

# 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*

ORDER No. 1007—\$8.50

plus \$1.00 for post. & handlg.

376 pp., pb.

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# Liberty Bell

ISSN: 0145 - 7667

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## TRIAL BY JEWRY

by David McCalden

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VOL. 15 - NO. 9

MAY 1988

## Voice Of Thinking Americans



prepared the victory of General Franco and civilized Spaniards. And in Romania, the Iron Guard defended White men against their predators and for a time almost had their irresponsible and venal king under control.

The Romanian organization differed fundamentally from the other three.

Mussolini effected what diplomats call a *modus vivendi* with the Vatican, but his eyes were on the nobler civilization of ancient Rome before it was corrupted by Oriental superstitions and destroyed by mongrelization. In Germany, Hitler gave a generous tolerance to the Christian sects and did not offend them—for which their leaders showed their appreciation by conspiring against him—but his movement represented the noble ethos of the Nordics before they were poisoned by an alien religion. Although the Falange delivered the Church in Spain from the horrors of Communist rule, its members were, for the most part, atheists and agnostics with a few deists of one kind or another. But Codreanu's Iron Guard was specifically Christian in its basic premises and organization, and, indeed, could accept no recruits, or ally itself with leaders, who were not Christian.

There is a significant corollary. As Warren B. Heath pointed out in his introduction to D. Bacu's *Anti-Humans*,<sup>1</sup> the religious difference prevented cooperation between the Iron Guard and Professor A. C. Cuza's Christian Defense League, although both had the same primary objective, the liberation of Romania from domination and exploitation by its voracious and insatiable parasites. In the name of Cuza's organization, 'Christian' was probably used ambiguously to mean 'non-Jewish.' The organization's leaders and publications were rationalistic. According to Heath, "Professor Cuza's creed was the elegant scepticism of Renan. Professor Iorga's historical works treat Christianity with cold objectivity. And Octavian Goga...seems to have held at heart a view of Christianity similar to that set forth in Nietzsche's famous *Genealogy of Morals*."

1. *The Anti-Humans* is a study of an experiment in dehumanization carried out in a prison on members of the Iron Guard who remained in Romania after the capture and occupation of that country by the Soviet division of the great Judaeo-Communist engine of destruction. It is a painful but highly instructive story of the ferocious sadism of individuals who might lead ordinary lives in a civilized and stable society, but who, probably because they have innate criminal tendencies, are dehumanized

The Christian Defense League enlisted a considerable number of well-educated men, probably the élite of Romania's limited class of intellectuals (I use that word in its correct meaning, not as American jabberwockies arrogate it to themselves). But I believe that all who have studied closely the history of Romania between 1923 and 1945 agree that the Christian Defense League never had the slightest chance of attaining such political power that it could sensibly influence the destiny of Romania. Codreanu, with a specifically Christian organization that also called itself the Legion of St. Michael the Archangel and meant it, almost attained in Romania the position held by Mussolini in Italy and by Hitler in Germany. It can be reasonably argued that he would have succeeded, had he not had to face an obstacle they did not have to surmount, a stupid and venal king.

The Iron Guard and the career of Corneliu Zelea Codreanu deserve the closest study by all who are interested in the dynamics of politics. They will bear in mind, of course, that Romania differed profoundly in culture and population from the United States, and was not so far gone down the road to perdition. They will also try to measure the force of what is now called charisma, the effect of a leader's character and personality, as distinct from his policies and programs.

The force of Codreanu's charisma is shown by the devotion he inspired. Time has not withered it. Forty-five years and more after he was murdered, forty years after their country was seized by the Soviet arm of the Judaeo-Communists who triumphed in 1945, the loyal survivors of the Iron Guard are working to ensure the preservation of the historical record by having the essential documents translated into the major languages of Europe.

Codreanu's own candid account of his career has been translated into French, German, Italian, and Spanish.<sup>2</sup> The English translation, *For My Legionaries*, was published in 1976 by Editura "Libertatea" in Madrid, and may be obtained in this country from Liberty Bell Publications, \$8.00 + postage.

by their Jewish mentors and become eager to torture and dehumanize decent individuals by applying, under direction, Pavlovian techniques. Translated from the Romanian of D. Bacu, the book was first published in 1971 and is now available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$7.00 (3 copies for \$15.00) + postage.

2. The French and Spanish versions may be obtained from Liberty Bell Publications, each \$12.00 + postage.

This was followed in what is to be a series by *The Nest Leader's Manual* (Madrid, 1987; from Liberty Bell Publications, \$4.00 + postage). Organizations for political action designate their local units as cells, chapters, priories, commanderies, etc. Codreanu selected for the primary units of the Legion the term 'nest,' regarding it as a school from which would come disciplined and resolute young men, prepared to fight to liberate their country from the alien parasites who were devouring it. He was doubtless influenced by the French use of *nid* in much the same sense.

This edition, published by Editura "Libertatea," is the only authorized edition in English. I am asked to make it clear that a truncated and mutilated printing of this translation in England with the title *Legion* was unauthorized and is in many places incorrect and misleading.

The book opens with a long introduction by C. Papanace, who quotes and appraises European opinion of the Legionary movement in Romania, noting its difference from comparable movements elsewhere, and finally describes the murder of Codreanu and thirteen of his closest associates by the Romanian police on the orders of the infamous King Carol, transmitted by his Prime Minister.

The author emphasizes one instructive detail, which will astonish only naive readers. Although Codreanu's Iron Guard was informed by "a Christian religiosity which reached mysticism," the Prime Minister who plotted the murders and, with Carol's consent, seized Codreanu and his comrades, taking them by surprise on Palm Sunday, imprisoned them under conditions that amounted to torture, and finally ordered the Police to kill them by the Jewish rite of strangulation, was Miron Cristea, the Patriarch of the Orthodox Church in Romania, the supreme ruler of that Church and the most venerated and presumably holiest of the holy men in the country. No man can rise very high in the Jesus-business if he is not immune to religiosity.

After the murders, bullets were fired through the corpses to lend some verisemblance to the official story that the victims had been shot while trying to escape. Mr. Papanace quotes the confession of the commander of the Police (Gendarmes) who superintended the murders. (The confession of one of the gendarmes is quoted in an appendix to *For My Legionaries*.) Political activists should note that although the Police were reluctant to commit

the crime, they obeyed orders. That will be the attitude of police everywhere.

The *Manual* is Codreanu's instructions and directives to the leaders of each local unit of his organization. The reader will note the insistence on Christian faith and the efficacy of prayer; on the discipline of plain living without self-indulgence, amounting to what some would call asceticism; and the constant emphasis on a spiritual rebirth of the nation through the example set by the Legionaries' integrity and devotion. The leaders of all patriotic endeavors, however, will be most of all impressed by Codreanu's eminently practical judgement in arranging all the details of organization; even the most minute, and they will admire the prudence of his measures to avert internal dissension, the harm that may be caused by dunderheaded sympathizers, and penetration by agents of the enemy. And Americans with experience in the harassing business of trying to form and maintain a cadre of loyal followers, will wonder where they are to look in this country for recruits of the moral caliber of the Iron Guard.

## A WHIFF OF TRUTH

When Yahweh's Master Race began to prepare the Aryan boobs in the United States for eventual use as a horde of crazed cattle, stampeded into Europe to consummate the Suicide of the West and, in all probability, the suicide of our race, the world-destroyers hired the prostitutes of the press to propagandize lies about Adolf Hitler. It took the *hostes generis humani* years to invent the Holofoax they now use to plunder and cow their serfs, but from the first they forged documents to show that Hitler had been the illegitimate offspring of a Kike; by mistranslating a German idiom that designates a man who habitually walks about while talking to intimates of serious matters, they were able to concoct a silly story that he often fell into such rages that he chewed the carpet; they told persons who could not read German that Hitler had advocated in his great work, *Mein Kampf*, the technique of the Big Lie, which he there accurately identified as the standard technique of the Jews (as now witness their Holofoax, which may be the most enormous lie perpetrated since their tale about Esther in the Jew-Book); and among many lesser applications of their racial technique, they devised the story that Hitler had been a house-painter.

It is now admitted, of course, that he was an artist of sincere purpose and some minor distinction, although not, of course, an artist to be ranked with the masters of the Great Tradition, which ran from Leonardo and Michelangelo to recent times, when the Jews, applying their standard method—First defile, then destroy—hired venal critics to bamboozle simpletons into accepting as “modern art” ugly and disgusting daubs made by schizophrenics and by swindlers who imitated them.<sup>1</sup>

It is now possible to inspect conveniently the paintings (including water colors), drawings, and other work of Hitler as a young artist who was interested in satisfying his own aesthetic instincts and had no fixed intention of becoming a professional in an art in which he knew he could not greatly excel. An impressive illustrated catalogue of 260 pages, with reproductions of all the quite numerous works in color or black-and-white, including even rough sketches made when he was the incarnate soul of a great nation,<sup>2</sup> and as complete as the author and compiler could make it, is Billy F. Price's *Adolf Hitler, the Unknown Artist*. This handsome volume of quarto size, well printed in Italy, was published in Houston, Texas, by the author in 1983 with a text in German, and in 1984 with an English text. The English volume may now be obtained from the Eichler Publishing Corporation (4115 Leeshire Drive, Houston, Texas; 77025) at the reduced price of \$20.00 each + \$2.50 postage for either one or two copies.

A friend of mine has shown his copy to many casual acquaintances and reports that it was unexpectedly effective in making

1. A correspondent who has noted the enormous prices paid, presumably by wealthy idiots, for painted or sculptured deformities, evidently the work of equally deformed minds, suggests that one function of “modern art” is to “launder” money for organized crime. If you pay a million dollars for a package of heroin or cocaine, you cannot avow what you purchased and it would be difficult to keep such a transfer of currency securely secret, but if you ostensibly purchase at that price a piece of spoiled canvas or ruined stone and say you are collecting “art,” you are legally safe and need not care about what cultured people may think of you.

2. One unimportant item that may attract notice is a rough pencil sketch, drawn at a table in a restaurant, outlining Hitler's design for the original Volkswagen, which was retained by that make of automobile so long as it was the foreign vehicle most widely sold in the United States.

Americans aware of how much Yiddish excrement has been smeared over their faces for the past fifty years. At all events, you will learn from the volume that while the great champion of our race was not a great artist, he was, in art, as in his ultimate political purposes, an honest man, and we may hope that he will be remembered as such by the descendants of the nation that defeated him and destroyed itself—and that memory of him may even give to those descendants some strength to endure the degradation and wretchedness to which, as they will discover before long, they have been condemned by their thoughtless parents.

## TRAILING TOYNBEE

I have received from an American Classical scholar a letter in the course of which he says: “At first it seemed incredible to me that the quotation from Toynbee that you adduced in a recent article [July 1987, p. 8; the quotation may also be found at the head of the very important article by Ivor Benson in the issue for April 1988] could really be accurate, but I verified that it does indeed appear on p. 809 of “The Trend of International Affairs since the War,” *International Affairs*, Vol. X, No. 6 (November 1931), 803-826, wherein he allows that after ‘this mysterious force called sovereignty’ has been extirpated, ‘the 50 or 60 local states of the world will no doubt survive as administrative conveniences.’ ”

The quotation in question was one in which Toynbee, addressing his fellow conspirators, admitted that he and they were engaged in a covert conspiracy against Great Britain and all the civilized nations to which the other members of the gang belonged, and he boasted of the hypocrisy with which they were deluding their victims. It deserves repetition at a time when the United States is becoming an “administrative convenience” in the Jews’ One World:

“We are at present working discreetly, but with all our might, to wrest this mysterious force called sovereignty out of the clutches of the local national states of the world. *And all the time we are denying with our lips what we are doing with our hands.*” (My emphasis.)

Seldom has a pack of sneaking traitors been so indiscreet as to put on paper a description of the insidious conspiracy in which they were secretly engaged, let alone publish it, even if only in an obscure journal usually filled with such pretentious drivel that

men of sense wasted no time on it. For the egregious folly of putting such things on paper, one could adduce the famous "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" as a parallel, if they were indeed written out by the Jews whose activity they so accurately describe, although there is the significant difference that the latter describe treachery, but not treason.

I did not know of Toynbee's confession of conspiracy at the time that I commented on his elaborate and learned *Study of History* in an article that is reprinted in *America's Decline*, pp. 202-211. That article, however, evoked a protest from one Ludwig von Mises, a scholar of uncertain race, who was at that time a Great Cham of "Conservatism," since he had formulated some economic doctrines which, though needlessly complicated and alembicated, were sound, if one took them with a preliminary understanding that economics are an epiphenomenal function of a society that must be based on the foundations of nationality and race.

Von Mises, in a letter published in *American Opinion*, September 1963, p. 78, thought it an outrage that I had been unkind to Toynbee and, what was worse, had pointed out that during the First World War Lord Bryce had operated a lie factory in which expert liars, such as Toynbee, manufactured stories of German "atrocities" to pep up the herds of cattle who were being democratically driven onto the battlefields. That historical fact should have been suppressed, according to Von Mises, because Professor James Bryce, who was eventually elevated to the peerage as a Viscount, was a writer "whom political scientists and historians of law consider as one of the outstanding authors of the 19th and early 20th centuries."

The eminent "Conservative Economist" was even more outraged by an article by my esteemed colleague, Westbrook Pegler, entitled "Zangara Missed," in which Mr. Pegler discussed what would probably have happened, if Zangara had succeeded in killing the foul and diseased creature named Franklin Roosevelt, with the result that an *American* politician, Garner, would have become President. Von Mises may have been appalled by the thought of how many Americans would not have been killed in a war in which they fought against their own race and civilization.

As I have said, when I wrote my trenchant critique of Toynbee's *Study of History*, I did not know of his much earlier confession of conspiracy and treason. Now I wonder whether Ludwig von Mises did. □

# THE ZIONIZATION OF JESSE HELMS

ONE WHO KNOWS CHRONICLES THE BETRAYAL

**M**Y ACQUAINTANCE WITH Jesse Helms goes back quite a few years. I was not at all surprised some time ago to hear that a copy of *The Dispossessed Majority* [available from Liberty Bell Publications] reposed on the shelf in his Raleigh (NC) residence. When I first came to know him, I believed Jesse to be a man of strong moral conviction. All outward indications were that he was. Ever fond of quoting the time-honored lessons of his father and his old school principal, Ray House, he even has a plaque on his office wall bearing his father's words: "Son, the Lord doesn't expect you to win, He only expects you to try." Upon his election to the Senate in 1972, I was confident he would go to Washington and stand up for the rights of the beleaguered white Majority, that this man was really a credit to his race—or so I thought.

