

AMERICA'S DECLINE

THE EDUCATION OF A CONSERVATIVE



REVILLO P. OLIVER

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Dr. Revilo Pendleton Oliver, Professor of the Classics at the University of Illinois for 32 years, is a scholar of international distinction who has written articles in four languages for the most prestigious academic publications in the United States and Europe.

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."

AMERICA'S DECLINE

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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 endeavor 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 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

SHOULD WE USE THE WORD "ARYAN"?

by
Charles E. Weber, Ph.D.

Recently I had an argument with a young editor about a word which had occurred in a text that I was trying to translate as accurately as inherent differences in German sentence structure and vocabulary would permit. The word was *Aryan*, used as an adjective in connection with nations. The translation was being prepared for a scholarly journal with revisionistic objectives. The young editor wanted to change the word to *Western*. I protested that this change would constitute a falsification of the meaning of the original text. I also argued that such a change would be an accomodating euphemism and a concession to our enemies, who would like to denigrate this word out of our vocabulary for well-calculated reasons of their own.

Indeed, this venerable word has been denigrated by the enemies of the Aryan nations to such an extent that most Aryans in Europe and the United States are hesitant to use it, let alone proudly to apply it to themselves. By contrast, does anyone dispute the right of a minority race to determine how it will designate itself?

Nearly all of the major languages of Europe are related to each other, with the notable exceptions of Finnish, Estonian and Hungarian. Thus, for example, the Russian word *tri* is quite similar to its English cognate, *three*. As another example, the ancient Indian word *raja* is related to the Latin word *rex* (possessive form: *regis*), both words meaning "king." The ancient Germanic form of this word is *rik*, meaning "kingdom." It appears in modern German as *Reich*, which has assumed a somewhat different meaning. (At this point we must be careful to differentiate between cognates, such as the two examples given above, and loanwords, such as the English word *paternal*,

which has been taken into English from Latin. Cognates are words which have a common origin.) Indo-European languages contain many obvious cognates, especially those words which refer to parts of the body and family relationships, in addition to pronouns and numbers. These cognates allow us to reconstruct to some extent the language which was spoken by the Indo-Europeans before the invention of writing and from which the various later Indo-European languages evolved. By reconstructing the original Indo-European language, we can gain some idea of the cultural level of its speakers. By examining the cognates which designate plants and animals we even have obtained at least a vague indication of the place where the Indo-Europeans originally lived (Urheimat), which is thought to be around the area of Lithuania.

We refer to the large group of related European languages as Indo-European or Indo-Germanic. These languages were spoken even in ancient times as far to the northwest as Scandinavia and as far to the southeast as Persia and India, where they were the languages of the dominant elite, who imposed them on a native population. They have also been designated as the Aryan languages. Although the Aryan languages were originally spoken only by Caucasians, they are now spoken by millions and millions of South American Indians and African Negroes. Some members of the Caucasian race, such as Semites and Finns, speak (or spoke) languages which are in no way related to the Indo-European languages. This fact is strong evidence that racial differences in mankind are so ancient that they evolved even before complicated linguistic expression evolved in man. Arabic and Hebrew are closely related and have readily recognizable cognates in their vocabularies. The early languages of the major racial divisions of mankind are completely unrelated and there are unrelated languages even within these major racial divisions.

The root or basic syllable contained in the word *Aryan* appears in a number of Indo-European languages. It has cognates in such geographically diverse languages as ancient Persian and Old Irish. In fact, there seems little doubt that the names of the countries, Iran and Ireland (Eire), are cognates. In ancient times the roots in these words were used in the sense "noble" or "nobleman." A Greek cognate might be the word *áristos*, meaning "the best man," which furnishes the loanword *aristocrat* in English. The root appears in ancient Germanic

masculine names. A Latin cognate might be *oriens*, of which the meaning is only distantly related. (The orient is the place where the sun rises, thus suggesting a semantic relation to the idea of "nobleman," who occupies a "risen" position.) The Persian form of the word was taken over into Greek as a loanword as early as the time of the Greek historian Herodotus, who died in 425 B.C.

In modern times, a French translator of ancient Persian religious literature, Anquetil du Perron, again introduced the Persian word to Europe in 1763. It was subsequently applied as a designation of all the Indo-European languages during the nineteenth century. Count Joseph Arthur Gobineau, the author of the famous and influential four-volume work, *Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines*; (1853-55), further popularized the word, extending its meaning to a racial designation. The composer Richard Wagner also used the word in 1881 as a racial designation, particularly to differentiate Aryans from Jews as non-Aryans. The term *Aryan* was used commonly in Germany during the National-Socialist period (1933-1945). As a result of the overreaction and propaganda against National-Socialist practices, the status of the word has been unjustifiably jeopardized since then. Nevertheless, the word *Aryan* was used even by the *New York Times* of 22 April 1984 in an article on Sri Lanka (Ceylon).

In spite of its various applications in modern times, the word *Aryan* as a designation of non-Semitic members of the Caucasian race has no other convenient equivalent. Aryans should use this word as a designation of themselves without any apologies. They should insist on using it when giving information to gatherers of census data, for example. The colors white, black, etc., as designations of the Caucasian, Negro and other races are commonly used but have the decided disadvantage of implying that differences in these races are only a matter of skin color, a dangerous fallacy propagated by those who wish to promote discord in the Aryan nations. We are thus left with the word *Aryan* as a useful, convenient and precise racial designation. □

BALLOT BOX 1984: THE TOTAL SHAM

by
R.G., Texas

Election year again—and all the usual ballyhoo about “new faces,” a “change,” etc. The entire range of puppets is trotted out onto the stage by the manipulators, once again duping the Average Joe into thinking he has a choice, a voice, an opportunity to make things better. There are a few of the “dumb masses” who have finally gotten wise to the old shell game conducted by the Tweedle-Dee Republicans and the Tweedle-Dum Democrats, aided and abetted by their media masters; these few, then, seek to change things and “right the ship of state” through the formation of that always ill-fated third party. They make an effort—and for that we admire them, despite their naiveté—by offering the “majority” a palatable platform, appealing to patriotism, nationalism, and though veiled, sometimes even racial instincts. Much effort is expended, much money spent, much optimism generated, in the end only to meet with pre-destined failure and further disillusionment and disappointment.

We don't deride the effort, or mean to point the finger of pity, indeed, were there a chance for success, we would throw everything we could behind the effort to dislodge the oppressors. It's just that we, having passed through that stage of maturity, realize that here is a group going through the same growth period. Whether or not they will learn from their failure is conjectural; at best, a few will. And therein lies success out of failure. A few more wake-up—and we grow.

We'd like to save those third-party folks the effort by telling them that they can't win against a stacked deck; that history proves a despotic regime will not relinquish power through any so-called “legal” means; that their efforts are doomed to suffer either the silent treatment or that if they were able to generate enough popular backing to pose even a slight threat, assassination would follow. We'd like to tell our third-party

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Liberty Bell

THE REST OF DONALD DAY

PAUL KNUTSON

1984

LIBERTY BELL PUBLICATIONS

THE REST OF DONALD DAY

by
Paul Knutson

Donald Day, who had been for many years the foreign correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* in northern Europe, wrote a record of his observations, *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, in 1942. His English text was first published as a book in 1982. It was printed by William Morrison and appeared under the imprint of the Noontide Press of Torrance, California. As Professor Oliver pointed out in his review of that book in *Liberty Bell* for January, 1983, the text had been copied, with some omissions and minor changes, from an anonymously issued mimeographed transcription of a defective carbon copy of the author's manuscript, which had been brought to the United States in some way, despite the vigilance of Franklin Roosevelt's surreptitious thought-police.

That was not the first publication of Day's book. A Swedish translation, *Framåt Kristi stridsmän*, was published by Europa Edition in Stockholm in 1944. (That paper cover, printed in red, green, and black, is reproduced in black-and-white on the following page.)

Copies of this book still survive in Sweden and are even found in some public libraries. There may still be a copy in the Library of Congress, where, however, it was catalogued and buried among the very numerous books of a different Donald Day, a very prolific writer who midwived the autobiography of Will Rogers and produced book after book on such various subjects as American humorists, the folk-lore of the Southwest, the tourist-attractions of Texas, and probably anything for which he saw a market, including a mendacious screed entitled *Franklin D. Roosevelt's Own Story*. By a supreme irony, the Library concealed *Framåt Kristi stridsmän* in its catalogue by placing it between the other Day's *Evolution of Love* and his propaganda piece for the unspeakably vile monster whose millions of victims included one of the last honest journalists.

The Swedish translation contains some long and important passages that do not appear in the book published in California and are not found in the mimeographed copy. By translating these back into English, I can restore Donald Day's meaning, but, of course, I cannot hope to reproduce exactly the words and style of his original manuscript. I can also restore from the Swedish the deficiencies of the mimeographed transcript.

It seems impossible to determine now whether the parts of Day's work that are preserved only in the Swedish were deleted by him to shorten his text when he sent a typewritten copy to the United States or were added by him before he turned his manuscript over to the Swedish translator at

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*Framåt
Kristi
Stridsmän*

Donald Day
CHICAGO TRIBUNE'S KORRE-
SPONDENT I BALTICUM OCH
SKANDINAVIEN SEDAN 1921



about the same time. At all events, the Swedish now alone provides us with some significant parts of Day's book and many Americans will want to have Day's work complete and entire.

For the convenience of the reader, I have, by arrangement with the publisher of *Liberty Bell*, included corrections of the printed English text where it departs, through negligence or misunderstanding, from the mimeographed text from which it was copied. I have passed over obvious typographical errors in the printed book, and omitted small and relatively unimportant corrections. For example, near the end of p. 44 of the printed book, the sentence should read, "All reported that the officials of the Cheka, later known as the GPU and NKVD, were Jews."

Day did not use footnotes, so the reader will understand that all the footnotes on the following pages are my own explanations of the text.

The supplements below are arranged in the order of pages of the printed book, as shown by the note in the small type that precedes each section.

The three sources are discriminated typographically thus:

Italics show what is copied from the printed text to give continuity.

Ordinary Roman type is used for what is in the mimeographed copy but was omitted from the printed version. This, of course, is precisely what Day wrote in English.

What I have translated back from the Swedish appears in this style of type. These passages, as I have said, convey Day's meaning without necessarily restoring exactly the words he used in his English original, from which the Swedish version was made

* * * * *

At the bottom of p. 2 read:

On a number of occasions, through denunciations and provocations, these forces attempted to have me either recalled or discharged. Although I had made applications over a period of years for a Soviet visa, I had never been granted permission to visit Russia. In 1939 the Polish government annulled my visa e.g.s.

The foregoing appears in Chapter I of both the mimeographed and printed texts, but in the Swedish version that chapter is relegated to the end of the book, where it is followed only by the "Epilogue." The Swedish begins with what is Chapter III in the mimeographed text, "Permit Me to Introduce Myself," and was entirely omitted from the printed book. It is here copied from the mimeographed text; the Swedish version omits the stories, intended for an American audience, which follow the paragraph that ends "use our eyes to shape our destiny."

