sovereignty over the Canal Zone, which would, of course, provide an opportunity for perpetual blackmail and periodic rake-offs.

The impasse thus created was expeditiously solved by the American government.⁴

There was in the city of Panamá (on the Pacific side of the Isthmus) a Colombian physician, Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, who was employed by the Panama Railroad to give medical

3. So far as is known, only small cuts went to J. P. Morgan, who seems to have been a business agent for the Rothschilds, and to Paul Warburg, who had been sent to the United States to put over the Federal Reserve system of organized plunder and to make other preparations for the First World War.

4. The sordid story is told completely by Earl Harding, a journalist of the old and now forgotten school that believed in ascertaining facts and telling the truth. He devoted a good part of his life to investigation and research, obtained access to various confidential memoranda and orders the conspirators thought destroyed, and published the final report of his findings in *The Untold Story of Panama* (New York, Athene Press, 1959). Almost all of my summary here depends on his exemplary work.

attention to its workmen. He was a white man of Spanish descent, and that conveyed social status in a region in which 90% of the population was composed of mestizos, sambos, negroes, and Indians. Although almost entirely dependent on his salary from the Railroad, Dr. Amador somehow managed to send his favorite son, Raoul, to the United States, where he was graduated from the medical school of Columbia University.

Raoul was commissioned as an assistant surgeon in the United States Army, but he had his eye on higher things. He was tall, handsome, with dark, expressive eyes, cultivated manners, and an engaging personality,—and he was living in an era in which every American female had an abiding faith that speakers of Romance languages were therefore Romantic. It was easy for Raoul to work his way up to the bottom of New York's Upper Crust, and there he wooed and married money with such success that at one time he had a wife and two children installed in a very comfortable house at 216 West 112th Street, and another wife with one child conveniently ensconced in another house at 306 West 87th Street, thus obviating long journeys from one tender domesticity to the other. Whether the ladies were then aware of their unofficial partnership in Romantic Raoul is not entirely clear, but eventually wife No. 2 sued him for \$100,000 and thus, although appeased with a cash settlement, interrupted what would doubtless have been a brilliant diplomatic career. But that came later, and the facts are mentioned here only to show that Raoul was an adroit, vigorous, and enterprising young man, who probably did much more than serve as a mere go-between making arrangements with his father.

There must have been some negotiations before the father received a cablegram which he could display to his acquaintance and the Colombian governor as proof that he was hastening to the bedside of his beloved and desperately ill son.

In New York, Dr. Amador was coached by officials of the Canal Company and his employers in the Panama Railroad, and

given a secret midnight interview with Theodore Roosevelt in Washington. He was instructed to hold a revolution in the Isthmus of Panama on 3 November 1903—a date chosen because it would be election day in the United States and the newspapers would be filled with news that would crowd out any indiscreet despatches that might come from an obscure corner of the Republic of Colombia. He was supplied with a flag suitable for the “Republic of the Isthmus,” which his revolution was to establish, and provided with funds to stimulate an itch for independence in a suitable number of fellow patriots.

The plan for this model revolution, as approved by Theodore Roosevelt, was a sound one. Ardent Love of Liberty was to be ignited only in a strip of territory roughly corresponding to the Canal Zone that has now been given away. This would necessarily be occupied by the Americans when they began construction of the canal, and the ephemeral Republic of the Isthmus could be quietly absorbed without fuss or publicity. Unfortunately for us, Dr. Amador bungled the job and exceeded his instructions.

With seven associates, all connected in one way or another with the Panama Railroad, he enlisted fifty stalwart patriots who, for a small fee, were willing to join in establishing a free and independent nation. He made the mistake, however, of including in his revolutionary *junta* a Freedom Fighter who refused to have a revolution unless it included his large farms upcountry, and that gave ideas to another patriot, who had his eye on a vast tract of fertile land about fifty miles east of the projected “Republic,” which he thought would be a suitable reward for his devotion to the ideals of self-government. That, in turn, inspired at least one other member of the *junta* that was to seek liberation from Colombian oppression.

We should not judge Dr. Amador too harshly. Having made that initial blunder in recruiting, he doubtless reflected that if he thwarted the aspirations of his confederates, they might become tattletales, and that if he were arrested by the Colombian

governor, those words, "We'll see you through," which had sounded so impressive when uttered in the White House at the witching hour, might have evaporated from the Rooseveltian memory. At all events, Dr. Amador yielded to his associates and, on his own responsibility, without consulting his employers, he revised the plan and made the scheduled revolution include the whole of the Colombian Department of Panama. Thus, perhaps unaware that the evil that men do lives after them, he recklessly laid a foundation for the farcical "nation" of mongrel rabble to which, in obedience to "world opinion" as manufactured by Sheenies in New York, we gave our strategic property in 1978.

As the fatal third of November drew near, Dr. Amador began to reflect that revolutions sometimes are accompanied by bodily harm. Although he had been assured that everything would be managed with American efficiency, he feared there might be some slip between the brimming cup and his own lip.

The Panamanians style Dr. Amador their George Washington and the Father of His Country, but they, with male bigotry, have never honored the true Mother of their Country. She was Mrs. Amador, who collared her husband as he was sneaking out the back door on that glorious morning and reminded him that if he missed his appointment for the revolution, he would be fired by the Panama Railroad—and then what would they do?

Thus emboldened by his Penthesilea, Dr. Amador agreed to hold the revolution, provided that the American Consul General in Panamá walked beside him, waving the American flag, to ward off all risk of bodily harm. In those far-off days, as most of us have all but forgotten, the United States and its flag were respected throughout the world.

The revolution was staged with an aplomb that would have done credit to the Metropolitan Opera. Would that I had space to review the performance and give due credit to all the actors! But alas! *Liberty Bell* is limited to a fixed number of pages.

Dr. Amador raised the Flag of Freedom and, walking carefully in the lee of the American Consul General and the Stars and Stripes, he led his band of forty or forty-five Freedom Fighters to assault the citadels of Colombian tyranny. (Some members of the *junta* apparently overslept that morning and did not reach the battlefield until all was over.) For \$15,000 the Colombian general in command of the thousand nondescript soldiers that garrisoned the city saw that resistance was hopeless. The colonel in command of reinforcements that had arrived unexpectedly in Colón settled for \$8,000 and a ticket home. American warships were patrolling both coasts to avert any impolite intrusion of fresh troops from Colombia, and in one place American marines were landed to instruct the locals, who did not know they had spontaneously revolted from Colombian despotism.

Dr. Amador's victory, which involved the surrender of three generals in the Colombian army with several thousand troops, would have been gloriously bloodless, had it not been marred by one *contretemps*.

The commander of the Colombian gunboat *Bogotá* at anchor in the harbor had evidently been overlooked by the American agents. When he saw a commotion in the city with a strange flag that indicated a revolution was in progress, he opened fire on the insurgents. His marksmen scored one direct hit, thus inflicting the total casualties in Panama's War for Independence: one Chinese laundryman and one donkey. Then he gave the order to cease fire.

The explanation of the sudden pacifism of the *Bogotá's* skipper given in the Naval Academy at Annapolis years ago was the following. The captain turned his eyes from the embattled city to the American cruiser *Brooklyn*, anchored close by. He saw her eight-inch cannon swing round to focus on him, while a line of signal flags soared up the mast with the message, "Shut up or we'll blow you out of the water."⁵

5. The story is not entirely accurate. For one thing, the *Brooklyn* was a heavy cruiser, but, unlike the *California* class, built a little later, it did not carry its eight-inch guns in turrets, as the story seems to imply.

The commander of the *Bogotá* was inspired to find a way out of the tactical situation with which he was thus confronted. He put on his uniform coat, hastened ashore, sold his gunboat to the new-born República de Panamá, and became the Admiral of the Navy he thus created.

At Colón, on the Atlantic side, there were no untoward incidents. The commander of the Colombian gunboat *Cartagena* contemplated the muzzles of the cannon on the U.S.S. *Nashville* and recalled the adage that discretion is the better part of valor. He was rewarded with permission to sail homeward unscathed.

In the meantime, the American Consul General, as soon as he was free of his duty to protect Dr. Amador, telegraphed the glad tidings to Washington, and was instructed to recognize the new government at once. Forty-six minutes later the now sovereign República de Panamá appointed, as its Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Washington, Philippe Buneau-Varilla, Jesse Seligman's pet *goy* (he claimed to be a White man and I know of no proof that he was not), who had been Director General of the old Panama Canal Company⁶ and,

more, unless naval records have been doctored, the Brooklyn could not have been in the harbor on Independence Day, and our peace-keeping forces must have been represented by the *Boston*, a smaller cruiser, but, to be sure, one with cannon that could have put the *Bogotá* under the water, if not out of it, with a single broadside. There seems to be no official record of what advice the *Boston* may have conveyed by whatever signal flags she displayed.

6. Having a well-greased hide, he, although the Director General, slithered from office and sight when the scandal broke. He had come to the attention of Isaac Seligman when, as co-owner of a Paris newspaper, he published photographs of two letters attributed to Dreyfus but in different handwritings, claiming they were proof that the irreproachable Jew had been "framed," thereby influencing the French authorities to investigate the malodorous affair again. (I tried to summarize the Dreyfus case in a long footnote in *America's Decline*, pp. 19-20.) Buneau-Varilla, who had a claim to respectability as an engineer, was hired to be the gang's chief lobbyist in the United States, and after the American government had bought the worthless French Canal Company, he seems to have done much of the planning for the revolution. He wrote the Panamanian Declaration of Independence and, while living on Jesse

through the courtesy of international finance, was a large stockholder in the new.

After the Colombian forces in Panama had surrendered or prudently retired, the necessary treaty was promptly drawn up by the versatile Buneau-Varilla, and was ratified by the suddenly sovereign República de Panamá in December 1903, and by the United States Senate in February 1904. There was only one pathetic incident. After his decisive victory, Dr. Amador, the Father of his Country and naturally its first President, hastened to Washington, doubtless with visions of historic glory and perhaps with hopes of further improvement in the family fortunes. As he alighted from the train in Washington, however, he was greeted with the news that the treaty had been signed without him. It is said that the venerable old hero almost fainted right there on the platform.

The United States, you will be glad to know, promptly met its obligations. It paid \$10,000,000 to the new-born nation, and the National Assembly of the República as promptly disbursed \$3,000,000 to leading patriots for "necessary expenses" incurred during the Revolution, and immediately burned the accounts and other records. Numerous other dividends were paid later, including \$50,000 to the Colombian general who had so wisely seen that his warriors were no match for Dr. Amador's band of inspired idealists, and who had elected to remain in the Isthmus and become a Hero of his new Fatherland.⁷ An American adventurer, disappointed, for reasons stated above, in obtaining the rank of Admiral, agreed to become General Jeffries and accept an estate of 200,000 acres of fertile land.

Seligman's luxurious summer estate in Westchester, stitched together the flag of the Isthmus which Dr. Amador was to display on the glorious third of November.

7. It is said that although in those days the United States had a currency that was real money, General Huertas, having become the Generalissimo of all the Armed Forces of the República de Panamá, took no chances and insisted on payment in gold.

We may be sure that Dr. Amador, who had received a mere \$25,000 by cable immediately after his victory, with a promise of \$75,000 more, was not overlooked when the gravy boat came around again. His talented son, Raoul, was doubtless thanked with cash in New York, where he became the Consul General of the new nation and its only native diplomatic representative in this country, since its Ambassador Extraordinary etc. was legally a French citizen. Raoul held his office with distinction and profit until his matrimonial exuberance, to which we alluded above, suggested that it would be tactful to replace him with his younger brother.

We may be confident that, despite what was said when the Panamanians began to levy blackmail on the United States a few months later, no deserving Hero of the Revolution was left unfeared by American taxpayers.

Such was the Birth of the Nation that perpetually clamored for more backsheesh ever since Dr. Amador's blunder created it.

The Panama Canal was built entirely with American money and, in all but the most menial tasks, American workmen. It was also built at the cost of many American lives, sacrificed to disease before American officials forced on the refractory inhabitants of the Canal Zone compliance with the elementary principles of sanitation, which the Americans supplemented by controlling the endemic yellow fever. The construction of the canal brought prosperity to a region that had previously subsisted on a little inefficient agriculture and the payroll of the Panama Railroad.

One unfortunate result of this prosperity and the introduction of sanitation was a rapid increase in the population of the region, as mestizos and natives swarmed out of the inaccessible jungles to share in the economic miracle and breed offspring without the natural checks on their proliferation. Another regrettable consequence was that the newly created Panamanians, chiefly white at first, began to compose myths about their Glorious Revolution, which the public schools in this country

and the alien press and television disseminate for purposes of their own. The truth is so different that, as a matter of record, when the Panamanian flag, designed by Buneau-Varilla, was officially hoisted in Colón, no native could be found to raise it, even for a fee, and the only man courageous enough to undertake the simple task was William Murray Black, Major in the United States Army, one of the officers who had been sent into the Isthmus to make sure that there would be no fumbling in the well-subsidized Fight for Freedom.