Veteran staffer George Dunlop, who has lived well off Jesse and who now holds down the job of assistant secretary of agriculture, characterized his boss and mentor as the personification of "Sibyl," the leading character of the book and movie of the same name, because he possesses multiple personalities, "and if you understand that, you can get what you want." I attributed Jesse's growing personal rudeness and inconsideration to the many preoccupations of an overworked politician, yet certainly not characteristic of those early American statesmen he is so fond of quoting.

I had always known our new leader could "charm a cat off a shrimp boat," as someone wrote of him, and right after the election I learned that he could turn the charm on and off instantaneously. In the course of my exposure to him and his operation, I encountered a great deal of double-dealing, which I was willing to overlook, thinking it less of an evil for a politician to be Machiavellian than to be a complete sellout like Ted Kennedy.

Helms, the private man, was the prey of numerous conflicting emotions. Most evident were his hangups about never having earned a



college degree and his humble origins (humble perhaps to those with whom he now consorts). I should have realized his unabashed craving for respectability and legitimacy would have dire consequences someday for me and other Majority members. Jesse's personal secretary attributed her boss's problems to "a massive inferiority complex." His administrative assistant said the spotlight of the 1976 Republican National Convention put the finishing touches on the change. "Now you can hardly live with his ego—or believe anything he says."

### Wheeling and Dealing

In the hard-fought, tumultuous, down-to-the-wire 1984 Senate race in North Carolina, the embattled hero of the "New Right" fought for his political life. Some two years previously he had changed his mind at the last minute and cast the deciding vote for a 100% boost in the tax on cigarettes. A pack of Winstons or Salems in his home state, the nation's leading tobacco producer, would now be taxed at 16 cents. Why, many wondered, did Jesse oppose the vital economic interests of his constituents?

Here's what happened. At 4:45 A.M. on the day of the vote in late summer 1982, President Reagan's tax package was certain to be defeated. Helms was against it because it included the tobacco tax provision. Minutes before the vote, Majority Leader Howard Baker and Finance Committee Chairman Robert Dole approached Jesse and cut a deal right on the Senate floor. If Jesse would switch his vote, the Republican leadership would see that his anti-abortion bill got to the floor, and the tobacco tax would be dropped in the Senate-House conference on the tax package.

Unusual? Not for most senators in this era of unprincipled legislative wheeling and dealing. Since he was chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, as well as being from tobacco land, Jesse's vote was all the more surprising to those not privy to the deal. But the Senator had his reasons. He no longer wanted to be chairman of the Ag Committee. His eyes were focusing on bigger game: the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, where he was chairman of the Subcommittee on Hemispheric (Latin American) affairs. He wanted to be the top man of the full committee someday, and to get that plum he would have to begin playing ball with the boys who run the Senate. Years of hyperconservative tirades, parliamentary obstructionism and anti-establishment posturing had engendered among his colleagues a "perish the thought" attitude at the prospect of his ever landing such an important chairmanship.

*continued on page 51*

# WHAT MAKES RONNIE RUN?

*By Jim Taylor*  
(Foreign Correspondent)

In writing about the man we know as Ronald Wilson Reagan, who holds the highest office in the land, the establishment press has just about convinced the public that he is an arch conservative and a tax cutter. He is neither! During Mr. Reagan's two terms, taxes have gone up, not down. He is now and always has been a bleeding-heart liberal of the Franklin D. Roosevelt variety. Except for the war criminals who have run Israel since 1948, old FDR is the man Mr. Reagan professes to admire most of all.

Despite Mr. Reagan's talk about cutting down on government waste and over-spending the budget, he has done just the opposite. So, instead of being deceived by political talk from the White House, why don't we simply examine the facts?

It took the combined federal, state and local governments 155 years, from the founding of our republic in 1789 to 1944, to spend a hundred billion dollars. Compare this to Mr. Reagan's administration, which in only seven years so enormously increased national expenditure that it accumulated indebtedness of nearly three *trillion* dollars. Yet "hard-line conservatives" still try to pass Mr. Reagan off as anything but a free and reckless spender of *your* money.

While federal revenues increased by thirty-five billion dollars since 1981, a rate of increase more than four times that of the rate of inflation, excess spending during the Reagan administration soared by more than one hundred fifty billion dollars (\$150,000,000,000) during that same period.

Mr. Reagan has not made any attempt to call for a balanced budget for any year since he has been in the White House. In 1982, the first budget for which he was responsible, the deficit was calculated at forty-billion dollars. However, with all the extra expenditures Reagan added it turned out to be one hundred twenty-seven billion dollars

(\$127,000,000,000) a far cry from the projected forty billion, wouldn't you say? The next year he even increased his spending for such corrupting items as more welfare payments and proposed to have a political spree by spending ninety-one billion, five hundred million dollars more than even the revenue from oppressive taxation. But that revenue, as always with irresponsible spenders, proved insufficient for Mr. Reagan. The deficit turned out to be two hundred seven billion, eight hundred million dollars (\$207,800,000,000—or more than \$116,300,000,000 more than what he claimed to be an accurate projection when he foisted the economic insanity on a thoughtless public.

Unless you ponder the figures, you don't even glimpse the true situation. Mr. Reagan has spent more than all of the previous administrations combined. If our debt reaches three trillion dollars this year, as it certainly will under Mr. Reagan, then I calculated that to pay this off at the rate of one dollar a second would require about nine hundred years. That figure I reached using my own arithmetic. When I showed this to an expert with figures, the professor said I had erred. He quickly figured it to be over 63,000 years.<sup>1</sup> That will give you some idea of Mr. Reagan's expenditures. And obviously, the debt will never be paid.

Mr. David Stockman, a pretty smart fellow, was Mr. Reagan's budget director until he resigned because he couldn't stand the stench of Mr. Reagan's Roosevelt-type of wild spending. He has charged the Reagan administration with both deception and self-deception in spending. Here are his words, "After four years on the job, I had to conclude that what comes out of the White House typewriter is all hot air."

It is an important fact that Mr. Stockman laid on the line. He was the first person with inside knowledge of the facts to expose the Reagan administration by saying "Under Mr. Reagan the government spends twice as much each month as it takes in."

But, according to the president and his public relations gang, he was not to blame. They just blamed the newspapers for printing what Mr. Stockman revealed.

1. Both of these calculations are grotesquely incorrect because they take no account of interest on the debt. By paying at the rate of one dollar every second, we would pay only \$86,400 a day, or \$31,536,000 a year. At the lowest rate reached by treasury bills since 1970, the interest on a debt of three trillion dollars would amount to \$210,000,000,000 a year. Thus our payment of a dollar a second would *increase* the debt by \$209,968,500,000 in the first year, and with the interest naturally compounded, the debt would continue to increase to infinity or until the computing machine broke down. It is quite obvious that Reagan has completed the work of making us hopelessly bankrupt.

—Editor

Mr. Stockman wrote a book about Mr. Reagan's revolution that failed. Here is a telling excerpt from that book.

"After 40 years in loyal opposition to the ever-growing size of the federal budget, after four decades of railing against an onerous government increasingly intruding into the lives of its citizens, the Republican Party suddenly, in 1980, found itself with a genuine 'conservative' in the White House and in possession of the power to effect a total change in American history.

"As it turned out, the arch conservative presided over an economic shell game resulting in unprecedented deficit spending."

Representative Morris Udall (D-Arizona) said, "It took 39 presidents, two expensive world wars, 200 years and all manner of difficulties to slowly create a huge national debt. It took Mr. Reagan only five years of unheard-of wild spending to double it, and before he leaves he'll more than triple it. Trillions of wasted dollars, yet people still can't believe that he's a wild-eyed spender. They won't even believe it, even when, in plain fact, it's true."

I agree with both Mr. Stockman and Mr. Udall. But most Americans still refuse to admit the facts.

Allow me to give an example of Mr. Reagan's determination to spend more of your tax dollars on social programs than any other president—exactly the opposite of the reasons you voted for him twice. Consider his liberal programs that were supposed to provide jobs for people who found themselves unemployed during the nation-wide economic slowdown. He urged Congress to spend an additional nine billion dollars via the Emergency Jobs Appropriation Act of 1983. Fifteen months later, the General Accounting Office found that the program had an effective cost of \$88,571 for each person enrolled—enough to send every one of those "students" through both undergraduate and graduate school at Harvard, and still have money left over. Is this economical? Is this conservative?

Despite all the clear evidence against him, Mr. Reagan's Teflon coating is not wearing thin. For seven years he has managed to come out of a myriad of potentially damaging setbacks without any lasting damage to either his record of accomplishments or his credibility. There'll never be another one like him.

Like water off a duck's back, domestic and foreign policy failures seem to roll off the Great Communicator's impenetrable exterior without the slightest hint of a discouraging word. There is never a cloudy day for such a popular president.

Consider some of his failures:

- While espousing reduction of big government, the Federal



bureaucracy under Mr. Reagan actually has grown from 2,840,000 Federal employees in 1981 to 2,980,000 in January of 1986, and will be over three million by the end of 1988.

- Despite an increasing campaign against deficit spending, Mr. Reagan now presides over two-trillion-dollar budgets, still one hundred fifty billion (\$150,000,000,000) short of balancing.
- Several top-level aides have resigned rather than engage in any more of Mr. Reagan's free-spending tactics.

I should like to remind everyone that when Mr. Reagan became President, he vowed "to clean up waste, fraud and abuse" throughout the federal government. Those were his very own words, not mine.

Now, seven years later, more billions of our tax dollars have been wasted than under any previous administration.

- Mismanagement (stealing) has been most publicly exposed in the Department of Defense which buys precious amenities that range from \$900 toilet-seat covers to \$7,622 for coffee makers. But even these disclosures pale in comparison to the totality of waste uncovered elsewhere in the wild-spending Reagan administration.
- In just the first six months of fiscal 1986, the inspectors general identified \$8,700,000,000 in spending that was wasted through mismanagement, inefficiency and outright fraud.
- Transportation Department investigators uncovered fraud amounting to \$370,000,000 in just one year.
- The Agriculture Department auditors found evidence of fraud amounting to \$36,000,000. One of these concerned a Memphis woman who had stolen \$26,589 in food stamps and other federal "poverty" benefits. A Chicago black woman screwed the government out of \$136,000 in the same manner. In Salinas, California, two employees made off with \$255,000 in money for school-lunch programs. This pair also took a vacation trip to Italy at government expense.
- Investigations in the Department of Housing and Urban Development uncovered \$43,600,000 in waste and fraud. In Chicago, 18 tenants stole \$172,000 in fake rent subsidies. And, I might add, some of these people were earning over \$40,000 a year at the time.
- Auditors at the Labor Department found \$3,300,000,000 had been paid in fraudulent employee benefits.
- Agents exposed two billion dollars squandered in waste and fraud by the Department of Health and Human services.
- Over fifty-eight million dollars were misused in the Education Department.
- Fraud in the Treasury Department reached an all-time high of

\$586,900,000 in a single year.

Etc., etc., etc. It never ends.

You could wallpaper the Washington Monument with General Accounting Office audits that urged departments to close the spending loopholes. But, at the White House, it fell on deaf ears. Writer Garry Wills described Mr. Reagan as "the perfect Scout, a perfect Hollywood chastity symbol, a company man and a durable daylight bundle of meanings."

If you listen closely to Mr. Reagan you will hear the ghost of old FDR chuckling. His most famous protégé is still carrying out Roosevelt's "tax and spend" policy. Mr. Reagan praises his idol, Franklin D. Roosevelt, in almost every speech. Democrats of today of the ultra liberal persuasion have accused Mr. Reagan of stealing their lunch when he comes out with the old FDR "New Deal" policy of tax to spend to elect to tax, etc.

Of course, it goes without saying that Mr. Reagan has not been honest with the American people. But then, the American people, in general, have not asked that he be honest with them. They are blind followers. They adore him as he is, without changes. Just as happened with FDR, people are mesmerized by President Reagan.

Naturally, Mr. Reagan is not alone as far as throwing away tax money goes. Congress does its share too. Although the country was \$200,000,000,000 in the red that year, Congressmen had the nerve to give themselves a huge pay raise, a 75 percent increase despite the fact that the "company" is losing money each year. Is this good business? It could not happen in the business world because the stockholders would revolt very quickly. But the official "stockholders" in America, the taxpaying voters, have not even bothered to complain when a bankrupt country nearly doubles the salaries of the "board" (Congress), which drove it into bankruptcy in the first place.

Representative William Gray (D-Penna.) played musical chairman at a budget hearing when he called Mr. Reagan "The Great Pretender."

"Oh yes, I'm the greatest spender,  
Pretending I'm not, but I am,  
I blame Congress,  
When I speak to the press,  
My budget is such a mess."

Mr. Gray should include himself and his fellow members of Congress in that song and dance to fool the public.

Many non-believers write to me and try to tell me that Mr. Reagan hasn't raised taxes. Here are some Mr. Reagan's tax increases:

- The so-called Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act of 1982.
- The Highway Act of 1982, which raised gasoline taxes.
- The Social Security Act reforms of 1983, which raised Social Security taxes on every worker and every retiree in America.
- The so-called "deficit reduction" Budget Act of 1984, a slight-of-hand grab bag of tax increases.

In essence, complimenting Mr. Reagan for being a conservative spender is like citing Nero for a medal because he was kind to animals—he fed the lions really well—with Christians, supposedly.

Reagan's frantic squandering of American resources would be insane, if it was not planned and contrived to follow the "tax to spend to elect to tax to spend" etc. endless cycle used by the infamous Roosevelt, and perhaps to go even beyond that and aim at the total prostration and destruction of what is left of the United States in preparation for the imposition by violence of an admittedly Judaeo-Communist despotism.

