

THE
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THE
ULTRAS

**Aims, Affiliations and
Finances of the Radical Right**

FRED J. COOK

LETTERS

Is It Time for a New Politics?

Carey McWilliams' "Time for a New Politics," which appeared in our issue of May 26, has elicited much thoughtful comment from our readers. From among the many excellent communications we have received, we have chosen a few which, in our judgment, supplement most significantly Mr. McWilliams' thesis that the United States today is immersed in a politics that has outworn its usefulness.

The material appearing below has been edited somewhat for reasons of space.—EDITORS.

Dear Sirs: At almost every moment of the twentieth century, some American or other has warned that our political institutions are either becoming or already have become outmoded. Carey McWilliams is among the most recent of these advocates of modernity, suggesting that it is science that we now must learn to live with, at least in terms of our political institutions. Surely Mr. McWilliams is right when he suggests that a politics designed to comprehend science has not yet been thought about with enough seriousness in this country. But when one does begin to think about it, a number of other worries intrude.

What is going on in the scientific world today seems to be different in kind from the past spurts of scientific accomplishment. For the first time not life, but death, has become one of the major organizing principles of major scientific activity. The intention is not new, but what is new is the concrete accomplishments of the science of our day. Death is now a genuine possibility. The power of death is — how does one put it? — important. But science does not wield the power of death; it merely understands the mechanisms by which death may be achieved. Presumably that power resides somewhere in the political mechanism whose essential purpose is the management of power. So the novelty of our day is that now science has given to politics the power of universal death. How may the political process incorporate that gross fact?

* * *

Now that science has given us death as a genuine possibility, we must think very hard about life. Pressure from the economy, commitment to superannuated institutions, prejudgments and pieties of all kinds will prevent thought. Clichés will not help, and the Star Spangled Banner contains no hidden clues about the future. Either, as Mr. McWilliams suggests, thought must begin or science's newest gift to mankind may well turn out to be the last mankind will enjoy.

So the problem seems to be to find ways by which the political leviathan can be made to rouse itself to significant thought.

Because of the evil of some, the stupidity of some, the fear of some, politicians, as a group, cannot be trusted to begin to think seriously. Individual politicians have thought, of course, and will continue to think about and to urge change. But as politicians they must labor under the handicap of public responsibility. I am suggesting that accountability to an electorate is not the best situation for serious thought. The public, whatever that is, may or may not be ready to have its collective skin saved. But should it, on that account, be condemned to the death it does not envision? Just how does democratic theory relate to the politics of science?

It is clear that as knowledge becomes increasingly specialized, fewer citizens will be able to make their way to a state of understanding. It is also clear that as knowledge, now in the form of one or another of the physical sciences, addresses itself to the dark powers of death while it is ominously dumb about matters of life, it is simply more important to keep it under humane management. The problems in managing the power that science has given to men are therefore not different from the problems with which politicians have typically been faced. Wisdom and *humanitas* are no more, but no less, essential now than they were when the industrial revolution was under way or when Achilles pouted in his tent; but it is wrong to assume that because the past managed to live through its crises, we will manage equally well.

What is different is that there is now an urgency that has never before been experienced. Decision may not be ours. We may be forced to react, not act. And a national plebiscite would throw light only on what the ordinary citizen thinks, and might illuminate the problem as such not at all. How does one know in

advance that *vox populi, vox dei* is actually now the case? No longer can we afford the nineteenth century's wonderful willingness to make mistakes in policy in the name of democracy. The stakes are now, obviously, too high.

But surely, one is entitled to ask, is not any abridgment of the democratic process more dangerous than any possible consequent advantages could justify? At any other moment I would have agreed, but now we know that significant political change is an essential pre-

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

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THE ULTRAS . . . by Fred J. Cook

EDITORS' NOTE: Several considerations prompted our decision to assign Fred J. Cook to prepare this special report on the Ultras. In the last two years, numerous feature articles and one or two TV documentaries have been devoted to the subject, but no attempt has been made to pull together, in one place, all the known facts. In addition, *The Nation* had accumulated over a period of years a large and intriguing mass of materials about the Radical Right which, in our judgment, needed to be synthesized with the published facts.