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF

My boyhood was spent in New York City, San Francisco,

Cleveland, Tennessee, and Chicago. So I had a wide view of America in my youth. My forebearers, on both sides of the family, have been in America for more than 300 years. On my father's side they were English and Scotch-Irish. On my mother's side they were Dutch, French-Huguenot and English. As for distinguished ancestors, I think we all have a few if we go back far enough. Among mine is General Sam Houston, who fought Mexico and captured Texas, New Mexico and Arizona for the United States, and John Sevier, an enterprising pioneer who organized the state of Franklin. This comprised the territory of Eastern Tennessee and Kentucky and when he charged toll on wagon trains proceeding through his territory he came into conflict with the United States government. An expedition was sent against him and his forces were defeated. He was arrested and imprisoned in Atlanta, Georgia. His troops rescued him from prison, but the state of Franklin disappeared.

John Day was the first pioneer to settle in Eastern Tennessee. It is a mountainous, heavily forested country and the original inhabitants were the Cherokee Indian tribe. For many years the head of the Day family acted for the Indians in their relations with the American government. My grandfather, Dr. Sam Houston Day, was the doctor for the tribe. They paid him with buckskin bags filled with silver ore and by special arrangement he sent these to the mint in Washington, where they were coined into silver dollars for him. The Indians never divulged the secret of their mine. This outcropping of valuable silver ore has never been discovered and is hidden in the forest covering the Great Smoky mountains of the border of Tennessee and North Carolina. We often hunted that fabulous silver mine on our hunting and fishing trips; but, aside from a large ledge of mica located forty miles from the nearest railroad, we never discovered any mineral wealth. Toward the end of the last century, the American government rounded up the Indians and settled them in Indian territory, now Oklahoma. Oil was discovered under these lands so the Indians became rich. Contact with white people did not civilize them. Inter-marriages with white people produced a very unsatisfactory type of human being. So early Americans drew a strong color line and today the Indians, through intermarriage with Negroes, have degenerated.

Cleveland, Tennessee, was a typical small Southern town with about 14,000 inhabitants. My second cousin, Columbus Mee, was mayor of the town for about thirty years. He was tall and

thin and chewed a plug of tobacco every day. His only other vice was drinking coffee. In this respect he had an affinity with the Finns. On our fishing trips we would always put a trotline with one or two hundred hooks which zig-zagged back and forth across the creek or river for a few hundred meters. This line would have to be tended several times during the night. Besides fish we caught snakes, snapping turtles, eels and frogs. Columbus would keep the coffee pot on the fire all night and after some twenty cups of coffee he would become greatly exhilarated. We generally had a tub of moonshine whisky keeping cold in the nearby spring; but I cannot remember anyone getting drunk on these fishing trips. Boys and young men did not drink because it was considered disgraceful. It was only years later that Prohibition changed the drinking habits of the Americans and turned drinking from a vice into a sport; and entire families drank to excess.

Clum was fond of snake stories; and in this corner of Tennessee there are plenty of snakes and a variety of poisonous ones. One night we were fishing by an old mill. We had put out our trotline and were still-fishing from a rocky bank which descended steeply into deep water. In the evening I killed a big water-moccasin, which is very poisonous, and tied a string around its neck and sank it in the water below the rocks on which we were perched. Some hours later, after Clum had drunk his fourteenth cup of coffee and was regaling us with some thrilling snake stories, I began to pull the line and the big snake came sliding out of the water right into the middle of our group. Clum and the others let out a yell and two of them jumped into the creek. I let the snake slide back into the water and threw the string after it and I didn't reveal the joke till we returned to town and the other fishermen had told our friends of the thrilling encounter.

Tennessee was one of the first Southern states to adopt Prohibition, so the mountaineers found ready market for their moonshine whisky. In those pre-Prohibition days a gallon jug cost a dollar. Properly prepared it was a good drink, tasting remarkably like old cherry brandy, which is one of the local delicacies found in East Prussia.

The Southern states in America had adopted Prohibition partly as a measure to protect their womanhood. In saloons and dives operated by the renegade white element, mulattos and Jews, the Negroes would become drunk on rot-gut whisky served from bottles embellished with a label on which was

printed the picture of a naked white woman. This combination of alcohol and pornography would sometimes so excite the Negro that he would attack a white woman. If caught, he was lynched. But Prohibition failed to prevent lynchings as it failed to eradicate the evils of drink in other sections of society. It helped to undermine respect for the law and gave the criminal element the opportunity to become millionaires. Instead of a national blessing, it became a national disgrace. Finland also adopted a prohibition law and passed through a similar experience. She repealed this law before the United States repealed her law.

The town of Cleveland erected a monument to my grandfather, who was surgeon of Wheeler's Cavalry regiment, the only Confederate force which opposed Sherman's march to the sea through the state of Georgia during the Civil War. Those who have read *Gone with the Wind* know about the misery and suffering caused by that campaign and the war in this section of the United States. My mother's father was a lieutenant in a New York regiment, which fought on the Northern side.

My father loved horses. He was what they call in America a race-horse man. Sometimes he was well-to-do. Sometimes he was broke. He acted as a Sports Editor for a number of large American newspapers and on two occasions published his own newspaper. Every time he managed to get some money together he either bought a string of racehorses or built a race track. He and his friends built the race track at Mineral Springs, Indiana, and later one at Miami, Florida. He lived during a period of tremendous economic expansion in America, but he was not interested in business or industry. The characteristic I most admired in my father was his contempt for money. Whether he had much money in the bank, or nothing at all, no one could tell. I recall on two occasions where overnight he became a poor man with heavy debts. But he was never shaken by a reverse in fortune and worked hard for years to pay off his debtors. He died very rich in friends. He left us a proud memory and if he left us an inheritance, it was to despise corruption, dishonesty and graft, which were things he had fought all his life, for he loved horse racing and tried to keep it a clean sport. He was acknowledged as one of the leading authorities on horse breeding and racing in America.

My father did not want me to become a newspaperman. For many generations there had always been a doctor in the family and he wanted one in his. My brothers and I had no interest in

medicine. We all became newspapermen. He also tried to persuade me to to become a lawyer. But the only branch of law I knew anything about in America was criminal law and I thought that criminal lawyers were not much better than the criminals themselves, so I refused. If he did not want me to become a newspaperman, all right, as a joke I suggested I become a policeman. He was horrified. "Why?", he asked. I told him with my education, I was certain to become a captain in the Chicago police department within twenty years and every police captain I knew owned an expensive automobile, a large apartment house and had also acquired an orange grove in Florida, a peach orchard in Georgia and an apple orchard in Michigan. My father said he would rather brain me than see me join the police department, so I became a reporter at the age of eighteen.

Yes, it is shameful to admit, but the police departments of the majority of large American cities are honeycombed with corruption. Criminals prey upon society, but the criminal lawyers and police frequently prey upon the criminals. Crime in the United States has become an industry. It is one of America's largest and most pressing problems. It is not even approaching solution. Freedom from corruption, Freedom from crime. These are two Freedoms sadly needed in the United States. Until they are achieved it is pure insanity for anyone to believe in the practicability of the Four Freedoms spawned by a cigar and a cigarette in a cesspool of mental depravity.

In those years, 1913-17, there were plenty of thrills in a reporter's job. We covered murder cases and sometimes it was not the police who tracked down and arrested the murderer, but the reporter. In this period a murder was still something so unusual that it was "a big story," one that would occupy columns of space in the newspapers, often for a week or more. The police, municipal officials and other authorities treated the press with respect and consideration because they still felt a responsibility to the electorate. In such cities as New York, Philadelphia and others where a political machine controlled the elections, public officials did not have this feeling of responsibility and the press did not receive the privileged treatment we had in Chicago.

Near Joliet early one spring a woman was found murdered and raped. The murderer was not caught. The next spring the same thing occurred. The third year there was another murder and, together with several other reporters, I was sent to cover

the story. We made our headquarters in a small boarding house. From there we telephoned the daily developments to our newspapers. It was a small town and had few policemen. The sheriff of the county was the most important official and our relations with him were not very pleasant. Three women had been raped and clubbed to death in his town within three years and the murderer was still at large. It reflected upon his ability as a police official.

We newspapermen decided to form a little police department of our own. Our metal reporter badges did not look very much like the imposing star of a detective, but they did look official. We began to search for suspects and make "arrests." Like the police we thought the murders had been committed by a degenerate. We went about town and talked with many people and whenever we heard of someone with suspicious morals we "arrested" him and brought him to our boarding house for an examination. We did not mention names in our stories but these cross-examinations provided us with material to write about.

One day I heard of a farmhand who seldom came to town and who was regarded as "peculiar" by the people who knew him. I told my colleagues of my discovery but not one of them was willing to share the expense of a horse and buggy. There were few automobiles and still fewer paved roads at that time in Illinois. The suspect worked on a farm twelve miles out in the country. Finally I persuaded a friend who represented an afternoon newspaper to make the trip with me. We arrived on the farm at noon and found the man working in a field. We approached, flashed our reporter badges, told him he was under arrest and that he had to return with us to town. He seemed stunned, and on the way back to town he broke down and confessed he had committed all three murders. We immediately handcuffed him to the buggy, tied up the horse and went a short distance away to hold a conference. My colleague insisted we get back to town as quickly as possible so he could telephone the story to his afternoon paper. I said I had just as much claim to the story as he did, and since we all had an agreement not to "scoop" each other if we should happen to find the murderer, we had to agree on some way to divide the story between the afternoon and the morning newspapers. I suggested the afternoon newspapermen should send in a story about the murderer being arrested and publish his confession of the last murder while the morning newspapers could "follow up" the story with his confession about committing all three murders.

This was agreed upon, and we turned to our buggy for a wild drive back to town.

The parlor of the boarding house was a busy place that afternoon and evening. Every Chicago newspaper wanted columns of material, and photographers were rushed down to take the prisoner's picture.

Later that evening two of the local policemen called on us and asked if it was true that we had captured the murderer. We had been expecting this and our prisoner had been handcuffed to a bed upstairs. We had provided him with a good supper and plenty of coffee. He had a most remarkable memory and told us in great detail how he had planned and committed the three murders and a number of other crimes. We wished to keep him for ourselves as long as possible, so we informed the police they had only heard a rumor and we knew nothing about the story. It was only a short time later that the sheriff arrived with reinforcements and boiling mad. He said if we did not surrender our prisoner immediately he would put us all in jail, so we reluctantly turned over one of the most interesting and informative criminals we had ever talked with. We had all agreed to keep the details of the "arrest", how the "arrest" had been made, a secret and to use it as a "follow-up" story the next day. We knew it was going to be difficult to get any further information from the sheriff until we had appeased his dignity. It turned out we had only scratched the surface. The prisoner confessed to more and more crimes and for a week newspaper readers were thrilled with criminal exploits, some of which were several years old.