Many expenditures were made in open or covert action to further the purposes of the enemies of the American people or to make the United States even more contemptible in the eyes of the European nations and of civilized peoples everywhere. Here is just a partial and random list of some of Reagan's most noteworthy exploits as they occur to one's mind:

- He ordered the CIA to mine the harbors of Nicaragua and professed hypocritical concern for "anti-Communists" in that country to mask his covert supply of arms to Iran for the purpose of starting a war to destroy the Arabian nations for the profit of Israel.
- His administration has, under the cover of some futile pretenses, abetted the massive invasion of the United States by mestizos from Mexico, who now openly speak of the time when they will retake the Southwestern states and rid them of the vile *gringos*.
- He deliberately lied to other nations, urging them not to send arms to Iran at the very time he was doing precisely that.
- He secretly plotted and attempted the assassination of the heads of two Moslem states, Iraq and Libya, with which the United States has not the slightest quarrel. He did so as a 'hit-man' for the Israelis, and the exposure of his attempts at murder have covered him, and the United States with him, with merited disgrace and ridicule.
- He personally conducted a vile campaign of disinformation and misinformation, which was too much for even our news media to stomach without protest, to bring down the government of Libya

to please the would-be Masters of the World.

- He personally ordered a sneaking terrorist attack on Libya, an act of war and unjustifiable aggression, on the orders of his Zionist masters.
- By this and many similar acts the United States has now made itself reviled as the great terrorist power by the civilized nations from whom those acts could not be concealed, as they were sedulously concealed from Americans by the captive press, and covered by Reagan's hypocritical mouthings about "terrorism."
- He has done everything possible to afflict all mankind with the inherent evil of the most vicious and inhuman power that ever appeared on this earth: world Zionism.
- He procured the adoption of the treasonable "Genocide Treaty" which even the worst of preceding régimes dared not enact—an anti-American measure which, under much pretentious gabble, is intended eventually to make it a criminal and perhaps capital offense to displease a Jew.
- He sanctioned the pseudo-legal kidnapping of American citizens, who were carried captive to be murdered by the Soviets or harassed in obscene show-trials to amuse Jews in Israel.
- He established the infamous O.S.I. as an extension of the terrorist arm of Mossad, the Zionists' espionage and murder agency, to persecute American citizens selected by the world's most barbarous nation for revenge or just for fun.
- He sanctioned and perhaps ordered revival of the incredible law about "sedition" by which the nation's first crypto-Communist President sought prematurely to establish himself as the American Lenin—a law which, as applied in the infamous "Sedition Trial" in 1944, held that persons who have never even heard of one another are guilty of conspiracy if they send letters that mention a given subject to addresses within a given state or territory. The "law" is now being applied to cow Americans who do not know that America is a thing of the past.
- After much prating about "Star Wars" to make alien "scientists" in the United States "concerned" lest the American serfs be able to defend themselves against the Soviets, he and his counterpart at the other end of the Washington-Moscow Axis, with many a chuckle negotiated an "arms control treaty" that effectively disarms the United States and precludes American intervention in Europe.

The list could be extended indefinitely. It will, however, serve to show, first, for what much of your money was expended, and second,

the possibility that the wild squandering of your money and a foreign policy that makes the United States a satellite of Israel may not be unrelated policies.

\* \* \*

Never before has the White House been occupied by a man about whom most Americans know so little. This is true although Mr. Reagan, during all his adult life, has almost constantly been in the public limelight: as a lifeguard, a sports announcer, a Hollywood star, Governor of California,<sup>2</sup> and finally President of the United States.

To illustrate this momentous lack of public knowledge about Mr. Reagan and his many unpublicized activities which are not in the best interest of America or Americans, I should like to mention a couple of incidents which at this writing have not been mentioned in the closed U.S. media.

First of all, Mrs. Reagan carried on a secret campaign last year urging her good Marxist friend, Dr. Armand Hammer, to secure a Nobel Peace Prize for her husband as some sort of "leaving the White House" present. According to her, it would be a fitting finale to the President's long career in and out of politics. And since a group of European Jews now make the selections for the Nobel awards, she spoke with the right person. The Reagans have done a lot for Mr. Hammer, such as allowing him to cut any deals he liked with the Soviets, no matter how much they harmed America. Now we can wait and see if Mr. Hammer will reciprocate by doing something for Mr. Reagan, the best friend the world Zionists ever had.

2. This is the critical point, at which public ignorance became monumental and almost inexplicable. In 1965, Ronnie had a clever ghost writer concoct a gob of plausible goo that was published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce in New York under the title, *Where's the Rest of Me? The Ronald Reagan Story*. The advertising firm of Harvey Associates was hired to distribute free copies with flattering "personal" letters to prospective suckers. The confection, of course, wildly distorted the facts of Reagan's career and covered them with imagined motives. The record for just one crucial year, his first year as Governor of California, was set straight by Kent Steffgen in an ably written compilation of what Reagan *did*, as distinct from what he said; it was published as a paperback, *Here's the Rest of Him*, by Forsight Books, Reno, Nevada, and widely distributed at the price of \$1.00, one hundred copies for \$35.00. (The trading stamps that Americans use in place of money still had some value then.) No one who examined the indisputable record could have been in the slightest doubt but that Reagan was an oleaginous swindler who lied himself into the Governorship of California by pledging himself to do precisely the opposite of what he intended to do and in fact did. He simply followed the precedent set by the foul creature called Franklin Roosevelt, who crawled into the White House by precisely the same technique of cunning duplicity. What is almost unbelievable is that Americans could have been herded into tolerating Reagan in politics after the exposure of his utterly unscrupulous perfidy in Mr. Steffgen's book. It happened—but historians of the future (if any) will find that hard to believe.

It is my opinion that Mrs. Reagan will not succeed in getting this award for her husband. Knowing the Jews the way I do, I know they are never inclined to do something for anyone who's leaving office and who cannot assist them greatly in the future. And according to some polls, Jews in general hate Mr. Reagan, personally, despite all he has done for them.

Of course, by the present standard of awarding "Peace" prizes only to war criminals and bloody terrorists, such as the recent recipients, Menachem Begin (certainly the product of the Devil's loins if there ever was one), Ho Chi Minh, and that little black terrorist rascal in the red suit and clerical collar, Bishop Desmond Tutu, Mr. Reagan is well qualified. He has certainly murdered people indiscriminately in four countries, i.e. Grenada, Lebanon, Syria and Libya. He also tried to have two heads of state assassinated: Colonel Qaddafi of Libya and President Saddam Hussein of Iraq. So he roundly deserves this now infamous "bloody hands" Nobel prize. He has qualified. But he won't get it.

The other case involving Mr. Reagan is far more important and even threatens the freedom of everyone reading this. Quietly, last November, Mr. Reagan, appearing as a private citizen and not as President of the United States, filed a brief with the U.S. Supreme Court to gain the power to prevent any foreigner from making speeches in the U.S. on the grounds of being against the interests of the U.S. and Israel. What caused him to file this secretly has nothing at all to do with any American interests. It was the Israelis who put him up to it. The Zionists are angry because, former senator from South Dakota, James Abourezk, an Arab-American, has organized speakers from Arab countries to refute all the outright lies the Israelis have been feeding Americans for years with Israeli speakers, the press, etc.

Mr. Abourezk had Ambassador Clovis Maksud of the Arab League at the UN, and other Arab leaders, speak to Americans in Detroit, Phoenix and other cities. The many Jewish hate groups in the U.S. are viciously angry about this and want it stopped. Hence, Mr. Reagan's case against the former South Dakota senator. The official case heading follows:

United States Supreme Court  
Washington, D.C.  
Case number (86-656)  
Ronald Wilson Reagan, et al.  
versus  
James Abourezk, et al.

My friends, this is the most important case ever heard by the Supreme Court. It will change your lives forever if Ronald Wilson

Reagan wins. It will not only mean that American citizens cannot hear the Arab side of the Mideast conflict from Arab leaders; this decision will also be used to prevent other people, like me, from presenting the Arab viewpoints in this publication, on radio or via television. If freedom of speech can be denied one group, how long before all of us will be denied that same Constitutional right? Think about it. If the decision favors Mr. Reagan and his Zionists who run Washington, watch out. You may be next. And remember you read it here first.

\* \* \*

In 1947, Mr. Reagan became president of the extremely left-wing Screen Actors Guild. His closest collaborators at that time were James Roosevelt, son of FDR, and Mr. Dore Schary, head of the notorious Anti-Defamation League. At first, Mr. Reagan joined the Hollywood Jewish leaders in claiming that blacklisted Communists were innocent and were being unreasonably persecuted. Later, probably for political reasons, he backed down on this stand and went over to the anti-Communist side.

Mr. Reagan was happy to become a charter member of the Fabian Socialist-controlled Americans for Democratic Action in 1950. He actively campaigned for FDR and Harry Truman, castigating the Republicans for causing inflation. He also campaigned and raised funds for the Red-leaning Mrs. Helen Gehagan Douglas, who opposed Richard Nixon in a California Congressional election.

In 1958, Mr. Reagan became an active member of a Communist-front organization, the National Advisory Committee of the American Veterans. (This information comes from a report of the California Senate Committee on Un-American Activities. Anyone can check it out.)

Two other Communist groups to which Mr. Reagan belonged were the Hollywood Branch of the American Veterans Committee and the Hollywood Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts and Sciences and Professions. Another Red-tinged organization in which Mr. Reagan played a leading rôle was the California League for a Democratic Far-Eastern Policy. This outfit was made up of a bunch of all-out Maoists backing Red China. Senator Pat McCarran headed a committee that found this group to be an instrument of the Communist Party, which gathered military intelligence for Russia and Red China. When the FBI raided the headquarters, 1800 stolen U.S. army documents were found.

Mr. Reagan worked closely with the notorious Alan Cranston, now a Democratic senator from California, on the Communist-dominated

United World Federalists.

All of these various Red associations took place after he had reached middle-age, so they cannot possibly be written off as the rash actions of a callow youth at school, a method commonly used to gloss over links to subversive groups.

In 1954, Mr. Reagan was hired by the General Electric Corporation and became one of their best public relations men and a close friend of Mr. Gerard Swope, head of G.E. and the author of FDR's blueprint for national socialism in America. And I'd like to remind all readers that G.E. was and still is one of our leading multi-national corporations that are active in building up the military capabilities of the Soviet Union through the transfer of American technology.

During Mr. Reagan's tenure as governor of California, he advocated a change in the state constitution to give a non-government body the power to tax the citizens.

In 1971, Mr. Reagan signed into law AB 1301, making it mandatory for Californians to obtain state regional approval before they could sell their own land, no matter how small a parcel. He further decreased property rights through a series of land-use bills and redevelopment laws. He urged state authority over privately-owned coastal property.

Polls showed that most gun owners voted for Mr. Reagan. However, perhaps they did not know that Governor Reagan signed into California law the Mulford Act, the most sweeping and repressive gun control legislation passed anywhere in the U.S. to date—except for two small towns where guns are banned completely. Then Governor Reagan proposed a plan for the confiscation of guns from private citizens in order to make California a model pilot state for the entire country. This project failed.

Let us study Mr. Reagan's political life before he arrived in California in order to understand his views right from the start. In 1928, he campaigned hard for Al Smith against Herbert Hoover.

An anti-third term resolution had been passed in the Senate, making certain that no Republican, such as Calvin Coolidge, could run for a third term. Yet Roosevelt, excepted and exempted from this rule, ran for and won a third and even a fourth term with Mr. Reagan's full support. Mr. Reagan then proudly called himself a hemophilic Democrat, saying he would forever bleed for liberal social welfare states and would never change these radical views. He spoke the truth. He has never changed. You have just been led to believe that he changed.

One summer, young Ronald Reagan was a caddy at the Hazel-

wood Golf Club in Dixon, Illinois, then owned by Charles Walgreen, a Chicago pharmacist who founded the cut-rate drug store chain that still bears his name. Mr. Walgreen made his money during Prohibition by selling "prescription" drugs quite legally, which had hardly anything in them other than alcohol and some coloring. His "drug" stores became legalized saloons.

Mr. Reagan, although actually born in Tampico, Illinois, is one of two rather famous personalities from Dixon, Illinois, the other being the columnist, Louella Parsons.

Mr. Reagan, class of 1932 at Eureka College, wore a badge on his lifeguard bathing suit in Dixon, reading: "Win with Roosevelt." He voted for FDR at South Central School in Dixon.

While an announcer at Station WHO Radio in Des Moines, Mr. Reagan backed Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace and gave him unauthorized farm belt plugs every time he could get by with it on the air. He also served as a promoter of FDR's New Deal while at WHO, often mentioning a government official visiting his native Montana. This official said he saw men with whom he had been to school digging ditches and laying sewer pipe in their regular business suits because they had no money to buy overalls. One man told him, "This is the first money I've had in my pockets for a year and a half," as he pulled some coins from his pockets. Hoover and the Republicans had cost him everything he once had, according to Mr. Reagan's version of things. Roosevelt and the New Deal had given him a return to good times and money in his pocket.

In 1937, Mr. Reagan signed a seven-year contract with Warner Brothers, when Hollywood still used strawberry gelatin for blood and bleached corn flakes for snow. Jack Warner didn't waste money any more than his across-town counterpart at MGM, Louis B. Mayer. The biggest stars at Warners were Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Sheridan and Emmanuel Goldenberg (alias Edward G. Robinson).

There were three Warner brothers: Harry, Abe, and Jack. Two were based in New York, where Harry served as president with Abe as treasurer. Jack, in Hollywood, was vice-president in charge of production. He ran everything. He had a built-in hatred for Germans and instilled this same hatred in Reagan, his protégé.

Jack, with a massive inferiority complex, the chief ailment of his people, was something of a totalitarian godhead, in his own mind, at least. Actually, he was merely a bargain-basement type of dictator. Even his brightest and highest paid stars had to punch a time clock. He paid Ronald Reagan \$200 per week for seven years.

Commissaries at the other studios served three meals a day.

Warner Brothers served one. The studio police, headed by F. Blayne Mathews, a former investigator for the Los Angeles district attorney, were a combination of FBI types and storm troopers.

Jack made all employees fill out forms giving their religion, lodge or club affiliations, assets, debts, insurance, etc. before they could work. When he wanted to contact an employee, he would send a telegram even if the person was right next door on the lot. And these insulting telegrams usually ran to several pages in length. Actor Errol Flynn was said to be the only employee who never read them. Mr. Reagan always took the telegrams very seriously, even humbly answering every word of them. Most of the stars treated the telegrams as a joke. But not Ronald Reagan. He treated them as the word of God and obeyed every single suggestion to the letter. And he still obeys orders from his directors today.

Jack wrote memos by the thousands, on blue paper. All other Warner executives had to use pink to differentiate their memos from his. When an employee got a blue envelope, he or she knew before opening it that it was a message from the master on high, usually some sort of reprimand.

