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

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

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM *AMERICA'S DECLINE*

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

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

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by Foreign Correspondent Jim Taylor

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

POSTSCRIPTS

by
Revido P. Oliver

THE GREAT BOOBY-HATCH

A feeble-minded Englishman named Paul Chadeyron was educated in one of England's famous public schools (not Eton or Harrow, but a lesser one), went to Cambridge, one of the most highly reputed universities in the world, and obtained an honorable degree in law. He became, it is said, a very able attorney. Since he had a private income and did not need to earn money, he did not practice his profession in the usual way; and since his head was stuffed with Christian garbage, he established himself in Kennington and devoted himself to befriending and representing legally the filthy niggers that are now swarming over the ruins of a once great nation. He argued that the dear little black boys are misunderstood darlings and need only the sympathy and Christian love that horrid racial bigots begrudge beings whom God created equal and more equal than the Anglo-Saxons, whose duty it is to support their 'disadvantaged' guests and care for their 'problems.'

I learn from the *Daily Mail*, 2 July 1986, that on the preceding Sunday Chadeyron attended the evening service at St. Mark's Church in Kennington, where, no doubt, he mentally reported to Jesus and perhaps prayed for help in his loving care of Congoids. Jesus, who is omniscient and can do anything, if you can persuade him to help you, doubtless looked down and said to his seneschal, "Better get a mansion ready in a hurry [*Johan. 14.2*]; that idiot will be with us in a few minutes."

As Chadeyron was about to enter the apartment building in which he lived with a male companion, five of his dear little black boys stuck knives in him, evidently just for the fun of it, since there is no indication that he was robbed. He died in the arms of his "flat-mate," calling upon "the Lord."

Shortly thereafter, the same or other black playboys attacked another white man and tried to slash up his face, and then 'mugged' another, who saved his life by handing over sixty

pounds, but "was too frightened to be named," probably because he thought the "disaffected youths" might punish him for admitting he had been robbed.

In that one rather small district of London, "disaffected youths" had murdered fourteen persons in the past few weeks and a "spate of rapes and stabbings" were reported to the police.

"Racial understanding" is obviously making progress in England, but, sad to say, there are still vile "hate mongers" who are so bigoted that they begrudge the dear black boys the needed recreation and healthful exercise of killing now and then a few of the Aryan nitwits whose taxes support them.

Needless to say, the Jews who own Britain and the British will not tolerate such bigotry and wickedness, and they are determined to stamp out Anglo-Saxons who do not realize that, having thrown their country away to show how full of Christian luff they were, they now have the status of pigs and cows—except, of course, that it is not yet feasible to use them to relieve hunger among the "underprivileged."

Mr. John Tyndall, the leader of the British National Party and editor of *Spearhead*, was arrested and charged with the dastardly crime of publishing material that criticized "colored people, Asians, and Jews, in Great Britain." He was tried in the courts that once were British.

I am not informed about the race of the presiding judge, who may have been one of the Yids who masquerade under English names and privately chuckle at the gullibility of the *goyim*. I am assured, however, that the jury consisted of Anglo-Saxons or, at least, Aryans. There were four prosecutors, led by a Yid, a relative of Lady Mountbatten and one of the many who have learned how to ape civilized behavior; the others were a greasy Sheeny, a Negress dressed up in the costume of barristers, and a creature of indeterminate ancestry but probably a Kike.

The Aryan jury, horrified by the prisoner's crime of not being as imbecile as they, found him guilty of being an Aryan cur who had not licked his owners' boots. They probably regretted that they did not have tails to wag as they brought in their verdict.

The magistrate condemned the convicted criminal to a year in prison, doubtless regretting that he could not sentence him to be burned at the stake in Smithfield for the edification and entertainment of all right-thinking persons.

The majority of Englishmen watch these events with all the comprehension of pigs when one of their number is plucked out of their sty: they are so little concerned that they do not take their noses out of the swill-trough, which is all that matters to them.

Now optimists will tell you that the high-minded English are sound at heart—or would be, if Jewish excrement was not smeared in their faces every day by their press, clergymen, and "intellectuals." But after decades, that oft reiterated excuse becomes suspect.

Children used to laugh at the late Mediaeval tales about the "wise men of Gotham," who tried to rake the moon out of a pond and to drown an eel in a tub of water. But Gothamites never did anything so foolish as to subject themselves to Jews and cuddle niggers. No British child today should laugh at the tales about the Gothamites: they were more intelligent than the majority of his compatriots, perhaps including his parents.

The *Daily Mail* published a photograph of the face of the nitwit, Chadeyron, whom I mentioned above. It is ominous. The smooth visage is neither male nor female; it exhibits only an epicene and soulless vapidness.

It seems obvious that the British who had so glorious a history until 1914 and even (pathetically) until 1918 have become flabby and porcine wittlings. An historian, the pathologist of nations and civilizations, must account for the drastic metastasis. One can suggest such causes as genetic exhaustion, some inexplicable mutation of a whole subspecies, and the terrible squandering of the nation's best blood in a foolish crusade from 1914 to 1918. But one cause that must be taken into account is a psychic disease that was contracted before the Roman legions left Britannia.

The virus of the mind operated slowly but surely. In the current epidemic of Immunity Deficiency, an infected individual commonly lives for a year or even a decade while his immune system is slowly eroded and until he dies of a disease against which he no longer has a physiological defense. It takes centuries for nations to die.

One can trace the erosion of our racial immune system by the Oriental virus. A vigorous and heroic race first began to decimate themselves in civil wars fought for no rational purpose but only over the fantasies of theologians who differed in their exposition of implausible and inconsistent tales in the big Jew-Book. The Aryan vigor of the British won them in the

Nineteenth Century an Empire on which the sun never set, but the progress of the viral infection was obvious in a mawkish humanitarianism and, above all, in the dispatch of missionaries for the purpose of filling an imagined Heaven with niggers and wogs, although Jesus, according to the Jew-Book, never expressed a desire to have his celestial city filled with such rubbish, and even explicitly said that he was interested *only* in the members of his own race.

At first sight it may not be obvious that the Britain of today is rotted by Christianity. It is often said to be irreligious, because the salvation-business has, in proportion to the total population, fewer customers than ever before. I have quoted estimates that "less than one-fifth of the population [of England] are in any sense Christians today." But the estimate does not allow for the virulence of viral infections that produce the symptoms of what seem to be many different diseases. I have also quoted a far more perspicacious writer, Professor Kenneth Latourette, who saw that through the past fifteen centuries "the influence of Christianity has mounted and has never been greater than it is today." The infection, as versatile as "AIDS," now appears in the guise of Communism, "integration," "anti-colonialism," and all the rest of the insane pursuit of "equality" between races and between individuals.

The British numbskulls who welcomed into the island all the biological refuse that is fermenting in it today may have rejected the stories about childish miracles in the Jew-Book, but they were full of the Christian doctrine of "love" and equality. Their mentality was that of the nitwits who, a century before, dispatched missionaries to make the fuzzy-wuzzies get Jesus and thus to perform the miracle of transforming sows' ears into silk purses. The British, like the Americans, have become so mentally weak and morally depraved that they pay taxes for "foreign aid" to impoverish their own children and breed their future executioners.

The British, once virtual masters of the earth, are now squandering the few resources they have left and destroying their own industries. Their little minds are muddled with the "social gospel" of the Jewish agitator who expressly excluded the rich from his proletarian Heaven and boasted that he made folly of the "wisdom of this world." Full of unthinking faith in their own righteousness, they take pride in their "altruistic" irrationality. And while they may still doubt the story about Jonah and his ride in the whale's belly, they have an abiding

faith in the equally plausible Holofoax because it is told by Jews, Yahweh's vastly superior race that Aryans must humbly serve, cherish, and adore.

So far as we can now determine from the evidence, the future of Britons is precisely the future of a man in whom the virus of Immunity Deficiency has already penetrated the brain-barrier.

* * *

THE WHILOM KING

Edward VIII succeeded his father, George V, on 20 January 1936, and abdicated the throne on 11 December of the same year. The ostensible reason for his abdication was his determination to marry "the woman he loved," his mistress, an American divorcée named Wallis Warfield Simpson. His wish to marry the woman morganatically was disapproved by the Prime Minister, a bumbling politician named Stanley Baldwin, who, in a happier age, would have succeeded his father as proprietor of a small foundry, and thus have occupied a position for which his mind and soul qualified him. Edward could have used his royal prerogative, but he abdicated instead.

Everyone knows that the abdication rejoiced the unsavory gang then in power in England. Edward was not burning with zeal to start a second World War and kill Germans to punish them for their unconscionable failure to adore Yahweh's Yammering Yids. Had Edward remained king—and one should remember that he was personally perhaps the most popular of British monarchs since the last of the Tudors—he would have been an obstacle to sacrificing Great Britain and her Empire to satisfy Jewish rancors.

Now Englishmen who claim to have been in a position to know give two virtually antithetical explanations of the abdication, videlicet:

1. Edward was a highly intelligent and perspicacious man, and the real reason for his abdication was his discovery that the British aristocracy had become so decadent and demoralized that they would not support him in his determination to avert an utterly useless and highly immoral war that would necessarily be catastrophic. Some say there were rumors that the war party was scheming to kidnap or assassinate him to curry favor with the international parasites.

2. Edward was a stupid wight who got into his muddled noggin a notion that he should make an "honest woman" and left-hand queen out of his somewhat shop-worn but evidently satisfactory mistress—a particularly idiotic notion since, needless to say, no one would have had the impudence to complain of his retaining her as his concubine and even as his *maitresse en titre*.

The question has been posed anew by the publication of what purport to be letters exchanged between Edward and Mrs. Simpson, who, after his abdication, became his wife and Duchess of Windsor. The letters, reportedly obtained from the Duchess after she lapsed into senile dementia, are conclusive evidence, *if* they are genuine—a proviso that will be added by all who remember such lucrative recent masterpieces as "Hitler's Diaries" and the "autobiography of Howard Hughes."

The question appeared to be of such importance to the anonymous editor of the *Special Office Brief*, an extremely expensive private intelligence service that I have mentioned several times in these pages, that he, in the parlance of such services, "blew his cover." In his issue for 12 May 1986, he wrote:

Several readers wish us to publish the real facts of the abdication because our Editor not only knew the Duke and Duchess of Windsor very well indeed, but he chaired all the private meetings of MPs and Peers in 1936 which took place in a degree of sympathy for the King's problem. . . .

No one was personally fonder of Edward VIII than this Editor. Few received more confidence from him after the abdication. . . .

Those [recently published] letters clearly evidence that Mrs. Simpson knew she was leading a besotted middle-aged man into a complete disaster. That he was besotted is beyond doubt. . . . She worked at besotting him for five years. . . . For years [before 1936] his letters had betrayed his total captivity and did so in language which would have been exaggerated in a boy of 18. . . .

She led a King of England into a disaster from which he never recovered and which obsessed him to his last hour. He was never happy for a single day after his abdication. . . .

It was all the odder because the Duke of Windsor was not only a nice man; he was intelligent, honest, and energetic. Unhappily he was totally possessed by another personality, viz. that of the Duchess. He was her mental prisoner. It was nothing akin to love.

De Courcy thus confirms from his personal knowledge of the King and the Duchess (whom he claims he "personally liked" and whom he admired when he "saw how efficient she was at housekeeping") the conclusion to be drawn from the

letters, which were edited by a Michael Blum, published in England early this year, and have now been published in this country as the selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for August. But we are left with something of a mystery or, at least, a question.

That Edward was an intelligent man is confirmed by many who knew him. We all know, however, that some women have by some mysterious art the power to fascinate men whom one would suppose unlikely to become dependent on them. Mrs. Simpson was, with the aid of cosmetics, a rather attractive woman with a veneer of hard sophistication. Men who compare her photographs with the several portraits of the famous Louise de K roualle will differ as to which was the more alluring sexually. Louise, who was the secret agent of Louis XIV of France, so fascinated Charles II, who was an intelligent man, that he made her simultaneously Baroness Petersfield, Countess of Fareham, and Duchess of Portsmouth, and strained the British treasury to gratify her. She was so successful in keeping England subservient to France that Louis XIV augmented her nobility by making her the Duchesse d'Aubigny in France. And although Charles (like Edward) could have had many more beautiful women in his royal bed, Louise retained her ascendancy over him to the end. She was the prot g e of Louis XIV and worked for him as well as herself.

That Mrs. Simpson was, like all adventuresses, ambitious, goes without saying. But if she "knew she was leading a besotted middle-aged man," King of England, "into a complete disaster," did she do so only from a female propensity for making mischief? Or is it possible that she was the prot g e of someone who wanted such a disaster?

* * *

THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE Z NDEL TRIAL

Rational Americans were shocked when Ernst Z ndel was arrested, tried, and convicted of having displeased Yahweh's Master Race by disbelieving their impudent Holohoax. As I write, the sentence imposed by a Soviet-style judge is still *sub iudice* in an appellate court, which is presumably pondering the brief submitted by Mr. Z ndel's courageous attorney, Douglas Christie, which has been published under the appropriate title, *The Stench of the Z ndel Trial: Political Persecution in Today's March 1987*

Canada (available from Liberty Bell Publications).

The shock was greatest for Americans whose memories of Canada go back to the years in which our country was in the fit of righteous idiocy called Prohibition, while Canada was sane, sober, and conspicuously free of the crime that righteousness had naturally brought with it. Canada still had the racial homogeneity that is requisite for a stable civilization. It was an Aryan land. Its dominant population was Anglo-Saxon, proudly British and subjects of Great Britain's monarch. Quebec was, of course, an exception. It had a variegated population of French origin. There was a multitude of more or less mongrel Canucks, who jabbered in a jargon no civilized man could be expected to understand, and who seemed to resent the universe. The majority of Whites spoke "Canadian French," correct enough but with a residue from the Eighteenth-Century, while a highly educated minority spoke an elegant French that only a minority of Parisians could have matched. The civilized part of the population, while sentimentally regretting the British conquest, were, so far as a visitor could perceive, entirely content with their status in Canada.¹

Canada, even more than the United States, suffered the economic consequences of the Jews' War against Germany, but in the 1950s an American visitor had the impression that the foundation of civilized life had not been shaken in Canada as it had in the United States by the proto-Communist subversion begun by the unspeakably foul creature called Franklin Roosevelt.

Twenty years ago, although a visitor to Vancouver saw ominous signs of an Oriental invasion, Toronto was still a civilized city, appearing startlingly clean and orderly to an American who had come to it from the dirt and racial squalor of Chicago. And with our perhaps unjustified faith in the good sense of our race, it was easy to ignore as vagaries the items of news that we recognize in retrospect as fissures in the foundation.

It was not until ten years ago that visitors to Toronto were startled by the sight of beedy-eyed black beasts roaming loose in the streets and looking for opportunities to rob and/or rape the White idiots whom they justly despised for having admitted them to Canada. But even then, one did not, one could not

1. I do not know why their most distinguished poet, Rosaire Dion, chose to live in New Hampshire.

foresee a national rotting of intelligence and moral fiber so great that Canadians could witness the infamous persecution of Ernst Zündel and be compelled to tolerate it by anything short of a Soviet conquest and armed occupation of Canada.

