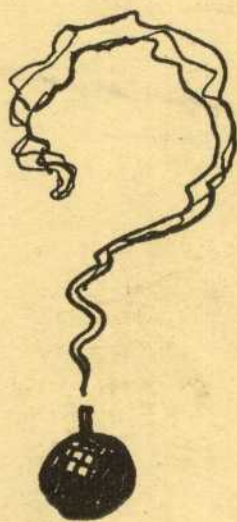
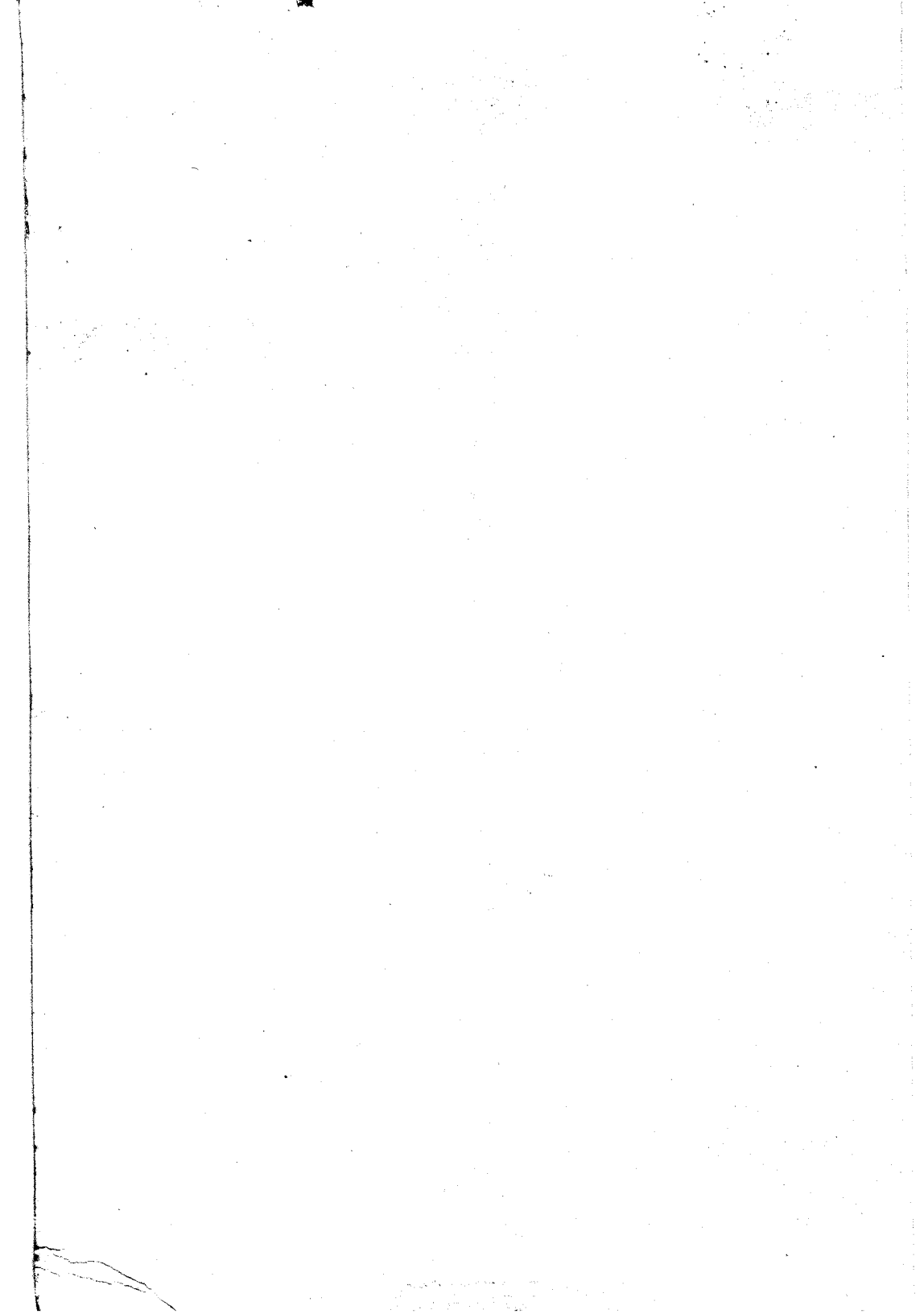
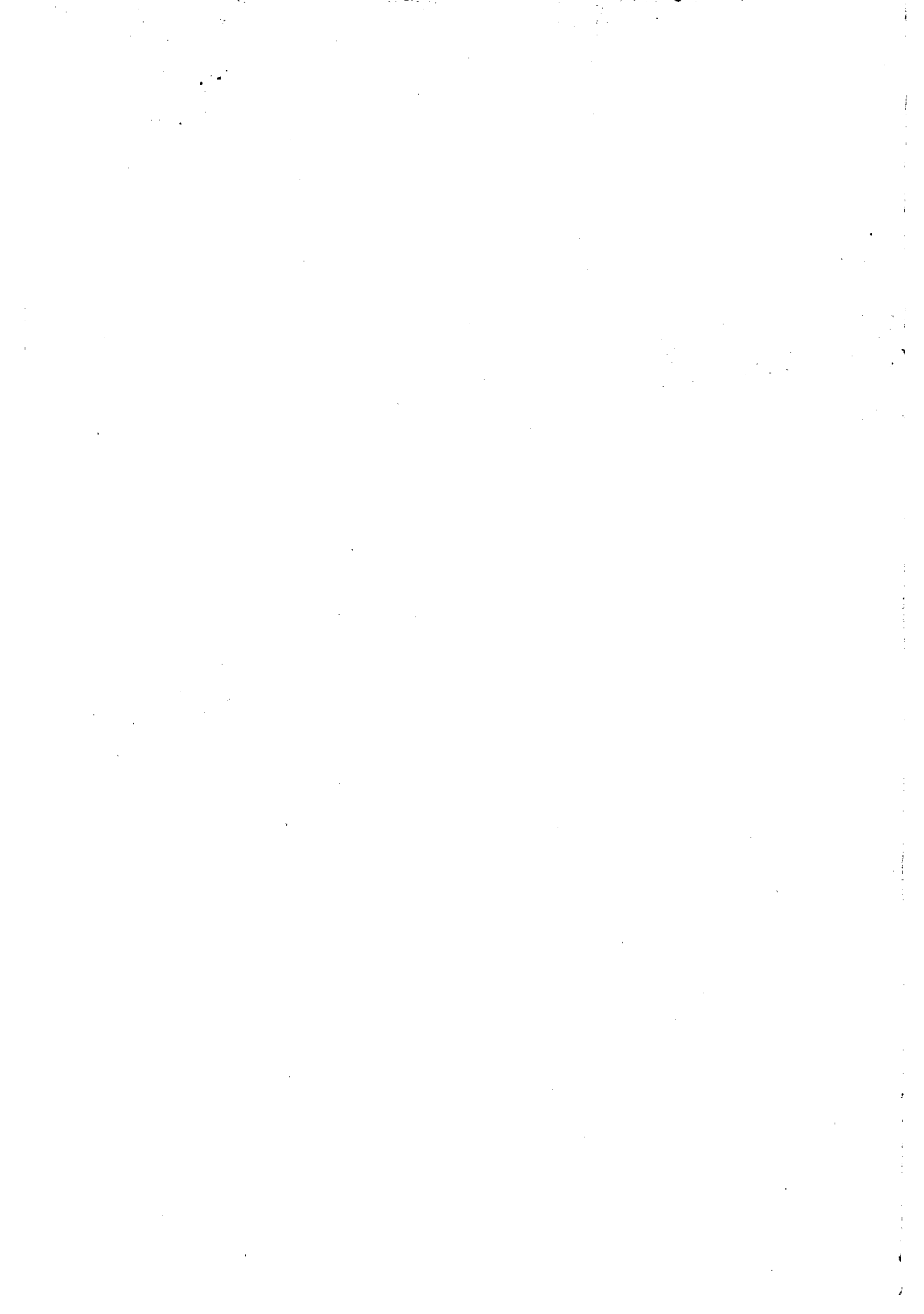


**Would Communism
work out in America**



Percy Crosby







**WOULD COMMUNISM WORK
OUT IN AMERICA?**

Books by PERCY CROSBY

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- DEFENSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION AGAINST THE CHARGES OF
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- ESSAY ON ROOSEVELT'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS (1937)

Would Communism Work
Out in America?

Percy Crosby



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McLean, Virginia

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BY

PERCY CROSSBY



FIRST EDITION

For

Len Bowden

THOUGH you are a British subject, I am an American with every bit of one generation of native heritage. My grandparents, on my father's side, papists to the bone, chanted the rosary every wave of the way to a New York dock until the boat bumped "Amen!" Sure, the grand lady's name had been Miss Cooney, but 'twould be well if you never breathed the name of Irish Catholics for "this is a Protestant country!"

My grandmother, Miss Thomas, on my mother's side, was born at sea "under the American flag" my mother always screeched. This was a bit of class distinction that my father could never dodge. It was a priority that was too definite. Had he answered, and if there had been radio cars in those early days, headquarters would have chanted: "Family trouble." And yet, as I look back on those, my early days, it is hard to recall any incident where a desk sergeant indulged himself with biographical data coaxed out of swollen lips.

I have rambled on, my only reader, and though a Britisher ("beggars musn't be choosers") it will not be long before you're getting on with the book: you shall have plenty of opportunity to lense it out, for each page is a festive board laden with every tidbit which I could gather for your delight. But tarry a while.

You have gained the idea that I am a full-blooded one-generation American. No, Lensey, I am not. Here I have described the whole background of ocean parentage and, while it sounds a trifle gully, my grandmother, born at sea, never could get over the idea of all the ocean she missed, so she married an American named Greene. Save for this Irish Catholic, Protestant fluid which crackles in every vein, I am a free man in a free country. Certainly no one, nourished with a tinge of arithmetic can say that this country is not free for I.O.U's glare defiance from every window of the Treasury—

Congress, set up like bowling pins,
Awaits each legislative bill.
From "Master" swish the ball doth spin
Down the alley with crashing spill.

Good old cracks at the U. S. A.
Messiah! God! From cheering stalls—
Forty-six—two on Treasury pay:
Democracy? It's all the balls!

A "Master" distributing the golden fluid until the nation is saturated with "More Democracy." The 1776 drum head sags, muffled with splashing beats: every fife toot a suck of coining honey: the flag, the fan to preserve sacred liberty from infection by Semitic and Hibernian pests.

Without a creed to bolster my flight, I am a lost gnat rallying around the flag. Raised as a Protestant until

the age of thirteen, such faith held little interest for me after trying all denominations. The Catholic faith I never embraced save on festival days; the Jewish faith had been denied because I had not the benefit of a local synagogue. Without a creed and a member of the staff on socialism's "The New York Call" before it became the Congressional Record via Fireside Chat, I was soon chased from the atheistic shrine. Like Spinoza, I was excommunicated from socialism's ranks and my title "Comrade" is lost somewhere in the fringe of Roosevelt's epaulettes.

And yet, as I look back through the years, it is difficult to choose a creed. When I see the Catholic altar aglow with candlelight, that is the only real church; when I hear the Christmas carols (since at one time I wore the cotta and cassock of a choir boy), my whole being thrills with Protestantism. This seems to satisfy my religious craving until the mournful chant of "Eli Eli" reaches my ears and then I am undone. Join the parade of the old "New York Call"? Not if Dante's circle of hell is offered first—where the flakes of fire stream down endlessly. Would it be hell, since I may end in that chamber, if the opportunity is given to say: "Brother, what's the fireside chat today?"

There is nothing to do, but wing it around the flag, unless I am brought low by governmental swat, and

yet a whoopypoops to him might send me skidding to the Emerald Isle. Then what? No Irish Catholic would entrust me with the last rites and tarnish the Pope for all time. No Irish Protestant would have any part of one who has the sheer brazenness to admit that he is a lost sheep and loves it. No Protestant sweepings, as you know, will be tolerated on papist, holy ground. A man without a religion is a man without a ball of earth under his feet in Ireland. But rant and carp as we will in times of stress, one cannot be buried from a barber shop nor a bird store. One, such as I, unless my fate should be a voyage with American seamen, eventually will be peddled from church to synagogue. God forbid that I fume away in public thoroughfares.

It is with a dizziness of merry-go-round futility that I rally round the flag, for in a copy of *Life*, May 9, 1938, in defense of the baby in a womb series of photographs, I beheld a picture of a woman holding up a forefinger in "mustn't mustn't" pose. Under the heading, "Mrs. Feehan scolds Mrs. Roosevelt" I read: "Mrs. Charles Feehan, president of the League of Catholic Women, scolded Mrs. Roosevelt for her commendation of the *Birth of a Baby* and her attitude on divorce . . . Next day Dorothy Thompson informed Mrs. Feehan bluntly: 'This is a Protestant country.'"

When one meditates over the visionary scope which Dorothy Thompson's line contains, no one can fail to concede that the great writer, recipient of a gold medal for humanitarian work, was the logical choice of an American society of social science. Certainly no line, despite its brevity, contains such a complete summary of the nation's plight today. It is pregnant with warning, for a slip of the pen can bring down an avalanche of medals, diplomas, college degrees and the rest of the bric-a-brac consistent with one hundred and fifty years of pioneer culture. Still, if one has faith in the all merciful Divinity one eventually can be spared.

But aside from the Republican Party's epitaph, this is a nation ruled by women and the Statue of Liberty is the symbol of a mother-in-law. The light never has spread its rays on the right mate and the book, if opened with dynamite may reveal: "It should have been done this way!" After a thorough blasting of succeeding pages it will be discovered that the message was the title and there was not time for further analysis. Such wisdom generally is Vassared down through braided offspring and is as unyielding as the pages of stone.

Aside from your enthusiasm for my paintings, dry points and lithographs you have expressed praise for my writing; various books, pamphlets and double-page chapters flaunted before a superior audience has stirred

you to written comment, but when you positively stamped in approval of "Three Cheers" (even buying the book) and that after a second reading, surely you must have been aware that, in this nation of superior women, you cannot do such a thing. Why you never asked some one for an American label ever shall remain a mystery. At least, when praising such work you should have tip-toed through the mail.

It is not my aim to prick you with the slightest voltage of censure, but after all you are a total stranger to these shores and a Britisher at that. If Democracy, enriched by the aristocracy of revolutionary tradition, completing a cycle of a century and a half, has finally been welded in a Washington crown, who are you, a subject of monarchy, to question such riveted freedom? Surely you could not have known that "Three Cheers" never should have been written, much less published.

But since you have been the only person on these shores, though never a recipient of a single favor, who has expressed approval of all my writing, despite college lamps reflecting the guidance of thirteen American publishers, there is nothing for me to do but hide you permanently between the covers of this book until such time as you aromatize in dedication.

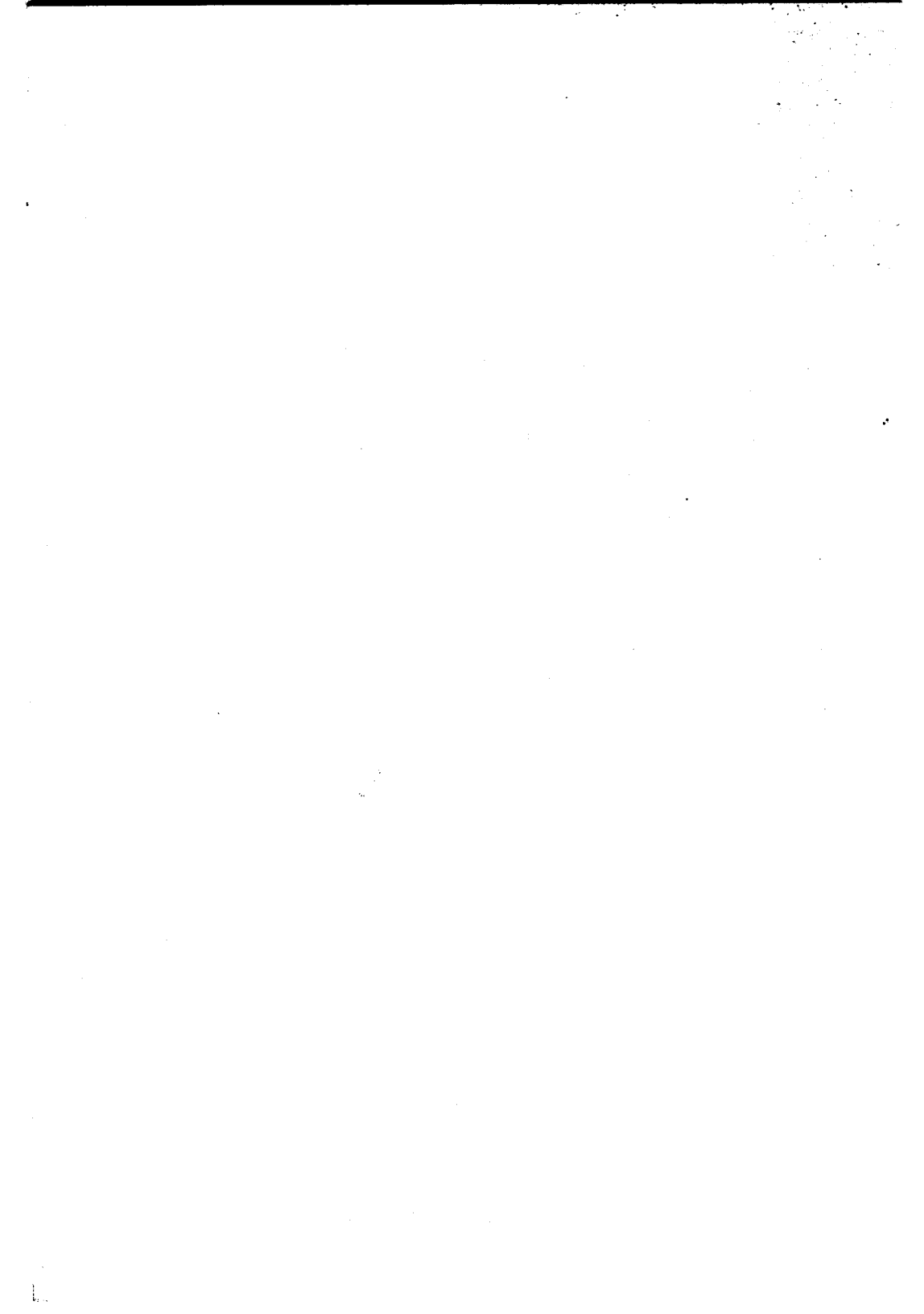
A MESSAGE

***A bee carries a sting, but differing from the wasp,
he also gives the honey***



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I

Communism's Background

RUSSIA, embracing the greater part of Europe and stretching into Asia, is unlike any European people, or for that matter, any other race, for the territory alone suggests the extent of the government's domination. Throughout its history, great changes took place, and, in the past, the only power which the monarchy held over the people when conditions became unbearable was a series of beatings with a knout, and putting down sporadic insurrections by the use of soldiers, secret police, incarceration and exile. And yet, conditions were such through the greater part of Russia's history, perhaps from the fifteenth century on, that the government never had full control of the empire and as time went on, a seething undercurrent gained momentum.

It is hard to compare Russia with any other nation due to its various channels of belief, but the only one idea which seemed to have national significance was the desire of the vast majority, mostly illiterate, to throw over the yoke of suppression or slavery. Many may wonder why this was not done before 1917, but when one delves into history, and certainly the book, "The Russian Revolution," covers that adequately, a

deeper understanding of Russia's problems will become apparent. To touch upon the situation regarding the methods of gaining a national freedom for the oppressed, there were various societies: the anarchists, socialists, nihilists, those who favored a democracy, and various sorts of schools, some aping western civilization, some aping another form, and no particular society had enough followers to carry on a revolution of national scope where all shared the same ideas concerning the overthrow of the empire. To give the idea in a picture: it could be, with no offense intended, compared perhaps to a zoo merely to analyze the situation. For instance, if there were eagles, ostriches, parrots and birds of various plumage, no one particular food would satisfy all, but each had their regular habits and nothing would level all birds at one time. This was the case of Russia, and secret societies worked under cover and no matter how many patriotic victims were brought to trial and executed, the struggle broke out afresh through all classes with one aim in mind, the overthrow of the rulers. At all times, the Czars were in danger, and the only recourse the rulers adopted were methods of tyranny, but again and again insurrection broke out, and that, in a picture, is the history of Russia, and certainly it cannot be compared to Germany, England, Italy, France or America, or any other nation. Even up to the time when Lenin became the dictator, there

were various nuances within the government replacing the monarchy.

It was Kaiser Wilhelm, I believe, who predicted that a revolution would take place, on the grounds that there was no substantial middle class in Russia, and that sooner or later, that great gulf between the aristocrats and the peasants, where there was no common ground for understanding, would terminate in a nation-wide revolution.

When one listens to Russian music, such as Tschai-kovsky's, and especially the *Marche Slave*, one senses the sadness of Russia. And yet, there is something of the Orient in the *Caucasian Sketches*, and in Rimsky-Korsakov's music, but underlying it all, whether it be in the music or the writing, there is the note of sadness. Dostoievski, Tolstoy, Pushkin, Chekhov, Turgenev, reveal this tendency, and Russia, judged from these angles alone, presents an enigma to the American mind, if not all Europe. Russia ever was a loose fabric, and in the series of revolutions, famines, enough to sear any nation, this country somehow or other held together.

In an essay, "Need It Be So?" Tolstoy in his incisive style pleads for better conditions for the workingman. Touching upon the terrific conditions of the miners, the plowmen, and those toiling in the foundry, he reveals the unfairness of the times, where all worked twelve to sixteen hours a day. These illiterate toilers

had but Sunday to relax in drunkenness at some public house where money, sorely needed for bread, went over the bar. He compares such conditions, as did Zola, with the idle class, stressing that one horse and an equipage would be worth more than many sagging, decrepit horses behind the plows; stressing that the women buying finery earned the obsequious bows from attendants at the shops because of the wealth, and stressing that many hands were numb with toil, laboring over the fineries for Milady. But with it all, it was a condition of the times which was unfair to the laboring masses, and such a condition, as in the conditions previous to the French Revolution, did, in the end, terminate in a revolution.

Turgot, too, fought for humanity when he was in charge of a French province, antedating the French Revolution. The conditions were much the same. Humanity was driven like slaves, and all were tenants to a class who gave them little or nothing but a bare existence. No one would approve of such conditions where humanity is used to serve the gratifications of porcine-jowled landowners. But as I said, these conditions were applicable to an era of the past, and while France gained independence through revolution, Russia is still in the yoke and is no better off than it was during the enslaved era. Families in Russia are under the state, and the herd of humanity in Soviet Russia today

trudges on to the rhythm of the *Marche Slave* as they did generations ago. And yet, the New Deal is aping that program for America and had laid the plans for the exact duplication. Will America accept such a regime in place of democracy?

Somewhere in Lord Morley's Works, and I believe it is the biography of Burke, he touches upon the difference between two great thinkers, Turgot and Burke, and with a view to the differentiation between the characters, points out that Burke, the impassioned Irishman, one of the greatest writers and statesmen England ever produced, fought for humanity with that gusto and strength of purpose that is Ireland's pride. Turgot, as I said, had been the economic genius in a French province and had struggled to place humanity on a self-sustaining basis. Later when he became premier to the King, he was looked upon as the most unpopular figure, for he knew from firsthand knowledge the struggles that the peasants dug from the very soil, their hands gnarled, earning a bare pittance; and he knew from firsthand knowledge that there was dissent, a portentous rumble growing from the peasantry and swelling as it grew from province to province, but Turgot was cool and calculating and, while he had great sympathy, he realized, as Morley brought out, that humanity never wants to hear the truth, whereas Burke, regardless of whether they wanted to hear it or

not, did at various times inflame his hearers with his coruscating oratory.

Humanity never does care to hear the truth and if anything is uttered or written which has a disturbing note, the person bringing such a note into their consciousness is labelled a radical or a nut. In America, especially, we have this condition where the people are not interested in any ideas which conform to truth: the Treasury deficit situation is dismissed when the facts become appalling. The rank and file seem to share the viewpoint of Roosevelt in regard to this colossal deficit: somehow by methods of spending it will work itself out.

It is the soil of apathy in a nation where the seeds of dissension flourish. Then again, this country is composed of all nationalities and with immigration to America dating from a few yesterdays, the troubles of centuries are still embedded in the racial blood of the citizens. It does not take a great deal to touch upon old wounds; prick them and start irritation.

The thought might occur to the mind of a detached reader little interested in the history of Russia, terminating in the decisive revolution, although precipitated by many others, and certainly the revolution of '05, why Russia has drawn away from the church. When it is understood that the church of Russia was merged to a great extent with the pomp and circumstance of

autocracy, and regal ceremonies had been watched by surging masses, one can, I believe, understand the swing to atheism. The masses of Russia, and the greater part illiterate, eked out a bare existence, and as Tolstoy brought out, the hours of toil overbalanced human endurance. Perhaps great altars and robes of the priests suggested opulence of the autocracy when famine clutched the land. It was therefore natural that the church should be a part of the autocracy which fell.

Dostoievski in "The Brothers Karamazov" has a character, the second of three brothers, who reveals the atheistic trend of Russia. The searching of the intellectuals and the sorrow of the lowest classes are revealed in the literature of Russia. "The Insulted and the Injured" and the "Poor People" of Dostoievski covered Russia, and certainly Dostoievski paid for his writing.*

*From my book "Patriotism":

"*Patriot*: Then allow me to offer an example of a man, a great original writer, who did more for the poor, the sick and the helpless of Russia than any other man. I mean Dostoievski. This man's novels cried out for the relief of the suffering peasantry. Merely for the reading of a radical letter to a circle of friends, he was put under arrest. Together with other suspects, this author was lined up before a firing squad, and shivering with the intense cold, the culprits listened to the reading of their death sentence. When the soldiers were about to fire, a messenger arrived from the Czar with a commutation of sentence to long imprisonment. Dostoievski was then exiled to Siberia where he was confined for four years, during which time he endured severe hardships. He

All Russian literature, as I said, reveals the brooding of the race, and it is perhaps the clearest analysis, aside from historical documents, that one can gain from that portion of humanity. Turgenev's short stories and certainly his novel, "Fathers and Sons," reveal the atheistic tendencies of the character, Bazarov, the nihilist. I can think of no greater portrayal of characterization than one line of Turgenev. It is so sweeping that it is Shakespearean in its scope. Bazarov reveals atheism when he sneers: "The only time I look to Heaven is when I want to sneeze."

The suffering of the masses naturally reflected itself in the literature of Russia, and certainly cruelty and famine and Siberian exile encouraged the swing to

was finally pardoned, but instead of renouncing his country, this great genius worked unceasingly to alleviate the suffering of the downtrodden poor of Russia. In debt for the greater part of his life, Dostoevski never faltered in taking up the burden for his unfortunate fellowmen. When his eyes closed in eternal sleep, all Russia paid him homage. The lowest peasants, as well as princes, gathered at his bier to pay tribute to the genius of Dostoevski, because, above all art, he *was* a patriot. There is something exalted about the kind of socialism that aspires to solace the suffering of the poor, the sick and the helpless within one's country. Metallic brilliance was not its aim as it is in the case of this buttered socialism of Shaw's, which tosses aside the sacred standards of home, of country, and of God, for power and gold.

"Pacifist: Times have changed since those days in which Dostoevski lived.

"Patriot: Wisdom knows no time."

unbelief—atheism. One understanding and feeling for all Russia cannot help but sympathize with that which its suffering humanity endured; one then understands the swing to atheism, and more the pity of it.

On the other hand, America attempting to inherit all the sorrows of Russia and glibly adopting the whole program is laughable presumption, for this nation has never had one iota of that suffering which has befallen humanity. They do not know what it is about.

When Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I had data concerning child labor and attacked it, for this condition was, and still is, a deplorable condition calling for reform. But the matter rests with the states and the plan of the Administration, while it offers a remedy, is not unaware of an advantage to be gained: the Administration is not aiming to cure the ill, but rather to stretch out its tentacles and control all the youth. Regimentation in any form is detrimental to the liberty of all. It is America's weakest spot and the Russians, using the Administration for a pawn, know it. They have gotten their doctrines through schools and, if all children can be controlled, it will be just a matter of time before the democracy falls.

It took centuries of suffering, exile, incarceration and countless deaths before an illiterate mass of humanity finally threw over the fetters and seized the government. From 1917 on, riots broke out and a

leaderless mob surged through the streets of Moscow and Petrograd, invading homes, palaces and shops, seizing everything. Soldiers and sailors mingled with the mobs and guns were fired without thought as to the destination of the bullets. The cities were in a state of hopeless confusion from revolution after revolution. Lenin finally took the reins and the most ruthless methods of discipline were employed before the people awakened to the fact that, differing from France, they were just where they started. There was no freedom for the workers, but all had to conform to a dictatorial power—"or else."

It is from this that Roosevelt has taken his pattern. Perhaps he does not realize his similarity to Kerensky, the enthusiast, the dreamer: perhaps he does not realize that Kerensky's reign was brief and disorder followed. Does Roosevelt really know the vicissitudes through which Russia passed before Lenin came into power? Does he know that Lenin and Stalin suffered exile and for many years they had planned, together with others, the overthrow of the monarchy? These men, Lenin and Stalin, were not pampered by parents and had not the benefit of falling into political soft spots. They had to move with secrecy; they suffered and knew that their road was a rough one. They had their bitter taste of reverses in youth and middle age. Roosevelt has had nothing but success and he has yet

to prove himself under fire. He is revealing himself now to the amazement of the masses. What gives Roosevelt the idea that, with impunity, he can carry out the orders of Russia, namely, inflaming the working classes? When the soldiers and sailors of Russia threw discipline to the winds, dismissed all officers, non-commissioned officers rose into power. Does Roosevelt know that he is the one man who is doing more to start a revolution than any man in power? Does he know that, if the workers, believing in his incessant taunts against the wealthy and the educated, ever rise and start the looting which took place in Russia, they will pick their own leaders, or rather those naturally endowed with ability will seize power? Look at Lewis who gave Roosevelt orders. Does this vainglorious man, Roosevelt, ever realize the truth, that he is the stepping stone of Communism, nothing more? When brain trusters referred to Roosevelt as a Kerensky, stating that a Stalin would follow, they spoke truth, for our good leader is a double for that gushing man who was swept into the vortex of a mob until he was lost sight of, and the hardened leaders seized Kerensky's place. The same will work out in Roosevelt's case if America wants riots instead of democracy.

Continued messages of hate, hate and more hate brought Spain to ruin. Is it brilliance on the part of

12 WOULD COMMUNISM WORK OUT IN AMERICA?

Roosevelt to incite people to such a state of mind? What can follow such stressing of the masses' imagined ills, but revolution? Roosevelt is getting Russia's chestnuts out of the fire, and while it seems like a very bright job he is doing, let us face a truth. Was he placed in the White House to carry out the orders of Moscow or the American people? Would Communism work out in America even if Roosevelt does succeed in carrying out Moscow's orders?

II

The Frog, Differing from a Nightingale, Shares His One Note With Millions

THE "Essay on Roosevelt's Second Inaugural Address" was published in two pages of advertising space in the New York *Sun*, July 13, 1937. In a box, introducing the Essay, I wrote:

"Since I, Percy Crosby, have been listed as a 'tax-dodger,' I believe I made myself very clear on the issue regarding taxes in a letter to Senator Wheeler, dated March 11, 1937, praising him for his stand in upholding the Supreme Court. The conclusion of that letter to the Senator follows:

" 'In writing this letter, please know that it is from a citizen proud of his vote, proud of his nation, and from a citizen who is a creator and shall never be anything but that. It is from a citizen who believes that freedom for the individual is the most sacred heritage. It is from a citizen who is willing to pay any amount of taxes under the Constitutional form of government, and that willingly, but it is from a citizen who shall never pay toll to a one-man rule government at any price.'

“The following Essay was published by me February 15th, and 10,000 copies were sent through the channels of selected mailing lists. A copy was sent to every member of the House and the Senate, and to 2,000 newspaper editors over the United States.”

While the New York *Journal-American* and the New York *Tribune* were anxious to carry the Essay in two pages of advertising space, it may be interesting to learn that the Essay was offered to the New York *Times*. They refused to publish it. *Why?*

The Essay was published in six pages of “Editor and Publisher” for the week of July 17, 1937. In that same issue an editorial discussed the Essay: in a flare of visionary conception, or should one add prescience, the writer of the editorial said: “The Presidential address to which Mr. Crosby devotes his critical attention had, in addition to its high sponsorship, its strongest popular attraction in the phrases and the thinking with which Mr. Crosby finds the most fault. It is undeniable that Mr. Crosby’s excellent prose lacks the kind of thinking that turns votes, however much it may appeal to one who feels similarly. Its length is an almost insuperable obstacle to a type dress in newspaper space which could point up its arguments and drive at least some of them home to a newspaper clientele accustomed to reading at the gallop. And so long as the editors and Mr. Crosby content themselves with essays and editorials, Mr.

Roosevelt will be delighted to take the headlines. They won for him in 1936."

Such a burst of brilliancy did not come as a surprise for, on the day the Essay was published in the *New York Sun*, a Washington correspondent of "Editor and Publisher" wired, asking what was the purpose of the Essay. Such flashes from the lighthouse of the nation's press are momentous. Has our Democracy passed away—has it nothing left to recommend it to even the memory? What is the purpose of the Essay? Where have I been all this time? Am I walking around in an 1812 sailor's top hat? If the last century has not been turned inside out and I have the necessary credentials entitling me to a place in the nineteenth century, is it any wonder that converted Russians rushed to the polls to hurry along their slavery?

Since the writer of the "Editor and Publisher" editorial stresses "headlines," suggesting that they won for Roosevelt in 1936, it would seem that if the "newspaper clientele accustomed to reading at the gallop" took time to analyze the situation and resisted "headlines" they might not be faced with slavery for their children. But perhaps that would be placing too much of a mental strain on a galloping generation; a generation which likes to "gallop" along with literary labels supplied by critics and, by the acceptance of such labels, like toads in a reptile museum, they are nearer the goal which our good leader has selected.

Still, once the "road ahead" has been taken with a "gallop" or hops, their souls will be digested at leisure. Does not this "gallop" minded population of America find reflection in the line in Tugwell's "The Battle for Democracy": "We write against time?" If the newspaper reader passed over the Essay, instead of taking everything at a "gallop," they would discover that I quoted the "Communist Manifesto" and in a closing line we find: ". . . to win the battle of democracy." What a coincidence that Professor Tugwell chose "The Battle for Democracy" for a title. What is the exact difference between Tugwell's writing: "We write against time" and Roosevelt's "Now!" "Now!" "Now!"

Perhaps I could make myself clear if the reader is not on the "gallop" by saying that in a book which I wrote and published in 1936 when all were *so sure* of their "gallop" that I quoted Tugwell's "The Battle for Democracy" and quoted parts of Roosevelt's Baltimore speech. Did Tugwell write Roosevelt's speeches?

There is that much difference in Roosevelt's prepared thinking and that of genius as there is between a chanting frog and a star. Somewhere between the noisy frog and the gleaming star there are blind bats who, unable to see the light, focus their entire attention on the frog. Since the press of the nation accepts such editorials as that of the "Editor and Publisher" with serious mien, small wonder that the American press is a little bats.

III

“Headlines”: Communism’s Transport

SINCE the writer of the “Editor and Publisher” editorial said: “. . . content to take the headlines,” it calls for a little analysis of the American press. These headlines given to Roosevelt, followed by an attitude of the entire press of the nation to fawn before potential dictatorial powers, does not speak well for the freedom of the press. Moreover, the press of America, during Roosevelt’s reign, helped Communism to a great extent, for it gave it one of its strongest footholds. Perhaps the writer of the editorial is taking too much credit for the press when he speaks of editorials, for I know of none that *analyzed* the inaugural address. When, as I brought out in the Essay on his inaugural address, he had one headline which did not place him in an advantageous position, he demurred and in flashing pique said, “There are times when headlines are not in order.” Since he had gotten them for years, it was telling the press that he did not like it, and the press failed to pick up and attack him on this very point and it was a rare opportunity.

However, the “headlines” served Communism’s end, and the masses, reading over headlines, gained the

idea that they had some god. The press is responsible for this. Then again, the press, with rare exceptions, and that in editorial, helped the "headlines," so one wonders where the majority of editorials in this nation did anything but fawn. When Roosevelt was mildly taken to task for some outrageous violation of the Constitution, one reading such editorial soon got the picture of the editor in thumb-biting reverie. Such editorial, and a countless number followed the same pattern, started off with a mild rebuke and ended in a panegyric of the man's political wizardry.

Aside from spending billions of dollars, with little or no record of the expenditure, calling people by their first names, and spreading dissension in the press and over the radio, stirring up smouldering embers of class hatred, what has Roosevelt accomplished in construction? Communism's one consistent note is that same note of hatred which Roosevelt spreads at every opportunity. The Dhammapada, an Oriental religion, antedating the New Testament, reveals: "For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time: hatred ceases by love—this is an old rule."

Can any member of the nation's press recall just one single speech of Roosevelt's in the last three years which did not spread the Communist hate? *Just one?* What has the American press gained by its "headlines" other than to further the factious aims of Communism?

These bursts of oratorical hate brought Lewis, Moscow’s pet, from obscurity to “headlines.” Day after day, the front pages flared with what Lewis did, with what he said; photographs of the man in dictatorial attitudes confronted the people of the nation, and sit-down strikes were played up for circulation, and all the time Communism, thanks to Roosevelt, surged to the front with banners waving; the Red banners were exemplified in headlines, and yet, as time moves on, how brief are headlines, for as soon as Lewis met the stone wall of resistance of a few men who refused to comply with the Roosevelt-Lewis combination, this Communist agitator was swept from the front pages. One wonders if the Roosevelt-Lewis combination had whipped the steel industry, whether America would have fallen, for Roosevelt at all times had never uttered a word of opposition. If Karl Marx is not considered brilliant, how can a “comrade” spouting soapbox theories, spilling the same line of slops together with millions of others be construed as a wizard? “There are times when ‘headlines’ are out of order” and that is when they further the Communistic state instead of Democracy.

IV

“The ill-clad, the ill-nourished
and the ill-housed”;

OR,

Rise, Workers, Rise!

WHAT are the masses fighting for according to Communist arguments, and the answer is the liberation of the working classes. How can there be liberation of the masses when a few self-appointed “experts” rule millions; rule them by force of arms; levy taxes and make the people pay without a voice in the proceedings? How can there be liberation for the working classes in America under a Communistic regime when the masses have no say in the matter, but rather comply with the rules forced on them?

Here are people seething under imaginary fetters; eyes staring and brows contracted, they brood over the imagined conditions which prevent them from asserting themselves. They dream of the day of awakening: that day when the workers come into their Utopia. With full freedom of the right to assemble; to express their grievances and with full freedom of a press, these pawns of Communist agitators strain at the chains of slavery and hope for the day when they

will open their daily papers and read the censored news, the censored editorials; hope for the day when soldiers and secret police will disperse any gathering expressive of voicing the people's grievances: these people, hoping for the day when the tyranny of the factory, mines, foundry and shop will be expanded into government so that the two can be combined. And this, "my friends," is the liberation for which the masses are struggling. Mr. Smith hammers a fist on the table, after hearing a soapbox orator: "The working classes have suffered long enough, but I say, 'Throw down the chains!'" The children become frightened as the livid faced head of the family bangs on the table: "Free the working man!" Every listener of the Communist agitator is saying the same thing and the only difference is that more children are frightened and more dogs are barking. In the end, these liberation neophytes succeed in winning freedom from a government of freedom.

A butterfly, convincing himself that he carries the sun on the wing, may look very pretty, or brilliant, hovering above a colony of ants, plodding along with the hind quarter of a spider's leg, building or repairing the colony, but if ant colonies tolerate Platos or Aristotles, allowing time out for meditation, such ants might pause to watch the flight of the butterfly and wonder: "Does he know where he's going?"

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But when the red ants invade the colony, neither the blacks nor the reds have time to consider the butterfly. He will be forgotten for leaders of ants are not found in cocoons.

V

Talking from the Moscow Room of the Spite House

WHO is this man who sneezes turning newspaper city rooms into a furore until extras are rushed to anxious throngs with headlines: "Gazoonite!" When the mood comes over our economic spoilist, he sweeps programs off the air, and, in "fireside chat" gives the subjects under his domination the inside facts of government. We are treated to a picture of "John" sitting on the edge of a chair as the great man teases him into a belief that there is danger of dictatorship, then, at the right moment, John's fears are banished by one of those great strokes and we all chuckle at the plight of "John." The people are assured when Roosevelt states that he is going to turn over his desk to his successor in 1941. *He* makes the decision. Then the "chat" goes into the serious side of government, a detached talk stressing the deplorable condition of the country when he took over office. The subjects hear of all the progress until they purr in contentment. Then there is a flicker of warmth which soon reaches a fireside blaze until it spreads to the curtains and everything is aflame. The breathless subjects are petrified! Progress was at the threshold,

but the people become astounded with the facts—the Supreme Court has usurped the government and a stunned audience hears the truth for the first time since last Tuesday—these nine men are crushing the souls of the people. Something must be done for there is no time for delay and our breathless leader expounds the deplorable conditions which face the nation. The Dust Bowl is in the Gulf and the Gulf is lost in the Adirondacks. We must do something and a gasp of our leader, a ghostly gasp warns: “Now!” The subjects realize for the thousandth time that the Supreme Court is not above reproach, these nine Methuselahs have been up to something, but as the saying goes “Murder will out.” In ghostly gasps our economic spoilsman cries out; cries out in curdling shrieks that the Supreme Court has meddled with the machinery of government. “Do something” or “all shall be lost” stirs the listeners to a realization of impending doom. In a state of crazed excitement, confused voters rearrange the rooms or windows are raised as sympathetic listeners shout “Scat!” We are faced with disaster—cruel disaster if something is not done—not next month, not next Whitsuntide but—“Now!” Distracted, the Tammanyized millions are beside themselves for “*something*” must be done and in the haste to carry out an immediate program, children are soundly cuffed and before they scurry away a warning rings in

their ears that, under no circumstances should they be seen taking candy from the Supreme Court. These listeners are about to consider their duty performed when another "Nowowwow" sends them recoiling.