Bigshot Jack Warner spent the Christmas holiday season in France each year; and he sent his stars and other special employees a telegram signed: Jack and Ann Warner, Cannes, France. But he was such a cheapskate that he had his secretary send all these wires from the Hollywood office of Western Union because it was much less expensive this way. And from reading such telegrams, there was no way to know they didn't come from France.

Jack Warner was even more crude than most of his kind. He was especially uncouth and abrasive to underlings and servants. At this time, Hollywood was full of abusive Jews; but Jack Warner seemed to be the nastiest of all the Kikes. He had no respect for anyone. When this Jewish racist was introduced to Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the wife of the President of China, he calmly told her, "Too bad I forgot my laundry."

Many of Reagan's early notes to Jack Warner show a great deference usually reserved for great leaders, which Warner was not. Actor Reagan admired Jack and tried his best to please him. He was the opposite of Errol Flynn, who despised Warner and never hesitated to say so. Flynn always called Jack "the ludicrous little Kike."

Since Reagan treated the boss with respect and kindness, while Flynn treated Warner quite gruffly, the young actor from Illinois thought about challenging Flynn to a fist fight in order to teach him a lesson in respect so that henceforth Flynn would be nicer to Warner.

But Reagan's friends talked him out of this bit of foolhardiness. Flynn was a professional boxer, who could have killed Ronald Reagan. Flynn did fight John Huston, also a boxer of sorts, for over an hour at a Hollywood party because of an imagined insult to a certain lady.

Just as Flynn described him, Jack Warner was a ludicrous little man in every way. Jack tried to look and dress like a Hollywood star, but he couldn't make the grade. He wore white-collared shirts tight around his short, stout neck. Pin-striped suits gave him a comical appearance. He liked to use his power on maids, waiters, and others not in any position to fight back. In other words, like most Jews, he was an insolent coward. He had the common arrogance which flares out in Jews aware of their innate inferiority.

In restaurants, Jack used every possible discourtesy toward the hired help. His favorite trick, to regale his friends and show that he had made it in Hollywood, was to turn to the waiter with an ashtray from the table and command him, saying, "Here, take this back and have them put some butter in it." Talk about crudity! He epitomized it. Every time he noticed the French word for fish (*poisson*) on a menu, he would call the head waiter over and exclaim, "So you serve poison in here, eh?"

He also thought of himself as a comedian. When a newspaper man said to him, "I hear you are quite a raconteur," he answered, "That's right; I play one hell of a game of tennis."

Mr. Reagan immediately took up Jack Warner's stand for Zionist and Jewish so-called "rights" in Palestine, as well as his strong anti-German stance. This caused Jack to favor him. And President Reagan still has these same ingrained prejudices today that he learned while worshiping at the feet of Jack Warner in Hollywood.

Actor Reagan arrived in Hollywood young and impressionable. He was trained well by his Jewish bosses in the art of hatred and racist attitudes toward certain parts of the world. And, to this day, Mr. Reagan maintains these finely-tuned prejudices, such as stating that Arabs are an inferior people with no redeeming qualities. This was evidenced for all to see when he jumped for joy at the mistaken report that he had killed Colonel Qaddafi in the vicious raid he ordered on Tripoli.

Just after he married actress Jane Wyman, because both enjoyed golf, Reagan applied for membership in the Lakeside Country Club. It was located in North Hollywood, a short distance from the studio. By some strange coincidence, his boss, Jack Warner, had also applied for membership at Lakeside on the day Mr. Reagan was accepted for membership. Warner was rejected, of course. For readers of the

*continued on page 37*

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# TRIAL BY JEWRY

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## THE GREAT HOLOCAUST TRIALS IN TORONTO 1983 - 1988

*by David McCalden*

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*TRIAL BY JEWRY*  
The Great Holocaust Trials  
in Toronto 1983 - 1988

by David McCalden

First Edition 1988

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Additional copies available from:  
Liberty Bell Publications  
P.O. Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA  
or  
Truth Missions  
P.O. Box 3849, Manhattan Beach CA 90266 USA

Printed in the United States of America

## CHAPTER ONE

### Before the Preliminary

As we have observed, during the early 1980s Zündel had a knack for always coming out on top, when he was ambushed legally or illegally by the Zionists or by the State.

During the night of 24-25 March 1981, the West German police raided the homes of his supporters and carted away "forbidden" Samisdat literature. Zündel was charged *in absentia* with "disseminating hate propaganda." However, in August 1982, when the case eventually came to trial (again in Zündel's absence) he was completely exonerated, and the government was ordered to pay his costs.

On 31 May 1981, a Jewish rally at Allen Gardens—about two blocks from the Zündelhaus—attracted a restless throng of 2000 protestors; all of them angry at Zündel's continued audacity. Inflamed by the rabble-rousing of the speakers, about two-thirds of the mob broke away from the rally and swarmed around the front of number 206 Carlton Street, jeering and chanting. The police were severely outnumbered and unprepared; for two hours the lynch mob was allowed to block all traffic on the busy street. If it had not been for the courage and self-discipline of the Zündelists, a bloody riot could easily have occurred.

In November 1981, Canada Post made Zündel into a "non person" and suspended Zündel's mailing "privileges" without any hearing whatsoever. Zündel successfully took the government to court, and his mail was restored in December 1982.

In January 1983, the West German government tried again. Their Toronto consulate refused to renew Zündel's passport. Zündel successfully sued in the West German courts—again *in absentia*—and won every step of the way. The government appealed each and every ruling in his favor, and would not admit defeat until late 1987; 4 1/2 years later, when his passport was finally restored. Since their bureaucratic strategies against Zündel were not working, the Zionists tried a new tactic. Throughout 1982 and 1983 they tried to drive him out of business by harassing and threatening his customers. The terrorist Jewish Defense League mounted night-and-day pickets outside the Zündelhaus—even in the depths of winter—in order to enforce a blockade of his art studio. Messengers and delivery people were insulted and yelled at. Once in a while the police would cruise by, observing, but taking no action. The phone would ring constantly in order to keep the line tied

up. (Eventually, in 1987, the police finally arrested a Jewish stockbroker for this harassment.) The physical attacks on the Zündelhaus (but not the telephone threats) finally ended with a crescendo. At 4:20am on 9 September 1984 a pipe-bomb exploded at Zündel's rear garage door, blasting holes in adjacent properties, and causing considerable shrapnel damage. No one was hurt in the explosion, and to date, no one has been arrested, despite the fact that responsibility was claimed by the "Liberation Movement of the Jewish Defense League." The blast appeared to be some kind of farewell message: that if violence and intimidation would not make Zündel behave, then the Zionists had a few more tricks up their sleeve...

One of Zündel's most virulent opponents was a maverick Jewish "survivor" by the name of Mrs Sabina Citron. She claimed to have survived numerous Nazi concentration camps, including Auschwitz, and was now, along with her husband, the owner of a prosperous plastics factory in Toronto. Just like California's infamous Mel Mermelstein, she was basically a one-[wo]man band; her Holocaust Remembrance Association had been expelled from the Canadian Jewish Federation, and thus was not subject to their strategy decisions. (Later on, her single-mindedness and lack of discipline would get her into trouble with the law: her business was fined \$6000 for union-busting activities, even though she had strenuously tried to avoid such a problem by hiring only cheap labor from India.)

Throughout the early 1980s, Mrs Citron had waged a sniping attack on Zündel through the media. Then, sometime during 1983, she was placed on the spot by a mischievous Canadian Broadcasting Corporation reporter, Steve Peabody. The CBC reporter showed Mrs Citron one of the 2000 copies of *D6MRD?* which Zündel had mailed out to the press in January 1980. Anxious to "create" news, Peabody asked Citron what she was going to do about it. Litigation was of course the first option that sprang to her mind.

Of course, there was the problem of what cause of action she could pursue. Since she was not mentioned by name in the booklet, she could not sue for libel, and Canada does not [yet] have any "defamation of the dead" laws, such as exist in West Germany. She could not sue under Canada's "race hate" laws (§281.2) which, since 1970, had made "willfully promoting hatred" into a criminal offense, because such law-suits were the prerogative of the Attorneys General. After much head-scratching—and considerable, Talmudic scouring of The Law—Mrs Citron and her lawyers pulled a remarkable rabbit out of the hat. She would file a private suit against Zündel for "publishing false news."

According to this extremely obscure section (§177) of the Canadian Criminal Code: "Everyone who willfully publishes a statement, tale or news that he knows is false and that causes, or is likely to cause, injury or mischief to a public interest, is guilty of an indictable offense and is liable to imprisonment for two years."

The advantage of this charge was that an action did not require the approval or sponsorship of the Attorney General, though the Attorney General did have the authority to take over the case once it had been filed, if he felt it to be in the public interest.

The lawmakers had, of course, never intended this clause to inhibit the expression of opinions or conclusions. The legislation was drawn up in the days of the sailing ships, when communications with the old country could take weeks or months. It was to prevent rumor mongering along the lines of "the King is dead" or "the war is lost" which would spread panic and unrest.

Of course, none of this inhibited the gargoyle-like Mrs Sabina Citron. She filed suit against Ernst Zündel under §177, Alleging that *D6MRD?* was "false news" and that Zündel "knew it to be false" and that the booklet "caused injury or mischief to a public interest" namely racial harmony, since the Jewish community didn't like it.

Apparently, she sent out press releases, bragging about her impending service of the suit. For, on 28 November 1983, both Sabina Citron and Ernst Zündel were invited down to Hamilton, Ontario, to appear on the Cherington Show—a daytime television chat-show similar to the American Donahue, albeit without the live audience.

Mrs Citron was visibly upset that the precocious Englishman Cherington (motto: "No Bull") had dared to "ambush" her by confronting her with her arch-enemy. She refused to address Zündel directly, and would only refer to him as "this person." As usual, Ernst Zündel was right on top of everything.

Zündel had correctly anticipated that Mrs Citron would bring up the old canard about the "Big Lie" and had brought along a copy of *Mein Kampf* to prove that Hitler was denouncing the Big Lie technique as Jewish; he was not advocating that the Big Lie technique be used against the Jews.

Zündel finished off the virulent virago with a few well-placed jujitsu ploys. He compared her ignorant behavior to that of his own mother; a peasant woman of little education who lived in a stone cottage, who always treated everyone with courtesy and respect.

Zündel challenged Mrs Citron's allegation that he had been found guilty of fomenting "race hate" in West Germany. The host immediately instructed his assistants to call up the West German consul in

Toronto, and to have him state—over the telephone, on live television—what Zündel's legal status actually was.

Over the air, the voice of consul Dr Ernst-Günther Koch contradicted the hideous harpy's wild allegation that Zündel had been convicted of "race hate" in the Federal Republic of Germany. He confessed that on 23 August 1982 the Stuttgart courts had found that there was no evidence to support such a charge against Zündel, and had dismissed the government's case, ordering them to pay all Zündel's costs. The reconstructed German bureaucrat added that his government was trying a new tactic against Zündel: in January 1983 they had refused to renew his passport, thus stranding him in Canada, presumably for ever. (After further legal battles, Zündel's illegally-withdrawn passport was finally restored in the Fall of 1987.

Mrs Citron's expression was crestfallen; but she still retained a definite sneer (even more than she usually does) as if she had another trick up her sleeve for Zündel. Indeed, at the end of the show, the host Cherington signed off with some flippant remarks about the argument being tried "in court." Zündel left the studios, and drove back to Toronto, puzzled.

It seems that ten days before the TV show, on 18 November, Mrs Citron had sworn out her private complaint, in front of a justice of the peace. A few days after the Cherington broadcast, on 2 December, a process-server came to 206 Carlton Street, and handed Zündel Citron's summons to appear in court on 28 December. The scene was set for the Trial of the Century!

**28 December 1983:** Zündel responded to the summons and appeared at Toronto's Old City Hall, which is now used as an overflow courthouse to accommodate minor cases, arraignments, and the like. Zündel had hired his family lawyer, Mrs Lauren Marshall, to represent him. However, a gang of about 30 supporters of the Jewish Defense League lay in wait for Zündel, and his small group of companions. Heavily outnumbered, the Zündelists were kicked, beaten, and spat upon, by the JDL thugs. Zündel himself was thrown to the ground; after he regained his feet he had to elbow his way through the mêlée to enter the courthouse. All of a sudden, reinforcements arrived with the dramatic appearance of Don Andrews and his tough Band of Canadian Nationalist Party members. This unexpected evening of the odds forced the JDLers to back off, and sulk their way into the building, where they brazenly continued to hurl insults, though not blows, at the Zündelists. After all the commotion, the hearing lasted less than ten minutes, and the case was adjourned until the New Year.

**16 January 1984:** Once again there was a reception party waiting for the Zündelists. But this time the Zündelists were prepared. Zündel had been expecting more trouble, not only because of the ambush three weeks before, but because of the night-and-day picketing at his business, and the telephoned threats, both of which were designed to wear him down physically, mentally, and financially. Zündel invited all the supporters he could muster, to accompany him to the courthouse. He himself wore a blue hard-hat and a bulletproof vest, as he led the phalanx of about 30 Zündelists toward the courthouse steps, where a mob of about 60 JDLers blocked the way, so that Zündel had to literally fight his way up the steps and into the building. Here was the ultimate irony of our modern situation: one bunch of Jews had summoned Zündel into court, and another bunch of Jews was trying to stop him! With totally inadequate police deployment, fighting broke out immediately, and Eric Thomson was sent sprawling on the icy ground, where a Jewess (who'd have made Rosa Klebb look like she wore "sensible shoes") proceeded to kick him. Before Provincial judge William Ross, Mrs Citron's lawyer Bob McGee indicated that the Crown would be taking over the prosecution of the case, and that he had already turned over "volumes" of evidence to them. The Crown prosecutor told the court that they were not yet ready to proceed, and needed a further postponement. In a trembling voice, defense lawyer Lauren Marshall told the court that both she and her client were harassed daily, and received death threats. One caller had even told her seven year old daughter that "If your mommy goes to court, she'll be killed." Mrs Marshall asked for the case to be heard as quickly as possible.

Judge Ross told the prosecution side that he was "somewhat chagrined" at the two months delay since the accusation was sworn. He ordered the case to be ready by 6 February 1984.

After the brief hearing, Zündel and Thomson jumped into a taxi, pursued by irate JDL hooligans. Once again, the police presence was absolutely inadequate.