The trial of Zündel took place in the metropolitan squalor of Toronto; the complementary persecution of James Keegstra was staged in a small rural village in Alberta. The introduction of Soviet jurisprudence and the open repudiation of Western culture and Aryan mentality indicated that Canada had become just another colony of the Judaeo-Communist One World. Americans were appalled, and intelligent Canadians began to wonder how long it would be before it became a criminal offense to doubt that the famous Kike, Jonah, had taken a Mediterranean cruise in the belly of a whale.²

But how did this sudden collapse of sanity in an entire nation come to pass? What can have caused it?

Canadians have just been given a good hint and, if they will follow it up, a clue to the whole mystery in a new book, *No Sense of Evil: Espionage, the Case of E. Herbert Norman*, by James Barros, published by Deneau Publishers, 608 Markham Street, Toronto.

Mr. Barros traces the career of an infamous traitor, who helped betray Britain, Canada, and even the United States to the Judaeo-Communist conspiracy, but he leaves no doubt but that an even more foul and influential traitor was Lester Pearson, who was the Prime Minister of Canada from 1963-1968, and who had been Foreign Minister for many years before that. To judge from the few reactions of the Canadian press that I have seen, that is startling news in Canada, and it seems likely that most of the captive press has been told to blanket the book with silence.

The book contains in its three hundred pages much valuable information, assembled by its author's meticulous research, but there is nothing new about the essential conclusions it enforces. They have long been known to judicious observers. Just to give an example, they are only what I told audiences and readers

2. I recall that when I was a child I saw a book of Christian propaganda with engravings that showed, e.g., the elephants, tigers, alligators, etc. politely marching, two by two, up the gangplank of Noah's Ark. There was an especially edifying depiction of Jonah. In the dark cavern of the whale's belly, the half-bald Kike was seated at a small table with a candle burning before him and holding in his hand a pen with which he was busily scribbling, perhaps inditing a gospel.

twenty years ago (e.g., in *American Opinion*, July-August 1964, pp. 59-62), basing my statements on cogent and virtually incontrovertible evidence provided by Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, and not a few others, as well as on the conclusions that had inescapably to be drawn from the publicly known activities of Norman and Pearson.

Mr. Barros follows the reeking spoor of Norman, the traitor and Bolshevik, who, protected and abetted by Pearson, went about the world and labored in many lands to destroy our race and civilization, but the details, though corroborative of the conclusions, are not very important in themselves. It does not, for example, matter greatly that Norman was a colleague of the infamous Owen Lattimore and the patriotic Jew, Klaus Fuchs, nor even that he became a leading member of the "American" O.S.S., known to our old-line intelligence services as "The Office of Soviet Stooges," or that in that capacity he became the virtual chief of General MacArthur's Counter-Intelligence in Tokyo after the fall of Japan. If he, a living weapon in the hands of the Judaeo-Communist high command, had not held those positions, he would have been put in others, in which he could as effectively have served our implacable enemies.

What is new and most significant in *No Sense of Evil* is the account of Norman's career at Cambridge, where he was recruited by the Soviet N.K.V.D. as a high-level operative against his nation and race. This raises, of course, the crucial question why Oxford and Cambridge, which not implausibly claimed to be "Kingdoms of the Mind" and the greatest of all universities, also incubated and hatched out some of the most deadly enemies of the culture they represented. One may perhaps begin with the conspiracy headed by Lord Milner, which I discussed in *'Populism' and 'Elitism'*. That purported to be, and no doubt was in the minds of its members, a plan to enhance the British Empire, which, however, its madcap ideologues helped destroy. From such delusions in overheated brains, however, it seems a great and drastic step to conscious and deliberate conspiracy against Britain and the civilized world. Mr. Barros believes, as the title of his book indicates, that Norman and his kind had no sense of the evil they were clandestinely promoting. How that is possible—if it is—is an aspect of a psychological phenomenon that calls for intensive investigation.³ We are here concerned with the sequence of events in

3. On the basis of very limited observation of Communists from Oxford and Cambridge in the 1930s, I am inclined to believe that what made

Canada.

It is requisite, even in this summary sketch, to go back to the 1930s at least, remembering that Canadians always felt a lingering though often latent resentment of our attempt to conquer Canada during our Revolutionary War and again in 1812 and of irresponsible talk on various subsequent occasions by overly enthusiastic flag-wavers. Against this must be set the demoralizing effect on Canadians of the apparent prosperity of the United States despite its insane policy of serving as the world's dumping ground for anthropoid refuse. That convinced greedy and thoughtless business men that future profits depended on increasing the body-count in Canada, and even in the 1920s some potentially dangerous groups were admitted to the Dominion.

A retired Army officer tells me that in 1935 his father, who had, *ex officio*, access to all information obtained by the F.B.I., told him that by that time *six million* sweet Jews had swarmed into the United States disguised as Englishmen. Many of them had, and many of them had not, changed their names, but all of them traveled on British passports and were admitted to the United States on the quota for Englishmen provided in the Immigration Acts of 1921 and 1924, which, of course, was never filled by real English immigrants. If that is true, it is likely that the Royal Mounted Police had record of the number of itinerant Sheenies who elected to reside in Canada at that time. And that would be a datum of crucial importance.

Canada, of course, suffered some of the consequences of the Jews' War against Germany, which, we must remember, they promoted for two complementary purposes, almost equally important to them, first, to destroy Germany, and second, to destroy the British Empire and ruin the English people. Even Roosevelt's ruthless accomplice, the great war-monger, Winston Churchill, felt twinges of remorse when he saw the consequences of the insane policy that had rejected an alliance with Germany, which would not only have saved Great Britain, but would have made her greater, in order to rescue the implacable and unappeasable enemy of Britain, Europe, and all Western civilization.⁴

them susceptible to the Marxian religion was a preliminary indoctrination with the contorted metaphysics of Immanuel Kant, a doctrine which a perspicacious writer in a German magazine around 1935 aptly called "Ersatz-Christentum."

4. One is appalled when one thinks of the great treasure of British heroism

In his intervals of sobriety, Churchill was wont to admit, with the surly crudity that marked his private conversation, "We killed the wrong pig."

As soon as Germany had been brought down by enormous wolf-packs of deluded Aryans, the world-destroyers' demolition crews started to work on the British Empire. Having staffed the British Colonial Office with literate traitors like Norman, Philby, Hollis, and innumerable others, they created the obscene "Commonwealth" to enlist the support of greedy and thoughtless English merchants, who did not perceive that they themselves were slated for eventual liquidation; to provide a pretext for impoverishing the English people with "aid" to "emerging nations"; and, above all, to drown the Anglo-Saxons in a flood of multiracial sewage.

The Dominion of Canada was made a part of that "Commonwealth," on terms of equality with hordes of "liberated" savages, and was expected to admit her stinking peers with the sentimental idiocy with which the mother country had embarked on her own suicide. The Jews' standard technique, which, as some of them have boasted, they use on every nation they invade, is to find and isolate groups whom they can make dissatisfied, resentful, and paranoid, persuading them to agitate for imaginary "rights" and thus disrupt the nation with selfish factions and set the stupid Aryans to fighting one another.

In Canada, Quebec gave the demolition crews a perfect opportunity. Persons of French ancestry, especially the sullen Canucks, were easily induced to want "independence," and indeed, it was hard to see why Quebec did not have as much right to "self-determination" as a pack of sub-human cannibals infesting an island in the Pacific or festering in an African jungle. The loud agitation of the *Séparatistes* was then used to alarm English Canada with a threat that it would be split, like Pakistan, into two unconnected parts, with Ontario and the West severed from the maritime provinces by a different and probably hostile nation. The deluded Anglo-Saxons accordingly cavorted with eagerness to appease the Jews' "Separatist" puppets in Quebec.

At the same time, rats were gnawing at the bonds between

that was squandered in that suicidal war on behalf of the Soviet barbarians. For a vivid example, see Alistair MacLean's first and best book, *H.M.S. Ulysses* (1948), which directly reflects his experiences as a naval officer on ships assigned to the "Murmansk Run."

the Dominion and the mother country with agitation that Canada should become as "independent" as India or the Andaman Islands. A sagacious Canadian who saw what the inevitable consequences of Anglo-Saxon separatism would be was John Farthing, whose *Freedom Wears a Crown* was published by Kingswood House, Toronto, in 1957. Farthing clearly perceived that only Canada's traditional allegiance to the British monarchy could save her from the ravages of the "democracy" with which the stupid Americans had become infatuated. He, of course, did not measure the decay of England herself and could not foresee that grim Christmas in 1983 when Queen Elizabeth II committed treason against herself and her nation by publicly endorsing the old Communist boob-bait and announcing that "The greatest problem in the world today remains the gap between rich and poor nations and We [sic] shall not begin to close this gap until We hear less about nationalism and more about interdependence." And the poor woman—one is tempted to call her a quean—went on to admit that the "Commonwealth" was a device to redistribute property (as Marx directed). And the British have become so mutton-headed that they went on cropping the ever scarcer grass in their pasture and did not even raise their heads when they heard their intoxicated Queen say, in effect, that they were to be made mutton to nourish the sub-humans who, breeding like guinea pigs, will overrun the planet and make it the fetid and feral jungle it was before the coming of our race.

Mr. Farthing, like the conservatives who were his contemporaries in the United States, recognized the danger but mistook symptoms for causes.

In 1948 a French Canadian, Louis St. Laurent, was made Prime Minister. Naïve Canadians thought that would prove that Canada was just one big happy family and content the Separatists in Quebec. Like all "Liberal" policies, of course, it had precisely the opposite effect. It is characteristic of the "Liberal" mentality that it never tires of trying to extinguish fires with gasoline, presumably hoping that the magic formula will work some day, and in the meantime resolving to learn nothing from experience. Like their verbose godfather, Rousseau, "Liberals" cannot endure the world of reality and must take refuge in their own fantasies.

Whatever St. Laurent's real intentions, he promptly made Lester B. Pearson the Minister of Foreign Affairs in his cabinet. Pearson, who had been polished up for service as a Soviet agent

at Oxford, had already a long list of achievements for the world-destroyers to his credit or discredit, and it is hard to believe that St. Laurent did not know it, since the Royal Mounted Police had supplied the Canadian government with conclusive information about both Norman and Pearson as early as 1940 and again in 1945.

St. Laurent's misgovernment, of the "New Deal" variety, so incensed Canadians that in 1957 and 1958 they gave the Conservative Party, headed by John Diefenbaker, the greatest electoral victory in Canadian history and an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons (208 to 49 for all other parties). Canada was thus ready for the next act in her enemies' program, and one is reminded of the trick used so effectively in the United States when the Republican Party was bought to install in the White House "Barney" Baruch's tool, a mongrel named Eisenhower.⁵ Diefenbaker promptly proceeded to betray the voters who had elected him. His apologists speak of the effects of an incurable disease, much as apologists for Roosevelt now claim that he was suffering from cancer of the brain. Some believe that Diefenbaker was simply bought by the enemy when he attained power. But it is likely that the London *Economist*, a sophisticated "Liberal" sheet for ideologues, was right in 1956 when it identified Diefenbaker as "really more of a Liberal than a Conservative" and predicted with cheerful innuendo that he was really going to put one over on the dim-witted Conservatives after he used them to attain power.

Diefenbaker, elected by the conservatives he had cozened, proceeded to do what St. Laurent could not have done. He ruined Canada. He proposed and, through his complete control over the Parliament, procured the enactment of a "bill of rights" designed to protect and excite subversion. He so attenuated the restrictions on immigration as to begin the conversion of Canada into a "melting pot," dear to "Liberals" for its stench. He openly encouraged violence by Communist labor unions. He prevented exposure of the nest of Communist operatives who used the government-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to misinform and delude the public and incite vice and degeneracy. He stifled all attempts to inquire into the treason that had become rampant in the Canadian

5. Eisenhower's mother was probably a quadroon. His features were distinctly Negroid when he was a cadet at West Point, where he was barely able to "squeak through" to a commission.

government, and he shielded the traitors, including Norman and Pearson. And he ruined the nation economically with deficit financing and the deep corruption of a Hellfire State.

A year after the political victory of the Conservative Party, a sagacious Canadian remarked that the great majority of his countrymen had "switched from Liberals to Conservatives, and now see that there is essentially no difference." Canadians were thus reduced to the plight of Americans, who are never permitted to do more than choose between two of their enemies' henchmen. The two criminal gangs try hard to give the impression there is some significant difference between them, but in Canada the choice between the Conservative and Liberal Parties,⁶ as in this country between Republicans and Democrats, is the choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. One gang may replace the other, but *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

If there is a principal villain in the tragedy of Canada, it is Diefenbaker, and I hope that Mr. Barros will investigate his career as carefully as he investigated Norman's, and that he will realize that it is not a question of espionage, but of the subjugation and destruction of a nation.

The subversion of Canada would not have been possible without the packs of "Liberal intellectuals," who, heirs to the primitive Christian rancour against civilization, always come running to protect with frenzied barking every Judaeo-Communist agent who is inconvenienced by "reactionaries." Through some spiritual perversity become instinctive, the "Liberal" jabberwockies always dote on such high-minded idealists as Alger Hiss, an arrant traitor, and Klaus Fuchs, a Jew loyally serving his Master Race in a position in which he was placed by Aryan folly. Even today you have only to mention the late Senator McCarthy to make a whole pack of "Liberal intellectuals" salivate and bite.

I mentioned above, only *exempli gratia*, what I wrote twenty years ago. I could have mentioned what I wrote to the same effect but more concisely in 1960 (*A World Gone Crazy*, pp. 19f.), and the treason of Pearson and Norman was

6. Canada has two smaller parties which elect members of parliament from some of the provinces but have no chance to control the national government. The Social Credit Party is declining. The New Democratic Party, small as it is, sometimes holds the balance of power in a parliament in which neither of the major parties has an absolute majority, and it is principally useful for political finagling and for averting the organization of a really conservative party by immobilizing the agrarian population of the western provinces.

pp. 19f.), and the treason of Pearson and Norman was not news even then; it had been established with sufficient clarity in hearings before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, summarized in the Committee's report for 1957, pp. 101-109. But as soon as the testimony before the Senate Subcommittee was reported in the press, in every city and college of the United States and Canada packs of rabid "intellectuals" began to bark furiously that vile reactionaries had pained the Christ-like souls of the traitors, and began to demand abolition of a Committee that in its mild and cautious work sometimes embarrassed the foes of our nation and race. I do not know how many of the packs were told "sic'em" by their Judaeo-Bolshevik trainers, or how many made a din spontaneously through some Christ-like hatred of civilization, but once the barking started, the whole pack, like fox terriers, joined in the uproar, whether or not they knew what it was all about.