But we had another motive in mind. There has been a marked tendency to dismiss the Radical Right as "ludicrous"—a characterization used by Attorney General Robert Kennedy. The tendency is understandable: it is easy to ridicule the Ultras, and the John Birch Society has been a windfall for night-club comics and cartoonists. But the fact is that the mass media's eagerness

to play up the more flamboyant aspects of the Ultra movement has diverted public attention away from what is new and significant in it. Here is not merely another attack of an old malady which we have known and survived many times in our history. As William K. Wyant, Jr., pointed out in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the Radical Right today is "far better organized, better financed and more skillfully led than in the so-called McCarthy period of the early 1950s"—or, for that matter, in the manifestations of the same sickness in the thirties. Today's Ultra movement has many factors working for it that were not present in earlier periods.

A major purpose of this issue, then, is to provide a frame of reference by which

the reader may make his own assessment of today's Radical Right as a threat or potential danger. Enough is known about the phenomenon to make such a judgment—and now is the time to make it.—EDITORS.

About the Author

Fred J. Cook, born in Point Pleasant, N. J., in 1911, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Rutgers University in 1932. After working on various New Jersey newspapers, he went to the New York *World-Telegram* in 1944. In 1959 he resigned to devote himself exclusively to writing.

Mr. Cook's first "special" for *The Nation* was "Hiss" (1957); there followed "The FBI" (1958), "The Shame of New York" (1959), "Gambling Inc." (1960), "The CIA" (1961) and "Juggernaut" (1961). Three of these articles won Page One Awards from the New York Newspaper Guild; a fourth won a Sidney Hillman Foundation Prize. Mr. Cook has had ten books published and is now expanding "Juggernaut" into a book to be published by Macmillan under the title *The Warfare State*.—EDITORS.

PART I RESPECTABLE AND RADICAL

MIDYEAR 1954 was a time of yeasty ferment on the Radical Right. Senator Joe McCarthy had committed the incredible indiscretion of crossing swords with the U.S. Army in his hunt for subversives; but he was still rampaging across the land and the *banderilla* he sported was not yet visible to the myopic eyes of men. The Eisenhower administration had brought grass-roots Republicanism back to Washington for the first time in twenty years; but the anticipated millenium had not developed. The ten-percenters had been banished temporarily from the temple and vicuna coats had not yet appeared; but Big Government obviously was just as big as ever, and the Republicans, incredibly, were spending just as many billions just as joyously as ever the

Democrats had. Social Security was still with us; so was the graduated income tax; so was the host of foreign problems so agonizingly epitomized by the frustrating Korean War. In short, the clock had not been turned back. We were still in the twentieth century and Eisenhower Republicanism gave no indication of leading us out of it.

This, to the faithful, was a most distressing state of affairs, and workers in the vineyards of the Radical Right were as active as bees in the hive seeking two cherished goals: a means of polarizing all the forces of the Right into a new political party; and "a leader" possessed of the glamour that would make amalgamation inevitable and that would insure control of the American body politic. A fantastic dream? Perhaps.

But before one decides let's take a look at the inside of the beehive.

In June, 1954, a Californian of decided rightist tendencies set out on a cross-country journey that was to take him to Chicago, New York and Washington. After his return, he wrote a memorandum headed "Confidential Please" and which contained at the end the further admonition "VERY CONFIDENTIAL." This memorandum, placed in envelopes displaying the name and return address of the sender—Hubbard S. Russell, P.O. Box 399, Maricopa, California—was mailed to a supposedly select clientele; but one of its recipients, startled by some of its contents, failed to keep the secret. The result was that a copy of this document, with its fascinating inside-the-hive view of the fer-

ment on the Right, came into the possession of *The Nation*. For anyone then or now who might be inclined to dismiss the forces of the Radical Right as a fringe element in American life, the Russell memorandum is a recommended study, for its contents make clear that the fringe with which the California traveler dealt was the fringe very close to the top.