The Panama Canal was officially opened to shipping in August 1914. It brought incalculable benefits not only to the region in which it is located but to the whole of what is called Latin America. Nicaragua felt that she had been cheated of her canal, but wisely stomached her resentment and guaranteed to the United States the right to build the canal originally planned whenever it wished to do so.⁸ In Colombia, the leading citizens were not only indignant that their bluff had been called and they had been given no share of the boodle, but complained mightily that a part of Colombia's territory had been taken without compensation. Their outraged feelings were salved with a grant of \$25,000,000 in 1922, when yowling about "Yankee imperialism," artfully encouraged by our domestic and foreign enemies, had become a habit south of the Rio Grande.⁹

8. That is probably one reason why "our" C.I.A., by murders and suborning of treason, overthrew the government of the Somozas and plunged Nicaragua into a bloody chaos. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, May 1990, p. 9, and the reference there given. The Somozas maintained order and relative content, and would have gladly facilitated construction of a canal that would not only provide a "back up" for the existing canal, but would accommodate aircraft carriers and the newer tankers, ships which have too broad a beam to pass through the locks in Panama.

9. As I pointed out in my booklet, *An Introduction to the Contemporary History of Latin America* (1961; out-of-print), we long had friends and potential friends in Central and South America, but systematically and perversely worked to destroy them and to excite the rapine, bloodshed, and barbarity that we call "democracy." Letters from persons of standing in the more civilized counties of South America, written to endorse

The story should end here, but it does not. Dr. Amador, as we have said, made a blunder, but Theodore Roosevelt made a far greater one, for reasons which are obscure. He had been successful in the elections in November 1903, but he may already have been under the influence of "friends" who, eight years later, egged him into founding the Progressive Party and thus assuring the election to the presidency of their candidate, Woodrow Wilson, who, as one of their number indiscreetly boasted years later, had been led around by their American satrap, Barney Baruch, "like a poodle on a string" and taught to bark for "Democracy" and "New Freedom" at his masters' command.

Whatever the explanation, Theodore Roosevelt thought it expedient to pretend that the "revolution" in Panama had been a "spontaneous" uprising by "oppressed" Panamanians. That preposterous lie exposed him and his government to continuous blackmail by Panamanian patriots, who, when he eventually refused to pay up on fresh demands, tried to exert pressure by leaking some information to the American press. Some of the leading newspapers were still owned by Americans at that time, and they had received good information from their own sources, but did not regard the events in the Isthmus as particularly remarkable. What did arouse interest was the unseasonable disclosure of the profits of Jesse Seligman, other aliens in the conspiracy, and their American hirelings, and of the baksheesh lawyer Cromwell had distributed in Congress.

Unfortunately, Theodore Roosevelt, who was a bull-headed as the Bull Moose he later selected as his symbol, instead of candidly and manfully admitting that he had performed a great service to the United States by beginning construction of the

my booklet, indicated that even in 1961 it was not too late to salvage at least some part of the respect that was accorded us before we became the principal promoters of Judaeo-Communist revolution and savagery. The Somozas were only the latest of our victims. Today, nowhere in the world would anyone who is not demonstrably feeble-minded trust Americans.

canal, felt obliged to protect Cromwell's clients. He tried to bulldoze his way out of the consequences of his own blunder by punishing the press for having told part of the truth. He sued the New York *World* and the Indianapolis *News* in the Federal courts by using a legal fiction that later served the second Roosevelt in 1942, when that foul creature ordered the infamous "Sedition Trial."¹⁰

The prosecution of the two newspapers (and by implication many others) failed, for in those days many men were appointed to lifetime tenure in the Federal courts without having given guarantees of obedience. When the case was finally thrown out of court by honest judges, who added severe animadversions on the absurd and dirty pretense under which it had been begun, Theodore Roosevelt belatedly decided to behave like an Aryan and a statesman. Seventy-nine days later, he boasted, before an audience at the University of California, "I took the Isthmus."

By that time, however, the damage had been done. To defend themselves against the outrageous (and flagrantly illegal) prosecution, the accused newspapers had to undertake a long and costly investigation to substantiate what they had said. What had been an unpleasant odor emanating from small fissures in the cover of official secrecy became an unforgettable stench after the investigators opened wide rents in that cover.

Earl Harding, one of the accused, instead of half-forgetting a routine assignment as a reporter for the *World*, was aroused to devoting all of his spare time in his many remaining years to

10: The theory was that if you, living in one state, mail a letter or even a copy of a newspaper to someone in another state, you have thereby engaged in interstate commerce and placed yourself under the jurisdiction of Federal courts, which can then send Federal marshals to haul you, in chains, if desired, to any city in the United States to defend yourself against any prosecution, however whimsical, that may be instituted in those courts, whether or not there is an applicable Federal statute pertaining to your supposed offense. Since the Jews' "Sedition Trial" failed, this theory has not yet been tested in the "Supreme Court," but don't count on what that Revolutionary Tribunal will do, should the Master Race want the fiction implemented as a convenient means of afflicting recalcitrant serfs.

collecting irrefragable evidence of what really happened. That is why I have been able to summarize a story which, I hope, will have interested you—and told you something about the America that your parents threw away.

“To the Victor Belong the Spoils”

It seems to me that it was around 1940 that I attended a small dinner party at which one of the guests was the widow of a fairly prominent Protestant clergyman—Methodist, as I recall. When the conversation turned to some notably dirty trick in the state legislature, she remarked that while she supposed that a state government was a bigger business than even a very large Protestant denomination, she thought it very unlikely that the politicians could be more corrupt, or could have invented more dirty tricks, than the bureaucracy that rules a large Protestant Church. She proceeded to illustrate her somewhat surprising pronouncement with a description of the way in which the results of such a denomination’s annual conference were all determined in advance, with prearranged conniving to frustrate and abort any protest by honest and courageous clergymen; how the plums were distributed to reward complicity in the bureaucrats’ intrigues; how holy twerps were commissioned to pretend dissent and join the opposition to learn its plans and betray them to the bureaucrats; and how the Holy Ghost was trained to deliver inspiration to suit the rulers’ wishes. She was, she said, probably the only “outsider” who had been able to observe the shenanigans that go on in such conferences. Her husband had suffered from a physical disability, so she had had to accompany him where wives were normally excluded, and to help him move from one council chamber to another, where she, often as disregarded as though she were furniture, saw the intrigues in progress, learning enough to

extort from her husband information he would otherwise have kept secret.

I remembered the lady when I saw reported in *Christian News* last July the results of the annual conference of the Missouri Synod of the Lutheran Church. A conservative opposition to the bureaucracy probably had a majority, but the bureaucrats were in control of the election, circulated threats and rumors, and at the last minute brought in a razzle-dazzle orator whose spiel is said to have been slanderously mendacious, and circulated a libellous memorandum defaming the opposition, so the administration squeaked through with 52% of the votes, according to their count.

One issue was the Church’s finances, which the bureaucrats claimed was a godly secret to be kept in their sacred bosoms. The conservatives did succeed in learning that there was a whole staff of bureaucrats (the number a dire secret) who were rewarded with \$60,000-\$70,000 a year plus expenses and many perquisites, but they were given old statistics, and it was only later that it was discovered that the boss man, an odd looking individual named Bohlmann, received \$92,000 a year plus expenses (including expense for entertainment), contributions to the fund for his eventual retirement with, no doubt, similar emoluments, and numerous other benefits. He and his crew of 242 (!) “executives” and their flunkies absorbed more than 28% of the top-heavy Synod’s revenues.

The bureaucrats’ mouthpiece defamed a business man and professional accountant who had analyzed what was known of the Church’s finances, and who seems to be proven correct by subsequent developments. He later pointed out a recent increase of 70% in the expenses of “administering” the Church, noted that the expenditure for the one item of “Communications Administration and Public Relations” had increased in a single year from \$379,000 to \$1,800,000 (was that in preparation for the Conference?), and exposed official accounting which

indicated that in that one year the Church had lost \$34,000,000 on the stock market.

All this, of course, is tediously familiar to everyone who has observed the blessings of 'democracy' and merely shows that in financial matters, Protestants and the Vatican have the same way of doing their god's business. It would not be worth five lines in *Liberty Bell*, if it did not show the direction of the evolution of Christianity today.

Immediately after they got 52% of the votes (so they say), the bureaucrats proceeded to teach the lesson that persons who fail to cooperate will get their teeth kicked in by Jesus's general manager. Dr. Robert Preus, President of the Church's principal school, Concordia Seminary in Fort Wayne, Indiana, who had dared to differ with the head dervish on doctrinal matters, was fired from his position and "retired" without notice, and with the transparently hypocritical pretense that his dismissal was not an act of vengeance for opposition to the Missouri Synod's little Czar.

Members of the victorious faction wrote letters, couched in the gutter language which is doubtless the language in which they habitually think, inviting the conservatives to get out of the racket the bureaucrats own, and calling for the suppression of *Christian News* because its editor has expressed disbelief in the Jews' big swindle, the Holohoax, and is therefore "anti-Semitic." That persons claiming to belong to a church founded by Martin Luther should object to even the most drastic denunciation of Sheenies can evoke only loud guffaws from everyone who knows anything about Luther's doctrines.

The bureaucrat's dirty politics were, of course, primarily a drive for more power and more loot, but the doctrinal issues associated with their *coup* are highly significant, since the Missouri Synod is one of the very few Churches that has thus far professed an adherence to the traditional Christianity that produced the great cathedrals and inspired *Paradise Lost* and many another work of our literature. What the entrenched bureau-

cracy wants to do is to scrap Christian doctrine and perhaps eventually amalgamate the Missouri Synod with the contemptible Evangelical Lutheran [!] Church in America, which has not even enough honesty to change its name to Marxian.

There were doctrinal issues that were minor at this time. A member of the victorious faction is quoted as believing that Jesus's business is the redistribution of property—always an appealing proposition, since much of the redistributed property always ends in the hands of the redistributors as a condign reward for their idealism, but this seems not to have been an issue last July, although it probably will be in the future.

There was some question about the Church's patronizing of persons who are, or pretend to be, subject to seizures, comparable to epilepsy (which, remember, was once called the *morbus sacer*, divinely inspired), resulting in fits in which the afflicted individual becomes delirious, uttering gibberish or uncouth animal cries, believing or pretending he or she is "speaking in tongues." The genuine seizures are, like epilepsy, from which they are often indistinguishable, produced by an innate cerebral disorder and may be described as intermittent insanity. Similar phenomena are occasionally produced in susceptible individuals by some hallucinatory drugs or the last stages of alcoholic intoxication. It is also likely that weak minds can induce quasi-epileptic seizures by autohypnosis, and that this, rather than organic dementia, accounts for the paroxysms of religiosity in most "holy rollers."

Wherever the physiological causes are ignored and the fits are considered a *morbus sacer*, many individuals, who pathetically can make no claim to a distinguishing talent of any kind, yield to the mammalian desire to assert individuality by attracting attention, and simulate such fits. Religion merely provides a means of attracting attention for the pitiable individuals who, sensing their own irremediable inferiority, still yearn to distinguish themselves from the herd, and who, in other circum-

stances, choose such means as claiming to be guilty of sensational crimes.¹

Official endorsement of the "charismatics" antics serves only to make a church ridiculous and invites comparison with the normal shamanism of savage tribes. Furthermore, if treated as a religious phenomenon, it presupposes direct contact between the afflicted individual and angelic or demonic spirits that temporarily take possession of him, a position that almost all of the established Christian sects now regard as heretical.² The doctrinal position of the Missouri Synods' ruling bureaucrats was clear: "charismatics" pay for their fun, don't they?

The major issue in everyone's mind, although not on the agenda, was the ordination of females as clergymen in the pro-1. The most sensational kidnapping in this country was the abduction of the infant son of Charles Lindbergh, and as soon as that became known, more than two hundred individuals rushed to police stations to confess that they were guilty of the crime. That was only a noteworthy instance of a common phenomenon. In the late 1930s, the Chief of Detectives in a fairly large city told me that he had learned from a visit to England to adopt the method of the British police, who, whenever a sensational crime occurs and the criminal is not immediately caught, conceal some details of the crime or, if that is not feasible, describe them in terms that will mislead the average reader of newspapers. Thus, when persons eager to confess to a crime present themselves, a short series of questions will disclose their ignorance of the details that were kept secret, and they can be dismissed before they waste more of an investigator's time. The detective also told me that the crime to which such persons confess is almost invariably murder, and the more gruesome the murder, the greater the number who confess to it. In all his experience, there had been only one spurious confession to a robbery, although the latter crime sometimes produces persons who claim to have witnessed it and to have observed details overlooked by others. He thought that most of the spurious confessions were made by individuals who relied on being able to prove their innocence after they had enjoyed making themselves notable, but he believed that some so yearned to give a stellar performance in a courtroom that they would take the risk of being convicted and executed. — Another result of the pathetic urge to emerge from the herd is provided by most of the imaginative individuals who are kidnapped and taken for joy rides on "flying saucers," although such claims are also made by ambitious swindlers.