**6 February 1984:** Zündel pulled out all the stops for the indictment hearing. He summoned supporters from all across Ontario, and upper New York state. In anticipation of a massive turnout, he brazenly chartered a Toronto city bus to transport the Zündelists from Carlton Street to the downtown court-house. Instead of just Zündel and one medic wearing hard-hats, this time every single Zündelists was issued a color-coded construction helmet: blue for Zündel, white for the medic, and yellow for the rest. (In a back-handed compliment to Zündel's brilliant imagination, Hollywood shortly thereafter produced

a tacky "splatter" movie about a populist politician whose gimmick was a **hard-hat**, but who was actually a Nazi megalomaniac at heart, itching to start a nuclear war. In a double irony, the film, *Dead Zone* was filmed at Niagara Falls, Ontario, because production costs were so much cheaper than at an American location!)

To this day, we still do not know whether or not the lack of effective police deployment at the December and January hearings was a deliberate attempt by the State to render Zündel vulnerable to JDL assault. (When Zündel complained to the police about the night-and-day picketing of his home/office, he was told that "Canada's finest" could do nothing for him, since they were "not a private security firm.") Whether their absence was deliberate, or due to incompetence, is open to debate.

However, at the February hearing, the Toronto police were out in force, to greet the bus-load of 40 or so Zündelists, after their 10 minute ride from Carlton Street. Also on hand, as usual, was a contingent of 30-odd JDLers, led by one "Meir ha-Levi" (real name: Marvin Weinstein) armed with walking-canes "after an outbreak of skiing accidents." The JDL was stunned and paralyzed, as the Zündelists climbed off the bus in their yellow hard-hats, and formed a phalanx around Zündel escort him into Old City Hall. The massive police presence ensured that there was no contact between the JDL and the Zündelists; but this so enraged the Jews that they instead vented their spleen on any TV cameramen and reporters who happened to be filming the Zündelists' defiant display of determination. Media people were punched, kicked and beaten; cameras were jostled and blocked, in an uncanny preview and rehearsal of the Israeli Jews' behavior toward the media on the West Bank, exactly four years later.

The Crown's case was finally ready. They argued that Zündel had infringed section §177 of the Canadian Criminal Code, in that he had republished and distributed the booklet *Did Six Million Really Die?* knowing it to be false; with the likely effect of "causing mischief." Out of the blue, they also threw in a second accusation of having published a flyer entitled *The West, the War and Islam!*, under the same circumstances and prohibitions. Zündel pleaded Not Guilty, and elected for a trial by jury. Judge William Ross ordered a Preliminary Trial to begin on 18 June 1984, at Old City Hall; expected to last two weeks.

Throughout the Spring and early Summer of 1984, both sides worked furiously to prepare and consolidate their positions. Having the State apparatus at their disposal, the Crown prosecutors employed two police officers to carry out their research at taxpayers' expense, while Zündel had to rely on his own resources, expertise and intuition.

Zündel sent out mass-mailings to scholars, writers, and scientists all around the World, inviting them to contribute testimony or research to the forthcoming Great Holocaust Trial, starting in June 1984. Having already made valuable contacts, both through his attendance at my 1979 IHR Convention and independently, Zündel quickly amassed an impressive guest-list of international Revisionist experts. Observing that the cost of hotel rooms in downtown Toronto was (and is) prohibitive, Zündel determined to instead provide room-and-board to all his guests right there at the Zündelhaus. Since his wife had moved out with their two sons several years earlier, and since his graphic arts business had gone down the tube, Zündel had lots of room for boarders. However, provision had to be made for food, laundry, bathroom facilities, study-time, and so on. (Ironically, Zündel would eventually spend more time taking care of groceries, plumbing, heating and laundry, than he would performing Revisionist research! Being a true leader, instead of a stuffed shirt, Zündel would lead by example, and would think nothing of collecting smelly socks and underwear from his guests, so as to make up a washtub load.)

Inflamed by the lurid Exterminationist literature they were absorbing, the State bureaucrats launched a nationwide crackdown against Revisionism. On 12 May 1984 the authorities banned from importation the Butz book, *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. Thirty copies were seized from the bookstore at Red Deer College in Alberta. The books were burned, and the English teacher who had ordered them, Dr Gary Botting, was harassed and eventually fired. In August 1984, two armed stormtroopers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police snatched two Butz books off the shelves of the library at the University of Calgary, also in Alberta. (After loud, but polite, protests from the library community, the books were eventually returned; we don't know if any late fees were charged.)

Also in Alberta, the state was closing in on schoolteacher Jim Keegstra, who had dared to present unorthodox analyses of history to his social studies classes. After a year of agitation, his detractors finally had him fired in December 1982. Initially, the Alberta Teachers Association helped him file an (unsuccessful) lawsuit demanding reinstatement, but within a few months the ATA was itself recommending the revocation of his teaching certificate. A member of the Alberta legislature, Stephen Stiles initially endorsed Keegstra's "Holocaust" skepticism (*Edmonton Journal* 20 April 1983) but after a storm of protest he meekly retracted his Revisionist statements, and begged forgiveness from the Jews. Obviously slow to learn from his peers, a second Alberta politician, Bohdan Zip, gave a similarly skeptical inter-

view to the *Edmonton Sun* (22 February 1984) and likewise was immediately contrite. It would seem that in the province of Alberta, politicians prefer starched shirts as a substitute for backbones.

But there was worse yet to come. On 11 January 1984, Keegstra was formally charged with promoting "race hate" contrary to §281 of the Canadian Criminal Code, by teaching his students to "hate Jews." (This was a quite different offense from Zündel's "false news" charge.) Keegstra's firing and subsequent prosecution generated considerable publicity all across Canada. By chance, a libertarian lawyer way out on the west coast of Canada, Doug Christie, happened to read about the affair. He picked up the phone, obtained Keegstra's number from Information, and called Keegstra to express his concern over his plight. Within a few minutes, Christie had become Keegstra's lawyer for the courtroom battle to come.

Keegstra's preliminary hearing was held at the nearest big city, Red Deer, from 4-15 June 1984. A parade of former students, and former colleagues, testified—somewhat reluctantly—about Keegstra's teachings. The magistrate ruled that there was indeed sufficient evidence for a full trial. After an unsuccessful appeal (October 1984) that the charge was un-Constitutional, Keegstra's trial began on 9 April 1985. On 20 July, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and Keegstra was sentenced to a C\$5000 fine. Afterwards, the foreman of the jury bizarrely offered to contribute to Keegstra's fine fund. The case was later appealed, and the result has yet to be announced.

Naturally, I did my best to help Keegstra, even though many of his Christian views were repugnant to a devout Atheist such as myself. I attended one day of the main trial at Red Deer in June 1985, and returned a second time to participate in the concurrent Canadian Library Association convention at nearby Calgary. Unlike their California counterparts, the Canadian librarians allowed me to address them at length regarding the perils of book-banning.

Although Zündel would eventually obtain the legal services of the battling British Columbia barrister Doug Christie himself, for the time being he had to make do with his family lawyer, Mrs Lauren Marshall. Zündel expressed [qualified] confidence in Mrs Marshall. She had drawn up the legal papers for his marital separation. (Zündel remains legally married to Janick, even though they lead totally separate lives.) And she had successfully represented various supporters who had been arrested on demonstrations. She was essentially a libertarian: like Professor Alan Dershowitz, she felt that even the most heinous defendant deserved a vigorous defense, and an energetic defense lawyer.

Although she appeared to be a robust, street-wise, criminal lawyer—her specialty was "cottaging" offenses (=public homosexual behavior)—in fact Mrs Marshall was quite severely traumatised by the Zündel preliminary, and its surrounding stress. She was unaccustomed to the threats, the harassment, the demonstrations, and—most of all—she was unfamiliar with the subject-matter. Eventually, after the Preliminary, she suffered a heart-attack, which required months of recuperation.

On 18 June 1984, I flew directly into Toronto's Pearson airport to participate in the Zündel defense team, at the preliminary trial. Even though I had split from (my own) Institute for Historical Review, to form Truth Missions, in April 1981, Zündel was ecumenical enough to solicit any and all assistance. Unlike the new régime at the IHR, he had no qualms about accepting assistance from dissident Revisionists; after all, Revisionism is itself dissident.

Being aware of the previous month's edict that the *Hoax* was now prohibited, I determined to bring with me a copy of that same book to use as a resource material. I figured that if the Customs officers seized it, this would taint the Crown's case against Zündel, since he would not have had free access to all resources in his favor. If Canadian Customs declined to seize the book, then this would mean that Revisionists could effectively "thumb their noses" at Canadian book-bannings.

When I arrived at Toronto airport on 18 June 1984, I declared my Butz book, both on my Customs form and verbally: "I have nothing to declare but my Revisionism," I announced; quoting an earlier son of the Emerald Isle. The inept Customs officer didn't know what to do. By telephone, he requested a superior officer to decide whether or not a forbidden book should be allowed to enter Canada; even if it was a resource item for a criminal defence. A female Customs-person appeared. She wanted to know why I had been so bold as to declare this forbidden book, instead of concealing it, as normal folks would do. She too could not make a decision, and so a Jamaican-Canadian Customs officer was summoned to issue the official ruling: he ordered his White staffers to seize the "goddamned book," and to give me a receipt [#440044] so that the bureaucrats could dicker with me about it afterwards.

Several months later, the Butz book was returned to me in California by mail, with a note attached, saying basically "Don't try this again."

In the meantime, the Zündel preliminary trial got under way...

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### WHAT MAKES RONNIE RUN? *continued from page 24*

younger generation, I must add that at this time, no respectable country club in America accepted Jews.

A few days later when Ronald Reagan found out about this rejection of Jack, he asked the management at Lakeside how this happened. He was informed that Lakeside had the same policy as other such clubs and accepted Gentiles only.

"You're anti-Semitic," was Reagan's quick retort.

"You're damned right we are," he was told. "And we're proud of it."

Mr. Reagan resigned from Lakeside immediately.

But when Warner heard that his actor, Reagan, had defended him at Lakeside, he was not impressed. "So what?" he said.

Needless to say, all this took place more than 40 years ago. If some club made these statements about Jews today, the people responsible would go to jail and the club would be put out of business.

Jack Warner always tried to imitate William Randolph Hearst by going to Europe and buying so many antiques that his associates renamed his Beverly Hills estate "San Simeonette."

As soon as Mr. Reagan resigned from Lakeside, he went right over to the Jewish country club, Hillcrest in Beverly Hills. Although most of the membership was indeed Jewish, a few non-Jews were allowed to join so that no one could ever accuse them of being discriminatory. Here actor Reagan played golf with Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone; George Burns, Sam Israel, Harry Cohn and Georgie Jessel. Given this environment during his formative years, is it any wonder that Reagan still feels the hatred of our race which was instilled in him by his Jewish masters and pals in Hollywood?

On September 12, 1941, the famous train, *City of Los Angeles*, left Los Angeles for Dixon, Illinois, with both Reagan and Miss Parsons on it for a "Louella Parsons Day." Later, she said, Mr. Reagan hogged the microphone and made a longer speech than she did. He also got more cheers from the homefolks. He was a politician even then.

Bob Hope, Jerry Colona, Joe E. Brown, Bebe Daniels, and Ben Lyon were in Dixon for the big day. And Reagan gave his usual political talks, promoting the aging FDR, now a complete invalid in a wheelchair, whose mind was equally diseased. "International Squadron," a low-budget Warner Brothers movie starring Ronald Reagan was previewed in Dixon.

According to two books written by FDR's sons, the Roosevelt family used to sit around the dinner table at the White House singing



songs about Niggers and Jews.

James Roosevelt said they made up as many as forty verses to it; but the chief refrain went like this, as FDR belted it out loudly, while eyeing Eleanor across the table:

"You kiss the niggers,  
And I'll kiss the Jews,  
And we'll stay in the White House  
As long as we choose."

Can you possibly imagine any president today singing such songs in the White House?

Much has been written in the press about Mr. Reagan's work at the Music Corporation of America in the cause of unions. But they failed to mention that a Chicago Jew named Julius Stein ran the MCA and had acquired a monopoly over big bands in America. The MCA/AFM alliance smacked of the kind of control practiced by Chicago mobsters. Mr. Stein had been dealing with Al Capone and the Chicago mobs since his early days when bootleg whisky was part of the deal in booking bands. To get a decent band you had to buy rotgut liquor too, at a high price. He arranged a truce with the Chicago Mafia, cutting them in for a healthy percentage of both talent and alcohol revenues.

Mobster tactics were not unknown in Hollywood. Willie Bioff, a former pimp, was shaking down Kosher butchers there since 1933. Mr. Bioff's partner and buddy was George Browne. These two thugs extorted twenty thousand dollars from Barney Balaban, owner of a Mid-western theater chain, under threats of a strike by the projectionists.

Mr. Bioff then took over the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Motion Picture Operators (IATSE). This scam worked for many years, even threatening the men running the studios. But IATSE did not represent all studio workers. The Screen Actors Guild was independent, and actor Robert Montgomery headed it at the time. Montgomery appealed to the executive board to hire an ex-FBI agent to get something on Bioff that would incriminate him and Browne. Mr. Bioff had a \$100,000 loan from movie mogul Joseph Schenk (chairman of the board at Twentieth Century-Fox). In the end, Schenk plea-bargained to minimize his sentence to one year if he aided the state against Bioff and Browne, who were convicted in 1941 and sentenced to twenty years.

In 1940, Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman attended SAG meetings together and the rôle of gangsters in the union was discussed, especially that of Jules Stein, Reagan's close friend. Power was Stein's objective; anonymity his credo.

Mr. Stein's protégé was Lew Wasserman, a former theater usher. When the Reagans met Mr. Wasserman, he was only 27 years old, but he already held power. Stein told a reporter that Wasserman was the student of his who surpassed his teacher. Mr. Wasserman and the Reagans hit it off well from the first.

Mr. Taft Schreiber, who would later handle Reagan's finances, was at this time a top executive in MCA. Mr. Reagan freely accepted MCA's "guidance" without a fuss (career guidance).

When the Reagans signed with MCA, Jane was making \$500 a week. Soon MCA negotiated a three-year contract for her with Warners for \$2500 a week. And Wasserman managed to triple Mr. Reagan's salary. No wonder Ronald Reagan was so respectful in doing whatever MCA told him to do.

In the early morning hours of May 18, 1941, Mr. Reagan's father, Jack Reagan, died in Hollywood, California, thus giving the lie to President Reagan's high tale about his father's having died of pneumonia 10 years earlier back in Illinois after sleeping in his car, (he had refused to sleep in a hotel that did not accept Jews). Jack Reagan, with actor Pat O'Brien, had been drinking heavily the night before his untimely death.