My colleagues and I felt certain our prisoner had really committed the "club murders," but when he continued his confessions which became more and more startling with each examination, we became suspicious. The man had a remarkable memory, but when we visited the farmer and questioned him it became evident he could not have been author of all those crimes. Like some other criminals, the prisoner loved notoriety and relished reading stories about himself in the newspapers. I saw the execution, and he was smiling when they placed the black mask over his face. The drop of the trap broke his neck. We could hear the bone snap. After the usual contortions of a hanged man, he was pronounced dead and another sensational story ended.

The sensationalism of the American press deserves an explanation to European readers. Chicago and other American

cities were growing rapidly, but they were growing un-American. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants were settling in compact colonies. Their religious leaders founded churches. Then foreign language newspapers appeared. Theaters, choirs, sport and social organizations followed. With every year the foreign language press increased their circulation, and the alien social and cultural organizations in American cities became more powerful.

Competition between the American newspapers became more and more bitter. Thirty years ago Chicago had six morning and five evening papers published in the American language. Today there are two morning and three evening papers. This decrease further shows how the character of the population had changed. Hundreds of thousands of Poles, Lithuanians, Czechs, Slovaks, Jews, Greeks, Italians and other nationalities settled in Chicago. There also arrived an influx of Negroes from the Southern states. All of this alien element was cheap labor. They dragged down the American standard of living. All of these languages and racial groups have their own papers. As these grew in circulation, the circulation and influence of some of the American newspapers decreased. They became bankrupt and died. For some years now the Chicago city council has had its minority groups just like the little parliaments.

What happened in Chicago happened in other great industrial cities. The American press not only competed with each other for American readers, but they also tried to compete with the foreign language press for readers among the descendants of the immigrant families who learned English in their schools, but who did not regard it as their mother tongue.

This influx of foreigners helped to destroy many Chicago newspapers. They were published in the center of the city which sprawls for 26 miles (forty kilometers) along the shore of Lake Michigan. Just outside the central commercial and industrial area which comprises the center of the city the foreigners settled in great groups. These immigrant neighborhoods, slums and ghettos, kept on expanding and the American residents were forced to move farther into the suburbs, away from the foreigners.

American newspapers had to face the problem of transporting their editions many miles before they could be delivered to the subscribers. Each newspaper was obliged to maintain many horses and wagons, later entire fleets of autotrucks, for distributing their papers. When the Second

World War broke out it found Chicago with only three afternoon and one morning newspaper, *The Chicago Tribune*. And because of its America First policy, *The Tribune* has been, for many years, under constant attack by the un-American minority groups.

In many American cities, particularly those west of the Mississippi River, the bitter fight for survival between the American and the foreign language areas is still proceeding. In their effort to keep readers and attract others, the American newspapers began to provide more and more entertainment and less and less information. The larger size of the American newspaper is due to the enormous amount of advertising rather than news. In fact, in every American newspaper office the amount of advertising available determines the amount of news published.

While it is true that American newspapers spend large sums to obtain authentic reports on news developments, still the value of these reports to the readers is reduced by the large amount of frivolous and unimportant material published which competes for the attention of the average reader. This includes bridge problems, crossword puzzles, comic strips, etc., which are daily features in the newspapers.

The life of a morning newspaper in America is short, seldom more than an hour and a half. It is read at the breakfast table, on the way to work and then discarded. In the evening another paper, more sensational and trivial, provides entertainment rather than information.

It is for these reasons that the average newspaper reader profits little by the news, facts, discussion and reports of serious developments which should claim attention. This will help to explain why the degenerate reading habits of Americans and their apathy to matters outside their own narrow sphere of interests has enabled President Roosevelt and his Jewish counsellors to drive the United States into an imperialistic war, when the average American citizen has never dreamed of the possibility of the United States becoming a dominating world power, protecting the policy of exploitation of international money powers who, all unknown to the average American, have abandoned Europe and made their headquarters in the United States.

The average American has faith in the President of the United States. When the President gives his solemn pledge that he will not involve the country in war, that he will not send American

boys to fight overseas, his word is respected and believed. It should also not be forgotten that Franklin Roosevelt is the first president of the United States who has enjoyed the privilege of talking intimately to the people of America over the radio. In some countries the radio has proved a blessing. In others, a curse. When the American people heard the President make promises, not once, but many times, there seemed all the more reason for them to believe their elected chief of state.

The radio developed in the United States overnight. In the great majority of countries this new avenue of human communication was placed under government control. One motive for this action was that the government leaders thought it better for radio to serve national interests and thus serve the people rather than permit private interests to use it to exploit the inhabitants. But Americans have made a fetish of private initiative and enterprise. Government control of the radio was opposed (by private capital) because it was alleged to be just as dangerous to individual liberties as government control of the press. So the radio was left for private exploitation. No one in America could foresee that the three great radio networks which developed would come under the control of a national minority group whose aim was to control the government and destiny of the United States. The Jewish monopoly over the American radio has become an even greater threat to America than if this industry had developed as a government monopoly. There are a number of radio stations in America which have independent programs, but their warnings have been lost on the kosher waveband. The American people have been deluded and betrayed in much the same manner as the Russian people were deluded and betrayed. What fate has in store for us largely depends upon whether we continue to use our ears or again use our eyes to shape our destiny.

For centuries mankind obtained knowledge and information through the written and printed word. What comes to us through our eyes is registered in the conscious part of our brain and is there considered and either accepted or rejected. The power of the orators was limited. Today the loudspeaker and radio have magnified the power of the spoken word. What comes to us through our ears enters the subconscious part of our brain and acts upon our emotions. Since the advent of radio, the Americans have been relying more upon their ears than their eyes in acquiring information. They seem to have adopted the Finnish (or perhaps it is Swedish) proverb: "Let

the horse think. He has a bigger head."

Among many interesting adventures I had as a young reporter there is one that deserves to be inserted in this chronicle. It concerns two aged men, both honored in Chicago as staid and respected citizens, both husbands with a long record of happy married life, both fathers of large families—unusually large families, for one had eleven children and the other eight. One was deputy superintendent of police for many years and later became chief of the police force. The other was a candy manufacturer, a millionaire.

The manufacturer loved to play practical jokes. Now among many Americans of his generation, as well as those of previous and the subsequent generation, was a popular superstition, no, it was more than that, it was almost an *idée fixe*. These Americans believed that women of the yellow race are, in a certain respect, uniquely different from women of other races. In fact, they credit the creator, in his task of fabricating mankind, with a touch of originality in finishing off his yellow-skinned female by providing her with an unusual attraction. That acme of male desire which in other women is found as a vertical establishment he is supposed to have installed in the women of the Yellow race in a horizontal position. This heterodox variation is the subject of widespread doubt and debate. But many Americans believe implicitly in this phenomenon. Some have utilized journeys to the Far East to make investigations. Their discoveries were disbelieved.

The manufacturer decided to play a joke on his friends. He journeyed to Japan and China and there commissioned artists of note to paint and contrive for him a number of pictures showing, most clearly and attractively, that this was not merely a rumor but a definite and positive physiological fact.

After an absence of some months he returned to Chicago with several cases of paintings, drawings and embroidered silk tapestries, some reputedly of great age, revealing with verve that the saffron hued beauties of Asia are of lateral *genre* and so are different from their sisters whose skins are tinted otherwise.

The Chicago customs authorities confiscated the entire collection before the manufacturer could show them to his doubting and believing friends. He was indicted by the federal grand jury which spent much time examining the thrilling evidence. I can only recall one of the exhibits. It was a large silk-embroidered tapestry showing a Japanese lady reclining on many cushions in an expectant position, welcoming her lover

back from battle. The impatient warrior was tossing his armour all over the place in his haste. And really, the god-darned thing was horizontal.

My friend, the chief of police, was a collector of just such works of art. In the course of many years he had gathered together a large number of such pictures. They were not open to public gaze. He kept them locked in a special safe in his office at police headquarters.

I mentioned to him the unparalleled collection which had been gathered in Asia by the candy manufacturer. His acquisitive collector's heart burned with desire. He immediately telephoned to the chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice in the Federal Building and asked him to turn over the collection after the trial. He was met with a blunt refusal. He pleaded and mentioned he had a large collection of similar objects of art and, even though it was the duty of authorities to protect the public from such displays still, he contended, such things should not be destroyed.

His rival law enforcer was more puritan minded. He insisted on destruction of the collection after the trial and threatened to send his federal agents to the city hall and raid the office of the chief of police and seize his collection. The chief invited him to try, that he would run the federal law enforcers out of town. The conversation became heated. It ended with an outburst of profanity from both sides.

I consoled the chief of police. I had never liked that federal justice agent because of his habit to give stories to a rival paper. I suggested the chief send out a detective squad and round up a couple of competent safe-crackers and send them over to the press room of the federal building on Saturday afternoon after the courts and offices had been closed. This was done and the antiquated safe in the Bureau of Investigation was opened with little trouble and the tabooed collection of the candy manufacturer was removed. No other valuables were taken.

The chief was delighted. The chief of the Bureau was enraged. The manufacturer was disconsolate. He had engaged expensive legal talent to help him fight his case. He had announced his intention to fight his indictment up to the Supreme Court if necessary to prove that art was art, no matter what portion of a woman's anatomy is portrayed. If the artists of the West, both old and new, have devoted much time, paint and canvas to depicting the largest and roundest portion of a woman's being, why shouldn't the artists of the East paint

something else?

The manufacturer demanded the evidence be found. The story of the vanished collection was known to but a few and had not been made public. It could not be recovered without a war breaking out between the loyal laughing police department and the hirelings of the Bureau who were greatly outnumbered. After all, the G-Men had to depend upon the future assistance of the police department to efficiently perform their routine duties of combatting dope peddlers, white-slavers and counterfeiterers, the three classes of criminals which the federal authorities are supposed to eradicate.

I called on the candy manufacturer and assured him his collection was intact and "had not been destroyed by mistake" as he had been informed. It was his turn to be delighted. I said it might be possible for him to view these creations again providing he would promise not to cause any trouble to their new owner. He agreed so I introduced him to the chief of police. Both these men were over seventy. It appeared both had been making the same sort of collections for years and had never met any collector with similar interests. They arranged meetings and traded pictures as small boys trade stamps. In this manner the manufacturer regained some of his Asiatic works of art.

Later the chief and the manufacturer arranged a dinner for their close friends. These doubters of the remarkable physical difference between the yellow women of Eastern latitudes and those of longitudes were convinced.

And the manufacturer had his joke after all.

Thirty years ago, jazz had not yet entered polite society. It was a new form of music born in the back rooms of Negro saloons in the slums of New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis and Chicago. The original jazz players were all Negroes and were natural born musicians. The orchestras were small. They were comprised of a piano, a bass and snare drum, a cornet, a trombone and a banjo. The saxophone was unknown. A few of these little assemblies had a Negro artist who played a horn constructed from an elephant tusk.

These orchestras played without music. At their rehearsals the piano player would play a popular song once or twice to give the lead and they would play it together, each musician giving his variations. In musical slang, each of these performances was "a jam session," which serious musicians would undoubtedly term a form of musical masturbation.