Introducing the Cast

Hubbard Russell, proprietor of the Rancho Cuyama and a cattleman all his life, cast his first Presidential vote for William Howard Taft and, as he himself says, "will always regret that I was cheated by the 'King Makers' out of voting for his son Robert in 1952." He is still doing "all I can in re-establishing Constitutional Government as it was until wrecked by the 'New Dealers' and 'Me Tooers,'" and one of his principal objectives in his cross-continent tour of 1954 was to rally support for a Far Right group called For America, in which J. Bracken Lee, the strongly rightist former Governor of Utah, was one of the moving spirits.

The purposes of For America, "a committee for political action," were spelled out in its manifesto. In bold type, it trumpeted "The Disaster We Face," and it added: "International leadership has captured both parties. Internationalist policies undermine American Independence, threaten us with bankruptcy, involve us in FOREIGN WARS and are destroying our liberty." For America advocated repeal of the income tax, getting the United States out of the U.N., ending "foreign bribery by giveaways," elimination of all government competition with private enterprise, support of Congressional investigations "into Communist-Socialist activities," the end of "compulsory unionism" and the eradication of "socialism in America."

If some strains of the America Firsters of pre-World War II seemed to show in these objectives, it was hardly an accident, for the leaders of For America were men long connected with ultra-rightist causes. Its co-chairmen were Clarence E. Manion, former dean of Notre Dame Law School and long an agitator,

through his "Manion's Forum," of the causes of the Right, and Maj. Gen. Robert E. Wood, retired, former president of Sears, Roebuck & Co. A powerful well-wisher was Colonel Robert McCormick, publisher of the ultra-conservative and isolationist *Chicago Tribune*.

All of these forces that merged in the sponsorship of For America were represented at the luncheon with which Hubbard Russell opened his missionary tour. He recorded in his memorandum that on June 16, 1954, he had "Luncheon meeting with For America Group, Incorporated." Present, he noted, were "Judge Clarence Manion and wife," a reporter and executive of the *Chicago Tribune*, two other prominent members of For America and two executives of the American Meat Institute. The objectives of For America, Russell wrote, "appealed favorably to me," as they did indeed to the two big meat packers, and he predicted that "a lot will be heard" about this organization.

On June 18, Russell and an associate whom he identified as "Dr. Butler of Ithaca" had a conference with Colonel McCormick. The Californian was ecstatic. "McCormick is a great American," he wrote. "His type is hard to find today. His main object in life today is to try to save America from its rush to ruin." The note of desperation, of embattled patriots struggling desperately to ward off the legions of evil, here introduced for the first time, was to become the deepening theme song of the memorandum as its author traveled on and reported on his further contacts.

After talking with Orville Taylor, a Chicago banker whom he described as one of the For America incorporators, Russell went to New York, where, on June 23, he reported: "I talked with General Wedemeyer and Mr. Hoover. . . . A lot of what General Wedemeyer and Mr. Hoover said to me is off the record. Both are plainly uneasy and greatly disturbed. . . . I am misplacing no confidence when I say they both, like McCormick, are interested in anything that can save America."

Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, who once commanded the China-Burma-

India theatre and served as Chiang Kai-shek's chief of staff, has long been a stalwart of the Right. In recent years, he was for a time an adviser for *American Opinion*, the organ of Robert Welch, founder of the John Birch Society, and he now serves on the board of the American Security Council, dominated by powerful Midwestern industrialists and retired, high-ranking Brass. By 1954, General Wedemeyer had long been a hero of the Right, and he referred the emissary from California to a number of kindred spirits whom he should try to see.

The list included: George Sokolsky, the Hearst columnist; Raymond Moley, the soured brain-truster of early Roosevelt days who ever since has been a favorite columnist of the Right; General Leslie Groves, who headed the wartime Manhattan Project that developed the A-bomb and who had since become, along with Gen. Douglas MacArthur, an executive of Remington Rand; Jeremiah Milbank, a New York banker; and Richard Berlin, president of Hearst publications. The visitor from California couldn't contact them all in person, but he reported on his valiant efforts to discuss the saving of America by telephone with those whom he couldn't get to see.