2. I note that the Reverend Mr. R.-R. M. Jurjevich, who is also a clinical psychologist, quotes with approval another clergyman's classification of the "charismatic" cults as "anti-Christian."

fessedly Lutheran Church. The Lutheran position is that only what is stated in the Scriptures counts (doctrine is determined *solā scripturā*, which must be the basis of the salvation that is obtained *solā fide*), but the Synod's boss man has the effrontery to temporize by saying he "isn't sure" that those Scriptures don't authorize the ordination of females as clergymen. Since it must be presumed that he can read—perhaps even read the text of the "New Testament," as some of the clergy still can—that is sheer tergiversation.

He is obviously itching to get into the swing morality of the Marxian churches, which, fraudulently disguised under a variety of traditional names, form the great majority of Christian churches today. And, of course, in the clergy, when females come, can perverts be far behind? A model is the once respected Anglican ("Episcopal") Church, which, after disgracing itself by consecrating as "Bishop" a divorcée, evidently half-negress, half-Kikess, is now ordaining homosexual perverts who blatantly advertise their vice with evangelical fervor. It thus wins the blessings of the shrieking harridans of "Female Liberation," whose authority is obviously greater than that of the cult's nominal god.

The Missouri Synod's ambitious boss man may be belatedly espousing a vogue that is already passing. He should read an admirably objective book that I have long intended to review in these pages, Nicholas Davidson's *The Failure of Feminism* (Buffalo, Prometheus Books, 1988). And several periodicals have recently published articles that report that women who have attained success in positions normally filled by men are discovering, as they approach middle age, that the fruits of their enterprise are apples of Sodom. It may well be that even the contemporary Americans' frantic flight from reality will soon become insufficient to shore up a denial of sexual differences.

It is true that among Aryans a religion that ignores females is doomed. Although the professional holy men of Christianity are necessarily male, one could, with perhaps pardonable hyper-

bole, say that women imposed the cult on men. You have noticed that in the tales about martyrs composed by the Fathers of the Church, it is almost invariably a wife who first contracts the religion and then usually "converts" her husband, so that both can jog joyfully to the lions or whatever other form of sudden translation to Paradise the author of the tale thought likely to impress his auditors or readers. And how many lay men today would spend their Sunday mornings in a church, if they were not dragged thither by their wives or concubines?

But is it wise, as a strictly business proposition, for a church to practice a feminism that alienates womanly women? One remembers Dr. Samuel Johnson's comment on female preachers,³ which, so far as propagation of an authoritative religion is concerned, is probably as true today as when it was said. The only exceptions that come to one's mind are in the evangelical rackets, and one thinks at once of the notorious Aimee Semple McPherson, who packed the suckers into her specially equipped theater, Angelus Temple, and into branch shops all over southern California, in which the simple-minded could listen to "Sister's" voice over her radio station—until she femininely ruined her own racket.⁴

It may not be fair to deny opportunities to females who feel an itch to perform in a pulpit and console men whose wives misunderstand them, but the question of fairness is one they must take up with the God or the Savior in whom they profess to believe, because nothing can be more obvious than that the

3. "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." The learned doctor was thinking, of course, of cogent sermons, not amusing persiflage and chit-chat from a pulpit.

4. She had two hide-away apartments in the most expensive hotels, in which she could indulge her pious appetites in perfect anonymity and security, but she staged a fake drowning so that she could run off to Mexico for a continuous bout with a current favorite, and, when he or she finally tired of such fun, reappeared with a patently absurd story of having been kidnapped.

"New Testament" clearly and emphatically denies them the opportunity they covet.

It follows, therefore, that the tergiversation of the holy caïque, who is clearly hoping to gain time in which to silence the opposition completely before adorning *his* pulpits with priestesses, is a repudiation of the religion he professes to represent. Christianity as a whole, and especially the faith of the Missouri Synod, depends on the supposition that the doctrine enunciated by Paul in the letters that bear his name was, as he claimed and as the Fathers of the Church unanimously declared, divinely inspired.

If Paul's reiterated injunction that females must keep their mouths shut in church was not divinely inspired, his attitude toward women can be dismissed as merely an expression of the vehement misogyny that was incorporated in his race's religion when it was converted to a henotheism, and therefore not binding on contemporary soul-catchers. It must be on the basis of that assumption that Bohlmann and his clerical commandos disregard it, and hope to make the Missouri Synod indistinguishable from the *Ersatz*-Lutheran Church of America. But it follows, with inescapable logic, that Paul was only a clever Sheeny who peddled a line of hokum that wowed the suckers in the Second Century but needs to be revised to capture Twentieth-Century suckers.

That position, however, is one on which clerical flying squads can perch for only a moment; irresistible logic shakes the tree and forces them to go on. If Paul's divine inspiration was only a hoax, it follows that (a) there is no valid evidence that the doctrine set forth by Jesus was applicable to *goyim*,⁵ and (b) no guarantee that the rest of the "New Testament" is not equally spurious.

5. E.g., the injunction to preach the gospel throughout the world may have been only what is explicitly stated in *Matth.* 10, 5-7; and thus a command that the disciples alert the Jews in the enclaves they had established in all countries in which there was profit to be made from the natives. It is true that *Marc.* 16, 15, in the long section that was added

It is obvious, therefore, that the "progressives" regard religion as did Pope Leo X, who happily, but somewhat indiscreetly, exclaimed to several of his intimates, "What profit this fable about Christ has brought us!" It is only natural that some of them avow belief in biological evolution and thus openly admit that their Bible is just a crude and incredible story-book.⁶ And it is only natural that they should crusade for any hoax that, rightly or wrongly, seems to them likely to increase their profits. And it is only natural that, to crush the conservatives who take Christianity seriously, they have allied themselves with the Defamation League of Jewish cowboys who ride herd on the American cattle and drive the lower animals to belief in the Holofoax.

In the Missouri Synod the issue has now been clearly joined. Bohlmann and his phalanx of greedy "executives" have declared war on the clergymen who still believe in Christianity. I do not predict the outcome, but I note that the struggle is an unequal one. The cacique and his crew have their hands on all the finances of the Church; they have demonstrated their power to intimidate and punish insubordinate clergymen; they are skilled in pitching the woo to unthinking congregations; and

in the Sixth Century, calls for preaching the gospel "to every creature," but that is not feasible; the crack-brained St. Francis of Assisi is said to have preached to birds, but is not credited with having made any converts.

6. If the "progressives" in the Missouri Synod took theology seriously and wished to salvage their Jesus while ordaining women, they would have done well to promote some of the gospels that describe Jesus as traveling with one or more concubines. A particularly useful gospel would be the *Euangelium secundum Jacobum* of which the papyrus text is now in the Bodmer Library, in which the disciples specifically complain that Jesus is fonder of his woman than he is of them. I suggested another way out of their dilemma in *Liberty Bell*, November 1983, pp. 5 f., and Ralph Perier, in his little booklet, *Religion and Race* (Liberty Bell Publications, \$3.00 + postage), called attention to gospels that describe the Holy Ghost as female and explicitly affirm that Jesus was a practicing homosexual, thus providing a revelation that authorizes both of the aims of the "progressives."

they can count on the unlimited support of the all-powerful Yids.⁷ To oppose this formidable ecclesiastical juggernaut, the real Christians have only the honest journalism of *Christian News* and whatever resolute allegiance individual clerics have been able to inspire in their congregations, which, in the nature of things, are unlikely to be unanimous in their predilections.⁸

The result of this struggle is of immediate concern to the readers of *Liberty Bell*. As I have pointed out elsewhere, churches that adhere to the traditional Christianity of the West, unperturbed by the Marxian Reformation, are not our enemies and, to a limited extent, are even our allies in present circumstances, while the "Liberal" and "progressive" churches are weapons wielded by the enemies of our race and civilization. □

7. In the event of a schism, such as Bohlmann is trying to provoke, his gang would lay claim to all the existing church buildings. Whether they can make good that claim and dispossess faithful congregations depends on both the provisions of the charters of the various churches and the willingness of the courts to enforce them.

8. Needless to say, Bohlmann's tactics, described as "church politics at its worst," evoked great resentment among the consciously Christian lay members of the Synod and many letters demanding his resignation, at which he, having won reflection by hook and crook, doubtless laughed. An eminent physician in Santa Ana, California, in an open letter described him as "a dishonest, scheming, arrogant, and defiant politician," and pointed out that he could not possibly believe the Christianity he professes. How effective this indignation will be when the chips are down, is the real question. I do not attempt to determine what Bohlmann, together with his satellites, really believes; he reminds me of a once prominent evangelist of whom a member of his staff said: "He isn't really an atheist; he just doesn't give a damn."

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**THOSE WHO WILL NOT READ
HAVE NO ADVANTAGE OVER THOSE
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A U.S. PRISON GUARD AT ONE OF "IKE'S DEATH CAMPS"

by
Martin Brech

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, I witnessed an atrocity: the deliberate starvation of German POWs by our own army. History, written by the victors, suppressed all news of this atrocity until James Bacque, a Canadian author, published his brilliant exposé, *Other Losses*. This book is a best-seller in Canada, a sensation in Europe, yet is virtually unavailable (censored?) in the U.S. Our major booksellers told me their distributors are not handling it. When I prevailed upon a small, independent bookstore to order direct from Canada, the publisher told them they would be the only store in New York State to carry the book. This in "the land of the free!"

Fortunately, Pat Buchanan called attention to *Other Losses* in his 10 January 1990 column. He wrote:

Conclusion: the U.S. Army killed ten times as many Germans in POW camps as we did on battlefields from Normandy to V.E. Day. (German POWs) had their rations cut below survival level until they were dying at rates up to 30% of exposure, starvation and neglect... Red Cross food trains were turned back and U.S. food shipments sat on the dock... One French officer said the U.S. camps reminded him of Dachau and Buchenwald... The book blames Eisenhower. "The German is a beast," Ike had written... But that was not how the Canadians and British felt, who treated their prisoners justly... It was not the view of General Mark Clark, nor of...Patton... Ignoring the book is not enough.

Pat Buchanan's courageous column inspired me to help end the cover-up of the atrocity I had witnessed. I wrote letters to several newspapers which were, of necessity, short and incomplete. Now I would like to finally free more of my painful memories, hoping to be heard, so that this will help us to acknowledge our share in the "banality of evil," cleansing ourselves with the truth. Perhaps we, as a nation, may then put this behind us with some integrity and with some hope for redemption.

In October 1944, at age eighteen, I was drafted into the army while a student at the NYS College of Forestry. Largely due to the "Battle of the Bulge," my training was cut short, my furlough cut in half, and I was then immediately sent overseas. Upon arrival in Le Havre, France, we were quickly loaded into boxcars and shipped to the front. By the time we reached it, I had developed mononucleosis severely enough to be sent to a hospital in Belgium.

By the time I left the hospital, the unit I had trained with in Spartanburg, South Carolina was so deeply into Germany that I was placed in a "repo depo" (a replacement depot) despite my protests. I then lost interest in which units I was assigned to because non-combat units were generally not respected. My separation qualification record states that I served mostly with the 14th Infantry Regiment, during which time I guarded prisoners of war and served as an interpreter. During my seventeen-month stay in Germany, I was transferred to other outfits also.

In late March or early April 1945, I was assigned to help guard a POW camp near Andernach along the Rhine. I had four years of high school German, so I was able to talk to the prisoners, although this was forbidden. Gradually, however, I was used as an interpreter and asked to ferret out the S.S. (I found none.)

In Andernach, between 50,000 and 65,000 prisoners, ranging in age from very young teens to very old men, were crowded together in an open field surrounded by barbed wire. The women were kept in a separate enclosure which I did not see until later. The men I guarded had no tents or shelter, no blankets, and many had no coats. Inadequate numbers of slit trenches were provided for excrement, and so the men lived and slept in the mud and increasing filth during a cold, wet spring. Their misery from exposure alone was evident.

It was even more shocking to see them eating grass, sometimes throwing it into a tin can containing a thin soup. They

told me they did this hoping to ease their hunger pains. Soon their emaciation was evident. Dysentery raged and, too weak and crowded to reach the slit trenches, they were increasingly sleeping in excrement. I saw no sign of provision for water, so the thin soup was their food and water for the day. Some days there was bread, less than a slice each. Other days there was nothing.

The sight of so many men desperate for food and water, sickening and dying before our eyes, is indescribable. Even now, I can only think of it momentarily.

We had ample food and supplies that could have been shared more humanely, and we could have offered some medical assistance, but did nothing. Only the dead were quickly and efficiently taken care of: hauled away to mass graves.