Son Ronald admired old FDR so much that he even tried to speak like him. FDR's little dog, Fala, got a lot of publicity, so actor Reagan went out and bought two black Scotties as much like Roosevelt's dog as he could find. He named them Scotch and Soda, FDR's favorite drink.

Hal Wallis and Jack Warner had quite a tiff, each taking credit for such pictures as "This Is the Army, Mr. Jones," starring Ronald Reagan.

Here is a telegram sent to Wallis by Jack Warner:

I RESENT AND WON'T STAND FOR YOUR CONTINUING TO TAKE ALL CREDIT FOR "THIS IS THE ARMY"... "GOD IS MY CO-PILOT," "PRINCESS O'ROURKE." I HAPPENED TO BE THE ONE WHO SAW THESE STORIES, READ THE PLAYS, BOUGHT AND TURNED THEM OVER TO YOU.

Here is another wire sent to Charles Einfield, Warner's director of publicity:

MEAN WHAT I SAID MY WIRE (TO WALLIS) AND WILL DEFINITELY TAKE LEGAL ACTION IF THIS ISN'T STOPPED....SICK AND TIRED OF EVERYONE TAKING ALL

CREDIT AND I BECOME SMALL BOY AND DOING MOST OF THE WORK.

Here is another telegram to Mr. Wallis, from Warner;

STOP GIVING ME DOUBLE TALK ON YOUR PUBLICITY. THIS WIRE WILL SERVE NOTICE ON YOU THAT I WILL TAKE LEGAL ACTION IF MY NAME HAS BEEN ELIMINATED FROM ANY STORY IN ANY FORM, SHAPE OR MANNER.

These petty and un-businesslike telegrams evidence the character (or lack of it) of the man Jack Warner. Despite all his money and power in Hollywood, the dapper Warner looked and felt like an inferior person, always trying to get respect. He had an unbecoming moustache, combed his hair sideways to hide his baldness, wore dated pin-striped suits, and black patent leather shoes on his small, narrow feet. He looked like a cross between an old-time medicine man and a music hall clown.

The animosity between Wallis and Warner flared up again at the Academy Awards ceremony in March of 1944 when "Casablanca" was named Best Picture of the Year. It was always customary for the director to receive the Oscar for any movie, so Wallis, intending to go up to the stage to receive the award, stood up and attempted to get to the aisle. But old Jack had foreseen this and deliberately seated members of the Warner family on both sides of Mr. Wallis. They had implicit instructions from Jack not to allow Wallis to get out of the row. So they blocked him in. It worked perfectly and Wallis was forced to sit down again. Jack raced to the stage like a gazelle, with a flashing smile and a look of great self-satisfaction on his face. He accepted the Oscar, took all the credit for making the picture, and never once mentioned who directed it.

Here is what Wallis told Los Angeles newspapers that night, "I tried to get out of the row of seats and into the aisle but the Warner family sat blocking me both ways and refused to let me out. I had no choice but to sit down again, totally humiliated and furious."

Later, the Academy sent Wallis an apology and an Oscar which he had earned. Jack was asked to return his un-earned Oscar, but he never did.

While living in Des Moines, Iowa, Mr. Reagan joined the cavalry of the U.S. army, took the training course, and became a reserve officer. He didn't have the slightest interest in the army, but he wanted

to learn to ride horses. He couldn't afford to join an expensive riding club so he went to the army where he could ride free, along with drawing regular pay. During the Depression, the army had no funds for calling reserve officers to active duty so Reagan thought he would never have to serve in this capacity.

However, World War II quickly changed all that and he received orders to report for army duty at Fort Mason, California as a second lieutenant in the Cavalry Reserve on April 8, 1942. But his only duty as a second lieutenant consisted of loading convoys. He was the only movie star at the camp and his commander, Colonel Phillip Booker, a hard-line southern military man of the regular army, disliked him intensely because of his bragging to other soldiers about his life in Hollywood.

At the evening meal one night, Lt. Reagan said to the colonel, "You and I have something in common."

"How's that, Reagan?" growled the colonel.

Lt. Reagan replied, "Well, I understand that you are a graduate of VMI and I once played in a picture about the VMI cadets, called 'Brother Rat.'"

Colonel Booker: "Yes, Reagan, I saw the picture and nothing ever made me so damned mad in my life."

Although actor Reagan played the rôle of a brave man many times on the silver screen, in real life he was anything but brave about serving his country in war time. I doubt if any able-bodied man in America ever had such an easy time of sitting out the war in Hollywood.

Through Jack Warner, actor Reagan had asked for and received three temporary deferments from active army duty. His request for a permanent one was turned down. Of course, Warner had an ulterior motive in trying to keep actor Reagan out of the war. He wanted to make money off him in movies while most leading men were absent from Hollywood due to the war.

On March 30, 1942, Jack Warner wrote the U.S. Army again asking for another deferment for his chief money maker of "B" films. This time the army refused and sent the following telegram:

REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT ANOTHER DEFERMENT CANNOT BE GRANTED 2nd LT. RONALD WILSON REAGAN, CAVALRY STOP SHORTAGE OF AVAILABLE OFFICERS PREVENTS FAVORABLE CONSIDERATION. Signed: Horace Sykes, Colonel, AGD.ADJ. General, Ft. Douglas, Utah.

Believe it or not, Jack Warner, who disliked the military with a

passion, as his tribe usually does, and who never spent one day in the army, finagled himself into getting a lieutenant colonel's commission in the Public Relations Division of the Army Air Corps. It pays to have friends in Washington. I am not trying to tell you that this little Jew at Warner Brothers was the only person who got special treatment in war time. But his influence seems unbelievable to me.

Not only did this unqualified individual receive an automatic army commission, he got out of taking even one day of training for it. And the division of the "army" to which he was assigned was at 4000 West Olive Street in Burbank, California, his own studio office. The only thing different about it was that he now could wear an army uniform to work instead of those awful pin-striped suits.

And guess what the next thing "Colonel" Warner did as an officer? He got Lieutenant Ronald Reagan transferred from the cavalry to his own public relations unit just in the nick of time before his B-star was about to be sent overseas like the rest of us.

If this tale were not true, it would amaze everyone connected with it that such a legalized draft-dodging deal could be pulled off. Using the old Hal Roach Studios in Culver City, California, renamed "Fort Roach" to comply with existing army regulations, over 300 "officers and enlisted men" with no previous military service or even training, except for Reagan's brief indoctrination period, reported for duty in "Colonel" Warner's army. They were writers, actors, directors, cameramen, cutters, sound men, makeup artists, *et al*, assigned to Fort Roach to make documentary and training films for the Army Air Corps.

There was one more misrepresentation in the creation of this play army in Hollywood to save these men from having to go to war. Army regulations required that any Army Air Corps base be commanded by a flying officer. Warner solved that problem by making Paul Mantz, his studio stunt pilot, the official commanding officer with the rank of full colonel in this little make-believe army in Hollywood. Mantz was the only one of the lot who had ever been up in a plane. So, you might say, he was the only logical choice.

Lieutenant Reagan was assigned the task of being the personnel officer (assistant AAC public relations). He there interviewed applicants for commissions as officers in this motley army of draft dodgers in uniform. Generally, the only criterion for becoming an officer, according to Reagan, was who looked best in a uniform.

I would have been ashamed to be associated with such an outfit. But, apparently, Lieutenant Reagan was not. Here is his statement about it to the press: "A great many people harbor a feeling that the

personnel of our motion picture unit are somehow draft dodgers in uniform, avoiding all dangers of war. The army doesn't work that way. There was a special job that the army wanted done and we were the men who could do it."

From that defensively pompous statement one can easily see how President Reagan can now make so many such misleading statements at the White House. The only difference is that his Hollywood statements affected only a few people, but his official White House decisions affect us all.

And actor Reagan wasn't the only one to hide behind the studio walls for the duration. Burgess Meredith, Alan Ladd, and Van Johnson joined him.

Jack Warner, Colonel Jack that is, not wanting to be out-ranked by his "full colonel" stunt pilot, put the pressure on Washington and got himself promoted from lieutenant colonel to full colonel despite the fact that he didn't even know the correct insignia for this rank. He didn't have to serve as a mere lieutenant colonel very long. His promotion to colonel came through on August 5, 1942.

At the same time, Jack tried to get Lt. Reagan promoted to first lieutenant. This was denied by the War Department, by command of Lieutenant General Hap Arnold and the denial was signed by Clifford P. Bradley, Colonel, AC Chief, Military Personnel Division, Washington, D.C., on August 25, 1942.

But this rejection didn't faze old Colonel Jack for very long. He went around the general and, through members of Congress, he got actor Reagan promoted to first lieutenant on October 1, 1942. So his date of rank was slowed up by only two months before the War Department was forced to promote Lt. Reagan.

To Lt. Reagan, Colonel Warner and the others in this fake Hollywood army, World War II was a joke. And they had a high old time while real Americans with no political pull in Washington were fighting and dying overseas.

Lt. Reagan made a fun deal out of his army service by buying a full dress uniform which he enjoyed wearing to fancy balls and premières. After the war, Lt. Reagan told friends that he had enjoyed a socko time in the service, living at home and going to work at the same studio just as he had in civilian life. He was never anything more than a civilian in uniform anyway. He knew so little about the war that he bet a fellow actor that it would be over by 1943. To his credit, he paid the bet right on time.

A gay time was had by all at "Fort Roach." Jack and Reagan wanted to send some hilarious "out-takes"<sup>3</sup> to the generals in Washington, but discovered none had been saved. So they made a few. In one, Reagan was shown chewing on a cigar and stabbing his pointer at a wall map while briefing a squadron of bomber pilots on a vital mission, and saying, "This is your target for tonight." The wall map snapped up like a runaway window shade and revealed the "target," a naked girl. It is unnecessary to specify the anatomical part of the target that was designated by Reagan's pointer.

Lt. Reagan even made a joke out of his turns as night duty officer at Fort Roach. He wrote in the official log: "At 3 A.M., post attacked by three regiments of Japanese infantry. Led cavalry charge and repulsed enemy. Quiet resumed."

Another time, he wrote: "New officer indeed. Did they see me in those West Point movies?"

Now you can better understand why President Reagan sometimes gets the real world of foreign affairs mixed up with his own make-believe one.

Lt. Reagan's first training film was "Rear Gunner" in which he was the narrator. The army was willing to give Warner Brothers credit for making the film and thus generating good will toward the war effort. But sneaky Jack, always with an eye out for a quick buck, didn't care a damn about good will or helping America's war effort. He just wanted to sell the picture to theaters and make money for himself.

The army turned him down on his efforts to commercialize this army training film with the following orders:

Army Orders  
Memorandum  
Chief, Pictorial Service  
Army Air Corps  
Maritime Building  
18th and H Streets, N.W.  
Washington, D.C.

3. 'Out-take' is the term that was (and may still be) used in the cinema business for scenes, usually burlesque and often obscene, that were enacted by the actors and recorded by the cameras for their private amusement and were, of course, never intended to be part of the film that was shown to the public. The more amusing or lewd of these 'out-takes' were sometimes shown for the entertainment of the actors' pals and associates. Some were precursors of the pornographic films that are so popular today. The 'out-takes' were often burlesque parodies of scenes in the cinema on which the actors were working, and when they were enacted, the performers were said to be "horsing around." It is probable that no one in Hollywood who used that term knew that it was an allusion to the morris dances of rustic England, some of which survived into the present century.

Attention: Major Keighley  
Subject: REAR GUNNER

This office has screened the picture and disapproved any possible consideration of commercial release because the production violates standing War Department policy in that professional actors who have been commissioned in the army play leading roles (Reagan and Burgess Meredith). Under the present decision, screen actors now in the army will not be loaned out to studios for the purpose of producing commercial pictures.

For the director  
W.M. Wright, Jr.  
Colonel, G.S.C.  
Chief, Pictorial Branch.

But old Colonel Jack was undaunted by army orders. He persisted and went above the army, through his influence in Congress, and he was given total commercial rights to "Rear Gunner," which was a film made by the government using tax funds. The picture was released as a "short" to accompany other Warner Brothers films in theaters. Colonel Warner was in the enviable position of holding his rank while remaining in Hollywood in his own studio, running it as always, and as profitably. All through the war years, his memos flooded Hollywood, signed by "Colonel Jack Warner." His only regret was said to be that the war didn't last long enough for him to become a general. God help the army.

Conservatives in Congress got a little too much of hearing about Jack Warner, the Hollywood colonel. Even before the war started, they were investigating the "war mongering" in his film making. Harry Warner was called before a committee. Warner Brothers was accused of making anti-German propaganda films in an effort to provoke war and of twisting facts for ulterior motives. Harry read a prepared statement in which he claimed that seventy percent of the U.S. books classified as "non-fiction," at this time were anti-Nazi, while only ten percent of his motion pictures were anti-German.

On January 1, 1942, Reagan received a deferment so he could make the grossly anti-German picture called "Forced Landing," later renamed "Desperate Journey." Actor Reagan said he got the greatest enjoyment of his long career in making that picture. Here are his own brave words, which he still repeats when he entertains visitors from Israel: "My personal high spot was a solo effort in which I knocked an arrogant German officer kicking, then calmly helped myself to his breakfast."

Yes, our man Ronald Reagan was very brave when knocking down German officers in the movies. But he certainly steered clear of any actual fighting during the war. Being "brave" on a movie set with pancake make-up and gelatin for blood is certainly not the same as being at Iwo Jima where the blood and sand were for real. It's the same attitude he uses now in the White House when he orders the guns of the U.S.S. *New Jersey* to kill innocent people in Lebanon and tries to blow up Colonel Qaddafi of Libya and his entire family.

Yes, Mr. Reagan was quite brave while fighting the war on the silver screen in Hollywood, just as he is now when giving orders as Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. armed forces. But what would he have done in a real battle of life and death?

Nevertheless, after the war ended, he went around making such silly statements as, "Like most soldiers who came back from the war, I expected a world suddenly reformed."

Now read carefully again those five little words: "came back from the war." Mr. Reagan never went to war, so how could he come back from it? Like Senator Joseph Biden (D-Delaware), old Reagan falsified his "war" service by pretending that he had served in Germany. But he is caught in that lie, because everyone now knows his service record. As several would-be presidential campaigners have found out recently, you can't hide anything anymore when running for the highest office in the land in the way old FDR and the almighty Kennedy brothers hid things from the public, such as their frailties and immoral acts. Things have changed.