Developing the Themes

From these talks, principal themes developed. Russell discussed with all his contacts the prospect of the "realignment" of political parties. He was also an ardent advocate of the "flexible" farm price-support program of Ezra Taft Benson, Eisenhower's Secretary of Agriculture—a plan that Wall Street interests were hailing as "realistic" because it would tend ultimately to get rid of the little farmer, now an economic anachronism, and concentrate crop-growing in multi-thousand-acre holdings that alone, in this mechanized age, were economically feasible.

In his memorandum, Russell reported that the Benson farm plan became the principal topic of his discussion with Berlin, the Hearst executive, who "is much interested in anything that will regain the American form of government." The publisher had been surprised to be informed, he reported, "that Benson

had real farm support." Berlin indicated "news releases out of Washington apparently were unreliable" and said he was going to see Benson personally, with his own reporters present. Here was registered another note so precious to the dedicated Right—the conspiracy theory of history, so essential because it alone can explain how things have gone so wrong. Commenting on Berlin's remark about the untrustworthiness of Washington news channels, the Californian wrote: "This indicates that what many believe is true, i.e., that news releases out of Washington are not reliable, and that many are New Deal left-wing slanted."

The indefatigable worker in the rightist vineyard had more conferences in New York. One was with Ben Tate, of Cincinnati, who had been a key figure in managing the late Senator Robert O. Taft's campaign for the 1952 Republican Presidential nomination. Tate told him of conversations he had had with Taft before the Senator died. On one occasion, he said, Taft had remarked that, if he had followed "Hub" Russell's advice about the tactics to be used in securing the key Texas delegation, he would have been nominated and elected. After receiving this gratifying intelligence, Russell discussed the problems of the hour with Victor Emanuel, president of Avco Manufacturing Co., "who was very close to Taft" and "is another man of prominence who is keenly interested in restoring our American form of government."

This lost heritage, of which presumably most Americans remain unaware, remained an ever-present bugbear in the mind of the Californian as he traveled on June 25 to Washington. Here he lunched, he reported, with Secretary Benson and some of his top aides. Here he met and discussed Benson's farm plan with a whole bevy of Congressmen, helping to line up support for it. By his own account, he met everybody who was anybody in the conservative camp: Senator William F. Knowland of California; Senator Barry Goldwater, "who is an outstanding, courageous young Senator"; the late Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada; Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia; Senator John W. Bricker, of Ohio; Vice Pres-

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ident Richard M. Nixon; David Lawrence and Nobel Robinson of *U.S. News & World Report*; and Fulton Lewis, Jr., whose radio voice has for years fostered the neuroses of the Right.

Most of those interviewed talked about realignment [the Russell memorandum reported]. All were bothered about the present situation. McCarran suggested a caucus of a few Republicans and Democratic leaders at the right time. That Fabian Socialists, working through the A.D.A. and such organizations, are the shield of communism in this country. He further said the Fifth Amendment Communists hide behind the law they would destroy. In speaking further of realignment, the Senator said that perhaps it was time to call a conclave of 25 to 50 leading Republicans and Democrats to discuss the whole idea off the record. In order to have any kind of realignment, he said: "First, we need a leader (not yet in sight), money and proper organization."

... Byrd said the socialistic trend is still progressing, mentioning increase in Social Security coverage as all wrong. . . .

Knowland, whose political ambitions were soon to founder on the rock of right-to-work anti-unionism, seemed "a little bit on edge," Russell reported. He "said he didn't believe in compromising on many of these issues. His stand since on Red China, United Nations membership seems good to me, except I favor dropping United Nations now."

With Fulton Lewis, Jr., Russell had a fine meeting of minds. He reported that when he remarked "the Democrats lost their party years ago, and now the Republican Party (he interjected and said what Republican Party?). Truly he is disgusted. Said he sees the messes daily, talks and writes about them daily and sometimes feels 'My God, what's the use?' He will be helpful whenever we need him."