My outrage reached the point that I protested to my officers, but I was met with hostility or bland indifference. When pressed, they explained they were under strict orders from "higher up." No officer would dare to systematically do this to over 50,000 prisoners if he felt he was violating general policy and subject to court martial. The term "war criminal" was just beginning to come into fashion.

Realizing my protests were useless, I asked a friend working in the kitchen if he could slip me some extra food for the prisoners. He too repeated that they were under strict orders to severely ration the prisoners' food, and that these orders came from "higher up." But he said they had more food than they knew what to do with and would sneak me some.

When I threw this food over the barbed wires to the prisoners I was caught and threatened with imprisonment. I repeated the "offense," and one officer threatened to shoot me. I naturally assumed this was a bluff, but I began to have some doubts after I encountered a captain on a hill above the Rhine shooting down at a group of German civilian women with his .45 caliber pistol. When I asked, "Why?" he mumbled, "Target practice," and fired until his pistol was empty. I saw the women running for cover,

but, at that distance, couldn't tell if any had been hit.

This is when I more fully realized I was dealing with some cold-blooded killers filled with moralistic hatred. They considered the Germans subhuman and worthy of extermination; another expression of the downward spiral of racism. Articles in the G.I. newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, played up the Nazi concentration camps, complete with photographs of emaciated bodies; this amplified our self-righteous cruelty and made it easier to imitate behavior we were supposed to oppose. Also, I think, soldiers not exposed to combat were trying to prove how tough they were by taking it out on the prisoners and civilians. At least, many combat soldiers told me later they would not have tolerated this, for they combined hatred with respect for a courageous enemy.

The prisoners I spoke to were mostly simple farmers and workmen, as ignorant, albeit nationalistic, as many of our own troops. I heard many versions of "my country, right or wrong, my country," which we still hear in our own country today.

As time went on, many of them lapsed into a zombie-like state of listlessness. Others, maddened by thirst, tried to escape in a desperate or suicidal fashion, running through open fields in broad daylight towards the Rhine to quench their thirst. They were mowed down.

Some prisoners were extremely eager for cigarettes, saying they took the edge off their hunger. Accordingly, some enterprising G.I. "Yankee traders" were acquiring hordes of wrist watches and rings in exchange for handfuls of cigarettes or less. When I began throwing cartons of cigarettes to the prisoners to ruin this trade, I found myself threatened by rank-and-file G.I.s also. At least this taught me an indelible lesson: how wrong majorities and authorities can be.

A bright spot in this gloomy picture came, oddly enough, one night when I was put on the "graveyard shift," from two to four A.M. Actually, there was a graveyard on the uphill side of this

enclosure, not many yards away. My superiors had forgotten to give me a flashlight and I hadn't bothered to ask, being disgusted with the whole situation by that time. It was a fairly bright night and I soon became aware of a prisoner crawling under the wires to the graveyard. We were supposed to shoot escapees on sight, so I started to get up to warn him to get back. Suddenly I noticed another prisoner crawling from the graveyard back to the enclosure. They were risking their lives to get to the graveyard for something; I had to investigate.

When I entered the gloom of this shrubby, tree-shaded cemetery, I never felt more vulnerable, but somehow curiosity kept me going. Despite my caution, I tripped over the legs of someone in a prone position. Whipping my rifle around while stumbling and trying to regain composure of mind and body, I soon was relieved I hadn't reflexively fired. The figure sat up, moving erratically. Gradually I could see the beautiful but terror-stricken face of a woman with a picnic basket nearby. German civilians were not allowed to feed, nor even come near, the prisoners, so I quickly assured her I approved of what she was doing, not to be afraid, and that I would leave the graveyard to get out of the way, telling no one.

I left the graveyard as quickly as possible and sat down, leaning against a tree at the edge of the cemetery to be inconspicuous and not frighten the prisoners. I imagined then, and often since, what it would be like to be a prisoner under those conditions and meet a beautiful woman with a picnic basket. I never saw her again, but I have never forgotten her face.

While I watched, more prisoners crawled to and from the enclosure. I saw they were dragging food back to their comrades and could only admire their courage and devotion. As I walked back to my quarters at the end of my shift, a nightingale and I were singing—both felt a touch of spring.

(I originally did not intend to reveal the following incident, for it moves into a realm termed "mystical." However, for me, it was an extremely significant experience, changing my life, providing a light no darkness can extinguish. It must be told, hoping it will foster understanding.)

On May 8, V.E.-Day, I decided to celebrate with some prisoners I was guarding who were baking bread, meager amounts of which the other prisoners occasionally received. This group had all the bread they could eat, and shared the jovial mood generated by the end of the war. We all thought we would be going home soon, a pathetic hope on their part. We were in what was to become the French Zone, and I later witnessed the brutality of the French soldiers when we transferred our prisoners to them for their slave labor camps (see below).

After chatting with them about the potentials for peace for the rest of our lives, I decided to risk a gesture of trust that objectively would seem foolish. I emptied my rifle and stood it in the corner. They tested me further by asking to play with it, and I agreed. Intuitively I felt I could rely on their sense of honor not to attack me, for they knew they too were being tested. This thoroughly 'broke the ice,' and soon we were singing songs we taught each other or I had learned in high school German ('Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen...'). Out of gratitude, they secretly baked a small sweet bread and insisted I take it, explaining it was the only possible gift they had left to offer. Expressing my gratitude with a lump in my throat, I put it in my tight "Eisenhower jacket" so I could sneak it back to my barracks. I later found an opportunity to eat it outside.

Never had bread tasted more delicious, nor conveyed to me a deeper sense of communion while eating it. A wonderful feeling pervaded me, gently opening me to an intimation of the Oneness of all Being. Through those prisoners I sensed the cosmic presence of what has been called the Christ, Buddha-nature, or, perhaps most aptly, the Ineffable: cosmically present, but hidden and apparently separate, until revealed in the wholeness of the

giving of the self. Even within the horror humans had created, I was taught a path to redemption may open by taking a first, tentative step in the direction of love, understanding and forgiveness.

This above all the prisoners taught me: not only are we all potentially humane humans, there is divinity within us waiting for us to dissolve the defensive shield of ego. I was pleased to discover later the words of *Matthew 25:34-46*, expressing the potential within prisoners and all who are at our mercy.

Shortly after this experience I was plunged into even greater horror. Some of our weak and sickly prisoners were being marched off by French soldiers to their camp. The truck we were on first passed another truck picking up bodies along the side of the road, and then came up behind a slowly moving column of men. Temporarily we slowed down and remained behind, perhaps because the driver was as shocked as I was. The French soldiers were apparently incensed at the poor condition of our prisoners, not only for labor but for marching to another camp. Whenever a prisoner staggered or dropped back, the French clubbed him to death and then dragged him to the side of the road. For many, this quick death might have been preferable to their prolonged suffering. Even gas would have been more merciful than our murder by neglect in our slow 'killing fields.'

When I saw the German women held in a separate enclosure, I asked why we were keeping them. I was told they were "camp followers," selected as breeding stock for the S.S. to create a super-race. We provided them with tents but they were extremely hungry. I spoke to some and must say they were still spirited and attractive. However, I believe I was objective enough when I told all concerned that I didn't think they deserved our treatment.

As an interpreter, I was able to prevent some particularly unfortunate arrests. One somewhat amusing incident occurred during a pre-dawn raid we conducted on a town to discover

Nazis or arms. An old farmer was being dragged away by some soldiers. I was told he had a "fancy Nazi medal," which they showed to me. Fortunately, I had a chart identifying such medals. He [that is, the farmer's wife. -Ed. *Liberty Bell*] had been awarded it [the 'Mutterkreuz' (Mother's Cross)] for having five or more children! Perhaps his wife was somewhat relieved to get him "off her back," but I didn't think one of our 'death camps' was a fair punishment for his contribution to Germany. The soldiers agreed and released him to continue his "dirty work."

Famine was spreading amongst the civilians also. It was a common sight to see German women up to their elbows in our garbage cans looking for something edible—that is, when they weren't chased away.

When I interviewed mayors of small towns and villages, I was told their supply of food had been taken away by "displaced persons" (foreigners who had worked in Germany), who packed the food on trucks and drove away. When I reported this, the response was a shrug or an expression of helplessness.

Although the Red Cross coffee and doughnut stands were available everywhere for us, I never saw any Red Cross in the prison camps or helping the civilians. While my girlfriend had all the 'contraband' doughnuts she could eat, most Germans had to share their meager hidden stores and wait until the next harvest.

This hunger undoubtedly made many German women more "available," but, despite this, rape was incredibly prevalent and often accompanied by additional violence. I particularly remember a charming eighteen year old girl who had several unsuccessful suitors and was "just friends" with me, who had the side of her face smashed with a rifle butt and was then raped by two G.I.s. The casual shooting of German civilians also continued, usually by drunken soldiers who would tell of this as something amusing. All too many G.I.s gave the impression they were like animals released from cages, free to do what they liked because

they were dealing with yet a lower species of animal, a reverse racism, inflamed by our propaganda. However, even the French complained to me that our rape and drunken destructive behavior in their country was excessive. When we had arrived in Le Havre, we had been given booklets instructing us that the Germans had maintained a high standard of behavior with French civilians who were peaceful, and that we should do the same. In this we failed miserably.

So what?, we might still say. The enemy's atrocities were worse than ours. Certainly my experiences were only of the last phases of the war, when we were already clearly the victors. The Nazi opportunity for atrocities had faded and ours was unleashed. But we might have learned the simple lesson that two wrongs do not make a right. Perhaps we might even have broken the cycle of vengeful retaliation and unbridled hatred, fed by racism, that has plagued human history and blighted human potential all too long. Instead, we committed our own atrocities and now are clinging to a cover-up. That is why I am speaking out now, forty-five years after the crime. We can never prevent individual war crimes, but we can, if enough of us speak out, influence government policy. We can reject government propaganda that depicts our enemies as subhuman and encourages the kinds of outrages I witnessed. We can protest the bombing of civilian targets, which still goes on today. (I will never forget the sickly sweet smell of rotting human flesh rising from the shattered remains of the cities and towns I entered.) And we can refuse to condone our government's murder of unarmed and defeated prisoners of war.

I realized it's difficult to admit witnessing a crime of this magnitude, especially if implicated oneself. Even G.I.s sympathetic to the victims told me they were afraid to oppose so massive a policy that would surely seek to cover its tracks. I never heard this directly from an officer, but it was the belief of the rank-and-file G.I.s I spoke to that we were not to "talk" because, first, no one would believe us, and second, we would surely get

into trouble. They all insisted it was better not to talk, and slowly I too realized it would be futile and dangerous. That is, until now, thanks to James Bacque and Pat Buchanan. This is not to say the danger has passed. Since I "spoke out" recently, my mailbox has been smashed and I have received threatening phone calls. But I believe it is worth the risk. Writing about these atrocities has been a catharsis of feelings suppressed too long, a liberation, and perhaps will remind other witnesses and citizens that "the truth shall make us free, have no fear." And, in any case, "the truth shall out."

We may even learn a supreme lesson from all this: Hate is self-destructive; only love can conquer and evolve all as One.

Martin Brech (Adjunct Professor,
Philosophy & Religion, Mercy College;
Ex-G.I., Finally Free)

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An Open Letter to the ASBURY PARK PRESS IT'S DEBATABLE!

Mr. Sal J. Foderaro
The Asbury Park Press
3601 Highway 66
Box 1550
Neptune, N.J. 07754

Dear Mr. Foderaro:

Attached, your copy of, "AN OPEN LETTER TO THE ASBURY PARK PRESS," an article entitled, "IT'S DEBATABLE," reflecting the advocacy journalism of the Asbury Park Press when it comes to that preposterous collection of World War Two propagandas called "The Holocaust." Specifically, this article deals with the considerable news coverage given to Professor Jack Needle on his trip to Poland, and some of Needle's generated "anguish" over long disproved Holocaust tales. Tales that the Asbury Park Press chose to erroneously report as "history." Ergo, the need for someone to set the historic record straight, and this "open letter" will be published in periodicals having an interest in history and not Hollywood.

A copy of this article has also been sent, by certified mail, to Professor Needle, challenging him to defend—in print or in person—his preposterous Hollywood "history" of World War Two.

Should Professor Needle find the courage to defend "The Tooth Fairy," or "The Holocaust," or any other myth, would the Asbury Park Press be amenable to publishing the debate, in side by side disputations?

After all, your paper has been rather dull since Ed Toner and I "kicked some butts," hasn't it? Ed and I were given the "Rotten Tomato Award" by the *New Jersey Monthly* for that one. Naturally, we treasure the honor.

Please give this request your careful consideration. I will let you know if Professor Needle can find something in his pants other than his loose change and his car keys.

Sincerely,
Maj. Joe Stano
USAF-Ret.