This primitive form of music, born in dives, and brothels and saloons, in Chicago was discovered by newspaper reporters whose search for news made them acquainted with these places. Late one night during a poker game in the Chicago Press Club the manager of the New Stratford Hotel was complaining that his hotel would soon be bankrupt if he could not discover some new attraction to entice patrons. This hotel was one of the oldest in the city. Its clientele had abandoned it in favor of the new Blackstone Hotel, where the professional dancers Vernon Castle and Irene Dunn were making a tremendous hit with their new form of ballroom dancing: dream waltz and hesitation waltz.

Another reporter and myself told the New Stratford manager to come with us and we would show him a new sensation. We brought him down to the red-light district and showed him these bands. He was delighted and immediately engaged one of them and brought them to his hotel in taxicabs where he sent the regular orchestra home and ordered the Negroes to play. He also engaged several Negro couples to dance the one-step and its variations, for the foxtrot had not yet been invented.

This music was an immediate success and after a few dances some of the guests appeared on the floor to imitate the gyrations of the Negroes. The other reporter and I looked at each other and without saying a word we dashed back to our city-rooms and wrote a story on how the black-and-tan society of the Negro district was teaching the society of the "gold coast" to dance. Our stories appeared on the first page of our papers.

Early the next morning the manager telephoned. He was furious. He claimed we had inveigled him into engaging the Negroes just in order to "obtain a story" and, claiming we had ruined his hotel, he said he was going to sue us both for damages in civil court. That we were going to obtain a story from this exploit never entered my head, and I told him I would come down to his hotel immediately. I arrived at his office an hour later and he met me with profuse apologies. It turned out that our stories had been the best advertisement his hotel had received in many years and when he had arrived at his office he had discovered every table in his restaurant had been reserved for a fortnight in advance. He wished our assistance in aiding him to contact the members of the two orchestras and sign a contract with them to play in his hotel for six months. It developed my colleague and I had helped him to make his

fortune. He presented us with a gold fountain pen and the privilege to eat as often as we pleased at his hotel free of charge.

A few weeks later another popular restaurant in Chicago, the College Inn, engaged a jazz orchestra and this new type of music quickly developed into a regular industry. I know that New Orleans claims to be the home of jazz. But the real home of Jazz was the Negro saloon. This lowly birthplace is not mentioned as a detraction. Jazz is a great and widely popular contribution which the Negro has made to the White Man's civilization. It is music in its adolescent form. Its exuberance and vulgarity intensify its appeal.

* * * * *

Near the middle of p. 12 read:

American imperialism is something new, even for Americans. The two chief aims of the Roosevelt Trust are: 1. To reimpose the gold standard on world economy. 2. To restore equality for the Jews in Europe. But 'equality' is hardly the proper word to use. What is really intended is the domination of Jews over Europe.*

A few weeks before I became the first American political refugee in Sweden, one of my colleagues gave me some unsolicited advice. He suggested I should return to America and begin to pull strings to obtain an appointment as American Commissar to the Baltic States when America had won the war. He said that the American government would be glad to be represented by a Nordic American experienced in East European affairs, as I am, and that I should not anticipate any difficulties in that desirable position, inasmuch as I would have with me a little Morgenthau as coadjutor. I replied that I had no wish to be an executive for a Jew and that I hoped that some day the Americans would gain control over their own government in Washington. Many people in Stockholm believed that the war would end in chaos throughout Europe and that Europe would be dominated by the Jews for many years. Since that time, that opinion has undergone some change. American Jews are now showing restraint, so that the Russian Jews may

* On the significance of this statement at the time Day wrote, see the review in *Liberty Bell*, January 1983, pp. 30-31.

press their own demands.

Those Americans who recognized the imminent peril to their country, who warned their fellow citizens of the immigration of Jews and other alien elements, who lectured about American imperialism, were either frightened into silence or shut up in prison. Hypnotized by the Jew-controlled radio and press, the American people sat idly by while their sovereignty was being stolen from under their noses. The Americans have only now begun to suffer. And for that we have only ourselves to thank.

A singular characteristic of the internal life of the United States has been the disinclination of the older types of Americans to take an active part in the governing of their country. *Between the American Civil War and the World War the United States passed through a period of tremendous economic expansion. e. q. s.*

On p. 51 the conclusion of Chapter IV must be supplied:

The next morning I visited Minister Zarinsch, who confirmed the Archbishop's information. I asked and received his permission to report this incident to The Tribune.

I shall not claim that Dr. Bihlmans was acting in the Soviet government's interest when he invited me to Moscow as his guest, but in January 1934 I was asked to visit the Latvian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Bihlmans had been appointed ambassador to Washington. I was shown a report that Bihlmans had written about one of my stories that had appeared in the *Tribune* on the 1st of January.

In that article I reported that the parliamentary form of government in Latvia had broken down in a jumbled muddle of party politics and corruption, and I predicted that Latvia would presumably be the next country of Europe to have a dictatorial form of government (a result that in fact happened on May 15th of that same year).

Bihlmans said that my article was offensive. But since the *Tribune* supported its correspondents and was the largest and most influential newspaper in America, he suggested that it would be easier to arrange my expulsion from Latvia through harassment. In his report he proposed three methods. First, the Latvian authorities could claim that I had driven my car in the country illegally and could levy so heavy a fine on me that I would be forced to leave. Second, the police could arrest me and accuse me of driving while intoxicated. Third, they could

effect a search of my home to look for contraband.

The last suggestion was typical of Bihlmans' character. A few months earlier, shortly before his departure for America, I gave a dinner in his honor and also invited publishers and correspondents from the region. With the dinner I served wine that I had obtained from a foreign consul who had suddenly been transferred, and I told Bihlmans that for the first time in my life I had acquired a small wine cellar.*

When I asked the official of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs about the government's intentions, he laughed and said, "Bihlmans' memorandum merely shows that he is still working for the Bolsheviks, and you are welcome to stay in Latvia as long as you wish."

I would add that during these past twenty-two years I have written many articles that could be considered favorable or unfavorable about all the countries I visited for the *Tribune*. I never encountered the slightest difficulty with the new directors or other authorities in Latvia, Estonia, Finland, Sweden, Norway, East Prussia, or Danzig. But I had enormous problems with, and probably escaped by good luck the many traps laid by, the authorities in Soviet Russia, Poland, and Lithuania.

I shall explain this briefly. Those three countries were interested in exploiting the United States. They considered that every news bulletin that conflicted with their propaganda in the United States was detrimental to their interests. The Bolsheviks wanted to obtain recognition and credits. The Poles wanted to ship their Jews and other minorities to the United States as immigrants. They also wanted loans and credits, and they further made every effort to increase the money remittances of the 5,000,000 Poles living in America back to Poland. Lithuanian ambitions were precisely the same.

I have written very many articles and forwarded many cables in the course of these years which reflected credit upon Poland and Lithuania. But I also pitilessly exposed those governments when they attempted to exploit my country in favor of their own. It is strange how quickly a favorable article is forgotten and how long an unfavorable one is remembered. The Polish and Lithuanian press chiefs whom I have known seemed to

* The point here, of course, is that the Jew who had been made Latvian Ambassador to the United States suggested that the Latvian police could find the wine Day had obtained from the consul and, with Jewish ethics, pretend that he had obtained it from smugglers.

believe that favorable articles were the only kind that should be written by a correspondent.

On p. 53, the beginning of Chapter V was omitted by the editor of the English book and must be supplied from the mimeographed copy as follows:

ALLIANCE WITH THE BEAR

Nobody but the members of the German community organization in the Baltic States knows how hard they worked to persuade the German Balts to abandon their homes and properties in the Baltic countries and to return to Germany and there accept recompense.* There was much intermarriage between the Balts, Latvians and Russians. In some families only one member repatriated. In others only one or two remained. There were divorces and marriages and many, very many, broken hearts. Some of the older people who repatriated died of homesickness.

One charming feature about the people of Riga was the way they cared for their dead. The cemeteries were all beautifully situated and were tended with love. On that great Lutheran Holiday, the Totenfest, everyone seemed to visit the cemeteries

* Day begins this chapter abruptly with the events that followed the "Non-Aggression Pact" that Hitler concluded with Stalin in August 1939 in an effort to avert the Second World War. The three Baltic states (Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania) had to be conceded to the Jews' Soviet Empire as part of the price for that treaty, but Germany insisted that the Germans residing in those states be permitted to return to Germany, where they would be compensated for the property they had to abandon. Many German families had been established in those regions for generations, and a sentimental attachment to their ancestral homes and often ties they had formed with non-German families made them understandably reluctant to leave, and Day begins his chapter with the efforts made to persuade them to save their lives. The more fat-headed, their minds stuffed with Jewish swill about "social justice" and the idealism of the gentle-souled Communists, elected to remain. The Baltic countries were occupied in 1940, and the Jews led in their hordes of savage beasts, many of them Mongoloid, for one of the glorious butcheries that warm the hearts of all "Liberal intellectuals" with secret joy, as they see in the extermination of the more intelligent and honorable members of a nation the realization of what they really mean by "spreading democracy." Historians will long debate the wisdom of the "Non-Aggression Pact," which gained for Germany only a short respite from attack by the military serfs of international Jewry, which had declared war on Germany in 1933.

to pay a call upon relatives and friends loved and lost. Very many people refused to leave just because they could not bear the thought of leaving these graves untended. This attitude cannot be considered entirely morbid, for sorrow has been given to us to cleanse the soul. We all have or will experience it.

The repatriated came from all sections of the population. Some were government officials. Others held posts in the army and navy. Many had inherited business enterprises which had been in their families for generations. The repatriates felt themselves bound to the Baltic States by ties stretching back into the centuries.

Riga was a city very largely built by German Balts. To the visitors its architecture was just as German as Danzig and Koenigsberg. Among its citizens could be found rivalry, discontent and even hatred, but they all loved Riga. So did the foreigners who lived there, myself included. The city was not too large. I often declared I never wanted to work in Chicago or New York again. Those cities are so tremendous that one frequently lives two and three hours' ride, in auto, streetcar or subway, from one's place of business or one's friends. You feel yourself fortunate if you can meet your friends two or three times each year. In Riga you could see them frequently. There was the friendly, cozy atmosphere of a small town and just enough privacy to allow it to resemble a city.

The opera was probably the finest in Northern Europe, not excepting Stockholm. Its ballet was actually the best in Europe and nothing outside Russia could be compared to it. There were excellent theatres. During some seasons the Latvian, German and Russian theatres would all stage the same play. It was interesting to attend all of them and compare the different performances, all of which were good. The Russian theatre would stage Soviet plays and as all the actors had an intimate knowledge of Bolshevism and Soviet Life, they would give the performance an added satire and spice which made them noteworthy. The Jewish, Polish and Estonian theatres were also there, although less widely attended.