In summarizing his impressions from all these high-level contacts, the Californian recorded with obvious satisfaction:

Whenever one of us would say, "the country is ready for a fighting leader," these officials and Congressmen and Senators seemed to agree. . . . It appears that a great many people, such as most of those interviewed, are still looking for leadership, and that they are pretty badly disgusted and disappointed. . . . To a man, they are worried about spending, high taxes, unbalanced budgets and foreign relations. Many expressed worry because so many Truman-Acheson holdovers are still formulating a lot of policy. Some said the wrong men were still advising and no apparent way to stop it. . . .

Two Faces of the Right

Revealed in this memorandum are the lineaments of the Respectable Right and the Radical Right. Revealed, too, is the fact that on many essential elements of creed the two are inseparable and indistinguishable. Transparent in the peregrinations and confabulations of Hub Russell is the union of belief and prejudice that weds Respectable and Radical in modern-day America. Both are at war with their century, with the whole trend of popular government during the last thirty years. For both, representative government has degenerated into virtual mobocracy, and the purity of the American system, as they conceive it, has been lost. The diehard conservative, like the man of the Radical Right, has yet to reconcile himself to the Roosevelt reforms of the 1930s. He is shocked at the extension of Social Security. High federal budgets (except for military expenditures) are anathema to him. The world beyond our borders is a vast and menacing and overwhelmingly hostile conspir-

acy. Red China is an abomination whose existence is not to be recognized. We have been duped into participating in the United Nations as an experiment in international cooperation, in one-worldism, and we should get out of it as soon as possible. Our two major parties, both captured by hostile forces, have subverted the true conservative faith and have produced the kind of liberal legislation that is equated with a Fabian socialism—itself only a thin veneer for communism. All of this has happened largely as the result of some grandiose, secret conspiracy in which newsmen, most of whom work for ultra-conservative publishers, have somehow managed to defy and hoodwink their bosses—and so to purvey a steady stream of leftist propaganda out of Washington, deluding the public.

Such are the conceptions of reality in the world of the twentieth century that are embraced jointly by the minds of the Respectable Right and the Radical Right. Not all minds, obviously, hold all the same tenets; but so many embrace so broad a spectrum of such beliefs that the interests of the Respectable Right and the Radical Right merge in one overriding desire—the hope of finding a formula to turn back the clock. This is a pursuit to which the millionaire businessman, the publishing tycoon, the personable politician and the Radical Right devote equal meeds of loyalty. The so-called Respectables stop short of the idiocy—but sometimes only barely short—of labeling as dedicated Communists such distinguished Americans as Eisenhower. But they frequently adopt, on lower levels where the idiocy is less obvious, the Radical Right's theory of conspiracy and the witch-hunt methods that hobble thought in a free society. For the Respectable Right, the Radical Right may be an embarrassment, but it is also an invaluable mouthpiece—the frenzied front man of propaganda playing on the emotions of the public and driving it in fear and panic toward that basic body of rightist beliefs which the Respectables and the Radicals jointly hold.

This identity of the idiotic with the sane, the respectable with the radical, has been demonstrated many

times and in many ways. The trauma of the Right has become perhaps most visible in the public wrestling with conscience to which the Radicals have subjected some of the most personable of the political Respectables. Arch-conservatives like Senator John Tower, of Texas, and Senator Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, have to live a public paradox; they must retain their own responsible postures without disowning or discrediting their irresponsible cohorts.

Walking the Tightrope

Senator Tower appeared on *Open End* with the liberal Republican from New York, Senator Jacob Javits, and with two propagandists of the Radical Right, Phoebe and Kent Courtney of New Orleans. To the Courtneys, the Supreme Court of Earl Warren is an arm of the Communist apparatus. They spout statistics about the number of times the Supreme Court has followed the Communist Party line in its decisions. Jacob Javits listens, then asks what factual basis there is for such statements, what standard is being used. It promptly develops that there is no basis, there is no standard except a self-made judgment in the Courtneys' minds. Javits comments that, to him, this is like Alice in Wonderland. Senator Tower listens to it all and, for two hours, with consummate skill, he walks a tightrope without falling off. His position was that he could not altogether agree with his conservative friends, the Courtneys, but on the other hand you couldn't play down this Communist menace, you know.