The sanctimonious "Liberal intellectuals," apostles of the "social gospel" they have taken over from the rabble-rousing Christian witch-doctors whose trouble-making righteousness they emulate, serve our enemies in another and equally important way. When Diefenbaker and his kind undermine the foundations of civilization, the packs begin to bark wildly at such "reactionary conservatism" and to demand even more devastating measures, thus inducing in the simple-minded public an illusion that the sabotage of their nation is really intended to preserve it. In this, of course, they are abetted by the alien masters of the media of communication.

If Canadians and Americans retain any hope of surviving, they will have to stop worrying about the putative innocence of child-like "idealists" and frankly recognize that, whatever their motives, the "Liberals" serve as enemy agents within the society that nurtured them and which their religion makes them hate. As the perspicacious and brave editor of the *South African Observer*, S. E. D. Brown, says in the lead article of his December issue, the "Liberals" are simply the Communists' Fifth Column.

Après Diefenbaker, le déluge. He turned Canada over to Pearson in 1963, and Pearson in 1968 handed on the incendiary torch to a scabrous French Canadian shyster named Pierre Trudeau, who, a few decades before, would not have been admitted to a respectable home. He was the champion of the "bilingual" policy, by which every Canadian was to be made to learn French to soothe the petulant souls of his compatriots.

Now it is true that, next to Latin, French, rather than German, is the language that makes the greatest contribution to the culture of persons whose native tongue is the English that was determined by the Norman conquest in 1066, but that is literary French, and it really has nothing to do with an attempt to ram a smattering of vulgar French into the head of every Anglo-Saxon in Canada.⁷ The rest of Trudeau's policy can be summed up as more immigration of anthropoid vermin, more sex, and more dope.

Trudeau was soon known by the title of a widely circulated account of his career, *Chairman Pierre*, with an obvious allusion to the title, "Chairman of the Politburo," borne by his counterpart, Brezhnev, in a land in which "democracy" is farther advanced. Canadians had enough of Trudeau in 1979 and hopefully installed a Conservative clown in his place, but a neat parliamentary trick put Chairman Pierre back in office nine months later.

Canada's incubus managed to hang on to power for several years after 1980, in spite of Canadian sentiment. A well-known political observer and commentator, Richard Gwyn, in his column on 7 April 1983 reported that support for Trudeau had fallen to a mere seventeen percent, and that Canadians so detested him that they were ready to elect *anyone* in his place. Since they had no alternative, as Gwyn remarked, they turned to the Conservative Party, despite its zany shenanigans, such as choosing as delegates to the Party caucuses Koreans who could not speak English. Trudeau was replaced in 1984 by a Conservative named Mulroney, and Canadians were again taught that in a "democracy," *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

In twenty years, Toronto has been made a multiracial swamp. An acquaintance who recently visited friends in a small

7. The purpose of "bilingualism," of course, is to make the Anglo-Saxon majority accept its duty to cringe before sacrosanct minorities, and to convince the minorities that the Anglo-Saxons are as bovine as they seem to be. The captors of the United States have gone much farther, not only making a pidgin Spanish an official language in the states from which the White population is to be driven eventually in the way Germans were driven from Czecho-Slovakia after the Suicide of Europe, but through their revolutionary courts making the dim-witted tax-paying animals everywhere finance the teaching of a Babel worse confounded in the public schools to prove that the United States has already become a multi-racial cesspool. In Canada, Pearson put over the adoption of a novel flag, ostensibly to show that Canada was gradually severing her ties with Britain, but actually to efface one symbol of the Anglo-Saxons who made the country that alien reavers are despoiling.

town that is virtually a suburb of Toronto tells me that his friends have not gone into the metropolis for a decade and intend never to go. The latest addition to the ravenous fauna in the city is a horde of Dravidians,⁸ who are said to be even more vicious than the niggers.

It is in such a society that the Jews are now consolidating their conquest by the Soviet-style persecution of Aryans too intelligent to believe their crude hoaxes and too self-respecting to kowtow to the world-destroyers. The decision of the appellate court in the Zündel case will enable us to determine whether there is enough of civilized Canada left to serve as a nucleus of an effort by Canadians to regain the country they once had.

* * *

SECULAR THEOLOGY

The December issue of *The Smithsonian*, a periodical that oddly seems to be striving for popularity with "human interest" stories, contains a long article about the astonishingly extensive

8. They are called "Tamils," but 'Tamil' is the name of the Dravidian language they speak and does not locate them, since the language is also spoken widely in the Deccan, the southern part of India. Dravidians are an ethnological enigma; they are typically of short stature, gracile, and black. Anatomically they show vestiges of Caucasian genes, and Calvin Kephart in his tendentious *Races of Mankind* (London, Owen, 1961) even classifies them as Aryan! The most plausible theory, I think, is that Dravidians are the result of prolonged and intensive miscegenation between the White men of the Indus Valley civilization (who belonged to the Mediterranean and Capellid sections of the Aryan race; see John Baker, *Race* pp.508ff.) and black, small-boned aborigines, possibly Australoids or containing a large Australoid admixture. In the *Rāmāyana*, the natives of the Deccan, presumably Dravidian hybrids by that time, are described as a race of monkeys.

The Dravidians who are pouring into Canada are "refugees" from Ceylon (cf. *Liberty Bell*, February 1987, p. 8), where they form a little more than a fourth of the population, a minority that is both unassimilable and intractable. So long as the British ruled the island, they maintained order among its inhabitants and with the equity that makes our race so hated by others. Now that Ceylon enjoys the mystical blessings of "democracy" and "self-determination," there is only one way to end a perpetual civil war, and, to speak bluntly and shock hot-house minds, that one way is by massacre of almost all of the Dravidians on the island, but that, of course, is no concern of ours. If the rabid "anti-colonialists" did not foresee the massacres that are now necessary and inevitable sooner or later, they should have remained in the nursery and played with their dolls, to which they could have done no great harm.

activities of organizations that have made a cult of Sherlock Holmes. The devotees, like theologians, want their fictitious hero to be perfect and infallible, and so excogitate elaborate explanations of the many inconsistencies in the corpus of tales about him. According to the article, the basic explanation is that all discrepancies are the fault of Dr. Watson, the true author of the historical record, who was negligent at times, or of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the literary agent who marketed Dr. Watson's articles and sometimes tampered with them, or, finally, of the editors of the *Strand* and the other magazines in which the stories were first published.

The members of the Sherlock Holmes cults know, of course, that their elaborate explanations are as fictitious as their hero, and so, I suspect, do most intelligent theologians.

Although the article does not mention it, I am sure that the votaries of Holmes have fixed the responsibility for one of the most striking oversights found in serious literature (as distinct from gospels). In "The Sign of the Four" Miss Mary Morstan calls on Sherlock Holmes on the seventh of July and leaves at 3:30 P.M., promising to return at six o'clock of the same day. She does return, two and one-half hours and four pages later, and lo! "It was a September evening." I remember gulping at that point when I, a boy of nine or ten, first read the stories about Sherlock Holmes, and I am sure every half-way alert reader of the tales has given a start when he came to that description of the gloomy autumn evening on which Miss Morstan, Holmes, and Watson set out to solve the mystery of her father's death.

The glaring discrepancy is, of course, the kind of *lapsus calami* that authors are apt to make in moments of distraction while elaborating a plot, and since magazines of entertainment, unlike scholarly publications, do not send proofs to authors, the blunder reflects chiefly on the publisher's editorial staff, who were less diligent than the editors of many American "pulp" magazines. What makes the blunder so remarkable is the fact that Doyle, who certainly had control over the reprinting of his works, never corrected it, although it must have been called to his attention many, many times. I have looked in every reprint of "The Sign of the Four" that I have seen since boyhood and the startling discrepancy was in every one of them.

Doyle's blunder therefore attests a kind of cynical indifference to his own work, at least to the stories that he is said to have disliked and to have written only because they were paid

for so handsomely after the first of them became suddenly popular. There was some truth in a letter to the press that I remember seeing years ago. The writer, probably a member of one of the clubs described in *The Smithsonian*, remarked that while Conan Doyle had indeed believed in spirits and even in fairies, Sherlock Holmes had not been so stupid and gullible.

Doyle's blunder differs from one that is even more amazing, since it occurs in the work of an extremely careful and accurate author, Edgar Allen Poe. In his only book-length tale, entitled *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, Poe makes the narrator in an early chapter recount a fact which, he says, he learned only "many years" later from his friend, Augustus, long after their return from their great adventure. A few chapters and a few weeks later, before the real adventure begins, Augustus is not only killed but is eaten by shipwrecked survivors reduced to cannibalism.

The explanation of this error is obvious. When he began the tale for serial publication in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1837, Poe intended to make Augustus, a young gentleman, the companion of Pym in his amazing adventures and exploratory travel to the South Pole, but changed his mind before he wrote the later episodes, after severing his connection with the magazine, and thought it more appropriate to kill off Augustus and make the prodigiously strong but vulgar and uneducated seaman, Peters, Pym's companion. We do not know—at least we did not when I was a youngster and looked into the matter—how and in what form Poe's manuscript reached the publishers in London, who issued the book that was the only publication of the entire tale during Poe's lifetime. Poe may have sent his manuscript to the obscure British firm or to some acquaintance in England, but it is odd that we hear nothing of it in his published writings or extant letters. So far as I know, it is not impossible that an unrevised first draft was sent and the book printed in England without his knowledge. At all events, Poe certainly never saw proof-sheets, and had no opportunity to correct the discrepancy.

Incidentally, a comparable slip was made by Joseph Smith, who composed (from various sources) what are the best Christian gospels, maintaining a high level of consistency in his *Book of Mormon*, but inadvertently killed off one character and later in the tale reintroduced him as still alive. The men who succeeded him as head of the extraordinarily viable religious sect he founded were more conscientious than the Fathers of the Church and quietly corrected the error in the later editions of

HOW ZION TRIUMPHS

by
Jim Taylor
(Foreign Correspondent)

[This article was written and sent to Liberty Bell for publication before the Iranian scandal broke in Washington, but it was postponed, at Mr. Taylor's suggestion, to give precedence to his article in our February issue. It seems best to print the article as it was originally written. The reader of the introductory paragraphs should remember that when they were written, the clandestine supply of arms to Iran to further Jewish conquests was still an official secret in Washington, D. C., the District of Corruption. —Editor.]

A deception by mirages has been perpetrated on the very gullible American people and the entire world by Israel and the U.S., working very closely with Iran to break down Iraq and thus throw that Arab nation into a state of turmoil and possible anarchy.

Although it may be quite difficult for generally-uninformed American citizens to believe that their government Washington is continually deceiving them, I have definite and unequivocal proof of it. This is why I have been told not to relate this story publicly. Such threats don't bother me. I am used to them. I ignore them. But what I cannot overlook is the fact that our government is so much under the control of a foreign power—namely Israel and the World Zionists—that Washington would do anything, no matter how un-American, to promote their evil designs.

Right now, at this writing, I am attempting to reach the vast majority of middle-class Americans who may still have some small amount of latent patriotism left in their bones. To put it in the street language used today in commercial advertising, I want to reach people just north of cheeseburgers and beer and just south of quiche and white wine.

Contrary to the political statements coming out of Washington for your gullible consumption, for the past four years the
March 1987

U.S. and Israel have secretly prevented an Iraqi victory by sending billions of dollars worth of arms and military equipment to Iran.

Now this might sound like blasphemy in view of the outrageously barbarous treatment of the American Embassy hostages by Iran, which all our citizens resented with great bitterness. You might logically assume that Iran would be the last country on earth for which the U.S. taxpayers shell out money to save it from disaster. Well, guess again! You are dead wrong if you follow this logical conclusion, reached by exact reasoning about what is right or wrong. Your government in Washington is not logical. It has no sense of what is morally right or wrong. Your government is neither logical nor the least bit reasonable nor even honest, where Israel is concerned.

Israel fears Iraq. Israel hates Iraq. Israel does not fear or hate Iran despite the smokescreen of statements by the Ayatollah Khomeini and various Israeli officials when they publicly exchange threats and denounce each other as evil to the core. The acrobatic tricks of verbiage pouring out of the White House and Congress, lead you to believe that Washington hates the present Iranian government. But that's just for public consumption. It is simply to keep the "peasants" happy—at least the ones who can still recall the barbarism of the hostage crisis in Iran.

Aren't average Americans curious enough to wonder why the European press is full of stories about American-Israeli aid to Iran, while hardly a word of it gets into the closed American press? I wonder, why not?

The latest reports come from Denmark because Israel has no merchant fleet and has been using Danish vessels to send a steady supply of the latest American weapons to Iran. It would be simpler and much cheaper if the U.S. just openly shipped weapons to Iran, instead of doing it on the sly with Israel acting as the go-between broker—for a fee, of course. Israel doesn't do anything without being fully paid in advance for it. Shipping arms via Israel and Denmark fools no one, except slow-thinking Americans. The entire world is aware of American military aid to Iran, no matter how carefully it may be veiled from public view in this country.

The Danish government's statement said, "Israel has shipped thousands of tons of American-made weapons to Iran on Danish ships." Now that's a pretty clear statement, isn't it? It is not difficult to understand.

The Danish Merchant Sailors Union was more specific in a recent news release, stating, "We have the complete documentation on these trans-shipments of arms from the U.S. via Israel and Denmark to Iran." Henrik Berlau, head of the Union of Merchant Seamen, said, "We have the official papers. We have the exact dates for any interested parties at the U.N. or elsewhere to see. There is absolutely no doubt at all."

When asked about this by Reuters, the British news service, Israeli officials refused to comment because, they said, the U.S. government does not approve of discussing such shipments. Since when does Israel care what the U.S. tells them?

And guess what kind of devious reply the American government made to this same inquiry? Here it is: "It is against U.S. policy to supply American-made weapons to either side in the Iraq-Iran War. We are totally neutral, as is Israel."

Like Hell, the U.S. and Israel are neutral! We are about as neutral as we were during all the Israeli-Arab wars. And I'm sure, I don't have to elaborate on that statement. Even if the U.S. were actually neutral as the White House claims, that would not be reasonable in view of what Iran did to the American Embassy and to American citizens there, who were imprisoned for over a year by sheer brigandage. By rights, the U.S. should be doing everything possible to see that the brave little nation of Iraq wins the war. But again, we don't do what is right in Washington. We always do what is politically expedient. We don't do what is reasonable either. We do exactly what Israel orders. And for any skeptics reading this, I assure you that I do not exaggerate one bit.

Instead, the U.S., Israel and Iran are engaged in a three-way assault on Iraq and a con job on the American public.

I spent some time in Washington recently, mainly to find out what I could about why the U.S. does not seriously try to stem either the raging tide of illegal aliens inundating our borders or the drug traffic which has now reached epic proportions, with banks, lawmen, and even judges getting cut in on the huge profits. I will report on these two subjects later. Right now, I wish to inform all Americans of the express purpose of Mr. Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, commonly referred to in the frumpy world of the establishment press as "Star Wars." It's not what you may believe. It's not what you have been told. The entire concept of this major defensive weapons system was developed at the instigation of the Israelis, and not solely to protect America from Russian missiles.