This competition in art and music made Riga culturally one of the most entertaining and interesting cities in Europe. Take, for instance, the ballet. Now Stockholm has a very fine ballet, but there they are all Swedes and the dancers are tall, slender, beautifully formed girls who look as though they might all have been poured out of the same mold. In Riga the ballet contained Latvians, German-Balts, Russians, Jews, Poles, Estonians,

Caucasians, and among the dancers were also some English girls, daughters of families who had resided for some generations in Riga. The difference in nationality intensified the rivalry, with the result that its incomparable performances made the ballet the most popular form of entertainment in the city. When it performed, the opera was sold out. Riga's extraordinarily high artistic life and its cultivation must be credited to the Latvians. It has been a source of constant amazement to the occupation troops.

Germany was already acquainted with Riga's musical ability and genius. When Chaliapin was engaged to perform in three Russian operas in Berlin, the choir of the Latvian opera was invited to come there and sing. At first performance, the choir received more applause than Chaliapin did himself. The ego of the artist was mortified. He demanded the conductor should alter the remaining performances so as to minimize the part of the choir. The conductor refused and Chaliapin, enraged, cancelled his engagement. The choir returned to Riga in triumph. They had "sung down" one of the greatest of living singers, an unprecedented achievement. And they had done it unintentionally.

The opera was one of the most remarkable developments and results of Latvian independence. Its past, and its performances today,* constitute a plea for the preservation of Latvian culture which has already found an echo. I arrived as an impartial American correspondent and now I must come forth as their advocate. I can truthfully report they are an essentially Nordic nation with Nordic traditions and the Nordic way of life. The Latvian blood is sound and has been enhanced rather than spoiled by the mixture of German, Swedish, Russian, French and other bloods which have flavored it in varying quantities during past centuries. Although Jewish Bolshevism with its policy of mongrelizing entire populations by the extermination of the upper classes has caused a terrible scar on the Latvian nation by liquidating the greater part of the upper class, the remainder of the population is sound and the good blood strains, which exist in all nations, remain.

* Day is writing in 1942, when the Baltic states had been reclaimed for civilization by the German Army. His observation of the Jewish technique of destroying nations through mongrelization is extremely important. Since it is not yet feasible to stage large-scale massacres in the United States, mongrelization is promoted by agitation for "equality" and "civil rights" and by "education" to encourage miscegenation.

On p. 99 a section of Day's text and chart was omitted, thus making mysterious the reference to Dr. von Alfthan in the paragraph following the lacuna. Read:

A realization seems to be growing that their future existence depends upon the governments' ability to combat corruption and give their people an honest and efficient administration.

Baron Dr. Bortil von Alfthan, a Finn, an efficiency engineer and for many years my colleague and correspondent of *The Chicago Tribune* in Finland, has compiled an interesting chart.* He calls it an analysis of the social structure during different ages. I am including it here because it is thought-provoking and seems to give a concise and clear picture of an important phase of the evolution now taking place all over the world. [See next page.]

Dr. von Alfthan's comment upon this chart is as follows:

"When hand work became insufficient to feed the growing masses directly from the earth, machines were invented and the technical age began. Industry requires great capital, and the capitalists became the ruling class whilst warriors were reduced from a class dominating society to a class serving society.

"When industry developed rationalized mass production, the balance between production and consumption was more and more upset, as evidenced by ever increasing unemployment whilst simultaneously grain was burnt and coffee thrown into the seas. New methods of balancing economic life had to be invented. The leaders of this process will rise to the nobility position whilst the money nobility will be reduced to a class serving society instead of dominating it.

"In both cases the new leading class is formed out of the best elements of all three layers of society of the vanishing age, whilst the reactionary members of the former ruling class are pressed downwards.

"The alleged automatic self-adjustment of conditions by the

* The chart in the mimeographed copies has been corrected from the Swedish. The arrows in the columns opposite the social pyramid show the social mobility by which a class in one era is formed from members of classes in the preceding era. Dr. von Alfthan's analysis invites comparison with James Burnham's famous and phenomenally successful book, *The Managerial Revolution*. Burnham's description of what was happening in contemporary society is independent of his opinion of its desirability and probable consequences, which subsequently changed drastically. Dr. von Alfthan's era of "Reformism" is, of course, represented by both Fascism and Communism, but was most completely realized in German National Socialism.

AGE OF	FEUDALISM	CAPITALISM	REFORMISM
Main source of wealth	Landowning	Industrial production	Balance between production and consumption
Most important social task encouraged by privileged social standing	To conquer and defend lands	To accumulate and direct the use of capital	To coordinate the branches of the national economic life
	KNIGHTS BOURGEOIS MASSES	FINANCIERS DEFENSE FORCES CITIZENS	ORGANIZERS ENTERPRIISERS NATION

DR. VON ALFTHAN'S CHART
ANALYSIS OF SOCIAL STRUCTURE DURING DIFFERENT AGES

commodity prices under the law of supply and demand in a free market worked satisfactorily during the period of rising capitalism, but now has been outrun by technical development.

"The invention of machines is now being supplemented by the invention of new methods of organization, so as to restore the balance."

Many clear thinking economists foresaw the present world convulsion years ago and published warnings against it. e.g.s.

On p. 126 a substantial and significant passage in Day's book was omitted in the printed book. Read:

I made no attempt to use the columns of The Tribune to defend myself. The Tribune did that for me in the editorial columns.

I only knew of one correspondent representing American newspapers in Moscow whom I respect and whom I am proud to call a real colleague. He is Junius Wood, who represented the *Chicago Daily News*. He is now retired and living in Holland, Michigan. Junius was a real newspaperman. He came out to Riga occasionally for a breath of fresh air and to replenish his stock of coffee and I was always glad to have him as our guest.

After he had lived in Hotel Polshoye Moskovskaija for a number of years, the management decided they would install a wash basin with hot and cold running water in Junius' room. Several committees called examining the premises. Extensive plans were made. Repeated meetings and conferences were held. At last the workers appeared to begin the undertaking and holes were broken in the floor. The unsheathed hot and cold water pipes were brought side by side up to the basin so that while the hot water was hot the cold water was luke warm through contact with the hot water pipe.

While this convulsive endeavor at progress was being completed, Junius one morning missed his razor, of the straight-bladed variety. He took up his telephone and called up Commissar Jagoda, then chief of the G.P.U. When he got the commissar on the phone, Junius explained his razor had disappeared.

"But what has the G.P.U. to do with that?" asked Jagoda indignantly. "Well," returned Junius, "Your agents have been searching my room and belongings for a number of years, and besides most of the employees of the hotel work for your G.P.U., so I want my razor back."

Jagoda began to get excited and attempted to order Junius to complain to the ordinary police.

Junius refused. "I've heard a lot about the G.P.U. and what a wonderful organization it is," he said. "Now you have the chance to prove that you are not just a cheap second-class detective agency. If you can find my razor, then I will agree that the G.P.U. is a real secret service. I hold you personally responsible for the return of my razor and I want it back."

A short time later, some leather-clad G.P.U. men entered the room. They made a thorough search. They also arrested and searched the workers who had installed the wash basin. But they did not find the razor. The plumber's union held an indignation meeting, where protest speeches were made that an American correspondent should accuse some of their membership of complicity in the disappearance of his razor. The dignity and honor of the Soviet worker had been impugned. Junius refused to apologize and continued to demand the G.P.U. find his razor. But he gave them an impossible task. The incident ended with the plumber's union sending a delegation to hand Junius a check to enable him to purchase a new razor and to apologize for the presence of some of their members in his room approximating the time his razor disappeared.

Junius finally left Moscow because the hotel persisted in increasing the price of his room until he was paying some twelve dollars a day. This irritated his editor who transferred him to Berlin.

Another type of newspaperman was Eugene Lyons, one-time correspondent of the United Press in Moscow. In 1935 *The Tribune* published the following editorial about Lyons under the headline:

NEWS FROM MOSCOW.

Occasionally readers inquire why *The Tribune* refuses to send a correspondent to Moscow. The reason is that an objective reporter cannot remain there. If any further evidence is required in support of this position, it is provided in this month's issue of *Harper's Magazine*, in an article entitled "To Tell or Not to Tell" by Eugene Lyons.

Mr. Lyons represented the United Press, an American news agency, in Moscow. He went there, he said, a firm sympathizer with the revolution. He

deliberately set himself the task of presenting Russia to his American readers in as favorable light as he could. He played up the items which reflected credit upon the Bolsheviks. He glossed over the news which was unfavorable. His home office encouraged him in this practice, he says, in the expectation of being rewarded with the inside track on news. In this hope they were not disappointed. Because he had been the best of the good boys, Mr. Lyons was given a first exclusive interview with Stalin. Life was made extremely comfortable for him.

Mr. Lyons now concedes that Communism as practiced in Russia is brutal oppression supported by torture, murder, starvation. He laments that so-called liberals in America are not alive to the truth. The fact that their simple faith in Bolshevik goodness was supported by his deliberate distortion of the news seems to cause him no pangs of conscience.

This is not to say that Mr. Lyons has no conscience. It is merely a bit slow in its operation. He went to Russia in 1932. After five or six years there he made the momentous decision to tell the truth. Now the gates of Russia are closed to him. He can't go back any more, he says, because the commissars won't permit that kind of reporting.

Until this attitude changes there will be no resident *Tribune* reporter in Russia.

Of course, Lyons is a Jew. And like many Jews, he tells the truth when it pays him well to do so. Other American correspondents in Moscow reported that when Lyons arrived he was a member of the American Communist Party in good standing and his employers knew of this political affiliation. Being the most unscrupulous and unprincipled of the American news agencies, the United Press naturally became the unofficial news agency of the Roosevelt Trust.

Duranty, Lyons, and Chamberlain (Christian Science Monitor) all made a special point of denouncing me and my reports of the great famine in the Ukraine in 1934, when some five million people died of starvation. e.q.s.

In the third paragraph on p. 141, the editor of the book, misunderstanding a one-word lacuna in the mimeographed copy, rewrote a sentence to make nonsense. Correct your copy to read:

He foiled two plots to overthrow his dictatorship. He had used the pampered officers of the air force to stage his putsch by promising them some new airplanes. His enemies, a few years later, attempted to use the same tactics. I happened to be in Kaunas on one of these occasions, e.q.s.

Chapter V., pp. 197-199, needs to be so largely supplemented from the Swedish that it will be more perspicuous to print the entire chapter here.

ENGLAND

In the winter of 1927, John Steele, chief of the Tribune's London bureau, asked me to accompany him to the foreign office as one of the officials there had expressed the desire to meet me. I recognized the flattery and wondered what I had done to merit such attentions.

We were received by Sir George Clark, a typical tall, lean Englishman, whose growth had not been stunted by lack of food in his youth. Sir George conversed with Steele about various matters and I patiently waited. As he seemed to have no questions for me, I became the questioner. I asked whether the British government would not someday contemplate a more active participation in Baltic affairs, since the governments of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, and, so far as I knew, also those of Finland and Sweden, would like nothing more than to have Great Britain declare the Baltic a neutral sea.

Sir George was almost brusque in his reply: "Those small countries have no permanence. They are here today and gone tomorrow. There can be no question of Great Britain's guaranteeing the status quo in the Baltic and it is not in her interest to do so."