The predicament of Barry Goldwater was even more ludicrous. The charm boy of the Far Right, Goldwater has been nursing some transparent Presidential ambitions; and because he has, newsmen have been curious to discover how he felt about the radical and authoritarian John Birch Society. Robert Welch, the candy man who created the society and dictates what its members should think, has proclaimed Eisenhower, the Dulles brothers, former President Truman and other eminent figures either Communists or dupes; and he has made the impeachment of Earl Warren such a stirring battle cry that his more rabid followers

sometimes get carried away and shout that Warren should be lynched or hanged.

How, newsmen kept wanting to know, did Barry Goldwater feel about all this? At first Barry Goldwater didn't feel at all; he said flatly he didn't intend to discuss the John Birch Society. But as the storm over the Birchers grew in intensity and as public-opinion polls indicated the American people were beginning to frown on such extremism, it became obvious that so lofty a pose wouldn't do; and so Barry Goldwater hit upon about as neat an eat-your-cake-and-have-it-too device as any politician ever engineered. Robert Welch, he proclaimed, was an irresponsible man who was doing harm by his extremism and he should be supplanted as the leader of the Birchers. But as for the Birchers themselves, Barry Goldwater wasn't going to say a thing against them; he knew some of them and they were very fine people. And besides, the Birchers represented no danger to the country; the thing really to worry about was those extremists on the Left, those Americans for Democratic Action bigwigs who had insinuated their way into the White House as advisers to President Kennedy. They were the real menace.

Schizophrenic Right

In such sophistries, the schizophrenia of the Right becomes apparent. It is essential to maintain the face and posture of the Respectable, but the mouthings of the Radical are vital to continued existence. This is true not just for the politician, who must beware of alienating bloc votes, but even for the great media of information that have no such possible self-justification. It is difficult to see how any sane man can conceive today that the Communist Party represents an ever-present danger to the Republic. Even in its balmiest days, American communism could claim the allegiance of only a handful of Americans and, at the polls, was impotent as a kitten. Now even this handful of followers has been reduced to a thimbleful, and the suspicion exists, as the *Saturday Evening Post's* Harold H. Martin scrupulously pointed out in an article on May 19, 1962, that a sizable

percentage of even this tiny Communist membership is composed of J. Edgar Hoover's own chosen FBI informers. Yet what did the *Post* make of all this? A continuing and ever-present menace.

"The Communist Party has declined in numbers," it commented editorially, "but as Harold Martin points out . . . it is still a deadly and dangerous enemy. The peril to the Republic was never greater, and it was never more imperative that we see the Communist menace in its true light."

The Influential Irrationals

The *Post* then flailed away at the Radical Right for its irrationalities. This hunting of a Communist under every bed, this branding of virtually every major American leader of the past decade, was very divisive, very bad; it distracted loyal Americans from the real danger. For these sins of the Radical Right, the *Post* in an amazing tour de force of logic found the liberals responsible. It cited "serious inroads into Government" made by Communists in the past, and it continued:

The blind refusal of certain liberals to believe the evidence of this penetration aided and abetted the radicals of the right. People who called themselves intellectuals refused to be persuaded by the overwhelming evidence against Alger Hiss. . . . The important point then and now is that we must believe the facts, but evidence is something that extremists of the right and left have never been impressed by. They are so emotionally committed to their political prejudices that they believe what they want to, rather than what the facts disclose.