Maj. Joe Stano USAF-Ret.
260 Navesink Ave.
Highlands, N.J. 07732
(201) 291-0110
1 March 1990

Professor Jack Needle
Brookdale Community College
765 Newman Springs Road
Lincroft, New Jersey 07738

Dear Professor Needle:

Attached, your copy of, "AN OPEN LETTER TO THE *ASBURY PARK PRESS*," an article entitled, "IT'S DEBATABLE." It's my answer to your recent trip to Poland; wherein, the *Asbury Park Press* felt compelled to publish your undocumented and long disproved World War Two propaganda as "history."

The article challenges you to debate your alleged Holocaust, with all of its fantastic and scientifically impossible "happenings." Of course, on the assumption that you are prepared to defend the content of the course that you teach. Just like a "real" Professor in any free university of the "Free World." Therefore, I have written to *Asbury Park Press* Editor Sal J. Foderaro requesting a debate be published in side by side disputations.

The *Asbury Park Press*, having printed so much of your nonsense, fairness dictates that the *Press* now has a journalistic obligation to provide some balance.

Are you agreeable to "Gas Chambers" as the first subject of debate? Or would you prefer crematoria? Name your poison.

If you cannot overcome your historic genetic pre-disposition to cut and run...you will naturally confirm everything that I said in the article. I eagerly await your answer. Or your silence.

Cordially,
Joe Stano

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE *ASBURY PARK PRESS*:

IT'S DEBATABLE!

INTRODUCTION

Most newspapers can be assessed, politically, as either "liberal" or "conservative"—few are even-handed or even remotely impartial. The only common denominator amongst most American newspapers, is the genuflection of nearly all American newspapers to the Jewish rendition of history called: "The Holocaust." Indeed, a newspaper not routinely adhering to "Jewish History" would be hard-put to stay in business. It's de rigueur for all of the "fourth estate" to.....BELIEVE!

There is no similar obligation imposed on one segment of the third estate, the military, to "believe." A professional soldier must be pragmatic, he cannot afford to "believe" in "tales," he must have the absolute "truth." History is replete with examples of military fools who found it convenient to believe tales about an adversary, rather than seeking the truth, and paid the price for underestimating an enemy in

combat: defeat or needless casualties.

All professional soldiers are, of necessity, students of military history. Naturally, World War Two—the most destructive war in history—is well known to all professional soldiers.

However, the military history of WW II bears little resemblance to the version of WW II that occupies so much of the American media. The rendition of WW II, so very familiar to all the American public, is classified amongst military historians as, "Jewish History," or, less kindly, as "War Propaganda."

It may surprise many to learn that military science, like many other branches of science, has no borders—political or otherwise.

Example: During the Second World War, and shortly before his suicide, Field Marshal Rommel pledged his son, Manfred, to deliver his personnel papers to B.H. Liddell Hart, a former British officer during the First World War and a noted British military historian. Rommel knew that Liddell Hart could be trusted to do a fair and impartial rendition of his papers: a military history without propaganda or politics. As a military historian, Liddell Hart has done so, many times, to the anger and consternation of British, American and French politicians, who much prefer war propaganda to the truth.

With few exceptions (Rommel being one), military histories are dry and boring to the layman (Patton being the norm); they are footnoted to the extreme; they are filled with military maps: the preferred idiom of the professional soldier; and they keep in mind that old military maxim: "The first casu-

alty in a war is the truth." The Holocaust tales that have been meat and drink in endless novels, novels called "histories," movies, and the endless docudramas on the infernal "Boob Tube," have long been dismissed by professional soldiers—all over the globe—as WAR PROPAGANDA.

The Asbury Park Press has carried more than its share of Holocaust propaganda within its pages. In my view: an inordinate amount of Holocaust-ing. Regretfully, the *Asbury Park Press* has shown little inclination to "balance" its strong "advocacy journalism" with any other view of the Holocaust. Though I must address this short "tour" of current Holocaust-ing (if one will forgive the pun, this "tour de farce") to the *Asbury Park Press*, it is in the form of an "open letter," and it will undoubtedly be published elsewhere.

Maj. Joe Stano, USAF-Ret.
20 Feb. 1990

1. THE ANTI-ACADEMICS.

I have followed with growing astonishment (and some amusement), the considerable *Asbury Park Press* coverage given to Brookdale Community College Professor Jack Needle. Not since Princess "Di" has the media been so engrossed in so very little. Be that as it may, we are informed by the *Asbury Park Press* that Prince...er...Professor Needle heads the "Center for Holocaust Studies" at Brookdale, that has been, "educating people about one of the darkest periods in the world's history—the murder of 6 million Jews by the Nazis." In other words: Professor Needle is one of a great many paid promoters of the most undocumented and thoroughly disproved non-event in history: The Holocaust.

If that were not enough of an assault on one's senses, we are informed that the Holocaust Center has been "educating" the people—at taxpayers expense—for ten, long Years! Given the recent accessibility to documentation behind the "Iron Curtain" that western scholars now have through the advent of "Glasnost," Brookdale Community College would be well-advised to change the course from "Holocaust Studies," to "Unicorn Studies;" in that, a far better case can be made for the existence of the "mythical beast," than for the existence of the "mythical event."

Professor Needle has been awarded a "Media Triumph" (similar to a Roman Triumph) simply because he travels to Poland, at the invitation of the Polish government, to take a tourist's tour of the "Holocaust sites." I can hardly wait for the movie: "Needle Takes A Vacation."

As stated in the *Asbury Park Press*: the Polish government is in dire need of hard currency and they want to make Auschwitz and its like, tourist attractions. Ergo the effort to sell the tour to Needle, as he represents the other side

of the business. As in: giving Travel Agents a free vacation at a new resort. In this case, a new kind of Disneyland.

In fact, the Disneyland analogy is most appropriate. If Professor Needle must some day transition from teaching Holocaust to teaching Unicorns, he visits an area that has produced great herds of myths. Be it Mickey Mouse or Mengele, a cartoon character or one of the many infamous "angels of death"—there were a good half-dozen "angels of death": everyone wanted one—they both are of Hollywood and not of History. Ergo: the creation of Disneyland on the Vistula!

We even have some ultra-boring tourist photos: A 5 1/4 x 8 1/4 color photo by tourist "Jack Needle" of the barbed wire fence at Auschwitz. Similar to a barbed wire fence that one might find around prisons and military stockades. And a 4 x 3 1/4 color photo of Jack Needle and a "staff member" (Polish Tour Guide) at Auschwitz. In short: "Here's a picture that I took of Cinderella's Castle...and here's one of me with Mickey Mouse..."

Of course, one must congratulate Professor Needle for only waiting ten years before traveling to Poland to visit the subject of his lugubrious lectures. Professor Raul Hilberg, a "Shoah Star," who has been alleged by many to have written the "definitive" tome on Jews and Concentration Camps, *The Destruction of the European Jews*, actually waited eighteen years after his book was published before he even traveled to Europe to visit the camps.

Holocaust "scholarship" is diametrically opposite to standard scholarship; in that, Holocaust "scholarship" clearly runs in reverse order: first the book, and then the research. I would not be a bit surprised to see a Holocaust movie first; and then see the Holocaust docudrama on the Boob Tube; followed by the publication of the Holocaust book; and then have the author announce his intention to do some research on the subject. Someday, when he finds the time. Perhaps they should just give the "intended" Holocaust author his Oscar, and his Emmy, and his Pulitzer—and forget about the rest?

Certainly Professor Raul Hilberg of "Shoah" fame, would have been much better off if he had not written his book. In 1985, as a Holocaust "expert" at a celebrated trial in Canada, he was subjected to a cross-examination on his Holocaust for the first time in his life—and his book literally came apart at the seams! As did Professor Hilberg, when he admitted that he had used the wacky "testimony" of a man he considered as insane—in ten different places in his "history" of the Holocaust! Sort of an offhand admission by Professor Hilberg that one must be certifiably "nuts" to believe in the Hilberg rendition of the Holocaust.

Professor Hilberg now states that he will never allow himself to be cross-examined on the Holocaust again! Well certainly not in Canada; in that, a charge of perjury may be laid against him if he shows his face in Canada. "Fibbing" under oath is frowned-upon in Canada. Another "Shoah Star," like

"Fibber" Hilberg, who made the film and then tried out his preposterous routine in a Canadian one courtroom, was one Rudolf Vrba, author of *Escape From Auschwitz* and *I Cannot Forgive* (same book, different title). Alas, Vrba got so caught up in all the outrageous lies that he inserted in his "alleged" autobiography, that he finally confessed that his book was "a poetic rendition." In short: PURE FICTION! A Canadian newspaper summed it all up with this delightful headline: "Holocaust 'expert' calls his testimony 'poetic rendition.'"

The Hilbergs and the Vrbas are not the exceptions in the field of Holocausting, they are the norm and the leading "experts" that one finds in Professor Needle's Holocaust course. On the other hand: Scholars, who devote years to research and carefully document their work before publishing, are dismissed by Professor Needle as "stupid." As in this *Asbury Park Press* statement by Needle:

"The fires are fanned by some parts of the media and by some groups like the anti-academics who argue the Holocaust never happened. They are stupid, but this is something we have to continue to combat until compassion and understanding triumph."

"Compassion and understanding triumph"...over what? Triumph over scholarly research, over documentation, over forensic evidence, over every standard of historical certification? Must we abandon all scholarship and science to agree with the Holocaust? Professor Needle is not yearning for compassion and understanding. He yearns for ignorance and gullibility! Professor Needle demands acceptance, without question or debate, of Hollywood over History.

It's most amusing. Needle refers to the scholars that document their work and are quite prepared to defend their thesis on paper or in a debate as "anti-academics." Amusing, when one considers that Professor Needle and all of his counterparts supporting the Holocaust version of historical events, absolutely refuse to debate any facet of their alleged "History"; they refuse to produce any documentation of their alleged historical events; and they try and censor the true scholars who seek nothing more than historical truth. The so-called Holocaust is an aberration in the field of historical research: the only undocumented, non-debatable, alleged historical event.

Unfortunately, the professional Holocausters often succeed in their censorship. As in the case of Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Even a world-renowned historian of Solzhenitsyn's stature can literally become an Orwellian "unperson" if he documents, as a lie, one of the fantastic tales in the Holocaust pantheon of undocumented horrors. Solzhenitsyn's "crime" was that he dismissed the infamous (and naturally, undocumented) "Gas Wagons," or "Gas Vans," that were so prominently featured in Shoah, as nothing more than Russian propaganda. In point of fact, he did so many years before Shoah was even filmed. However, the infamous "Gas Wagons" (that the Russians insisted

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were driven by Catholic Priests) were too good to be left out of Claude Lanzmann's Shoah—even if they had been long proven to have never existed.

Professor Needle yearns for "compassion" (ignorance) and "understanding" (gullibility). Sorry "Prof," I'm fresh out. However, as one of your "anti-academics," I'd be delighted to introduce a bit of documentation into the media "triumph" that was given you by the *Asbury Park Press*.

* * *

2. TRUTH MAKES ONE FREE.

When viewing the German slogan "ARBEIT MACHT FREI" (Work Makes One Free) at Auschwitz, Professor Needle emoted: "It's an absolute shock."

Well, that's understandable, in that, Professor Needle is a Holocauster (some say Holohoaxer) and not an Historian. Had he spent his time dealing with history instead of Hollywood, he might have known that the expression was first coined in the mid-nineteenth century by French workers. Early French unions and socialists used this slogan as did various socialist groups in Germany and elsewhere. German National Socialists ("Nazis"), having sprung from the German Worker's Party, naturally adopted this slogan and one can find it in their writings and on the walls of German factories. Sorry, Professor Needle, there is nothing sinister about having a job making a worker feel free.

* * *

3. THE NUMBERS GAME.

One can only call it serendipity, when one reads how Jack Needle, while touring Maidanek Concentration Camp with Rabbi Judea B. Miller, discovers the name of Rabbi Miller's brother listed in one of the Concentration Camp's "death books."

Had Professor Needle been attuned to history instead of Hollywood, he might not have missed the announcement that the Soviet Red Cross has finally, after 45 years of effort by scholars, at long last agreed to release the information contained in the Auschwitz "Death Registers." According to Valentina Fatyukhina, head researcher at the Soviet Red Cross: "The deaths of over 74,000 people were neatly recorded, day after day, hour after hour, in 46 huge volumes. Their names, the birthdates, and the names of parents were written down."

One finds it serendipitous that Professor Needle raises the issue of "death books" after proclaiming in his *Asbury Park Press* "Triumph" of 31 January 1990: "an estimated 4 million Jews were murdered" at Auschwitz. Quite a difference from a "well-documented" 74,000 persons in toto, and one not knowing how many of that number were Jews.

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In point of fact, most of Professor Needle's counterparts professing some expertise in the Holocaust, had said that 2 1/2 million Jews and 1 1/2 million non-Jews died at Auschwitz. A far cry from Jack Needle's fabulous "4 million Jews."