Not only did Jack Warner influence Mr. Reagan, but the future chief executive hung around with Jack Benny, George Burns and other Hollywood Jews, who impressed upon him the Zionist values that control him to this day.

Actor Reagan said many times to other film stars, such as Dick Powell and George Murphy, "The trouble with you guys is that you think anyone who voted for President Roosevelt is a Communist." That silly statement clearly showed the superficiality of Mr. Reagan's thinking—or parroting of propaganda.

Actor Reagan was asked by his fellow Democrats in California to run in the primary against Mrs. Helen Gehagan Douglas, a long-time supporter of Communist causes. He refused. If he had entered that primary and won, he would have had to face and debate another newcomer to politics named Richard M. Nixon, the Republican candidate in the general Congressional election.

In 1948, Mr. Reagan described Hollywood as made up of just a group of liberals like himself. This quotation may be found on page

300 of a book entitled *Early Reagan*, by Anne Edwards, should any reader want to look it up.

Mr. Reagan's career at Warner Brothers ended abruptly. He wasn't exactly fired, but there was a considerable disagreement and Jack Warner gave him a big push out the door. When he left the Warner lot for the last time after 15 years of very loyal service to Jack, there was no party, no gold watch and not even a good-bye from his long-time friend, Jack Warner. He was told to leave the studio property on January 28, 1952. He said later that by 2 P.M. that same day his name had already been removed from his permanent parking place on the lot. His final cheque was mailed to him.

He continued to make B and C movies for a time after this at Monogram and other smaller studios.

In closing, let us return to some of the latest figures on President Reagan's wild spending spree, covered up by public statements about his being a conservative in fiscal matters. This man has led us to bankruptcy.

Despite tall tales of substantial "cuts" in domestic welfare programs, funding for such wasteful programs increased by fifty million since President Reagan took office. He has outdone the Democrats in unchecked spending on radical social programs. Fiscal fraud would best describe this situation.

- Remember that pre-election promise by Mr. Reagan when he said he would dismantle and do away with the unneeded and wasteful Department of Education? I do! In 1981, this bureau spent fifteen billion dollars a year. Under Mr. Reagan, it was not only not disbanded but it now spends twenty billion dollars a year. Do you call that conservative spending? Or keeping promises?
- Aid to Families with Dependent Children: it cost \$7,500,000,000 under President Carter and Mr. Reagan, who had pledged himself to cut it, increased it to \$9,600,000,000.
- Medicaid, which provides free health care for the poor, working and non-working, cost the taxpayers \$17,200,000,000 in 1981. It has now jumped to \$26,600,000,000, an increase of nearly ten billion dollars under President Reagan.
- The appropriation for the Department of Health and Human Services was \$59,600,000,000 in 1981. Mr. Reagan increased this by thirty billion to nearly ninety billion dollars.
- Federal "entitlement programs," including social welfare assistance, cost \$197,100,000,000 in 1981. This skyrocketed to \$477,000,000,000 under Mr. Reagan, whose pledge to reduce that

squandering was carried out by adding almost three hundred billion dollars of your money to the fund for political corruption and revolution.

- Even the wasteful Student Loan Program, which Mr. Reagan declared to be a fraud against the Treasury and which he said he would abolish, went up from \$2,300,000,000 to \$2,700,000,000.
- Farm welfare programs. This budget was about twenty-one billion and rose to fifty-one billion last year. And it has been used to make the plight of the farmers more parlous than ever—and to dispossess many of them.
- Food Stamps. This year's program is costing you taxpayers thirteen billion, up from eleven billion.

Need I go on?

Never mind the party labels. You voted twice for a man you thought was a conservative Republican. But you got a two-term Democratic president—old FDR the Second.

My conclusion can best be expressed by saying that when the man who swept 49 states finally leaves office, a slight change should be made in the music. The U.S. Marine Band should play "Hail to the Thief."

**This article first appeared in the May 1988 issue of *Liberty Bell*.**

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## FOREIGN AID IN PERSPECTIVE

The following chart, based on information from the Agency for International Development, shows actual U.S. economic and military assistance awarded to foreign countries in fiscal year 1985, the last year for which such expenditures are available. Current foreign aid spending is substantially higher.

<b>African Bureau</b>		Tanzania . . . . .	3,278,000
Sudan . . . . .	\$253,220,000	Guinea-Bissau . . . . .	3,004,000
Somalia . . . . .	104,869,000	Cape Verde . . . . .	2,795,000
Liberia . . . . .	81,153,000	Seychelles . . . . .	2,472,000
Kenya . . . . .	78,449,000	Benin . . . . .	2,124,000
Zaire . . . . .	67,734,000	Gabon . . . . .	1,931,000
Zambia . . . . .	50,000,000	Eg. Guinea . . . . .	1,071,000
Senegal . . . . .	47,196,000	Congo . . . . .	1,000,000
Zimbabwe . . . . .	36,214,000	Comoros . . . . .	400,000
Niger . . . . .	32,793,000	Ivory Coast . . . . .	161,000
Mali . . . . .	32,096,000	Additional Regional Funds. . . . .	110,792,000
Mozambique . . . . .	30,000,000	<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>\$1,220,574,000</b>
Cameroon . . . . .	27,406,000		
Malawi . . . . .	26,979,000	<b>Latin America/Carribean</b>	
Rwanda . . . . .	21,667,000	El Salvador . . . . .	\$561,076,000
Botswana . . . . .	21,227,000	Honduras . . . . .	282,571,000
Chad . . . . .	20,717,000	Costa Rica . . . . .	216,049,000
Madagaskar . . . . .	19,680,000	Dominican Rep. . . . .	178,699,000
Ghana . . . . .	17,041,000	Jamaica . . . . .	164,624,000
Lesotho . . . . .	16,204,000	Guatemala . . . . .	98,124,000
Mauritania . . . . .	15,463,000	Panama . . . . .	79,411,000
Guinea . . . . .	11,722,000	Peru . . . . .	70,035,000
Burkina Faso . . . . .	10,855,000	Ecuador . . . . .	58,604,000
Swaziland . . . . .	9,856,000	Haiti . . . . .	55,021,000
Sierra Leone . . . . .	8,715,000	Bolivia . . . . .	44,135,000
Uganda . . . . .	7,946,000	Belize . . . . .	24,730,000
Djibouti . . . . .	7,576,000	Colombia . . . . .	11,476,000
Togo . . . . .	7,307,000	Grenada . . . . .	11,191,000
Mauritius . . . . .	7,000,000	Mexico . . . . .	9,896,000
Gambia . . . . .	6,354,000	Paraguay . . . . .	2,078,000
Burundi . . . . .	6,035,000	Brazil . . . . .	750,000
Cent.Afr.Repub. . . . .	4,136,000	Uruguay . . . . .	100,000
Ethiopia . . . . .	3,909,000		



Venezuela	96,000
Guyana	80,000
Barbados	69,000
St. Vincent	56,000
St. Lucia	48,000
Antigua	45,000
Bahamas	44,000
Suriname	42,000
Dominica	41,000
Trinidad & Tobago	39,000
St. Kitts-Nevis	26,000
Additional Regional Funds	253,410,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$2,122,566,000</b>

**Asia/Near East/Other**

Israel	\$3,350,000,000
Egypt	2,479,883,000
Turkey	879,490,000
Pakistan	683,013,000
Greece	501,366,000
Spain	414,926,000
Philippines	269,676,000
Korea	231,943,000
Portugal	207,959,000
Bangladesh	198,874,000
Jordan	191,877,000
India	176,049,000
Morocco	150,096,000
Indonesia	147,020,000
Thailand	140,310,000
Tunisia	96,577,000

Sri Lanka	65,121,000
Oman	60,155,000
Yemen	46,955,000
Nepal	21,791,000
Burma	20,669,000
Lebanon	19,480,000
Cyprus	15,000,000
Malaysia	4,981,000
Fiji	2,484,000
Micronesia	2,361,000
Maldives	1,522,000
Western Samoa	1,166,000
West Bank	1,373,000
Solomon Is.	982,000
Papua New Guinea	971,000
Gaza	679,000
Tonga	648,000
Afghanistan	543,000
Kiribati	227,000
Yugoslavia	96,000
Algeria	64,000
Singapore	50,000
Austria	49,000
Tuvalu	34,000
Fiji (inland)	32,000
Iceland	22,000
Additional Regional Fund	49,334,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$10,390,848,000</b>

**GRAND TOTAL:**  
.....\$13,733,961,000 ...

**...ILLEGALLY TAKEN FROM THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER AND SQUANDERED ON "MOST VALUABLE ALLIES" AND OTHER "NATIONS" TO PROMOTE THEIR ECONOMIC WELL-BEING AND, OF COURSE, "DEMOCRACY!"**

**The Zionization of Jesse Helms, continued from page 10**

The venomous, vehement political backlash against his vote was inevitable in the land of the golden leaf. Most colleges and hospitals in his home state had been weaned on tobacco money from the Reynolds, Dukes and lesser fat cats. The future of a host of small businesses in North Carolina was inextricably intertwined with the nation's smoking habit. The predictable outcry was fed by the liberal press, while the Democratic voting bloc chomped at the bit for Jesse's Republican scalp.

Even more distressing for Helms, no Senate-House conference was ever held on the tax package. Instead of being deleted, the tobacco tax became law. Jesse's anti-abortion bill got to the floor, only to be defeated—as everyone, including its sponsor—knew it would be.

I had always wondered about Jesse's preoccupation with abortion, given his privately stated views on "niggers" and their rate of procreation. It was whispered through his office that years before a member of Helm's family had been sent to a home for unwed mothers. True or not, the predominance of strict traditionalist Roman Catholics on his legislative staff no doubt re-enforced his feelings against abortion. Yet the state he supposedly represents has the lowest Catholic percentage in the nation. As the 1984 election loomed, the stage was set for a showdown between the Senator and the state's generally popular, ideologically flexible governor, Jim Hunt. What was Jesse to do? His standing with the voters had sunk to a new low.

**Helms and Martin Luther King Jr.**

In the nick of time an unlooked-for opportunity presented itself—a god-sent issue that would, as Jesse predicted, "go down good" in North Carolina. The proposed Martin Luther King holiday was on the Senate docket. Before the fight began, Jesse's longtime pollster, Arthur Finkelstein ("He's a Jew, but he's good," Jesse allows),<sup>1</sup> had his client almost 30 points down in the opinion polls, with a seemingly insurmountable 3-plus-percent negative rating. Historically, when a politician tries to placate people who won't support him for any reason, it's a calamity at the ballot box.

Damning the torpedoes, Jesse followed his shrewdest instincts and turned up the burner on Rev. King. He did it not only because he had

1. In 1981 Jesse's political action committee, the National Congressional Club, opened a Washington office for the purposes of clearing all federal patronage in North Carolina. A Finkelstein protégé and blood brother was appointed to that strategic outpost.

no use for the civil rights saint, but because it was politically expedient. The harder the liberal-minority coalition attacked his "racism," the more popular he became. Pundits of all stripes who had previously consigned Jesse to the political graveyard now fell strangely silent.

Something was afoot. Jesse was orating what most folks felt and thought, and the folks were responding. To most of the electorate—and not only in North Carolina—the King Holiday was a bad and insulting joke, and "Jesse's the only one with the guts to come out and say it."

But there was still that negative rating. Aside from the appointment of campaign spokesman Claude Allen, a black, much more had to be done.<sup>2</sup>

A combination of intestinal fortitude, jugular instinct, money and common sense would be required to win the 1984 Senate race. Jesse's creator, gray eminence and commander to the faithful, Tom Ellis, and pollster Finkelstein got their heads together and unleashed one of the most furious and hard-hitting campaigns ever seen in U.S. politics.

One stumbling block was Jesse's design on the Foreign Relations Committee. If Senator Charles Percy of Illinois, the committee chairman, lost his seat, and Jesse kept his and the Republicans retained control of the Senate, then the North Carolinian would be in line for the chairmanship. Accordingly, he became the #2 target of the pro-Israel lobby in the 1984 election, the #1 enemy being Percy, who had

2. The appointment was somewhat hypocritical in view of Helms's attitude toward blacks. For years he referred to Negroes as "Fredes," a code word coined by his staff during his first Senate term so his anti-black talk would not be understood if overheard. When Helms invited Bishop Abel Muzorewa of what was then Rhodesia to the U.S. to plead his case, the Senator arranged a red-carpet trip to Asheville so the black churchman could see an elderly former teacher. In the course of his visit there, the bishop wrote \$2,000 worth of rubber checks. "That nigger!" Helms commented. Once when a Negro driver suddenly swerved in front of him in traffic, Jesse said, "All right, be a nigger!" Such talk from him is commonplace in private.

In spite of his opinion of Negroes, Jesse was never too strong on race. He took the side of Argentina in the Falklands war. He was the Senate's chief opponent of the Genocide Treaty and for years had single-handedly held it up in the Foreign Relations Committee. As a test of his conversion to the Zionist cause, the Jewish lobby approached him and pointed out how important the treaty was to Jews. They acknowledged his longstanding reservations on its infringements of national sovereignty and on the scary prospect of U.S. citizens being subjected to rulings of an international tribunal. All they asked him was to give it a fair chance. Just let it out of committee, that's all.

Jesse knew if the treaty got to the Senate floor it would be passed, but he let it go. Before the full Senate, the country's "most conservative senator" fought the Genocide Treaty tooth and nail and was soundly defeated, as he was sure he would be. Many of his gullible supporters, unaware of his committee cave-in, praised his "courageous" stand.

made the grievous error of recommending that the U.S. tone down its warmongering pro-Zionism. If Jesse was re-elected, would he "desert tobacco" and give up his Agriculture Committee chairmanship? He promised his farming constituents he would not.<sup>3</sup>

Finkelstein and Ellis reminded the senator of his "Jewish problem," which was not altogether dissimilar from his Jim Hunt problem. Yet the last thing Jesse had on his mind was appeasing Hunt. So, he ruminated, why appease the Jews? (His only prominent Jewish contributor was Ivan Boesky.)<sup>4</sup> But he couldn't help but envy the lavish Jewish fundraisers in Palm Beach and Beverly Hills that were netting the Hunt campaign massive sums. At that point in time, Michael Kleiner appeared on the scene.