The great leader explains the three branches of government and compares them to horses—two of them "toiling, sorrowing" as they plod their weary way, but not "rejoicing," for one horse of this three yoked team refuses to move; refuses to budge and pulls at the traces. Our leader finally explains this parable when he announces, "I am one of the horses." Horse?

Six months have passed and the subjects are still reminded that to wait another minute, nay, a second, may be the undoing of the government. Another horse is beginning to balk in the traces and, due to the refractory Court, the Gulf has turned to a sand dune. Something must be done! "Now!" Where is Congress, the Marines, Mr. Farley, the Boy Scouts, the Chamber of Commerce, the Treasury? Oh, somebody "do something," for the poor workers are suffering; in silence and without complaint these "ill-clad, ill-nourished and ill-housed" have found the factories in the land insupportable. In utter despair, these poor workers have slugged their homeward way. Can't *somebody* do something "Nowowwow"?

Must we, the people, stand by and see "economic royalists" oppress the people, placing railroad tracks in their way until the "ill-nourished" are compelled to dynamite a path to home? Have they no friends, but the postmasters? Are these "ill-housed" in such utter distress that they must live in factories with ventilation so bad, that to receive a breath of air, their "ill-nourished" women are forced to open the windows with a blizzard of bricks?

VI

Oh, for Another Crisis!

SINCE writing the Essay, I have been the recipient of mail, giving the people's impressions of the Essay, and perhaps five people gave me credit for knowing something about it—five ordinary men. Every other letter, and there were not more than thirty, contained suggestions. Some thought the advertising should have been played up in six to eight pages with very large print, and of course this goes right into the "headline" category, proving that people do not read unless things are in large type. It never occurred to these people that advertising space costs thousands of dollars, but aside from that, all these people were critical and knew just how it should have been done. One lady construed the Essay as something written in the heat of anger. This newspaper reader informed me that if the mood came over me again to attack our good President, although she was against what he was doing, I should count ten, and if very angry, count one hundred.

If people, content with manuropean tactics, did a little counting themselves, instead of advising others to do it, they would get a better idea of the national treasury deficit, merrily hooping into another century.

Before the 1936 election, Roosevelt, as we know, never intimated that he intended to usurp the Supreme Court, making it subservient to the Executive branch. In brief, the whole issue was covered in the Democratic platform, and any change affecting the Supreme Court was to be taken up by Amendment. When Roosevelt secured the election, he rode into the White House on a caravan of press "headlines." At no time did he ever consider the wishes of the people but sprang the scheme on Congress whom he had controlled. Every wish of the President's had been obeyed and he figured that Congress would carry out his aims in regard to expunging the Supreme Court. In a word, it was the most daring attempt, the most treasonable gesture to destroy the government. Up to the time he met a refractory Senate, the President did not stoop to such a thing as asking the people whether they wanted the change or whether they did not.

It was not until he met a stiffened opposition in the Upper House, that Roosevelt, as a last resource, decided to lay the facts before the people. Having used the radio in a series of addresses where the keynote was utter hopelessness for the nation unless the Supreme Court was purged of old men; and having informed the people of a panic—disaster, and finding that the Court was still there the day after his last address, Roosevelt found, to his unutterable disgust,

that he would have to wait for Congress. Here was the most awful panic in the world about to break and the world's saviour had to mark time. After months, the first bill aimed at the Court failed. Then more delay and the second met a worse fate. This did not affect Roosevelt one iota. He construed it as the deceit of the minority—the Liberty League.

It would seem that the President, with an eye to the 1938 elections, will take advantage of the absence of Congress to carry the issue before the people again. When the Constitution, the Supreme Court, the Congress and every phase of the government which has stood the test of wars gets in the way of our economic spoils, the time has come to analyze the situation. Why is it that every part of Constitutional government tends to retard the whims or the will of this man?

If this President disdains popular opinion in regard to the packing of the Court, it is an indication of how people would fare under such a ruler if they opposed him. No longer the parade soldier pince-nezzing with a glitter of brass buttons and indulging his vanity with the strains of martial music, "Hail to the Chief." This man has revealed his *dictratorial* tendencies in a temporary defeat. He intends to lash out at the Congress who has opposed him, using more trickery and still more to have other men returned so that he can put over his measure once again. So many tricks

have been put over on the people that one loses count. Somehow or other, the "Here it is, here it isn't" goes for a time, but America may wake up when they realize that the dollar is the "isn't."

It seems deplorable that a contumacious minority should clutter the "road ahead" where Economic Democracy will be enshrined; where Roosevelt will parcel out the freedom necessary for the "majority." It looked like such a wide, whizzing thoroughfare from the inaugural throne, and now these insufferable detours of "horse and buggy" dimensions. Here was a perfectly lovely panic, where an indigo sun rose and fell, blending with the bottomless abyss, so beautifully destructive to the frightened gaze and then this unforeseen delay. Now we have to have another panic, but will it be as terrible as the one portrayed? That lovely picture—must it be dismissed? That treasure? Do the people realize that it is no mean performance to paint such a picture in every living-room of the land and then see it disappear up the sniff tubes? Where can one get a better panic? Perhaps the end of the world, or no, a war in Heaven—angels fighting and harps dripping with blood. That's it—that'll *now* them! Paradise Lost? War in Heaven? God? Lucifer? Milton? Oh, damn Milton!

VII

Roosevelt's Income Tax—Where's Got It!

SINCE we are on the subject of "headlines," it would seem that when Congressman Fish, representing Roosevelt's district, stated that he intended to go into Roosevelt's income tax statements, our good leader became aware of such a possibility and stole the "headlines" away from Representative Fish by taking newspaper men around his estate to prove that he was no farmer, but merely a man raising Christmas trees. This made such a great impression upon a Congressional committee that they immediately stopped further inquiries and claimed that Roosevelt's income tax return met with all requirements. Still, the thought persists that Representative Fish gave the readers of papers to understand that he could divulge some news regarding an evasive tinge in connection with the President's income return. After the matter was silenced by a Congressional committee, the Chief Executive did not offer to show his report to the citizens of the nation, but rather was content to show the income tax reports of other people.

Previous to the Congressional committee's approval of President Roosevelt's income tax report, indicating that Roosevelt's income return met with full

approval, the Honorable Hamilton Fish stated in so many words that he had some angles of Roosevelt's income tax that he wished to bring before the people. However, now that the statements of Representative Fish met with subdued "headlines" suggestive that the President's income was not without evasive interruptions, where a cornucopia or two might have been missed, the sweeping verdict of the Congressional committee stopped any further "headlines" involving Mr. Fish's statements. Such a verdict on the part of a Congressional committee has now placed the Representative from New York in a position, where, if he accepts such a verdict from the Congressional committee, he admits that facts in his possession are questionable. Has he been silenced due to a lack of facts? If this be the case, then it places the Honorable Hamilton Fish in the most unfortunate light to which a statesman can be subjected in the entire history of government. But then, on the other hand, one is aware that Mr. Roosevelt has not rushed into newspaper offices demanding "headlines" exposing his income tax to public scrutiny. Certainly if there is nothing evasive in the income tax of our good leader, then it will be the only thing upon which he has not been evasive in his five years in the White House.

If the President's income tax is what it should be, especially since the Administration had the brilliant

idea of opening up such matters for public perusal, the President, of all people, should be willing to place *his* cards on the table.

If a man in a card game calls everybody, and after seeing the cards of the other players, finds that the highest hand against him is a pair of kings, he cannot take the pot, purring: "Well, I've got aces," without showing them. Those who have tried it are nursing headstones. If the supposed winner refuses to show his cards, but takes one or two players out of seven aside and in whispering confidence gives them to understand that he has the winning pasteboards, should the five players accept such a verdict without seeing the cards? Surely the President would be in a far stronger position if he placed his cards on the table. I am not satisfied with the Congressional committee's decision concerning Roosevelt's income tax return at any time. The Administration "exposed" the income tax reports of citizens to the public gaze, "exposed" their private business: on the other hand, when there was danger of having Roosevelt's private affairs "exposed" to public scrutiny, the Congressional committee hurriedly closed the issue. Why was the "President" so jittery? Roosevelt is not a king, he is a citizen up to the time he kills the Supreme Court, but then, perhaps we are playing Hyde Park and seek.

VIII

Paging Karl Marx

MILLIONS of people under the domination of one man rulers have either had cause to be grateful or resentful for the influence exercised upon the rulers by their wives.

However, no ruler's wife, I believe, ever has indulged in such peregrinations as those of Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt. A veritable gushing hither and thither to Bear Mountain, over the Smokies, and over the Rockies, ferry boating or aeroplaning, onward she goes, a dynamo of energy. A skip, hop and jump to a Camp Fire Girls' conference, and getting away just in time to don miner's overalls and a lamp to meet the photographers somewhere in the bowels of the earth. One imagines a flashing glance at a wristwatch and then a speed elevator taking the First Lady to the ground level where an aeroplane awaits. A whirr as a mountain is hurdled and we next find Mrs. Eleanor halfway through a radio program. These trivialities brushed aside, there's furniture salesmanship, perusal of school papers, gossip with children, egg frying, and sofa sewing is the grist for a daily syndicated column—"My Day."

I will quote from her column published August 14, 1937:

“In the evening we read aloud, finishing ‘The Countryman’s Year,’ by David Grayson.

“I know it is all wrong to turn down the corners of pages in books. But what should you do if you want to find those pages again, to re-read certain parts?

“This book has many pages turned down. One page expressed so well what I often wanted to say, but I always felt inadequate when I tried to clothe it in words. I’ll give it to you here from the book:

“But one idea, one great and beautiful curative idea, I think I have seen growing through the years. I heard it expressed long ago by the Negro leader, Booker T. Washington. “You cannot keep the Negro in the gutter without staying there with him.” I have seen it clear in Henry Ford’s admonition that the prosperity of industry rests not upon the exploitation of labor, but upon making labor itself prosperous—thus enabling the workman to buy the products of industry.

“Science, above all, is shot through with it:—For hookworm in any part of the world without endangering our own children. If this idea, that men are inextricably bound together, that the welfare of each is the welfare of all—if only this idea can continue to grow, to become greater and stronger, many human ills will disappear.’

“Bravo, Mr. Grayson! I wish you could preach

that doctrine the world over! Many of us agree with you, but not enough as yet."

Perhaps in the writing, one gains some conception of Mrs. Roosevelt's gushing personality, and I believe her praise of Mr. Grayson's book is suggestive of that unrestrained enthusiasm for something looked upon as brand new. Everything Mr. Grayson has said is as old as God. I imagine the sentence regarding hookworm is misquoted, for it makes little sense. The idea that all men are bound together is not Mr. Grayson's idea by any amount of means, for it can be found in great philosophies and great religions.

Lenin, too, was taken by a book, which he enthused over to such extent that he never departed from its teachings and he believed in it so much that millions of Russians are now sharing the results of that enthusiasm, and they share little else.

The word "exploitation" is as plentiful in Communistic "literature" as fleas on a mangy dog.

"If this idea, that men are inextricably bound together, that the welfare of each is the welfare of all—if only this idea can continue to grow, to become greater and stronger, many human ills will disappear."—is embodied in the Constitution, which protects the individual rights of man and, by so doing, protects "the welfare of all." But the Constitution does not specify a working class alone—it means all classes and that is

where Mr. Roosevelt parts company with the Constitution.

Since Hyde Park has a habit of turning down pages of books, why not turn down a page of John Mill's essay "On Liberty," where he writes: "A time however, came in the progress of human affairs, when men ceased to think it a necessity of nature that their governors should be an independent power, opposed in interest to themselves. It appeared to them much better that the various magistrates of the state should be their tenants or delegates, revocable at their pleasure. In that way alone, it seemed, could they have complete security that the powers of government would never be abused to their disadvantage."

If the time lags around the Christmas tree nursery, this extract from the same essay has food for reflection: "What was now wanted was, that the rulers should be identified with the people; that their interest and will should be the interest and will of the nation. The nation did not need to be protected against its own will. There was no fear of its tyrannizing over itself. Let the rulers be effectually responsible to it, promptly removable by it, and it could afford to trust them with power of which it could itself dictate the use to be made. Their power was but the nation's own power, concentrated, and in a form convenient for exercise."

The author means that its *own* will should be con-

centrated in the executive, *not* the will of Russia. Every act of the Administration is aimed to destroy "the welfare of each" and "the welfare of all."

Since such books are read openly at Hyde Park, it is no wonder that we have the New Deal. If, instead of turning down the pages, the President and his family turned down all the Communist rule books, the nation would be in a better situation than it is today.

IX

Sounding Mental Depths of a Member of Congress

I RECEIVED a very enlightening speech made by the Honorable Charles Eckert of Pennsylvania, on the cover of which it said "(Not printed at Government expense)." But at the same time, since there was no stamp on the envelope, the good Congressman took advantage of the mail. Still, that is not so strange since the Administration has taken advantage of the mail, perhaps without the knowledge of *some* citizens.

This speech is all about poor labor and the workers and how they have no rights, and that God owns all the land, and to go over it would be merely a repetition of the Communist rule books. It is Karl Marx, Lenin, Roosevelt, Tugwell. But since Roosevelt has his own speeches prepared, one wonders if this was not prepared for the Congressman. The reader must judge.

I quote from the Congressman's speech: "President Roosevelt has publicly declared that the most effective guide for the safety of this most worldly of worlds is moral principle. This is ancient wisdom, applicable at all times and under all circumstances. Unless the activities of government have the sanction of ethics

and good morals, evil fruits will be the harvest. Good morals decree—Thou shalt not steal.

“This applies to nations as well as individuals. The vice of the violation of this moral precept is the taking of the rightful property of another without his consent.”

Then at the close of his speech we find: “The importance of the land question and its relation to the labor problem are well illustrated in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. There thousands of men were unemployed. The principal occupation of these unemployed is coal mining. When the depression came, the operators closed the mines. The miners, of course, lost their jobs. But something happened. Here were large quantities of virgin coal in the bowels of the earth. True, these coal beds, under the present scheme of things, are private property. But some of the miners, faced with their own and their families’ wants, flouted the law, took possession of the private property and, without the aid of employers, are busily engaged in the production of coal and thus are solving their own problem of unemployment.”

One need go no further than this, and that is the trouble with all Communist arguments from Karl Marx down, and of course in the down, somewhere along the path, we find President Roosevelt. Whoever wrote the speech has the same tendency as all Communists have, and that is, to trip themselves up. There

are two points here: First, "Do not steal," and then "Go ahead and steal." If this is representative of a Congressman's line of reasoning, no wonder it compares favorably with Roosevelt's, for both are merely the pawns of Moscow.

X

Freedom: "Say It With Flowers!"

WE know that the Supreme Court got in Roosevelt's way, and he has interpreted that body, which has been able to survive one hundred and fifty years, as toadies of "economic royalists." You have to have "royalists" because Russia had them and it makes a better "revolution." These nine plotters broke the windows of the under-privileged classes, using their black gowns to hide their factious pilgrimages. It has been known that all the New Deal's work has been undone in the Tennessee regions, for after engineers had erected a great power plant, the Supreme Court, fully robed, and under cover of night, pulled the plug and let all the water run away. It was difficult but the people should know these things. Roosevelt has stressed the idea that the "majority rules," and by "majority" we know, of course, that there is just *one class* of people in the United States to be considered; this poor, alienized portion of our citizenry, working forty-nine hours a day, have no time for leisure, and, having no golf clubs, but merely bricks, are forced to find what little enjoyment they can by hurling missiles in the plants of private industry.

Roosevelt, in his Roanoke speech, points out where all people have been wrong in the history of the nation. The people never had the power of the vote. They were ruled by the few. Are cemeteries going to be raked so that "the ill-nourished" of a bygone day will get another chance? It is acknowledged that we are going backward, but why resurrect the past in order to prove that "the minute men" were really "Lewis men"? If we accept Roosevelt's word, is that not enough? Those glorious dead, passed away with the delectable thought that George the Third was a tyrant.

Like the Supreme Court, history gets in the way of God's caretaker. Since the Administration has assumed power, they are going to see that freedom is given to all the people—complete freedom. Roosevelt personally will supervise every vestige of freedom for those above the earth: if his "ill-nourished" clientele finds that their freedom is insufficient, the Rajah of Rajahs, King of Kings, will have plenty more to pass out. For with freedom taken from 130,000,000 people and hoarded by one man and his commissars, the supply should be limitless. In truth, the Roosevelts already have so much that they, with a Crown Prince label, are sending it out in *Cannes*.

What a glorious thing it is to have the whole Constitution and the whole program of this nation vested

in one man who has "just begun to fight." How comforting it is to know that the Constitution, the Chamber of Commerce, the Senate, the Supreme Court, and millions of people can be fitted very pleasantly into the dimensions of Roosevelt's mirror.

XI

The Supreme Court

AFTER the Supreme Court rendered the decision regarding the unconstitutionality of the N. R. A. and the A. A. A., the press of the nation gave them great praise; one editorial in a New York paper stressed the great courage of the Supreme Court. It was not courage but rather the Supreme Court did its duty and functioned as other Supreme Courts had functioned. This is not aimed to detract from the Supreme Court's great service to humanity, for such decisions saved America, but rather to analyze the deplorable situation in the country. America, due to the Administration activities, had sunk so low that the Supreme Court looked tremendously courageous and exalted, but the truth is, the judicial tribunal remained the same.

The situation can be pictured as a tide. High tide leaves a mark which does not change, but when the low tide comes, and all the squirting clams are apparent, and everything has sunk to mud level, the high tide water mark seems exalted, taken from that perspective. When, at a later date, humanity rises like the tide to its proper level, the Supreme Court decisions will be accepted as a matter of routine.

XII

Is It Logical?

ONE acquainted with the doctrines of Karl Marx realizes that, differing from the democratic form of government, such doctrines are no more flexible than the Holland Tunnel. Roosevelt, having started on his course from 1933, is compelled to speed ahead through the subterranean channel, and as in the case of the Holland Tunnel, he cannot turn from one side to the other for the "road ahead" takes a direction opposite to the road of democracy.

In the past, there has been much talk of brain trusters in Washington, and as we know, these advisors wrote the legislation of the New Deal, while Congress looked on like the featured stars in Madame Tussaud's waxworks. If the plotters surrounding Roosevelt were given the radio, or if they gave a press conference, one would discover that the radio talks and the conferences would be so identical to everything Roosevelt ever said in regard to "economic freedom," that there scarcely would be the variation of a word.

After two severe beatings regarding a change in the Supreme Court, where Senators thought the justices serving on the bench should be treated like other citizens and not operate by the buzz button on the

executive's desk, the President has informed us in his latest message that a great mistake has been made and all the people should be rammed into the tunneled plan of Communism, for the few stragglers embracing the minority no longer count.

When Roosevelt said in his message, referring to the abbreviated bill regarding courts, which he signed, "It does not touch the problem of aged and infirm judges," the thought seems to occur that somewhere or somehow we have heard those words before. Perhaps, physically the justices are not as calisthenically inclined and as much on their toes as the President, but then, was the building which houses them designed for a gymnasium? Why not drop this consistent note stressing the infirmities of the Supreme Court until such time as they utilize Army and Navy officers to prop them into place. Mentally, they have not deserted the training table, and though old-fashioned they are sticking to the rules as they see them. When physical incapacity is brought in repeatedly as an argument, the suspicion lurks in well-grounded channels that this is the only course open to the executive.

If a venerable judge should have a young culprit before him, and with evidence before the justice consistent with proof that the culprit stole money, and the dignitary pointed out these truths to the culprit, rendering a delayed sentence, would it be a good

argument if the culprit, in turn, finding such sentence unacceptable, replied to the justice for the benefit of all in the court, that he was an old, infirm man and his eyes were dimmed? That he was an old fossil, a Methuselah? Even though such terms brought a titter from the court, would it alter the facts which guided the justice? But beyond that, does the assailing of the infirmities of the justice, or justices, detract from the guilt of the culprit? How?

XIII

All Aboard! Ding! Ding! Russia Next Stop!

THE Administration is obviously grasping at straws when they publicize the names of half a dozen men who have taken advantage of the large apertures in the government's tax fabric, like fish swimming in and out of unattended nets. The Administration, sending such names to the press of the nation, knew that such an issue would be headlined. It was.

How a few thousand dollars less to the Administration, giving no account whatsoever as to the squandering of billions of dollars, can be played up by the press is a mystery. Does anyone know what was done with something like \$40,000,000,000? They do not! Has the press ever considered publishing the names of those receiving relief as a guidance to those, such as myself, who have had people quit jobs because it was easier to take the "government" dole instead of working?

How is it that, with all the income tax experts in Washington and elsewhere, this country has allowed scheming women to use marriage as a racket, where some of these parasites receive many thousands of dollars yearly without having to give one cent of such hold-up money to the government; without having to

make any accounting of their loot? Placing lace over yesterday's political vomit leaves too many "loop-holes" for the miasma to soar.

Since some of my mail, both outgoing and incoming, never reached its destination, and if that could happen to one citizen, it could happen to all, is the Administration wholly without blame? Does one have to pay large sums for taxes and take the seizure of mail without a murmur? Does one have to pay taxes and submit to the Administration tyranny where a Senator, carrying out Klansman tactics, seizes personal telegrams?

The Administration is following every formula of Communism, taking the rights from the people, spending their money to hasten the destruction of the democracy; one man, usurping the Executive Office, spending vast sums in emperor fashion, and that without giving any account, to intrench his position as a ruler; daring to do this and, to cover his wild expenditures, making an issue of a few thousands of dollars legally saved. It is the same plan as his repeated, though laughable, thrusts at the minority where he warns the majority that this minority is intent upon seizing the government for the purposes of autocratic dictatorship. *Roosevelt warns the people of this danger.* If no minority nor majority ever seized the nation in one hundred and fifty years, how is it that this particu-

lar President has suddenly discovered such a plot? How is it that the entire world acknowledged that our Constitution gave freedom to all the people, and very great Presidents and fine statesmen were under such an illusion, but now Roosevelt suddenly has discovered that the people have had the "wool pulled over their eyes?" The whole world has been fooled until Roosevelt entered the White House. Our economic spoilsist has given us a fair idea of his methods of freedom with the United States Treasury. Since such freedom is confined to one man, what kind of freedom will "citizens" enjoy if their souls are sent to a government vault for one man's distribution?

Where does the Administration gain the idea that citizens must conform to the Constitutional form of government in payment of taxes alone, when the Administration by *every* act and utterance has thrown the United States government to the trash heap? The people, conforming to the last vestige of the Constitutional government in payment of taxes, while Roosevelt takes such taxes and, without giving any account since Congress gave him the power, spends money like a grog tossed sailor. The citizens, now victims of Roosevelt's tantrums, are supposed to surrender their free will and their money "or else."

Recently, I saw a news film of the United States Treasury at work, where a whizzing machine chopped

old currency into pulp. But Roosevelt has a genius for destroying money quicker than that. If people, once citizens, want to see their money flung into a bottomless pit by one who lingers in all actions for the brief duration of the cheers, then they are welcome to the right. If the people are willing to pay to have the Russian government supplant the Constitutional government by giving Roosevelt the power to sign blank checks for any amount without an accounting, then I have one consoling memory, and that is that my contribution to Russia's puppet state was reduced to a minimum. Far more than that amount has been spent by me trying to awaken the people to the impending danger, but like all decadent generations, they turn from the light and are content to tremble in darkness: content to cuddle like toads in slime awaiting the slithering result of the "reorganization plan."

The cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" in regard to tax dodgers is rinsed out balloon soup. Since Roosevelt made the outcry, I know that, if I were a newspaper publisher, I should send a reporter to the Washington press conference and direct him to ask the executive *one* question, just one, and that is: "Mr. President, you have raised a great cry about 'the ill-housed, the ill-nourished, the ill-clad.' What did *you pay* your men working at Hyde Park before and during 1936?" Since other people's private affairs were open to public scrutiny,

perhaps the public would like to know something about the private life of a man who never misses an opportunity to cry: "Wolf! Wolf!"

If the people see the point, they will shy clear of the reorganization plan. Once a fish gets the hook in the mouth, the taste of the worm goes with the hook. This line can be followed with nibbling contemplation, for the echo can be found in the housewife's market basket. Swim clear of "reorganization" worms, "my friends," while the bay glides around the fins, for fins and tails are useless once they are hauled on the New Deal dock.

Where has the Administration shown that it can handle money as a big industry? Where have they shown any efficiency? Where have they shown anything but the debit side of the ledger? There has been no gain, and it's been spending, spending, and a negative sign is the first necessary step to destroy capitalism.

If a man "goes in the hole" playing cards and then spreads the word around that his losses are getting better, the general opinion of such card brilliance would be that such a person should give up the game. But when a man with a 46—2 plurality plays such a game and gives out a loss of \$10,000,000,000 instead of \$20,000,000,000, the press of the nation becomes hysterical. Perhaps they reason, if the President's losses for the succeeding year are \$15,000,000,000, the

country's sitting pretty with a gain of \$5,000,000,000. If this wizard keeps on with such a game, his favorite line: "You can't see the forest for the trees," will be changed to "You can't see the trees for the pulp," to preserve the zeros on our nation's scoreboard.

Where has the Administration shown any accounting as to where the billions of dollars go? Do the people get it? Do aliens get it? Do politicians get it? Since the Administration, usurping the name government, is intent upon tax reform to stop loopholes, how about the people getting together with a view to plugging the leakage? I say leakage, for the whole bottom has dropped out. Has not the time come for some organized movement in regard to the paying out of the people's money? Can the Administration write out checks to any amount until we exhaust all the zeros? Every once in a while, the Administration shows the citizens a bridge and everybody's happy. They turn on the radio dial and hear the voice of the chief: "You can't see the forest for the trees!" Everybody goes to bed happy, chuckling, "What a spender." You can't see the people's money for the zeros.

It's like the old story of the trolley car conductor who threw the nickels up in the air inside the trolley. A passenger asked the reason and the reply was: "All that hit the bell rope belong to the company." If such a conductor found that the nickel he brought in to the

owners was plugged, he could make a stir, expressive of his indignation. What a subject for an oration on fare dodgers, and as the conductor turned his subject over, one can imagine the possibilities for creating a furore. Six men have stolen a ride on the Administration trolley car, and the plugged nickel has been exposed by the conductor. The Senate, the House, the press, and the public, reflect the trolley custodian's righteous warmth. But with all this indignation regarding fare dodgers, no one has advanced the suggestion of turning the trolley conductor upside down.

XIV

The Boomerang

DURING a conference with Senators, according to a press dispatch, Roosevelt had informed them that he had had a talk with Chief Justice Hughes at the beginning of his Administration. The President then explained to the Senators that when he was Governor of New York, he called in the Supreme Court justices of the state for cooperation. The President then informed the Senators that Chief Justice Hughes and the other justices refused to cooperate in a like manner. After this conference, one Senator wondered if he had heard right.

It is hard to believe that a man, elected to the office of President should have such a vague idea of the United States government. How a President could interpret the Supreme Court as just another spoke coming to the hub is beyond belief. In fine, because the Supreme Court did not conform to the President's idea of a Supreme Court and talk things over, laugh at his jokes, thrill to a "Charlie" or "Joe," the President sulked. There was nothing to do, since Hughes and the rest of the gown "boys" did not yes it out, but to "crack down" on these rebels. We know the extent of that bitter campaign; know that every wheel of

government was stopped, and the radio as well, to spread Roosevelt's sense of spite on nine men upholding the interests of the people.

We know that America was treated to the reasons for expunging the Supreme Court; know that the President explained about horses. First it was "horse and buggy" then "horses! horses! horses!" The only thing we know, and perhaps that's the reason for the horses, is that we were showered with manuropean propaganda. And yet, with all the horses, horses, horses, we are still waiting for some element of horse sense.

The first bill to "pack the Court" failed; and then came another bill which was the same thing. Six men would have gotten on the Court if the "revised" bill had been passed, in truth, the same rapidity which the first bill advocated—just the matter of a few years.

Then came Roosevelt's long awaited choice of what he considered a justice—Senator Black.

This decision met with the shouts of the people, for John Lewis expressed thunderous approval. Just the man! Black had seized private telegrams of citizens, and Lewis had seized their factories. What a choice! And the selection came from the man who hoped that he would be viewed as "they had met their master—"

Roll on—on to centuries hence
And a name coruscates the sky,
Paling suns and erasing planets
In the lambent glow.

A name sucking in endless space,
Bathing Heaven in radiance:
Sparing a ray for Almighty God
Lest he lose the way.

Inspired name: had been foretold,
And the prophetic words emblazon
Every atom, sun and planet
With reflected gleam.

Flaming throughout the firmament
Scorching the very streets of Hell,
Giving Heaven a little more light:
The thing it needed.

Ne'er known before to angel,
To God, to Lucifer nor man:
For this different light, after Black
Somehow fails to shine.

The dictator, with the slightest finger buzz, either can prolong the life of his subjects or erase them as the whim moves him. And yet, the faintest pressure from the Finger Divine can make the most important ruler go up and down like a button on his desk. Strange

that Senator Robinson, and that when he was needed most, passed away without gaining Roosevelt's permission.

When our White House ruler did not consult any advisers nor Congressmen regarding his choice for the Supreme Court, allowing months to pass before filling the vacancy on the bench, the time was drawing near for adjournment of Congress. The heat of Washington was oppressive and all were tired. Then, with a "Now, now, now," Roosevelt suddenly appointed Black to the highest judicial post which the government can offer. When one pauses to consider that Roosevelt had plenty of time to weigh the qualifications of the man selected for the tribunal, and since he had made such a great issue assailing the Supreme Court, one would think that in naming one justice, the man selected would be of such high character that nothing in the way of criticism of the past or the present could be brought against him. One would assume that the selection of the one justice would be a model man in every particular, something far above the ordinary. One naturally would think that, due to the delay, this was just the President's aim, and yet, one morning, the press rolled its merry way into "headlines" and a drowsy nation awoke to the fact that a country lawyer, with hardly any bar experience, was the supreme selection. What a thrill it must have

been to linger over morning coffee, contemplating the result of such a sweeping move headlined over a nation; to face those around him, relishing every surprised utterance. All the world would know that Roosevelt had *struck!*

The ink was hardly dry on the "headlines" when a reporter of a Pittsburgh paper revealed that Black was a life member of the Klan. Congress, as usual, had the inking given to them, but pooh-poohed it in their customary style. Now Black is a life member of the august tribunal; out of reach of Roosevelt and Congress unless some constitutional process removes him.

The first point is bad enough, namely, appointing a man with little legal experience, and it proved beyond a doubt that Roosevelt wanted a yes man, but aside from that, it must be remembered that Black carried the K. K. K. principles into the actions of a committee when he seized telegrams, private property of citizens. He really was wearing the hood in his position as Senator. If the appointment of Black has done nothing else, it has punctured the philosophy of swiftness as opposed to the "horse and buggy" era. Despite this brilliant move of swiftness headlined regarding Black's Klan affiliation, Roosevelt warns Americans "there are some that are too much in a hurry" and does it without the flicker of an eyelash.

In order to get a yes man (Communist) on the bench, it would seem that no one exercised the proper investigation, and a reporter breaks the story regarding Black and a speech is printed. If Roosevelt had the selection of any character in the history of literature, the speech of Black before the Klan is consistent with Uriah Heep, "I'm so 'umble." The "I'm so weak," and "I love you," syruped over a crowd of men, and "I love everybody, I love everything, God, the trees" causes some element of nauseating wonder. With all this gushing love, Black was the first snooper to seize private property and the fiery cross was in the scent.

One can picture the President before the microphone delivering his plea for more justices while the elusive Black refuses to discuss the matter any further. Maybe the brilliance of Roosevelt is equal to the occasion and we may do him an injustice. He may ask for twelve to make up for Black.

Then again, it may have been a dare and Roosevelt is not the kind of a man to take a dare. It may be that some upstart advisor was put in his place by the appointment. And again, Black may have topped the list of all those Roosevelt had in mind: he may have been the only citizen. How do we know who the other five or six justices are? Let's have some element of cricket about the matter, since we're all going bats. Perhaps Roosevelt has asked the Pope to fill another

vacancy and if the Pope has agreed, we are in a fine fettle. There are five more scheduled and Mahatma Gandhi may have accepted. He may make things hum because he was the first sitdown striker, but, I imagine, the tossing of a few goats would mollify the *sincere* little milker, especially if we kept him supplied with Hollywood bathing disciples. Then again, for change, Roosevelt might have selected Mae West. Could Gandhi resist "Lo, Handsome, come up and see me some time—" or "You can be had." Certainly Gandhi is dressed for such a part. One never knows whether he just got up or he's going to bed. The remaining places might be retained for Roosevelt's sons, for the family has not been photographed in black robes and it's a news slant.

At any rate, we know that when Roosevelt wants his way, he is determined to get it. He is out to beat the Supreme Court even if he has to use the K. K. K. to flog them. When New Dealers say that Black let Roosevelt down, I hardly think that's fair, for the Klan never let anyone down once they strung them up.

Of course, there are two sides to every story, and it may be that there is an element of truth to the rumor that these eight Methuselaha have carried on a whispering campaign right on the bench. If that be true, then, of course, the choice of Black, due to his experience in such matters, was a wise one. Nothing

like having a trusted monitor to carry on a little knuckle cracking during the teacher's absence.

Perhaps the ideal type of a Supreme Court justice is one who can cheek squirt to the tenth row so long as he can sing the "Internationale." If Black cannot sing it, he knows how to seize private property and Moscow has no kick there, for certainly the K. K. K. is, with its doctrine of hatred, an excellent springboard for Communism.

If the nation is to be treated to any more fireside spats with the Supreme Court, why not lead a horse to the mike and let the matter drop with "Horses! Horses! Horses!"

Perhaps there is an element of wisdom in the old saying: "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding small." Does anyone look smaller than Roosevelt at this time, regardless of his own interpretation from a White House mirror?

XV

N. R. A.—New Russian Administration

I

THE world today, to a large extent, is governed by groups who set themselves up as experts to guide the lives of millions. At the head of each group there is the leader. The dazed multitudes have the great qualities of these leaders tom-tommed into their consciousness. Photographs of Rocky Mountain proportions confront the herded masses to prove that the leaders are big men. Still, if a man is not a big man by the laws of nature, one wonders how a camera can make up such deficiency.

Where or how these dictators are discovered, one never knows. People on these shores do not concern themselves with the sweeping program of all dictatorships where humanity is enslaved, and the freedom of the press, as well as the freedom of speech has been taken from mankind: but rather they, with waste of time and argument, go into minute data to differentiate between these three dictatorships, forgetting that all deprive the people of their sacred rights. Or as I wrote in "Three Cheers for the Red, Red, and Red": "People ask what is the difference between

Nazism, Fascism and Communism, and the answer to that is, if you are hit over the head with a pipe and injured permanently, what does it matter if the pipe were brass, iron or lead?"

Since Communism has become more popular in this country than Democracy, as the 46—2 plurality testifies, it is essential to concentrate on this particular form of slavery. The line quoted above was taken from a chapter titled: "Karl Marx and the Communist Manifesto," where, in the same chapter, Communism, I believe, was subjected to a similar, penetrating focus: "The warring factions in Communism are the Bourgeoisie (the rich) and the Proletariat (the workers) or as they say, the 'exploiting' and the 'exploited.' They feel that the workers should control and take from the rich, but if the workers become rich and the rich poor, does it solve the problem? Aren't the conditions reversed? The poor become 'the exploiting' and the rich 'the exploited.' If the poor steal the money and position from the rich, isn't it fair that the rich should become Communists and steal from the overnight Capitalists?"

II

IF THE Communist state does supplant our Democratic government, the ordinary citizen will know just how the Chinese Ambassador in Tokio feels during a Japanese bombardment of Shanghai. Since no war has been declared, such an Ambassador must stay in the territory assigned to him; must guard every move and balance sterilized fish hooks on his tongue, lest some mousey little word be the means of spraying another city's atmosphere with half of its population. Though no superfluous syllables escape from the Ambassador's lips, a miniature bombardment is seething within his breast.

As in the case of militaristic nations wishing to seize territory without the formalities of a declaration of war, dictators have adopted the same tactics; by degrees they seize power, and after each encroachment there ever is a reason for a succeeding move: something always interferes with the government's plan of progress. Each move on the part of the dictators has been studied as well as all succeeding moves before they are sprung on the people. Before astonished people realize the effect, for the dictator takes them by

surprise, another move follows which has a tendency to obscure the previous gesture. Or, on the other hand, the first may be the feeler or the smoke screen to cover the second. At any rate, if the one man rulers succeed in putting over a surprise manoeuvre, as in the case of invading armies, they are on the ground and it is then too late for a counter offensive; again, as in the case of invading armies, the ground gained is merely the start. These sudden moves on the part of dictators are preceded by manufactured grievances and the move, aimed for control, is supposed to be the retaliation for the imagined grievance.

This was covered in "Three Cheers": "A program is carried out where people are intimidated by easy stages, and as each stage meets with success, more pressure is given and the people do not realize how far they have been carried until it is too late to turn back. I have brought out in 'The Individual Mind' that the ordinary man and woman, given freedom of expression under a government dedicated to this cause, reveal that they possess elements of wisdom and taste, but on the other hand, and this is where we acknowledge a premise of the professors, humanity is naturally gregarious, and if a program is carried out slowly but surely, humanity is susceptible to herding. In the case of the American people, a century and half of freedom will not contain the resources to save

humanity against the pressure, if they allow themselves to be swept along in the vortex of the New Deal without making an outcry. At this day, humanity is beginning to show the signs of the poisoning and are lulled by explanations. . . .

“When humanity accepts a condition which at first is a little shocking, and then accepts a following condition, which is stronger, it can be likened to pain. The first shock of pain is bad, but the sufferer, after the pain continues, learns to accept it, but if the increased pain had been given to them instantaneously, they could not bear it. It would be too much, and that is the case of what is taking place in the government today. In the case of mass humanity where I said they are naturally gregarious, people become confused if a program of intimidation is brought against them. They turn from one to the other, but no one takes the lead, and this is where the great mass is ruled, for the first man who dares to raise objection is given an example of terrorism, and all his neighbors learn that it is not well to speak one’s mind. That is the plan of all tyrants. This is dictatorship and is consistent with every element of Roman terrorism.”

That, “my friend,” is how a one man ruler gains his power.

For explanation, let us focus our attention on this nation for the sake of a clearer point of view. Some-

times a writer can reach the reader if, as in the case of the navigator, he can adjust the glass for purposes of concentration. In "The Russian Revolution," the author points out that, before the Bolsheviks seized power, Trotsky made the suggestion that if the masses paraded in vast numbers, they, by such a show of strength, would frighten the bourgeoisie and send them in hiding. Now the telescope is beginning to work: we will turn it onto the N. R. A. parade of 1933 when the streets of New York teemed with all the workers: teemed as thousands upon thousands passed a given point. Such a tremendous parade took the better part of a day. Other cities, including Washington, followed suit and the manoeuvre was headlined all over the nation. *That was Roosevelt's first show of strength and the press never recovered from it.*

The blue eagle, plastered all over the land, took the people by storm, and by showing it everywhere the American eagle became a fixture of secondary importance. What did that blue eagle symbolize? The claws held lightning and a cogwheel. The lightning signified swiftness and the cog, the workers. Has Roosevelt ever departed from this symbol? Has not every swift move been made for the temporary benefit of the workers? Has not every speech stressed their conditions? Has Roosevelt ever thought of any other class? The "Communist Manifesto" instills hatred of the

capitalist and the seizing of the government. Has Roosevelt ever made a speech, a remark, that did not stir class hatred? How about his repeated references to "economic royalists?" His sneers toward the slow moving form of Democracy? That was bringing in the symbol of the lightning.

It was in the cards that Roosevelt would get the 1932 nomination. How is it that delegate after delegate cried out: "Franklin Delano Roosevelt?" Was the choice made by keener minds than those of American politicians? Why was Roosevelt launched on the American scene as a hero? Why did an assassin fire at him before he had taken over his office? How does any citizen know that this had not been planned to clothe the man with the aura of a god? Is there anything like a miracle to raise a ruler above mortal man?

We know that from the time Roosevelt took office he acted the part of the superman even if he did not have the brains to go with it. He was Tugwell's parrot and I defy anyone to question that statement, for it cannot be refuted any more than my statement that Tugwell is Karl Marx's parrot. Maybe, after all, when the blade of genius strikes it shows the lightning in the Russian claw as a pair of static steps over which America's superman tripped.

The Administration's preconceived plan of gaining control was not an obvious manoeuvre. While the

N. R. A. move was a duplicate of that which took place in Russia, the Administration had the democratic form of government to fall back on any time they needed it. In a word, it was the mask to screen manoeuvres of dictatorship. The time had not come to do away with the democratic form entirely: it was necessary to creep up on the people by degrees; creep upon them with the tentacles of propaganda.

Communism had a rare opportunity. I will explain: America had never recovered from the war, when Prohibition schemers seized power; coerced the representatives of the people, and, by such method, put over a program of restriction. Later, as we know, since restriction is an antonym for freedom, the nation slumped into apathy. Soon gangdom, realizing the listlessness of the people and their static Congress, gained control. Lawlessness of the most nefarious nature, and in its minatory scope, finally trespassed into city and state governments; gangdom, aided by bought politicians, usurped the laws and, as a consequence, citizens became their victims. The Federal government, holding to a restrictive law, and in turn dominated by bigoted groups, was helpless. This helplessness was reflected throughout the nation in the apathy of the people. Democracy, due to twelve years of restriction, opposing everything consistent with liberty, sank to its lowest level. It was

deadening and, morally, America suffered beyond all description.

It was then that Roosevelt, Governor of New York, did absolutely nothing to correct the wave of crime; did nothing to assail those responsible for such a condition. I quote from "Three Cheers": "Let us assume, for the sake of the stark, naked thought alone, that each member of Congress is a spigot at the end of a long pipe. Every pipe reaches back to the people like the spokes leading from the hub. In the past, before the fanatics controlled these spigots, the channels of the pipes were kept clear. The spigots flowed freely. At the present day, the pipes are corroded until only drops trickle from the spigots. This corrosion and filth is due to the selfish lobbying. Until these pipes are cleaned, Congress cannot function. What are the people going to do about it?"