The intellectual poverty of the Respectables was probably never better demonstrated than in this performance of the highly respectable *Post*. Writing more than a month after Richard Nixon had committed the surprising feat in *Six Crises* of casting serious doubts on the validity of the Hiss case ["Nixon Kicks a Hole in the Hiss Case," *The Nation*, April 7], the *Post* gave no indication that it had heard or was in a mood to examine the facts and so avoid the sin it attributed to others. For it, the Hiss case must stand for all time as a symbol of the Communist penetra-

tion of government; and though the *Post* might lash out at the excesses of the Radical Right, it must still preserve the climate in which the Radical Right was born, it must still cherish the myth of internal menace, it must still have it that "the peril to the Republic was never greater."

By such tenacious cuddling of old shibboleths is the vacuum on the Right exposed. Take away from it its cherished menace and it is a desiccated skeleton. It has no program except the program of opposition. It hasn't had for thirty years. In the election of 1936, the Right tried to convince the American people that Social Security was a fraud, the product of a foreign "ism," and that it would lead to such regimentation that we would soon be wearing numbers like dog tags around our necks. In the medicare battle of 1962, one hears virtually the same moth-eaten charges. In 1938, we were told that the forty-hour week would destroy American manhood, that no man who was a Man could survive as a Man if he labored only a puny forty hours a week; in the world of automation in 1962, with unemployment increasing after each recession, the refrain has not changed one iota. In the 1930s, fighting the New Deal, the Respectable Right and the Radical Right raged about foreign "isms" taking over and subverting the pure American form of government; in the turmoil and tension of the 1960s, both the Respectable Right and the Radical Right must magnify the defanged and clawless Communist domestic tiger into a genuine and never-ending menace. It becomes obvious that, if the menace should ever be dispelled, the whole rightist house of cards would be in danger of imminent collapse.

Nurturing the Faith

The deed, it might seem, should be simple, but it isn't. The persistence of the mythical menace, the dedication of the Right to the aura of the witch hunt, the cyclical eruption of the Right in ever more strident tones, all stand as testament to the power of the forces that nourish and nurture the faith.

The history of the postwar era seems to indicate that the Radical Right is here to stay for a long time.

About the Truman administration, the Respectables and the Radicals combined to drape such slogans as "Twenty Years of Treason" and the "Truman-Acheson-A.D.A. Conspiracy." Then McCarthy picked up the gauge of battle and rode with the witch hunters to national and international prominence. By the end of 1954, McCarthy's excesses had reaped their own retribution; for a brief period, the movement sputtered and faltered—but it did not die. The For America drive, of which Hub Russell had expected such great things, failed to catch fire. The time was not ripe. After all, the Republicans had put Father in the White House, and who could quite believe in the reality of The Menace when Father, that most benign of men, was there minding the store?

It was a frustrating but not a fatal pause. The Right does not give up its Menace that easily. All those forces with which Hub Russell had made contact on his missionary Odyssey remained as active as ever—and of the same mind. Multi-million-dollar business interests wanted no more governmental interference, no more regulation, no more costly liberal legislation; potent publishers who help to mold the public mind were influenced by a similar animus; politicians, responsive to both their desires and, in the South, startled by the racial issue, joined in the drive to get back to something we had allegedly lost. Wedded to all this was an American fundamentalism that traditionally has seen only evil in foreign devils and that now, confirmed in its faith by the cold war, wanted nothing so much as to retreat behind our oceans into the world of the nineteenth century.

Bankrolled by business, fortified by racism and international tensions, the Radical Right revived. Robert Welch formed his John Birch Society with the cooperation of potent figures in the National Association of Manufacturers. Fred Schwarz wedded fundamentalist religion and anti-communism in his Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. The Rev. Billy James Hargis added to the same concoction the selling of a patented cradle-to-the-grave medical nostrum and roared about The Menace from the platforms of his Chris-

tian Crusade. Eminent foundations, bankrolled by industrial millions, engaged their own eggheads to indoctrinate the nation's Military in the true radical faith; soon, retired admirals and generals were being trotted out on Radical Right rostrums to dignify with their braid the ravings of the crusaders. Then Father left the White House. Young and vigorous and potentially dangerous John F. Kennedy supplanted him, proclaiming a mild liberalism that he had labeled the New Frontier; and with this accession to power of a man who dared to tread on the sacred preserves of even the American Medical Association, the hounds of doom let loose with a baying that has filled the nation with sound and fury from coast to coast.