I replied that the Baltic states would hear that with deep regret, since they all based their hopes on Great Britain, which they encouraged in every possible way through their foreign trade.

I then asked about England's policy toward the Soviet government, and mentioned a series of articles by a member of the Communist International that had appeared in Moscow's

Izvestia. Those articles described in detail the plans by which Sun Yat Sen intended to begin a new campaign against British interests in China with support from the Communist International. I had found them sufficiently significant to have them translated and sent to my newspaper.

Sir George said that he knew of the articles in question, but that the British government did not attach much importance to the Communist International or the plans of the Soviet government. "*Mr. Day, you are too close to Moscow in Riga to obtain a proper perspective,*" he said. "*The English government's primary aim in China is to do business. The primary concern of the Chinese is also to do business. Neither Sun Yat Sen nor the Communist International will be able to hinder us from doing business with each other. The Communist International's operations are of very little interest to us. Viewed from London these matters look different from what they do from Riga.*"

Thus ended my conversation with Sir George Clark and I never learned why he wished to meet me. As we were leaving the Foreign Office, I asked John Steele whether Sir George was considered to be a capable diplomat. Steele assured me that he was one of the best and had a brilliant career ahead.

I replied that I had been brought up with a great respect for England, since my father always loved and admired England above all countries with the exception of our own. From what I had heard about England, I had formed the opinion that British diplomacy was so far-sighted and complex that many things which seemed contradictory and confusing in the policies of the moment, would turn out, years in the future, in accordance with the British governments' designs.

I added that I was grateful for our visit, since it had totally shattered that illusion.* It had shown me that the principal

* We have every reason to believe that Day was right in identifying the monumental stupidity exhibited by Sir George Clark as representing the views of his superiors in the government of Stanley Baldwin, whom many believe to have been no more than a blockhead when he engineered the abdication of King Edward VIII, who, whatever his capacities, would have been an obstacle to the Jews' plans for a crusade against Germany and the race that Germany represented. Some Englishmen claim to know indications that Edward's infatuation with the American divorcée was merely a pretext for an abdication to which he consented when he saw that the British ruling class was so corrupted that a suicidal war against Germany could not be averted. Others, seemingly as well informed, believe Edward was not much more intelligent than Baldwin.

objective of British policies was profit, and, more specifically, instant profit. I advised John to watch developments in China and to remember the Communist International's program and predictions. And Sun Yat Sen, before he died a few years later, did succeed in thwarting a large part of the commercial relations Sir George had so confidently anticipated.

The respect for the British government which I lost on this journey to London was never regained. I still love England when I look at my bookcase, but when I contemplate her government I have a quite different feeling. In 1934, when I visited my headquarters back home, I was offered a position in the London bureau. That appointment would have brought higher wages and opportunities to travel home more often. I declined.

My visit to the Foreign Office may seem but a trivial incident. It is a succession or culmination of such incidents that influence one's opinions. My conversation with Sir George revealed at least that English diplomacy was not so competent as I had thought.

I was disappointed, but not so bitterly as were the Reiter Choir during their visit to England. They were among the best choral singers in northern Europe, because the Latvians, like most people, love to sing. Theodore Reiter accepted an invitation to take his choir to Wales, where there is an ancient tradition of choral music. Most of the Latvian singers could speak English. Many had studied at the English Institute in Riga. They had that profound respect and very warm admiration for England that is so clearly evident in all the Baltic countries.

I spoke with members of the choir when they returned. They were deeply shocked by what they had observed in Cardiff and other cities in Wales. The inhabitants' frightful poverty and the general misery in that coal district, where the coal mining and processing works were shut down while England was buying cheap coal from Poland, caused the Latvian singers to lose respect for England. Upon their return to Riga, many of the same group felt that a revolution in Britain was inevitable. They were deeply shaken to find in Britain a grinding poverty that had no counterpart in the Baltic lands. Reiter's choir had travelled through many countries in Europe and given concerts in most of the European capitals. They were thus in a position to make comparisons. If small countries like Latvia were able to feed and shelter their people properly, they wondered why so

much suffering and degradation should be found in the world's richest and most powerful nation.

Another aspect of life in the British ghettos that impressed the choir unfavorably was the prevalence of alcoholism among women of the working class. It was a common sight to find dozens of baby buggies standing outside the pubs, while the women sat inside, drinking gin and beer. Nothing like that could be seen in European countries. They could not find any excuse for such conduct, which they considered unpardonable. But the disappointment of this small group of Latvians was the exception.

One of the invisible factors that the English certainly counted on, when they wholly and unreservedly entered into the Jewish plan to marshal Europe for an attack on Germany, was the distinctly high prestige Englishmen enjoyed in Europe.

People did more than admire and respect England. Many really loved England. Like other love, this love is also blind to reason. And one of the most difficult things which the Germans have had to contend with was this love for John Bull, that fat old man whose round, chubby nose revealed he liked to acquire other people's property and keep it for himself.

The fat old man had plenty of money. He was popular because he liked to give other folks books and films that showed how high-minded and noble he had been in his youth, and how dignified, honest, and respectable he was in his old age. It did not matter that an examination of his earlier life revealed that he had been a robber and an arrant knave, and that in his later years he had become a pharisaical hypocrite. He was encompassed by the splendor and prestige of wealth. When he spoke, his voice commanded the attention of millions of adults, who listened with the same rapt attention with which children listen to fairy tales.

The fat old man lived on an island. He had many visitors who came to admire him. Now and then he would go travelling. He dared not misbehave at home, so when he wanted to cut loose from his inhibitions, he would take a short trip to Paris. There he could do whatsoever he wished, because he always had lots of money with him on his travels. He would also make longer journeys. These usually concerned his possessions in various parts of the world or were for the purpose of transacting business affairs that would make his home life more abundant.

In his youth, middle-age, and even until 1914, this man kept himself well informed. He paid handsomely for intelligence and

maintained diplomats, agents, and journalists in foreign lands who kept him informed of what was happening in the world. As with most rich people, the primary objective of this man's life was to acquire more money and greater power. He also refused to leave any of his property to another person, whoever that might be. He owed America a large debt, but refused to turn over his islands or other possessions in the western hemisphere as payment of his debts from the [first] World War. He had, moreover, seized Germany's colonies, which were to be governed as mandated territories until it was time to return them, but that time never came. When Germany finally asked for their return, he said he could not return them because he had transferred those mandates to his dependents, mainly South Africa and Australia.

When he saw that Germany was rapidly becoming so powerful that she would be in a position to repeat her demands with such strength behind her words that he would be forced to listen, he decided to take action. That was one of the main reasons for his decision to go to war all over again. Just as in the previous war, he was confident that everyone loved him so much they would be willing to serve his purposes in his new war. He accordingly made many generous promises and the war began precisely as he wanted it.

But it turned out that he had been badly misinformed. His diplomats, in their inimitable, arrogant, and self-serving fashion, blundered again and again. His foreign correspondents and agents, many of whom were Jews, sent him bedizened reports that turned out to be false and misleading.

The favorite publication of this old man was, and is, a humorous weekly called Punch. There is many a true word spoken in jest, as the following poem, published on page 198 in the 21 August 1940 issue of Punch exemplifies.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

By A.P.H.

*Our crude Victorian Papas
Were fond of giving loud hurrahs
For Nelson, Blake and Hood;
And, not content with such displays
They added then the horrid phrase
"The foreigner's no good,"*

*While quite unable to dismiss
The simple tale of Genesis
They never understood
Why Adam, first upon the earth,
Was not of honest British birth,
And therefore no damned good.*

*And when from their well-ordered home
They went to Paris or Rome
(as in those days one could),
Each morning reinforced and warmed
The mournful view already formed
"The foreigner's NO GOOD."*

*Such sentiments of course amaze
In these humane, enlightened days
Of general brotherhood;
But really, when one looks about,
There does intrude a tiny doubt
"Are foreigners much good?"*

*At all events, the nation's tone
Is brighter now that we're alone,
And have not left the wood,
Than when our friends were quite a queue,
Perhaps we still accept the view —
"The foreigner's no good."*

In English usage, the word 'native' (*inföding*)* has a

* In the text, the word 'native' is in English and is followed by the Swedish definition, which should have reminded Day that *infödingsrätt* is the normal Swedish term for 'the rights of citizens,' i.e., of persons who are born in the *nation* of which they are members, a nation, properly speaking, being composed of persons who are united by belonging to the same race, subrace, and ethnic group and so presumably have a common descent from remote ancestors. The incomprehension that Day shows here is amazing and goes far beyond the obvious fact that in neither Britain nor the United States do expressions such as "to speak French like a native" carry a pejorative connotation. In the title of the English verses, he has not only missed the allusion to Hardy's well-known novel, but failed to see that the 'native' meant is precisely the Englishman who is said to be reverting to his inborn prejudice against foreigners.

Day's polemic against Britain is unfair, but understandable. He wrote

derogatory meaning and is applied to all creatures that are not English. In Stockholm I was recently astonished to read in an English-Swedish grammar published in London that a little study of the book would enable an English tourist in Sweden "to converse with and make himself understood by the natives." This distinction places the Swedes in a category beneath Englishmen. The Englishman is more than conceited, he is stupid, and takes the liberty of looking down upon a Swede, although the Swede has a far higher standard of living than the English, has an equally proud and perhaps more honorable history, and equally high or higher level of culture.

This attitude, which as I can attest from my own experience, is very widespread, has prevented the Englishman from gaining a proper understanding of other nations. In general, he was glad to leave others in peace so long as they did not own something he wanted, or so long as his own interests were not affected. But when they were, at that very moment one could not but pity the natives, whether they were the wild mountain tribes on the frontiers of India, who were the first human beings to be subjected to death and destruction by high-explosive bombs from British planes during the years following the [first] World War, or the somewhat more civilized Poles, who were made to start a war with Germany by British promises, or the perhaps over-civilized Norwegian King, Haakon, who owed his declaration of war against Germany to promises of help from England. Promises emanating from Downing Street or the White House are not worth a bit more than those from the Kremlin.

The English often hit upon clever propaganda. One of their ideals that sounds good is contained in the expression, "Live and let live." That ideal can be translated as "Live, but let me live better than you, my good man."

The chapter ends here. Everything that appears in the printed book on p. 199 after the verses, "The Return of the Native," is obviously out of place, probably because a page or two of the carbon copy was displaced when the mimeographed text was transcribed. It appears with some expansion in

under the stress of a strong and even justifiable emotion, excited by the terrible war that Britain had officially forced on the world and for which she, as a nation, must bear the gravaman of guilt. Although that war was, of course, contrived by the Jews and incited by the intrigues of a half-English traitor, Churchill, and the loathsome creature that then befouled the White House, the two conspirators had natives of both countries as conscious accomplices in their ghastly crime, and it was Great Britain that officially began the war by attacking Germany.

the following chapter, which it seems best to print in its entirety. A large part of this chapter is preserved only in the Swedish, and where this overlaps the English text, there are quite a few points at which it is difficult to decide whether the Swedish translation is somewhat free or shows stylistic revisions made by Day himself. Where there is a choice, I have preferred to adhere to the printed English text in what follows.