"The government was originally planned so that these spigots would do the work, and the channels would be left open from the people. Prohibition fanatics started the corrosion by their tactics of lobbying, and since the repeal of Prohibition, the pipes have never been cleaned. Before repairs were undertaken and the government cleared, this new administration, under the nom de plume of the Democratic party, repeated, and in all truth, employed all the evils of the fanatics. In a word, coercion was brought to bear on

Congress. Every element of the 'do it or else' was and is employed.

"Just as Roosevelt, when he became governor of New York, deserted Al Smith after he no longer needed him, the President of the existing Administration deserted the government of the people, by the people and for the people, when, by their votes, he gained the Presidency of the United States."

And: "If we look back on the time Roosevelt was governor of New York, we cannot fail to recall that, while he was in Albany, he never was known to have taken a decided stand on any issue. He was considered a straddler on all issues touching upon legislation. However, he was known as an astute politician. Long before the Chicago convention took place, Roosevelt had planned for the presidential nomination. As we know, a deadlock took place at the Democratic convention, and then, Hearst with one of his swift moves, using McAdoo for a loudspeaker, gave the needed power which secured for Franklin D. Roosevelt the Democratic nomination which sent him to the White House.

"When the President entered upon his office, the people were amazed with the change in the man. He was no longer the straddler of Albany, but a man who was direct, dynamic. Streets were filled with marchers carrying a new symbol. The eagle clutching lightning and an iron wheel. Perhaps the iron wheel was to be

dropped on the heads of the rich, like the Aeschylus legend. Still, when the bird was brought down, something dropped on the head of the rich right after the fall. 'But the lightning?' asks the reader, 'What does that signify?' Perhaps the swift moves of the professors using the President and Congress.

"Since the Administration has taken the reins of authority, there have been bills which have been whipped through Congress with the rapidity of lightning. To the Administration, Congress supplied two empty chambers through which foreign ammunition was shot over the nation. For some unaccountable reason, both Houses have adhered to the Administration's will. If they demurred, they were whipped into line in short order. But on the other hand, Congress had little complaint, for they were seldom consulted on problems of government. A distinct body of 'experts' were gathered for that particular purpose. Men, who, instead of pencils behind their ears, carried bolts of Russian lightning."

As in the case of Prohibitionists, using war for their scheme, and as in the follow up of that scheme, gangdom used the apathy of the masses, so did Communism use the unmoral, deplorable, deadened state of the Democracy, to serve as a background to shoot their fireworks which had been prepared. The people had suffered from lethargy and such a display of Com-

munistic fireworks dazzled them. I say that Communists had been prepared, and I will quote my book, "Three Cheers" again:

"Perhaps my greatest surprise, received from another source, was literature and cards showing the red flag crossed with the American Flag. These pamphlets were launched by George Christians from Chattanooga, Tennessee, under the guise of economic liberty, Communistic doctrines suggestive of revolution and the overthrow of capitalism. I will quote some of this *literature*:

"A revolution is a movement to change the established order in which those desiring a change must violate established laws. It must be secret to avoid prosecution. It is a positive, practical movement involving a definite accumulation of power which, however, is known only to its leaders. Its psychology is also definite and effective, utilizing the most powerful emotions. It usually flies a red flag.

"Because of the paradoxical nature of the movement, Economic Liberty must remain absolutely out of public discussion until the psychological change is almost complete, then tremendous cumulative psychological pressure builds up until it breaks out with explosive force and the job is done. The economics are so simple that actual enactment of legislation will be a mere formality.

“The originator of the movement has from the beginning been entirely in the open, under the protection of the law and in this respect is a reformer. On the other hand, he is also the President of the Crusaders for Economic Liberty, a red, revolutionary organization operating in secret for protection from the Tyranny of Gold.

“People with the practical type of mind naturally take the revolutionary route. The dreamer type takes the reform route. It makes very little difference which method you adopt just so you do something. The argument over the relative advantages of the two methods will probably last a long while. The writer, because his experience has been along practical lines, prefers the revolutionary route which, with its forceful psychology demands attention although it may be somewhat revolting to a few timid people who do not have the initiative to do anything anyway.

“This break from cover may occur in one of three ways. The logical place is in Congress. Next in order are the newspapers, and if these fail, by an actual movement by the people in the form of a mass demonstration. All three of these are close to the breaking point and seem to be due very soon.’”

This, “my friends,” was the man with whom Franklin Delano Roosevelt had a talk when he visited Tennessee at the time he took office. Note the simi-

larity of Christians' "just so you do something" with Roosevelt's philosophy where, in a recent speech, he told his followers, in effect, just so long as we do something.

And since Roosevelt had a talk with this advisor, who had launched Communism under two flags, the *red* banner crossed with the American flag, so did Roosevelt go under two flags, using the American flag as a screen. The Democratic government, with its outmoded eagle, had been replaced by the blue buzzard. At that time it was too early to make any definite move to smash the United States government. It took many moves before Roosevelt dared to come out and strike at one of the three branches of government. When he did, it will be remembered that it was a *surprise* attack.

Before the reader loses an ear or finds the severed head of the author on the page, it would be well to take up the telescope again. After the blue eagle, there came the march of the alphabet and the A. A. A. was an army of regimented tents on agricultural domains—crop control. For one thing a farmer was told by the Administration just how many potatoes he could raise. There was a jail sentence lurking around the corner. On another front the capitalists were attacked and Administration spies were buttonholing Congress. Communistic legislation passed both Houses

of Congress and no one seemed to raise a voice of dissent. The representatives of the people lost all contact with the public and the newsreels seldom showed them.

That particular time can be best brought out by quoting "Three Cheers":

"People over the country were getting high tension newsreel talks from men in prominent government positions; men who never were elected to office. The President seemed to pince-nez between them and the people, no doubt, took it for granted that these strange faces with strange names were all right. The President always popped into a group at the right time and smiled away their fears with his cheery "My friends."

"Half men, fifty times enlarged, loomed on the picture screens and talked to the people, the same speech which Shaw gave over the newsreels in 1931. People applauded and then, when they were out of the hysterical atmosphere, wondered why. They wondered if they had sent men to Congress and what had become of them. Some asked each other if voting was something which had been out-coded. Occasionally, a Congressman was used as a bodyguard to the Administration's family. Perhaps at an egg-rolling contest, the public caught another glimpse of a Congressman. To alternate the half men on the screen, the family and social life of Washington was revealed to the

American public. Mrs. Roosevelt was shown leaving an aeroplane or entering one and dropping a little speech on the new Pink freedom. Sometimes she would be on the Empire State building or in a coal mine, but always the energetic rhythm of a new world was in the atmosphere of the movies. Congress could have been locked up in the Smithsonian Institution at that time and the New Dealers never would have known. There was *really* so much to do. Everything was just so *devastatingly* fast in the Capital. The best account of that time touching upon the Administration policies of government can be gathered from the speech made by the N. R. A. Chief, Donald Richberg, who, on February 10, 1934, made the following remark in a speech before the Economic Club of New York:

“The long-discussed REVOLUTION is ACTUALLY UNDER WAY in the United States.

“IT IS HERE. IT IS IN PROCESS. Revolution of the sword and bayonet is nothing new. Revolution by pen and voice is different. The violent overthrow of parliament and rulers is nothing new, but the peaceful TRANSITION OF ALL DEPARTMENTS OF A GOVERNMENT FROM ONE FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPT OF A POLITICAL ECONOMIC SYSTEM TO ANOTHER is different.’”

Such an idea might have been different to Richberg, but there is not one particle of difference between

Russia's revolution with its phase of "peaceful transition" and the N. R. A. "revolution." When Roosevelt dismissed the supplanting of Communism in place of Democracy by referring to the "transition" as "evolution" instead of "revolution" the public settled back with a sigh of relief: Roosevelt had saved the nation with an "r".

There was not a cloud on the Communistic horizon and the country, having accepted the first moves of the Administration with good grace, for they were told that it was patriotism, were drawn from their constitutional base and herded into Roosevelt's corral, like cattle awaiting the slaughter. Congress had forsaken the people and would have allowed the strangers, influencing Roosevelt, to complete the Communistic *coup*. Only the Supreme Court saved this nation and preserved the freedom of the people for all Congress ran after Roosevelt, like mutts in heat. I quote "Three Cheers": "In the recent surreptitious attempts to cripple the Constitution, overriding states' rights and supplanting an autocratic power by means of swift, confusing legislation, the schemers were stopped by the Supreme Court. It was this tribunal that saved the nation.

"It is imperative, I feel, for the reader to consider that function of government which has served the people so well in its recent crisis, where deliberate acts

were launched to force a dictatorship over on the people. The Supreme Court's action, conforming to every vestige of its authority, ever shall live in the memory of posterity."

III

THE Supreme Court had to fall, before the dictatorial government could come out in the open. I will be explicit: The reason why Congress was referred to as a rubber stamp, and the reason why they could do nothing was that the whole dictatorial scheme was beyond their conception. They did not know what it was about, and after giving unprecedented powers to a peacetime executive, Congress, by such act, crippled their own powers. When the executive gained this great power, the radical Brain Trusters surrounding the President absolutely ignored the representatives of the people and wrote the Communistic legislation themselves. Congress merely passed it. The reason for this was that the aim of the Administration was not to conform to the constitutional government at any time, for the dictatorship had been planned from the very first, and there were two governments in the United States. First, the N. R. A., active, radical, and second, the Democracy, inactive and used as a shield.

Our problem of the eagle, followed by the blue eagle, representative of the masses, symbolized more than anything else the two forces which are at work. As I brought out, the blue eagle, plastered everywhere, was

aimed to supplant the old eagle emblem. Moreover, the blue eagle was the whole basis of the new government and was representative of the dictatorial regime. Its very inauguration started with restrictive codes, whereas the antedated eagle was merely the emblem. The democratic form of government, like the eagle, was tolerated by the Administration, and the plan was to use it as a screen until such time as Roosevelt, the pawn of radical schemers surrounding him, could dispense with it altogether. It first had to be cheapened in the eyes of the public by many manoeuvres, one following another, before it would have been safe to dispense with the eagle representative of Democracy. What is more, to show up their representatives as an outworn tribunal, the Brain Trusters were presented to the people, and Congress was relegated to the background.

Congress was merely used as a means to an end, and that is why Senators and Representatives of long standing, and acquainted with the American scene, were no match for a European power saturated for centuries in the channels of intrigue. Even Borah, known to be a Constitutional authority, fell in with the plan, for that type of mind, of which there are many, could not analyze such swift, radical legislation; I quote Senator Borah to show that he, like the others, did not know what the swift "lightning" legislation was all about.

In "Three Cheers" I wrote: "—there was a column headed: 'Rainey today selects group for Wirt Quiz.' The first paragraph said: 'Stormy scenes in both Senate and House yesterday marked the eve of appointment of a special House committee to investigate charges by Dr. William A. Wirt that members of the "Brain Trust" told him President Roosevelt was a mere "Kerensky" who would be replaced by a "Stalin."' In the same article: 'Senator Connally (D.) of Texas, referred to Wirt's assertions as "moonshine.'" Closing the article: 'Senator Borah (R.) of Idaho, took occasion during a speech to ridicule the Wirt charges of Red Revolution being plotted by members of the "Brain Trust." He said: "It is a new thing for Congress to investigate the 'Brain Trust', and yet Congress has passed every law, so far as I know, that the 'Brain Trust' has suggested.'"

As we know, that Kerensky episode was whitewashed, and Congress settled back to their task of becoming office boys for the Administration's Communistic government, instead of standing on their feet as representatives of the people, for which they were sent to Washington. This inactivity on the part of Congress made them appear stupid, and that was what the Administration needed—a foil. Since, before and after that time, Congress was used as a set-up, or as a screen, it will be interesting to analyze the situation.

Congress thinks in terms of votes, and any decision made by them is made with a view of re-election. Roosevelt had the control of the masses by votes, but beyond that, he had the control of the people's money. Congress had, by giving the President such powers, worked themselves into the most subservient position of any Congress which had ever come to Washington. As I said, moves were made by dictators, and this was the most important move which Roosevelt had completed, namely, using the democratic form of government as a mask to supplant a Communist regime in its place. The constitutional form of government had been swept aside when Congress submitted to the Administration whip; surrendered to radicals who wrote the laws. What was a Cohen doing, running into both Houses of Congress and giving orders? Why, as in the case of the Dr. Wirt charges, was the utilities situation given "headlines?" It was an attack on capitalism, just another move to bring about Roosevelt's consistent aim, gaining the sympathy of the masses so that he could be the one man ruler.

It is covered in "Three Cheers": "When Dr. Wirt appeared before the Congressional committee, he was ridiculed, and the warning which he tried to give the American people was pooh-poohed as the vaporings of an opportunist. Dr. Wirt was sent home in disgrace and the Administration was white-washed to an angelic

lustre. Later, the utility program was attacked by the President's 'must' satellites, and all connected with corporations touching upon utilities were summoned before the tribunal at Washington. It had never been touched upon as to why a Mr. Cohen buzzed from the Administration throughout the Congress, but the utilities were played up in the press as monopolists of a very serious type. It did not occur to the people that the greatest monopoly of all time was dictatorship where government ownership had full power of expenditure and command.

"The President, at every opportunity, attacks millionaires, and, by such methods, plays to the masses."

Each manoeuvre was aimed for this, and while Congress and the people were confused, every move was designed for the complete overthrow of the United States government. But before this plan was workable, and before Communism could come out in the open, the Supreme Court, as I said, had to crumble. In all the moves, Roosevelt had not met one setback, and then finally, the N. R. A. came before the tribunal of nine men representing one branch of the United States government, and they, with a unanimous decision, outlawed the N. R. A. Roosevelt was stopped temporarily, and from that moment on, he revealed his hand. We know that when Guffey, his pawn, came before him with a bill which was written for him, no

doubt, for such Senators were used as ventriloquist dummies, Roosevelt said, in effect, to Pennsylvania's beneficiary, not to allow the Supreme Court to stop him. This was said for the benefit of Congress; in a word, Roosevelt intimated that he would attend to the Supreme Court. Lord Bacon said that if the people wanted to know their ruler, they could form an opinion by those little quick remarks released in an unguarded moment: Roosevelt's remark, "the horse and buggy era," was directed at the Supreme Court, for the justices had stopped the march of Communism—the N. R. A. From that time on, Roosevelt interpreted the action of the Supreme Court in terms of "economic royalists," "selfish interests," "Liberty League," and every phrase indicative that the rich were grinding the poor; every act and word aimed to increase class hatred, and all because the Communist Manifesto advocated revolution between these two factions so that the masses could control the nation.

XVI

The Roanoke Island Speech

I

SINCE Roosevelt brought in Macaulay in his Roanoke Island speech, Stevenson, a creator, is a far higher literary figure in English letters; he traveled to America in the steerage, and, as in the case of Macaulay, touches upon conditions regarding the workingman, for having been in the steerage and mixing with men, something which Roosevelt has not done except from a political platform, Stevenson's reactions of the rich and the poor are from firsthand knowledge. In America, during recent years, we have had great sympathy expressed for those charged with murder, and groups with Communist sympathies got out petitions and held mass meetings, making heroes of bomb throwers. Though Stevenson was sympathetic to the working classes, and, having been treated as one by the upper classes during the steerage passage, he could talk freely from both angles.

In the Preface introducing the "Emigrant," written by Mrs. Stevenson, we find, as Roosevelt would say in referring to Macaulay, that it seems almost as if the following was written of America: "I remember when

we were living in Hyères, his receiving a letter from England that enclosed a petition asking for the release of a noted anarchist who was said to be dying in a French prison. This man, said the letter, had thrown everything away for the 'cause,'—his entire fortune, his title, and his birthright as a subject of Russia, to which he could never return; while comparatively young in years, he presented the appearance of an old man, with hair prematurely white and his health broken by confinement in a damp, unsanitary prison. My husband's name was to head the list. 'Poor devil,' he said, as he dipped his pen in the ink. But he laid it down again thoughtfully, and, instead of signing the petition, wrote a letter stating that he had read the trial, and asking why the Russian gentleman had refused to say whether he had had a hand in the blowing up of a workingman's cafe in Lyons, in which catastrophe many persons, mostly peasants with their families, had been killed or shockingly injured. He could not, he said, withhold his admiration for a man who had given so much, but he could and would withhold his signature until he was satisfied on this point. No such assurance being forthcoming, the petition was returned with the remark 'I think Monsieur . . . had better complete his sacrifice by dying in prison.'"

This blowing up of workingmen's quarters, since Roosevelt cares to bring in literary men, could almost

be written of America today, and that of a recent date, when the "majority" ruled to such an extent that railroad tracks were blown up, cars smashed, windows smashed, and citizens beaten because they, disregarding C. I. O. authority, went to work.

But we will go on, and I quote again from Mrs. Stevenson's Preface: "His acquaintance with such people, and his knowledge of the lives they led, gave him an almost morbid sense of the pitiless cruelty of modern civilization. It was only his strong intelligence and common sense that kept him from the ranks of the anarchists. He came to America with exaggerated views of the meaning of democracy, believing that there he would find the ideal social as well as political life. In the beginning he encountered many rude shocks, but he soon readjusted his point of view, though he never ceased regretting that this great country should have been lost to England. The name of George the Third was hardly to be spoken in his presence. 'Had it not been for that idiot,' he would cry. 'we should now be one nation.'"

Since history is being uncovered to show how similar the past is with conditions today, I will quote from Horace Walpole's "Memoirs of the Reign of George III": "On May the 18th, Grenville went to receive the King's orders for the speech at the close of the session, which was to end the next week. The King said,

coldly, there was no hurry; he would have the Parliament adjourned, not prorogued. Grenville, thunderstruck, said, "There was so much mystery in that speech, that he must beg leave to ask if his Majesty had any thoughts of making a change in his administration?"—"Certainly," replied the King; "I cannot bear it as it is." And to prove how history repeats itself, one could "almost" imagine that the following referred to the White House: "Lord Holland . . . dropped to me these remarkable words—"What an artful man might do with these mobs!"

Roosevelt has stressed the conditions of "the ill-nourished" continually, but has he ever eaten with workingmen? I have, and never have I found it to fail that there are grumblers; no matter how the food is prepared, there is, according to habitual grumblers, always something the matter with it.

In the past, I engaged one of this type for general help, due to my various activities, and had him visit my home. Though this man had not been used to luxury, and a servant prepared the meal, the scrutiny with which the grumbler surveyed the plate of food was too obvious for dismissal. After glowering over the plate of food before him, I interrupted his mood: "What's the matter with it?" and he answered: "Well, I'm used to heavy meals. You see, I used to do laboring work." I went to the icebox and heaped his plate.

Then again, since he was down to do some errands, his stay was extended a couple of days. I happened to be talking generally and saw the man almost in tears. Ice cream had been served. Something was the matter, I knew. I glanced at my own, and as they looked the same to me, I wondered if he saw a fly instead of a raisin. Again I asked, "Anything the matter?" and a voice choked with emotion answered, "I hate to bring this up, but I was looking over your ice cream and I see you got more than I have."

Following this, there was a train trip, and previous to the time the man came with me, he had never eaten where food was supposed to be well served. We were in a club car and then I was surprised to hear him say, after I sipped my coffee, "The cream is sour." I informed the epicure: "If it's good enough for me, it's good enough for you." Previous to this, he had complained about the food on the trip down; told me how much they charged for beans and coffee in the diner, saying that it was passable, but he could buy a can of beans for fifteen cents. I said, "Yes, but the beans in the Sanitary are not surrounded by a Pullman car, and that's something."

Later, this party was in my hotel room, a hotel famous for its cuisine, and while talking, I found this man's eyes staring into the plate with brows knitted in scrutiny, his thumb and forefinger in his mouth, a

pallor of nausea over his face. In order to prevent a heave right on the table, I asked, "What happened?" He sputtered: "It's the food." And then, before another man and myself, he held up a tooth, where through the food-covered obstacle, I perceived a large fragment of a gold filling. Then this "ill-nourished" worker, went into a tirade on food: "Hotels charging such prices, and what do we get—people's teeth in the food, as if anybody's stomach could stand *that!*" His emotions steamed under suppressed breathing: "They don't give you enough! You *never* get enough! *Who* gets it all? *Who?*" After momentous silence, I asked, "Put your tongue around your mouth, maybe it's your own tooth." A flush passed over his face, like a cloud over a wheat field, when he answered, "Jees, what do you think, it's my own tooth." As he started, "But anyway—," I chopped the sentence: "Horse patooties!"

In his own home, I imagine, this "ill-nourished" specimen crowded over a vilely cooked meal, crowned with rinsed out coffee, and purred with belches of expansive satisfaction.

Another time I was in the mountains with a chauffeur who, before he had concentrated on that line of endeavour, had done hard labor. We stopped at a mountain shack called a restaurant and had breakfast, and the coffee, I must admit, was pretty bad. The

chauffeur opposite me took a sip and his face screwed up with a repugnant expression. He said, "I can't drink it, it's too terrible." It may be of interest to know that I am a connoisseur of good coffee, and in my home, all cooks carry out the formula I gave them, but I have been in situations, where, at one time, I had to drink black coffee with mud in it, and I was thankful for it. This chauffeur, polite to the extreme, asked if he could be excused after he nibbled at the food. Unsuspecting, I told him we had a long drive through wilderness and he should have something on his stomach. He then explained that he was not hungry, for the food nauseated him. I ate the bacon and eggs and drank the cup of coffee, but somehow, the waiter, a young man, seemed to be such an agreeable fellow, that when he asked me if I'd have a second cup, I could not find it in my heart to refuse it.

Again I have been in a situation where I have heard those who form the lower classes complain about food to such an extent that they had their own. I took that food and I found it wholesome, despite the fact that the china was tin. In my newspaper days, where I had to go out on stories in New York, I have tasted the food and it has been my experience that grumblers are either saying that they do not get enough, or that the food is bad. While these few do not represent all the people, they are continually stressing complaints

to such an extent that others soon follow the lead, and to hear them talk, one would think that these people were "ill-nourished." Perhaps Roosevelt is the victim of this grumbling. Then again, there is this side of it.

When Roosevelt stresses the terrible conditions among the masses, "the ill-nourished" etc., he seems to lose sight of the fact that the government is conducting a program of relief where those without work are supposed to receive aid from the Administration. If conditions, such as Roosevelt pictures, actually exist, then where is the money going, supposed to care for unfortunate citizens? Do the people deserving relief from the government receive it just at election time? It would seem so, according to the 1936 returns, for Farley and Roosevelt were the recipients of pretty substantial *nourishment*. Maybe if the Administration kept track of the money, there would be no need for a politician to admit that his Administration was not giving the money to the sources for which it was intended.

Travelling as an emigrant, Stevenson has something to say about food. I quote "The Amateur Emigrant": "Throughout the Friday, intimacy among us men made but a few advances. We discussed the probable duration of the voyage, we exchanged pieces of information, naming our trades, what we hoped to find in the new world, or what we were fleeing from in the old;

and, above all, we condoled together over the food and the vileness of the steerage. One or two had been so near famine that you may say they had run into the ship with the devil at their heels; and to these all seemed for the best in the best of possible steamers. But the majority were hugely discontented. Coming as they did from a country in so low a state as Great Britain, many of them from Glasgow, which commercially speaking was as good as dead, and many having long been out of work, I was surprised to find them so dainty in their notions. I myself lived almost exclusively on bread, porridge, and soup, precisely as it was supplied to them, and found it, if not luxurious, at least sufficient. But these working men were loud in their outcries. It was not 'food for human beings,' it was 'only fit for pigs,' it was 'a disgrace.' Many of them lived almost entirely upon biscuit, others on their own private supplies, and some paid extra for better rations from the ship. This marvellously changed my notion of the degree of luxury habitual to the artisan. I was prepared to hear him grumble, for grumbling is the traveller's pastime; but I was not prepared to find him turn away from a diet which was palatable to myself."

Then again, Stevenson's time was not far removed from Macaulay's, and since working conditions have been brought up, where the "majority" are being

ground under the heel, let us hear Stevenson, and that from firsthand knowledge, discuss the working conditions on the British Isles. I quote "The Amateur Emigrant": "Labouring mankind had in the last years, and throughout Great Britain, sustained a prolonged and crushing series of defeats. I had heard vaguely of these reverses; of whole streets of houses standing deserted by the Tyne, the cellar-doors broken and removed for firewood; of homeless men loitering at the street-corners of Glasgow with their chests beside them; of closed factories, useless strikes, and starving girls. But I had never taken them home to me or represented these distresses livingly to my imagination. A turn of the market may be a calamity as disastrous as the French retreat from Moscow; but it hardly lends itself to lively treatment, and makes a trifling figure in the morning papers. We may struggle as we please, we are not born economists. The individual is more affecting than the mass. It is by the scenic accidents, and the appeal to the carnal eye, that for the most part we grasp the significance of tragedies. Thus it was only now, when I found myself involved in the rout, that I began to appreciate how sharp had been the battle. We were a company of the rejected; the drunken, the incompetent, the weak, the prodigal, all who had been unable to prevail against circumstances in the one land, were now fleeing pitifully to another; and though

one or two might still succeed, all had already failed. We were a shipful of failures, the broken men of England."

Since Stevenson takes precedence over Macaulay in literature, the above quoted extract should have significance. I will again quote "The Amateur Emigrant": "As we drew near to New York I was at first amused, and then somewhat staggered by the cautious and the grisly tales that went the round. You would have thought we were to land upon a cannibal island. You must speak to no one in the streets, as they would not leave you till you were rooked and beaten. You must enter a hotel with military precautions; for the least you had to apprehend was to awake next morning without money or baggage, or necessary raiment, a lone forked radish in a bed; and if the worst befell, you would instantly and mysteriously disappear from the ranks of mankind."

Since Stevenson has gone on record regarding the stories of America, is it any wonder that Macaulay wrote as he did in a letter? Is it such a surprising thing which our great leader has uncovered?

The following from Stevenson's "The Amateur Emigrant" should be of moment: "But the average mechanic recognises his idleness with effrontery; he has even, as I am told, organized it.

"I give the story as it was told me, and it was told me for a fact. A man fell from a housetop in the city

of Aberdeen, and was brought into hospital with broken bones. He was asked what was his trade, and replied that he was a *tapper*. No one had ever heard of such a thing before; the officials were filled with curiosity; they besought an explanation. It appeared that when a party of slaters were engaged upon a roof, they would now and then be taken with a fancy for the public-house. Now a seamstress, for example, might slip away from her work and no one be the wiser; but if these fellows adjourned, the tapping of the mallets would cease, and thus the neighbourhood be advertised of their defection. Hence the career of the tapper. He has to do the tapping and keep up an industrious bustle on the housetop during the absence of the slaters. When he taps for only one or two, the thing is child's-play, but when he has to represent a whole troop, it is then that he earns his money in the sweat of his brow. Then must he bound from spot to spot, reduplicate, triplicate, sexduplicate his single personality, and swell and hasten his blows, until he produce a perfect illusion for the ear, and you would swear that a crowd of emulous masons were continuing merrily to roof the house."

"Almost, methinks, I am not reading" from Stevenson, and "I find in it no reference to the improvement of the living conditions . . . to the encouragement of better homes . . . or steadier work." One can

“almost” apply such tactics to America, for Roosevelt is our prize “tapper.” He has not only tapped the Treasury, but he taps for a “majority” and when Roosevelt keeps up an incessant tapping on one side of the house we can always expect tapping from the other side. “My Day”—tap! tap! tap! Your day! tap tap tap! “The ill-nourished”—tappety tappety tap! tap! “The ill-clothed”—tap! tap! tap! Oh, Bravo, Mr. Lenin—tap! tap! tap! tap! If only more people could—tap! tap! tap! tap! We all agree with you. Oh, Bravo, Mr. Marx—tap! tap! tap! tap! “But not enough as yet”—Bang! Bang! Bang! Boom! Oh, bravo, Mr. Lewis! tap! tap! tap! “And the ill-housed!”—tappety tappety tap! tap! tap! Whose eyes have been adjusted to see things of another day—tap tap tap tap tap! Infirmities—tap tap tap tap—old men—tap tap—the—tap—Now! Now! Now! Now—owowowow tap! tap! Tap! Tappety tappety tappety tap! And what is more “My friends!” tappety tap! tap! tap! tap! Oh, Bravo Mr.—the test of our progress—tappety! tap! tap! tap! those who have too little tap! tap! tappety tap! tap! too much tap! tap! And you young people when you go to the elders with your problems—tap! tap! tap! tap! tap! tap! tap! And I say to you Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! tap! tap! tap! tap! tap! tap! “I’ve got you under my skin”—the next voice you will hear is that of the

President—"We have just begun to fight!" Oh, tappety tappety tap! tap! "I've got you under my skin—" The next voice you hear will be that of the President: The test of our progress—tappety tap tap—too little—tap tap tap—too much tap tap! I am one of those horses! horses! horses! horses! horses! horses! tappety tappety tap tap! tap! tap! tap! Now! Now! Now! Now! tap! tap! tap! tap! Roosevelt is our "Little boy called taps."

He does not tap for hundreds, thousands, but millions and millions, for he taps for the "majority"! And if this "tapper" keeps on, the inevitable Bup! Bup! Bup! Bup! of machine guns will be sure to follow, for his "ill-nourished" phrase is the call to bombs.

II

When one hopes to build an enduring structure, it is most necessary to make sure that the foundation is firm enough to take up all the weight resting upon it. Before going into Roosevelt's Roanoke Island speech, it will, I believe, be necessary to anchor all premises very solidly and, by such method, the structure can swing with some element of elasticity; can swing and sway on an anchored base.

Therefore, before taking up a few salient points of that speech, it would be well, for purposes of review, to quote from "Three Cheers for the Red, Red and Red," and state again that the book was written in 1935-36 and published by the author in August, 1936. The parts quoted are from the next to the closing chapter, "The Constitution vs. Tugwell." This chapter was written in January, 1936.

"In the close of his book, 'The Industrial Discipline,' Professor Tugwell says:

"Any social theorist now must talk and write with the sense of tremendous forces at work; we talk and write against time and against the opposing pressures of stubborn privilege on one side and dark destructive intention on the other, which threaten to obliterate civilization between them. It is difficult to be calm and analytical in these circumstances; a sense of panic must sometimes intrude itself upon the most detached discussion.'

“When the professor reveals: ‘We talk and write against time,’ and ‘it is difficult to be calm and analytical in these circumstances,’ just one word looms in the mind of the reader: *Why?*”

And when Roosevelt, a year later, brought out the dark picture and projected the “crisis” in his Now! Now! Now! speech, my writing still stands: “Why?”

But let us continue from “Three Cheers”: “—it goes without question that an economist of any weight should never write that ‘we talk and write against time,’ and ‘a sense of panic must sometimes intrude itself,’ without arousing wonder on the part of readers. If a cashier in a bank told that to depositors through the grating and punctuated his remarks with panicky glances at the clock, the depositors would want to have a talk with somebody of authority at the bank. However, that is just tossing off a philosophical ramble as it were, and, as philosophy is a thing of the past, it is of small moment. If the banks were conducted on New Deal formula, the depositors would be watched and investigated by the bank employees.”

“Majority Rule?”

To continue with the quotation: “We know that an economist is in one of the most responsible positions in Washington, and that economist admits that he talks and writes ‘against time.’ We know that Roosevelt

went to the trouble of having him placed in the Administration for another year. Should Professor Tugwell send out a mechanical man to make speeches for the youth of the land, if he, the one in back of the speaker, finds it difficult to be 'calm and analytical'?"

When I wrote "the one in back of the speaker", the reader must judge whether Tugwell guided Roosevelt, after reading the following extracts from my same chapter:

"I quote from Professor Tugwell's 'Battle for Democracy':

"Only nation-wide action is sufficient to make the necessary adjustments; and the farmers seem satisfied to have the Federal Government, which represents all of them, function in these common matters.'

"But when state rights are swept aside, there are other people in the nation besides farmers and professors. The professor might consult the income tax office to verify such statement, or are the taxpayers aliens in this new form of government.

"And again I quote Tugwell:

"But if industry, working as it now has the chance to do in cooperation with the Government, will adopt policies of low prices, high wages, and a planned use of its capacity, foregoing speculative profits in some periods as well as speculative deficits in succeeding ones, all the objectives will have been

accomplished. This would, in fact, be a new kind of government.'

"And that's why Roosevelt, at Baltimore, kept his ear to the youth.

"Tugwell ends one of his chapters:

"There is no reason to think that year by year we shall not learn to better ourselves with the full use of energies and instruments which we have at our disposal. If this be Socialism, make the most of it!

"If this be treason, make the most of it!

"Then in another of Professor Tugwell's books, 'The Industrial Discipline,' we have:

"Whether the Supreme Court is prepared to accept the consequences of the reasoning thus attributed to it and to permit a far-reaching control, no one can say. Its attitudes have hitherto been somewhat contradictory and uncertain.'

"The attitude of the Supreme Court in regard to N. R. A. and the A. A. A. did not convey an impression of uncertainty.

"And again from 'The Industrial Discipline,' we hear:

"Besides this difficulty, there is the other provided by our constitutional form of government. Any people which must be governed according to the written codes of an instrument which defines the spheres of individual and group, State and Federal, action, must expect to suffer from the constant maladjustments of progress.

A life which changes and a Constitution for governance which does not must always raise questions which are difficult for solution. The changing of our Constitution is not easy—'

"When Tugwell writes 'The changing of our Constitution is not easy,' he either wrote the New Deal's epitaph or sounded the note for a new 'liberty'; a 'liberty' which Lincoln would not permit in 1861.

"And again in 'The Battle for Democracy,' we hear Tugwell:

"I have tried to make it clear that the objectives and the instruments being used in the reconstruction which is now going on are novel only in the sense that they are devices which have not hitherto been used.'

"And Roosevelt's Baltimore speech:

"The vigor of our history comes, largely, from the fact that, as a comparatively young nation we have gone fearlessly ahead doing things that were never done before.'"

And:

"Again from 'The Battle for Democracy,' we hear:

"It is perhaps necessary to create a philosophy to fit the Rooseveltian method. The time has not yet come when that can be done with any assurance. It has sometimes been called experimental—that too has been used as a word of opprobrium; but perhaps for all that it may describe something desirable. Cer-

tainly if we are to accommodate our institutions to the flexible requirements of a world economy, large-scale industry and the rapid development of science, we cannot expect to do it successfully by filling in the outlines of some rigid doctrinal system invented before these new forces appeared.'

"When Professor Tugwell writes: 'It is perhaps necessary to create a philosophy to fit the Rooseveltian method,' I do not think it should be hard. For with 'large-scale industry and the rapid development of science,' there is Professor Dewey's plan of technology based on science, or Karl Marx might help to 'create' a name for 'the Rooseveltian method.' Perhaps the best name would be the Arnoldian school of 'philosophy.'"

Again I quote from the chapter, "The Constitution vs. Tugwell," from "Three Cheers for the Red, Red and Red":

"Recently I visited a reptile exhibit where snakes, inclusive of rattlers, moccasins and copperheads, were confined in cement pens with walls about five feet high. Visitors could look down on the snakes, for the tops of all pens were open. In one of these enclosures, measuring about eight by twelve, some twenty snakes twisted and squirmed. In a corner, huddled, frightened and panting, were some toads, hardly daring to breathe; staring and awaiting their fate as snakes slithered near

and around. A few became petrified with fear and hopped and became separated, and the snakes devoured them. One little toad was in a far corner away from the rest and it was the most pathetic situation for he huddled in such a way that he tried to squeeze his back into the very walls. There he waited and waited, and a snake eyed him and twisted and moved toward the victim. He reminded me of the average citizen today as professors close in on him. I quote from 'The Battle for Democracy':

“‘Must I believe that Mr. Roosevelt’s measures are contrary to the “American way,” contrary to the public welfare, contrary to the Constitution, when they are measures designed to eliminate the anarchy of the competitive system, to ameliorate the recurrence of our spirals of inflation and deflation? Is his “partnership with industry” so contrary to the spirit of our institutions that it must be forbidden?’

“‘Mr. Roosevelt’s measures are contrary to the public welfare,’ for when they are ‘designed to eliminate the anarchy of the competitive system,’ it makes government the sole business autocrat wielding a whip over industry. When such a form of government becomes a reality, where there is no competitive factor to worry ‘experts’ of such government machine, then wages can be doled out as the rulers see fit. Since government is the sole owner of industry, what can humanity

do? They can do but one thing as Professor Tugwell knows—*submit* to the enslaved imposition. When men have been paid a dollar a week with board, is not this a sample of government control? But then, are not Germany, Italy and Russia a glaring example of ‘Roosevelt’s measures’? Or would it not be more accurate to say that Russia’s, Italy’s and Germany’s measures gave the impetus to the professor’s thought, ‘Mr. Roosevelt’s measures’?

“Perhaps the reader would be interested to read Karl Marx on the subject. I quote from his book, ‘Capital’:

“It is a strange fact. In spite of all the tall talk and all the immense literature, for the last sixty years, about emancipation of labor, no sooner do the workmen anywhere take the subject into their own hands with a will, than uprises at once all the apologetic phraseology of the mouthpieces of present society with its two poles of Capital and Wage-slavery (the landlord now is but the sleeping partner of the capitalist), as if capitalist society was still in its purest state of virgin innocence, with its antagonisms still undeveloped, with its delusions still unexploded, with its prostitute realities not yet laid bare. The Commune, they exclaim, intends to abolish property, *the basis of all civilization!* Yes, gentlemen, the Commune intends to abolish that class-property which makes the labor of

the many the wealth of the few. It aimed at the expropriation of the expropriators. It wanted to make individual property a truth by transforming the means of production, *land* and *capital*, now chiefly the means of enslaving and exploiting labor, into mere instruments of free and associated labor. But this is Communism, "impossible" Communism! Why, those members of the ruling classes who are intelligent enough to perceive the impossibility of continuing the present system—and they are many—have become the obtrusive and full-mouthed apostles of cooperative production. If cooperative production is not to remain a sham and a snare; if it is to supersede the capitalist system; if united cooperative societies are to regulate national production upon common plan, thus taking it under their own control, and putting an end to the constant anarchy and periodical convulsions which are the fatality of capitalist production—what else, gentlemen, would it be but Communism, "possible" Communism?

"But let us get down to fine points, and in that way, I feel, the reader can be in a better position to act as referee. I quote a particular part of Tugwell from his extract quoted above:

"... when they are measures designed to eliminate the anarchy of the competitive system, to ameliorate the recurrence of our spirals of inflation and deflation?"

“I quote a few lines from the Karl Marx extracts quoted above:

“... if it is to supersede the capitalist system; if united cooperative societies are to regulate national production upon a common plan, thus taking it under their own control, and putting an end to the constant anarchy and periodical convulsions which are the fatality of capitalist production—’

“*Touché, Professor?*”

Since “Three Cheers” was ignored by the press and literary critics, though copies had been sent for review, it may not do any harm to quote some more from the same chapter:

“And this from ‘The Industrial Discipline’:

“I have never found myself greatly in sympathy with the revolutionary tactic. “Force never settles anything” has always seemed to me a sufficient axiom. It is my reading of history that reconstruction is about as difficult after a revolutionary debacle as it would have been in a process of gradual substitution. Yet I can see that we have been unconsciously creating a situation in which the revolutionary tactic might be resorted to successfully. Conditions do not make agitators; that is a matter of temperament, personality, adjustment—whatever one may like to call it; but conditions give agitators a chance for plausibility. Unless we give our new techniques more liberty, unless, that

is, we devise ways to free their potentialities, the contrast between what we are and what we might be will lodge itself more and more firmly in every worker's mind. We possess every needful material for Utopia, and nearly everyone knows it: it is a quite simple conclusion in most minds that control ought to be taken out of the hands of people who cannot produce it from the excellent materials at their disposal.'

"Tugwell's minus signs turn into potential sticks of dynamite. That 'it is a quite simple conclusion in most minds that control ought to be taken out of the hands of the people' seems to be the keynote of the New Deal, but it doesn't seem like good economics to put the taxpayers' money in the hands of farmers to keep them from gripping the handles of the plows. The farmer eventually will forget everything about agriculture save *grafting*. We will try to analyze the result of Tugwell's economic program: We had a superabundance of wheat and cotton, so to bring about a scarcity of all products, cattle and agriculture were destroyed. Moreover, farmers got their palms calloused with the *fruit* from the government mint. This protected economic famine. In fact, all state lines on maps should be divided with little dashes and it would give the true economic problem of the New Deal. In short, they're all minus something.

“The professor’s minus sign turned to a blade in the early years of the Administration activities; a minus sign blade that looks like a sickle when the President smiles. This economic program has proved such a success that a piece of beef in a housewife’s basket is as elusive as eagle meat. But we always remember that ‘every cloud has a silver lining’ and the program, taken all in all, has done a great deal of good; it has put many men to work and has reacted to the farmers’ advantage. *But the men and farmers are not in this country.* Still, the Communist Manifesto does not take cognizance of any particular country, and, since we have scrapped the Constitution to supplant this document, we must admit that Europe has been benefited. The thought hovers over me that, if we had not done something of a drastic nature, Europe would have been in a sorry plight. Thanks to the New Deal, serving mankind instead of country, Europe has been able to increase her exports of all foodstuffs due to creating a shortage of what, at one time, there was a superabundance of in America. The reader must look at this economic program as it should be viewed—on a grand scale. To view it from the attitude of taking into consideration the naked scales of domestic butchers and other merchants, suggests a want of appreciation of economics. The program of the New Deal has suc-

ceeded beyond the wildest expectations of European workers and farmers, and they found themselves swamped with export trade which surpassed their wildest dreams. Due to this program of the New Deal where Europe has benefited by the expenditure of billions of dollars, we still find unemployment figures mounting. Our flag has taken on international significance: the stripes are minus signs and the stars will, in time, be subtracted. Hail Tugwell!