Of course, these previous estimates are now being constantly revised downwards. As in: Yehuda Bauer, the Director of the Division of Holocaust Studies at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem's Institute of Contemporary Jewry, recently stated (*New York Times* Nov. '89) that the estimate of French Jewish historian Georges Wellers of 1.6 million people killed or victims of starvation or disease at Auschwitz was accurate. And of that number, 1.35 million were Jews. A very far cry from Jack Needle's "4 million Jews."

And then we have Princeton University Professor Arno J. Mayer's book, *Why Did The Heavens Not Darken* (Asbury Park Press 15 Oct. 1989). Professor Mayer, a Jew, does not accept the fabulous 6 million figure and he maintains that most of the deaths in the camps were from disease. The same assessment the International Red Cross made 45 years ago.

This "numbers game" amongst Jews is not the least bit surprising. Shmuel Krakowski, the archives director at the Yad Vashem Holocaust memorial center in Tel Aviv, stated that "over half of the 20,000 testimonies from Holocaust survivors on record at Yad Vashem are unreliable" (*Jerusalem Post*, 17 August 1986). "Unreliable" is a nice way of saying outright lies. Little wonder that a structure built on a constantly shifting base of lies appears so lopsided.

* * *

4. OUT OF GAS.

Mr. Fred A. Leuchter, recently profiled in the *Atlantic Magazine* (Feb. 1990, with his name misspelled "Leutcher"), is easily the world's greatest expert on executions: he designs and manufactures electrocution systems, lethal injection equipment, gallows and gas chamber hardware. In 1988 Mr. Leuchter undertook a physical inspection and forensic analysis of the alleged "gas chambers" at Auschwitz, Birkenau and Lublin, or Majdanek, or Maidanek (your choice). In February of 1988 Mr. Leuchter had twenty pounds of samples processed in a test laboratory in Massachusetts and published his findings in the now famous "Leuchter Report." According to Mr. Leuchter, the claim that people were gassed in the alleged gas chambers was absurd. And test samples showed that no gassings had taken place at any of these crude gas chambers. In fact, if one assumed that these crude gas chambers were somehow used to gas 6 million people, it would have taken sixty-eight years to accomplish the feat! In addition, if one assumed that all the crematories available to the Germans were used to cremate the fabulous six million, it would

have taken thirty-five years! One must remember that Holocausters like Jack Needle claim that 6 million Jews and 5 million non-Jews were supposedly gassed and cremated by the Germans! In Holocausting, one often goes from the silly to the completely insane.

* * *

5. NO SMOKING.

Moving backward: towards the truth. In 1979 the C.I.A. published a report (ST-79-10001) entitled: "The Holocaust Revisited." This report showed the reconnaissance photographs taken by the U.S. Air Force between 4 April 1944 and 21 January 1945—when all of the alleged gas chambers and crematories were supposed to have been operating at full capacity.

And...the great crematory chimneys belching black smoke and seventeen foot flames...didn't exist! Of course, they wouldn't have; in that, smell-less and smoke-less crematories had been invented way back in 1895, so there was no smell or smoke. One can ask any mortician about that. And any chimney with flame in it would crumble, in that, chimneys are built for smoke and not for flame. The reason firemen insist that one should have ones fireplace cleaned, lest the build-up of creosote catch fire. Ask any fireman.

Not surprisingly, the great pits used for burning bodies by the thousands didn't exist. With the water table at Auschwitz at 12 to 18 inches, if one dug a pit, one would have a pool. Auschwitz was almost a bog. The same "eyewitnesses" who claimed that the sky was blotted out by black clouds of smoke during the day and lit up by the seventeen-foot flames at night, complained of the endless mud when describing the vast burning pits that no one has been able to find. Of course, one can't cremate bodies in a pit anyway. And one can ask any Hindu about that.

In point of fact, the only fire found in all the reconnaissance photographs, was one small trash fire behind the "Canada" compound.

Lastly, all the long lines of persons waiting to be "gassed" in the non-existent "gas chambers" didn't exist! The vast herds of Unicorns that we have heard so much about never showed up in any of the photographs.

Dino A. Brugioni and Robert G. Poirier, the two C.I.A. photo-interpretation experts, could not understand why all the "historical" evidence of the Holocaust was missing. After all, like all other Americans, they had been told about the great smoking chimneys, and the flames leaping into the sky, and the flaming pits, and the long lines of victims waiting to be "gassed"—their entire lives! Alas, that always seems to happen when one tries to document "war propaganda" as history.

The distinguished American historian, Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, discounted all the fantastic tales of the Holocaust back in 1967. Given the prestige of Dr. Barnes, the Holocaust should have died in '67. However, the Holocaust is not history, it is not science, it is by dictionary definition, propa-

ganda: "Ideas, facts, or allegations spread deliberately to further one's cause or to damage an opposing cause." (Webster's Seventh.)

Classic example: In the spring of 1940 the Russians marched off 14,500 Polish P.O.W.s: officers and specialists captured when they invaded Poland in 1939 in concert with the Germans. In the spring of 1943 the German Army found the mass grave of 4,253 of these Polish officers in the Katyn Forest of the Soviet Union.

Every reputable historian knew that the Russians had committed this war crime. However, the Holocausters found it convenient to lumber all the Russian atrocities on the Germans, so the Germans were blamed for the Katyn Forest Massacre by the Holocausters; while the Russians were blamed by all the historians. When President Reagan mentioned the Katyn Forest Massacre and blamed the Russians, he was loudly chided by the Holocausters and the media for "taking sides" in an alleged "historical debate." Of course, there had never been any debate amongst the historians: the Russians committed the massacre.

With freedom coming to Poland, the Poles are now demanding that the Russians admit responsibility for the Katyn Forest Massacre. After forty-seven years of blaming the Germans, the Holocausters, having no other recourse, are now willing to admit that it was the Russians who committed the massacre. With this incredible addition: After more than fifty-years of complaining that the Poles are anti-Semitic and Jews were always barred from the Polish Officer Corps, the Holocausters have now decided that nearly all of the 14,500 Polish Officers were.... Jews!

Since the Holocaust is Hollywood and not history, real and imagined atrocities are routinely "recruited" into the plot; the Holocaust is as much an historical happening as a Soap Opera.

* * *

6. SHOAH BUSINESS

Professor Needle states that the Polish Government is promoting Auschwitz as a tourist attraction. Well, that's not news, they've been doing that for years.

Like Fred Leuchter, a Swedish gentlemen named Ditleb Felderer went to Auschwitz to see all the horrors for himself. Mr. Leuchter's expertise in gas chambers told him immediately that what he was shown at Auschwitz was obviously a fraud. Mr. Felderer is Jewish and he was quite willing to believe the Holocaust until he arrived at Auschwitz, where his common sense told him it was a fraud. As George Orwell said, "The heresy of all heresies in a tyranny is common sense," and Mr. Felderer obviously possessed a considerable degree of good ol' common sense. When he realized the Holocaust was a monumental fraud, he decided to document the fraud.

Mr. Felderer became the tourist of all tourists at Auschwitz, Birkenau and

Maidanek. In fact, he returned to Poland and made the tour twenty-six more times. He took soil samples, over 30,000 color photographs, and he went through Auschwitz from top to bottom even breaking into the buildings that were sealed off to take photographs of what he found inside. He found the whole business to be a vast fraud, a carnival House of Horrors, a Disneyland of the doomed, catering in large measure, to Jewish tourists willing to believe anything and everything the tour guides could think up.

Example: the "famous" gas chamber in Auschwitz. A low, flat building which was originally a German mortuary and crematory. When one enters the front door, the mortuary is on the right and the crematory is on the left. It's across the square from the SS barracks and it mainly served the Germans; in fact, the wife of the former commander had been cremated there.

During the war the Germans removed two partitions from the mortuary room making it into one large room; it was to be used as a bomb shelter since it had a reinforced concrete roof.

After the war, the Russians who then controlled Auschwitz, decided to open the place up for tourists. In responding to the constant demands of Jewish tourists who wanted to see a "gas chamber," and presumably enjoy a really good "suffer," the Russians lugged a jackhammer up on the roof of the mortuary and chopped four holes in the roof. They then put four wooden boxes over the holes—to keep the rain and snow out—and called it a "gas chamber." Not quite up to Disney standards, but it did seem to satisfy the "sufferers."

It would, if one was a blithering idiot without a scintilla of common sense. In this "special-effects" failure, the happy, or unhappy, tourist (depending on one's desires) can clearly see where the partitions had been in this alleged "gas chamber"—showing that this large room had once been three small rooms. The tourist may then examine the four crude holes chopped through the concrete ceiling; the cut, bent-down and rusting reinforcing rods in the concrete; and the door at the far end of the alleged "gas chamber," which is not hermetically sealed as it would be in a real gas chamber. In point of fact, the door of this "gas chamber" is a standard medical door one might find in any hospital—or mortuary. It is wooden, with a large glass in it. It has no lock or bolt on it. It is ridiculous!

A great many Americans have seen this alleged "gas chamber." Not as tourists, as viewers of our aptly named "Boob Tube." This is the very same building that Claude Lanzmann repeatedly filmed in his Shoah dirge. Indeed, one remembers how Mr. Lanzmann took his camera into the front door of this house of horrors! He turned to the left to film the ovens in the crematory; he turned to the right to film the "gas chamber" and... the film went black! In short: Lanzmann could not show the "gas chamber," because it was just too silly to believe. He wisely decided that the preposterous "gas chamber" was

just too much of an assault on common sense. Orwell was right: the heresy of all heresies in this Holocaust tyranny is common sense.

In his Shoah epic, Mr. Lanzmann slowly took his camera all around this alleged "gas chamber"—so the viewers could see the large and very impressive chimney behind the building. I'm sure a great many viewers of the Lanzmann dirge were puzzled by the fact that the crematory chimney was not attached to the building—yet another assault on common sense.

The answer is simple: it was easier to build the chimney if it was not next to the building. Still doesn't make sense? Well, it will. According to the Polish tour guides that perennial tourist Ditlieb Felderer came to know so well: the Russians modified the former mortuary and crematory as a "re-creation" of a "gas chamber" for the tourists, and, as an afterthought, they ordered a chimney built for "dramatic effect." In point of fact, the chimney is solid brick—it has no flue—so the Polish workmen saw no need of putting it next to the building. I'm inclined to think of it as a Polish joke—on the Russians. The workmen were ordered to build something completely useless, so they made sure anyone with common sense would realize it was useless.

When one considers that Claude Lanzmann returned, again and again, with his camera to this Russian joke—expending at least an hour of film on this monstrous assault on common sense—Shoah becomes a certifiable farce.

One can well imagine the reaction of Fred Leuchter, the designer of the new, hermetically sealed gas chamber for the State of Missouri, with its heavy steel door and its sophisticated ventilation system requiring a forty-foot stainless steel ventilation stack, when he saw the crude holes chopped in the ceiling, the wooden door, and the chimney without a flue.

There were no gas chambers at Auschwitz to copy, so the Russians had to invent one—and they did a very bad job of it. Only a person completely bereft of common sense, or someone dependent on the Holocaust business, could accept the sinister, ominous and frightening Auschwitz "gas chamber"—without giggling! Naturally, I await Professor Needle's "torment" on the "gas chamber," as he is clearly not in a position where he can afford a "giggle." Even a small one.

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7. THE WAILING WALL OF AUSCHWITZ.

Another great tourist attraction at Auschwitz, is the infamous "Wall of Death" (everything sounds like a "B" movie), a wall at the far end of a secluded street where 20,000 Jews are supposed to have been shot during the time Auschwitz was in operation.

Whoops! I almost forgot. Last November (1989) West German Chancel-

lor Helmut Kohl visited Auschwitz and it's infamous "Wall of Death," and in honor of the occasion they raised the number of Jews shot at the "Wall" from 20,000 to 30,000 (*Star-Ledger*, 15 Nov. 1989). As previously stated: the Holocaust is Hollywood and not history. And as we all know, anything goes with Hollywood.

These Hollywood changes in the Holocaust script happen quite often. The Holocaust is much like modern art, if you can get away with it...call it art. If not...call it rubbish. Of course, it's easy to get away with almost anything in Holocausting, in that, if someone were so boorish as to notice the addition of another ten-thousand Jews to the "Wall of Death," he would certainly be called "anti-Semitic—and probably" anti-academic."

It makes little difference, another ten-thousand or another twenty-thousand, there is not one shred of evidence that anyone was shot at the infamous wall, and a lot of evidence that no one was ever shot at the wall.

We have Ditlieb Felderer and his Orwellian common sense to thank for the truth. The ever-inquisitive Mr. Felderer did what few tourists have ever done. He simply walked up to the "shrine" in front of the "Wall of Death," where tourists were encouraged to hang wreaths in memory of the 20,000. Whoops!...30,000 Jews who were shot at the "wall," and he looked behind the "shrine" at the wall. And there wasn't a mark on the wall where 20,000, or 30,000, Jews had been shot during the years that Auschwitz was in operation! Like the preposterous "gas chamber," the "Wall of Death" was an assault on common sense.