EUROPE

Europe will win. Yet again, she is winning the fight for her survival.* *All have suffered and almost all have made sacrifices. And to Europe's credit it must be said that those who have not are few. Danger has welded Europe together. Even those great groups of people who were formerly united,† and who still persist, in some countries, to defend class rights and privileges are beginning to see that Europe cannot exist half slave and half free and that the moral, spiritual, cultural, and economic bankruptcy of one country will only lead to catastrophe for others.*

A new conception of life is arising. In the future the nations of Europe are going, first of all, to think of themselves as Europeans with a common heritage of European culture. This culture is too great and rich for one nation to claim as its own. All have made their contributions, some large, some small. But Europe and its future belongs to the Europeans, not to outside forces. And the victory approaches that will provide a defense for their culture.

The outlook for the future is no longer obscured by *the miasmas of Communism, Social Democratism, Liberalism, and the other -isms so assiduously cultivated and subsidized by Jewry in its battle for a living space which comprises the entire world—a battle that is desperate and imperils the whole world.* The globe is being divided up all over again. Europe will belong to the Europeans: that is the most definite result of the war up to now. Asia will belong to the Asiatics, and America to the Americans. *Whether the Nordic Americans will succeed in regaining and maintaining control of their heritage or will*

* It must be remembered that Day wrote in 1942, when the great German victories seemed to assure a bright future for our race.

† The reference, of course, is to the European nobility, which transcended national boundaries and intermarried, as did royalty, from country to country, thus feeling a unity that separated them from the lower classes everywhere.

remain under a cultural and spiritual Jewish hegemony is a question the future will decide. Africa's destiny is now in flux. We do not know whether that side of the war will end in a compromise that may perhaps create a new battlefield for another war in the future. But Africa must belong to Europe, and finally shall.

It is only natural that one race would become the leader in Europe. There is a conception that geographical conditions shape and mold men and nations. Geography and nature can do much, but if that were the case, the shape of men's heads should be just as uniform as the shape of their hands and feet. We are all more or less biological accidents, conceived and born in the same manner. But science tells us mankind is divided into many races. We don't all come from the same Adam.

*And history shows us Northern Europe is the home of the Teutonic-Nordic race. The Oxford English Dictionary defines the terms thus: * "Teuton: A German; in extended ethnic sense, any member of the races of peoples speaking a Germanic, or Teutonic, language." And 'Teutonic,' as applied to language, is defined as "Of or pertaining to the group of languages allied to the German (including Gothic, Scandinavian, Low German, and English), forming one of the great branches of the Indo-European, Indo-Germanic, or Aryan family."*

This is the race which founded and is responsible for what we call Western civilization. Branches of this race, the so-called Anglo-Saxons, have, in the space of one generation, come under the control of the Jewish race, which, with the revolution of 1917, gained control of the Slavic race in Russia. The Jews are now trying to destroy Western culture and to enslave the Nordic-Teutonic race.

That is the real and true war which is now being fought. It is not a war between countries, such as Germany, Finland, Italy, Russia, England, and the United States. These are merely family

* The Swedish is a condensation which I have expanded by quoting directly from the large Oxford Dictionary. To complete the definition, we may add, "Nordic: Of or pertaining to or characteristic of the people of Northern Europe or the type to which Deniker assigns them." The reference is to Joseph Deniker, the French anthropologist whose manual, *Les races de l'Europe* (Paris, 1908), provided, on the basis of extensive anthropometric research, the standard racial classification of Europeans that is generally accepted. Europeans (excluding, of course, Jews and other alien races that have infiltrated the Continent) are all Aryan, and Nordics are therefore a branch of the Aryan race as a whole.

names. The real war is between the Jews and the Teutonic-Nordic race. The latter are beginning to realize what their fate would be, if the Jews should win this war.

German topography has molded the Germans into a race of keen observers. They have been surrounded by other people for hundreds of years. Every German can tell the difference between the French, Dutch, Lithuanian, Polish, Russian, Czech, Slovak, Hungarian, Croatian, Serbian, and Italian peoples. Some of the peoples are branches of the Nordic-Teutonic race; others are Slavs, and still others belong to the Mediterranean race. The Germans, through their close personal contact with these many peoples, stand in the best position to understand their several national ambitions, aspirations, and racial sensibilities. Even as did the vanguard of the Nordic-Teutonic race, many of these peoples repeatedly fought victorious battles for their existence. Their innate racial capacities produced leaders in times of peril. Today this peril is imminent.

Some old friends, among them Scandinavians and Germans, have confided to me their pessimistic belief that European culture will succumb in the present war. This apprehension has always surprised me when expressed by a mature and educated person.*

In viewing the United States, I am afraid Europeans are prone to judge my country by standards existing in their own. In doing that, they are making a mistake. If the United States had the same social structure as Germany, Finland, or Sweden, I would even then have my doubts about the outcome of the present war. If the United States has great strength, it also has great weaknesses.

The most noteworthy is this: America has no military class that can provide the people with military leaders. I know that not even during the course of the previous war was the United States able to produce military leaders who could bear comparison with any one of five hundred military men from Finland. It is just as impossible to turn out a competent officer in a few months of intensive training as it is to turn out a competent physician in the same period of time.

Another of America's great weaknesses is this: America lacks

* How pathetic Day's indefatigable optimism sounds today, when Aryans, throughout the world, cringe at the feet of their Jewish masters and acquiesce in the liquidation of their race, hoping only to cadge a few counterfeit dollars in the meantime!

a sufficiently large class of civil servants with the old and sound traditions of honor, loyalty, and competent diligence, such as exists in the three aforementioned countries and others. *The American bureaucracy, born under the Roosevelt administration, is a corrupt and inefficient growth that follows the traditions of former days, when political appointees did everything they could to improve their material circumstances under the political regime which appointed them, because of the knowledge they would lose those lucrative posts under a new president.*

America's third great weakness is this: The United States never dreamed of conquering and ruling the world* before the Roosevelt Trust established itself in the White House. *Just how far the average American is attracted by this strange-tasting medicine of Roosevelt has yet to be revealed, because the average American is inarticulate. From everything I know about my country I can at least report that real Americans are not at all pleased to find themselves allies and supporters of Bolshevism, because these Americans are Christians.†*

*I can report with perfect truth that the average American does not like England any more than he likes Cuba.** The average American, since the close of the First World War, has applauded the idea of never again interfering in a war in Europe. The average American knows that his country, before it suddenly found itself dragged into this war, was in a cultural,*

* This may sound strange today, when few remember that in 1939-45 there was a current in American thought which expected that the United States, still a nation, would profit by the World War to establish a hegemony over the whole world and an *Imperium Americanum* modelled on the great Roman Empire.

† The reader should again remember that this was written in 1942, before the Christianity of the West had been almost entirely subverted and reclaimed by the Jews, becoming again an instrument of their purpose to make the entire globe what Canaan was in the tradition transmitted by their Bible.

** Remember that when this was written, Cuba was just an insignificant, but perpetually troublesome, island off the coast of Florida. It was not until 1959 that the aliens who have taken over control of the United States, with the coöperation of their Aryan hirelings and "Liberal" nitwits, installed a Communist dictatorship in Cuba. Many simple-minded persons still like to imagine that their rulers in Washington are "anti-Communist."

social, and economic mess, involved in the worst crisis in America's short history.

The average American has been indulgent toward political corruption. As a matter of fact, political corruption had come to be considered inseparable from politics, on both the local and national levels. *The average American has always regarded the government as his servant, and now he has suddenly discovered it has become his boss. It is doubtful whether the government will become his servant again.* Which will be the master depends on the American himself. He can either demand the same efficient service from government that he requires of his hospital, or he may become apathetic and submissive, like the slaves under the terror-regime that is inspired and directed by Jews. If another alternative should exist, the average American must find it. And with the knowledge I have of my countrymen, I anxiously await the day when Americans will regain control over the government of the United States.

In judging the pessimistic type of mentality, with which I now and then come into contact, I gain the impression that very many Europeans have the same idea of America that America has of Europe. Only the European's ideas are favorable, while American's ideas are unfavorable. Altogether too many people have viewed international developments and their guiding principles through Jewish eyeglasses.

However, the morale of Europe is higher than the morale of the United States. Just as the stone-steady Finns observe Russia through eyes that have the experience of hundreds of years behind them, so the other nations quietly observe the furious efforts of Europe's enemies to find the chink in her armor through which they can administer the death-blow. *Those pessimists whom I have mentioned are few and far between. Some of them are just Liberals with a dynamic sentimentality and a static reason.*

* * * * *

The greater part of this book consists in pages from my memory. It contains my experiences and impressions, which may perhaps be welcome, and my opinions, which may not be. I am fortunate in possessing many friends whose views do not coincide with my own. To them I make no apologies. If a man is to be judged by his enemies as well as by his friends, I can point with pride to quite a host of ill-wishers.

My career as a correspondent ended because I found myself unable to become a soothsayer. I have remained in Europe because I prefer to fight with all my power against the Bolsheviks and the Jews, rather than fight for them. It is a deep disappointment to me that the Finnish government did not accept my services as a volunteer. That compelled me to write this book. The fact that I am today a political refugee is not pleasant. Today, many of us are clinging to the past. But if we are to hold to any of our beliefs, then let us continue to think that stealing is dishonest and lying dishonorable, for that is what separates through the centuries the Christian from the Jew. It is we, who are fighting for Europe today, that have the right to sing,

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

On p. 204, the Epilogue should begin

This book was written during the winter of 1942-43. I have been told that a paper shortage prevented publication.*

In the meantime, I have looked over it again. *Persons who read the manuscript suggested I delete a portion of it. I decided not to. e.q.s.*

With the foregoing supplements, we have at last as accurate a text of Donald Day's *Onward, Christian Soldiers* as we are likely to have, barring the remote possibility that the manuscript Day gave to his Swedish translator may yet be discovered.

The Swedish translation is pedestrian, as indeed is Day's English style, but a comparison of the Swedish with the extant parts of the English assures me of the translator's general competence. In one passage, which we have only in the Swedish, in which Day reports his refusal to become a well-paid and dignified member of our Diplomatic Service with a "little Morgenthau" as an "adviser" to tell him what to do, the translator was evidently confused by the irony of some English phrase such as "executive for a Jew" and reversed Day's obvious meaning; this was corrected in the foregoing text.

The mimeographed version is evidently a transcription from Day's carbon copy, with only such errors as only the most expert typists can entirely avoid. There is, however, one very odd error in the mimeographed version corresponding to our printed page 4 above: it reads "the Great Rocky mountains of the border of Tennessee and North Carolina." That is geographically absurd, of course, and the Swedish (*stora Rökiga Bergen*) shows that Day wrote "Great Smoky mountains," as we have printed above. It is probably only a coincidence that the Swedish word for "Smoky" could have suggested, to a person who knew no Swedish, the error made by the typist in California who copied Day's carbon copy.