Israel, in 1980, asked Mr. Reagan to use America's scientific resources to develop such a system because the Zionists are deathly afraid that sooner or later some Arab country is going to gain nuclear weapons and blow hell out of Tel Aviv.¹ It is as simple as that, folks. The fact that such a system might also protect the United States in some way is merely a side benefit. It is certainly not the primary purpose in asking the American taxpayers to provide all the billions of dollars to develop Star Wars.

The official government documents, that I have seen, state that Star Wars will protect the U.S., Israel, Britain, and West Germany. Forget the others. Israel will be the chief beneficiary.

The highly publicized visit to the U.S., last fall by the Marxist Madonna of the Philippines, Mrs. Corazón Aquino, should not fool anyone in any way. That stuff about a reminiscent visit to her old home in Boston and the glad-hand staged reunion at her old alma mater were for the benefit of the sucker press. She and her late husband had lived in Boston because they had been formulating the policy of the Philippine Communist Party and had to leave their country when their treason became known.

Her only reason for hitting the trail to Washington was exactly the same as that of the never-ending parade of Israeli officials to that same seat of government—to bleed the American taxpayers of their hard-earned money. Renewing old ties and friendships were window dressing. And she wants the money before the slow-thinking American public catches on to the fact that she has been a front for the Marxists for many years, both here and in her own country.

Her first act as "president" proves this. Her first signed order was to release all the jailed Communists. And she has

1. Israel is a first-rate nuclear power, as is now known after her hypocrisy and secret manufacture of thermonuclear bombs was exposed by a defector (see *Liberty Bell*, December 1986, pp. 16-23), but in the comparatively close quarters of the Near and Middle East, Israel's great offensive capability would not guarantee her against reprisals, if any Moslem nations possess nuclear weapons. So far as is now known, Pakistan is the only Moslem nation now equipped with such weapons, and while she is, no doubt, much inferior to Israel in number of weapons, she could inflict severe losses on the Jews, if they are not protected by some shield, such as the one called "Star Wars." Furthermore, whatever protective devices are developed by American technology, they will almost routinely be betrayed to the Soviet Union, which can use them to protect itself from the Chinese in a future war.

made a somewhat secret agreement with the Marxist forces to boot the U.S. out of our bases in 1991. She always gets around direct questions by saying firmly that she wants the Philippine people to vote on whether to keep the bases, knowing full well that another rigged election will decide to seize the American bases.

Despite U.S. reports, doctored before you read them in the closed American press, Cory Aquino did not win any "election" to the presidency. Mr. Marcos won it despite some cheating on both sides. But rather than allow President Marcos to remain as head of the government, the U.S. simply got rid of him by placing a gun at his head and kidnapping him from the Presidential Palace, taking him to Guam, where he had no wish to go. This act left Mrs. Aquino as the new "president" by default, you might say, or whatever term you may wish to apply to the totally phony election results. And we criticize the Soviets for doing the same thing!

As all readers should know by now, Mrs. Aquino has no intention of checking the Communist uprising in her country. She is part of it. With the help of the Catholic Church leaders, such as the formidable Cardinal Sin (no pun intended), a Marxist government is assured for the Philippines in the not too distant future.

The Communists, for example, now exert direct control over 723 towns and over 10,000 of the smaller hamlets. This is a 75 percent increase over the amount of territory controlled by the Marxists when Mr. Marcos was in power. And with no opposition from the Aquino government, they are gaining every day. Mrs. Aquino never faces up to the Communist threat. Instead, she merely suggests a cease-fire. This would only serve the Communist side. It would give them time to regroup and become much stronger. And the élite units of the Marcos army have mostly been disbanded by Mrs. Aquino so as to make sure that they won't wipe out any Communist strongholds. The rest of the Philippine armed forces are now short of everything from boots to rifles. Yet the Marxist troops are receiving more arms every day, some stolen from government armories while the soldiers guarding them look the other way. Mrs. Aquino knows that her orders to slack off on hunting down Commies will lower the morale and is certain to nullify the efficiency of the armed forces, built under Marcos. It has been reported in the European press that Mrs. Aquino wants an armistice for another reason. She wants to "clean out" the officer corps of

Marcos-trained personnel who are anti-Communist and experienced in fighting Communists.

* * * * *

Several people, who have read some brief mention in one of my books about an interview I had with Generalissimo Francisco Franco of Spain, in 1975, shortly before he died, have asked for more details of it. Since none of what he told me has ever been printed in detail anywhere in the world, I believe that readers of this magazine may want to read about it.

Since El Caudillo never cared much for interviews and only consented to see me after he learned from my background that I was anti-Zionist, I believe what he had to say in his final interview with the foreign press is very important.

I was in Spain on other business at the time. Like all other journalists, I was routinely turned down on any possible interview with the ailing Spanish leader, until I was getting ready to fly to New York. Then word came to me that a car would pick me up the next day at the Monte Real Hotel on Arroya Fresno in Madrid.

The chief question I had for Señor Franco was about his views on the ill-advised American practice of rushing arms and fuel from Spain to Israel every time a war broke out in the Mideast. He answered this for me concisely because he wanted to talk about other events of history which he considered of much greater importance when future history books are written about him. He told me that the U.S. had deceived him and sent war materials jointly owned by Spain and the U.S. to Israel, despite his vehement protest against such unilateral action on the part of the American government. He then informed the U.S. that this would never be allowed to happen in the future, or all American bases would be closed in Spain. He also said the U.S. had hurriedly sent NATO supplies and weapons to save Israel from defeat, in violation of signed agreements.

Of course, I knew that where Israel is concerned, the U.S. government doesn't care what Spain or any other nation wants. In fact, to save Israel, the U.S. would even doom America to complete disaster.

When I asked the venerable Spanish leader why Americans fought and raised so much money for the Communist side during the Spanish Civil War while doing nothing at all to help the non-Communist Franco forces, he told me that even that far

back, American Jews influenced the American people to be against him. As a schoolboy at the time of that war, I had read the propaganda emanating out of Hollywood about the almost holy crusade of the Communist forces arrayed against General Franco. The infamous Lincoln Brigade in the Marxist army was made up entirely of American volunteers. At that time, we didn't yet have a law prohibiting U.S. citizens from serving in foreign armed forces. So it was easy to recruit such famous people as actor Errol Flynn and writer Ernest Hemingway for the Communist forces. I never found any records to indicate that any Americans were on the non-Communist side.

Knowing well that immediately after World War II, the U.S. government put undue pressure on Spain, I wanted to hear from the General what really happened. And he was glad to oblige. He said, "America began turning the screws on me to liberalize my régime in 1945. When I refused and the U.S. finally understood that even such a powerful nation as then all-victorious America could not engineer the overthrow of my government, which they tried to do several times, failing badly in every attempt, the U.S. then decided to deal with me anyway. With the aid of France, a country that also refused to be a puppet of the U.S., I managed to survive."

And so it went in Spain until November 20, 1975, the day the greatest of Spanish leaders died after heading the government for 30 years. When he died after such a long period of no changes in Spanish loyalty, not everyone was unhappy. It may have been a sad day for Spain, but in three cities—Washington, Moscow, and Tel Aviv—it was cause for a celebration. Spanish Communist Jews, exiled to Russia and Israel by General Franco's government, headed en masse back to Spain like maggots going after a corpse.

El Caudillo liked to talk about two world figures with whom he enjoyed a long-lasting friendship. They were the Duke of Windsor and Marshal Philippe Pétain of France. It required two days of visits for him to relate to me the intimate details of these close relationships.

He also mentioned quite favorably two other well-known individuals, both Americans, whom he would liked to have met in person but never did. They were Charles A. Lindbergh and General George S. Patton. General Patton had made plans to visit the Spanish leader before his untimely death in 1945, which was attributed to what was called an "automobile accident."²

2. Douglas Bazata, who had been an agent of the O.S.S. before that
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General Franco was well-acquainted with the Duke and Marshal Pétain.

I took many notes about both of his friends as he talked fondly about them. Almost none of it has ever been printed anywhere. So you are reading it here for the first time.

First, here is an account of how the former King of England became acquainted with General Franco. They had much in common.

In May of 1940, when the Germans were closing in on Paris, the Duke of Windsor left his apartment in that city for his home in southern France at La Croë. (At that time, for a personal point of reference, I was a teen-aged recruit undergoing training in La Légion Étrangère Française, The French Foreign Legion).

Hitler's mighty Wehrmacht stood on the Pyrenees and Madrid fairly crawled with German agents, with General Franco's blessing. The ranking German officials in Spain were Baron and Baroness von Stohrer. Both were tall, talented and skilled diplomats commanding much respect among the international set residing in this "neutral" nation of Spain. Both were superb linguists in five or six languages. And more importantly, they had ready access to General and Señora Franco, the only members of the foreign diplomatic corps accorded this privilege.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill, well aware of the Duke's German sympathies, wanted to whisk the Windsors off the continent and out of the grasp of Hitler, whom both Windsors greatly admired. Prior to hostilities, the Duke and Duchess had visited Hitler. The British and American press didn't like the fact that the Duke had saluted Hitler when they met and that the Duchess had told the press that Adolf Hitler was one of the most charming men she had ever met. And, believe me, she was one woman who had met many men in her lifetime.

Franco's Minister of the Interior, Serrano Suñer, who was

espionage and terrorist organization was incorporated in the C.I.A., in an interview reported in *Spotlight*, 15 October 1979, confessed that he, on direct orders from General Donovan, the head of the so-called Office of Strategic Services, and in return for a bonus of \$10,000, arranged the automobile "accident" in which General Patton was injured, slightly but sufficiently to have him taken to a hospital where physicians murdered him by injecting cyanide hypodermically. Our enemies in Washington had to do something to prevent the return of the General to the United States, where he would have revealed some of the facts about the Jews' War against Germany. Many suspect that the strange death of Mrs. Patton was also murder; she had in her possession her husband's memoranda of observations during the war, and these disappeared.

also his brother-in-law, was in close collaboration with the German clandestine services since the Spanish Civil War.

No one in Britain wanted the Duke to return to England, so Mr. Churchill had to find some other spot for him to prevent him from coming under more German influence and perhaps domination. So it was decided to offer him the unimportant post of Governor of the Bahamas, a safe and isolated place for him to sit out the war.

The Windsors fled war-ravaged France in July of 1940 for Lisbon. But first they went to Spain for a chat with General Franco and the Germans before entering Portugal.

In Lisbon, Windsor's mood was quite mutinous. His own country practically disowned him. England had treated him badly while both Spain and Germany treated him not only well, but royally. He was all set to go over to the Axis side publicly, according to General Franco. The world might have been different and far less Communistic if he had. But the price General Franco asked for turning this trick was far too high. He wanted not only Gibraltar but all of French Morocco, plus unlimited German arms.

The Duke had previously, in France, been highly criticized by the British press, mainly for entertaining Sir Oswald Mosley, the former British Black Shirt leader, then in exile in Paris. The Duke even mentioned to the press that he greatly admired Mosley and thought he would have made a first-rate Prime Minister of England.

Windsor was even chastised for always humming or singing his favorite little sentimental German waltz, "Ich weiss auf der Heide ein kleines Hotel." He spoke German as well as he did English but didn't like the French language because he claimed it was not masculine enough. His official stationery always carried his royal motto in German: *Ich diene* ("I serve").³

General Franco wanted the Duke to ally himself with the German high command, but both Hitler and the Duke thought Franco's price was too high. And it could not be accomplished

3. After King Edward VIII abdicated, he resumed use of the crest and motto that had been his as Prince of Wales. The crest of three ostrich feathers and the motto, *Ich diene*, have been born by all Princes of Wales since Edward, the Black Prince (so called because he wore black armor), won the Battle of Crécy for his father in 1346. His reason for taking the German motto is debated by historians. Traditionally, he assumed the crest and motto as a gallant tribute to King John of Bohemia, one of his adversaries in the battle, who perished in it and was a man of a romantically chivalrous character, as was the Black Prince.

without the coöperation of Franco. The Germans felt that they had already given Franco enough.

While the Duke thought this plan over, the German Foreign Minister, von Ribbentrop, stealthily set in motion a scheme to slip him from under the surveillance of the British diplomatic and intelligence services in Lisbon. With the Duke under German influence in either Spain or Germany, his smoldering fury against his King and the British Prime Minister could be exploited to Germany's advantage.

At this juncture, the Germans wanted peace with England so both nations could fight Communism. So they tried to get him back across the border into Spanish territory.

An unusual plot was concocted in Berlin and Madrid. The Duke had sent his passport to the British Embassy in Lisbon to obtain the necessary French and Spanish visas so he could pick up valuable furniture and antiques in France and then live in Spain if he didn't accept the position in the Bahamas. Von Ribbentrop sent Walter Schellenberg to Lisbon post haste to mount an operation for whisking the Windsors back to Spain. Schellenberg, I might add, was one of a handful of special covert-action specialists personally trained by General Reinhard Heydrich, Chief of the Sicherheitsdienst, later killed in Prague by Czech agents trained in England.

The plan: aristocratic Portuguese friends of the Windsors would invite them to their mountain lodge near the border with Spain. The Duke was an avid and untiring hunter, so a hunting expedition would take the party to a precisely-designated place at a particular border point where the bribed Portuguese frontier captain would look the other way while a Spanish patrol would "happen" by to offer assistance and instant protection to the entire group. In the meantime, Schellenberg's well-trained German agents would fend off any intervention by either the Portuguese officials or British agents.

Von Stohrer laid out the entire plot in a secret telegram in code to Berlin.⁴ It was approved. But due to increasing demands of General Franco, it seems, the plan collapsed rather suddenly the day before it was to be executed. And the Duke, who had been quite agreeable to the entire scheme, sailed

4. The plan, therefore, was almost certainly known to the British. The telegram was doubtless enciphered on the German "Enigma" machine, one of which, together with details about the creation of the keys for it, was delivered to the British before the beginning of the War by a highly-placed German traitor, probably the unspeakable Admiral Canaris.

reluctantly for the Bahamas, where he would impatiently ride out the war, thinking anxiously about his close relatives in Germany and what would happen to them after the defeat of the Axis powers. He also recalled what had happened to his "Uncle Nicky" in 1918 when the Czar and his family were murdered by illiterate Jewish Bolsheviks. He had been anti-Jewish and especially anti-Zionist since that day, many years in the past.

The events concerning General Franco's good friend Marshal Pétain, as related to me by General Franco, had an even sadder ending. The leader of Spain knew the Marshal when he was assigned to Madrid as French Ambassador to that country. The French hero of Verdun during World War I was already in his sixties when he met General Franco.

The Marshal assured General Franco that the Germans did not dictate Vichy's anti-Jewish policy. French "anti-Semitism" was an absolutely spontaneous movement of desperate people who were deathly afraid that Jewish Communists would take over France, as they did Russia after World War I.