“However, losing billions of dollars, killing cattle, plowing under agriculture has done one thing, and that is that it’s turned Tugwell a little hysterical with the success of the minus sign. He finds it works. In fact, he is so strong for this economical discovery that he thinks nothing of writing revolutionary paragraphs as the above quotation from his book indicates, and is willing to put agitators to work to take the country away from the people. But then, of course, it is good to know that the agitators will have some kind of work on their hands in return for accepting the people’s tax money. We know that it is not very hard to prove that Communist agitators have been put on the Federal pay roll while American citizens are without work. Is this what the American people are giving tax money for? What has Tugwell proved in his theory? He has been given billions of dollars and he, as well as other professors, have succeeded in converting the *fangatical*

'President' to their cause. People praise his winning smile, but did it ever occur to the people that it is a sickled laugh in their faces and Communism is winning?"

And:

"When I say that there is an element of sincerity in Tugwell's writing, it is the same element as the dancing master uses when the class carries out some intricate step: a one, two! one, two! one, two! Whirl! Workers! Workers! Workers! Cry out! Tugwell is one of a school and since crying out for humanity is an important factor of that school, the professor cries out and does it very well. He is a good scholar."

And Roosevelt, as his Roanoke Island speech, as well as others testify, is an apt pupil.

The following from the same chapter seems to anticipate the attack on the Supreme Court. It also gives the reader an idea of what is in back of Roosevelt's *pet* scheme—Child Labor:

"The oddest note, to my mind, steaming through the radio from Baltimore, was Roosevelt's reference to older people:

"Many older people seem to take unmerited pride in the mere fact that they are adults. When youth comes crashing in on them with enthusiasm and ideals, they put on their most patronizing smiles and pat the young man or the young woman on the shoulder and

in a worldly-wise sort of way send them out with what they call their blessing. But—as every young person knows that is not a blessing; it is a cold shower.’

“When a President has to stoop to the point where he sneers at mothers and fathers to gain the vote of the youth, he stoops low. But then, the Communist Manifesto advocates the breaking up of the home to place the children under control of the state. I quote the Communist Manifesto:

“‘The bourgeois family will vanish as a matter of course, when its complement vanishes, and both will vanish with the vanishing of capital.

“‘Do you charge us with wanting to stop the exploitation of children by their parents? To this crime we plead guilty.’

“When, in his Baltimore speech, Roosevelt said: ‘For the next few months you are going to be thoroughly bored,’ it seems that when the blade is in the hands of genius, the dummy and the man behind the talker can be bored most effectively. Personally, I feel that, since Communism advocates atheism, there is something to the old Bible: ‘Honor thy father and thy mother.’

“To intimate that he, Franklin the First (or Benedict the Second), is symbolic of the second coming would, no doubt, cause unpardonable offense on the very clear grounds that he will play second to no one. And then again, what prophet ever had over four hundred disci-

ples cringing in awe at every crack of the Master's whip."

As we draw near to the Roanoke Island speech, we might quote the following, for, as in the case of the Now! Now! Now! speech and others, it seems pertinent somehow:

"The problem which the New Deal is bringing to the front, where humanity is breaking under the old system, is Russian Communism. The people are being told that something must be done or all will be lost. It is the old bourgeois-proletariat argument containing manufactured grievances of humanity. The argument is all about the 'exploited' and the 'exploiting.' The former represent the wage earners and the latter, the capitalist. When the 'exploited' become the 'exploiting', then you have the New Deal."

"Majority Rule?" And again I quote from the same chapter:

"It is known that when insidious propaganda is launched, aimed to control humanity, there are definite formulas used where a few are made the butts. It is designed to arouse hatred and this venom must be directed at something. That something is capitalism. For instance, here is the keynote of hate which closes the Communist Manifesto:

"The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can

be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. The proletarians (workers) have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.'

"Since the 'President' had hate for his keynote in the speech made before both members of Congress, it may be well to look into his Baltimore speech when he addressed the youth. As the reader knows, Roosevelt laid great stress on the American Revolution in his speech to the young Democrats. I will quote from that part of the speech: 'Between 1776 and 1789 we built a government for which, in the extent of its democracy, there was no precedent—a government which Royalists declared could not endure.' This was followed by: 'We were young—and we were getting things—worthwhile things—done. It is part of the spirit of America to believe that now, in our day, we can do equally well in getting things done.' What the 'President' means by that, 'my friends,' is that Americans got 'things done' when they threw over the 'Royalists' and he does not conceal the fact that 'we can do equally well in getting things done.' 'Getting things done' refers to overthrow of government or launching revolutions. The Baltimore speech led up to this:

"'And make no mistake about it—the same qualities of heroism and faith and vision that were required to

bring the forces of nature into subjection will be required—in even greater measure—to bring under proper control the forces of modern society. There is a task which—for importance and for magnitude—calls for the best that you and I have to offer.’

“I think it is unfair to call Roosevelt a Socialist. *He is an agitator of the worst type.* Compare the quoted part of Roosevelt’s speech with the Communist Manifesto where it says: ‘They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions.’ Roosevelt says: ‘to bring under proper control the forces of modern society.’ The difference between the two is that the Communists have not won their revolution, but our good ‘President’ speaks with complete assurance. It is as good as won in his mind.

“And yet, upon second thought, I think Tugwell is clearer on the subject of overthrowing the government. I quote from his book, ‘The Industrial Discipline’: ‘Revolutions are not undertaken in despair but in hope.’”

Now, “my friends,” let us draw a real fine sight at the New Deal target. In Tugwell’s, “The Industrial Discipline,” we find, “Control ought to be taken out of the hands of people who cannot produce it from the excellent materials at their disposal.” And in Roosevelt’s Baltimore speech, “—to bring under control the forces of modern society.”

Who wrote Roosevelt's speeches in the past? Give up? Who writes them now? Corcoran and Cohen* are the President's closest advisors since Tugwell left. Who writes Roosevelt's speeches now? Give up? Who writes the laws for a sawdust Congress to pass? But then "as they say on the East Side": "Dunt esk!"

* From "Three Cheers for the Red, Red and Red": "It had never been touched upon as to why a Mr. Cohen buzzed from the Administration throughout the Congress, but the utilities were played up in the press as monopolists of a very serious type. It did not occur to the people that the greatest monopoly of all time was dictatorship where government ownership had full power of expenditure and command.

III

In his Roanoke Island speech, Roosevelt says: "It was this policy which came into the open in the Constitutional Convention of 1787; for in that convention there were some who wanted a king, there were some who wanted to create titles, and there were many, like Alexander Hamilton, who sincerely believed that suffrage and the right to hold office should be confined to persons of property and persons of education. We know, however, that although this school persisted, with the assistance of the newspapers of the day, during the first three national Administrations, it was eliminated for many years at least under the leadership of President Thomas Jefferson and his successors. His was the first great battle for the preservation of democracy."

"The Communist Manifesto" says: "—to win the battle of democracy," and Tugwell's book is called: "The Battle for Democracy." "Now," if the reader will eliminate "His was," "first great" and "for the preservation" from Roosevelt's last quoted sentence, what is left?

Hamilton and Madison wrote the essays in 1789 contained in *The Federalist* supporting the Constitution. I quote from Edward Bourne's introduction to the volumes: "—the highest achievement of political thinking and constructive statesmanship in the eight-

eenth century," also: "—and the unending tale of editions taken up by successive generations of the American people, more than fulfill Washington's modest forecast that 'The Federalist' would 'merit the notice of posterity,' and amply justify its admission to the select company of the world's classics."

There is a very definite reason why Roosevelt should refer to Hamilton with a sneer. Again I quote from the chapter, "The Constitution vs. Tugwell," in "Three Cheers":

"He has been given billions of dollars and he, as well as other professors, have succeeded in converting the *fangatical* 'President' to their cause. People praise his winning smile, but did it ever occur to the people that it is a sickled laugh in their faces and Communism is winning?"

"The Constitution protects those under its mantle, but professors have no official status under the Constitution. They are not looked upon as President, Cabinet officers or Congressmen. They have no official status in the 'government of the people, by the people and for the people.' However, the framers of the Constitution covered statesmen who align themselves with those whose sole aim is to usurp authority of the people. But speaking of Tugwell and his looting band of professors: If the intangible essence does not enter their consciousness, perhaps *substance* consistent with tangibility will, or as Hamilton said:

“If the representatives of the people betray their constituents, there is then no resource left but in the exertion of that original right of self-defense which is paramount to all positive forms of government, and which against the usurpations of the national rulers, may be exerted with infinitely better prospect of success than against those of the rulers of an individual state. In a single state, if the persons intrusted with supreme power become usurpers, the different parcels, subdivisions, or districts of which it consists, having no distinct government in each, can take no regular measures for defense. The citizens must rush tumultuously to arms, without concert, without system, without resource; except in their courage and despair. The usurpers, clothed with the forms of legal authority, can too often crush the opposition in embryo.”

If the reader will substitute “majority rule” for proletarians or workers and “minority” for bourgeoisie or capitalists, he or she will have the key to the Roanoke Island speech.

When, in the Roanoke Island speech, Roosevelt, referring to a select minority, said: “I am of the firm belief that the nation, by an overwhelming majority, supported my opposition to the vesting of supreme power in the hands of any class, numerous but select.”

No one will argue this point with Roosevelt, for he must have had “the firm belief” that “an overwhelming

majority supported" him when, without even bringing the matter before this "majority," he surreptitiously sprang a bill on Congress to render the Supreme Court useless.

Again we can look over Moscow's chestnuts which Roosevelt scatters: "They love to intone praise for liberty, to mouth phrases about the sanctity of our Constitution—but in their hearts they distrust majority rule because an enlightened majority will not tolerate the abuses which a privileged minority would seek to foist upon the people as a whole."

We have learned that Lewis, Roosevelt's boss, "will not tolerate the abuses" from the "privileged minority" for, having seized industrial plants with the full approval of our economic spoils, he said: "General Motors may as well settle now as further up the street," he gives the country an idea of "majority rule" tactics, especially after Moscow's pet put the President in his place with: "This is no time for neutrality and no time for pussyfooting."

Again the Roanoke speech: "They seek to substitute their own will for that of the majority, for they would serve their own interest above the general welfare. They reject the principle of the greater good for the greater number, which is the cornerstone of democratic government."

I quote the "cornerstone of the democratic government," the Preamble of the Constitution, and I see

nothing which refers to "the greater number": "We, the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Roosevelt again: "I seek no change in the form of American government. Majority rule must be preserved as the safeguard of both liberty and civilization."

"Majority rule" was not "the safeguard of both liberty and civilization" when Roosevelt *sponsored* and I use the word advisedly, the steel strikes where windows of privately-owned plants were smashed; where workers, willing to toil, were tyrannized to such an extent that, in fear of the threats of the "majority" they were forced to live in the plants. The mail addressed to these citizens was censored by the C. I. O., or the "majority" and the post office officials. Since this uprising resulted in dynamiting railroads, the blowing up of the water supply, the destruction of automobiles of those who would not be intimidated, and bloodshed, one wonders why "majority rule must be preserved" instead of Democracy?

Quoting Macaulay's letter without any justification reveals the man's desperation to find a precedent. It is neither "fish nor fowl" as far as America is con-

cerned, but it reveals to what lengths Roosevelt will go to serve his ends. However, we will take the argument on his own grounds. He says, " 'in the hands of a class, numerous indeed, but select; of an educated class.' " There is something wrong with a man's argument when he fears an educated class having something to do with government, and since he has played to the masses, and aliens have been supported by the Federal Treasury, it is known that an illiterate class, as in the case of Russia, are susceptible to having the problems of government given to them prepared, and that's just what Roosevelt wants. He is endeavoring to stir the masses to the belief that an aristocracy exists as it did in Russia, and by using the word "educated," he knows that such a word strikes deep into the minds of those who are workers.

Roosevelt says: "They do not believe in democracy—I do." First of all, he has deliberately brought Macaulay's statements, colored with English politics, into the greater part of his speech to serve his ends, and taking Macaulay for a precedent or an authority on America, and that he is not, Roosevelt calmly places a 1936 election minority in Macaulay's letter.

When he says, "My anchor is democracy—and more democracy," Roosevelt, by that line, has admitted that he intends to change this form of government. In a shot, freedom is freedom, and democracy is democ-

racy, and as we have the finest form of government, which embraces majorities and minorities, Roosevelt by his scheme is interpreting majority in the language of the 46-2, and he is interpreting the "majority" with Lewis's window-smashing gang, but here is where Roosevelt has put his head into the noose, "—more democracy."

The democracy of Soviet Russia is economic democracy, and they have interpreted the American form of democracy as political. They have gone beyond that, or that is to say, they have given the illiterate masses to understand that they're getting more freedom than anybody in the world, in fine, they're giving them "more democracy" than that which America enjoys. In doing this, Russia, and of course they were looking out for the interests of the great "majority" (proletariat), had to do away with the church, the family relations, in order to give the people more freedom. The Russian ruler, surrounded by commissars, seized control of agriculture and industry. There are no private owners, and the masses have the expression of their freedom through the mouth of the ruler. It is highly concentrated freedom and charged to such extent that the recipients of this freedom do not dare tamper with it. This ruler of the people, surrounded by his commissars, parcels out all privileges. Since Lenin adopted the writings of Karl Marx,

putting them into practise, capitalists were attacked and Lewis-like, all property in Russia was seized by the "majority" (proletariat). During earthquakes, they call it looting. When the time came, there were no capitalists, but Lenin and his commissars owned the nation. It may be interesting to say that there was no longer any church property and that became common property. Everything was common property, inclusive of palaces, churches and homes. When the regime finally followed up their program, there was a tremendous army of over six million men, inclusive of regulars and reserves. The "majority" (proletariat) of Russia found themselves taking orders, and no one, due to the censorship, knows whether they like it or not, and the reader can form his own deductions. There are no longer a select minority (bourgeoisie), but there are the few—the ruler, Stalin, and his commissars—who speak for the proletariat ("majority").

Now we will come to the meaning of Roosevelt's "more democracy," and I will quote a writer sympathetic to Russia, Charles Edward Russell. In a book published by D. Appleton and Company in 1918, called "Unchained Russia," we find another reference to Macaulay: "If the shade of Thomas Babington Macaulay was haunting these confines in the summer of 1906, it must have returned hence to cause in spirit-land the echoes of an inextinguishable laughter. While

still he wore these fleshly cerements it was the opinion of this eminent authority that the most comical thing on earth was the spectacle of the British public in one of its periodical spasms of aggressive virtue."

Macaulay seems to get little rest from those sympathetic with Russia.

I now quote "Unchained Russia" again: "To abolish poverty; to secure for the masses every possible chance for culture and comfort; to end the modern world's sottish conditions of too much and too little."

I will now quote from Roosevelt's inaugural address: "The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little."

The reader can pause over Roosevelt's line and the last lines quoted from "Unchained Russia," and form his own deductions. Or, better still, he can linger over the lines from "Capital" by Karl Marx: "Yes, gentlemen, the Commune intends to abolish that class property which makes the labor of the many the wealth of the few." I will go on with the quotation from "Unchained Russia": "—these were objects that seemed to us dreamy, anarchistic or insane." This is the concluding clause from "too much and too little." Evidently they seem no longer "anarchistic or insane," for Roosevelt's "Those who have much" and "Those who have too little" was accepted as democracy. I

think it would have been considered "anarchistic or insane" a few years ago if anyone suggested that plotters aiming to overthrow the United States government wrote the laws, and yet, it has been done in Roosevelt's Administration.

We will go on with the quotation from "Unchained Russia:" "With the startling news of the Revolution we grasped rejoicingly the first series of objects; the Czar was gone, the old hateful tyranny was no more, blessed be the day! But when word came of the second series of objects we chilled rapidly, then looked askance, then began to turn upon the whole manifestation a face of frowning reproof.

"This was nothing to be wondered at. The United States had, for the time being, stopped on a dead center in its democratic evolution. It had ceased, or apparently ceased, to go ahead democratically, and some persons of limited vision even thought it was floating backward. A lapse of this kind takes place in the story of every republic. Having won political freedom we were for the time content to think there was nothing more to be done and to roll about where we were, inert socially and threatened with fatty degeneration morally. But the Russian Revolutionists had shot far beyond political democracy; they aimed at industrial democracy no less. All the years when they were so bravely in the darkness struggling for

freedom and light, carrying on their secret propaganda, making infinite sacrifices for the sake of an ideal, walking always under the shadow of a horrible fate, those unsung heroes of Russia that have gone by the thousands to graves, were working toward this two-fold aim. Political freedom was well, it was very well; but it was well chiefly because it offered a means by which the masses of men that toil could secure a larger share of the wealth their toil created. Freedom meant a world freed from the blight of kings and freed no less from the blight of an industrial system that condemned nine men in every ten to poverty; a world with no more despots and no more slums."

If we will just pluck out from that quotation, "But the Russian Revolutionists had shot far beyond political democracy; they aimed at industrial democracy no less." Now compare that line with Roosevelt's line taken from his Roanoke Island speech: "My anchor is democracy—and more democracy."* And there, "my friends," you have it—Communism.

* See last line of Communist editorial, Appendix II.

XVII

What Treasury?

I WILL quote from Roosevelt's talk in Montana: "This morning I smiled all the way through breakfast because I happened to see an editorial, not in a paper here but in a Great Falls paper, that talked about 'balancing the budget of our resources.' That is something that is well worth thinking about. It said that because we have made money in wasting and eroding large human resources and piled up nominal wealth in securities and bank balances, we have lost sight of the fact that the natural resources of our land—our permanent capital—are being converted into those nominal evidences of wealth at a faster rate than our real wealth is being replaced."

Strange that Roosevelt admits he smiled all through breakfast, and one wonders how it happened that he came across that exact editorial in a Great Falls paper, because that very same line of reasoning "balancing our natural resources" is in a magazine article, all about how we use lumber faster than it grows, and how we use other raw materials. It was written by one of the six whom Dr. Wirt referred to in his charges. It was Harper's lead article out on the stands when Roosevelt read the editorial. It was called: "Balance What

Budget?" If the reader is interested in forestry, I covered such topic in "Three Cheers," in the chapter, "Defense of the Supreme Court."

To prove that this is not a new idea, some twelve years ago, I made a Skippy strip attacking lumber companies for cutting down forests without replacing trees.

No one in their right senses would think of making an issue of the forests when the whole country was drained of money. In the article in Harper's, there was some mention of cotton, but it misses the whole point about cotton, and that is, that this balancing our budget of natural resources is not taking place in that particular field, for the government is pegging the cotton, and since America is not a leader in the field, and due to regimentation we have slipped behind, the writer of the Harper's article should get down to the real facts instead of his dreamings, since Harper's played up the writer—David Cushman Coyle.* He, like other theo-

* From the Washington Merry-Go-Round, October 28, 1937:

"While White House policy on the issue is a state secret, definite information is available on the line of reasoning the President and his advisers are following. It can be found on pages 87 to 89 and 108 to 111 of a pocket-sized book just published by David Cushman Coyle entitled, *Why Pay Taxes*.

"The volume is a most penetrating and readable study of Federal taxes. Furthermore, it is genuine 'inside stuff.'

"Scholarly and self-effacing, Coyle even in Washington is little known outside of a small circle. Officially he is an economist

rists, is confused in his own mind and is laying out a plan of resources which is not new by any amount of means, and I would say offhand, it is a clear example of that ambiguous writing which should be avoided by all students of literature, for while on the surface it reads more or less easily, the man is confused in his own mind regarding what it is all about. In plain language, the editorial of the Great Falls paper and the article featured by Harper's *are both painted with the Moscow brush.*

Perhaps Roosevelt smiled, since we are talking in the agricultural sense, regarding our resources, because the article might have been planted in the Great Falls paper. It would be a good idea and more or less subtle to discover something in the Far West, and we do know that Roosevelt does love what he thinks is subtle.

It is swill such as this, belittling money and playing up nature, following the Moscow sewer pipe of manureo-pean economics which is smothering the healthy thought of the nation. The writer of the Harper's article, attempting to undermine money, is merely following Moscow formula, for any balance of weight is in Roosevelt's favor. Roosevelt's "That is well worth thinking about," is lovely when one considers

on the staff of the National Resources Board. Actually, he is the New Deal's most brilliant and articulate economic theorist. His views are listened to with the greatest respect by Roosevelt and other Administration chiefs."

that Roosevelt has thought of nothing else for five years. It's part of his Communistic program.

It has been thought out before, and the program of conservation can be planned without throwing over the whole United States government to do it. If I remember, I wrote something about writers in the little essay called, "Defense of the Administration." I will quote it: "One must not lose sight of the fact that the Administration is *vitaly interested* in putting something like 10,000 writers to work, thereby decreasing unemployment. There is no doubt that these 10,000 writers will sing the praises of the Administration who helped them; sing the praises through radio, newspapers, magazines and moving pictures. The people then will get the true picture of the Administration's wonderful work. Perhaps the good President little realized, when he had no idea other than putting people to work, that 10,000 writers would be a tremendous help to the Administration. Charitable deeds, unconsciously performed, sometimes have a habit of returning to the advantage of the giver a thousandfold."

Are these writers working for the Administration? Strange that the propaganda fits so adequately into the New Deal plan. People reading this article in regard to balancing our natural resources, in Harper's, as well as in newspapers, are left with a feeling of futility, a helplessness. *That is just the aim.* But

since we are speaking of natural resources does Roosevelt know where such Moscow weeds are planted? The world is not coming to an end, and as I have covered this technology stuff with perhaps the chief exponent, I flip the writer of Harper's from the pen, for after all, this Moscow theoretical gloom slush has been spread in American books and has been spread in magazines. Beware of the importance given to natural resources at this time. Communism, like the smallpox, is breaking out in a rash all over the United States, even in Great Falls. Roosevelt smiled with complacency because propaganda planted, flourished in an editorial.

The publishing house of Harper's was the only house to which I offered "Three Cheers," and I have quoted it at length in this book. In something like a six page letter, I outlined the plan of the whole book. Harper's returned that they would not be interested in the manuscript, but since this magazine, together with countless others, are going New Republic, Forum, because it brings in the money, let us look over the literary symbol of Harper's. It has a hand passing the torch to another hand, and that means, I imagine, that when the almighty dollar is jeopardized, the torch of literature, or truth, is checked. But then, this would go for every publisher in the country today. Every one of them is afraid to attack, and that's the

very reason why propaganda has been able to gain such a foothold. That is why the whole nation has been poisoned. The people run for the magazines which carry out the very program Russia wants them to carry out.

In another one of the Communistic articles, blown from the extreme left of the Democratic donkey, Stanley High, in the same issue of Harper's, writes: "It seems to be his conviction that revolutions do not come as a result of carelessness about property rights; that they are far more apt to come as a result of carelessness about human rights. When the property-rights philosophy is expounded to the President I think his answer is something like this:

"All right, I'll whoop it up with the best of the conservatives about property rights if they will agree to whoop it up with me about human rights—about child labor and share-croppers and decent wages and hours and housing. The trouble with the people who get excited about property rights is that those are usually the only rights they get excited about."

It does not seem to occur to the writer that property rights are likewise human rights. But where does Roosevelt get the authority to do as he pleases with property rights, aside from the authorization of the "Communist Manifesto"? Then again, has this great saviour protected human rights when he had telegrams

seized? Is this not a clear infringement on property rights as well as human rights—one and the same?

Economists have discovered the soil. All about cotton except that, due to the new economy, regimentation, we have lost our export trade; lost our lead in the world market. Our losses are explained and we find that metal, such as gold, is old-fashioned economy. There is a new cry and Roosevelt, following Moscow formula has taken it up. Balance our natural resources. The terrific deficit could not be explained in any other way. Now, it's the hell with posterity—we are pioneers. Roosevelt has a philosophy. We have been worrying about gold—worrying over the Treasury and, bemoaning the spending of little metal discs, the country has awakened to the dreadful realization that the horse manure has been neglected—it has not been conserved—balance our manure. Still, little of it has been wasted. What does not go over the dial goes in the magazines and the whole nation stinks with the conservation.

XVIII

“Paying the Price”

THE cartoon, “Paying the Price,” before being published as a part of the Essay, was first offered to the Saturday Evening Post and was turned down. It then was sent out with the Essay, and underneath was my copyright line. This cartoon was made when Roosevelt was doing everything within his power to kill the Supreme Court. During that time, the Washington Herald did not come to the defense of the people’s government, but made a great how-de-do in cartoon and editorial about increasing the aeroplane force. This had been first done by me some few years ago, but I had to pay advertising space to get the cartoons published.

This cartoon, together with the Essay, was sent to Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, publisher of the Washington Herald and Washington Times, just when cartoons were needed to awaken the people in regard to the danger facing the Supreme Court. I received a letter dated May 20, 1937, from the editor-in-chief of the Washington Herald, asking me if the Washington Herald could use that cartoon in an eight column spread. February 5th, Roosevelt came out with his message, and it was during May of 1937 that the fight

to preserve the Supreme Court was waxing hot and furious. It was then when the people did not know whether the Supreme Court would fall or not, that this cartoon was requested by the Washington Herald. The editor said in effect: My cartoon, applied to Hitler in his ruthless campaign against Jews and Catholics, would stir America as nothing had stirred it before. He went on to say that if I would label that spur booted figure "Hitler," I would have the German Embassy scurrying up to the State Department demanding apologies. Then there was a postscript telling me that the Washington Herald was leased by Mrs. Patterson. Here was our Supreme Court fight, and the Washington Herald wanted my cartoon changed for an attack on Hitler. As I explained, the Washington Herald had done nothing in the Supreme Court fight and my cartoon was aimed for defense of our Democracy.

In a 'phone message to the editor, I explained that I would not think of changing my cartoon and, seemingly, I became quite upset. After that 'phone conversation, I sent a letter to Mrs. Patterson which I quote in part:

"I am sorry that you were disappointed, but when I tell you that 'Paying the Price' was conceived with no other idea than to awaken the people to Roosevelt's potential dictatorship, I believe you will understand. I would not swerve from my attack

against that man, and of course the cartoon attacks all dictatorship as well, for any amount of money.”

In a telegram, Mrs. Patterson said that she found the enclosure of my epoch-making cartoon and that it was the work of the greatest master in that field, and blah-blah-blah. She then said that her only thought was to see it run in the paper and she had no desire to change its caption. She asked if I would send the original so that they could reproduce it in the paper. I brought the cartoon in to the editor-in-chief and talked to the head of the engravers as to drop outs and a few technical engraver's points, and the plate was made, but I had a letter written and I gave it to the editor-in-chief regarding that cartoon which was to be published in an eight column width. My letter follows:

May 24, 1937

Dear Mike:

Naturally I was most happy to learn that Mrs. Patterson liked the cartoon, "Paying the Price." Moreover, she is the first publisher who had the courage to print such a cartoon. Even so, the cartoon mentions no special dictator, nor names any potential dictator. If Roosevelt takes exception to it, then he admits that the shoe fits him.

This cartoon has been sent to every member of the Senate and the House, as well as 2,000 editors over the country, and yet, to date, none published it. Aside from this, it has been sent through the channels of well selected mailing lists, and many people could not understand why such a powerful cartoon was

not published. And yet, that is just what happened, and Mrs. Patterson, as usual, was the first on the line.

Since the cartoon is aimed at all dictators, and Roosevelt in particular, (yet it is subtle enough not to name him), I am willing to release such cartoon on the condition that no editorial accompanies it dealing with Hitler or any special dictator. In a word, the cartoon must run as a separate feature. Please do not misconstrue my interpretation to mean that I am making any suggestions as to what should be written, except to say that I do not want that special cartoon tied up with any campaign for it speaks for itself. As you know, I do not want any remuneration for this cartoon and I am most happy to release it under the conditions stated above.

Thanking you, I beg to remain,

Sincerely,

Mr. Mike Flynn
The Washington Herald
Washington, D. C.

Percy L. Crosby

For some unaccountable reason, though Mrs. Patterson's only thought was to see it run in the Washington Herald, with no desire to change its caption, it never reached the point of publication. Why? At any rate, Mrs. Patterson in a telegram dated May 25th said that she was very disappointed but her hands were tied. The following letter sent to the editor-in-chief closed the issue:

May 26, 1937

Dear Mike:

I am enclosing a carbon of a letter written to Mrs. Patterson, feeling sure that she would not object to having you read it, for I just want to show that there's nothing but good will on my

part. At the same time, as I brought out, it would be impossible for me to change my course and swerve from attack on Roosevelt. The man is out to rule at any price, and of course, as you know, he's becoming a little ridiculous. But then, most fanatics are that. It is just a step more for Roosevelt to do away with all religions because he has followed the doctrines of Karl Marx religiously, and the Communist Manifesto advocates the abolition of religion. Roosevelt has followed the Communist rule books so religiously (if one could use religiously in that sense) that he has earned the right to have a snake tattooed on his whole body, round and round, symbolizing his unquenchable thirst for power.

After all, I was the only man who caught that inaugural speech, and as I had written on Roosevelt and covered all professors, especially Tugwell and Dewey, I anticipated every move he made. My letter written to the New York Tribune, in the Appendix of the Essay, strange to say, was written the night before his message broke. Everything I said has worked out, and I believe my job has been done, for that Essay, as well as the cartoon, went to all Congress. Some of the leading Senators opposing his program thanked me. There is no need for me to do any more, for due to that cartoon and my writings, the people are awakened. I have received some letters from people receiving the Essay who have been startled by the facts which I brought out, and my arguments, and they are now bitter against Roosevelt, whereas previous to reading the Essay, they did not know what it was about. Now they do. As in the case of all creative writing, it takes a long time for such writing to materialize, but in the end it never fails. When I wrote attacking Prohibition, my writing was not popular, but in the end, I won. I shall win in this crisis as well. I never have to change a word after the work has been published, and my attacks on Prohibition still stand.

I have brought out these salient facts so that you will understand my position and realize that there is nothing personal regarding my adamant stand. The truth is, I would not change

that cartoon for a million dollars, and I know you will respect my feelings in the matter, and I am sure Mrs. Patterson will do likewise.

Please give the original to my man, as well as the rough sketch of another cartoon.

With warmest personal regards, I beg to remain,

Sincerely,

Mr. Mike Flynn
The Washington Herald
Washington, D. C.

Percy L. Crosby

Due to my letter, the cartoon was never published in the Washington Herald, but if I had walked into the trap, the cartoon, "Paying the Price," would have appeared in the Herald definitely tied up with Hitler. This, as the reader can see at a glance, would have swerved my fire from Roosevelt and the cartoon would have been killed definitely as an historical record. However, I anticipated just what was in the mind of the great publisher. But I leave Eleanor to muse over the handle of her Moscow blade.

Time passed, and while I was at work on this book during the summer of '37, the New York Times ran an article in the Sunday Magazine section on foreign dictators, and to my amazement, I saw my cartoon reduced tremendously, together with a British cartoon. The caption under my cartoon, "Paying the Price," had been deleted, and it carried a caption which I shared with the British cartoon, called "Civilization's

Nightmare.” It may be interesting to know that the British cartoon portrayed a man awakened from sleep, and the nightmare would have hit that picture, but my cartoon was completely killed by using it as an illustration, and that with another caption. I sent the following letter to the editor of the New York Times:

August 12, 1937

Mr. Lester Markel
The New York Times
Times Building
New York City

Dear Mr. Markel:

My cartoon reproduced in the New York Times Magazine, Sunday, August 8th, had no place in your pages as used, for it is copyrighted, and your mention of the copyright does not give the New York Times permission to use it as an illustration for an article, leaving off the caption. I wish to go on record that I object to its use without its caption and using the caption of a British cartoon, or any other caption, to carry my creation. My cartoon, “Paying the Price,” was connected with the “Essay on Roosevelt’s Second Inaugural Address.”

This gesture on the part of the New York Times has swerved the attack from Roosevelt, and all my time, work and expense of publishing the cartoon in the Essay has been obviously diminished as well as sidetracked by the unauthorized, flagrant use of my creation. The damage to me caused by the Times’ use of my cartoon, mutilating it to fit in as an illustration and weakening the effect of the creation, perhaps beyond repair, demands defensive action on my part.

I will be explicit: The publisher of the Washington Herald asked permission, and all records testify to such a fact, to use that cartoon with a change, and I refused and went on record, though the publisher was willing to use the cartoon with such change in

eight-column width. When I informed the publisher of the Washington Herald that I would not consent to any change in the creation, and I said that the cartoon could not be used if it were tied up with an editorial or any reference to foreign dictators, and stated my position, saying that I would not swerve that attack from Roosevelt, "not for a million dollars," I went on record unequivocally. The cartoon, due to my rights in the matter, was not published in connection with reference to foreign dictators.

If the New York Times had asked my permission to tie up my cartoon in the form of an illustration for an article on foreign dictators, and that with its caption, I would not have allowed my cartoon to have been used for such purpose.

Since I was not consulted in regard to the use of my cartoon and it was edited to suit the whims of the New York Times editors, where the caption was chopped off to suit their needs regardless of my rights, and especially the copyright which called for the use of the caption as well as the drawing, for the two are inseparable, I wish to make this very definite record. The publication of the picture which was no longer the cartoon I made was presented to a vast amount of readers, where the cartoon was misrepresented, for the caption is as much a part of the cartoon as every line and brush stroke.

Due to the facts outlined in this letter, where I went on record unequivocally in regard to the Washington Herald as to the use of the cartoon, forbidding them in any way to tie it up with foreign dictators, the Times, without asking my permission, has done that very thing. Beyond that, the New York Times by using my cartoon swerved the attack from Roosevelt and the Administration, for which it had been conceived. Moreover, my cartoon, broken up to suit the needs of the New York Times, was used as an illustration for a very weak article on dictators. Since I have written a 220,000 word book, warning the people of the dangers of dictatorship, and since I am a creator, taking precedence over any writer of articles, I object to having that cartoon, aside from the cutting off of the caption, connected in

any manner, shape or form with an article which does not take any stand. The article is weak, for after the writer discusses the dangers of dictatorships in Europe, he says: “I am not saying whether such a form of government is desirable or not, or whether Americans, when they come to feel the full impact on their private life would enjoy it.” Since the prescience of genius, as all history testifies, is beyond the mentality of the generation in which a creator lives, I will give you an example of a line in my book which has the prescience of genius. It is at the close of the book where I said: “A vote for Roosevelt in 1936 is a vote for bloodshed in 1937.” This is now history and that book was published by me in August, 1936. But beyond that, I have taken a definite stand attacking this Administration in my writing, and I never would have allowed the Times to use it as they did, tying it up with any article, to say nothing of mutilating it.

I wish to make a very clear statement, and that is, since I am a writer, I do not illustrate anyone’s stories, nor have I ever allowed my work to be construed as illustrations. I am not an illustrator and there is a difference between the creator and the illustrator. Since I am a painter and have done dry points and lithographs, and the painting includes oil and watercolor, I have been most careful never to illustrate articles. Aside from that, my pictures are tied up with my own writings and I never allow them to appear in other writings, but as I said, I was never given the chance to make myself clear on the point.

There is only one use of that copyright by any paper, inclusive of the New York Times, if they cared to use the cartoon, and that was reproducing the picture with the title as I wrote it underneath, without change, for as I brought out, the caption and the cartoon are equally as important. If the Times cared to use it, they should have run a line underneath, “From ‘Essay on Roosevelt’s Second Inaugural Address,’ by Percy Crosby.” This was used for my own writing, and this cartoon went out with that Essay. There could never have been any other use of the cartoon.

While the "Essay on Roosevelt's Second Inaugural Address" was agreeable in every particular as I wrote it, without change, for the advertising pages of the New York Sun, that same Essay was flatly refused by the New York Times in a two-page spread. As a creator, I wish to state that the New York Times had no right to play fast and loose with my cartoon without asking permission. Since the Times refused to carry the advertising of the Essay, one wonders whether such presumption was deliberate, but whether deliberate or otherwise, my reputation has been affected by the Times' use of the cartoon. Since, as I said, another paper tried to swerve off the attack from Roosevelt and I would not allow it, I am not going to allow the Times to kill what I believe is my most powerful cartoon without legal redress. There cannot be a compromise on this point.

Since the New York Times goes to various cities and the cartoon has been crippled, misrepresented, other editors could hurt the creation by reprinting it from the Times, but the cartoon, used as an illustration in the Sunday Times Magazine section is detrimental to my reputation through its misrepresentation.

In my contract calling for daily and Sunday cartoons of Skippy, for which I receive many thousands of dollars a year, no one has the power to change captions nor to edit any of my material, and the act of using my cartoon and editing it to suit the needs of the New York Times as an illustration is unexampled presumption. Therefore, I have no other alternative than to seek protection which is due me as a creator, and I have placed the matter in the hands of my attorney, who will represent me from now on.

Yours very truly,

Percy L. Crosby

I received a letter from an assistant editor stating that the Sunday editor was away, and then, as in the case of all publishers and editors, I received instruction as to how to make cartoons. Later, the Sunday editor

answered my correspondence whereupon I took up each point in the following letter:

Bolton, New York
September 15, 1937

Dear Mr. Markel:

It was not my intention to take advantage of your vacation to place a flaming torch on your desk, but after reading your letter where you adopt a reasoning attitude, I hope in turn to present my side in such a manner that you, with your sense of fairness, will weigh the matter with your full sympathetic understanding.

In Mr. Hayward's letter, as well as your own, to which I am replying, I think there is definite proof that editing took place in regard to my cartoon. Mr. Hayward said in effect that no caption was needed, for the cartoon without caption said everything, whereas you, in your letter, say, "I hold that both cartoons were entirely clear without captions." First of all, there is, I believe, an admission that the whole situation regarding my creation is involved when another cartoon is brought into the discussion and has to be linked with mine, it naturally works out to my detriment. In a word, my cartoon, without caption, was just another illustration for the article. Aside from that, I believe the New York Times reveals through Mr. Hayward's letter and your own, the propensity toward editing. You had no right to use it without the caption, and worse than that, use it as an illustration which you admit in your own writing, strengthening the issue which I have raised.

In regard to the use of captions with cartoons, I have published cartoons without a caption but I did not ask anyone whether I should or should not do it. In the book, "Always Belittlin'", containing cartoons, I have one cartoon without a caption. . . . Since I have made cartoons with captions and without captions, and England gave the highest praise before America discovered me, and that twenty years ago, one cannot

help but smile at publishers and editors, attempting to give me lessons on how to do cartoons; especially when it is a screen to cover their fear of the New Deal.

But to take you on your own grounds regarding my caption for the cartoon crippled by the New York Times. Are you telling me anything when the picture reveals the situation in a flash without a title? That is precisely what I aimed to do. A woman representing Justice (Democracy) was dying under a crushing boot labeled "One Man Rule." A dictatorial power was the cause and, since it applied to America, as the scales and sword were most apparent in the picture, the woman was helpless under such oppression. It was my aim, in putting the title on the picture, to bring out *one* thought so none could miss it and that was the *effect* of one man rule. I aimed to have no one get away from the effect of *Roosevelt*. "Paying the Price" was just what I wanted—nothing less, nothing more. Cause and effect rule the universe. In the cartoon I showed the *cause*, in the caption the *effect*.

Now hear a truth regarding that cartoon: There was no particular dictator named, but when, as I brought out in my previous letter, an attempt on the part of a Washington newspaper publisher was made to tie up that cartoon with Hitler, and that by a method of subterfuge which I unearthed, and records stand, it was my distinct aim to draw the fire from New Dealers. In a word, if any New Dealer resented the cartoon, they, since no names were mentioned, would have admitted the cartoon's implication. As I told the publisher who, after I unearthed the trick by saying that the cartoon could not be tied up with editorial, news column or any reference to any foreign dictator, "I would not swerve that attack from Roosevelt for a million dollars." The cartoon was not run. At least that publisher asked my permission, but the New York Times, without giving me an opportunity to refuse, ran my cartoon without title and as an illustration to an article on foreign dictatorships. By such acts they swerved the attack (or thought they did) from Roosevelt. Your letter, as did that of Mr. Hayward,

gave this angle of my letter a wide berth. I do not need a rapier to bring home such a point.

Humanity, though cluttered with editorial, judicial, senatorial, militaristic, scientific mentalities, like barnacles on a river pile, have been surrounded with the minds they understand, but posterity cherishes the creative mind, for there is nothing higher produced by mankind. The creator can, when the occasion requires it, perform feats of editing consistent with critical analysis, and that when book publishers' lamps of wisdom steam from a one eared pot.