When Day relies on his recollection of what he was told years before, his memory is sometimes faulty, and we have naturally made no changes in what he wrote. He makes an obvious error on our page 4, where he says that the Cherokees were driven from their lands and moved to Indian Territory "toward the end of the last century." Actually, the expulsion of the Cherokee Nation by an American army took place in 1838. The Cherokees, by the way, were the most nearly civilized of all the Indian tribes in the territory that is now the United States and Canada, and it is true that their expulsion from the lands that had been guaranteed to them by treaty inflicted great hardships on them: they lost most of their property, including their negro slaves, and large numbers of them perished as they were quite brutally herded from the Appalachians almost half way across the continent to what is now the southern border of Arkansas. Ethnologists who have made intensive studies of the Indians of North America (e.g., Peter Farb) regard Sequoyah (Sequoia) as perhaps "the greatest intellect the Indians produced." He was the son of a Cherokee woman by an unidentified white trader, and, growing up with the mother's people, regarded himself as a Cherokee. He, however, was an exception to what Day says about half-breeds. Day may have been confused about the date of the expulsion because a few of the Cherokees succeeded in hiding from the perquisition in the wilds of the Great Smokies and were eventually given the small reservation they now occupy east of Bryson

* I.e., until 1944. The "paper shortage" was in Sweden, one of the leading paper-exporting countries of the world. Do your nostrils detect the characteristic stench of Jewry? In the Swedish text, the passage in the middle of the fourth paragraph on p. 204, "I only need mention Mr. Himmler . . . only appeared a few years ago," does not appear.

City in the toe of North Carolina. There was some agitation about them "near the end of the last century."

The circumstances in which Day's carbon copy was smuggled into the United States remain obscure. When the mimeographed transcription was made and first issued, it contained a prefatory page on which an anonymous writer said, "It is my understanding that this book was published in 1942, and then merely made an appearance at the book-sellers, when all copies were immediately withdrawn and destroyed without a single copy escaping the book-burners. I was also told that Mr. Day died shortly after this incident." The page was presumably withdrawn when its author learned that Day was still alive at that time and an exile in Helsinki, since the Jews who rule the United States would not permit him to return to his native land.

It is curious that the man who made the transcription, which did effectively preserve Day's work for the future, and who was evidently a resident of California, had heard a somewhat less plausible version of the rumor that was current in Washington in 1943. (See the review by Professor Oliver in *Liberty Bell*, January 1983, p. 27). It is quite possible that the source of both rumors was an effort by the apparatus of the great War Criminal in the White House to prevent the publication of the Swedish translation, which, as Day tells us in the last item in our supplements, was delayed in the press for two years by a "paper shortage" and it is noteworthy that the paper for it was finally obtained in Finland, not Sweden.* Until the book was finally published in 1944, the enemies of mankind could have imagined that their pressures on Sweden had effectively prevented Day's exposure of one phase of their activity from ever appearing in print. □

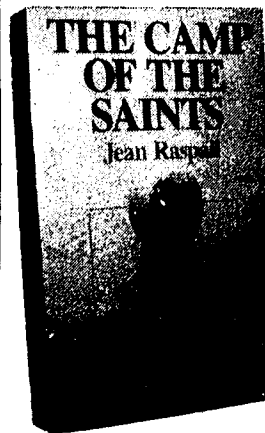
* Day's book was published by Europa Edition in Stockholm, which, however, had to have the printing done by Mercators Tryckeri in Helsinki. Although copies of the Swedish book have been preserved, Day's work would not now be generally known—and would be supposed lost by Americans who heard of it—if the anonymous gentleman in California had not issued his mimeographed transcription.

friends to pool their money and place their efforts behind a truly revolutionary movement. We'd like to do all those things, but you see—that's not the way Nature works. As with a child, the lesson must be learned through experience; hopefully, then, the experience will bring maturity and wisdom. As much as we'd like to save our friends that heartbreak of disappointment and disillusionment, we can't; they are conditioned to regard anyone of our persuasion as radical fools, etc., and our words are lost on them.

As mentioned, It's an ill wind that blows no good. A few will realize that the System can be fought and our people saved from extinction in only ONE way. Our numbers will grow as things get worse, and every day brings us closer to 1776. And it WILL come; it would come even sooner if our people would wake up to the con game worked by the Establishment in the form of the elephant and, appropriately, the jackass.

The voice of pessimism, you say? A natural reaction. Experience remains the best teacher—and Time proves the validity of a pronouncement such as the one we make. That's just the way it is; we welcome you with open arms at your journey's end!

Does the West have the will to survive?



That is the obvious question posed by Jean Raspail's terrifying novel of the swamping of the White world by an unlimited flood of non-White "refugees." But there is also a less obvious and even more fundamental question: Must Whites find their way to a new morality and a new spirituality in order to face the moral challenges of the present and overcome them? *THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS* is the most frightening book you will ever read. It is frightening because it is utterly believable. The armada of refugee ships in Raspail's story is exactly like the one that dumped 150,000 Cubans from Fidel Castro's prisons and insane asylums on our shores in 1980 — except this time the armada is from India, with more than 70 times as large a population. And it is only the first armada of many. If any book will awaken White Americans to the danger they face from uncontrolled immigration, it is *THE CAMP OF*

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WHITE RACIAL NATIONALISM

by
Major Donald Vincent Clerkin
Chairman, Euro-American Alliance

The Constitutional Republic is dead. America has been swept by Jewish Social Democracy, totally corrupt because it is an unnatural *Idée-Fixe* foisted upon our White race by Jewish socialist forces born of the French and Industrial Revolution. Jewish Social Democracy—the democracy of Roosevelt, Rockefeller, Mondale, Hart, and Reagan—was the only political movement insidiously similar enough to Constitutionalism to invade the body politic in the manner of a microbe. Once in the mainstream of American political and social life, Jewish Social Democracy unveiled its true face, the form of anti-White agitations and Zionist control. Like the Roman Republic, the American Republic died a slow death by strangulation, the rope about the neck, as it were, being the power of Money and Jewish Usury.

Hook the *goyim* on the desire for Money and material wealth, then restrict its supply, making the *goyim* beg for credit. That is how the Jews enslaved the Aryan in America. Television set the pace, while the *goyim* drooled over the baubles which were shown on the electronic toilet. From the time these *goyim* were children, the Jews have controlled their thought processes.

Not all of us, however, have been so gulled. We racial nationalists instinctively know the Jew for what he is. And though there aren't many true racial nationalists in America, and even fewer real leaders, still, the Jews fear us. They fear that our message will infect the souls of the Aryan people in America; they fear that we will destroy their power over the minds of our people. We mean to do just that. It is our duty!

Let's get one thing straight right off. A racial nationalist owes allegiance to his race, his historical culture, and to the future health and well-being of his racial nation. We do not march to the drum of the Jews, played by *Uncle Sap/Shamska*. Those *goyim* who do can send their sons off to die in the next Jew war; ours won't ever go again. The Jew-nited. Snakes Garbage Dump cares

nothing for the Aryan; The Zionist Occupation Government will destroy the Aryan, if we stand by and let it happen.

In every state of the Union, Jewish agents are working legislatures, passing laws which they hope will stifle the Aryanist Movement. It serves to demonstrate our point that the Jews consider the racial nationalist the prime target of their attacks. None other than the confirmed racial nationalist can expect to be effective against the rotting influence of Jewish psychological pressure. After all, it does no good to call us *racists*—we glorify in it! *Anti-Semites*? We are anti-Jewish: every racial nationalist opposes professional *Semitism* of the Jew oppressor. What is there left to call us? Nazis? Why not! Fascists? Certainly! Just don't call us 'Judeo—Christians!' Don't put us in the same boat with the lilly-livered 'conservatives,' who have sold out the White race and the Aryan culture for the favors of the Jews. *Conservatives* are the great fools who think that Communism can be fought by supporting Communist/Zionist Israel. If that seems to be a contradiction, it may be that conservatives have grown accustomed to lying to themselves and the White race.

Will it do any good to continue living among these *goyim*? Can we get anywhere trying to convince them that the Jew overlord means to reduce them to the status of slaves? Probably not. The *goyim* are so cowardly that they fake ignorance, so as not to be held liable later for doing nothing about it.

At a recent Alliance meeting here in Milwaukee, a member brought us a videotape showing, among other things, the actual Jewish method of ritual slaughter of a cow. Were the *goyim* all across the nation to be able to witness this demonstration of Jewish cruelty to a common animal, this *shechita*, first they might want to vomit. Some might be angered by the sight of the leering rabbinical butcherman, wielding his knife to the throat of the terrified beast; others would swallow their souls, rationalizing that even they, the *goyim*, eat meat. Thus, the Jew would be exonerated in their minds; not discovered for the arch-villain and torturer that he is. If, however, this one brutal Jewish scene could be shown to the entire nation, a nation reared on misleading pictures and descriptions of crematoria, a nation ordered by the Jews to hate everything Aryan, we believe that Jewry might succumb.

Isn't it rather sad that with all the proven Jewish atrocities against their opponents, the scene of a cow being ritually slaughtered might turn the tide against them. Maybe that's why the Jews don't mind having the *goyim* see the dead bodies of

Israel's enemies, but they would scream like hell if someone dared to publicly show the footage of the *shechita*. Make certain that Jewish ritual slaughter will never be shown as a school documentary offering as long as they control the government and the media. One never knows where bits of film such as this will turn up: It exists, like "Triumph Of The Will" and "Jud Suss," like "Birth Of A Nation;" and wherever such films are shown, there will be sown the seeds of Aryan liberation.

We may, as Aryan racial nationalist, prepare ourselves for further expressions of Jewish hatred and contempt. Be certain that the Jew is our mortal enemy. He will destroy us all, if he can. The *goyim* don't have a chance against the Jew: they refuse to recognize the Jew as their foe. But this Jew spectre, this vampire, can have no power over the courageous racial nationalist. The Jew conspires to imprison us; he would have us murdered. Not one of our racial nationalist leaders has made a deal with the ZOG!

It has been aptly said that America is today a reflection of Weimar Germany. The Jews take great pains to deny it, for the parallels are so drawn that aware Aryans would instantly see what they are up against. What seemed like unshakable Jewish power over Germany in 1925, was destroyed in 1933. Even today, after Germany's defeat in World War II, the Plutocratic powers have to occupy the Western portion of the German nation, to force the Germans to pay their reparations to Israel, and to make sure that the old nationalist ideals do not once again surge to the surface. But they will again rise!

It is the same for us in occupied America. Each Aryan racial nationalist has made his/her decision to be a fighter for our race. Let the *goyim* serve their Jewish masters as slaves. It is their free choice to make. We racial nationalists will treat them as we treat the Jews, as we treat race traitors. There will come a time in which the 'white' mongrelizers will beg us for help. To them we turn our backs: let the coloreds they loved so much eat them alive! For our own fighters only do we give our courage, our blood—our very lives. □

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