In August of 1940, Marshal Pétain, as head of what was left of the French government, signed a decree stating that the practice of medicine and law was now restricted to those born of French (non-Jewish) fathers.

The Legion of French War Veterans founded the Legion Against Bolshevism, the Legion Against Jewish Power, the Legion Against Freemasons, and the Legion Against Communism. Tracts were issued under each title explaining how necessary these organizations were to the future of the French Republic.

Mr. Xavier Vallat was appointed by Marshal Pétain as the first commissioner of the Jewish question. His first public announcements stated, "anti-Semitism is always and everywhere in the world a simple phenomenon of legitimate national defense."

Also, in August of 1940, a Vichy court, sitting in Clermont-Ferrand, found General Charles de Gaulle, then in London, guilty of high treason and sentenced him to death in absentia. This one act, sanctioned by Pétain, would haunt the Marshal more than anything else he ever did. In fact, this very ruling helped convict him five years later of a similar offense, even worded the same way, when de Gaulle was president of France.

Marshal Pétain did not like Jews. However, in reality, he was less an enemy of the Jews than most other Vichy officials.

"A Jew is never responsible for his origin; a Freemason always is one of his own choice and should be treated more harshly than Jews," said Pétain in a nation-wide radio talk. "Together, the two have brought us down to defeat by teaching our reserve officers at universities not to respect French authority but only internationalism. That is essentially why our reserve officers in the army deserted their troops and left the front en masse," he continued.

From his headquarters at the Hotel du Parc in the town of Vichy, Pétain issued another decree outlawing all secret societies and confiscating the property and possessions of all Freemasons. Government employees had to sign an oath that they had never belonged to the Freemasons.

Upon hearing that the Vichy government had sentenced him to death, General de Gaulle's Free French forces, assisted by a British task force, attempted to seize the port of Dakar on September 23, 1940. The attack failed when Pétain ordered Admiral Darlan to repel the attackers with all forces at his disposal. There was a great loss of life on both sides as Frenchmen fought Frenchmen. And the next day, Admiral Darlan bombed Gibraltar in retaliation.

On October 11, 1940, Pétain said in a speech, "France now rejects the false idea of all men being equal in favor of equality of opportunity."

Of course, the American mission at Vichy, which kept quiet when Jews were attacked, now complained loudly about Pétain's words of wisdom about all men not being equal. Mr. H. Freeman Matthews, the American Charge d'affaires, reported that Vichy was now pro-German and anti-the American Constitution, which states that all men are equal.⁵

Pierre Laval met with Hitler on October 22, 1940 in the Führer's private railroad car at the Montoire-sur-le-Loir station in France. Laval expressed Pétain's shared feelings that sincere and unreserved cooperation with Germany was France's only salvation.

A short time later, Pétain met Hitler at Montoire. This location was chosen because of a nearby tunnel which would provide protection for the train in case of an air strike by the British. Besides the German Chancellor and the French Chief of State, von Ribbentrop and Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel were present.

5. Needless to say, Matthews was thinking of the Declaration of Independence. No such nonsense appears in the Constitution.

I would like to interrupt this narrative in order to insert a few words from a direct quotation by General de Gaulle in his own memoirs.

By some strange quirk of fate, June 14, 1940 turned out to be the last time de Gaulle and Pétain would ever meet in person. On this day, the failing government of France was in retreat at Bordeaux. De Gaulle dined that night at the Hotel Splendide. He was alone. At another table in that dining room was Marshal Pétain, also dining alone. De Gaulle, about to slip out of France for London on a British plane, noticed the Marshal across the room. Here is what de Gaulle wrote about their final meeting: "I went to pay my respects to him. Neither of us spoke. Silently he shook my hand. I was not to see him again, ever." De Gaulle never attended the trial of Pétain after the war. Nor did he attend Pétain's funeral, because of Jewish pressure. Of course, he never visited Pétain in prison either.

De Gaulle, unlike Pétain, played up to the Jews in France even prior to World War II. Unlike most French Army officers, de Gaulle always took the part of Alfred Dreyfus, the French Jewish army officer convicted of treason and later restored to his rank because of world-wide pressure from Jewish organizations and author Émile Zola, when this unusual case was discussed at military schools. Pétain always thought Dreyfus to be guilty as originally charged. Until Dreyfus died in 1935, de Gaulle befriended him. De Gaulle also was greatly influenced by his closest friend, Émile Mayer, another retired Jewish French Army officer, and a very influential politician of the 1930's.

In exile in London, the first outside organization to establish contact with de Gaulle was the Zionists. A representative of the Jewish Agency called on de Gaulle on July 15, 1940 in London and offered help in spreading news of the Free French movement in the United States and elsewhere. De Gaulle issued a directive on August 7, 1940 ordering the appointment of liaison officers to all Jewish refugee groups and Jews in general in the neutral countries. He pledged himself to restore all rights to Jews in France.

General de Gaulle had few friends in London during 1940. Most French citizens, even those in London, did not trust him. There were several units of the French Army in training in England and all refused to serve in the Free French army de Gaulle was attempting to establish. There were some deserters from the French Army who went over to the side of de Gaulle.

But he got his strongest support from an unexpected source—French Jews, who hated Pétain. Many French and Polish Jews joined de Gaulle's forces en masse.

Believe it or not, I had a chance to join de Gaulle's new "army" when I was training on the French island of Martinique as a member of the French Foreign Legion. Like many other French military components, our unit was to be disbanded. I had the choice of being invalidated (quite different from being discharged) and sent home, or of joining de Gaulle's forces in London. One of the Legion officers informed me that in de Gaulle's "army" I would be serving with a bunch of French and Polish Jews. This, of course, caused me to choose invalidation and return to the U.S. It proved to be a most wise decision on my part. So, instead of going to London, I left the port city and capital of Martinique, Fort-de-France, on a French freighter for New York, where I enlisted in the U.S. Navy.

Only two officers of the Legion that I know about, elected to join de Gaulle. One was General Magrin-Verneret, who later changed his name to General Monclar to avoid possible reprisals against him if the Free French lost the war; and a Captain Koenig, who happened to be part Jewish. About a year later, Captain Koenig became General Koenig in de Gaulle's newly-formed army. He led French troops under General Eisenhower in North Africa in the battle of Bir Hakim, where he commanded about 5,000 French troops and some assorted units made up of European Jewish fighters who were very anxious to do battle against German and Italian forces.

General de Gaulle not only served as spokesman for the Zionists, but he attempted to out-manuever the British and Americans by playing up to the Communists. President Roosevelt described de Gaulle as a grandstand player who could be very unpleasant during negotiations. The General talked triumph and glory, but his actions made tapioca of his own credibility. And Churchill described de Gaulle as like the Prince of Babylonian Captivity, who in Milton's words, "knew no state except his own proud spirit."

De Gaulle even threatened to move his French headquarters from London to Moscow because he said he could trust the Russians and even the Germans more than he could the British and Americans. And his Free French were the only contingent of the Allies actually to fight with the Russians against the Germans. He dispatched French troops, pilots, and planes to the Russian side on the Eastern front. French troops never saw

front-line action but a French air squadron did attack the German positions. De Gaulle was proud of this and he named the flight squadron the Normandie-Nieman, the latter name being that of a French Jew he greatly admired. And de Gaulle got along with Soviets extremely well. He collaborated completely with Prime Minister Vyachslav Molotov, much to the disgust of the British.

Through the Freedom of Information Act, I was able to obtain a letter which Roosevelt sent to Churchill about de Gaulle. In part, it reads:

Washington, D. C.
May 8, 1941

My dear Winston:

I am sorry, but it seems to me that de Gaulle's behavior is getting worse and worse. His attitude and actions are intolerable.....

There is no doubt that de Gaulle is making use of all the tricks of the most shameless propaganda to stir up agitation among the people, including the Jews, Communists and Arabs.....

I don't know what to do with de Gaulle. Perhaps you would like to make him governor of Madagascar just to get him out of the way.....

Very Sincerely Yours,
Franklin D. Roosevelt

I might add that Hitler and Pétain were never friends. Their war-time relationship was more akin to an employer-employee one. But during this same period Franco and Pétain were very close. And much later, when the friendless French Marshal was languishing in prison, General Franco never deserted him the way other world leaders did. The Spanish leader sent Pétain fresh food to augment his routine prison diet, as well as flowers and fresh citrus fruit from Spain.

On January 7, 1941, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, just reelected for a third term, appointed Admiral William D. Leahy, USN, U.S. Ambassador to Vichy France. H. Freeman Matthews was made permanent First Secretary (No. 2) at the embassy. French Admiral François Darlan, the most pro-German of all Vichy officials, who hated both Britain and the U.S., had absolutely no use for Admiral Leahy. However, Pétain got along well with the American admiral, but not with the British in any way. He had been at odds with British officials since World War I.

On March 29, 1941, Pétain set up the Commissariat Général
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aux Questions Juives ("General Commissary for Jewish Questions.") Vallet was assigned to work closely with German diplomat Werner Best, who was responsible for Jewish affairs in Paris and all French territory outside of Vichy France. The Parc Hotel in Vichy became the capital of the Pétain-controlled two-fifths of France not directly under German control. Neither President Roosevelt nor Ambassador Leahy saw anything wrong with this French approach to the problem of controlling the Jews. And not one member of Congress objected to it either. How different from today! At this period in history (1941), America was not yet under Zionist influence, let alone absolute control, as in present-day Washington. The American people still amounted to a strong force of public opinion, unlike the weak-willed and servile U.S. citizens of 1987. Even the Vatican did not complain about the methods of handling the Jewish problem at this time. The Pope only asked that Christian marriages be respected.

Henceforth, when no world-wide opposition to the French Jewish policy developed, arrested Jews were contained at the Drancy concentration camp near Paris. It surprised the German high command in Paris how badly the French treated their own Jews. And orders straight from Berlin, approved by Hitler, required that the French increase the daily food and blanket allowance for Jews at Drancy, so as to bring the place up to the much higher standards at German-controlled camps for Jews, where cleanliness and sanitary conditions were strictly maintained so as to prevent any infections or outbreaks of disease. The Germans even sent French officials to view the German camps so they could learn how to maintain a camp in the proper and prescribed manner. French officials were amazed when observing conditions at German camps and were greatly surprised to find swimming pools for the use of inmates. Of course, the Zionists now running Washington who keep publicizing these camps during World War II, never bother to mention any swimming pools or other such circumstances during the German operation of such places.

The remainder of the war years for Pétain and Franco went along these same lines, with Pétain ever getting deeper into German hands, even to issuing an order that French troops help the German forces "defend" France from any Allied attacks or landings.

Naturally, General de Gaulle, under great Allied pressure, had Pétain arrested in 1945. The two best-known soldiers of

France had never gotten along well. Pétain claimed that de Gaulle, when on his staff, took credit for a book on military tactics which was developed entirely by the Marshal. After that incident when de Gaulle, as a lower-ranking officer, defied his commanding officer, the old marshal had little use for the Free French leader in any capacity. This ironic turn of affairs had its beginning in 1940 when Pétain sentenced de Gaulle to death by a firing squad. Now the tables were turned. De Gaulle, as the new chief of state, had the honor, or dishonor, depending on one's viewpoint, of trying Marshal Pétain, with death by a firing squad being asked as the penalty.

As the war in France came to an end, the Germans moved the aging marshal and his wife to an isolated castle in Germany for his protection. He was offered a safe haven in Spain by his old friend General Franco for the rest of his days, far from the reach of French and American Zionists, who were demanding his blood. Their own arteries were so boiling with hatred of the Marshal that they could have easily donated blood to the Vampires Emergency Relief Society. Jews, world-wide, demanded that de Gaulle see that Pétain was put before a firing squad. Life in prison, they said, was too good for this Jew-hater.

The Marshal refused political sanctuary from both Spain and Switzerland. He chose to return voluntarily to France and face the consequences, sure that he would be vindicated in any trial, military or civilian. He didn't think he had committed any crimes against France. Both the German high command and General Franco warned him not to set foot in France. But the patriotic call of his homeland outweighed all the dire warnings from his friends both in and out of France. And he underestimated the amount of pressure the Jews of the world could apply now that the war was about over.

Finally, German authorities acceded to the old fighter's wishes and sent him to Switzerland so he could then enter France from that neutral state. He arrived at the border town of Pontarlier on April 24, 1944, his 89th birthday.

According to Swiss records, on April 26, 1944, he voluntarily left Swiss territory at exactly 7:27 P.M. when he crossed over the border to the French village of La Ferrière.

His arrival was not unanticipated. It had been highly publicized. Waiting for him were the French Army, the police, the Maquis and, of course, several hundred screaming Jews and Communists recruited from the dregs of Paris to attempt to demoralize the old soldier as he returned to the land of his

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birth. He was taken to a train by the army and the police. The Maquis, who didn't like Jews any more than the average Frenchman of the times, told the press that they were present to protect the old gentleman from the exploding wrath of Paris Jews, who had just returned to that city in large numbers as the fighting stopped in France. Several groups of these lower forms of life were shouting, "Death to Pétain." About 150 heavily-armed police and soldiers took custody of Pétain. He was met personally by General Pierre Koenig, French military governor of Paris and a former leader of the Free French movement.

The old marshal must have been stunned by this unusual reception in his own country, where he had always previously received the highest honors and privileges. Jews and Communists lined every station platform at each stop of his train from the Swiss border to Paris. The Marshal did not yet fully realize the situation he found himself in at this time. To the screaming crowds of rabble-rousers, he was no longer the "eminence grise" but was now called a Jew-hating war criminal. The police had to call on the army to prevent the Jews from dragging him off the train in Paris and murdering him without a trial, as they had done in 1918 to the Czar and his family.

The worst was yet to come. He was taken to a damp and cold cell at the Fort du Portalet prison. The old warrior was greatly surprised. He had expected detention in a castle or his own home complete with his own servants, fine wine and food fit for his rank. Instead, his very first meal on the dirty floor of his small cell consisted of small portions of soup, celery and jam, with no bread, no coffee and, of course, no wine, fine or otherwise. He informed his jailer that a meal wasn't complete without that French staple of a loaf of bread. His guards laughed at this.

The old fellow was furious. He had been a dedicated servant of France for over 70 years in the army, as a diplomat, and chief of state. He called for the captain of the guard to complain. He was told that Parisians ate less than his meal for four years of war during which the Marshal had eaten extremely well, oftentimes as a guest of the German high command.

The next day he complained of a tough piece of meat. He was then lectured on the fact that for four years most French people had no meat.

Pétain was overheard saying that he wouldn't send his worst enemy to such a pest hole as his prison cell. But his memory was false. He had sent Raynand, Mandel, and Leon Blum to this

very same prison during the war, though not, perhaps, to the same cell.

The trial of the aging marshal, who served the French Army longer than any man in history, began at exactly 1 P.M. on July 23, 1945. He was now past 90 years old. One reporter at the trial described it thus: "An old man, over whom death watches, sits erect in full military uniform, including white gloves. An aged hero, the most decorated of any soldier of France, including Napoleon, sat there with clear blue eyes, his great pale white face so impressive that the image will never leave the hearts of those present in his final episode of turmoil on this earth."