Perhaps it would not be amiss, since editing is in order, to give an example of that editing or criticism which creators undertake for the benefit of those who are scheduled for another day. A few years ago, a ponderous volume, stressing the limitations of literary geniuses of the past, rumbled into the offices of the New York Times, and, overawed by the erudite thunder, the editors flaunted the announcement of the book's arrival on the front pages of the New York Times Book Review. The writer of the rumbling volume had his photograph blazoned on the cover of the Times Book Review; with brows contracted, he, like Hercules, balanced a world instead of a brain. The book was heralded and accepted by 820,000 of the New York Times readers. No editing was necessary at the time, for a critic, 'twas he, had spoken. This scholar tiptoed into the writer's field and began to stamp away at literature, like a man intent upon grinding every ant from the earth. Stamping and twirling with grinding heel delight, the critic finished Dante and Milton. Hugo and Shakespeare, to name a few, were poked around at will. The monumental "see all, knows all" volume showed where genius missed out. It turned out in the last chapter that everyone missed out but the author (critic). This mental giant, and there are so many that any sweep of the arm covers all, claimed that there was no more poetry in Dante's Inferno than there was in a 'phone directory. He then claimed that the Inferno was enough to turn anyone away in disgust because it was so revolting. Perhaps I can best bring out the point if I quote from my book, "Three Cheers for the Red, Red and Red":

"When Rascoe threw Dante's *Inferno* aside with 'incredulous disgust,' the thought seems to recur that he perhaps acted in haste. The 'critic' condemned the poem as something which should be avoided due to its horrors. At such time, and that to impress the reader with his superior taste in poetry, he would refer to Homer or Aeschylus very knowingly as if he could reel off the poems verbatim. However, Homer is not without his horror if you care to adopt Rascoe's point of view. I quote from 'The *Odyssey*,' where Homer speaks of a gigantic brute (Cyclops) who has sailors imprisoned in his cave:

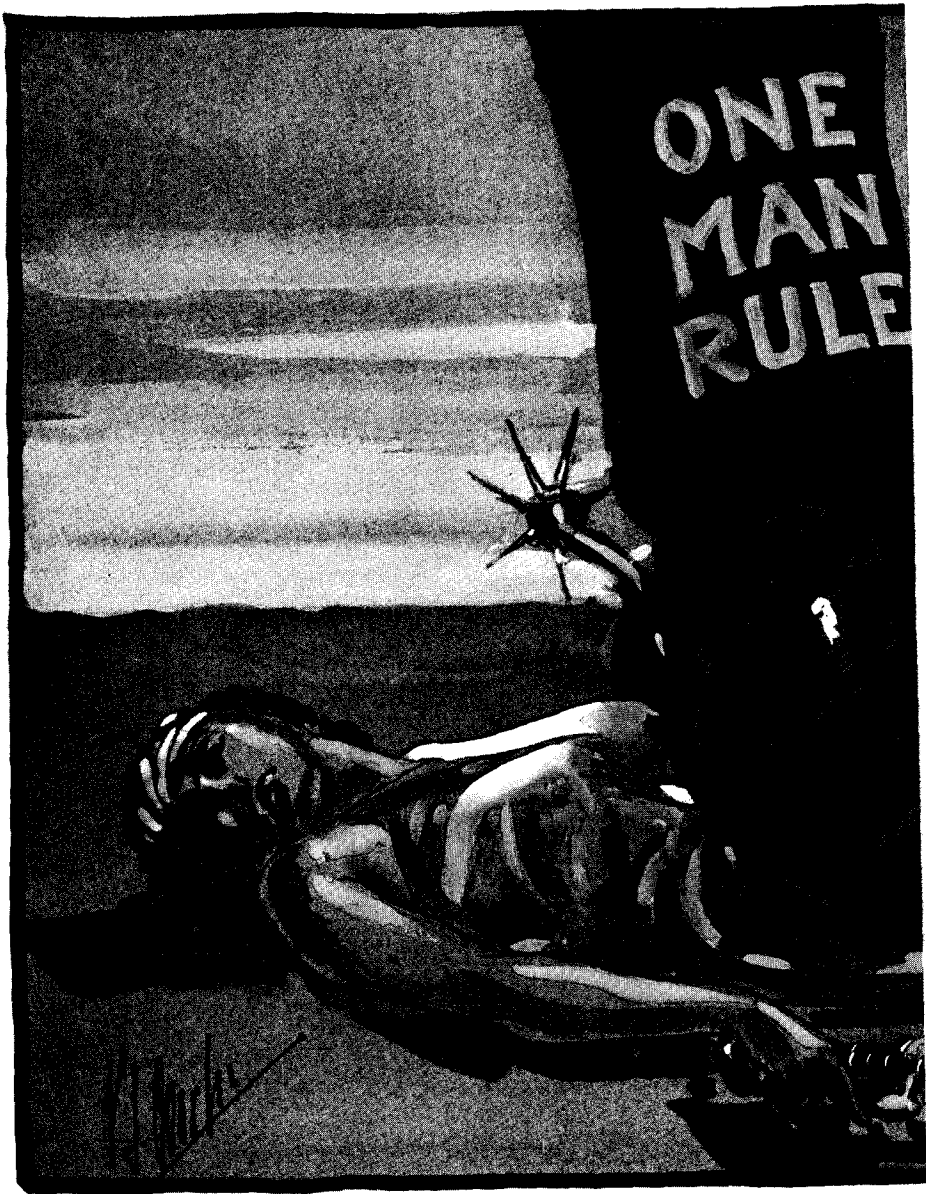
"He nought replied, but of my comrades twain
 Seized, and like dog-whelps on the cavern-floor
 Dashed them: the wet ground streamed with blood and
 brain.
 Straight in his ravin limb from limb he tore
 Fierce as a lion, and left nothing o'er;
 Flesh, entrails, marrowy bones of men just killed,
 Gorging. To Zeus, our hands, bemoaning sore,
 We raised in horror, while his maw he filled,
 And human meat devoured, and milk in rivers swilled.'

"And:

"'Therewith his head fell and he lay supine,
 Tamed by the stroke of all-subduing sleep;
 And the vast neck heaved, while rejected wine
 And morsels of men's flesh in spasms did leap
 Forth from his throat.'

"This passage from Homer needs no comment of ecstatic praise from me, but to make myself clear in regard to Dante, the reader knows that the poet would have missed out if he ever dealt with the *Inferno* in Keats' best nightingale style. Homer's 'morsels of men's flesh in spasms did leap' is beautiful beyond words for its purpose. He is not describing Parson Weems, nor the Reverend Claudius Tinklebottom with beribboned spectacles ski-ed three fourths of a nose length. Homer describes a fiendish





Paying



Copyright, 1937, Percy Crosby

e Price



giant who could lift a boulder with ease; a boulder ‘Not two and twenty waggons, four wheeled, strong, Ever could move the mighty bulk along.’ If Rascoe was horrified with Dante and condemned him for horror, one wonders at his praise of Homer; wonders if he ever read him or just knew the label was safe.

“Rascoe is entitled to toss Dante’s ‘Divine Comedy’ aside with ‘incredible disgust’; he is entitled to jump on it after he tosses it aside; entitled to rip the pages with gnashing rage, but when such attic swill is advanced as thought, through the channels of critical analysis, and published as such by supposedly reputable publishers, the situation has passed from Rascoe’s hand and becomes the subject of public discussion; public discussion, for the very clear reason that many people paid three dollars and seventy-five cents to get a pailful of this critical swill.”

Then again, the great critic, telling America just what books to read, wonders why Dante, on a tour of hell with Virgil, fails to list poets in their proper order. Dante failed to conform to a telephone book but rather, like all crazy creators, meddled around with imagination. Dante failed to digress from a chant and imagery and what was the result—“The Divine Comedy.” Yes, “The Divine Comedy,” but at the expense of a directory. It was unfortunate, of course, that, in the critic’s zeal to punish Dante, he placed him three hundred years out of the way, as I brought out in the pages of my book. Does one need a “rapier” when the New York Times Book Review plays up the writing of such a critic on the front page for the enlightenment of 820,000 readers?

While the New York Times failed to exercise editing in regard to this critic’s embellished slop bucket and sent the writer off in a chariot of literary crescendos, I, in my book, called the writer “Moscow’s literary clerk,” straightening him out on spurious labels. Since my book contained something like 220,000 words which need no change to date, I think the creator can be entrusted with the manipulation of three words for a title for his own cartoon. Oh, come, the editors of the New York Times must help themselves to another bubble from the “howitzer.”

The New York Times claims in defense that the cartoon came as a separate creation from the Essay, but I wish to point out that the cartoon had a copyright and there was a caption underneath it, and the New York Times had no right to depart from that caption. That is one definite point, and the publication of the cartoon without the caption was detrimental to my interests in the extreme.

Aside from that point where the caption was left off, the Times used my cartoon as an illustration and your letter testifies to that beyond a doubt when you say: "You make the further point that you do not illustrate anyone's stories, and that yours is not to be construed as 'illustration work.' That is understood perfectly in this office, and I am sure that at least 819,999 of our 820,000 Sunday readers understand that when a cartoon is reprinted, it is printed as an original and separate production and not as an illustration for an article."

I believe such an assertion on your part, though I regret the loss of a reader, cannot be taken at its face value, for the New York Times did use my cartoon, first, without its caption, which hurt it, and secondly, as an illustration, and that very definitely, and with no other intention in mind, presented it to a great number of readers as an illustration, aside from the detrimental effect of leaving off the caption. I think in your own letter you admit this when you say: ". . . when we did not supply one of our own." And then you add: ". . . '*civilization's nightmare*' was from the article."

How can you argue that the purpose of publishing the cartoon without caption, as a means to illustrate the article, was not a definite one when a line from the article served as a caption for my cartoon? The evidence is right there and the intent is apparent when, clipping off the caption which was inseparable from the cartoon, a greater injustice was done when such cartoon was used to illustrate the article with a line from that article used as its caption.

Regardless of whether the article was a severe attack on dictators, or whether it was a mild attack, or whether it was no attack at all, my cartoon had no place illustrating the article,

aside from the fact that my creation was broken up by leaving off the caption. If the article did conceal a “rapier,” it must have been covered by a scabbard with handle as a decoy to supply the absence of a blade.

As I brought out in my previous letter, no one can change anything of mine in cartoons by stipulations in my contract. If one of the foremost powers in the press has not such authority, where does the New York Times arrive at such dictatorial attitude?

It is not without a feeling of deep regret, due to all facts covered in my previous letter as well as this letter, that I am compelled to hold to my original position.

Sincerely,

Mr. Lester Markel
The New York Times
New York City

Percy L. Crosby

The editor of the New York Times closed his eyes to the “howitzer” or perhaps the body is searching for the head. In the latter case, I should imagine a “yoo hoo” from the head would help the editor to bring himself together. But I never heard any more and, after allowing sufficient time to elapse, I brought suit against the New York Times which, at this writing, is pending in a New York court.

A point which is most important, regarding the use of cartoons reprinted in the New York Times, is, that previous to and after the misuse of my cartoon in that paper the editors always kept the original captions on all cartoons reprinted. Why was my cartoon subjected to a program which departed from their usual practise? But then, why did they refuse to publish the Essay in double page advertising space?

XIX

Columbia, the Gem of Moscow

SINCE Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, was played up in the press in "headlines," where an address was delivered on the occasion of Columbia University's 184th anniversary, I quote from the New York Times, dated September 23, 1937: "Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, opened the institution's 184th academic year yesterday with a bitter denunciation of 'the three military dictatorships of Japan, Italy and Germany.' He urged free people to oppose acts of aggression with 'the policies which they compel.'"

And, of course, since the "free people" speak through *one* man, Roosevelt did that in Chicago. When our good leader does not do that which Tugwell directs, it seems that others easily can replace the good professor.

Again I quote from the New York Times article: "Minimizing the threat of Russia to democratic countries, Dr. Butler pointed to fascism as a greater menace, since the totalitarian States seek to expand by military force," he said.

"It is customary for many citizens of the democratic countries to look upon the people and the Government

of Russia as their chief enemy,' Dr. Butler declared. 'They are wrong. There are other forms of despotism that are even more menacing than communism.

“The chief enemy of the democratic institutions which these peoples have built through the centuries and upon which their prosperity and happiness rest, are the three military dictatorships of Japan, of Germany and of Italy.”

When the New York Times, in a subtitle, published Nicholas Murray Butler's talk under: "Minimizes Soviet Threat" and "But he names Japan, Italy and Germany as grave menaces to Democratic ideals," is not the college president fighting Soviet Russia's battle? Strange how Roosevelt did exactly the same thing.

XX

Machine Gunning for Peace*

IN "Three Cheers for the Red, Red and Red," a book of 507 pages, published by me in August, 1936, under the chapter, "National Defense," I discussed the international situation as follows:

Soon after Roosevelt came into office, he displayed the most colossal vanity when he thought some superficial peace message sent around the world would cause everyone to throw away their arms. In "A Cartoonist's Philosophy," I closed with a chapter, "A Plea for Universal Brotherhood." That message of peace, though American publishers would not know it, will endure: endure because it is a plea for the ideal state. Some day universal brotherhood may dawn on humanity, but selfishness must first disappear from the world of men. Or, as Skippy's father advised in the closing dialogue of "Always Belittlin": "All right, we'll say that I am one man who believed in bird calls when I gave ten dollars away. Now, multiply me by a hundred and twenty-two million people, and you have the whole United States. Take all nations that are sweet to America about world peace—it is just multiplying John Jones by millions. When people pay back each other and don't lie to each other, as individuals, then we can believe in world peace and we can do away with armies and navies; but while individuals are deceiving each other, these individuals, taken collectively as nations, will also deceive each other."

Later when Roosevelt had both Houses of Congress meet, and he broke out with a peace message, it would seem that there was inconsistency when the so-called peace message ended on a

* This chapter published in double page advertising spread in *New York Sun*, November 23, 1937.

note of class hatred. If a man stands for class hatred, how can he be the one to promote world peace? As the reader will remember, that speech, aiming to consolidate North and South America, terminated in taunts, asking all who did not agree with the so-called President to come out and fight. It was like Mrs. McCaffery yelling over the web of clothes lines at the closed shutters of Mrs. O'Toole, daring her to come down and "have it out."

What better example of subterfuge than that performance where both Houses were assembled as the "President's" voice was carried over the land through the radio? Could any citizen fail to sense the torchlight propensities—the showmanship—when a subject of world peace was forgotten as Roosevelt proclaimed his sovereignty on the grounds that he was right and those who opposed him wrong? The speech started on one point, but ended in two just like a fang.

When Roosevelt's original peace message was received with coolness, like a hot iron dropped into the sea, he changed ground. At the time of the peace message, he had cut Army and Navy to such an extent that the armed forces became crippled. It was then that I spent money to publish cartoons and writings in newspaper advertising space assailing Roosevelt's program. Perhaps realizing the control Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini held over the people by powerful military machines, Roosevelt began to build up the Navy and Army. Similar to the rest of the hysterical legislation passed by a trembling Congress, tremendous sums, greater than any peace time amount, were poured into the coffers of the armed forces.

Of what use are naval and military forces, if a power-crazed man, seizing the Presidency of the United States and usurping the role of Commander in Chief of the armed forces, turns such forces against the people? If the people are to be whipped, what difference is there in being beaten by a foreign power and forces from within? The only difference is that the people supply the ammunition and guns when invasion comes from within.

Does this imply that I am against an adequate armed force for the United States? It does not. My words and cartoons stand,

and such crusade was aimed for the defense of a government owned by the people. When such a government is returned to the people, it is imperative that the armed forces be maintained and kept to a high fighting strength, even as the greatest Roman soldiers wore twice the armor in peace times so that they would be prepared for combat. The great leadership dawning over this nation is that leadership which will keep the country out of war. There can be withdrawals when a fine fighting machine, whose only aim is defense, is in back of such withdrawals. The time may come when defense is imminent; that time when we must fight for our very homes. If such time comes and leadership can no longer withdraw, due to continued aggression, then it would seem that the best philosophy, under such a condition, should be: *Never wound a snake but kill it.**

When my exhibition of serious art opened in London, the thought occurred to me to write to the owner of the Gallery and have such letter printed in the catalogue. This was done. The letter, dated April 30, 1935, follows:

"Having read the works of England's great essayists, and through Morley, gaining knowledge of Burke aside from his literary genius, I seem to expand with what I believe to be some sympathetic understanding of London. While it must be confessed that the faint tinkles of distant chimes vibrate in my mind from the realms of literature, it is the London I cherish. And yet, such a delightful London never would have existed for me if I had not been there.

"Mingling with the London throngs, it never occurred to me to dissect my emotions as I watched the band marching from Buckingham Palace, playing your National Anthem. If, by some strange circumstance, I had been called upon for instantaneous analysis, it would have been an expression of faith in the eternal preservation of English ideals. On the other hand, straining at supposition, if a faint suspicion crossed my mind that, due to world conditions, any other form of government would rear its head, I have only to awaken the memories of British

* See Appendix I and II.

thongs and their fervent chant which will ever echo: 'God Save the King!'

"As I wandered through the streets of London in 1929, an intangible omen seemed to suggest that a great light might radiate from Great Britain. When one pauses to reflect that England is responsible for the existing peace in Europe, such reflection dilates with inner rejoicing, a faith in the supremacy of Britain's diplomacy. If a Central Power tramples headlong into barbarian traditions by flaunting their Nazi blinders, and if elongated features persist in creeping into the vision, there is no need to resist the picture.

"While I am not vested with any other authority than the sweeping mantle of a free will, it seems apparent to me that America must realize that any move in Asia, detrimental to the best interests of India, affects America. As navigation has been enhanced by working in two directions, and in view of the fact that the collective minds of the continent seem to lean toward problems, consistent with race subtraction, it would naturally appear that Hawaiian interests might have a tendency to engage the attention of Great Britain,

"While the Anglo fleets move independently, but always within range of friendly salutes, I believe they will move as one, if fundamental principles upon which our civilization is founded become endangered. I have no confidence in the sustained note of fanatical hysteria any more than I have a belief that the prolonged toot of a piccolo player can perform the functions necessary to the harmony of a full symphony. If the note is prolonged and seems to grow to a shrill, shrieking crescendo, there is always the consolation that sooner or later the piccolo player must eat.

"Harmony, it would seem, appears to be the treasure chest in which the world will be encased, and a bayonet's length of added circumference will be absorbed by the contraction of a detached posterity."

The thesis of Rollopelt's Chicago speech* is, I imagine, to bring about world peace by painting angel faces on cannon balls. Moscow's megaphone, repeating

that which he has been told to say, reminds me of school days. There was a boy in front of me who would repeat anything given to him when he stood up to recite. As it was in an early grade, I could not resist the opportunities offered. When the teacher asked: "Joseph, what is the largest river in the United States?" there was a silence as Joseph, bewildered, searched for an answer. I whispered and the pupil repeated: "A pen-knife has four blades and sometimes a corkscrew."

I never thought that such practise would be used as a basis for government; nor did I think that such a practise would be considered as brilliance any more that I thought that Pullman snoring would be looked upon as a treatise on God.

Now the question is, why did Roosevelt go out to the extreme west? Since this prophet ever has a blizzard of cards up his sleeve, and he waited until his return

* Immediately after Roosevelt made his Chicago speech, the following letter, dated October 6, 1937, was written by me to the New York Herald-Tribune and published October 8, 1937. I quote:

"The Editor,
New York Herald-Tribune
New York City

Dear Sir:

If Japan should blow up an American warship in Chinese waters, would the word 'quarantine' suffice to cover the incident?

Sincerely,

(Signed) Percy L. Crosby."

And, of course, as we know, the Panay was sunk.

to make such a speech, the thought persists, did he go out to see if the people would stand for a war?

Like a mirror, Roosevelt reflects his surroundings: if a fireplace crackles with burning logs, a mirror will, if facing it, reproduce every part of it, but if we need to warm our hands, we do not go to the looking glass, but rather we go to the fireplace. If the licking flames flash out of the fireplace, darting toward the curtains, sending them in a blaze, we do not squirt a hose at the mirror. Therefore, the purpose of this chapter, as well as the whole book, is to hit at those whom Roosevelt reflects.

There is nothing so dependable as a rousing, good war to keep a "president" in the White House. If this country should become embroiled in another foreign war, it is customary not to change presidents during such crisis, or "never change horses in the middle of a stream."* If the reader pauses for brief analysis, Roosevelt was almost breathless with excitement when he warned of an impending crisis after he shot his surreptitious Court message over the land. In trembling anticipation everybody waited for impending doom. Nothing happened. Again came our leader gasping, sputtering that something would break unless he had

* This chapter, as indicated by the footnote, was published in the New York Sun, November 23, 1937, and it would seem to contain a prophecy, for, in the Washington Merry-Go-Round published July 22, 1938, we find: "If world war breaks out, it is entirely possible that he may seek a third term on the slogan 'Don't change horses in the middle of the stream.'"

full control, and then Lewis broke out, but the crisis was one of Roosevelt's pets, baiting the capitalists. However, all that was on the home grounds, but having used everything else in the way of a crisis, our good leader had to draw on the world powder magazine for fresh material. Without a word of warning, the entire nation has been plunged into the international situation. Just another crisis—another Now! Now! Now! But opening up a foreign crisis is something from which there may be no withdrawing unless the people decide to petition Congress to send Moscow's megaphone on a prolonged vacation "Now!"

Of course, it must be understood that ambitious militarists *would be* in favor of developing a foreign crisis. How soothing to the ears of a dictator are the unctuous morsels where military men stress the ruler's strategy. What a choice tidbit "military genius" is to have turning over and around in a receptive mind. How nourishing!

We know that a third term is a difficult obstacle to surmount, and yet, Roosevelt tested his popularity throughout the west. War would be a very pleasant solution to the problem and would, no doubt, increase the glorification of Mr. Roosevelt. But on the other hand, is the glorification of one ambitious man comparable to more Gold Star mothers, more widows?

As I said in the chapter of "Three Cheers," "The Individual Mind":

"There are many people, I imagine, who would be most surprised to learn that I spent money to buy advertising space to publish cartoons and writings aimed to awaken the people to the need of adequate national defense. This, at a time when the Administration had been cutting into appropriations to such an extent that the armed forces were being reduced to proportions which would have rendered them useless. No one, as in the case of Prohibition, was behind me in this work, and at all times, as in the case of Prohibition, I met with opposition. Later I published a book, 'Always Belittlin',' containing these writings and cartoons. A few of the cartoons were used editorially after my advertising campaign. After the book had been published, General MacArthur, the Chief of Staff, thanked me in a letter, informing me that in the Army's crisis I was the most potent single factor. I bring this to the reader's attention with but one very clear point in mind, and that is, that when I drew these cartoons and wrote the prose which attacked military and naval cuts, Swanson said that 'the Navy was over officered.' Now it is: 'A Navy second to none.' Moreover, the country is faced with taxation because military machines and naval machines are being strengthened to an alarming extent. I wish to say that I fought

for an increased naval force and military force under a government of the people, by the people and for the people, but not for a military or naval machine which a man such as Roosevelt, crazed with power, could use for his own advantage. With such an armed force, a dictator could control the people and use soldiers, sailors and marines to police the people and subdue them and, in that way, facilitate the machine of the professors which aims to destroy the rights of the citizens. I bring out this point to warn the people before it is too late! There would be an element of irony in having the taxpayers' money used (as it is) to support and keep a police force which would be turned against them. If the citizen will recall, the Marine band walked out on a citizens' patriotic meeting because Bainbridge Colby attacked the President and upheld the Constitution. It proved that these men will obey their Commander-in-Chief, though such title, I feel, passes by default, when he does not carry out his duties as President.

"It is, I believe, imperative that the citizens give such a situation that customary contemplation which served the nation so well in the past. What gain is a powerful military establishment if it can be turned on the people by a group who have proved themselves traitors to the Constitutional form of government? . . . I am for a strong military and naval force under

the constitutional form of government, but I never would have put pen to paper for a military machine which would be an instrument to destroy the rights of my fellow citizens. There is one way that Roosevelt, egged on by his manipulators, can compel the people to follow his commands—a strong military force which will carry out every will of this power-crazed robot. Do the people, once free citizens, want a Hitlerized government where terror is the sceptre? Do they want Roosevelt's showmanship and reign of terrorism copied from Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini? Once it takes place there will be no going back to Democracy. Once a man jumps overboard in a fog in the middle of the Atlantic, it is too late to change his mind. And it will be too late to change the mind when Roosevelt gains that power he is aiming to gain by every method of aggression. The Black program of snooping is the same method as that employed by Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini."

It little becomes Roosevelt to accuse others of tyranny when he has tyrannized over every human soul in this nation. When, by every method, he is attempting to smash the United States government, is Roosevelt any different from the other dictators, now that he has just jumped into the fray?

The real leader of America, providing it should be necessary to cooperate with other nations at this time, should work *quietly, effectively*. The last thing that

should have been done, regarding preparedness, was firecracker oratory. The aim (which is becoming monotonous) was to make a great deal of noise to swerve the minds of the people from internal problems. *One note* performances, whether they be in painting, literature, music, the dance, the drama, inclusive of comedy and tragedy, if stressed over and over again, have a tendency to pall after the second performance. Still, Roosevelt has succeeded with carrying on a one note performance for five years and the applause ever is on the increase. *The one note is the ring of the almighty dollar.*

The situation in regard to Japan is this: They are now embroiled in the China situation, and due to the pressure involved, they have no time to become aggressors, though of course, as I brought out in previous writings, they are strong in Mexico and California. And yet, the true leader would have worked quietly, efficiently, and the last thing he should have done is to yell all over the world, for the situation may not end on the note of "quarantine." It may end on the continual phrases published daily, "seriously wounded" and "killed in action," due to Roosevelt's speech. At any rate, he is preparing the people and they can make the most of it. Roosevelt's repeated, "We have just begun to fight" may have its true significance in the Chicago oratory.

When I said in the chapter, "National Defense": "If such time comes and leadership can no longer withdraw, due to continued aggression, then it would seem that the best philosophy, under such a condition, should be: *Never wound a snake but kill it.*"

When previous writing of mine referred to leadership, I did not have a professor's, nor a college president's megaphone in mind: a veritable cornucopia blistering in every tacky seam with popping firecrackers, torpedoes and occasional star bursts. How proudly Roosevelt brought the megaphone, filled with ashes, to Washington. Let us hope it does not become an urn enshrined with the remains of Uncle Sam.

When I spoke of leadership, I did not have in mind a terraced ivory or china piece circling up to a ball for finger and thumb pressure: a Moscow piece to be moved over the states, like a pawn on a chess board. I will quote from my chapter: "While the Anglo fleets move independently, but always within range of friendly salutes, I believe they will move as one, if fundamental principles upon which our civilization is founded become endangered. I have no confidence in the sustained note of fanatical hysteria any more than I have a belief that the prolonged toot of a piccolo player can perform the functions necessary to the harmony of a full symphony. If the note is prolonged and seems to grow to a shrill, shrieking crescendo, there is always

the consolation that sooner or later the piccolo player must eat.'” I believe the reader will gather the inference of the line. Since we broadcast international secrets “now,” there can be no harm in stating the meaning. “Piccolo player” means Japan, and “must eat” means economic collapse from within. Let’s yell it out the front windows.

It had been my hope that a man would rise who would be smart enough to allow Congress to function; allow the country to function and stand back waiting; stand back and take everything rather than rush into the international situation. To my mind, there was no need at this time to make an issue of the international affair. If the reader pauses to consider, England’s ships had been fired on and they did not go to war. They were right in a situation and they have not made *one* move which would bring any complication. If they could refrain from firecracker oratory in one of the worst crises which they ever have experienced, where they are right in the midst of an impending storm; if they can move with the utmost caution, where does Roosevelt arrive at the idea that his personal touch is needed? Making a target of the American people to get over his cotton control, as well as the rest of “his” reorganization plan, is a move that should icicle down in history.

When Roosevelt accused aggressive nations in the world of "anarchy" and took a strong stand in regard to these nations, did it occur to the President as he talked that anarchy had been going on in Chicago where tracks had been dynamited? Where Communists controlled the post office? Where men were told by Communists that they could not work? Did Roosevelt as he steamed away about the wrongs done to China, realize that he allowed every conceivable wrong to mankind to take place in that very city without making a move? When Lewis, and the rest of his Communists were whipped, it was then, and only then, that Roosevelt uttered one word of consideration for *capitalists*, "A plague on both your houses."

Perhaps Congress, when it meets for the special session, can take a lesson from Shakespeare in regard to Roosevelt's immediate future: "To be or not to be, that is the question."

Roosevelt's reorganization program was all ready to launch, and that program was the control of agriculture and *especially cotton*. He kept it hidden behind his sudden spring to pack the Supreme Court. If he could have controlled the Congress, which he thought he was going to do when he ignored the people entirely, dictatorship would have usurped the Democracy in a stroke. Roosevelt had met two definite defeats regarding the Supreme Court, but he must go through

with his reorganization plan—somehow—some way—*any way*. Roosevelt, and the plotters surrounding him, have one thing in mind, and that is to control the farmers. *Cotton is the issue. How could Roosevelt control the cotton with the consent of Congress?* A war scare, painting a black picture was the theme of the Chicago speech, and the country was being prepared for what? The fireside chat. And then came the fireside chat, and that prepared for what? The meeting of Congress. To the people and to Congress, it seemed like a strange move to draw the fire over Black down on him, and yet, the President *seemed* to be so sure of himself. Perhaps the Administration will get the leaders of Congress in a huddle and paint a *darker* picture: since Roosevelt boasts of his “strategy”, it may be well to go behind the smoke screen of Black and look for the real issue—the control of cotton by means of a war scare. *I mean gun cotton.*

In this great era, the forty-six state herd is given that which should be conducted through the secret channels of diplomacy; on the other hand, the thing that they have a right to know, namely, whether America has committed herself to join in warfare against aggressive nations is kept from the people. How does anyone, much less Congress, know whether America has been committed to some secret treaty consistent with armed conflict? Has the nation ever

had a floating ambassador before? The people know nothing and they have forgotten that there has been a running back and forth of foreign ambassadors. They are no longer ambassadors, they are commuters. Following this exchange of tiptoeing back and forth from England, where two ambassadors had Roosevelt's ear, he could not retain it all. Therefore, previous to the western trip and the Chicago climax, dispatches appeared in the press of the country, where Roosevelt stressed the seriousness of the international situation. Why?

There is one clear, salient truth which stands out and it is worthy of some analysis: Roosevelt was convinced of his overwhelming popularity with the people, so when he wanted to destroy one important branch of the government, he accepted such popular vote as an excuse for a sudden strike to make himself dictator. Then after attempting to carry through the seditious measure where he met with defeat after defeat, our slither tongued orator tested his popularity again. The first test of his election popularity was to seize the government without consulting the people. He just did it in a terribly swift move while Lewis was attracting public attention. If he would do that without consulting the nation, what makes the people think that he would not hurl the youth of the nation in war overnight by the same method?

And why not plunge America into war? Who is going to stop him, the people? Ridiculous! They have lost their spirit and the proof of such statement is that they repeat the Administration propaganda taking it for their own thoughts. As if humanity were capable of any thought save that supplied to them. Time and again have I received notes from a pamphlet sent out through a mailing list and the same rubber stamp note is repeated again and again. "I do not like Roosevelt, but he will have his way." And: "There is no one who can beat him." The "I do not like Roosevelt" is the subterfuge oil, for the Administration allows that to get over, for it is outweighed by "but he will have his way." The Moscow agents know their cattle and the propaganda has done its deadly work and "now" people believe it. Could a one man ruler drive such humanity into war without opposition?

Do the spasmodic bleats of sheep save them from the slaughter when they are driven through a walled corridor? If Roosevelt needs greater glory a war will supply it and he perhaps expects a few bleats of protest, but New Deal manipulators know that the people have lost something and they are malleable to the right touch.

The best argument against a war is, to my mind, the fact that America has been shamefully whipped already without fighting. But if Roosevelt wants to

send robots abroad, abroad they'll go like an unseeing, blinded herd. Have the people any spirit? Look at Black on the Supreme Court bench. Yes, a few cries, but now the people accept the situation.

If Roosevelt decided on war, the people have one important fact: deliver victories because a future race prefers victories when making statues of a great leader. The people have an important part in a war as casualty lists testify, there is no gainsaying that—"Theirs but to do or die." For what? Thirst for power, more power, and even again more power! power! more, more, more *power!* Perhaps Tennyson precipitated the 46-2 plurality when he wrote: "Ambition is like the sea wave, which the more you drink the more you thirst—yea—drink too much, as men have done on rafts of wreck—it drives you mad."

When Roosevelt can flout the decisions of Congress—lash them; can threaten the Supreme Court; can appoint a Klansman, as well as a Communist sympathizer, and make the people take it; can hurl the crippled government in their cheering faces, seizing their rights—can do this, then our ruler has not confined himself to one wave. He has gulped the ocean.

Maybe war will be a means of balancing the human budget. If a few cry out: "Is Wall Street to become the Stock Exchange of human flesh?" the answer may be that red figures on a foreign battle field may balance

the red figures on the government ledger. If the voices of the few cry out, Roosevelt can silence them by referring to such people as "the enemies of the Democracy." Those resting in Arlington and France died for the wrong Democracy. There is a far greater Democracy looming on the horizon, and since the other war did not take, every woman must make a new, a far greater sacrifice. I pause: the eyes hold a moving picture of a dictator caressing the shoulders of widows and Gold Star mothers as the cameras click.

The Call to Bombs

America has a crown prince—James the first;
The other royalists are working for Mr. Hearst.
The whole family's always on the wing
Carrying out orders for our pince-nez King.

The whole nation follows what Moscow teaches
Copied by professors for Rollo's speeches:
Each one sprinkled a-plenty with hate and spite,
And the old ploop soup: "We've just begun to fight."

Aggressive nations are all in a tremble
As Rollo orders Congress to assemble.
Hark you! Mark you! Rollo's awful bitter.
No wonder armies are all a-twitter.

Ray! and a K.K.K., the Yanks are sailing
To smoke screen a truth that Wall Street's failing.
Could a regimented nation be so dumb—
As to answer the call of the Moscow drum?

In a previous chapter, I have quoted from Professor Tugwell's books and Roosevelt's speeches and there is hardly the change of a word.

Professors working hand in hand with Moscow literary clerks are like fungi draining the life out of the tree of Democracy. You can't see the forest for the fungus dungus stench of conservation bunkus. It is all very bright and flaring, this writing of the professor's and the other Moscow clerks, but paper in a fireplace makes a roar and the blaze is brilliant, but it is incapable of warmth and its speed is measured by the speed with which it turns to ashes. That is why the Now! Now! Now! oratory of the professor's reflector will go down to posterity as the nowziest oratory ever uttered.

The light of wisdom, emanating from the Essence is as intangible as the rainbow, but in decadent eras, humanity, as in the case of Socrates and Christ, snips it out with scissors, but the light still endures as one. American humanity, drunk with class hatred oratory, ever has the privilege of snipping it out again, but such performances are as futile as slitting the ocean.

When all this hurried oratory is aimed to project another crisis, just a tremendous, colossal, stupendous crisis, supported by a third alarm call for Congress and followed by fire bell oratory, it would seem that the Essence flowing through the steady pen, writes: Wait! Wait! Wait!

In the daily struggle for existence would citizens rush to dip a pen in the ink because the one desirous of obtaining the contract was breathless with excitement, gasping: "Sign it Now! Now! Now!" Would they construe such methods on the part of the one profiting by the signing as consistent with wisdom? When the lives of citizens depend in greater part on what they sign are they influenced by "hurry! hurry! hurry"? If American humanity can pause at such times, why are they prone to rush into giving their consent when they must sign with human blood?

There is another crisis, an international one and our economic spoilsist is rushed for time. He must have more power—the control of agriculture, the control of the youth, the control over the lives of those making up the Democracy. But hold! Has he ever performed one act or uttered one word that would "form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the General Welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity?" Has he not played one class against another repeatedly, taunting the capitalists (the bourgeoisie) for the benefit of the masses (the proletariat)? When the masses seized the plants of capitalists, smashed factory windows, beat workers, blew up railroad tracks, seized the mails where such rioting culminated in bloodshed, did Roosevelt who

inspired such hatred on the part of the "ill-clothed, the ill-nourished and the ill-housed" toward the capitalists as well as fellow workers utter *one* word or perform *one* action to "insure domestic Tranquillity" or "promote the General Welfare"? He did not! Roosevelt's tongue is merely the springboard for Communism.

When, in the chapter, "National Defense," contained in "Three Cheers," I wrote: "Later when Roosevelt had both Houses of Congress meet, and he broke out with a peace message, it would seem that there was inconsistency when the so-called peace message ended on a note of class hatred. If a man stands for class hatred, how can he be the one to promote world peace?" they stand out with deeper significance in 1937. This book, published by me, for I am the Freedom Press, was ignored by the press and the public when it was published in August, 1936.

My secret dread was that, upon its publication, it might be received by literary critics and the public and then I would know that there was something the matter with the writing, but luck was with me all the way and the book drifted away unnoticed save by the printer.

In the chapter next to the closing one, titled "The Constitution vs. Tugwell," I discussed the professor's books, alternating the discussion with quotations from "The Communist Manifesto" and "Capital" by Karl

Marx. And again, where did Roosevelt get his hurry! hurry! ideas, his "Now!" "Now!" "Now!"? I will quote from the concluding paragraphs of that chapter "Now":

"Differing from Professor Tugwell, I see no reason why one should 'talk and write against time' if the conscience is clear. I cannot, under such pressure of thinking, see why 'it is difficult to be calm' unless, of course, there is some unknown cause where a 'sense of panic must sometimes intrude itself.'

"In fact, I feel that nothing of an enduring nature can be accomplished by undue haste. Perhaps in a mood of play, I will take the pen and tickle the fangs on the lunging specimen from the reptile house at Washington—a parry here and a parry there, then we seize it by the neck and the pen serves as a gag while venom drips on the page, and as it drips, one wonders whether this represents the brain power of the Washington reptile house?

"But to get back to Professor Tugwell: I conceded that he, differing from Professor Dewey, wrote with clearness—Marxian clearness. I wonder if he would concede clearness to the writer's pen: *A vote for Roosevelt in 1936 is a vote for bloodshed in 1937!*"

No one in this, or any other nation, can question my last line of the chapter, printed in italics for emphasis, for such prophecy, as the events of the C. I. O.

riots will testify, has reached fulfillment. Due to the Chicago speech, is America faced with another problem of "bloodshed"?

Some look upon Roosevelt's Moscow oratory as brilliant, but a spark in a powder factory also is brilliant for a brief spell.

XXI

Church Steeples Are Now the Pawns in Moscow's Game

I quote from the Washington Herald of October 10, 1937:

"CHURCHES UPHOLD ROOSEVELT STAND ON TREATIES

"President Roosevelt's Chicago declaration concerning 'the sanctity of international treaties and the maintenance of international morality' was strongly supported today in a letter made public by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

"The churches have long stood for the principle of consultation by the United States with other nations for the purpose of securing the peaceful settlement of international disputes,' says a letter sent the President.

"It expressed particular gratitude for the indication 'that America's foreign policy is not one of selfish isolationism.'"

The pacifists, aligned with the churches, working as one, have been carrying out Russian propaganda systematically, and while they might have been innocent victims in the past, they seem at this time to thrill to

their work. In the old days it used to be a "call" from above, but nowadays it is a "call" from Moscow.

I will give the reader a first-hand experience of this propaganda at work. Sometime ago, in January 1934, to be exact, I was in Florida, and hearing that there were some paintings by George Inness on exhibition in a church in Tarpon Springs, I decided to make the trip. When I arrived at the church, crowds of cars were parked for a block around it. I stood in the vestry as I heard a woman's voice lecturing. The interior of the church was so dim that I could not carve out the images of the spectators in the subdued light. Yet, of course, I knew they were in there. A very faint light glimmered over a painting and I wondered how anybody could view paintings under such conditions. Then I became conscious of the woman's voice and listened.

People had been drawn to the exhibition and I heard in effect: "The whole world is faced with bloodshed. What are we going to do about it?" And it was "cannons to right of them and cannons to left of them," and the whole lecture seemed so out of place in a church that it was weird.

Since I have covered Communism in my writings since 1930, and "A Cartoonist's Philosophy" contains a dialogue between the Atheist and Philosopher, dealing with Russia, and I had been called the "mad

patriot" by the New Republic (incidentally, I have not the heart to thrust the blade into the undernourished breast of that magazine), I had a keen nose for Communist propaganda.

I was aware of the odor of Communism and I listened to the tirade regarding the bloodshed, but since writing "A Cartoonist's Philosophy," I had written "Patriotism," where I dealt with Gandhi, and I attacked Communism in that book, as well as pacifists. Since I had written and attacked pacifists, I had the experience first-hand, and I was listening to it. I did not enter but stood in the doorway, and in the half light in which no one could see paintings, I listened to the tirade for some fifteen minutes, and at no time during that fifteen minutes was there any reference made to the paintings. The people were drawn by means of subterfuge, and we know that our whole government is based on that note at the present day. Still, the churches practised it before 1932 in connection with Prohibition.

When the lecture had been completed, instead of a reference to the paintings, the voice of the speaker said: "As you go out, you will find cards, and I wish all of you who are interested in this lecture would fill out these cards with your names and addresses." I then looked at the cards and it was on the formula basis. In a word, it was a potential mailing list, nothing more. I stood in the vestry and watched the people to see what

effect the lecture had on them. They crowded around the prepared desk and filled out cards. This was just one time, and as this had been carried out in Sunday schools throughout the land, one can imagine the lists the church organizations had to carry out Communism.

As I brought out in "Patriotism," published in 1932, the same fanatical aggression is in the ranks of the pacifists as that which was in the ranks of the Prohibitionists. They are one and the same. I quote: "The American citizens are the victims of hypocrisy, which has for its fangs, religious fanaticism and pacifism. These fangs entered the body of American humanity in 1917, but it is the poison which is now doing its deadly work. The proof of this is that gangdom has collected billions of dollars from defenseless citizens. Helpless to combat such organized force, the people, ever faced with the nightmare of unemployment, had to submit to religious tyranny and accept their fate."

It is this fanaticism on the part of the churches that has brought about the situation of the present day, and I have covered that in "Three Cheers." In a word, it is the church groups who are responsible for the New Deal. I quote "Patriotism" again:

"Patriot: Russia's one hope of success is that prohibition will last long enough to break the morale of America; while this puritanical code of morals keeps the

people out of work, Russia, through her agents, promises the unhappy workers a better future, until many citizens now look forward to the ideal state of communism.

"Pacifist: How do you arrive at the conclusion that nations will be embroiled in another war?

"Patriot: While Russia figures that this nation is practically beaten as the result of her propoganda, she does not seem to be worried by Japan's activities because that power has not *officially* declared war. The German youth of the present day, who were too young to fight in the World War, now number some million and a half men. They, claiming that they had nothing to do with the war, disclaim all responsibility, and on that basis refuse to pay the war debt. This new, vigorous generation has one desire, and that is to get back at France. Russia, simply dreading a surprise attack from the Swiss yodelers, will join hands with any European power for protection. Perhaps overnight, all Europe will be engaged in conflict, compelling England, Italy and France to forget the United States. Japan will suddenly discover that she had no war with China, and realizing the opportunity of a lifetime, will make a swift call on America. Even though Japan withdraws her troops from China, her government remains in the conquered territory. Japan seems to have the habit of entering neighboring countries when they are divided."

This nation was never so divided by hatred since the civil war as it is today. With overwhelming popularity, greater powers, Roosevelt has been consistent in one thing; dividing the classes, capitalists and workers, until the bitterness between these factions is so great that it would take very little to develop rioting in every city. And why? Because Moscow orders such a plan.

Before organizations of church people carry out Moscow's program, they should remove the stains of bloodshed from their doors, and I speak of Prohibition and gangdom. Once, when I published an article in the Washington Post in a page, and two pages in the Washington Herald of the same date, called, "Take the Pulpits out of Congress and Get Back to Honest Government," the church people were furious. The Post was the recipient of 'phone calls asking the price of the page so some people could answer me. On the day the article appeared, the editor was confronted by a group of indignant people demanding that the paper apologize in an article for my stand. They demanded space to express their views, and the editor said that if I were sincere enough to spend the amount of money for full advertising space, their sincerity could be matched likewise, and the paper would print their views. The issue was dropped.