The infamous wall is actually part of the original military base—it had been home to a cavalry unit. It is granite and dark from age. Had it been used as a backstop for mass executions, it would have been pretty-well chewed up, and it's unmarked. There would also be a lot of lead embedded in the wall, and bits of bone and tissue embedded in the wall and in the lead. Sounds kind of nasty, but that's the truth.

Clearly, the infamous "Wall of Death" could never stand up to a forensic examination. A close inspection and a few scientific tests would prove it to be a complete fraud. So the real purpose of the "shrine" in front of the wall is to hide the truth: a wall that was never used for any executions.

Any mortician on the planet knows that crematories don't belch vast clouds of black smoke and ashes from the bodies that are cremated, and the endless claims by Jews that the non-existent black smoke and falling ashes were the bodies of relatives is absolute nonsense.

Any fireman will tell you that a chimney cannot contain flames without disintegrating, and the endless claims of chimneys with seventeen foot flames burning day and night are lies.

Any garage mechanic knows that the alleged "gassing" of Jews by "diesel engines," as described in the Holocaust, is scientifically impossible. More lies!

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One need not be a scientist to discredit these preposterous tales cooked up by persons who obviously knew nothing about the physical, scientific; and mechanical impossibilities in their tales.

Case in point: The "wall" is granite and it is located at the end of a cobblestone street—a cul-de-sac—with masonry buildings on each side of the street. Anyone who has fired on a range in the winter, with a nice, soft backstop of dirt, knows he will probably get some "return fire" if a frost has hardened the ground. When one hears bits "buzzing" by—it's time to cease fire until the ground thaws. And yet...we are expected to believe that the Germans "mowed down" vast numbers of Jews at a granite wall, with rounds bouncing off the wall, the cobblestones and the buildings—like thousands of Ping-Pong balls run AMOK!

The Germans were not that ignorant, that stupid, and that lacking in common sense to even try something so silly. Anyone who was dumb enough to try it would surely sustain a lot of casualties.

That brand of ignorance, stupidity, and complete lack of commonsense can only be found in the preposterous Holocaust, where ridiculous and impossible tales that would be quickly discredited in any other arena are the norm. And these silly tales are sustained by nothing more than howls of "anti-Semitic." In the make-believe world of the Holocaust, the world is quite flat and the moon is a great big green cheese, and it has been that way for more than forty-five years. If you don't believe it...you're ANTI-SEMITIC!

The curious Mr. Felderer wondered what lay on the other side of the terrible "Wall of Death," where 20,000 (pre-Kohl visit) Jews were shot out of sight and sound of the rest of the camp. The secluded placement of the "Wall of Death" was a major part of the Holocaust tale. So he walked all the way around the block just to see what was on the other side of the infamous "wall."

Mr. Felderer soon noticed that he was entering the recreation area of the camp where playing fields had been laid out by the Germans. And on the other side of the wall, precisely behind the wall where 30,000 Jews were shot without leaving a mark, he found...the camp swimming pool!

Yes indeed, while some of the inmates of the camp were happily frolicking in the swimming pool and diving off the spring-board, just behind the wall near the pool, 30,000 Jews were being shot! Without leaving a mark on the wall! And without making a sound that would disturb the happy swimmers! To quote that great American philosopher, Charlie Brown of "Peanuts" fame: "My stomach hurts!"

Clearly, a dark and ominous looking wall at the end of a lonely street, became the inspiration for yet another Holocaust tale. And now it has a life of its own, and the lie gets bigger and bigger with each and every telling of the tale. Little wonder many historians refer to the Holocaust as the "Holofoax."

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Director Shmuel Krakowski, the Yad Vashem curator of 10,000 "unreliable" tales, gives us an explanation when he states: "many survivors wanting to be part of history let their imaginations run away with them." Unfortunately, the United States executed a great many Germans on the basis of these wild imaginings. And these very same Holocaust tales are used, to this very day, to justify a Jewish claim on special privileges in the United States and an Israel claim on nearly all of our foreign aid. The long-suffering American people have been paying, at home and abroad, for the ridiculous "gas chamber," and the preposterous "wall," and scores of equally silly tales for more than forty years! The American people are not going to be amused when they find out—and they will—what they've been paying for all those years. The Holocaust is more a swindle than a hoax.

A day of reckoning is at hand. With the fall of communism in Eastern Europe and the people demanding the "truth" about the past; with Russian atrocities long lumbered on the Germans by the Holocausters, now being added, almost daily, to Stalin's growing list of genocides; with no need to maintain the propaganda mandated by the Soviet Union and the records now open to western scholars, the Holocaust house of cards will soon come crashing down.

One can certainly understand why the Polish government wished, for political and monetary reasons, to keep Auschwitz functioning as a grim Disneyland. When one refers to Eastern Germany today, one is really referring to land that was historic central Germany. All of Eastern Germany—one-fourth of the nation—is now part of Poland. In truth, the so-called Holocaust was used by the Polish Government to justify the Polish claim on historic German territory. Indeed, the Polish Government today demands a seat at the four power discussions of German re-unification.

Few Americans realize that Poland does not have a legal right to German territory since a peace treaty ending World War Two has not yet been signed. Even if the Germans accept the existing borders, under international law a peace treaty would allow a German Government and German citizens to now sue Poland for compensation over all the property and territory seized by Poland.

On the other hand, a fourth of Poland was seized by the Soviet Union after the war and the Poles have as yet not claimed due compensation. The Communists and the Holocausters have postponed normal post-war decisions under international law that should have been settled forty-five years ago.

Another reason the Holocaust was sustained in Poland was the fact that it made money for the government. With the severe economic distress that now exists in Poland, the Polish Government naturally tried to encourage tourism as a way of getting some hard currency into the nation, even if it had to come from Jews visiting a phoney World War Two "attraction."

Of course, the demands by the Polish people for the absolute truth about

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the past will destroy communism. And communism will take the Holocaust down with it, in that, so many crimes that were lumbered on the Germans—for so long—under the cover of the Holocaust, were really communist crimes. Communism and the Holocaust are inextricably tied together, the truth about Polish history will destroy both of them.

It's ironic that the Holocaust, with all of its fraudulent horrors, has become so pervasive in the American media—we have it served up morning, noon and night—that it actually blots out a great many real and well-documented war crimes. A case of Hollywood obliterating history.

Example: After World War Two, sixteen million Germans were driven out of the historic German lands given to Poland and all the German areas of Czechoslovakia. Three million Germans died in the process. It is one of the true horrors of WW II that has been completely ignored by an American media consumed with fantastic tales like the preposterous "Wall of Death."

When Vaclav Havel, the new president of a free Czechoslovakia visited West Germany, he made a point of apologizing to the German people for the crimes that were committed when the Germans were driven out of Czechoslovakia. It was a noble gesture, it was an honorable gesture, and it thoroughly confused an American public that has been constantly fed on a phoney diet of Holocaust, Holocaust, Holocaust, and consequently knew nothing about the real history of the Second World War. In fact, the all-consuming Holocaust leaves little room for World History, or Ancient History, or even American History. Little wonder Americans are considered as some of the world's most ignorant people when it comes to history. All history for the American people is spelled: H-o-l-o-c-a-u-s-t.

* * *

8. THE UNKNOWN "BRITS."

If we were to continue with a Holocaust trek into the past, we might end up with the 2000 British P.O.W.s who spent most of the war at Auschwitz. These men were part of the 38,000 British troops in North Africa that surrendered to Erwin Rommel at Tobruk.

They worked at "Buna," or Monowitz, or Auschwitz III.... whatever one prefers, and they had no complaints about their treatment. More importantly, they knew nothing about any "exterminations," or "gassings." Nor did the International Red Cross representatives who visited them throughout the war. Unlike the Russians and the Japanese, the Germans were signatories to the Geneva Convention and they had to open all their camps, military and civilian, to inspections by the International Red Cross.

Of course, there was one complaint of note: The British P.O.W.s and the

British Government, protested the type of work assigned to the British P.O.W.s. They had been put to work building a synthetic rubber plant, and it was thought that this was a violation of the Geneva Convention; in that, synthetic rubber had a military application and P.O.W.s are not obliged to work on projects that have a military useage.

The International Red Cross was called in to investigate and decide if working on a synthetic rubber plant was a violation of the Geneva Convention. So, one had the British Government, the German Government, the British P.O.W.s and the International Red Cross involved in debates on working conditions and the type of labor performed at Auschwitz—during the very time that the alleged Holocaust was supposedly going full bore. And no one seemed to notice it! Or even mention it! Little wonder the Holocausters never mention the British P.O.W.s or the visits of the International Red Cross at Auschwitz. Given this knowledge, common sense would trample their precious Holocaust right into the mud. Rather than have the truth leak out, the Holocausters have shoved 2000 British P.O.W.s and the International Red Cross down an Orwellian "memory hole."

Oh yes, the International Red Cross decided that synthetic rubber has a civilian as well as military usage, so it was legitimate work for a P.O.W.

* * *

9. REAL NUMBERS.

SS General Oswald Pohl had been in charge of all the concentration camps. During a six-month period in 1946, he went through 60 to 80 "interrogations" by British and Americans—losing his front teeth in the process. In short, he was tortured and it was an outrageous violation of the Geneva Convention—especially since he was a general officer with specific rights under the Geneva Convention.

The Japanese tortured our P.O.W.s, but the Germans did not—no matter how many Hollywood films one has seen. However, President Truman disgraced and dishonored this nation by caving into the demands of B'nai B'rith that Jews be put in charge of all Germans that were alleged to have been war criminals. The Jews made up the lists of "war criminals." The Jews made up the lists of fantastic crimes. And the Jews were put in charge of all the alleged "war criminals." These Jews conducted a systematic torture of German P.O.W.s—until a committee of the U.S. Congress found out about it and put a stop to these disgusting war crimes.

Those who tortured helpless P.O.W.s in violation of the treatment of P.O.W.s under the Geneva Convention, should have been court-martialed for their war crimes—and they would have been tried if the military had any say in the matter—

but they were creatures of the politicians and not true military. So, the inventors of fantastic "war crimes" were allowed to get away with real war crimes.

Fortunately, they succeeded in their tortures. I say fortunately, since they clearly documented their filthy tortures by the truly incredible "confessions" that they made their victims sign.

When they finished with General Pohl, he had been forced to sign a "confession" stating that he had killed THIRTY MILLION PEOPLE, and that he had condemned another TEN MILLION PEOPLE to death!

One man charged with the death of "forty million," may seem incredible to those who only know of the fabulous "six million." However, it was the norm in those days when Jew losses were estimated (by various Jews and Jewish Organizations) at: 50 million; 41 million; 36 million (Olga Lengyel); 26 million; 25 million (the so-called Gerstein "Confession"); 18 million; 12 million (original claim of Jews at U.N.); and 6 million when the U.N. would not believe the 12 million. It was 12 million one day, and six million the next day—real Hollywood. Incidentally, few knowledgeable persons at the U.N. believed the 6 million figure. B'nai B'rith simply insisted that President Truman and the Congress believe 6 million, and they did—without a shred of evidence!

General Pohl was condemned to death at Nuremberg and executed for his truly preposterous crime: the murder of thirty or forty million people—using a confession that was clearly produced by torture. It's one of the many "lynchings" (that's what the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court called them) that dishonor our nation and our people, since the unfortunate Gen. Pohl was condemned to death "In the name of the United States and the American people," so we were all dragged into these despicable crimes. Of the more than 450 Germans we executed as "war criminals," a great many were condemned to death on torture confessions just as ridiculous as Gen. Pohl's.

Before he was executed (murdered), Gen. Pohl left a statement telling of his torture. He also stated, for the information of true historians and not Holocausters, that between 1933 and 1945, the number of persons that died from all causes in German Concentration Camps, was 200,000 to 250,000. He said that most of them perished in the final months of the war when food and medicine became short.

It's interesting to note that Pohl's pre-execution (deathbed?) statement agrees with the original estimates made by the International Red Cross right after the war—before the screams and howls of the Holocausters silenced them. At that time the Red Cross held the Allied air interdiction of all German supply lines—that cut transport by rail, truck, and water—as responsible for the terrible conditions in the camps. Probably true, but the interdiction of supplies was a legitimate military action, and pilots who shot-up trains, trucks and barges, had no way of knowing if they contained food and medicine for the

camps or munitions for the German troops.

When one considers the latest release of information by the Soviets, the 74,000 listed in the Auschwitz Death Registers, General Pohl's estimate of 200,000 to 250,000 deaths, in toto, adds up. It will delight true historians, and infuriate Hollywood Holocausters.

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10. NUMBERS BY GEORGE.

When dealing with the Holocaust, all things, great and small, take on an Orwellian aura. Including the arithmetic! Example: The original 6 million Jews had been parceled out amongst all the concentration camps of Western Europe and Germany—from Holland in the west to Poland in the east. In point of fact, 5 of the fabulous 6 million had been assigned to the concentration camps of Western Europe and Germany—and only 1 million were allotted to Poland.