The normal press was kind to the old hero of the republic. Not so with the Jewish-controlled hate sheets, as might be expected. The best known, *L'Humanite*, said in a vicious editorial that Pétain was the French version of Adolf Eichmann and that he must be executed quickly before he is allowed to die peacefully of natural causes. Now that's about as hate-mongering as you can get, isn't it?

Extreme pressure from the United States, now caught up in a postwar hysteria of sympathy for the Jews who suffered during the war, and the world-wide wrath of the international Zionists prevented a fair hearing of charges against the old marshal. De Gaulle, despite their differences, wanted only a mild reprimand for Pétain, because what he did was more to preserve France as a nation rather than to collaborate with the German occupation officials. But the Jews and Communists would not hear of such leniency for a man they called second only to Hitler as a "war criminal." They demanded the death penalty for a man with only a few years at most left to him by the grace of God and the will of Father Time.

Pétain, because of a hearing defect, could not even hear what most witnesses said against him during the trial. He bent over toward the witness box, trying his best to hear what the emotional voices testifying against him were saying. He was pretty much railroaded in the manner of the Allies' hypocritical kangaroo-court trials at Nuremberg during that same year after Germany capitulated. Hysterical Jewish hate-mongering influenced both the court proceedings at Nuremberg and Paris. The modern-day Sanhedrin proved to be just as vicious and unreasonable as the Hebrew zealots of 2,000 years ago. They yelled for blood to be spilled, whether on a Roman cross or before a French firing squad. Adequate evidence was never presented for the defense of the old marshal.

The jury finally went out at 9:05 P.M. on August 15, 1945. Pétain was unable to hear the final verdict and had to ask his lawyers what had happened. He was sentenced to death by a vote of 14 to 13, the deciding vote having been cast by an avowed Communist Jew. Under French law, a unanimous verdict is never required, not even for the crime of murder or treason. With all the intensified Jewish campaign against him, the aging hero of France received 13 votes of innocence on the charges, which absolutely amazed the biased press of Paris at this time. To make matters even worse, if that be possible, the sentence read that he was condemned to death with national indignity. According to the French honor system, this was the worst fate possible, because it meant he was to be publicly humiliated and disgraced before he was put to death by a firing squad.

Then a strange thing happened. A petition was put forward, signed by all 17 jurors who were not Communist or Jewish, or both, asking for an immediate government pardon for the condemned man.

For his final sentencing in court, the old soldier, who had served France all his life, stood erect with as much military bearing as his aged frame would permit. With his peaked cap in place, nearing his 91st birthday, the old general heard the verdict and the sentence. It was the most severe sentence ever issued to a military man in all French history. The trial finally ended at 4:25 A.M. on the Feast of the Assumption Day, a national holiday in the Catholic country. Pétain got no holiday, however, and was taken back to Fort du Portalet Prison.

By law, the sentence went right to the desk of the French President, who just happened to be the very same general whom Pétain had once sentenced to death—General Charles de Gaulle. Defying the cries of the howling Jewish organizations, de Gaulle took pity on his old adversary and commuted the sentence to life in prison with no chance of any pardon or even parole. The fact that polls in France at this time revealed that 79 percent of the people did not want Pétain to receive the death sentence may have influenced de Gaulle.

In November of 1945, Pétain's sympathizers succeeded in having the old marshal transferred to a prison with a better climate so he could spend his last years on this earth in solitude, if not in comfort. General Franco wrote to de Gaulle to request better facilities for his old friend, if he could not be pardoned. He was transferred to Ile d'Yeu, below the Brittany Peninsula,

near a fishing village of 1475 persons, at the old military prison of Fort de la Pierre Levée, unused for many years.

It was eleven miles offshore and he had a small house where his wife could visit him overnight on weekends. From then on until his final breath on earth he never complained again.

His only real fear now was that General de Gaulle, his former rival who saved his life, might not be re-elected and then the Jews would get the death penalty reinstated against him. He told his wife he did not mind dying but did not want to do so in such an undignified manner as being shot to death by a firing squad while the Communists and Jews howled with glee. This never happened even after de Gaulle left office. But rest assured that the Communists and Jews tried desperately until the last day of his life to get him legally or illegally before a firing squad.

General Franco of Spain remained the only public figure or head of state anywhere in the world to stand by his aging friend in an isolated French prison. Franco tried until the bitter end to gain a release, conditional or unconditional, for the Marshal. It proved useless. As the international Zionists became more powerful after World War II by capitalizing on the number of the Jews supposedly killed by Hitler, their influence in both France and America prevented any possible release for the old fighter. Death and death alone would release him forever to some peace, perhaps where the woodbine twineth and there are no Jews to threaten him.

I was permitted to read some of the correspondence during these final years between the Spanish leader and his closest foreign friend, Marshal Pétain. In a way, it was like reading the profound insights of Julius Caesar or the Greek scholars. These two outstanding men were significantly alone among world leaders at this time, warning the people of all nations about the Communist threat and the rapidly encroaching evils of international Zionism. For this they were roundly condemned by the powerful American Jewish organizations, and, of course, the *New York Times*, the largest Zionist newspaper in the world.

Four times each month, General Franco sent fresh flowers to Marshal Pétain. He also sent food packages, wine, and plenty of citrus fruit from Spain.

In 1949 and 1950, General Franco stepped up his efforts to obtain a pardon for the Marshal or to at least allow the old man to die in his own home a free man. But it all went for naught because Jews all over the world objected and they made their

influence felt in government quarters. At this time, the many myths about the murder of Jews by the "Nazis" were still in the formulative stage. The Zionists had not yet settled on the figure of six million deaths, and the even more absurd figures of 16 and even 20 million were mentioned in books, forgetting that the total number of Jews in the entire world for the period was only between 12 and 14 million, according to Jews' own varying statistics.

On April 24, 1951, Pétain's 95th birthday, he received the Last Sacrament from a Catholic Priest. The Marshal wasn't a very religious person and did this to please his devoted wife. He had not attended mass for over forty years, except when it was in some way connected with a French government celebration.

Due to increased publicity world-wide from Franco's Spanish government about Pétain, flowers arrived in great profusion from far-away places. But the Jewish organizations were successful again in blocking every single attempt to free the old man. But Franco never gave up hope of freeing his old comrade-in-arms in spite of both Communist and Zionist pressure.

Finally, due to his weakened physical condition, Pétain was sent to a nearby military hospital at Nantes on the mainland on June 8, 1951. At last, the French government was on the verge of pardoning Pétain on a close vote. But when the Marshal heard about it, he sent word that he would refuse any type of pardon, thus ending the delayed campaign which was brought about by the guilty conscience of the French Nation.

It looked as if he was a goner on June 10, 1951. Doctors made gloomy announcements. But the tough old soldier then seemed to be recovering from the weakness that had sent him to the hospital.

The following month, in the early morning hours of July 23, 1951, Pétain lapsed into a coma as a nun recited Ave Marias at his bedside. The old soldier looked at her, thanked her, and then gradually faded away in both body and mind. At 9:22 A.M. that same morning, the old soldier rolled over and looked into his wife's eyes for the last time. "Neither cry nor moan for me," were his final words as he breathed his last.

To avoid offending Israel and the world Zionists, most French priests refused to serve at his funeral. A request by war veterans of France, who had served under Pétain during two wars, to pay a final tribute to their fallen hero was denied by the French government because of a protest by the United

States, now almost a colony of the Zionists.

Even the Assembly of Cardinals and Archbishops of France refused to allow any priest to officiate at Pétain's burial and last rites, although two priests defied the ban and served anyway. The French government refused to allow General Franco to attend the Marshal's funeral. No head of state was there.

The official statement by the Catholic Church in refusing to honor Pétain stated, "We must leave judgment to history, after God. Before the tomb of an old man we believe that it is proper to speak only words of peace for all beings." That "pious" statement, like some out of the U.S. State Department today, must have been written by Zionists.

The marshal lay in his casket in full uniform with his hands clasping a rosary. Veterans of Verdun carried the coffin to the grave of white granite, marked by a small cross and the simple inscription below:

Philippe Pétain
Maréchal de France

In 1973, a group of anti-Communists slipped in and dug up the body of Marshal Pétain in order to take it to Verdun for a military funeral and a proper re-burial on the battleground of the First World War where he led France to her greatest victory. This plot was foiled by the government, followed by a comedy of errors with a chase to retrieve the body, which was finally found in a Paris garage and then was re-buried at the original grave site.

Due to bitter irony, luck or whatever you want to call it, when the marshal's wife died, only then was his financial estate settled. They had no children. But his wife had a son, Pierre, by her first husband. Pierre, who was killed in a car accident, had married a Jewish girl named Odette. And it was she and her family who inherited all of the gallant, old warrior's vast amount of personal property, real estate and bank accounts (one in Canada). Irony? Justice? Misfortune? Revenge? Anyway, the Jews got all of the anti-Jewish marshal's money after all.

For any scholars or students of history who may wish to purchase copies of this article, I am sure you can order them from the publisher of this magazine.

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POSTSCRIPTS: continued from page 20

his religious masterpiece.

* * *

JESUS TURNS A TRICK

I mentioned in earlier issues of *Liberty Bell* the principal organizations of South Africans who are now belatedly trying to preserve their race and save it from the consequences of the new Constitution that the stupid Aryans were cozened into adopting in 1983. I did not mention my own misgivings about those organizations. They are chiefly composed of Afrikaners, who are of Dutch descent, and information coming to me from sources in South Africa that seem reliable indicated that the organizations are specifically based on an affirmation of Christianity and even refuse membership to persons who are not willing to profess faith in the theological subtleties of the official Calvinist doctrine of the Dutch Reformed Church, to which almost all of the Christian Afrikaners belong. This last point was one on which I thought my informants might be mistaken, as, indeed, I still hope they were.

The reported allegiance to the Church was explicable, however, since for decades the Dutch Reformed Church championed our race and explicitly taught that racial differences are as emphatically affirmed by Christianity as they are by biology and the obvious facts of quotidian reality. In the time of Dr. Verwoerd, the last patriotic and honest Prime Minister of South Africa, it was commonly stated that his political ascendancy was based on the membership of the Reformed Church, and after his "mysterious" assassination, supposedly the result of an "oversight" by the Security Service which was headed by the man who became his successor, the Church maintained officially the position it had taken since its foundation.

On 24 October 1986, however, the Dutch Reformed Church held its annual Synod in Pretoria and the congregated holy men resolved that the Church must "speak firmly against the sinfulness and the unscriptural basis of *apartheid* as an ideology and practice." They did not explain whether Jesus had changed his mind or they had for centuries misunderstood or misrepresented what he wanted. The secretary of the Synod happily proclaimed that the decision to reverse the Church's doctrine was "the most important in the history of the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa," and promptly wished it had been even more

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drastic in damning the wicked wights who still believed what it had officially taught was God's will a year or two ago. And he seemed confident that the Christian dolts wouldn't wonder why their god was executing a *volte-face* of which the most temperamental and excited woman would be ashamed—and he may be right. He predicted that the enterprising shepherds of God's Church would lead their two million formally enrolled adult sheep into a "new non-racial future," in which, of course, the degenerate Whites will breed diseased mongrels to please Yahweh and the Blacks will kick the White population into the gutter in which Jesus now wants them.

What happened, of course, is obvious. The dervishes made a study to ascertain which side had the most money to give them, and with the Jews lavishly subsidizing the destruction of Western civilization and the liquidation of the race they hate most of all, there was no question about who would pay off the best. But the greedy White witch-doctors did have an excuse for their betrayal of the members of their Church. They merely stripped off the Western veneer of Christianity and exposed the implicit malignancy of a primitive cult which loves and exalts everything that is debased, deformed, diseased, and degenerate.

And the Jews in the background, sneering at the simple-minded Aryans who would oppose the wave of the future they have decreed for us, tell the pious Afrikaners "checkmate"—and rub their hands in Yiddish satisfaction, singing "Oh, what a frien' ve haff in Jeesus."

* * *

YOU CAN'T SINK A CORK

The Reverend Professor Thomas Sheehan's *The First Coming* is one of the Book-of-the-Month Club's selections for December 1986. It is the kind of book that you would read through, if it was the only one you had with you when you were marooned on a desert isle. And you may wish to glance rapidly through it, if you are interested in the Protean versatility of the established superstition that is our racial incubus.

The author tries to make his *rifacimento* of Christianity acceptable to educated men by jettisoning all the absurd stories about magic and divine avatars that make the "New Testament" patently incredible, and he blames the Jew called Peter in those tales for inventing the stories about Salvation and post-mortem

felicity in an eternal amusement park called Heaven, which were so effectively used in the sales-talk of another Jew, called Paul, who peddled the fictions to ignorant and gullible *goyim*.

In the centuries that immediately preceded and followed the beginning of the present era, Asia Minor and Egypt were swarming with Jewish mountebanks and agitators, and it is a statistical certainty that quite a few of those goëtae were named in honor of the tribal hero in the Jews' great hoax about their conquest of Palestine. It is likely that confused traditions and folk-tales about some of them were fused together, since all bore the same very common name, and were used by the purveyors of Christianity when they began to scribble gospels around A.D. 130-140. The product, of course, was a plethora of fantastic stories, a few of which were selected for the collection called the "New Testament," making it a jumble of inconsistent tales from which theologians can extract the parts that suit their purposes, necessarily ignoring or explaining away the rest.

The pious professor follows that technique, and although he makes a great show of learning, he simply chooses to quote and endorse what suits his spiel. His Jesus had no hallucinations about divine parentage, and he was not even a christ, come to lead his people against the civilized races they hated. He merely wanted to instill "God's immediate presence in the human heart." God's presence, as offered by Sheehan to literate but maudlin customers, leaves no room for brains that can perceive reality and reason about it. So we are given a superficially novel package of the old hokum about Love and All Mankind that has been and is a deadly poison for our race.

It does no good to refute the salvation-peddlers; they promptly come up with another sales-pitch. You can't sink corks.

A Prominent False Witness: ELIE WIESEL

by
Robert Faurisson
17 October 1986

Elie Wiesel is going to receive the Nobel Peace Prize this year. He is generally accepted as a witness to the "Holocaust" of the Jews and, more specifically, as a witness to the existence of the supposed homicidal "gas chambers." In today's *Le Monde* (17 October 1986, front page), under the headline "An Eloquent Nobel," they emphasize that the award of the Nobel Prize to Elie Wiesel happened at a right time because:

These last years have seen, in the name of a so-called "historical revisionism," the elaboration of theses, especially in France, questioning the existence of the Nazi gas chambers and, perhaps beyond that, of the genocide of the Jews itself.