Money, as in the case of all America, seems to be a very precious thing, and I am wondering at this writing,

since Russian gold has been showered in a blizzard of propaganda, whether the churches have been recipients of some of this shower, and I say again that if the churches of America, carrying out Russia's program, pause to consider the wisdom of Christ's remark, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," Communism would not have the hold on the churches as it has today.

Perhaps it would have been more beneficial for these groups who stormed the newspaper office to have gotten a little rope. It would have been cheaper than the advertising space, but if I know these groups, or for that matter, all Americans, it would be their inclination to put it on my bill, but if they have the desire to carry out such practise, it has been done before. Perhaps a placard over the used vehicle dangling from an oak would have significance in this day: "The King of the Muse."

In "Patriotism," written and published by me in the spring of 1932, I said: "Russia's one hope of success is that prohibition will last long enough to break the morale of America; while this puritanical code of morals keeps the people out of work, Russia, through her agents, promises the unhappy workers a better future, until many citizens now look forward to the ideal state of communism."

Before I go into the subject regarding the particular poisonous propaganda flowing through the churches, the reader may be interested to know that I have

written on the subject of religion, and I am acquainted with many religions aside from the Christian, and I adhere to no particular faith. My writings in regard to Christ are in the nature of philosophical scope, and in order to touch the subject briefly, Christ never advocated any creeds. They are man made. Since Christianity has its roots in many pagan, mystic formulas, and the reader can analyze this if he cares to delve into Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of Rome," there is one apparent truth, and that is, that the Catholic church picked up the seed of Christ and later, as we know, Luther broke away, and the Protestant church is really a limb from the tree of Christianity. I am discussing the matter with detachment, for, as I said, I have no creed, and Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, as well as any other faith are equal in my viewpoint. As I brought out in writings, they appeal to the same God. Christ's message was Universal Brotherhood. Such doctrine needs no churches, and his message was for Jews as well as all mankind. Churches, mosques and synagogues, are the sculpture of religion. Nowadays the sculpture reveals the chiselling more than the beauty of the original form. In a shot, any house of worship performs the same function as an umbrella. The true altar is in the human breast. Christ's message in its original form is like a living, beautiful model compared to the duplicate in marble.

I will destroy the propaganda of Moscow where Christ is presented as the original member of the proletariat in a stroke. Communism advocates hate and Christ advocates love without hate.

Christ's terrific satire aimed to awaken mankind, was not hate, for he was, by such method clearing the path of the obstacles which shut off the way to the light of God. His utterances or parables ever were aimed for this. His goal at all times was love. His plan was similar to a man rubbing the lens of a telescope so that others would obtain a clearer focus on the exalted scene. When he assailed the money changers in the temple, he was clearing the channel of the dirt. Always, as I said, there was the pointing of the way: The direction to God.

There has been a mistaken conception of Pantheism and it has been used as a synonym for atheism. This is wrong and once a priest applied pantheism to atheism as disbelief. Christ was a pantheist, God working throughout all nature and returning. Two of the greatest men on earth, both Jews—Christ and Spinoza, were both pantheists. In "Three Cheers," I have covered this subject in Book II, "What is Pantheism?" and "The Pantheism of Jesus Christ."

When a bandit philosophy advocating the stealing of one's property, Communism, is advanced as a doctrine, supplanting the true teachings of God, in the churches

of the land, then may the reader know that, in this chapter, my pen becomes a relentless whip.

The definition of atheism is: "Disbelief in, or denial of, the existence of a God, or supreme intelligent being." This is negative and adheres to the negativity of Communism, and that negativity is, in relation to the Eternal One, subtracting belief in a Supreme Being. Since all creeds are man made and atheism is likewise man made, it is a faith of belief. Since there is no vacuity in all Nature, from plants to planets, "Nature abhors a vacuum" negativity cannot exist by itself. The universe is ruled by the interchange of negativity and positivity or cause and effect. Atheism cannot be carried out by practise under Communism, for the doctrine advocates hate and hate is a force. But I have dealt with atheism in the chapter, "Karl Marx and the Communist Manifesto," from "Three Cheers:"

In an essay by Lenin, I quote Russia's leader touching upon Marx:

"The philosophy of Marxism is materialism. . . . Marx and Engels defended philosophic materialism with the utmost determination, and many times explained the profound error of any departure from this foundation. Their views are expounded most clearly and in the greatest detail in the works of *Engels*, *Ludwig Feuerbach*, and *Anti-Dühring*, works which, like the *Communist Manifesto*, are everyday books on the table of the class-conscious worker."

Feuerbach and Dühring were atheists, although Feuerbach, in attempting to tear down orthodox Christianity, as well as all religion, said: "nothing else than the consciousness of the infinity of the consciousness; or, in the consciousness of the infinite, the conscious subject has for his object the infinity of his own nature," walks straight into Christianity. The Holy Bible says: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" The only difference is that Feuerbach is frightfully ambiguous whereas the Bible is clear. Swedenborg said it better than anyone when he claimed in substance, the human being is Heaven in miniature. As I pointed out in a previous chapter, Da Vinci said almost the same thing, word for word, as Swedenborg did, and differing from the Rascoes of this life, I do not accuse Swedenborg, though he lived at a later date, for this is a universal truth, and the universal mind is known. Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, to name a few, expounded this idea, as did the Buddhists and the Chinese before them, but the American philosopher, Emerson, talks understandingly of what Feuerbach thinks he's discovered by looking through grease-thumbed lenses. If one were given to mockery, this would be a tremendous laugh at the Marxian doctrines, but we do not laugh at the bewildered cripple, confused by the traffic, or the old man, or the blind, or the deaf; and if we went to an asylum and saw a man battering his head against the wall, shouting, "There's nothing there," it would hardly cause us to laugh, and the same holds true for the atheists trying to see through the blurred greasy lenses of a Feuerbach, who, thinking he has discovered the atheistic doctrine, expresses the religious and philosophical thought of the ages, but in the most ambiguous manner it has ever been given to the world. *Yet it is the same.*

Then from the Encyclopaedia Britannica in regard to Dühring: "Dühring's philosophy claims to be emphatically the philosophy of reality. He is passionate in his denunciation of everything which, like mysticism, tries to veil reality. . . . His 'substitute for religion' is a doctrine in many points akin to Comte and Feuerbach." Dühring's "philosophy of reality" is the same as Karl

Marx's materialistic philosophy. Neither Feuerbach nor Dühring rated in the fields of philosophy, and they held to much the same views as Marx. "The philosophy of Marxism is materialism." Dühring preached the capital and labor document.

The fact that an atheist close to Marx was, by his own admission, a believer in the true Divinity consistent with the highest teachings of philosophers and religions, should cause the vacuum Professor Harry Elmer Barnes carries behind his writing ear an unsteady waver or two: but since it may sag in the heat of controversy, there is no need to go into what Professor Harry Elmer Barnes believes, other than to say that he is an atheist. If the reader cares to know more about his beliefs, they should read Dewey and then return. If one describes a daisy, it applies to all daisies.

Since positivity and negativity rule the universe and there is a constant drawing and pulling even to planetary motivity, it would seem that the same process applies to minds, and the minds of atheists are representative of negativity. A musical concert means nothing to a deaf man, and the beauties of the Grand Canyon will never be told by a man who was born without sight. If such a man has no conception of red, blue, violet, yellow, green, etc., how are you going to put color in words. If you say red, just like a rose, he might ask: "What's a rose?" On the other hand, if he becomes difficult and refuses to admit that there is such a thing as the Grand Canyon just because he cannot see it, he must admit in his own consciousness that he has no sight. On the other hand, his feet felt ground and his senses informed him that he went up. Regardless of whether he admits the Grand Canyon, he must admit that it is due to his limitations that he cannot see.

The same holds true of atheists. They cannot see the air but they know that there are moon, stars and sun. In the case of professors, they, trapezing off into science, cannot dodge their own negativity in such short order, for in science they know that substance is in the air, electrons, atoms and molecules. They, drawn into such an admission, and admit it they must, even as

the blind man must admit that his feet are not resting on air, must agree that substance, though unseen and made up of tiny particles of matter, forms between them and the sun. If the professors dare to move, I'll bring in Einstein's motivity of light, where, through these particles, color rises from vibrations. Therefore, the particles from the atheist to the sun prove a connection even though no light registers in his mind. If there are particles, from the atheist to the sun, then it must be that substance moves in the space between the sun and the moon and to the stars. If substance is between all these planetary constellations, the space between the atheist to each planet must contain substance, therefore, he, regardless of his negative drawing power contained in what he believes to be mind, is a part of the whole. If, according to astronomers, to draw the atheist into science, the whole has not been charted, then it would seem that it is known by science that the realm of space is unknown for measurement other than that it is conceded that it exists in terms of an unknown quantity. Since astronomers admit that which they cannot see through instruments exists, the atheist cannot hide behind science. If, taking the same argument, the Chinese, as well as philosophers, admit the invisible power, and the latter through science as well as philosophy, the thought occurs that trying to cloak negativity under Karl Marx is merely a temporary covering.

The atheist must admit he is as much a part of the whole as an insect, an elephant, a kangaroo, a Scotch terrier and a shark. The shark cannot hide under the ocean for that, too, is a substance.

Since the force, according to philosophy, is an abstract quantity called God, how can the atheist pull himself out of the abstract? If the atheist has any channel of spiritual exhilaration, whether it be through science, literature or music, then that is a channel where worship finds an outlet. That is the atheist's contact with God, the Whole, the Nameless, the Essence or the Invisible Father of all things.

The Divine Essence, sometimes referred to as the Logos, or Absolute, has served generations of mankind thousands of years

before Christ. It was the warm intangible radiance which enlightened the world; but Karl Marx, as in the case of Dewey, has harnessed this flowing intangibility for the benefit of the regimented world of men. It is now the cellophane wrapper in which the world crinkles in the throes of new thought.

Since, as we have said, the "Communist Manifesto," now launched by Roosevelt, seeks to destroy individuality and, by removing individual incentive, progress has been retarded, without progress, the highest element, it would seem, is sharing the fruits of labor; this, of course, after the first excitement of change has passed invites negativity, for the principles of the Marxian philosophy are to take away and confine all freedom within restricted areas, which kills the sense of freedom. With freedom taken from humanity, all become cattleized and move by droves. Industrial progress removed, the leaders of regimented humanity find that, in time, the addition sign has been destroyed and they are left with a minus sign, both in industry and in the human heart.

But let us take an example of negativity. We will assume that we have a mathematical mind before us which can subtract at all times and never make a mistake. We will say he takes one from two and it leaves one, and we will say he takes two from ten and it leaves eight, and we will say that he goes up into millions and subtracts thousands and the answer is correct. What does it gain humanity if this man always takes away and never adds?

Let us take the question in a common sense method. In a picture, suppose that we, as a nation, or as a people, surpass any other people in the world in housewrecking. We can pull down houses better and faster than any other people in the world. Let us assume that we excel in housewrecking but we have no engineers among us. What does it matter whether we prove our cleverness in a day or a hundred years? The result would be the same: it would be subtraction without construction. To tear down, one has to replace. That seems to be the law which guides the advancement of humanity.

Therefore, the philosophy of Karl Marx taking cognizance of nothing beyond tangible realities in a world of materialism is

hopelessly restricted. His philosophy deals with relations between men and the world of knowledge, which is consistent with Hume's philosophy where he closed the world for everybody, like a cocoon, until Kant, with his "Critique of Pure Reason" opened it again by his reasoning along lines of *a priori* intelligence.

The reasoning of Marx in such a material world of realities does not rate the word philosophy other than cloak and suit philosophy, for the philosophy of Plato, Spinoza and Kant begins where the highest smokestack of mass production ends. When Roosevelt, in a recent speech before both houses of Congress, said that he sat at the feet of a philosopher, his speech containing the hate of the "Communist Manifesto" revealed that the "philosopher" was Karl Marx.

The churches of America can be likened to a lot of anthills. The ants have struggled to build these edifices, but having completed the task, some red ants mingled among them. Influenced by the invaders, the black ants are tearing down that which they took so long to build. That is the very plan the red ants aimed to put over. That is Russia's strategy. They want to destroy the churches, but instead of bombarding them as in the case of armies, they tear them down quietly and without any labor involved. In brief, the church people do the job themselves and there's little money and no labor involved. If the ordinary church goer watched such a procedure on the part of ants, he would pity such shortsightedness, because he can see the whole scheme from a proper perspective. Yet, without any perspective in his own case, he is a willing

party to the destruction of American churches. Smart, these Russians.

A negative philosophy of control for humanity is symbolized by the minus sign, and unless it is broken, and that *very* soon, it can never become the plus sign, for Communism *aims* to do away with the *cross*.

This past summer, I rented a home where a library contained various books dealing with Christ. Running my fingers over the backs, like one rippling over the keys of a piano, I selected one at random. It was truly a discovery, for the title gave me no lead, but after reading a few pages, I caught the scent. It was Communism. The owners of this home are very fine, religious people and, as I read, the notations and checks made by the reader, revealed that a devout Christian was led astray. The notations and markings, somehow struck me with a deep pity. In this work, written by a London professor, the slithering pen of the writer analyzed Christ and projected him as the first disciple of Karl Marx—the first member of the proletariat. A review, written by a London critic, another Communist, ravished praise over the work without restraint. As in the case of America, the opinion of this critic was accepted as a safe, abiding label. It was saved and the contents of the book, written by a Communist professor and praised by a Communist critic would do its deadly work. It would

be discussed and passed from mouth to mouth as a work of authority. That is how Christians are being poisoned. Unless they rise, together with all, and chase the snakes out of Washington, they will succumb to the poison sinking into them from the fangs of Moscow.

The following headline over a full column appeared in the New York Times, October 11, 1937:

URGES CHURCH AID SOCIAL ADVANCES

Dr. Z. T. Phillips Stresses to Episcopalians Spiritual Side of 'More Abundant Life'

'Radicals' Scored Anew

Laymen Link Heads of Industrial Democracy League to Reds—Spofford Retorts

The following is an extract from the column under the above quoted headline:

Layman's Association Attack

The Church Layman's Association of New York City, of which Merwin K. Hart is president, addressed an open letter to the Bishops and deputies attending the convention, protesting against the Church League

for Industrial Democracy as a leading force in "the radical movement within the Episcopal Church."

Many of the officers of the league were members of the "interlocking directorate" of radical organizations in this country, the letter said. It noted that Bishop Edward L. Parsons of California, president of the league, is a vice chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union, and that the Rev. W. B. Spofford, its executive secretary, is a director of the Civil Liberties Union, a member of the national bureau of the League Against War and Fascism and of the North American Committee for Spanish Democracy.

"Socialist and Communist inspired organizations in the United States are found boring into practically every phase of our national existence—into our schools and colleges—into labor activities—into other churches as well as the Episcopal Church," the letter warned.

"There seems to be one all-prevailing motive behind it all—to foment discontent with American institutions—to overthrow America."

The letter urged the church to deal with "eternal spiritual virtues" rather than "shifting economic problems." It said that, "since Communism is against all religion, especially the Christian religion, for the Episcopal Church to embrace the views of the Church League for Industrial Democracy would be to invite disaster to the church itself."

Reply for the League

In reply, the Rev. Mr. Spofford issued a statement in which he recalled various statements contained in pastoral letters of the House of Bishops calling for the improvement of the condition of the under-privileged, the abolition of child labor and the replacement of the profit motive by that of service.

“These ‘radical’ pronouncements, Mr. Hart, are not the direct work of the Third International in Moscow,” Mr. Spofford continued. “They emanate from the first international, established not twenty years ago, but 2,000 years ago.”

The Reverend Spofford’s reply to Mr. Merwin Hart reaffirms that which I wrote above. Christ has been brought into the scene. He has been resurrected for renewed crucifixion on the atheistic altar. He has been stuck with the Karl Marx pen, tattooed as a disciple—the first member of the proletariat. But, since the Reverend Spofford brought in “2,000 years ago,” may I remind the good cleric that Christ rose to the Eternal Father on a cross—not a minus sign.

Since Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, proclaimed that Hull would go down to posterity as a prophet, why not take a philosopher who already has proved a prophecy? Francis Bacon, over three hundred years ago, closed his essay, “Of Truth,”

with: "Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men, it being foretold that when Christ cometh, 'he shall not find faith upon the earth.'"

Certainly that prophecy has come true when the churches of America rush into hysterical, rhapsodic phrases praising Roosevelt's speech advocating peace by aggression. The people of the nation ramble to churches searching for a faint ray of hope in the world of strife: look to the altar for guidance and, following the Chicago outburst, suddenly see altars revolve like huge battleship turrets; see the pulpits bristle with bayonets of approval: hopelessly stare at great navy guns mounted on the altars: stare in bewilderment into tremendous muzzles of zeros. Moscow negativity in the Treasury, negativity in the daily struggle, negativity in the schools, negativity in the magazines, negativity in books, negativity over the radio, negativity in the human hearts, and negativity proclaimed by the president—potential negativity for the future. In a last desperate ray of hope, with negativity sinking into human hearts like channels of vipers' teeth, humanity turns to the house of God, but, alas, the altar of Christ has fallen before Moscow with the clergy defending Russia's coup.

Once, when I bought full page advertising space in two Washington papers to publish an article entitled: "Take the Pulpits Out of Congress and Get Down to Honest Government," "an itemist on the *Washington Post*, with all the vision that an itemist possesses, said, in effect, 'Have we sunk so low that a comic strip artist has to tell us what to do?' The answer to that is in Schopenhauer: 'Great minds thus owe little ones some indulgence; for it is only in virtue of these little minds that they themselves are great.'"

When the churches of America have become the reptile houses of Moscow, poisoning the hearts of millions, then a nation has "sunk so low" that a "comic strip artist" hurls an echo that shall rise above a world shattered by cannon din: "Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do!"

XXII

Our Dictator: A Dialogue

Worker: "The President has done great things for the country."

Philosopher: "What do you mean, 'for the country'?"

Worker: "Well, look around on every hand—building projects, and everything's moving. It's the only time the working-man has gotten a break in this country. The President is the champion of the downtrodden."

Philosopher: "No one will deny that, but aren't there other people in this country besides the downtrodden, as you call them?"

Worker: "Certainly there are other sorts of people. 'Economic royalists,' for instance, and if things were left to them, the workers would never get a chance."

Philosopher: "Now wait. Before your President came into existence, is it not a fact that this country reached its leadership in the world of industry and agriculture through their pioneer spirit and their vision and their ability to carry out their ideals?"

Worker: "Well, yes, but they were out for themselves every time, and it was making the dollar that interested them, but the President blasted that."

Philosopher: "How?"

Worker: "He showed them up every time—went right after them when he attacked the monopolies."

Philosopher: "Well, monopolies, as we understand it, control great industries. Do you agree?"

Worker: "Yes."

Philosopher: "And these industries are responsible for employing the greater number of people in the nation. Is that right?"

Worker: "Yes, that's right."

Philosopher: "Then what is your President trying to do which makes such a great impression on the workers?"

Worker: "He's trying to get less hours and more pay for the workers."

Philosopher: "And that's why he's attacking monopolies?"

Worker: "That's right."

Philosopher: "But isn't it true that your President in making these attacks is, at the same time, putting the government in business and taking over great projects?"

Worker: "That's the idea."

Philosopher: "And isn't government more powerful than any single trust or monopoly?"

Worker: "I'll say it is."

Philosopher: "And government forcing the hand of all monopolies and dictating wages and hours for unionized workers, dictating terms to private industries, is a form of monopoly?"

Worker: "That's just what the country needs, somebody to take up the workers' problem and see that they get a break."

Philosopher: "Has the President done this to your satisfaction since he's been in office?"

Worker: "Every time!"

Philosopher: "And you agree that he's consistently fought for the workers end all the time?"

Worker: "Yes, he's been for us all the time."

Philosopher: "But there are other people beside industrial workers in this nation, are there not?"

Worker: "Yes."

Philosopher: "There's a white collar class, people who belong to no union, and their livelihood depends upon business, such as secretaries, bookkeepers and numerous other people?"

Worker: "Yes."

Philosopher: "And then there is a great number of people who are professional people and employers that are not particularly wealthy?"

Worker: "Yes, too many."

Philosopher: "And then of course, there is the wealthy class, or monopolists, as you call them."

Worker: "You mean the 'economic royalists,' or the 'selfish few.'"

Philosopher: "As you will. But the white collar class, the vast number of smaller employers, the professional men, and the wealthy—has your President considered them when he's fought for the workers, or the masses, so consistently?"

Worker: "They didn't need it. The masses needed the encouragement because the workers represent the poorest in the land."

Philosopher: "Isn't it true that the workers through their unions, bringing about strikes when the country could ill afford it, have been raised considerably, as in the case of the automobile strike?"

Worker: "Well we're thankful to the President for that."

Philosopher: "And yet, these workers receiving more money and working less hours, are getting what they want, and as we know, the President never interfered with sit-down strikes or riots and proved by his various speeches that he was in favor of the workingman getting all he could. Is that right? Or would you say he interfered and told all union leaders that sit-down strikes would have to stop, especially when private property was seized? Did he do that?"

Worker: "Why should he?"

Philosopher: "When private capital is seized, why shouldn't he?"

Worker: "Because that's not the government's place. It is between capital and labor."

Philosopher: "It is the government's place to interfere when railroads and hordes of workers from one state to another invade, and methods of rioting take place. By such procedure, it calls for the interference of Federal troops, especially when a country is faced with inner invasion, and from one state to another, for the records prove that workers moved from one state to another to bring force of

numbers, threatening other workers if they did not leave the plants. It should have been your President's place to interfere and command, but instead of that, he took the side of the workers and gave commands to the owners of the seized property. But no matter, he has, by every utterance over the radio and through the press, and in various speeches, attacked one class and one class alone—the employer class, whether big or little, your President has interfered deliberately with business. When he was voted to the office of President, was this the understanding?"

Worker: "What do you mean, the understanding?"

Philosopher: "I mean was it the understanding that he was to support the workers?"

Worker: "Certainly it was the understanding, and he's the only President who did do it."

Philosopher: "When he took the oath of office, was it to uphold the Constitution?"

Worker: "Yes."

Philosopher: "Does the Constitution specify in any particular place that the unionized workers or the masses are to be considered at all

times, when there are other people which we have mentioned to be considered?"

Worker: "Well, the President has a way of doing things himself, nothing 'horse and buggy' about him. He believes in doing something all the time."

Philosopher: "But he was elected to office with the understanding that he would support the Constitution. Is that right?"

Worker: "Yes."

Philosopher: "Then when he champions just one class and one class alone, the organized workers, or the masses—and attacks another class, he is not carrying out the Constitution, is he?"

Worker: "Why not?"

Philosopher: "Doesn't the Constitution and the Preamble say, 'We, the People,' and doesn't 'We, the People' include all these classes we have enumerated?"

Worker: "Yes, but when things are not going right—"

Philosopher: "Things have not gone right before, but other Presidents have carried out their oath of office. Did he not swear, under his oath, that he would carry out the Constitution?"

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Worker: "Yes."

Philosopher: "And then when he gained his office, not only the first time but the second time, he went against that oath of office. Is that true?"

Worker: "How could it be true. He realized that something had to be done for the masses, for they were unemployed."

Philosopher: "Yes, and that is commendable, but didn't he go against his oath of office and the Constitution when he consistently attacked one class of people, for the benefit of another class, stirring hatred?"

Worker: "I do not get that at all. It is ridiculous. The rich people of this country are trying to destroy Roosevelt because he's come out for the downtrodden."

Philosopher: "If I recall, everybody was with him when he took over office, more so than with any other President, due to the emergency, and there was no hatred toward him, but shortly after he took office and was given great powers by Congress, with tremendous amounts of money to spend as he saw fit, your President immediately started a campaign attacking industry and capital-

ists, not once but continually, ever since he's been in office."

Worker: "I suppose if he attacked the poor and the workers, it would have been all right, is that the idea?"

Philosopher: "Under the Constitutional form of government, when a President takes the oath of office, it still stands as 'We, the People,' and it would be just as wrong for a President to attack the masses and praise the rich. Have I made myself clear on that?"

Worker: "There's a lot of people talking about the President being a dictator, but if the people dislike him so much, they can all go to the polls and vote for somebody else, because he's only in the White House for two and half more years. That's their privilege."

Philosopher: "Let us look into that. The people went to the polls last election, though he had not carried out his oath of office, they gave him a more overwhelming vote than they did the first time, so are the people exactly responsible, when they run after a man scattering coins?"

Worker: "Why not?"

Philosopher: "Well, for one thing, hasn't Congress voted for "must" bills and carried out every order of your President, in return for patronage? It is a weak argument, for two men holding no public office under the Constitution, wrote the laws, which are Communistic. Your President, after Congress allowed him to control the Federal purse, had full power to regulate and distribute projects wherever he thought the prolonged emergency needed it. This emergency plan soon turned into a political distributing machine. But in regard to this two and one-half years, Hitler gained tremendous ground in less time, and if memory serves me, the Reichstag burned down by some mysterious means. In two and a half years, with a Congress carrying out laws written for them by men who have no authority from the people, a one man ruler can easily seize power. Two and one half years is a lot of time for any one man ruler to gain power, especially since he's had five years to lay the groundwork, and it needs just a few more moves,

for he has the crop control, which means that the farmers have to play along with the Administration, since your President bought their very vote. Just a couple of more moves could take place in a year and it would not need two and a half years, and the people would be under domination of the government, and they would have to vote for your President, and such vote would be one of those 99% popular votes—ballots extended to the citizens on the ends of bayonets, for he would have everything his way. Capital would be destroyed and the government, as I said before, would be the only business.”

Worker: “That’s just a lot of talk. It couldn’t happen in two and a half years for one thing, and besides, this is a democracy.”

Philosopher: “It ever shall be a democracy in name, for masks have been used before, but it is not a democracy as the founders gave it to the people when two men write the laws for Congress to pass, and a regimented system has taken the place of the people’s government.”

Worker: "What do you mean it is not the same democracy. Hasn't our President asked people to help the democracy. Hasn't he said that there are 'enemies of the Democracy'?"

Philosopher: "Your President's idea of democracy is the so called "more democracy" of Russia where the state controls everything including church property. *More demonocracy* would be a better term."

Worker: "The Constitution gives the workers the rights which they've never had. We need 'more democracy'."

Philosopher: "All Communist rule books stress that 'more democracy,' for it is the catch line of Communism."

Worker: "Why shouldn't people have 'more democracy'?"

Philosopher: "If a man is on a mountain top and his arms are spread out wide and he is inhaling the pure air, is it sensible to say, 'I want more air'?"

Worker: "You're getting away from the subject."

Philosopher: "The truth is, I'm getting into the subject, for if we have freedom of expression, as the Constitution testifies, how

can we have more freedom, unless there's something tricky about it?"

Worker: "Why shouldn't we have more freedom?"

Philosopher: "It is according to what you think is freedom, for 'more democracy' means that the government takes control of the freedom and it is concentrated in the ruler and the few surrounding him, and distributed accordingly."

Worker: "Well, what's the matter with that?"

Philosopher: "All people do not care to be ruled and have the power of expression, or freedom, concentrated in one man. Is any one man under God infallible so that he never makes a mistake? Do you know of any such man?"

Worker: "What about Jesus Christ, the Lord?"

Philosopher: "Jesus Christ, the Lord, was one of the most humble men who ever lived—the noblest man who ever walked the earth, and in none of His parables did He intimate that He was a miracle man. In every one of His utterances, He always referred to God. For instance, when He said, 'Why callest thou me good, only God is good' He expressed His humble-

ness and that He was working for the Divine Father.”

Worker: “What about the time He used the whip?”

Philosopher: “That was when Christ proved that He broke the rules of mankind, and differing from Gandhi, who wouldn’t break a rule of his country and returned to India without seeing the Pope, millions of Hindus suffered for that man-made rule, because Gandhi would not don a suit of clothes. If Christ had been in that position, He would have thought of the millions of Hindus rather than the suit of clothes, and that’s what makes a great leader. But to get on, since you mentioned Christ. He broke every rule set up by mankind when He saw that the people were being shamefully used and the house of God was used as a den of thieves. He stood up for what He thought was right in the eyes of God.”

Worker: “There’s where I have you. Didn’t Roosevelt do the same thing and break every rule and protect the working-man?”

Philosopher: "Christ never referred to Himself as the 'Master', never claimed that He was a wonder, but rather that God, the Father, was wonderful. Like all prophets and men of genius, though all belong to the great brotherhood, Christ was humble when referring to Himself. Your President, like all dictators, exerts his own will over humanity and refers to himself as the 'Master'. God is left out entirely when one man rulers think for humanity. In fact, God is not allowed in churches, for the dictators control them. Did Christ ever give his sacred word that He would not use a whip and break into temples?"

Worker: "I don't know."

Philosopher: "Then if Christ was not bound by any oath, He had a right to do what He thought, in the face of consequences. He was not tied down by anything. Now take your President. He, on the other hand, was bound down by the Constitution, by rules which covered all the people in the nation, embracing the rich, the poor, the black and white, and every creed, in fact, every individual

who is a citizen on these shores. Did he have the right to break every rule after he swore to abide by these rules?"

Worker: "He had every right for he did what he thought was best for the workingman."

Philosopher: "How do you know he did what he thought? Did he write his own speeches? Are his utterances his own?"

Worker: "They certainly are."

Philosopher: "Then how is it that others have to write his speeches, and how is it that Roosevelt's speeches in the past contain the same utterances as Tugwell's books, so that placed side by side, they say the same thing. And on the other hand, how is it that Tugwell's books when put alongside of Karl Marx, say the same thing as the originator of Communism?"

Worker: "Just the same, the workingman is getting a better break than he's ever gotten before."

Philosopher: "At the expense of the white-collar class, the wealthy class, and everybody else. In a word, those who are not unionized workers meet with the President's continual note of hatred over the radio and through the press. The workers are

profiting by this hatred which is temporary. Do you think hatred brings construction?"

Worker: "Yes, it has brought construction and help to the workingman."

Philosopher: "At the expense of other classes, where *they* are the ones that are downtrodden by a man who went against his oath of office, arousing the workers, or the masses, to a hatred of this minority—do you call that lasting progress? Do you think such bitterness, which has its roots in class hatred, brings progress of a lasting nature?"

Worker: "It has for the workingman."

Philosopher: "Since you brought in Jesus Christ, let us go beyond the time when Jesus Christ came to this earth. In fact, we can go through the history of all religion and all philosophies and you'll never find any bit of progress where hatred is the keynote, for it eventually brings destruction. To say that hatred brings progress would be like saying that cancer has its good points, but we know that cancer spreads and eventually brings the destruction of the body, even

as class hatred today—the cancer of humanity—is bringing about the eventual collapse of civilization.”

Worker: “Just the same, our President has the right to use any method within his power to bring progress to the downtrodden, for he has to attack big interests and the monopolies. Great industries would seize everything from the workingman if they were allowed to have their way.”

Philosopher: “And what is your President’s aim in attacking these great monopolies, these industries, these selfish interests, and these economic royalists?”

Worker: “To help the workingman, the masses.”

Philosopher: “By killing all industry, all monopolies, all farmers, he is working to bring government to the rescue so that it takes over all of them for the protection of the workingman, is that your idea?”

Worker: “Precisely.”

Philosopher: “Then you have one great monopoly and no other. The government is the big boss. Whatever the government says, goes, ‘or else!’ What makes you think that your President, once he was the head of this great monopoly, would

allow workers to have anything to say if they did not like the way his one, big monopoly ran things?"

Worker: "Our President has always been on the side of the workers."

Philosopher: "He's been on the side of all the people when he took over his oath of office and said that he would stand by all the people. He swore to do that but he did not do it. What makes you think, once he gets the government under control, that he'll allow the workers to have anything to say? On the other hand, did he not use the oath of office to gain power, promising anything, and then, after gaining such power, turn right around and violate his oath? If he gets control of industry, the farms; succeeds in crippling every private interest, what makes you think that he's suddenly going to turn and do everything for the workers?"

Worker: "He's done so all along and he's proved by every act and every utterance that he's for the people."

Philosopher: "By methods of class hatred and bitterness, he has brought progress to the

workers. And again, where has hatred brought construction? Has one philosophy and one religion in the history of the world ever advocated such a method?"

Worker: "I don't see how you arrive at such a far-fetched idea. There's no reason to it."

Philosopher: "All right, we'll take it from another angle. Suppose a man who is very suave and has a very unctuous voice, succeeds in winning a widow with a great deal of money, and after marriage wins her over to his way of doing things to such an extent that she signs over all her property. After he gets power, and such an one generally has winning ways, let us suppose that the man gets rid of her. We will assume that there is another widow who has some money, and the same man succeeds in winning the full approval and enthusiasm of the second widow to such an extent that the woman guilelessly follows the word of this man in everything he does. We'll say that another wedding takes place and the same procedure of having the second widow sign over all property

and money to him ensues. What makes you think, since the first widow was double-crossed, that he would not double-cross the second?"

Worker: "I don't get the idea at all."

Philosopher: "Naturally, for the workers are in the state of being charmed, and not in the state of making any sort of analysis, but the point I am trying to make is that they should awaken before it is too late."

Worker: "I don't get you."

Philosopher: "Your President succeeded in getting Congress to surrender power and money, like the trusting widow. He's now going after a second widow, telling her that the bankers and holding companies are ruining her. That second widow represents all the workers. Your President is doing everything in his power to get control of industry for he wants all *power*. He is making a big play for the workers, but let us suppose he succeeds in crippling industry and controls agriculture, and the government is the one monopoly, is it not possible that it would be like the second widow? How

could unions have the right to strike under a one-man ruler who has an increasingly powerful military force at his disposal? Eventually, after gaining control of the nation, he'll tell the workers their wages will be ten dollars or five dollars a week. What is labor going to do about it? Strike?"

Worker: "We have the right to strike and we've always struck."

Philosopher: "Don't be ridiculous! There are three countries under dictators, and strikes are no more in those nations because the people are ruled with an iron hand, and the same will happen to America unless your President is stopped. If your President gains the power he aims to get, and we know by his own admission that he is 'determined,' he will consider no group when it affects his own selfish interest. His word is of no value as we know. He has been tricky and cunning and as labor unions would be in opposition to a one-man rule government, your President eventually would have to kill labor unions. Again, when a man gains control of a widow's

money where everything has been signed over to him, she is dependent on him from that time on. It will be the same with the workers, 'the ill-nourished, the ill-clad, the ill-housed.'"

Worker: "You are just painting a gloomy picture, but you haven't convinced me that our President is not right in fighting for 'more democracy'."

Philosopher: "When an eagle's claw is chained to an iron ball, of what use are the wings?"

XXIII

Gainesville Speech

A NEW note appeared in the Gainesville speech, and attending the news reel and hearing Roosevelt make the statement that he was against Fascism as much as Communism, and this particular part was played up in the news reels, I went home and read the news concerning the speech, where in the *New York Times* dated March 24th, it was headlined: "*Selfish Few Block Nation, Roosevelt says in Georgia*"; and the sub-head: "He Assails Feudalism as Like Fascism, and Hits Communism Also."

In the news story following, we find: "Scattered hand-clapping and whistling greeted the President when he departed from his prepared speech to declare: 'I am opposed to fascism as I am opposed to communism.'"

I looked over that prepared speech and studied the text very carefully: There is no reference to Fascism or Communism. In a word, that speech was given out to the press as a record which is supposed to stand, and yet, there was no attack on Communism in the record. Why? It may interest the reader to know that this is the first time that Roosevelt attacked Communism in a period of five years. Why? How is it that the

speech was printed in the press of the land with this part, played up in news reels, deleted?

When a member of a West Virginia organization, supposed to represent American ideals asked for my double page, "Machine Gunning for Peace," published in the *Sun*, I sent it to him, telling the writer that this book was in the hands of publishers for consideration. In that letter, I informed the member of the organization that it was important for citizens to read the book. In answer the party stressed how much organizations had been doing, but I realized that tremendous praise was given to an anti-Semitic magazine. I went on record, in part, as follows:

" . . . This situation of Communism got its spring-board from smug organizations who believe, as perhaps your organization believes, that the Constitution was made for the purpose of Christians and no one else. I gather from your work that you are attacking Jews, and I know that Pelley's attacks on Jews merely fan the flames of hatred. There are others besides Jews who are Communists, and just attacking Jews is bigotry and I have attacked that in the past. I gather from your whole letter that while you think you are doing a great work, you are, as I said, merely fanning the flames of hatred. . . ."

"I think this anti-Semitic hatred drive which seems to consume organizations, should be stopped and

stopped in its tracks. What has it done in Europe but slaughter Jews, and I believe they have some rights under God. Organization staff members wouldn't understand this higher conception. However, if organizations over the land are attempting to fight Communism with methods of hatred, you come right into Germany's policy and you have another blood purge and every vehicle brought about by hatred. This never has been progress, as I brought out, for one only has to look to Germany. . . ."

"I merely gave you facts and did not expect a sermon, especially since organizations intent upon hatred of Jews and Catholics, or K. K. K. principles, brought about this situation today, and again I say, since when has a group of bigoted Christians copyrighted the Constitution? But then, the real problem in this country is to get that over to the American people. . . . The only thing which America can boast of is its Constitution, for it is the greatest document of government ever given to mankind, but if it is crushed by the forces of Communism and the opposing force of equal hatred, it gets nowhere."

I had received various pamphlets which were supposed to attack Communism but it really was a Jew-baiting program to which I ever have been opposed.

My writing is for humanity and that includes the Negro, the Catholic, the Jew, the Protestant, the

Mohammedan, for the light shines within the breasts of all mankind. In a picture, no one can pick out a book by the color of the cover and say, read all the red books or read all the blue books, or the white books. It is that which is contained within which counts.

A man in New York, some time back, opposed to Communism and believing the Jews wholly responsible, spoke of their participation and, while I agreed that C. C. N. Y. was a hot bed of Communism, I did not specify that I was sympathetic to Jews as much as to Gentiles. Therefore, to clarify my writing, in view of the West Virginia organization's sympathy with anti-Semitic pamphlets, I wrote to this person in New York. After I wrote the letter, I decided to hold it for something like two weeks, after which time, I sent it to the party.*

In all my attacks, I have never been aligned with any organization nor have I ever accepted money from any organization.

Before Roosevelt came to the White House, I was a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, but when they became political, together with the American Legion, I resigned from that organization on the grounds that I had written that I belonged to no political organization and it was imperative, to my

* See Appendix III.

mind, to resign, since that organization had gone political in the bonus crusade.

When I published "Machine Gunning for Peace," I received a note from the present commander of the local chapter that the veterans were sympathetic, and thinking they were about to change, I might have expressed an interest in re-joining, if they decided to take a stand against Roosevelt. That was the intimation. Time passed, and as I received no adequate answer, I wrote and cleared the records. Some time later, I received a postcard stating that I was reelected unanimously and with enthusiasm. There was a postscript initialled, but the last initial was the same as that of the commander. This postscript stated, "Grand work," referring to my attacks.

The thought occurred to me that since the Reorganization Bill was before Congress, and I interpreted the Veterans of Foreign Wars postcard as approval and that they were going to ride into the attack, I thought if they wanted me to join, I would be willing to be among them. Therefore, I wrote a long letter telling them about this book and asking them if they would have a member of their post read it and report to the veterans. This letter deserved every consideration, due to the fact that, first, I outlined the plan, and second, because I said that in time the veterans would come up, and the endangered democracy demanded

united action. As I said, since the Reorganization Bill was in the offing, I had hoped that the veterans would take a stand.

This letter was dated March 18th, and as explained I had gone into the matter at length, stressing the importance of having the veterans take a stand for the democracy, believing that the postcard announcement was official.

In a letter dated March 24th, the local commander of the V. F. W. post answered this letter and ignored everything which I brought out and suggested that they had an idea for a show called "Over Here," and wanted me to do a poster. I can think of no more devastating irony than "Over There" and "Over Here" in view of the existing situation of the country. The only reference to my letter was a criticism of my writing. I was told by this commander where I missed out on the Chapter, "Machine Gunning for Peace," as well as other writing. He informed me that since I was known as an artist, I should cut my writing eighty percent and if I had to write, reduce it to a twenty percent basis and play up all ads in large type. This V. F. W. commander was not original in his criticism for the "you should have done it this way" type of mentality swarms in America. You see one you see all Americans.

Since the letter of the commander was dated March

24th, and Roosevelt's speech was published March 24th, I was greatly surprised and realized that that which was put on the postcard was an expression of an individual sending out the cards and had nothing to do with the V. F. W. I had read Roosevelt's line that he was not in favor of Fascism any more than he was in favor of Communism, and the immediate thought of my two letters came to me—the Veteran's letter and the West Virginia letter. I studied my letter to the veteran and his answer, and then wondered, since they have a very strong lobby, if that letter of mine went up to Administration circles.

I will now quote a paragraph of my letter, dated March 18, 1938, addressed to the local commander of the post of V. F. W., where I said:

“There is one point which I think the veterans should know, and that is that there is a great danger looming on the horizon, namely, that the attack on Communism is taking a channel of anti-Jewish propaganda. I have received many pamphlets where the whole responsibility for the Communistic proposition is laid to the Jewish faith, and Christians, as well as every other denomination, are given a free sweep. Judging from these pamphlets which are coming to me, and one is the Pelley Press, the opposition brought against Communism is a Nazi-Fascist front which aims to make the Jews the victims of hate. This channel is increas-

ing, and since the Communists are using any attack against them in a Fascist category, I want the veterans to realize that it is imperative, I feel, for the people to take over their government and take it over fast. I say this advisedly, for if we have a Fascist-Nazi front on one side, opposed to a Communist front on the other, the government will soon be crushed between these opposing forces. Both have their credo in hate, and one is as bad as the other. Both deprive humanity of their rights, the right of free speech, the right to assemble, and the right for individual expression, or as I said in 'Three Cheers,' in regard to the differentiation between Fascism, Nazi-ism or Communism: 'People ask what is the difference between Nazism, Fascism and Communism, and the answer to that is, if you are hit over the head with a pipe and injured permanently, what does it matter if the pipe were brass, iron or lead?'

While at first I did accept the unanimous vote of reinstatement, I cancelled the acceptance in a letter giving my reasons, where, in part, I said:

"As my letter to Mr. Williams, dated March 18th, testifies, I was most interested, or should I say amused, at Roosevelt's belated announcement, contained in his Gainesville, March 24th, speech, that he was much opposed to Fascism as Communism."