Soon the senator was spending a great deal of time with Knesset member Kleiner, a "conservative" Israeli politician who belonged to the Herut Party. Kleiner, with an assist from Peter Goldman of the pathologically Zionist group, Americans for a Safe Israel, was busy convincing Jesse that Israel was America's only ally in the Middle East. Although he had been the Senate's loudest anti-Israel voice (practically a minority of one), Kleiner and Goldman didn't need to twist Helms's arm too hard.<sup>5</sup>

By hunkering down and spending some \$25 million on his race, and with the help of Claude Allen, pollster Finkelstein and numerous conferences with Kleiner (to ease the pressure from the Israeli lobby), Jesse squeaked by with 51.95% of the vote. Once re-elected, he immediately set about attaining his dream chairmanship of the Foreign

3. Perhaps the earliest indication that Jesse would one day play ball with the Zionists was his 1980 sanction of the so-called "Madison Group," a foreign policy roundtable headed by Helms's kosher conservative minion, John Carbaugh. Taking its name from its meeting place, American-based Israelite Marshall Coyne's Madison Hotel, the group's primary mission was to funnel information to the Reagan campaign's foreign and defense apparatus, in the process of favorably positioning its members for jobs in a Reagan administration. Decidedly pro-Israel, the only adherents of the group to be awarded jobs were Mark Schneider at the National Security Council and Richard Perle at Defense, both of the Chosen persuasion. Much of the remainder of the group eventually wound up on Jesse's Senate payroll rather than in the administration to which they had so assiduously groveled.

4. The Senator's personal hero is and has long been Winston Churchill, whose grave he visited with great reverence during a U.K. junket. Political lackeys once gifted old Jesse with a truckling biography of their shared hero.

5. The Senator's opinion of Jews, before he saw the (financial) light, was definitely negative. When Senator Howard Metzenbaum's office declined a gift Jesse's office was distributing, Helms joked, "Maybe I should send the Jew a ham."

Relations Committee, even while assuring the pundits that "It is my intent to remain as chairman of Agriculture." Some weeks later, from his Raleigh office, Jesse had his entire Washington staff<sup>6</sup> on the phone in a conference call and gave instructions not to talk to the press about what he would or would not do regarding the chairmanship. He warned staffers, "If you do, it will be your job."

### The Sanctity of a Helms Promise

Chief legislative aide James P. Lucier, an ultramontane Catholic with a Ph.D. in English literature (an odd kind of braintruster for a Baptist college dropout), was instructed to conduct discreet interviews in preparation for hiring a Foreign Relations staff.<sup>7</sup> Meanwhile a plan was hatched to orchestrate a statewide grass roots campaign calling upon Jesse to take over the Foreign Relations chair.

Among the religious potentates enlisted, Rev. Jerry Falwell was the pivotal figure. His job was to get the "born agains" on the bandwagon, as he had done so successfully in the Senate race.<sup>8</sup>

North Carolina tobacco and agricultural magnates were being approached with the rationale that Jesse deserved the Foreign Relations chairmanship because of tobacco's prominence in foreign trade.

Bunker Hunt agreed to bankroll the effort, reportedly promising to shell out "Whatever you need." Senator Richard Lugar, second in seniority to Helms on both the Agriculture and Foreign Relations Committees, would get the chairmanship of the former, and Jesse would stay on at Agriculture by chairing a new Subcommittee on Tobacco. Accordingly, Jesse's promise not to desert tobacco would be

6. Helms's present staff includes Deborah DeMoss, the sister of Mark DeMoss, a top Falwell aide. Their mother is a country girl from North Carolina; their late father, Art DeMoss, was a Greek who made millions in insurance and became one of Falwell's financial angels. Jesse and Falwell often hitch rides on the DeMoss family jet. Deborah, who lives in the expensive Watergate apartment complex, is bright, fluent in Spanish and very born again.

7. Lucier, despite his current political and religious leanings, once wrote a glowing obituary of white supremacist Ernest Sevier Cox while serving as Jack Kilpatrick's understudy at the *Richmond News Leader*. It was in this capacity that Lucier came to know Helms, prior to the days of his free trips to Israel and service as Jesse's contact man with Michael Kleiner, Meir Kahane and a host of other Israel-first luminaries.

8. Falwell still phones Helms about once a week. The fundamentalist Senator also keeps in close contact with other prominent Bible beltters. Pat Robertson and his wife have spent at least one weekend with the Helmses at their Lake Gaston home. Mrs. Helms, by the way, stuck a prayer for her husband's victory in his 1972 Senate race in Jerusalem's Wailing Wall.

fulfilled. "For the first time in history we would have an entire subcommittee just for tobacco," boasted one aide.

Newspaper ads were composed; TV story boards were produced. "We know you promised, but we need you" was the theme. Professional conservatives Howard Phillips and Paul Weyrich were deeply involved in the prospective campaign. Many prominent Christian fundamentalists added their voices to the chorus of those who demanded that Jesse should be forgiven for renegeing on his most solemn campaign promise.

The press relations juggernaut was just beginning to gain steam, and was preparing to go public when Senator Rudy Boschwitz (R-MN) suddenly threw what might be described as a Jewish curve. The lumber millionaire and member of the Foreign Relations Committee announced that if Helms attempted to become chairman, he would call for a vote of the committee and cast his ballot against Jesse. Under the rules, any member could call for a vote to approve or disapprove of a chairman, and the vote was binding. Boschwitz's threat was enough to derail Jesse's best-laid plans.

Senator Paula Hawkins (R-FL), another committee member, responding to questions from a south Florida Jewish group, said that if Jesse persisted in his bid, she too would call for a vote. With a 9-8 balance in favor of the Republicans, all that was necessary was one GOP defection, and two were already certain.

Despite his latter-day palling around with Kleiner, Jesse's pro-Israel track record was pretty dismal. In a CNN interview during the invasion of Lebanon, Jesse had said that if Israel did not clean up its act, "We've got to shut down diplomatic relations." With that statement on the record, it was hard for him to do the necessary spine-bending required of politicians who have not proved their unswerving loyalty to Zionism and need to get back in the good graces of Jewish organizations. As the press bored in on Jesse's predicament, Lucier asked his boss what he was supposed to tell the people who were ready to go public with the ads and the "grass roots" campaign. The answer was, "Tell them anything you want to."

Because of the threatened defections of Boschwitz and Hawkins, the only remaining way Helms could get the chairmanship was through seniority, a semi-sacred Senate institution. If Lugar was elected Majority leader, he would automatically lose his chairmanship. Next in seniority was Charles Mathias (R-MD), who had experienced some mild turbulence with the Jewish lobby. Mathias's left-wing voting record engendered the hope that if Lugar did get the Majority

Leader's post, the White House and others would see that Jesse got his dream.

Helms maintained a strange silence about his plans. Three minutes after Bob Dole, not Lugar, was elected Majority Leader, minions of the fourth estate camped outside Jesse's office, waiting "for the announcement on the chairmanship." Lucier, totally in the dark, stormed over to Jesse's hideaway office in the Capitol in search of his master. The moment Lucier left, Helms sprang out from around a corner (one of his favorite tricks) and announced before the cameras that he was keeping his promise to the people of North Carolina. "I will remain as chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee."

Moments later, while consoling two tearful female and one shocked male foreign policy aides in his private office, Helms said some "good things" would happen on the committee. One "good thing" was that Claude Allen, Jesse's token black, was hired by Chairman Lugar to handle some Africa legislation and press relations work.

The accolades from North Carolina were overwhelming. Jesse had kept his word to the folks back home and turned down "all that power." "Jesse is honest, Jesse is true," could be heard at many church and political gatherings. Bunker Hunt's reaction was less enthusiastic: "I didn't spend a million dollars to protect tobacco in North Carolina." Though many involved in the foreign relations gambit had wanted Helms to go ahead and fight it out with Boschwitz and the liberals, Jesse knew better.

But he didn't give up. After the Republicans lost control of the Senate in the 1986 elections, Jesse defeated Lugar for the post of ranking minority member on Foreign Relations in a hotly contested battle.<sup>9</sup>

### A Toady of Israel

Today Helms, a late-blooming but zealous convert to the cause of Zion, is one of Israel's best friends in the Senate. He has stated that the U.S. should "never pursue any plans that envisions a separation of the West Bank from Israel." During a trip to Israel in 1985—arranged and paid for by Senator Chic Hecht (R-NV) and Robert Jacobs, the

9. Jesse's Foreign Relations Committee staff, aside from Lucier and DeMoss, includes Zionists Bob Friedlander and Darryl Nuremburg, the former a counsel and the latter his Middle East and Israel issues expert. Nuremburg served for years as the dairy expert on Jesse's Ag Committee staff, and is the boyfriend of Senator Hecht's daughter. Others include one staffer repeatedly dismissed from previous positions for intelligence leaks, another investigated by the FBI for too cozy relations with the pussyfooting South African government, and yet another who was forced out of a previous staff position because of trouble with young ladies.

moneybags of Meir Kahane—Jesse treated the press to a daily output of pro-Israel massaging.

Writing for the pro-Zionist Heritage Foundation's *Policy Review* magazine, in an article entitled "Keeping Faith: A Baptist Deacon reflects on American Policy Toward Israel," Jesse said,

Israel is really our only reliable ally in the Middle East. Only Israel can oppose Soviet hegemony over the entire area.

In September 1985, Jesse advocated moving the U.S. embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. The following month he went on record against an arms sale to Jordan. In February 1986 he endorsed and raised funds for Bruce Herschensohn, the Jewish candidate in the Republican primary for a California Senate seat. It was both impolitic and discourteous for the senator to make such an endorsement with so many conservatives still in the primary race, which was eventually won by Ed Zschau. Congressional Club staffers in North Carolina were dispatched to California to work around the clock for Herschensohn.

In an unusual move, Jesse went out of his way to remain neutral and remove himself (to the point of disowning) his own political action committee's candidate for the Senate seat of the retiring John East of North Carolina. The candidate, David B. Funderburk, a Fulbright scholar and former ambassador to Romania, was no favorite of the Jewish lobby. He had openly solicited the support and cooperation of Jewish leaders, in both Romania and the U.S., to help speed the emigration of persecuted Christians from the Soviet puppet state. In his solicitation he had been so impolitic as to remind Jews that they were not the only ones who had been oppressed by Communist regimes.

Since an army cannot hope to win without the support of its commanding general, the Funderburk campaign was doomed from the start by Jesse's repeated refusal to endorse or even put in a good word for the candidate. In the end Funderburk lost the primary to Congressman James Broyhill by 67% to 30% (with 3% going to White Patriot leader Glenn Miller). Broyhill lost in the general election to left-leaning Terry Sanford.

### White Patriots Betrayed

But the desertion of Funderburk was piddling compared to what Jesse did to the White Patriot Party. Back in late 1980 Jesse and staffer Sam Currin met to plot pre-election strategy. As they looked ahead to 1984, Governor Jim Hunt seemed all but unbeatable. Wise in the ways of political warfare, Jesse managed to get Currin appointed U.S.

attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina. With the help of two other pro-Helms U.S. attorneys, Currin was then in a strategic position to find skeletons in Hunt's closet.

Numerous politically inspired prosecutions failed to damage the governor directly, though they tainted some of his cronies. Dovetailing with the negative campaign against Hunt, the cooked-up investigations certainly had an impact. If nothing else, the governor had to spend more time looking over his shoulder and assuming a defensive posture. Currin and Jesse met privately—and frequently—in Raleigh during the height of the campaign. Both were politically active Baptists and were, understandably, members of the same social circles. But they must have had more to talk about than church socials. The targeted probes against Hunt & Co. must have been discussed—not an altogether uncommon abuse in U.S. politics.

Following Helms's 1984 victory, a dual use of the U.S. Attorney's office was devised. Jesse wanted to put Currin, a rock-ribbed conservative, on the federal bench. But he also needed to ingratiate himself with the Jewish lobby. He was not surprised that when Currin's name was submitted, all hell broke loose. Not only were Senate liberals determined to block the nomination, but more than 25 prominent Raleigh area lawyers publicly announced their opposition, including Jesse's old friend and poker-playing Buddy, Judge James H. Bailey.

The upshot was that Currin needed to placate the liberals and Jews on the Senate Judiciary Committee, and he needed to placate them fast. So what case did Currin personally prosecute? What better high profile bootlicking assignment than to go after the White Patriot Party? Night after night Currin could be seen on the evening TV news talking about the "evil" White Patriots. Nothing could have played into Currin's hands any better than Glenn Miller's widely publicized death threat against him.

Currin pursued the White Patriot Party, before and after the death threat, with a zeal that surpassed his 1984 electioneering for Jesse. When the Currin nomination for federal judge had to be withdrawn, after the Democrats won back control of the Senate, there was some consolation for his sponsor. One pro-Israel lobbyist was quoted as saying, "Helms's man [Currin] is doing a good job with that bunch [the White Patriot Party] in North Carolina."

Some of the most severe jail sentences for the White Patriots were handed down by Judge Terrence Boyle, a New Jersey native who presides over the federal bench in Elisabeth City (NC). He was nominated for the post by Helms and is the son-in-law of Tom Ellis.

As of now, Helms, the champion of Christian values, the defender of South Africa, the Senate's chief opponent of foreign aid and Soviet imperialism, and the onetime archenemy of Jewish expansionism, stands as the most slavish lackey of the Zionist lobby. He has completely sold out and turned his back on his own people—all for the leadership position on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and whatever other pieces of silver he can accumulate. There are plenty of Majority renegades, but most never pretended to be anything else.

Journalist Joe Maynor once said of Jesse, "Papa was the first teacher that Jesse Helms Jr. had, and the lessons he taught were based on a strict code of hard work, justice and moral conduct." Wonder what Papa would think of Jesse's modern day pandering to his new masters?

Though saddened, angered and betrayed, Majority activists should not be disheartened. Any present-day U.S. politician, no matter what his public pronouncements and party affiliation, will swallow whatever principles he has left and turn against his own people in order to get campaign funds and a friendly nod from the media.

Helm's actions are par for the American political course in the late 20th century. They should remind us once again never to put one iota of faith in any present-day legislator or government official who attains "national status." To reach a high position on the political totem pole, the politician must become a walking, talking, voting renegade. Whatever he does in the White House, in Congress or on the Supreme Court will be for himself and the minorities—and against us.

Those who wish to fight for the survival of the American Majority must start with a clean slate—and this means a clean political slate. Anyone who has attained any high political office in this country in these times must have played by the rules of "politics as usual," which by definition makes him a mortal enemy. □

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