The crude politics of this maneuver, was to "indict" as many western nations as possible in the Holocaust, by virtue of having "death camps" on their soil, and demand that they expiate their alleged "crimes" by recognition of the Jew's "right" to seize Palestine, and by very large infusions of cash to Israel.

Of course, the problem with this tactic was that fact that these alleged "death camps," in Western Europe and Germany, were open to the inspections of scientists and scholars. In fact, all these alleged "death camps" were soon proven to have been nothing more than "work camps." They were certainly not the fabled "extermination camps" that we now know were the product of all the wild "imaginings" now recorded at the Yad Vashem.

A plaque had once been affixed to the wall of the shower room at Dachau. It claimed that 238,000 people had been "gassed" in this "gas chamber" that had been cleverly disguised as a "shower room." Of course, the scientists and scholars soon proved that the infamous "gas chamber" at Dachau was nothing more than a shower room.

The accepted number of deaths at Dachau from disease and starvation is now estimated by scholars at 20,000. Most of these deaths occurred in the later months of the war—and no one was "gassed." More importantly, no one (major Holocausters included) now claims that anyone was ever "gassed" at Dachau! So, Dachau went from 238,000 "gassing victims" down to 0 "gassing victims."

Scientists and scholars proved, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the 5 million alleged victims of the Holocaust assigned to Western Europe and Germany had never existed! So one might assume that only the one million alleged victims that were assigned to Poland Now existed.

No such luck! In Orwell's 1984, the hero Winston Smith was made to

believe that 2 plus 2 equaled...5! In the Holocaust, 6 minus 5 equals...6! As rapidly as "gassing victims" were shown to have never existed in the west, they were "transported" by the Holocausters to the east behind the Iron Curtain, where they were safe from the prying eyes and forensic examinations of western scholars and scientists. Indeed, Fred Leuchter had to post a look-out when he took his samples at Auschwitz. And the ever-inquisitive Ditlieb Felderer had to quietly leave the guided tours in order to break into the sealed-off buildings. A passion for truth often compels honorable men to take chances.

A remarkable feat of legerdemain: By 1960 even the Yad Vashem in Israel no longer pretended that there had ever been any "gas chambers" or "death camps" in Western Europe or all of Germany! By order of the Professional Holocausters: all the "gas chambers" and "death camps" of Western Europe and Germany...were now officially in Poland! A "movable" Historical happening—the only one in history. Other historical events remain firmly fixed, geographically; the Holocaust "happenings" can leap a thousand miles. Like one of the truly fabulous frogs one finds in the Talmud (as in: A frog large enough to cover a village of sixty houses.), scientists and scholars chased the bounding "gas chambers" and leaping "death camps" clear across all of Europe, until, with one great leap, it jumped over the Iron Curtain into Poland.

I find it rather amusing that my old nineteen sixties *Encyclopaedia Britannica* informs its readers that an amazing 72,000 Jews were "gassed" at Dachau! Now, how about that! It also informs the reader that estimates "as high as one million Poles, Jews and Gypsies were killed at Auschwitz: Obviously, my *Britannica* is pre-legerdemain, before five million mythical Jews, replete with their mythical "gas chambers," were mythically wafted over the Iron Curtain into Poland. So Holocausters like Professor Needle can now claim that four million of those mythical Jews were "gassed" in their mythical "gas chambers" in Auschwitz.

Amazingly, some Poles also claim that four million Poles were done in at Auschwitz. And, lest we forget, the Gypsies claim that one million Gypsies also met a terrible end at Auschwitz. A true horror, since that would be almost twice the number of Gypsies known to have been in Europe.

Naturally, it is considered very bad form for one to cry out: "Say...Doesn't that make nine million victims at Auschwitz?"

Of course not! Using Orwellian arithmetic: 4 plus 4 plus 1 equals...4! Or any number you feel like...if you're a Holocauster. Using my arithmetic: An undocumented 4, plus another undocumented 4, plus an undocumented 1, equals...74,000 "documented" deaths in the Auschwitz Death Registers. If Professor Needle doesn't agree with my arithmetic and he still insists on using his Orwellian numbers...let him prove it!

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11. SLIPPERY SIMON.

Well...it took until 1975 before Ultra-Holocauster, Simon Wiesenthal, finally admitted that there had been no "gas chambers" or "death camps" in Western Europe or Germany. His understandable reticence was due to the embarrassing fact that he was at Mauthausen and he had always claimed that it had been a "death camp" replete with "gas chambers." And he had said it for thirty years! A very, very long fib!

However, telling the truth was obviously too much of a strain on "Slippery" Simon. In an interview for *USA Today* (1983), Simon "slipped" all the way back into one of his old routines when he said: "I was one of 34 prisoners alive out of 150,000 who had been there" (Mauthausen). He was back to fibbing.

Now, let me see...the *Encyclopaedia Judaica* clearly states that 212,000 inmates survived internment at Mauthausen. So... that's a "slip" of 212,966. Just about par for Slippery Simon.

These fantastic flights of fancy are nothing new for Simon Wiesenthal. He has, at the very least, three different versions of his alleged life during the war. Each one more fantastic than the last.

Why this dazzling display of footwork by Slippery Simon? What has he to hide? What is he trying to cover up with these fantastic tales?

The truth about Simon Wiesenthal will probably come from Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky. Chancellor Kreisky is himself a Jew, and he has openly charged Simon Wiesenthal with being an agent of the Germans during the war and not the poor victim that he pretends.

Most interesting, in that, some Poles have long insisted that self-styled "Nazi Hunter" Wiesenthal had been on the Polish list of "war criminals" as an agent of the Gestapo. Now, how's that forchutzpah?

Chancellor Kreisky is thoroughly disgusted with Wiesenthal running around and pointing fingers at people, who have then been proven to have been innocent of Wiesenthal's charges. He has accused Wiesenthal and his Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles with using "Mafia methods." And he has often hinted to reporters that some day he is going to spill the beans on Slippery Simon. I can hardly wait!

* * *

12. A LICENSE TO STEAL.

The Holocaust has given professional "survivors" a license to steal, since no one is allowed to disagree with any tale concocted by anyone professing to be a "survivor." Of which there now appear to be many millions. Incredibly, West Germany now has almost five million claims by alleged Holocaust "survivors" for compensation! Some of these claimants say their claim is for a

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whole family of "survivors." All still living 45 years after the war! So, in this incredible Holocaust numbers game, the Germans could be dealing with claims for compensation from 10 to 15 million Jews. And that doesn't even include any claims for compensation from the Jews of Eastern Europe. In short: there are clearly more claims for compensation from Jews, than there are Jews on the planet earth! Who ever said that there is no "free lunch"?

* * *

13. AN ACCOUNTING.

Like a great many professional Holocausters who were given a license to lie—since no one would dare to contradict them—Simon Wiesenthal has clearly been caught up in his vast network of lies.

As has that other old "pro," Elie Wiesel. Wiesel has, at different times, claimed to have been liberated from 4 different Concentration Camps; by 3 different armies; in 2 different countries! In recent years he has resurrected his two older sisters that he said were killed off at Auschwitz; he recently had his little sister thrown into a flaming pit at Auschwitz, Poland, after claiming—for thirty years—that she had died (mysteriously) at Buchenwald, Germany; and having resurrected his two older sisters; he was kind of short of victims, so he decided to invent a grandmother at Auschwitz. A character that had never existed before in his tale of Auschwitz.

In his latest: Wiesel claims that he was once crossing 36th Street in New York City, when a taxicab turned the corner, ran into him...and knocked him all the way down to 35th Street! Almost...TWO-HUNDRED FEET!

Elie Wiesel is easily the greatest liar to ever appear on the planet. Like Wiesenthal and all the other professional Holocausters, he absolutely refuses to document or debate any of his fantastic tales.

It's little wonder that professional Holocausters refuse to debate any facet of their meal-ticket, the Holocaust. How could anyone defend the fantastic lies of Wiesenthal or Wiesel?

In point of fact, the Holocausters have nothing left to debate. With all of the alleged "death camps" of Western Europe and Germany long proven to have been "work camps," and all the alleged "death camps" of Poland now proven to have also been only "work camps"—they have nothing left to debate. Like the Cheshire Cat in "Alice," the Holocaust has vanished, leaving only a mouth howling... "ANTI-SEMITIC!"

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14. A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE?

The hallmark of a free country is the right to debate anything. I was taught that fine old American principle in grammar school. I assume all American

children are given the same instruction today.

Perhaps one may refuse to debate or discuss a subject if one is not teaching that subject at taxpayers expense. Or profiting in some way from the content of a course of instruction alleged to be historical when it isn't.

Professor Needle, and all of his counterparts in the business, teach a course on the Holocaust, a course that is clearly sustained at taxpayers expense. They profit by instructing this course and also as Jews demanding all manner of special compensation and privilege because of all the undocumented events that they, themselves, have introduced into their course. In short: They constantly present large bills to the American people, demanding full payment, without a shred of evidence that the American people owe these large debts to all the Jews. If the Holocausters were in a normal business instead of Holocausting, no one in his right mind would pay their preposterous bills.

It is an undeniable fact that the hallmark of the Holocaust is the absolute refusal of Professor Needle, and all other professional Holocausters, to debate or even discuss their subject. It's outrageous! It flies in the face of academic freedom and it has no place in a taxpayer-supported institution. It is especially egregious, since the refusal to debate the subject he is teaching comes from a character on the public payroll who openly brands true scholars, who are quite willing to defend their every statement, as "anti-academics." A classic case of Orwellian "Black-white." Wherein: Jack Needle, who will not debate or discuss any facet of his preposterous propaganda, calls true scholars: "anti-academics."

Religion may be defined as, "a cause, principle, or system of beliefs held to with ardor and faith" (Webster's Seventh Collegiate Dictionary). History may be defined as, "a chronological record of significant events (as affecting a nation, institution) usu. including an explanation of their causes" (Ibid.). Professor Needle professes to teach "history" in a course of

instruction that relies on nothing more than blind faith in preposterous events that assault one's common sense, and not the scrupulous documentation and heavily footnoted references that one finds in a true history course.

In truth: Having claimed tuition in the secular, history, Professor Needle quickly dons the vestments of a priest and pontificates that it is sacrilegious to be a "non-believer" in his miraculous events—one must never question the Holocaust "faith." Empirical reasoning dictates that Professor Needle is teaching a religion and not a secular subject, since his teaching is clearly outside the norms of academic instruction.

Of course, the Holocaust as a Jewish "religion" is not a new concept. It's been assessed as such by every open-minded person to do any research on this alleged historic happening. Recently, the Jewish author, Jacobo Timerman, joined the club by proclaiming the Holocaust as a "civil religion" for many Jews.

I'm sure Professor Needle favors the Constitutional separation of church and state; therefore, the honorable thing to do, would be to drop the "religious" instruction of the Holocaust and modify his course to conform with the basic standards of academic freedom that one finds in all secular instruction. To wit: The freedom to question or debate any facet of his course of instruction, along with his expressed willingness to defend the content of the course that he has been teaching at Brookdale—just like all the other professors.

Having just refreshed his knowledge and experience of the Holocaust on his trip to Auschwitz and Maidanek, Professor Needle should be primed to defend each and every one of the truly miraculous events one finds in the Holocaust. Therefore, let me suggest a debate in the press, or in a public forum, wherein we may arrive at the truth. After all, that's the purpose of a debate, isn't it? And a debate is such a fine, old American tradition that has served this nation since its birth as a free country. In a free and open debate, I might even be able to field some well-known authors who have written extensively on the subject.

There is also an obligation to debate this subject, since it's an undeniable fact that the Holocaust has represented a very large claim on our treasury for more than forty-years. All the American people are well aware of this considerable expense, so they certainly have a right to know the truth about a claim that has been so very, very costly.

A debate could actually be very desirable for the Holocausters; in that, the actual documentation—at long last—of all the Holocaust tales that have been presented in such a lurid Hollywood fashion, on faith alone, would go a long way towards justifying the many billions going to Israel each and every year—for forty-two years! In fact, in proving the Holocaust to be an historical fact—and not just World War Two propaganda—the Holocausters might even initiate an increase in the billions flowing to Israel. If the Holocaust is true, they have nothing to fear and a great deal to gain.

Naturally, documentation proving the Holocaust to be Hollywood and not history, would have the opposite effect on the billions flowing to Israel. To say the very least! The documentation of the Holocaust as pure Hollywood, would make it the greatest swindle in history!

The reasons for debating are quite compelling. There is only one reason to not debate: Orwellian common sense dictates that the refusal of the Holocausters to debate their Holocaust confirms that it really is the greatest swindle in history.

With the nations of Eastern Europe testing the waters of Democracy, many for the first time in forty-five years, there is no better time to demonstrate the hallmark of our free nation: the right to debate anything! May I suggest this title for the debate:

THE HOLOCAUST, HISTORY OR HOLLYWOOD?

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