Roosevelt's remark, "I am opposed to Fascism as I

am opposed to Communism" was made and played up to divert suspicion from the Reorganization plan pending in the House. *It was said for the same reason that he made a point of telling the nation that he did not want to be a dictator.* It reminded me of that which I had written in the 'Essay on Roosevelt's Second Inaugural Address' published in February, 1937:

"If one followed the speech, and the same note has appeared in speeches before election, the reader or listener of the inaugural address might have become aware that the President appears to protest too much."*

Roosevelt thinks with a megaphone.

* "The lady protesteth too much"—Shakespeare.

XXIV

Who Discovered Humanity?

I

WHEN Franklin Roosevelt became enthroned in the White House, he gazed about him, and, for the first time, discovered humanity. Forgetting that there was such a thing as a Constitution, his ears ever alert for applause, he became a political evangelist. With unctuous phrases uttered at press conferences in those early days, the press fell under his spell. They, too, became evangelists. The "downtrodden" cry was the issue. It was all so brand new and Roosevelt, encouraged by an hysterical press, chanted from "headlines" continually.

There was the first cry, "the forgotten man," and the surest way to illustrate its effect on the masses can be best realized by the following incident. Sometime during Prohibition, a veteran called on me with a view of having me subscribe to magazines. I filled out many blanks and waited for them to arrive, but as time passed and no periodicals, I finally tracked down the salesman. Great was my surprise, since it was a large order, to learn from the man's own lips that he spent the money on necessary things. He gave me a hard-luck story, involving his wife and her people and their

people and the people connected with them. I became softened and instead of making an issue, warned him very severely that, if issue were made by someone, he could be sent up. He was so "very 'umble" that he never forgot the kindness.

In fact, when Roosevelt first came into power, this man called unexpectedly and informed me that he had never forgotten my kindness: "Many's the time my wife and I talked over how good you were to me, when you could have sent me up. I'll just never forget it—" I chopped this oration and asked his business, whereupon I learned that he was faced with another hardship and after going over the list of all his friends, and that with his wife's help, they decided that no one, and some people who had known them for many years, had come through as handsomely as I had done by saving him from a fate which he knew he deserved. Since I had come through in that crisis and another crisis had come upon him, he wondered if I could advance him something "until he got his feet on the ground." I listened, and taking my silence for awakening sentimentality, my caller rambled on until he became quite warmed with self-sympathy: "Only last night," he gulped, "The little woman and me went to the movies and I heard the President speak about the 'forgotten man.' Something comes up in my throat and I had all I could do from bustin' out. I give my wife a

nudge and when she looks at me I jerked my thumb at my necktie: 'The Forgotten Man,' I says to her and she nods. We packed our ears full of that speech and when we got home, that's all we talked about. 'Remember,' I says, 'when the thought hit me like a ton of bricks?' I says to her, 'When I pointed to myself.' Even then, her eyes fills up when she thought of all we'd been through. I tell her not to take it so hard, but her and I agree that I'm the forgotten man."

When he had finished after a few telling embellishments, I informed him that, as far as I had been concerned, he had not been the forgotten man for the magazines had to be purchased. With a glance, pregnant with rebuke, I realized that such reference bordered on bad taste. He grovelled, bellied, filled up and there was not an insect that walked the earth that he, in his low spirits, friendless—forlorn, could not have walked under and construed such insect belly as the Arch of Triumph.

Finally, I inquired, that if I gave him a five dollar bill, would he promise never to contact me again. The Bible, the Talmud, the Koran and every other religious book was sucked from the ether as he called on the Heavenly Host to witness his oath. He crumpled the bill and backed away in a trail of gratefulness.

Something like a year, or was it six months, passed and the phone rang. A voice on the other end: "I

know I haven't any right to do this because you've always been so good to me—"

"Who is this?" I asked.

"You know, the man who didn't send in the magazine slips and you were so square about it and when I came out you gave me such a break—"

"Five dollars!"

"Yes, and what trouble I'm in now. I wonder if I could come out and explain."

"Why you g— d— panhandler, where are you call—"

Click!

It never occurred to the narrator that one wondered why, in his pecuniary distress, he had money enough for movies. And certainly, it never occurred to him that Roosevelt's "forgotten man" reacted on millions in precisely the same manner as it reacted on him. The "forgotten man," as well as the subsequent relief, has been popular from the first day the words honeyed over the land. Small wonder, Roosevelt's voice has taken the nation by storm. There's a *ring* to it.

The relief is as permanent to the "majority" as the Rockies and as permanent to the donor. The Roosevelt family, no doubt, already are laying plans for the reception of "Great Grandsons of the Forgotten Man." Roosevelt has pump-primed himself into the belief that he is the "forgotten man" and in bed tossing dread,

summons the press in a birdcall stampede. Enough of this before the reader slips away. Or is there a reader?

When the Harvard orchid discovered humanity for the first time and saw that people were "underprivileged," he became so stirred with acrobatic oratory for the "downtrodden" portion of our "Democracy," that Congress, the Cabinet and every government office operated on a third-alarm basis. Any day people expected a law to go through the desks of the Presidential advisors, proclaiming that Congress would have another floor put over each House so that the people's representatives would be on hand all hours of the day and night; cots at the side of brass poles leading to desks below.

When the first relief money was under consideration, many statesmen hesitated about offering it, for fear it would cause offense. But Roosevelt, a daring crusader, pooh-poohed their fears and launched the drive almost singlehanded. The conservative Postmaster General James Farley, mothballed to conservative methods of statesmanship, but swept into the vortex of his leader's infectious presence, finally became enthused and found that it worked. *It could be done!* This was tried out on veteran organizations and became such a success that lobbies overflowed on Pennsylvania Avenue.

What was this note in regard to humanity that Roosevelt discovered which had never before been known to

mankind? He came to the White House in 1933 and has carried on that life work without allowing anyone to swerve him. He has consistently acknowledged but one class—"the underprivileged" masses.

Buddha, in the stone-wheeled past, antedating Christ, can be likened to Roosevelt in one respect. He had been reared in unlimited luxury. He was a prince by birth. One day, accompanied by his servant, he rode out of the palace grounds on horseback and, for the first time in his life saw a cripple. Sending his horse back with a servant, Buddha informed the messenger that he would not return. This prince decided to remain in the forest as a hermit seeking truth. Later, as we know, though the prince, used to every luxury, nearly starved, Buddha gave the world his teachings which are followed to this day. These teachings were first given to the disciples which surrounded him. When Buddha returned to his father's kingdom he wore the cheapest of garments and begged his way with a bowl.

Both Buddha and Roosevelt were reared in luxury; both discovered the distress of humanity, but how do their courses differ? Roosevelt, surrounded by advisors as in the case of Buddha with disciples, followed their teachings, careful to put them into all speeches. Of course, in fairness to Buddha, it must be remembered that he belonged to the stone-wheeled age and did not

have the advantages of our "complex civilization." Then again, Buddha failed to take advantage of his opportunity and never made any money out of his sympathy for the "downtrodden." Roosevelt, a far keener mentality, realized that one could express a great cry for the downtrodden and could make it pay as well. We have always had a sympathy with the phrase: "Killing two birds with one stone," and our great leader carried it out. In fact, the whole family became enthused with the idea and the stone has never been at rest. Whole flocks have been brought down with it. Somehow or other, the eagle got in the way and has been stunned to an unconscious state ever since.

If any man had attempted that which Roosevelt has undertaken and with which he has been successful, he would have been soundly hooted out of countenance. Roosevelt assailed the rich, called them "economic royalists," "enemies of the democracy," and stressed the note continually while he pointed out that many were in want. All the while, the Roosevelt family seemed to be totally unaware that the executive office paid.

Jimmie, porcupined with fountain pens, and a scabbard of ink to boot, laid down the policies of the Administration until people fell on the machine-gunned line. With this lice-insurance "in the bag"

("Jimmie's on his own"), his pen skidded through the Constitution with eliminating strokes until just "We" remained. From every New Deal platform, in contortions of twisting oratory, this czarevitch has been "we" "we" ing over the land.

It is impossible to record the commercial peregrinations of the Missus, for one cannot write on lightning.

Even the President's mother, oblivious of the pecuniary advantages of the office, but merely proud of her son's achievement, purred in magazines to help the "ill-nourished" make better cakes by recommending *just* the right baking powder. America, ever appreciative, greeted his crusade with purple veined cheers.

If all the frogs in the largest pond, raised one of their number to a position on the top of a pole and his chant was listened to by all, what greater power would the exalted frog have over the others save that he could chant when they could not. They raised him to such a position, but a frog is not a nightingale and frogs have not the power to make it so. The people have the power to vote a man into the highest executive office, but they have not the power to vote wisdom into his head. Only God has done that as the writings of genius throughout the ages testify. And if it be genius, the vehicle used by the Essence never exalts the vehicle but rather the source and that "my friends" is the same source that all genius has tapped.

While America has been carried away with the firm belief that Roosevelt discovered the "downtrodden" or "underprivileged"; has discovered that the rich are selfish, let us test this discovery.

Since I have brought out the situation in Russia, stressing that their situation was different from that in America, I believe humanity, taking it on general principles, is much the same. In Tolstoy's book, "What Do We Do Then?" the Russian writer speaks of the beggars of his country. They did not ask for alms, but affected limps and other means to attract attention apart from ragged apparel. Tolstoy brings out the case, stating that it was unlawful to beg and explaining how he followed an arrested beggar, caught asking for alms, to the station house. He was sentenced, but here in America such practice had been lawful. Even so, with the differences of restriction which Russia suffered and the liberty which Americans enjoyed at that time, was humanity, taken in the broadest sense, any different? Tolstoy claimed that he stopped one of these beggars and learned his story. The man had spent the small earnings he possessed and claimed that if he could procure a saw and an axe, there would be an opportunity to secure work. Tolstoy, an aristocrat, gave the beggar the necessary roubles and told the unfortunate man to go to an address where work would be given. Tolstoy, thinking the man

would make an appearance, went to the address a trifle later to see how the man was making out, and learned that the beggar never showed up. Later, Tolstoy, searching for the answer to humanity's problem, met the same mendicant and, as the law forbids beggars to ask for alms, he stopped him. Tolstoy got the same story, for the beggar had forgotten him. Has the reader, though the laws of countries differ, ever offered money to a beggar with a promise of work and found that the hobo was delayed in keeping the appointment? Has the reader ever heard of the tramp jokes? Ever heard of the professional beggars? Going through history by roads of authentic literature, has the reader ever heard that there have been human beings who did not care to work and received far more from the world than they ever gave to it—if anything?

Tolstoy, differing from Roosevelt, found that one trip to Russia's slums did not solve humanity's problem. I quote from his book, "What Shall We Do Then?". He writes:

"We walked up to the bunk, on which something raised itself. It was a half-gray, dishevelled woman, as lean as a skeleton, in nothing but a dirty, torn shirt, with a peculiarly beaming and arrested glance. She looked with an arrested glance past us, with her lean hand caught her sack in order to cover her bony breast,

which could be seen back of her dirty and torn shirt, and almost barked out, 'What is it? What is it?'

"I asked her how she was getting along. For a long time she could not understand me, finally she said:

"I do not know myself,—they are driving me out.'

"I asked her,—I blush to write it down,—I asked her whether it was true that she had not eaten. She answered in the same feverish and rapid tone, without looking at me:

"I have not had anything to eat yesterday, or today.'

"The sight of this woman touched me, but not as I had been touched in Lyápinski House: there my pity for the people made me feel ashamed of myself, while here I was glad to have at last found what I had been looking for,—a hungry person.

"I gave her a rouble, and I remember that I was very glad that others saw it. When the old woman noticed it, she, too, asked me for some money. It gave me such pleasure to offer money that I gave the old woman some, without considering whether it was right to give her any, or not. The old woman saw me out at the door, and the people who were standing in the corridor heard her thanking me. Apparently the questions which I had put in respect to poverty had roused some expectations, and several persons followed us. In the corridor they began to ask me for some money. There

were among the supplicants some who were evidently confirmed drunkards, who roused a disagreeable feeling in me; but, having given some to the old woman, I had no right to refuse these either, and I began to distribute my money. While I was giving, others came up, and in every quarter there was excitement. People appeared on the staircases and in the galleries, and they followed me.

“As I came out into the yard, a boy, pushing his way through the crowd came flying down the staircase. He did not see me, and he shouted, hurriedly, ‘He gave Agáfya a rouble.’ Having run down-stairs, the boy joined the crowd that was following me. I went out into the street; all kinds of people followed me, begging for money. I distributed all the change I had, and went into an open shop to ask the dealer to change a ten-rouble bill. Here the same happened as in Lyá-pinski House, namely, there was a terrible crush. Old women, people of the gentry, peasants, children, crowded at the shop, extending their hands; I gave them money, asking a few about their lives, and making note of them in my memorandum-book. The dealer turned in the fur corners of the collar of his fur coat and sat like an idol, now and then casting a glance at the crowd and again directing his eyes past me. Apparently he felt, like the rest, that it was foolish, but he could not say so.

"In Lyápinski House I had been horrified by the wretchedness and the humiliation of the people, and I felt myself guilty: I felt a desire and a possibility of being better. But now, a similar scene produced an entirely different effect upon me: in the first place, I experienced a malevolent feeling toward many of those who were besieging me, and, in the second, unrest at what the shopkeepers and janitors were thinking of me.

"When I returned home on that day, I did not feel at my ease. I felt that what I had done was foolish and immoral; but, as always happens in consequence of an inner confusion, I talked a great deal about my undertaking, as though I did not in the least doubt its success."

Tolstoy found the operation ridiculous in one visit, but Roosevelt has carried out the program for five years and, whenever the spirit of the people lag, the front pages carry a new idea: "Roosevelt's new recovery plan: 4,500 million for public projects."

Roosevelt's repeated programs of squandering, or economic adjustments if one is given to flattery, neglect to contribute toward strengthening fundamental principles which guide humanity. In the spiritual sense, billions upon billions of dollars used for pump priming cut down the necessary resistance of humanity. They give way under such pressure as rock

will wear under water rushes. It weakens humanity and, destroying initiative, lowers it to the something for nothing philosophy which has guided beggars the world over. If initiative is taken away from humanity and the average man knows that he can depend upon the government for food and keep, why work? The man at work, rising early in the morning and coming home at evening, begins to wonder when his neighbors receive the relief check for idleness. At first he thanks his stars that he has employment, but as time passes and neighbors are placed on a W. P. A. project and work is spasmodic and hours are less, the worker doubts. Finally, like a disease, sloth takes hold of the community as another great sum is voted for continuance of relief. People forget to think of employment, for their check comes in and so long as they "vote right" there is nothing more to it. Let the government worry about the work. The man working for his daily upkeep is no longer popular and is looked upon as an eccentric character. People all around him have the same things he has to toil for and sooner or later, but generally sooner, he drops into the community standard. Why work?

The more money expended in such method weakens humanity until they are wholly dependent upon the one man ruler and "vote right" for no other reason than that they depend on his dole for daily bread.

The people no longer think of re-employment but accept the situation. That is just what the one man ruler aims to do—buy the souls of humanity outright. When the day of reckoning arrives, they cannot resist any more than people who cannot pay installments can resist the agent who moves their furniture away. Only the agents of the one man ruler take the souls away. Humanity has nowhere to turn if, by methods of hatred, capitalists are attacked and weakened by government. Overtaxed, assailed and faced with government competition at every turn, private capital soon vanishes. Then all humanity, under the domination of the ruler and his plotters, must bow to his tyranny for livelihood. Everyone is under government rule which is backed up by a powerful military force. Humanity is helpless. They cannot arise, for soldiers would disperse any groups before they concentrate.

When we take the oceans, the bays, the lakes, the rivers, the brooks, though they differ, there is one element which has to be accepted as the basis of all. Wetness. Therefore, regardless of race, color, creed, various forms of government, there is one underlying element which controls all humanity—wisdom.

A man utters words of wisdom and hearing them, though we do not see the speaker, we are inspired and seek him out. If we discover that the man is black, does

it detract from the words of wisdom? If the same words are uttered by a Jew, does it detract from wisdom? If the man is white and a Christian, does it detract from wisdom if he uttered words of guidance for his fellow men?

One man rulers, attempting to stifle this force, suppress or kill it if necessary, are taking a course in opposition to the normal flow of humanity. Where has Roosevelt uttered any words consistent with enduring wisdom—thoughts suggestive of original thinking? He has carried out a prepared design given to him and has revealed a cunningness, a trickery, through misleading statements. With such deceit he has pounded the consistent message of hate into the mind of every citizen. He has used the “under-privileged” merely as a means to an end—complete power over every human soul on these shores. Assailing the “selfish few” and “economic royalists” is merely “Let not thy right hand know what the left hand doeth” for there can be no sincerity in a man who sells out his office. He merely admits that he himself is the symbol of “economic royalist.” By such obvious gestures, one can hardly say that Roosevelt is cunning, but he may be the pawn of cunningness. Someone may be cunning enough to use the megaphone of an executive office. At any rate, humanity always has had its Machiavellis, its Richelieus, its Constantines, its Augustuses.

Cunningness is the force which advances selfishness in opposition to wisdom which is necessary for the progress of humanity. Therefore, it would be well to test cunningness, for it conceals, uses subterfuge, misleads, and slithers any way to gain power. The press, in the past, has praised the Roosevelt "brilliance." What brilliance? He has been tricky, misleading, false, a pawn incapable of original expression, and, to boot, obstinate—a determined man. He has nothing beyond that except trickiness to bring him into the cunning category. He has had everything his way and he was wonderful in the eyes of the press and the people. A great showman. However, when Roosevelt was riding high and handsome, looked upon as a wizard by everyone as "headlines" indicated, I wrote a letter, dated March 6, 1937, wherein I said: "Roosevelt is a parade soldier. He smiles delightfully when the sun is shining on his buttons, and smiles when the band is playing, but he has yet to prove himself when the fire gets really hot, and he's beginning to get that fire now, and I predict that he'll go to pieces."

But then, we were speaking of wisdom: Lord Bacon, the great philosopher, author of "The Advancement of Learning" and other works, was at one time Lord Chancellor of England. Something like three hundred years have elapsed since his passing. Does Roosevelt's condemnation of "the horse and buggy era" alter the

fundamental principles which ever have guided humanity in its course of progress? The following extracts are from Bacon's Essays. Under "Of Ambition" we find:

"Ambition is like choler, which is a humour that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped. But if it be stopped and cannot have its way, it becometh adust, and thereby malign and venomous."

And:

"He that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men hath a great task; but that is ever good for the public. But he that plots to be the only figure amongst ciphers is the decay of a whole age."

And in the essay, "Of Empire":

"For he that is used to go forward and findeth a stop, falleth out of his own favour and is not the thing he was."

In the essay, "Of Cunning":

". . . when you have any thing to obtain of present dispatch, you entertain and amuse the party with whom you deal with some other discourse, that he be not too much awake to make objections. I knew a counsellor and secretary, that never came to Queen Elizabeth of England with bills to sign, but he would always first put her into some discourse of estate, that she might the less mind the bills."

And:

“In things that are tender and unpleasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance, so that he may be asked the question upon the other’s speech; as Narcissus did in relating to Claudius the marriage of Messalina and Silius.

“In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world, as to say, ‘The world says,’ or ‘There is a speech abroad.’

“I knew one that, when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a bye matter.

“I knew another that, when he came to have speech, he would pass over that that he intended most, and go forth and come back again, and speak of it as of a thing that he had almost forgot.

“Some procure themselves to be surprised at such times as it is like the party that they work upon will suddenly come upon them, and to be found with a letter in their hand or doing somewhat which they are not accustomed, to the end they may be opposed of those things which of themselves they are desirous to utter.”

Or:

“There is a cunning which we in England call ‘The turning of the cat in the pan.’ which is when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him; and, to say truth, it is not easy, when such a matter passed between two, to make it appear from which of them it first moved and began.

“It is a way that some men have, to glance and dart at others by justifying themselves by negatives; as to say, ‘This I do not.’”

Somehow or other this brings a recent utterance to mind, but no matter, we will continue with Bacon’s essay:

“It is strange how long some men will lie in wait to speak somewhat they desire to say, and how far about they will fetch, and how many other matters they will beat over to come near it; it is a thing of great patience but yet of much use.”

Then again:

“But these small wares and petty points of cunning are infinite, and it were a good deed to make a list of them, for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.”

The same essay concludes:

“Some build rather upon the abusing of others and (as we now say) putting tricks upon them, than upon soundness of their own proceedings.”

Can a man be obstinate and wise at one and the same time? Roosevelt has held persistently to his "I am determined!" Never mind the will of God, the will of the people, their representatives, for it is enough that Roosevelt is determined.

The statement made by Roosevelt that he hoped that it would be said of him that "they met their master" anticipates "I am determined." How then can the citizens accept his latest contradictory assurance coming on the raven wings of a sleepless night; a nightmare newspaper conference crowding the wires and holding up the press. This haunting spectre swished over the land in the early hours of the morning. Haunting the bedchamber of the sender, it was given out to reassure and calm 130,000,000 people; given out before the final stroke which would have made him a one man ruler. If the sleepless man was on pins and needles to get off such a message, how could people be calmed? Why such a revelation of nervous anxiety? But the admission that he had no desire to be a dictator contradicts his hopeful statement "met their master" and certainly is inconsistent with "I am determined." Determined to be the master? How then can he change the public mind with a frightened message?

Did not Roosevelt give away his hand long ago? Can a man, caught playing hide and seek with winning

cards, suddenly beam on the players and reassure them with: "Boys, I have no desire to stack the cards." Methinks the players would exchange glances. Who cares to play in a game with a man who has to make an open admission that he has no intention of cheating? It is something which is understood, but when a player makes a startled issue of it, there is not one player who is not on the lookout. Was it wise?

If Roosevelt claims that he does not want to be a dictator because he "is not the type" then why the "determined" remark that he hoped it would be said that they had "met their master"? The remarks are too clearly "Here it is! Here it isn't!"

Suppose he were dictator. All freedom of individuals would be concentrated in him—the "master." Could a jittery person give calm to 130,000,000 people—console them? If he suffered with an ulcered tooth, being human, could he also take on the problems of everyone and give out comfort? After all, who is Roosevelt—God?

Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher, lived before Christ in that despicable era, antedating the "horse and buggy" age. That horrible of horrible eras when it was not a "complex civilization" requiring a "brilliant" mind to make it go. And yet, in the "Discourses of Epictetus" there ever is something which can be applied to humanity as a whole as in the case of all

wisdom. Humanity, like a river, flows through any age and there is little change. I quote Epictetus:

“CONCERNING THOSE WHO OBSTINATELY PERSIST IN
WHATEVER THEY HAVE DETERMINED

“Some, when they hear such discourses as these, ‘That we ought to be steadfast; that the will is by nature free and unconstrained; and that all else is liable to restraint, compulsion, slavery and tyranny,’ imagine that they must remain immutably fixed to everything which they have determined. But it is first necessary that the determination should be a wise one. I agree that there should be sinews in the body, but such as in a healthy, an athletic body; for if you show me that you exhibit the [convulsed] sinews of a lunatic, and value yourself upon that, I will say to you, Seek a physician, man; this is not muscular vigor, but is really enervation. Such is the distemper of mind in those who hear these discourses in a wrong manner; like an acquaintance of mine, who, for no reason, had determined to starve himself to death. I went the third day, and inquired what was the matter. He answered, ‘I am determined.’ Well; but what is your motive? For if your determination be right, we will stay, and assist your departure; but, if unreasonable, change it. ‘We ought to keep our determinations.’ What do you mean, sir? Not all of them; but such as are right.

Else, if you should fancy that it is night, if this be your principle, do not change, but persist, and say, 'We ought to keep to our determinations.' What do you mean, sir? Not to all of them. Why do you not begin by first laying the foundation, inquiring whether your determination be a sound one or not, and then build your firmness and constancy upon it. For if you lay a rotten and crazy foundation, you must not build; since the greater and more weighty the superstructure, the sooner will it fall. Without any reason, you are withdrawing from us, out of life, a friend, a companion, a fellow-citizen both of the greater and lesser city; and while you are committing murder, and destroying an innocent person, you say, 'We must keep to our determinations.' Suppose, by any means, it should ever come into your head to kill me; must you keep such a determination?

"With difficulty this person was, however, at last convinced; but there are some at present whom there is no convincing. So that now I think I understand, what before I did not, the meaning of that common saying, that a fool will neither bend nor break. May it never fall to my lot to have a wise, that is an untractable, fool for my friend. 'It is all to no purpose; I am determined.' So are madmen too; but the more strongly they are determined upon absurdities, the more need have they of hellebore. Why will you not

act like a sick person, and apply yourself to a physician? 'Sir, I am sick. Give me your assistance; consider what I am to do. It is my part to follow your directions.' So say in the present case: 'I know not what I ought to do; and I am come to learn.' 'No; but talk to me about other things; for upon *this* I am determined.' What other things? What is of greater consequence, than to convince you that it is not sufficient to be determined, and to persist? This is the vigor of a madman; not of one in health. 'I will die, if you compel me to this.' Why so, man; what is the matter? 'I am determined.' I have a lucky escape, that it is not your determination to kill me. 'I will not be bribed [from my purpose].' Why so? 'I am determined.' Be assured, that with that very vigor which you now employ to refuse the bribe, you may hereafter have as unreasonable a propensity to take it; and again to say, 'I am determined.' As, in a distempered and rheumatic body, the humor tends sometimes to one part, sometimes to another; thus it is uncertain which way a sickly mind will incline. But if to its inclination and bent a spasmodic vigor be likewise added, the evil then becomes desperate and incurable."

II

Strip humanity of all non essentials—palaces, yachts, motors, horses, silks, jewelry, pastries, fowl and rare spices, and they all react the same. The essentials are food, privies, sleep and the urge to multiply. Their souls are their own so long as they follow the rules which govern society and the greatest government under which humanity can progress is the outworn United States Government.

What does one man rule do for humanity? It cannot deprive them of the essentials for the greatest two hour oration of Hitler's merely sent the throngs scurrying for the nearest privies. No ruler in all history has been able to take that privilege away from humanity. They must eat. And, say what you will, they must multiply? Sleep? They must have that. These essentials cannot be deprived from humanity, but to govern millions of people a one man ruler must deprive them of something so they will react as one. What? Their individual freedom. They must not have minds of their own. The ideal state is to have 130,000,000 people with bed pots on their shoulders instead of heads so that "more democracy" can be plooped into them. Therefore it is necessary for pump priming.

Social reform, aimed to make over humanity would be noble work if, after thorough analysis, the element of selfishness were eliminated. But when selfishness is intertwined with social reform as definitely and as closely as threads with a tangled ball of cord, how can one separate the two without disturbing the ball of cord? When selfishness, reenforced by unprecedented vanity, obstinacy, vindictiveness and cunningness stands out for all to see, how can normal minded people accept irrational, or weird conceptions with the hope that they will bring eventual tranquility? A person endowed with contumacious instincts may have been encouraged in youth, but aside from that, the reader has the benefit of Epictetus concerning the mental fitness of a man who harps: "I am determined." Roosevelt, regardless of other people's opinions is "determined" to have his way and, if he succeeds, the nation, under the domination of a "determined" "master" will reflect him in every phase of industrial, agricultural and social life as a bucket of nitric acid can change a large pond, for every particle of water will, from that time on, have a biting influence which it never had before. It is useless as water. Therefore, Roosevelt, allowed to carry on his reforms, will render the Democracy of the people useless. The strongest influence would be Roosevelt carried out in every element of American life and only purging the

contamination through forceful overthrow can bring it back to its normal state.

No one man under the stars is capable of regulating humanity advancing its progress save by inhuman methods of abuse where those under his domination respond with fear. Such methods ever have been destructive and have brought about civilization's decay. Certainly no man with an executive office can install a Columbus Circle soap box in the White House and swish his hands in dismissal of all obligations to the government of the people on the grounds that the election was an overwhelming victory. Using a tremendous vote of confidence to further his own ends and sneak over a plan to kill the United States government, interpreting such vote as an indication that people wanted one man rule, is conceit which can be best treated by a specialist. All this man had, save education, was bubbling enthusiasm for Karl Marx relayed to him by college professors. Why a cheap pamphlet, revolutionary in the extreme and with no literary qualifications to recommend it, is used as a course of study in colleges is a mystery. The "Communist Manifesto" shouts and stamps its way into the consciousness and its substance can be reduced to "Let's bust up society!" The "President," with Harvard phrasing has carried their standard for five years. His aim was to allow the workers, or masses,

to have full sway after preparing the path with his message of capitalistic hate given to press and over radio. Even when the business men of the nation consulted him, and that after he brought on the depression by taking labor's side, he calmly stated that all holding companies should go—and the reason? “I am determined!”

With a “I will not let the people down” our good leader sends the Constitution, which he swore to uphold, in the waste basket. Why not, for the people trusted him and he had it up his sleeve all the time. Besides when they did wake up everything would be “in the bag.”

Adorned in the gown of a messiah, with gold embroidered dollar signs indicating the guide to the promised land, our dictator went to work; unravelled the scroll—a photostat copy of Karl Marx's idea of heaven —“More Democracy.” One can imagine the tenderness with which our leader fondled the sacred scroll. Perhaps in reverence for the new form of government which he decided to carry into execution, our good leader shot a “I am determined” nod at the “horse and buggy” tear sheet and closed the vow with a seal of spit.

Evidently the originator of the system, pointing his camera at the sky and finding, after development, that God was not there, discovered atheism. Thrilled, as only an inventor can be, Karl Marx mapped out

Utopia—the promised land. Laying out the streets and indicating the buildings, the inventor heaved a sigh of satisfaction. A design crowded with smoke stacks and no steeples. College professors, believing that the universe came to an abrupt stop with the world of knowledge where a red stop light served as the sun, hailed the discovery. A map of material philosophy to be followed with little or no changes. Roosevelt, mistaking a Tugwell thumb print for a project, called up the press and the New Deal was on its way.

The project laid out by engineers, was repeated all over the land and houses, forming the curves of a thumb print, have sent humanity groping around the spirals—lost in the maze. For five years the people have been going around in these circles. The finger print has not ended there, but is pressed on the breasts of the made over humanity in Roosevelt commandments: "I am determined!"

A man with dominant instincts and a deep sense of hatred, possessing an office of authority, would naturally embrace the Communist Manifesto, for that has hatred of capitalism as its keynote. Recalling all fire-side chats, messages delivered before Congress and newspaper interviews, can the reader remember any that did not attack capitalists—attack them incessantly? The Communist Manifesto gives Roosevelt a vent for his own personality. But beyond that, he sees

himself as the one man ruler carrying out hatred in spiteful spurts as the spirit moves him. Has he not given vent to spite toward those who opposed him? How does any dictator deal with any who dare to oppose a "determined" man?

Reform for humanity, with a view to its progress in channels of construction, cannot come from law carried out with martial tread. That is the only method to which a dictator can resort. On the surface, of course, there is the popular vote and running a gauntlet of troops the citizen is eyed as he tabs his vote for the one man ruler. With Roosevelt controlling agriculture, industries of every description, telephone, telegraph, railroads, shipping, steel, iron, mining and every conceivable channel leading down into various businesses where all have the government supervision, and all names of employes are on government file, would the American citizen place his name on a voting card and say "No" to the one man ruler? Look at the attempts made to seize control of the telephone and telegraph companies, the findings of the N. L. R. B. against steel where agitators are to be reimbursed for all back pay because they walked out on their work and did a little rioting—stopping others from working. The loss to the steel company is not taken into consideration. Do it or else, and the N. L. R. B. has the Supreme Court's backing for this comes under the Wagner Act.

If the Wagner Act is constitutional under such provisions as that bill contains where everything is on the side of labor, then Hitler is Santa Claus to Jewish kiddies.

Think you all these schemes aimed for the "tranquillity" of the "general welfare" when they came on radio wings of hate, hate and more hate? A constant hammering of hate, backed by slithering schemes to publicize the shortcomings of all private ownerships while on the other hand, Congress whitewashed Administration officials. When the Supreme Court passed the Wagner bill was our highest tribunal on one knee? How did this all come to pass? The "headlines" praising Roosevelt day in and day out, hurling his slurs at capitalism; the radio carrying his words of hate and praising the downtrodden continually, stressing "majority rule" and inciting this mob to action.

Reform for humanity must come from humanity. The sins of humanity work in much the same way as in the individual. When humanity feels the accumulation of its sins—its carelessness arising from infection underneath, the whole matter, foreign to its best interests, as in the case of the human body, comes to a head. The same process, peculiar to the individual, works throughout all humanity when the laws of nature are opposed.

To give the reader an example how humanity can suffer from an infection where it has an opportunity to

spread, it arises from mental uncleanness and selfishness from all groups. There are, as we know, a tremendous amount of women from hamlets, villages and cities whose sole interest is next Wednesday's dinner party. These little groups, working throughout the middle class and the upper class, have their minds consumed with one thing—who shall sit here and who shall sit there? And when they sit here and sit there what do they discuss—government? Yes. A general discussion of “headlines” for all read “on the gallop” but do they do anything if national issues take a wrong turn? Why certainly they do—they discuss it and milady's cheeks become quite warm and she notes the effect—it is becoming. Therefore, it is right to suggest a certain amount of indignation. Not too much, mind you, but enough to give milady that little touch. Someone makes the suggestion that something should be done and the matter is settled very comfortably—“Let George do it.” Who “George” is no one ever seems to know, but when “George” does do it, he is a subject for ridicule. “The clown playing Hamlet,” ventures a legal brow: “That's it.” The learned specialist speaks: “Well, we've had cases like that come into our office” and he goes on into white rat experiments. Everyone is agape at the wonders of science. “George” is a white rat. “The shoemaker should stick to his last!” comes as a burst of brilliance from

the broker and, as all agree, the dinner party breaks up into little bridge parties and there is deep silence. The Thinkers. Each guest returns the invitation and then the same talk and the same thinking. All day the methodical blindness of business, legislature and the discussions of gowns, teas, bustle talk, shoulder talk, movies of the same, furniture and bridge scores. All humanity, of which these little groups are a part, is in itself gregarious and they, like cattle, are led. The easiest method of controlling this humanity, especially in America, is through the glitter of the almighty dollar. If humanity absorbs too much of the poison, as in the case of the individual, it cannot assert itself and is unable to resist the poison and suffers collapse. No amount of money can ever reform humanity from that time on and every needleful is shot into it for control by the "selfish few"—the one man ruler and the plotters surrounding him.

If a man gave your community an auditorium and, in return for such generosity, asked the citizens to submit to allowing wrists to be fettered, would any community band concert be worth the price? Worth it when the sound of continued hand clapping is mingled with clanking of chains? Then why do you allow your Congressional representative to trade your individual freedom in return for a Federal project?

No man, discarding statesmanship to the winds, can

reform humanity by running "fireside" errands for his disciples. Prophets work just the other way and genius, through the printed word, works alone. Prophets and genius will stand the test like gold when the dross of its generation has gone. When the sand, pebbles and grit have been swept over the pan's edge in the circular method of elimination there remains the fine black sand. In that sand the gold is found. Its greater weight keeps it hidden but in the end it is that weight which adorns humanity with brilliance.

Prophets and genius have never restricted humanity by laws of tyranny where mankind is forced to obey, but rather these rarest elements are in humanity's stream and, like gold, are hidden. In time, when the black sand is discovered, the refining process takes place. This sand of humanity is composed of detached scholars and critics and only in this sifting is genius found.

Every generation of humanity is the contents of the pan and as it returns it to the stream and the precious metal saved other pans are sifted and refined. Nothing precious to humanity, given for its guidance, ever has been lost for the Great Sifter works through every part of the stream and watches over all.

What is the Reason for Such Hatred?

WHEN the press of the nation came out in editorial during the inaugural address and timidly stated that they hoped Roosevelt would not abuse his powers, they did not know any more about the situation than Congress, for Roosevelt from the beginning of the N. R. A. parade had not planned to carry out a constitutional government but merely to use it as the mask. He could not conform to the constitutional precepts, and as long as he remains as the executive, he will carry out orders of Communists—his “advisors.” The whole plan from the beginning was dictatorship and it cannot be tempered with any form of democratic interference. Every speech of Roosevelt’s reenforces this statement, and it shall continue to reenforce it.

Unless the people get the “drift” then a tackful chat by the ship’s captain may belly up the sails of confidence for another money run. Still, if the captain has never taken the ship to a scheduled port for five years and the owners are only approached for repairs without a word of what happened to previous cargoes, the ship owners may get their “wind up” and bellow enough so that the “Constitution” will sail back to the

harbor of Liberty with the trusted first mate at the wheel.

Then there is just one answer: "Who is the rightful 'master' of this ship" referred to in the recent "fire-side"? "The Essay on Roosevelt's Second Inaugural Address" seems pertinent somehow:

"Since Roosevelt, at no time previous to his election, outlined his scheme to the people, giving them an opportunity to vote on such a vital issue as submerging the Supreme Court, the people, thus victimized, have the power of redress. Is it not possible to compare the whole procedure with that of a vessel? If a captain of a ship ignores the wishes of the shipowners and takes the ship to unscheduled ports, looting at will, is he not guilty of piracy? If the crew follow the lead of the seditious captain, are they not equally guilty in the eyes of the shipowners?"

After the Supreme Court had killed the N. R. A., Roosevelt's program could not, as I said, follow a democratic form of government, and everything, even to the present day, was destined for crop control, control of industry. Look at the whole steel strike with the sit-down methods, where Roosevelt tried to bring the heads of private industry under the control of "majority rule" (workers). His swift moves and utterances, analyzed with icicled contemplation, have been revealed as lies, deceit and perfidious suavity—

all for a factious program. Roosevelt is far too enmeshed with a seditious program to turn back, but must follow through despite the two defeats which he personally suffered, but which, on the other hand, saved the nation.

When the Supreme Court rendered the decision, the egotist in the White House, surrounded by plotters, never forgave it because it stopped the Communistic plan. When court orders were cheapened at Flint, as I brought out in the Essay, the manoeuvre was to cheapen courts in the eyes of the people, and it would have given Roosevelt the opportunity to do away with the Supreme Court. That was the plan. At that time, all Congress ceased to function, for they, with an eye on democratic government, were useless to the President. He had to have full control or nothing. Therefore, he used the radio to carry out this scheme and by tangents of swiftness, he tried to tell the people that the nation was faced with a terrible crisis. He made the attempt to seize the government overnight, but when the plan failed, the trickery was revealed, that is, the trickery where he tried to pack the Court in his bill first given to Congress. Following this, where months were wasted, another bill was put over, supposed to be a modified version, but that second bill was aimed to do the precise thing which the first advocated, place men on that Court by means of elimination,

and in time, the second bill would have the same power as the first.

Now we will come to that which I brought out, namely, regarding moves where they had all been planned. Roosevelt had exercised the utmost secrecy in regard to a reorganization plan, and it was kept in the background until he launched the manoeuvre to do away with the Supreme Court. How he fought, argued, complained, whined, in every futile attempt in press interviews and over the radio, to convince the people that the Supreme Court was stopping the progress of the people. The Supreme Court was the last stand of the United States government; they were holding the pass against the Communistic régime which was to supplant and take over the democracy—the N. R. A. In the radio whining, shrieks, sneers and screams, begging the people to “do something,” this Communist, Roosevelt, resorted to the most vicious tactics, where he, in desperation, misrepresented everything to further his selfish ends. All while the reorganization plan was waiting until such time as Roosevelt could place men on the bench who would launch it on the people. If Roosevelt succeeded in controlling the Supreme Court, then America would have been no more.

Failing in the Supreme Court fight, the poison of Communism still fanged over the land as I brought

out in previous chapters and the reader can find the verification in "What Treasury?" as well as other chapters. Mongooosed on the hidden strike behind the Supreme Court fight, and finding he was still popular, our Marxian megaphone decided to take the "bull by the horns" and demanded his agricultural program. The farmers fell with this stroke—government control over agriculture. As in the case of the Supreme Court strike, Roosevelt's first reorganization plan, a "must" bill, demanded such powers that Congress was stunned. This bill, calling for powers beyond the wildest dream of any President, was unprecedented and Congress refused to pass it, but rather stripped the bill of its one man rule verbiage. Again, as in the case of the second attempt to control the court, and that when industry was in need of some word of hope which never came, but rather a call for business men which was subterfuge, the amended reorganization bill came before the Senate. With the stock market going down and the depression on the verge of a financial panic, Roosevelt's whole aim was to get that reorganization bill passed, and, like the second Supreme Court bill, it would be only a question of time.

Then, as we know, when the forty-nine tit suckers, dripping with majority drooling, passed the bill, Roosevelt's triggered tongue could not hold in and he taunted the people in hasty victory when he sneered that the

Senate could not be purchased. "It was all over but the shouting," but Roosevelt attempted one of his well known "here it is, here it isn't" utterances, namely, that he had no desire to be a dictator and proved by such statement that his whole being was troubled by such a thought just as the reorganization bill was about to pass. It failed as we know. But now let us see if he is not the "type" for one man rule. He went on the air in a studied talk, like one who has to ask for money. He was most careful to put his best foot forward, but in the tone there was determination; a biting of the tongue to restrain himself from lashing out. Again the man who did not want to be a dictator, his oiled "do it or else" plea over, sat down to his desk.

The Senate, aiming to relieve business of the burden of the profit tax, had mapped out a program which would have given a "breathing spell" to private capital. When this was in conference and the House and Senate were at variance, the Senate in favor of a broader plan than that adopted by the House, Roosevelt's spite and hate came to the surface, though one who has measured his every inflection could detect it throughout the latest "fireside." When the conferees, from both Senate and House, were facing a deadlock, Roosevelt saw the opportunity and gave private capital the kick in the face, by his message. He wanted them to

have the tax that the House advocated. Why? Because such a plan would cripple private capital while on the other hand, his ship would be loaded with a four billion cargo. He is "determined" that Democracy shall stay under the heel of his one man rule boot. The people are "paying the price." The owner of the boot does not "want to be a dictator" but the Democracy gets in his way.