But in what respect is Elie Wiesel supposed to be a witness to the gas chambers? By what right would he ask that we believe for a single moment in that means of extermination? In the autobiographical book thought to contain his experiences of Auschwitz and Buchenwald, nowhere does he mention the gas chambers.¹ He does indeed say that the Germans exterminated the Jews, but... by fire, by throwing them alive into flaming ditches, before the very eyes of all the deportees! No less than that!... Wiesel, the false witness, had some bad luck here. Having to choose between several lies of Allied war propaganda, he chose to defend the lie about the fire in place of that about the boiling water, the gas, or the electricity. In 1956, when he

1. There is one single allusion, extremely vague and fleeting, on pages 78-79: Wiesel, who very much likes to have conversations with God, said to Him: "But these men here, whom You have betrayed, whom You have allowed to be tortured, butchered, gassed, burned, what do they do? They pray before you!" (*Night*, New York, Discus/Avon Books, 1969). In his preface to that same book, François Mauriac mentioned, "the gas chamber and the crematory" (p. 8). The four crucial pages of "testimony" by Elie Wiesel are reproduced in facsimile in Pierre Guillaume, *Droit et Histoire*, Paris, 1986, 80 francs, La Vieille Taupe, B.P. 9805, Paris Cedex 05, France).

published his testimony in Yiddish, the myth of the fire still remained alive in certain milieus. It lies at the origin of the term HOLOCAUST. Today there is no longer a single historian who believes that myth. The myths of the boiling water and of the electricity have also disappeared. The gas remains.

The lie about the gas was spread by the Americans: see the *War Refugee Board Report* published in November of 1944. The lie about the Jews killed by boiling water or steam (specifically at Treblinka) was spread by the Polish: see Nuremberg document PS-3311. The lie about electricity was spread by the Soviets: see the *Pravda* article of 2 February 1945, page 4, about "The Murder Factory at Auschwitz" and the *Washington Daily News* of the same day, page 2.

The lie about the fire is of undetermined origin. It is in a sense as old as war propaganda or hate propaganda. In 1958, Wiesel published the French version of his earlier Yiddish testimony under the title *La Nuit*, with a preface by François Mauriac (in English, *Night*, Discus/Avon Books, New York, 1969, 127 pp.). He said that at Auschwitz there was one flaming ditch for the adults and another for the babies. He wrote:

Not far from us, flames were leaping up from a ditch, gigantic flames. They were burning something. A lorry drew up at the pit and delivered its load—little children. Babies! Yes, I saw it—saw it with my own eyes... Those children in the flames. (Is it surprising that I could not sleep after that? Sleep had fled from my eyes) (p. 42).

A little farther on there was another ditch with gigantic flames where the victims suffered "slow agony in the flames" (p. 43). The column of which Wiesel was a member was led by the Germans to within "three steps" of that ditch, then to "two steps." "Two steps from the pit we were ordered to turn to the left and made to go into a barracks" (p. 44).

An exceptional witness himself, Wiesel assures us of having met other exceptional witnesses. As regards Babi Yar, a place in the Ukraine where the Germans executed Soviet citizens and, among them, Jews, Wiesel wrote:

Later I learned from a witness that for month after month the ground never stopped trembling; and that, from time to time, geysers of blood spurted from it (*Paroles d'étranger*, Editions du Seuil, 192 pp., p. 86).

Those words did not slip out of their author in a moment of frenzy: first, he wrote them, then some unspecified number of times (at least once) he even had to reread them in the proofs; finally, those words were translated into various languages, as is everything that this author writes.

If he personally survived, it was, of course, as the result of a miracle. He has said that "in Buchenwald they sent 10,000 persons to their death each day. I was always in the last hundred near the gate. They stopped. Why? ("Author, Teacher, Witness," *Time*, 18 March 1985, p. 79).

Germaine Tillion in 1954 analyzed the "gratuitous lie" in regard to the German concentration camps. At this time she wrote:

Those persons [who gratuitously lie] are, to tell the truth, very much more numerous than people generally suppose, and a subject like that of the concentration camp world—well designed, alas, to stimulate sado-masochistic imaginings—offered them an exceptional field in action. We have known [Tillion continues] numerous mentally damaged persons, half swindlers and half fools, who exploited an imaginary deportation; we have known others of them—authentic deportees—whose sick minds strove to even go beyond the monstrosities that they had seen or that people said had happened to them. There have been publishers to print some of their imaginings, and more or less official compilations to use them, but publishers and compilers are absolutely inexcusable, since the most elementary inquiry would have been enough to reveal the imposture ("Le Système concentrationnaire allemand (1940-1944," *Revue d'Histoire de la Deuxième Guerre mondiale*, July 1954, p. 18, note 2).

Tillion did not have the courage to give examples and names. But that is usual. People agree that there are false gas chambers that tourists and pilgrims are made to visit, but they do not tell us where. They agree that there are false "big witnesses," but in general they name only Martin Gray, the well-known swindler at whose request Max Gallo, with full knowledge of what he was doing, fabricated the best-seller *For those I loved*.

They also sometimes name Jean-François Steiner. His best-selling novel, *Treblinka* (1966) was presented as a work whose every detail was guaranteed by written or oral testimonies; in reality it was a fabrication attributable, at least in part, to the novelist Gilles Perrault (*Le Journal du Dimanche*, 30 March 1985, p. 5). Marek Halter, for his part, published his *La Mémoire*

d'Abraham in 1983; as he often does on radio, he talked there about his experiences in the Warsaw ghetto; but, if we are to believe an article by Nicolas Beau that is quite favorable to Halter (*Libération*, 24 January 1986, p. 19), little Marek, about three years old, and his mother left Warsaw not in 1941 but in October of 1939, before the establishment of the ghetto by the Germans. Halter's book was supposedly really written by a ghost writer, Jean-Noël Gurgan. Filip Müller is the author of *Trois ans dans une chambre à gaz d'Auschwitz (Three Years in a Gas Chamber at Auschwitz)*,² with a foreword by Claude Lanzmann), winner of the 1980 LICRA prize (International League Against Racism and Anti-Semitism, headed by Jean-Pierre Bloch alias Jean Pierre-Bloch); that nauseating best-seller was the result of the work of a German ghost writer, Helmut Freitag, who did not hesitate to engage in plagiarism: see Carlo Mattogno, *Auschwitz: un caso di plagio*, Edizioni La Sfinza, Parme (Italy), 1986, 30 pp. The source of the plagiarism was *Doctor at Auschwitz*, another best-seller made up out of whole cloth by someone named Tibère Kremer. So it is that a whole series of works presented as authentic documents are only compilations attributable to various ghost writers: Max Gallo, Gilles Perrault, Jean-Noël Gurgan (?), Helmut Freitag, Tibère Kremer, . . .

We would like to know what Germaine Tillion thinks today about Elie Wiesel. With him the lie is certainly not gratuitous. Wiesel claims to be full of love for humanity. However, he does not recoil in the face of an appeal to hatred. In his opinion:

Every Jew, somewhere in his being, should set apart a zone of hate—healthy, virile hate—for what the German personifies and for what persists in the German. To do otherwise would be a betrayal of the dead ("Appointment with Hate," *Legends of our Time*, New York, Avon Books, 1968, pp. 177-78).

At the beginning of this year, 83 deputies of the West German Bundestag took the initiative of proposing Wiesel for the Nobel Peace Prize; that would be, they said, "a great encouragement to all who are active in the process of reconciliation" (West German Government, *The Week in Germany*, 31 January 1986, p. 2). That is what you might call "going from National Socialism to national masochism."

2. In English: *Eyewitness Auschwitz/Three Years in the Gas Chambers*, New York, Stein and Day, 1979, XIV-180 pp., with a foreword by Professor Yehuda Bauer, Chairman, Institute of Contemporary Jewry, Hebrew University, Jerusalem.

Jimmy Carter needed an historian to preside over the President's Commission on the Holocaust. As Professor Arthur Butz said so well, he then chose not an historian but a "histrion": Elie Wiesel. Even the newspaper *Le Monde*, in the above-mentioned article, was obliged to refer to the histrionic trait that certain persons deplore in Wiesel. It does so in these terms:

Naturally, even among those who approve of the struggle of this American Jewish writer formerly discovered by the Catholic François Mauriac, some reproach him of having too much tendency to change the Jewish sadness into "morbidity" or to become the high priest of a "planned management of the Holocaust."

There is no business like SHOA-business. As long as five years ago, Leon A. Jick already wrote:

The devastating barb, "There is no business like SHOA-business," is, sad to say, a recognizable truth ("The Holocaust: its Uses and Abuse Within the American Public," *Yad Vashem Studies*, Jerusalem, 1981, XIV, p. 316).

Elie Wiesel issues alarming and inflammatory appeals against Revisionist authors. He senses that the situation is getting out of hand. It is going to become more and more difficult for him to maintain the mad belief that the Jews were exterminated or were made the object of a policy of extermination, especially by use of so-called gas chambers. Serge Klarsfeld has just admitted that until now people have not yet published real proofs of the existence of those gas chambers; he promises proofs; he gives his best specimen; that specimen is grotesque (see *VSD*, interview 29 May 1986, p. 37). On the scholarly plane, the gas chamber myth is finished. To tell the truth, that myth breathed its last breath at the time of the Sorbonne colloquium (29 June-2 July 1982) held four years ago under the presidency of Raymond Aron and François Furet. What remains is to make this news known to the general public. However, for Elie Wiesel it is of the highest importance to conceal that news. From that comes all the fuss in the media, which is going to increase. The more journalists talk, the more the historians keep quiet.

But there are historians who dare to raise their voices against the lies and the hatred. That is the case with Michel de Boüard, former member of the Resistance, deportee to Mauthausen, member of the Committee for the History of the

Second World War from 1945 to 1981 (the date of its integration into the Institute for History of the Present Time), member of the Institute of France. You must read his poignant interview in *Ouest-France*, 2/3 August 1986, p. 6. In passing he recognizes courageously that, for his own part, he had in 1954, in a scholarly study, vouched the existence of a gas chamber where, in the final analysis, there had never been one at Mauthausen.

The respect owed to the sufferings of all the victims of the Second World War, and, in particular, to the sufferings of the deportees, demands on the part of historians a return to the routine methods of critical history.

The following is a Letter to the Editor, dated 16 February 1979, addressed to the newspaper *Westdeutsche Zeitung-Generalanzeiger* (Wuppertal edition). Emphasis in the original; reprinted in *Die Realschule* (Hannover), *Zeitschrift für Schulpädagogik und Bildungspolitik*, Vol. 88, No. 11, November 1980, p. 678).

While visiting Germany, I experienced with great emotion the discussion concerning *Holocaust*. I succeeded at the time in escaping from the inferno of those terrible years. The time I spent in Buchenwald and Auschwitz will forever be carved indelibly in my memory. During my nearly three years of internment, I saw Man in his primitive state: the excesses of human beings holding power over other human beings up to the limits of crazy brutality, but also the resources of endurance and the great soul of my people. Since truth is indivisible, I must also say that in those very difficult times I received help and support from many Germans and that I have never seen or heard about gas chambers, and that I did not hear about them until my liberation. On this subject, I am like Germans; I can therefore understand the doubt which is so often expressed in these days and I feel that it is very important that a comprehensive investigation be carried out by people who did not participate at all in those events, for only the truth can help us to come to an agreement between us—now—and in future generations.

Mrs. Esther Grossmann
residing at 57 Palman,
Holon, Israel

This article was first published by *La Vieille Taupe*, B.P. 9805, F-75224, Paris, France; it was sent to us by the author and is reprinted here with his permission. Dr. Faurisson advises that this text has been distributed as a leaflet to Elie Wiesel, to Madame François Mitterand, and to at least 40 people who attended the Oslo ceremony in December 1986. The leaflets were in French, in English, and in Swedish (every Norwegian understands Swedish). The text is also going to be published in Germany and Italy.

MISCELLANEOUS

Reprinted from:
David McCalden Revisionist Newsletter
Issue No. 64, January-February 1987

[For a sample copy, send a donation to cover printing and postage to: David McCalden, P.O. Box 3849, Manhattan Beach CA 90266.]

FRANCE/SWITZERLAND: On 3 December 1986, the Swiss government banned Revisionists Pierre Gauillaume and Henry Roques from entering Switzerland or Lichtenstein for the next three years. The Swiss authorities were annoyed because the two had earlier staged an "unauthorized" press conference on behalf of Mrs. Mariette Paschoud, the Swiss Revisionist school-teacher.

During May, Roques and Eric Delcroix (Prof. Robert Faurisson's lawyer) debated NINE Exterminationists on Europe 1 Radio Network. Among the nine opponents was Claude Lanzmann, producer of *Shoah*. Roques and Delcroix walked all over the nine nicompoops.

On 13 October 1986, Professor Faurisson himself spoke at a documentary film festival at Nyon, near Geneva. He was supported by his publisher, Pierre Gauillaume, and by Mr. & Mrs. Paschoud. After giving a succinct overview of the Revisionist position, Faurisson's microphone was cut off by the chairman, and the meeting was brought to a rapid conclusion.

In December, Faurisson, Guillaume, and Serge Thion traveled to Oslo to picket the Nobel Peace Prize award to Elie Wiesel. Their flyers were in half a dozen languages [see the preceding article, "A Prominent False Witness: Elie Wiesel," in this issue of *Liberty Bell*. —Editor.]. I would have been there myself had it not been for the expense. In any case, the flyers were so effective that Wiesel immediately resigned his chairmanship of the Holocaust Council (*Jewish Heritage*, 12 December 1986, p. 3, and *Canadian Jewish News*, 25 December 1986, p. 3). However, other sources suggest that Wiesel may be lowering his profile on account of the Holocaust Council's "illegal contracting" and "unorthodox fund-raising" strategies (*Washington Jewish Week*, 1 January 1987, p. 1). When I went to hear

Wiesel at the UCLA on Tuesday 13 January, he not only hardly mentioned the Holocaust Council; he didn't even mention the Holy Cause itself! I think we are winning!

* * * * *

FROM THE DESK OF DR. PETER PEEL
20 January 1987

I have just been sent a copy of a report issued by AP (Associated Press) which is regrettably somewhat tardy in reaching me. It is of such titanic importance, however, that I am giving it the maximum publicity within my means.

Sir Hartley Shawcross was the British Attorney-General and chief British prosecutor at Nuremberg in 1946.

According to an AP report dated Stourbridge, March 16, 1984, Sir Hartley Shawcross said in a speech on the Friday evening preceding:

Step by step I arrived at the conviction that the aims of Communism in Europe are sinister and deadly. I accused the National Socialists in Nuremberg, together with my Russian colleague, I cursed the Nazi aggression and the Nazi terror. Hitler and the German people did not want war! According to the principles of our policy of balance of power and incited by Americans (*sic*) around Roosevelt we declared on Germany in order to destroy it.

We did not answer Hitler's many appeals for peace. Now we must declare that Hitler was right. In place of a cooperative Germany, which he offered us, there is now the gigantic imperialistic might of the Soviet Union.

I feel ashamed and humiliated to see how the same aims we imputed to Hitler are now being pursued under another name, Communism, and this tactic is used without restraint.