Roosevelt's hatred toward the upper class is as fanatical as the hatred of Hitler for Jews. This hatred is far too deep for anything consistent with fairness. Roosevelt has stressed a hatred which is directed against a "numerous but select" class. What is the true basis for that hatred? Is it fanatical, based on religious intolerance? This, on the surface, seems unreasonable, for Catholics, Jews and Protestants surround him, and yet, there is something too fanatical in this hatred for the "numerous but select" class which cannot be passed over without leaving one with a sense of analyzing wonder. The Constitution protects all religions, all minorities and all races and certainly a President with an overwhelming vote at the start and an overwhelming vote again, should be above such fanatical hatred toward a class. At any rate, the First Amendment to the Constitution protects all religious faiths and no one faith, as I brought out in my books attacking Prohibition, should predomi-

nate. Nor should a doctrine destroying faith be given American humanity for all classes to follow, for, according to the Constitution, atheism, as a doctrine, could be construed as a religion especially when such doctrine was advanced as a means, and that by law, to supersede all established religions.

Roosevelt's hatred of a minority, expressed at every public gathering, at every dinner, over every radio broadcast is as fanatical and as inflaming to a majority, nourished by such hate, as an attack on Jews, an attack on Catholics, an attack on Protestants, an attack on negroes. It can have but one ending—*bloodshed*. Attack after attack and sneers after sneers against employers is the most inflaming "oratory" of all because when the poor are given to understand that a small group are depriving them of the necessities of life and the hatred is drilled into them, the uprising is "just around the corner." Look at the hatred revealed by the Lewis gang against property owners—the seizure. Why did it gain such proportions? Roosevelt's continual taunts ignited that hatred. He is not satisfied, but wants it to break out afresh. Why such intense hatred toward citizens, especially when everybody gave Roosevelt full power. We have an example of two Presidents and it is worthy of analysis. Hoover, never popular and a defeated man who went out of office with the boos of the masses, took this terrific

ordeal without hatred toward "majority rule," but fought for the freedom of all classes protected by the Constitution. Now take Roosevelt, who from the beginning was hailed as the leader and with overwhelming vote, as we know, took over his duties; from the beginning there was nothing but cheering throngs surrounding him; nothing but Congressmen obeying his every wish; the minorities working with him to help his program and, on top of that, another overwhelming vote of 46-2 plurality and, to the surprise of some, he has turned on a class with such fanatical hatred as to arouse wonder. If the conditions were reversed in regard to the ex-President and Roosevelt, one could understand, but without justification to have such hatred revealed—Why?

It would be inconsistent with reason to assume for one moment that this minority referred to by Roosevelt is above reproach: to picture such minority as nuns and monks, their upraised eyes speckled by celestial highlights, is far too fanciful for the softest eye to absorb without a twinkle. There is every reason for Roosevelt to become incensed with this minority, for, as in the case of the majority, there seems to be an inherent greed ingrained in humanity residing on these shores. "Why these shores?" asks the reader. I will attempt to explain: We, whether it is complimentary or not, are a race of emigrants. From

ancestors to the present day, an emigrant moves from one country to another, but for what purpose? There is an urge which prompts people to gather belongings and change their whole environment, and, if pressed for an answer, I would analyze this urge as one where the person acts upon it as the desire to better one's condition. When one is not satisfied with native surroundings and there is the desire to change, one word seems to struggle for a place in this parade of words—ambition. When one is endowed with a gift of artistic expression, ambition in that sense of the word, is one consistent with recognition—fame. But the mass of humanity, having no such outlet, their ambition is the attainment of position, and in the case of all, a security against poverty, against famine and the only way to secure this state is with money. The more energetic are those who become emigrants, aside from derelicts. It takes eagerness, alertness and a desire for something better to make people move to another land.

After countless emigrants "made a go of it" in America, naturally word spread throughout the world that this nation was one where wealth became a fixture. In Ireland, they refer to America as a nation where "the dollar is your God." Nevertheless, letters reaching the native lands written by emigrants contained, I imagine, the most colorful pictures of conditions in the new land. It is a human tendency to stress advantages

gained, for being energetic enough to change from one country to another, there is, as I said, a clear note of ambition. Would an ambitious person, after making the change, admit that the new land was overrated; would they want to have it passed around among neighbors and friends, that the whole journey was a farce? Never! Pride forbids such a course and the people abroad receive the most colorful pictures of a land where "money grows on trees." What effect has this on the people back home? The avaricious brood over their meagre pickings and in studied contemplation, make quiet plans to go to the "new land" where the pickings are better. The boats for generations have been weighted down with just such emigrants—all ambitious—headed for America. The children spring up like daisies, and, born of ambitious parents, trying to better themselves, we have finally launched a race that has the unwritten, but obvious slogan, branded on his mind: "So long as I get mine." Americans, as a whole, are ambitious and their aim is, in all lines of endeavour, a desire for personal gain above and beyond getting "enough" for security.

Patriotic societies, welfare societies, private corporations, veteran organizations, religious societies, nationwide clubs concerned with the betterment of understanding, labor unions and clubs of every description are channels for furthering individual aims. The

majority and the minority look out for *number one* every time and number one is the individual. If joining a group can advance this number one equation, then joining is a distinct advantage. We are a nation of emigrants and our offspring are bound to be energetic, especially when it comes to chasing the dollar to its lair. Few dollars ever escape. Somehow or other, this nation seems to be far more avaricious than other nations and the reason, I feel, is due to facts outlined. America is one nation where patriotism, and this applies particularly to patriotic societies, can be exchanged for a price.

In the case of the majority, the bonus is an example, and strange to say, this bonus seems to have silenced the veterans in regard to the change from Democracy to Communism. The majority and the minority, inclusive of all groups and all individuals in America, look upon the stars of their flag as so many keys on a cash register.

When Roosevelt can buy citizens like turnips in an overflowed market and can use the people's money for patronage instead of relief, and charge a minority with the responsibility of suppressing the "ill-nourished, the ill-clothed and the ill-housed," the minority in the nation are placed in the precise position of those in Dante's *Inferno* who have the flakes of fire continually pouring on their shoulders.

Since Roosevelt has delved into the past and has resurrected it for the purposes of correction, the thought occurs that if the dead ever regained consciousness and saw that the philosophy of bandits was advanced as a basis for "more democracy," nothing, I imagine, could serve to convince these spirits that they had not been transported to Hell.

When, with a whole nation imbued with the spirit of cash register patriotism, Roosevelt condemns one class alone and is guilty of hoarding the nation's wealth, there is some reason for such satanic hatred due to votes opposing his first and second inauguration; facts which testify that he rode in on both of these on chariots of cheers. We know that Roosevelt holds grudges and the attitude toward those who would not bend to his will of recent date is an example. The first opposition on the part of the Supreme Court is an example, and his bitterness toward Congress is a distinct illustration of his spiteful tactics. Roosevelt can never forget anything which serves in any way to cross his path. If these are tangible instances of spite, what has happened in the past to cause Roosevelt to visit such vitriolic epithets toward his own class? Was he snubbed by this minority at one time for some reason which the people do not know? Was he a bitter man, nursing a grudge, awaiting the opportunity to visit it on those who caused him some terrific pain in the past?

Was it ancestral? Was it monetary? What could have turned a man against his own class *so definitely*?

Is it a bitterness so deep that his revenge could be appeased only by the shedding of blood? He is bending every effort to use this hatred for the furtherance of this end, despite the fact that he has succeeded already. What is that something which impells Roosevelt to sacrifice the peace of a nation to serve his own ends? Is a man normal who has to be propped in place, and then seemingly unaware of this drawback, blandly assails Supreme Court judges, stressing the fact that their eyes are dimmed by age; stressing the fact that they are very old; that they are suffering from infirmities? He smirks such phrases with complete blandness. Can such a man be normal? Are 130,000,000 people to be guided by such an one, who, by other methods is deceiving, using the people, their money, and even working every minute to destroy the Democracy? Is he attacking the minority as a last, desperate chance to save his face? The state of the nation's deficit is colossal and all Roosevelt has done is to spend the people's money for Communism instead of Democracy. Would this man, to save his face, rather than give an accounting, plunge the people into a civil war? Why has he consistently played one class against another? Why is he so anxious to assail Foreign Powers as the Chicago speech testifies?

Do the people know that when the Communists gained control of Russia, all foreign debts were cancelled? All private debts were cancelled? Do they realize that if Roosevelt can succeed with his doctrine of hatred, this deficit can be wiped out, that is in book-keeping parlance? But no acrobatic methods of economy can make something like a loss of \$40,000,000,000 become even. It shall ever be a loss and if Roosevelt and his plotters gain control, they start on \$40,000,000,000 in the hole. But above and beyond that, this was the price to replace a Democracy with Communism, because to gain such control, private enterprise had to be whipped. But with that, no majority can ever expect the wages they had earned in a previous era: with control of the nation, majority and minority, they would have to take what the ruler and his commissars gave them. Can a nation suffer famine, loss of gold, loss of wages, loss of home, loss of freedom and feel that all this is justified if Roosevelt soothes them with words of muffled hatred? If the minority has been reduced to the level of the majority, will such phrases have a target? If people bring more children into a starving regime, an enslaved state, is it not possible that all the people will understand the full significance of "More Democracy"?

XXVI

“Majority Rule!”

MOSCOW's megaphone has done nothing but give out Communist teachings as I have brought out, and he is incapable of dissecting or analyzing such ideas. These words of hatred spread by Roosevelt are like the locusts of the Orient: they destroy. When the first faint drone of approaching locusts fill the air, natives become pale with a sense of impending panic.

When the locusts are first heard in the distance, a faint, steady whirr that strikes the ears of natives with terror, all rush to the fields in an attempt to halt the destructive hordes. As the whirr becomes a rumble, drowning all other sounds of nature, the sky becomes overcast, as these billions upon billions of insects shut off the sunlight. Feverishly, desperate farmers dig the trenches, flood them, pour the oil and, with torches attempt to stop the plague of the Orient. When the locusts swarm over land, all trees, shrubbery, and vegetation are swept of every leaf as the ravaging billions devour every vestige of foliage and every blade of grass. In their wake there is utter desolation.

The Communistic words of hate, megaphoned by Roosevelt over radio, and in “headlines” are the locusts which are devouring the healthy thought of the

nation and even now the havoc they have wrought, these words of hate, may wreak irreparable desolation to the land. The souls of all living under this flag, waving over a shell of Democracy, are feeling the poison, the gnawing words are "now" taking their toll.

And yet, differing from the natives who fight with every vestige of strength to halt the oncoming horde of destruction, people, here in America, receive the locusts of hate, and because the locusts cannot be seen, they are allowed to carry on a devastation where the souls are gnawed: Hate! Hate! Hate! Hate! Constant words of hate, steadily wreaking the devastation desired, and after every horde takes its toll, Roosevelt seizes, seizes, seizes and, the populace gnawed from within become weaker, weaker, ever weaker and become more and more apathetic, like listless toads having their entrails sucked by the hidden heads of snakes.

With control of a political machine, nourished by the people's own money, the control of agriculture, the control of industry, Roosevelt has cast aside the temporary setback of Congress, and has launched more and more hordes of locusts—his words of hate, knowing that every home is suffering. "A plague on both your houses"? *A plague in all your houses!* A plague in every human breast and in the breasts of innocent children, helpless, but being lashed into the caravan of

slavery from which there is no return, branded by their own parents who have been guided by “headlines”; the radio, a controlled press, greedy, traitorous magazines, out for the dollar at the expense of souls; the mothers and fathers supporting such publications as they have supported Roosevelt, have branded their children and children’s children. This cattleized herd rounded up into a corral, cheering as they go, majority and minority, the victims of a traitor’s tongue; a tongue, fanging the poisonous hate of Moscow, sending locusts of hate into every home. Turning from the plan of God, cattleized America, calling themselves citizens, will yet pay the price. They will, like the victims in Dante’s Inferno, see the havoc of their folly. They shall see the devastation, the bleakness of a beaten humanity surging as one under what they had believed would be “More Democracy.” These people, who, by their willingness to follow Moscow’s megaphone, will see their children, their minds seared beyond repair; will see their children’s minds reduced to ashes! The hate will be visited on this generation for the unfathomable sorrow given to children for the sins of their elders.

These people, allowing Roosevelt to spread the locusts of hate, shall see their worldly possessions seized by the inflamed “majority rule.” As in Russia, they shall see the bestial, avaricious mobs surge up the avenues in crowded hordes, screaming, howling amid

the shrieks of sirens; every street vomiting human torrents into the swelling masses charging up the boulevard; crazed with frenzy as shop window after shop window crashes; the incessant tooting of harbour boats mingling with the confusion of sirens and the begging clang of bells, as the screeching multitudes loom like tidal wave, crushing everything before them in their murderous charge. A sea of hands stretching in the glassless shops as all merchandise becomes public property. Rushing, as merchants' window glass crashes—crash after crash of glass becomes ground to powder in the trample of "majority rule." Homes invaded and all private belongings seized as the Communist-drunk multitudes break through the doors and fill the private dwellings; blood spattering walls as clubs rise and fall on the heads of the minority; the clothes torn from the women as brutal, sex-crazed men ravage them at will. Army and Navy officers shot as sailors and soldiers join in the maddened march of looting. All because of Roosevelt's locusts of hate which could not be seen. But "majority rule" reaches fulfillment.

Then, when there is nothing left, the "majority" turns on each other and pillaging continues; continues until all are reduced to poverty, but none among them would dare to exert any energy to build again by working, for it would bring down the starving hordes and again it would be sharing.

And then, as in the case of Russia, when wages are no more, and there is a common store, where all work for food and clothes, human nature would break out again and, instead of capitalists, their jealousies, envies would be directed at the leaders because they had more food, better quarters. In desperation, the leaders would, as in the case of Russia, jail the masses by the hundreds, fire on them, execute them until a powerful army could gain that power for which Roosevelt aims. Then Roosevelt, Moscow's megaphone, will be pushed aside as a Lewis takes control.

XXVII

How Could Communism Apply to America?

THE Russians for centuries, as I said, have sponsored secret societies and know the advantage of subversive propaganda. It has been known that businesses have been conducted during the Czarist regime right on the open boulevards, while perhaps in the cellar, a printing press was at work turning out propaganda. On the other hand, the Russian autocracy secret police were as sharp, if not sharper, than any force in the world. The best were like Javert in "Les Miserables." Many times secretive societies were raided and the secret police gained subversive documents aimed to overthrow the nation. Profiting by any errors, the subversive forces became sharper, and in turn, the secret police became keener. Every method of espionage had been practised for centuries in Russian history before Lenin installed the Karl Marx government. With this background, is it any wonder that the Russian intelligence can make America its playground?

It was Karl Marx, the German, who outlined the course which Lenin adopted for the Russian masses, leading them from "the frying pan into the fire." The cry of the Russian writers was to release the masses

from their imprisonment, whereas Lenin, carrying out the writings of Marx, merely moved the masses from one prison to another. If a man is fettered with a ball and chain in a dungeon in one city, does he benefit if he is moved to another city and is subjected to another ball and chain? That is the precise situation in regard to Russia today, perhaps worse: first, the Czar and the Cossacks, and now Stalin and the firing squad. The latter thing the New Deal has not copied from Moscow—*yet*.

The people here in America have taken up the cry for “downtrodden” humanity and are adopting the principles which are applicable to Russia, forgetting that, as I said, they do not apply to a nation founded on the fundamental principles of freedom; it is asinine for soap box orators to call to American humanity to assert themselves in an effort to gain their freedom, when our citizens have privileges which no other nation on this earth enjoys collectively or individually.

Russia, enslaved, precipitated their freedom, and though it was expedient, the sudden rush sent masses, largely illiterate, into another form of slavery. They have no freedom of expression nor action which is contrary to rules laid down for them. Attempting to apply the principles of Communism for the American citizens is like attempting to repair a brick house with shingles.

The terrific ordeal which Russian peasantry suffered called for a change before God, and a brief transition took place and humanity surged headlong into the same lamentable conditions. How could the doctrines put over on an illiterate peasantry be applied to this nation, when America has had the benefit of complete liberty and education?

How could another form of slavery, which Russia is now undergoing, be applied to a government whose heritage was freedom for the individual? Submerging humanity into the dungeons of labor, forcing the laboring people to toil twelve to fourteen hours a day, is cruelty, but America has not been subjected to that slavery. The working conditions in America call for the eight-hour day, and the American Federation of Labor has protected the working classes. Conditions in the factories and in the fields have not been the same as those in Russia, and they have not been the same as those in France previous to the French Revolution. The pay in this nation has not been a bare existence for humanity, but it has been sufficient to give our working humanity the chance to enjoy those things which the Russians never had the opportunity to enjoy; beyond that, our children, differing from generations of Russians, have been reared in an atmosphere of complete freedom. The whole program of Communism, equally as enslaving as the Czarist rule, is the stirring

of hatred among the working people of America, stressing their fancied plight which does not exist as in the case of Russia. Our citizens forget that already they have their freedom, and the cries for "freedom" launched by alien agitators are irrelevant on these shores.

In the last chapter of "Three Cheers," under the heading, "The People Must Choose," I wrote: "In this so-called new era great stress is emphasized on the release of the workingman from bondage. Oratory, megaphoned from the throne of dictatorship, predicts the dawn of a poor man's paradise. Unhappy souls respond to any dissertation where their conditions are painted in the blackest hues. By creating a hypnotic spell, where the workingman is projected as a martyr, orators for a dictatorial regime exalt the laborer. It is a pleasant picture for the workingman to behold, and his will, once it takes hold of the dream picture, is reluctant to allow it to evaporate. He nurses the happy dream and the more it is nursed, the brighter it appears. Especially when it is compared to his real existence. The daily struggle for life appears drab—colorless. He has been made to see, through arguments of the box speaker, that he is the victim of money greed. The picture is revolting and in self-defense he returns to the dream of the workingman's Utopia, like a drug addict resorts to the needle for relief. He has

been given a taste of the drug by the agitator and has become the box orator's victim.

"At times he will sound out his theories (he has accepted them as his own) with his neighbor who also has listened to the soapbox orator, and is surprised that every argument meets with thorough understanding. The feeling of dissatisfaction spreads and all return to the common picture of relief. The masses become restless for the condition to become a reality and are then told that they must fight for the overthrow of the old order, otherwise the dream never can be realized. The minds of the masses are as identical as the daisies in the field. Whether it be foul wind or good, if it moves a few, it moves them all."

Projecting a false state of opulence which cannot exist is a crime against humanity for it is leading the masses astray.

Suppose a government, all while the treasury is in a vertiginous whirl of zeros, through legislation, passed laws which made it almost impossible for private industry to achieve its ends, what incentive is there for those who spend money in promotion, when in the end, they gain nothing? If industry is to have all the responsibility of the payroll and the outgoing expenses, what is the incentive if they see no profit ahead? Why do it? On the other hand, if government takes over industry and so-called experts are supposed to

manage that industry, it must be borne in mind that it is not *their* money that they are spending, whereas private industry is careful to keep the economic scales balanced and leakages are prevented at all times. Is this true in the New Deal government when the most fabulous sums are spent without any thought of tomorrow? Is it not feasible to suggest that when the appointed heads of a government-owned industry are placed in power, that leakages will continue since there is no need of economical measures when such heads are paid a salary?

And how does government monopoly, the only trust, benefit the workingman if speculation increases as wasteful leakages and spendthrift tactics overbalance production gains? Every man with common sense knows that he cannot draw fifteen dollars at the bank if he has but ten dollars invested, and he knows collectively that in time a gain cannot come from losses. This rule applies to the pennies as well as to billions of dollars, and the man in the street, if he cares to consider the matter, knows that sometime there will be a day of reckoning. But let us assume that the existing condition continues and government exercises the full authority in every avenue of agriculture and industry, can the workingman cry out for his rights as he would under a democratic government? How? Where else would he find employment other than through the

channels of government, the one head regulating all industry? How would his lot financially be improved with continual losses? How could an individual soar from the masses if a regime of government held all down to a formula, preventing individual expression in the fields of art, in the fields of industry, or in the fields of any profession, and this would apply to all? But beyond that, with a haphazard system of economics, losses would take place and the laboring people would have to share those losses. It would be, in time, a sweeping scale of payment, and American humanity, once free, would be placed in the same position as Russia. Taking the same remedy for an imagined disease which did not exist in America would, in time, bring about the disease.

XXVIII

Will the People Follow the Light?

DA VINCI said (and it was advanced by Swedenborg later) that each human being is a miniature Heaven, but it seems that it is also a miniature Hell. On a small scale, "Paradise Lost," the war between God and Lucifer, has a battleground in every human being. Each man walking this earth is a replica of the Absolute, the same as every atom is a miniature of the whole. Regardless of race, creed, color, all reflect the guidance from the Supreme Source.

When rain falls, it does not fall just on maples, but flows on oaks and weeds alike, covering all. When God sends down his blessings, he does not confine them to any one religion, but showers them on all humanity, and those in prisons as well.

While we still have the throne room in each and every breast, for God is within, why close the portals to the light? Let us assume that each human breast has a little telephone instead of the inner light. If an individual becomes sorrowful and grief is almost beyond endurance, he gets in touch with the Supreme Being. At such time we all take out our inner telephones and call up God. Some do it without going to church, and some do it under the plan of a denomination, but it is

all the same. God never has been busy and the wire is always open.

The plan of Communism, like other enslaving dictatorships, aims to seize this inner telephone and cut the wires. Are the American people in favor of that? Personally, I talk with detachment regarding the Supreme Being, for I have no creed, but I believe in all creeds for mankind. If a man reaches the Supreme Being through his church, he gets just enough of the light for his needs, and no one has the right to cut that off from any individual.

We have children coming into the world, and every mother and father should weigh the problem and weigh it well. Is it right to tear out the telephone from each young breast before they have used them or know how to use them? Is it fair to cut off coming generations from getting in touch with the Supreme Being? People would rise up if any plan of government advocated de-sexing little girls and boys, depriving them of their generative organs. There would be a storm of protest. And yet, the mind ever has been the greatest inheritance any human being possesses, and here in this free country of America, a process is taking place to cripple each and every mind.

There can be no greater crime for the adults of this generation, who, by their apathetic willingness to follow the Communist rule books, drag generations unborn to

despair and slavery, killing all genius which is yet to come. A vast majority of the fathers and mothers of this nation have voted for this very thing. Why has Roosevelt struggled so hard to gain the approval of the youth? Why have the Communists worked so hard to train the children? And the answer is, because the old bromide is applicable, "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

Mankind, today, seems to be tossed in a turbulent sea, and the breakers crash on all worldly shores, in sweeps of destruction. Cries are smothered in the angry sea of human wrongs; millions on all shores huddle in bewilderment and cringe at the lashing tide ever rising, but God has stationed his sentinels on exalted rocks where signals are flashed continually for those lost in this sea of doubt.

If we pause to weigh the problems of existence and compare an era of decadent civilization with the world as a whole, we cannot help but come to the realization that it was through the sombre, dark periods that civilization, following the light, came to a higher understanding of its destined place. In all dark periods, mankind ever has been given the light, and in a crisis they follow it, even as sailors are guided by the swift rays of illumination from a lighthouse. The light which has guided humanity through the ages is the same light that shall guide mankind today. When

we use our powers of analysis during a tempest, we cannot say that nature is all storm, for we know otherwise. It cannot endure. Turbulence of all nature is merely the expression of nature trying to right itself, and if humanity is placed in that era, it can survive by allowing the storm to take its course. When the fury has subsided and the clouds are breaking, as they are today, then all mankind knows that the work lies before them. If the trees are down and havoc has been wrought by the raging of the storm, then humanity knows, through experience, that work cannot be done until the debris is cleared away. As in the case of a severe storm, where wires are down and trees are uprooted, humanity today sees bulwarks of tradition uprooted; hurled aside in the onrush of a swift uprising. The debris of this uprising is on every side.

We must acknowledge that havoc has placed obstacles in our path before we attempt to look for the light. It is imperative that we clear away those obstacles erected to ensnare mankind. Go ahead we shall, for such a thing as a picture of the endless abyss is an invention of those who would defy the law of the Eternal One: replace it with a philosophy of utter hopelessness. One only has to recall the low period of Greece when the Skeptics came into power, for it was in this darkened world, when men floundered and there was unbelief, that a Light burst in the sky of the east; a Light which

symbolized hope for humanity. That Light was not given to any particular creed, and yet, it helped all creeds. That Light, as in the case of other Lights before it, was given for the benefit of all mankind, regardless of race, regardless of creeds. It was enough that the Light of the Eternal Source came when humanity needed it most: When the time is dark, the Light shall shine again, for its radiance is such that it can afford to spread over all mankind.

All philosophies of an enduring nature speak of the undying Source. All great geniuses, whether they be the poets, the painters, or the composers, bring this Light through their various channels. Genius, whether he be prophet, philosopher, painter or composer, is the channel for this Light; only genius knows that he is of no value as an individual, but merely interprets a tiny part of the Supreme Source. In a crisis of civilization, when the way is dark, the genius given to the world to interpret the Light, as history verifies, is one who calls to mankind to remove the debris; implores humanity to cast this spurious waste aside in order to enjoy its natural heritage; a heritage consistent with the enduring Light; the Light which never has failed to shine in the darkest eras of history. The radiance which shall never fail if mankind struggles and works to earn its enduring rays. The storm which takes place in each and every breast has the tendency to

awaken understanding. All great religions and philosophies touch upon that potential spark which is within every human breast: that spark or that hidden portal which contains the Light of the great Essence. It is when it is dark and mankind suffers that these inner portals enshrined in every human breast begin to vibrate. There is a cry in each and every soul walking this earth today, a cry which cannot be lost with all the band music and all the tread of martial feet. The Light from the Eternal Source shall not shine until all inner lights, now hidden, begin to vibrate in collective harmony. It must be sought by mankind, for it shall not shine if mankind is unwilling to receive it.

The genii—prophets, philosophers, poets—are the supreme teachers and the warriors who never can be bought. Mankind, during dark periods of civilization, has been unable to silence them. They are of the Brotherhood and serve but One—the High Command. Mankind can give them nothing save one thing: their willingness to listen. While debris of hatred is on every side, mankind *shall flounder*. No man can use the word *now*, suggestive of the flood of light. God alone will utter those sacred words at the right time. The simple word, “Now,” will be uttered ever so softly in the breasts of mankind when the Eternal One is ready to give the glorious light.

No man walking this earth can say when humanity will awaken, but one *can* say that the light *shall* shine when mankind is ready to receive it. When we feel the lowest, then we are ready to harmonize with the Highest.

Let us consider two vital factors by which American humanity is guided: One, our faith in the Supreme Being, whether it be free or aligned with a creed, and, Two, our Constitution. When perfect gems are viewed they are objects of beauty, but after they have met every test and have been subjected to the severe scrutiny of the microscope, the one who has made such a test has greater, far greater admiration for the gems. In regard to faith, perhaps Francis Bacon said much when, in his "Advancement of Learning," we find: "Undoubtedly a superficial tincture of Philosophy may incline the mind to atheism, yet a further knowledge brings it back to religion."

If we go halfway on any road and turn back, we not only fail to reach our destination, but all our energies are utilized in retreat. If humanity, here in America, can be discouraged by the obstacles deliberately blocking the road to freedom, then every mother and father in this nation today will hand down a program of failure—supine failure—to their children and their children's children. Will the American people surrender a heritage of free speech, freedom of the press, and

the right to assemble, without opposition? Will they accept a program of living death for those who will follow in the years to come? It would be unnatural. If they seek the light, doubt can no more exist in such glow, than night can exist in the flood of noonday sun.

“The Constitution, to my mind, is the closest contact with God humanity ever will have in the form of government. There is no tyranny in the Constitution, but far-reaching justice and, like a force divine, all-embracing understanding and mercy. It should be cherished by every citizen: if it is not, then the average citizen’s own fireside is a thing to be cast aside as something dead and antedated. Worship from the heart, or conscience, is like the little mirror held by the hand of a schoolboy. It draws down the light from above instantly and reflects it accordingly.”*

The various religions and philosophies speak of the God within each and every breast, refer to it as corresponding with the higher realms of harmony. And yet, in this world of regimentation, every effort has been made to suppress this inner light by shutting out the true source which gives it the enduring glow. If small boys covered their pocket mirrors with tar, they would be unable to receive the sun’s light—much less reflect it. The souls of mankind have been clouded with the poison of regimentation. Let us one and all

*From “Three Cheers.”

remove this vapor and know that our souls are reflectors. Open the way to the light and all humanity shall respond, for the time has come when the light of truth *must* be spread.

Freedom has for its circumference the universe, and yet it fits perfectly in each human breast.



APPENDIX I

The following comment on "Machine Gunning for Peace," published in the New York Sun, was printed in the Washington Merry-Go-Round, which reaches something like 150 to 175 papers over the United States, according to clippings received:

"Presidential Threats:

"Two full page newspaper advertisements bitterly attacking the President have been circulated quietly here and have caused amazement even among Roosevelt's severe critics.

"Full of the most scathing indictment, the advertisements were written and paid for by Percy Crosby, author of the comic strip 'Skippy.' Twice Crosby urges his readers: 'Never wound a snake, but kill it.'

"'Of what use are naval and military forces,' Crosby says, 'if a power-crazed man, seizing the Presidency of the United States and usurping the role of commander-in-chief of the armed forces, turns such forces against the people?'

"Crosby goes into further details regarding his snake idea as follows:

"'Perhaps in a mood of play, I will take the pen and tickle the fangs of the lunging specimen from the reptile house at Washington—a parry here and a parry there, then we seize it by the neck and the pen serves as a gag while venom drips on the page, and as it drips, one wonders whether this represents the brain power of the Washington reptile house?'

"Crosby lives in McLean, Virginia, frequently is to be seen lunching at Washington's most fashionable hotels. Although the secret service has investigated him, there is not much it can do about indirect threats of this kind."

When the Administration clerks wrote in the Merry-Go-Round that I could be seen lunching at fashionable Washington hotels, it may be of interest to know, that only once in four years have I had lunch, and that was in the Mayflower just previous to the writing. It was with a business representative handling the Ethyl gasoline posters. I never have social contacts with anyone

in Washington. The reader cannot fail to note the "economic royalist" tinge, which suggests Administration propaganda.

The reader can use their own judgment after reading my chapter, which needs no comment regarding the line and the enemy to whom it refers, and they can also realize to what lengths Administration propaganda will go. It is strange that the Communist "Daily Worker," printed in Appendix II, picked out the very same line and attacked it on the very same issue.

However, as far as any literary ability goes, when two men have to combine to turn out a column, it reminds one of two one-legged men doing a solo on a skating rink.

APPENDIX II

A Fascist Call for Civil War and Assassination

An Editorial

A fascist manifesto has just been published in a leading New York newspaper.

This manifesto is an incitement to the assassination of the President of the United States.

It is a call to terrorism and murder. It is an approval for treason and civil war.

The manifesto is signed by Percy Crosby, creator of the cartoon "Skippy," and is a chapter from his forthcoming book, "Would Communism Work Out in America?" It appeared as a two-page advertisement in Tuesday's New York Sun, which is controlled by the House of Morgan.

Never has anything so bloodthirsty, so saturated with the spirit of brownshirt gangsterism appeared in a prominent American publication.

The language of Crosby is the language of Julius Streicher of all the brownshirt and blackshirt murderers and demagogues. It reeks with hatred of the people, hatred of democracy.

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President Roosevelt, elected in the greatest landslide in American history, is described as "seizing the Presidency of the United States and uprising* the role of Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces."

He is branded a "power-crazed robot" and "Moscow's mouth-piece." He is repeatedly referred to as "the so-called President" and "President" in quotation marks in order to cast doubt on his legal status.

* The excited writer evidently means usurping.

310 WOULD COMMUNISM WORK OUT IN AMERICA?

This is Skippy with a swastika.

And can there be any mistake about the meaning of this:

“The time may come when defense is imminent; that time when we must fight for our very homes. If such time comes and leadership can no longer withdraw, due to continued aggression, then it would seem that the best philosophy, under such a condition, should be: NEVER WOUND A SNAKE, BUT KILL IT.” [Emphasis in original.]

What else can this be but a call for the murder of the President and for the overthrow of our government?

And Crosby repeats the above murder incitement a second time in order to emphasize it.

It is no accident that this mad dog of fascism singles out for particularly venomous attack Roosevelt's great Chicago speech urging concerted action by the peace-loving nations to curb the fascist aggressors.

This speech was received with howls of rage and hatred in the chancellories of Berlin, Rome and Tokio. It was denounced by the Hearsts and other American reactionaries. But to millions of the common people in America and throughout the world it showed the way to save humanity from the horrible catastrophe of war.

Crosby dutifully parrots Berlin, Rome and Tokio in attacking this speech, adding the fine fascist frenzy and gangster insults which the German, Italian and Japanese governments, for diplomatic reasons, refrained from employing publicly at the time. He charges that Roosevelt is deliberately seeking to plunge the country into war. And he openly defends Japan:

“The situation in regard to Japan is this: they are now embroiled in the China situation, and due to the pressure involved, they have no time to become aggressors.”

No time to become aggressors at the very moment when they are committing the most criminal acts of aggression against the 400,000,000 people of China!

And what contempt this American brownshirt heaps on the American people! The millions who voted for Roosevelt are to him “the forty-six state herd.” And he writes:

“And why not plunge America into war? Who is going to stop him, the people? Ridiculous! They have lost their spirit and the proof of such statement is that they repeat the administration propaganda, taking it for their own thoughts. As if humanity were capable of any thought save that supplied to them.”

This is the language of fascism, of the political gunmen who spit on the people and torture and murder their best representatives.

That this can be written in America today and published in a newspaper with hundreds of thousands circulation should sound the alarm to every American for whom liberty and democracy are something more than words.

Crosby's article is no mere crackpot curiosity. It is the logical conclusion of the whole Wall Street drive against President Roosevelt and his program of social legislation. Crosby merely blurts out publicly what the Economic Royalists are saying in the privacy of their clubs and conference rooms. He is not the first to call for the assassination of the President. That kind of talk is rife in Wall Street.

The Crosby article breathes the same spirit as the hooliganism in Congress. The Tory stooges of Big Business are attempting through political terrorism and sabotage to blackmail the President, blackmail the Congress, blackmail the American people into letting the Wall Street plunderbund have their way.

Crosby is merely one of the journalistic storm-troopers egging on this Tory mob.

And his platform is the platform of the Berlin-Tokio-Rome anti-Communist pact—a platform of war against world democracy and peace.



The Crosby article is a danger signal. America is not safe. Already we have fascism at our back door. Already the Berlin-Rome-Tokio axis has pierced into South America through Brazil. In Mexico, our next-door neighbor, a fascist uprising is being prepared with the help of the Nazis. In Santo Domingo the bloody dictator, Trujillo, who recently murdered 3,000 Haitians, has just received four bombing planes staffed with Italian officers, according to the current issue of *The Nation*.

Are our Economic Royalists working toward the same end? Is the coming visit of Hitler's adjutant, Capt. Fritz Weidemann, to Senator Vandenberg and other reactionary leaders another link in the chain of Berlin-Rome-Tokio intrigue against democracy? IS WALL STREET PREPARING CIVIL WAR?

The people must act to defeat these would-be Francos and safeguard democracy. Let America not be made a second Spain. We want no murder of women and children, no destruction of homes, no drenching of our soil with the blood of our best sons.

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THE PEOPLE MUST ACT.

The Big Business sabotage of recovery is little less than treason. It may be the first step toward something more. The immediate task is to end this sabotage and get Congress to do the job for which it was called together: enact a wages and hours bill, increase relief, pass legislation to guarantee the farmers cost of production, enact the anti-lynching bill, establish seven regional TVA's—in short, increase the purchasing power and protect the liberties of the American people.

Write your Congressmen today and tell them this is your program, what you and millions like you voted for. Tell them they must pass it.

When the mad dogs of fascism howl for blood, let us not turn a deaf ear. Let us have the courage to muzzle the mad dogs and to make a fight for democracy—and more democracy.

Daily Worker, New York, November 25, 1937

APPENDIX III

March 17, 1938.

Dear Mr. ———:

As you perhaps know, I have never assailed Jews, nor any race nor creed. During Prohibition, I attacked Prohibitionists and not Protestantism because, as you know, the Prohibitionists were undermining the government. In fact, the existing state, as I brought out in previous writing, is traced to them, for the Communists got in when the country had been undermined. However, as I said, I attacked Prohibition consistently when they attempted to use the church and Christ as a means to an end. In West Virginia, the fanatical Prohibitionists, to show that they had no part of true Christianity, formed a resolution wherein they said that Christ "belonged to a lower civilization because he drank wine." That is enough, and I have quoted it before in my writings, to show that they have nothing to do with the Christian creed.

I am enclosing a carbon of a letter I wrote to a man in West Virginia recently, since I am acquainted with the anti-Jewish propaganda which is inflaming this nation, propaganda, by the way, which uses every Jewish name to spread hatred. This propaganda now going through America is equally as bad as the Communist propaganda, and is Fascist in its scope. I happen to know that the Germans have been working in this country for some time past, for on two occasions I had guns stolen by Germans. One German I caught, and the other is on record, and I passed such record on to General Bullard. Moreover, local Marines could not understand what I was after and pooh-poohed such an idea, but it happens that General Bullard thanked me and was against infiltration consistent with dictatorships. When Hauptmann was on trial, German propaganda was going around this part of the country, and even locally and through the press, the same statements in regard to Hauptmann were circulated, namely, that he was being railroaded. The editor of a Washington paper sent me a certain letter, asking me what I thought of it and it was the same thing which I had heard on every side, and as I had questioned the two Germans at length, they both

had the same idea, but then, so did others who were not Germans at all. I said to the editor at the time that I believed that German officers were at work.

The enclosed letter speaks for itself, and as I have never attacked Jews, nor will I attack them, and happen to know that before the Jews went on record in regard to any propaganda as Communists, which they share with many Christians, fanatical groups were attacking them, as the principles of the K. K. K. testify. As I said, I have received a tremendous amount of literature attacking Jews and making them responsible for the existing state of affairs, which is not the case. What about the Christians? How do they get out from under, for they, too, are Communists. But these pamphlets, especially Pelley, which I have covered, and he puts out "Liberation," is pretty terrible stuff, and they are warning people of Jewish invasion and a civil war, and Nazi-ism or Fascism is the source and is equally as bad, if not worse, than Communism. If the American people are to survive with a democracy, it must be by holding onto their fundamental principles, equally ignoring Communism, Nazi-ism and Fascism. I believe, as a creator, my words have weight, for the Communists have attacked me severely, calling me the "mad dog of Fascism," "blood-thirsty," and saying that I have called for the assassination of Roosevelt. I have been under fire pretty consistently, and even my cartoons going over the nation are receiving attention on the part of the Communists. And yet, with all this fire which I have taken, regardless of how intense it becomes, I shall never write one word against the Jews, as the Constitution embraces all creeds and all colors among the citizens it protects.

No one ever has attacked Roosevelt as I have done, as my forthcoming book testifies. Even so, when I published the Essay in two pages of the *New York Sun*, I received a pamphlet going the rounds, which took up Franklin Roosevelt's name and centered attack on one point and one alone, namely, that the name of Roosevelt was Jewish in its origin. Facts were brought up to substantiate this point, and the whole issue of Roosevelt as a party to Communism was centered on that frailest and weakest of arguments known to mankind, bringing in a race or a creed as a means for dominating the issue, whereas, as you know, it has nothing to do with it. Aside from that, if the biographical data

circulated through the pamphlet has the same truthful significance as other anti-Jewish data, it can be dismissed peremptorily as something consistent with invention to gain followers. If organizations within Christianity have nothing else to recommend themselves other than hatred against those who consider they have not been reared in the faith, or they belong to a different race, then they have missed the universal message of Christ from start to finish.

Our citizenship embraces all creeds and all races, and the Constitution as conceived by the founders, protects all. The issue regarding Roosevelt is that he allowed himself to be influenced into Communism, if he was not a Communist in the beginning. The fact that he is a Communist, and has sworn to uphold the United States government is the issue. When Cohen and Corcoran are equally guilty, and Corcoran has written the President's speeches, how can Corcoran be allowed to go scot free on the grounds that Cohen is a Jew? Both are Communists, and that goes for the entire nation, and the Jewish issue has nothing to do with it, since both Jews and Christians and members of other races are Communists.

I want to clear up this point, since in a brief talk, I said that I had gotten some data in 1932 from C. C. N. Y. I might have given you the idea that I was anti-Jewish, whereas I never have been and never will be, and would not bring my pen to such an issue. I say this advisedly for the propaganda in pamphlet form now going through the country is unfair, cheap, and equally as dangerous as Communism. I wish to go on record unequivocally that, as a creator who was on the ground first in defense of country, I absolutely abhor the program of Hitler, denouncing Jews and treating them in such a brutal fashion. I think it is inhuman, cruel and uncivilized. Depriving professional men of their livelihood—reputable physicians, lawyers and writers—and exiling many, is not consistent with the will of God.

In conclusion, I enjoy reading the Jewish Talmud just as much as I do the Bible, the Mohammedan Koran, the Buddhist teachings, the Bhagavad-Gita, or any religion which has helped mankind. I adhere to no creed and shall never adhere to a creed, and yet, I am for all creeds that help mankind. While Communism has leveled religion to the ground and one hears Germans

say that Hitler saved the nation from Communism, where is the argument, for Hitler also has leveled religion to the ground, has stifled the press, and has exercised every method of cruelty known to mankind. All dictatorships are opposed to the concepts of God for the benefit of humanity, but in America, everybody has followed Communism and adopted its principles, and the only time that they have not done so is when the Jewish issue has been raised, and it smacks of German propaganda and is equally as dangerous, as I said, as jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Or, as I brought out in the enclosed letter, it is fanning the flames of hatred, and in dealing with the issue of Communism, the ranks of Communism have just as many Christians as Jews, if not more. In fact, I can see a reason for the Jews seizing Communism to get away from the hatred of the K. K. K. and other race hatred organizations, for they have been chased through the ages, but I cannot see the reason for Christians adopting it and spouting it at every turn. I cannot see so-called sophisticated women and men spreading Communism at every turn, thinking it is great thought. If America is to survive, it is imperative that the right-minded citizens fight Fascist propaganda as furiously as they fight Communist propaganda, or we, as a nation, will be crushed in between the two.

Thanking you, I am

Sincerely,
Percy L. Crosby