I am not a Christian but I seem to recall that there is something in the "New Testament" about there being more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over nine and ninety just men which need no repentance. Well, there may be joy in Heaven but there is precious little consolation for those of us still on earth who have witnessed the consequences of the war-mongers and megalomaniacs whose vainglorious policies have resulted in the dissolution of the British Empire, the destruction of the real heart of Europe (and therefore the rotting of the limbs), the occupation of our continent by the external Super Powers, the genocide of our race by massive
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political complexion is NOT THE SAME as a *democratic System party*. The difference is fundamental and glaringly obvious. A democratic System party seeks to work *within* the System, ostensibly for the common good, but in actual fact to obtain, through fraud and intrigue, the rewards of wealth and power for its leadership and supporters. A revolutionary party seeks to *destroy* the System and *eliminate* the cliques who have held power previously. The two are as different as chalk and cheese. I have always fought tooth and nail to prevent White racial nationalist groups with which I was associated from becoming absorbed by democratic System parties or transmuted into democratic System parties, and I will continue to do so as a matter of inviolable principle. On the surface Comrade Jordan's article agrees with this line, but it goes much further than that.

As deeply as I respect Colin Jordan, he has articulated very cogently and forcefully a trend in today's Movement which I am convinced must be refuted and rejected. He speaks of "politics beyond the party," but it is clear from the content of his article that he means the *rejection of politics*—bona fide politics—and a permanent turning away from the bulk of the White population. He advocates, not the powerful and vital elitism of true National Socialism, but an introspective and narcissistic elitism which will destroy all potential effectiveness and end where many have ended—hiding out in the woods or in urban Bedroom Berchtesgarden with our small coterie of devotees, arguing over how many Stormtroopers can dance on the head of a pin, reading our Nietzsche and listening to our Wagner and watching *Triumph of the Will* on Betamax over and over again, while out in the real world our race gets on with the ordeal of its slow and agonizing death. If that happens, we deserve extinction by the iron-ruled yardstick we claim to espouse ideologically. *It must not happen like that.*

I will reprint one section from Comrade Jordan's article, one with which I can find little fault in content or logic. "Created for and concerned with the masses, the Nationalist or National-Socialist party inevitably becomes crippled and corrupted by the exactions of the involvement. In the delusive pursuit of numbers as the measure of strength, it commits two errors of cardinal severity which guarantee weakness. Firstly, in its desire to attract the Common Man in quantity, it has to set its require-

ments of membership at a sufficiently low level, so as to offer him the gratification of identification with a supposedly lofty cause on the basis of little, if anything, more than some paltry payment. Having brought him into the fold, instead of just taking the collection box to him on the outside, and with his contribution clearly proving insufficient to enable desirable progress, there follows a constant striving to try and coax him into doing more, which is the folly of trying to make a political activist out of a being whose nature prohibits it. Thus the role of the political party runs counter to that iron law of humanity which decrees that political activists are and always will be a tiny minority, most productive on their own, and that the rest of mankind is and always will be of the nature of political bystanders."

There, in one brilliant paragraph, we have the distilled essence of the Revolutionary Vanguard argument. Mere numbers never equal strength—true. As Adolf Hitler put it, twenty cripples chained together do not equal one strong man. Most RN or NS parties make the stupid mistake of handing membership cards and robes or uniforms to any warm body they can persuade to accept same—true. And Lord, how the Movement has paid for that stupidity down through the years! The vast majority of Whites are not and never will be political activists on our side or any other—true. But the conclusion, that we can and must *ignore* the White masses and work around them, is dangerously false.

Just because 95% of the White masses are inert politically does not mean they are *powerless*. They and they alone maintain and reinforce their own bondage by something I have mentioned before, the tacit, silent *consent to be governed*, which they give the System that is destroying them in exchange for the illusion of freedom and shiny consumer baubles. That consent to be governed by the Zionist occupiers and their henchmen is the gargantuan obstacle which we must chip away, fragment by fragment. For as long as it remains intact we can meet in little secret cells and carry out incestuous little intrigues of Byzantine complexity and pointlessness all we want. We will fail, and our race will die. But once that consent to be governed has been transferred to us, not all the jail cells and drugs and TV cameras and System violence in the world can stop us from arising and cleansing our temples of vermin with fire and sword.

Like it or not, dumb as they are, *we must work on those White masses*. Notice I said *work on*, not *with* them. Just because we need them and cannot win without their tacit consent does NOT mean we invite every Tom, Dick, and Harry to join us in the tactical struggle, never mind the strategic one. Remember, a revolutionary party is never democratic and a democratic one is never revolutionary. The revolutionary party is not a club, it is not a debating society, it is not an instrument of "gratification" for the common man, as Comrade Jordan points out. It is a *tool* designed for the specific purpose of doing one specific job, the removal of the existing System and the establishment of a New Order.

The problem with the Revolutionary Vanguard theory *as it now stands* is that it is incapable of advancing beyond a certain stage of effectiveness. A prime example of this is the 17-year terror campaign which has been waged by the Provisional I.R.A. in Northern Ireland, a classic example of Revolutionary Vanguard theory in bloody and sustained action. The Provos have survived several major British offensives and successfully regrouped and returned to the attack. They have been responsible for the deaths of almost three thousand people in Ulster, the Republic, and the mainland U.K., and they have ruined the lives of tens of thousands of others through maiming, imprisonment, and intimidation. The British now tacitly accept that they will never completely root out the Provos in the Catholic areas of the North. But NEITHER CAN THE PROVOS WIN. Their Active Service Units are unable to strike in most parts of the province because of the alienation and hatred they have aroused in the Protestant majority. They are virtually penned into the Catholic housing estates or forced to rely on quick hit-and-run raids from across the border in the Republic. And with one or two spectacular exceptions every year, always carefully planned for months in advance, they are unable to strike at anything except "soft" targets—unarmed men, crowded pubs or discos, inoffensive building contractors who fixed a barracks window or painted a police station, random car bombings on crowded streets. The Provos have been unable to make any serious dent in the British presence for 17 years despite their tight discipline, cellular organization, and ruthlessness. The one faint concession they won during that time, the Anglo-Irish Agreement signed at Hillsborough in November of 1985, has since proven to be a dishonest farce designed specifically by two crooked politicians

from Leinster House and Whitehall to help their respective re-election chances. Even in this the Agreement has failed through its obvious unworkability and flawed pedigree.

The Provo's Revolutionary Vanguard has been stopped cold. Why? Because of the security forces' vigorous activity? Not really. Only a handful of I.R.A. members are actually killed or captured every year. They've cost trillions of pounds since 1969, inflicted all this damage and misery and death, and are no closer to a United Marxist Ireland than they ever were. Why? Because that 95% of the Irish population, North and South, Protestant and Catholic, which is silent and politically inert, DOES NOT WANT THE PROVOS TO WIN. Neither in the North nor in the Irish Republic have they transferred their consent to be governed from the existing regimes to the Provos. And, although I won't go off into a long digression on Irish politics here, the Provos are starting to show signs of falling apart after 17 years of failure. They can still kill and maim and butcher and will do so for many years to come, North and South. But they will never win, because they will never obtain the consent of the Irish people to be governed by them.

What does Comrade Colin Jordan say about the consent to be governed? "The corollary of all this is the conclusion that, in so far as the support of the masses is needed in one form or another for the attainment of state power in one way or another, this can only be obtained through a breakdown of the society of the old order so substantial as to galvanize the docile slaves of the silver screen into rejection of their enslavers." In other words, the "Big Bang" we talked about in Circular Letter B-4, of which there ain't going to be none, for reasons stated in said B-4.

All right, what *does* Comrade Jordan recommend? "We need to adopt and develop the conception of the task force or elite organization of activists engaging only in cost-effective activities to undermine the fraudulent and disastrous system of Democracy...." Here we run into difficulty. What precisely does Comrade Jordan mean by "cost-effective"? "....an effect....out of all proportion to the numbers and the cost...."

What *kind* of effect, and on whom? Presumably on the masses of White people to push them a bit closer to withdrawing

their consent to be governed. An "effect" for the benefit of the small revolutionary sect and its members alone would be pointless. An "effect" on the System and its minions would simply draw heat and even if their destruction was involved there are plenty more 'droids, mercenaries, and bureaucrats where they came from. The Provos in Northern Ireland, the Red Brigades in Italy, Baader-Meinhof in Germany, Action Direct in France, the P.L.O., the OAS, our own Revolutionary Vanguard sects in Italy and South America—time and again the lesson has been repeated that in this century *it is impossible to inflict a military defeat on the System*, no matter how brave and dedicated a band of revolutionaries of Left and Right make the attempt. Unless you have *achieved the withdrawal of consent to be governed*, that is. Khomeini got it right in Iran. The Sandanistas got it right in Nicaragua. Pinochet got it right in Chile. The absurd Aquino woman's handlers from the CIA got it right in the Phillippines. The Bolsheviks got it right in Russia in 1917. It can be done, and if they can do it, we can. The question is how?

Just what will the Revolutionary Vanguard sect *do*? Colin Jordan says coyly, "For obvious reasons one cannot here go into and must leave to the fertile imagination the wide range of political warfare open essentially to the select few operating on lines comparable to the special units of Otto Skorzeny." Comrade Jordan is talking about what anarchists used to call "the propaganda of the deed"—in short, you know and I know and anybody who reads those lines knows damned well he is talking about acts of violence, assassination, and bombing and Provo-style terror. He is not talking about bizarre and only mildly illegal publicity stunts. Otto Skorzeny did not break into episodes of "Dallas" with illegal radio transmissions or paint huge slogans on Buckingham Palace.

Will "the propaganda of the deed" succeed? Will small, isolated acts of violence seize the admiration of the White masses and inspire them to withdraw their consent to be governed and clamour for us to lead them on into a New Age? No. How can I say that with such certainty? Because the "propaganda of the deed" has *never* worked for anyone, Right or Left, who has ever tried it and always backfired through alienating the very people the revolutionary wishes to convert. There is no reason on earth to believe that White Americans or Britons

or Australians or whatever will react any differently. A prime example is the Order. We who read this know that these men and women are heroes and martyrs. The vast majority of the White population of the earth haven't the faintest idea they exist. Those White Americans who do know the Order's story received their information filtered and distorted through the System media and are convinced that these fighters are crazy homicidal maniacs who deserve to be locked up forever. It is *faintly* possible that when John Hinckley shot at Reagan in 1981 he was attempting just such a lone wolf exercise in "propaganda of the deed"—Hinckley had been an NSPA member for a brief time and this was duly reported in the media for the first two days until the Feds trotted out the ridiculous Jodie Forster version of the attempt. Hinckley vanished into a padded cell and from that day to this has never been allowed to make a single public utterance about the shooting, which adds weight to the speculation that he was politically motivated. I would imagine by now his brain has been turned to tapioca by the years of drug injection he has been subjected to. Regardless of his intentions, as "propaganda of the deed" Hinckley's kamikaze attack was a flop. His example does not bode well for Revolutionary Vanguardists who dream of a single blazing act of glory which will tip the scales of history.

The solution is depressing, pedestrian, and grim—*politics*, the gradual wearing away at the consent to be governed. That means dealing politically with the bulk of White humanity on a face-to-face level. It means altering our tactics and strategy so that we can communicate with the vast bulk of our people who have to live out there in the real world. It means NOT confronting them with symbols, terminology, and ideas they have been conditioned from birth to reject, by re-phrasing and re-working those concepts into a palatable form. It means putting away the guns and the camouflage fatigues and the backwoods survival gear and cranking up the mimeograph machine and licking stamps. It is boring, expensive, time-consuming, frustrating, and fraught with aggro. And it is the only way. Sorry, kids. No ice lollies until you've done your chores, done your homework, and tidied up your rooms.

I have been rather negative for some time now in these circular letters, and in daring to differ with a man like Colin Jordan I will predictably and fairly enough be asked to lay my

own positive views and solutions on the table. So I shall, beginning with Circular Letter B-6. Politics means the political party. This is absolutely unavoidable because any time you've got two or more people engaged in political activity towards a common enemy you've got a political party *de facto* regardless of what you call such a grouping, if anything. The political party will continue to be the basic building block of the White resistance movement whether Colin Jordan approves or not. It is time to discuss The Party—what it is, what it should be, how it should operate, how it should handle finances and propaganda, who should belong to it, who should *not* belong to it, and what its goals should be. Watch this space.

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PERSONAL NOTES

Right. My mailing list now numbers around 400 names. The vast majority of these are in the United States. There are a small handful each in Canada, Australia, South Africa, and the Irish Republic, plus four addresses in the United Kingdom which I post to, thereby risking the wrath of the Race Relations Act. I don't *think* any of the four would lodge a complaint, but if Britain can produce a given set of four racial nationalists without at least one traitor prepared to stab a comrade in the back out of jealousy or sheer love of intrigue, then I congratulate Britain.

There is no way that I can handle the air mail postage on 400 pieces every month. I have received some help from some of you, and if I have been unable to send you an individual acknowledgement, please accept my heartfelt thanks. For many of you this will be the fifth circular letter you have received, for others the third or fourth, the second, or the first. If you have not responded or acknowledged receipt, *you must let me know now* if you wish to continue receiving these circulars....

Mail will reach Harold Covington at Box 123, Douglas, Isle of Man, British Isles.

KEEP THE *LIBERTY BELL* RINGING!

Please remember: *Our* fight is *Your* fight! Donate whatever you can spare on a regular—monthly or quarterly—basis. Whether it is \$2., \$5., \$20., or \$100. or more, rest assured it is needed here and will be used in our common struggle. If you are a businessman, postage stamps in any denomination, are a legitimate business expense—and we need and use many of these here every month, and will be gratefully accepted as donations.

Your donations will help us spread the *Message of Liberty and White Survival* throughout the land, by making available additional copies of our printed material to fellow Whites who do not yet know what is in store for them.

Order our pamphlets, booklets, stickers, and—most importantly—our reprints which are ideally suited for mass distribution at reasonable cost. Order extra copies of *Liberty Bell* for distribution to your circle of friends, neighbors and relatives, urging them to subscribe to our unique publication. Our bulk prices are shown on the inside front cover of every issue of *Liberty Bell*.

Pass along your copy of *Liberty Bell*, and copies of reprints you obtained from us, to friends and acquaintances who may be on our 'wave length,' and urge them to contact us for more of the same.

Carry on the fight to free our White people from the shackles of alien domination, even if you can only join our ranks in spirit. You can provide for this by bequest. The following are suggested forms of bequests which you may include in your Last Will and Testament:

1. I bequeath to Mr. George P. Dietz, as Trustee for Liberty Bell Publications, P.O. Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA, the sum of \$ for general purposes.

2. I bequeath to Mr. George P. Dietz, as Trustee for Liberty Bell Publications, P.O. Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA, the following described property for general purposes.

**DO YOUR PART TODAY -- HELP FREE OUR WHITE
RACE FROM ALIEN DOMINATION!**