It has been a great blessing in disguise. With Robert Welch labeling even Eisenhower a "dedicated" Communist, with the Respectable Right floundering for a way of disassociating itself from such idiocies without abandoning its menace-methodology, the architecture of the Right began to emerge from the fog of suspicion and distrust in which for so long it had obscured itself, and its skeletal framework stood out stark in the public view. The ties of the Respectable Right to the Radical Right, which it has been so responsible for spawning, emerged with an indissoluble clarity, so undeniable that even the Right itself was moved at times to tacit admission.

Appeal to Reason

Perhaps the frankest recognition came in the wake of a new report on communism in America by the Rev. John F. Cronin, S.S., Associate Director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. In an earlier report in 1947, Father Cronin had played a major role in calling public attention to Communist domination of major labor unions and Communist infiltration of some academic and governmental bodies. In his 1962 report, he accurately noted the contrast between then and now, reported the virtual demise of domestic communism and commented sharply on the paradox that, just when the internal threat was least important,



Americans in droves were becoming the most agitated about it.

Well financed and well attended crusades, which would have been manna from heaven in 1946, are increasingly evident [he wrote]. Speakers and writers for such groups are vigorously fighting problems that were mostly solved by 1950. . . . In many parts of the country, hysteria and suspicion are becoming increasingly evident. A virulent form of disunity is weakening us in the world struggle against communism, and performing this disservice in the name of militant anti-communism.

Father Cronin then analyzed the frustrations that nourish the current witch hunts—the prolonged tensions of the cold war which so often the Communists seem to be winning, the continued burden of oppressively high taxes, the shocking Russian breakthrough with Sputnik in 1957 and the continued Russian supremacy in the power and thrust of their

missiles. To many Americans everything seems to have gone wrong since 1945, when America stood virtually unchallenged as the mightiest military power in the world; and the simple, pat explanation is that none of this could have happened unless we had been betrayed. Yet sowers of such beliefs

. . . are more than dishonest, they are divisive [Father Cronin wrote]. They weaken our democracy by spreading suspicions of treason in government and asking Americans to use Communist tactics against fellow Americans. If carried far enough, these movements would paralyze American diplomacy. When every discussion with the Communist powers is considered a sign of weakness or even treason, then we are left with only two stark alternatives: surrender or war. Surely our common sense should tell us that we should seek some middle course between these extremes.

The Catholic Cleavage

This appeal to reason by an eminent Catholic spokesman created a storm of unreason on the Right. To acknowledge Father Cronin's sound common sense would have been to concede that Respectables and Radicals occupied reverse sides of the same coin. This dilemma was frankly acknowledged by Dr. J. Lorac, writing in *The Wanderer*, national Catholic weekly published in St. Paul, Minn.:

Who are the "extremists" attacked by Father Cronin? Judging from the release, "extremists" are those who frown on forced unionism; who criticize foreign aid to Communist and Socialist countries; who point to the failures of the United Nations; who fear that the Federal Government is leading the country to Socialism; who believe that the danger of Communism is more internal than external, etc. If this be so, then we must conclude that all Conservatives, including many prominent members of the Catholic Hierarchy, are "extremists" who should be denounced as "dishonest and divisive." . . .

Lorac's formula for avoiding this hard choice was to denounce Father Cronin's analysis as "preposterous" and to insist upon the validity in all its most hideous forms of the domestic Communist menace.

This sharp cleavage in Catholic

ranks is only one symptom of the deep divisions that have been produced in the American public by Radical Right propaganda bankrolled by the Respectable Right. Because the cleavage is so deep and so obvious, the first half of this partnership has attracted wide attention in the mass media. Much publicity has been given to the wild irresponsibilities of Robert Welch, the public California frenzies of Schwarz. Most such treatments, however, deal with the Radical Right of 1962 as an isolated phenomenon comparable to the Know-Nothings and the Ku Kluxers of the past. Most assume that such fanaticism will in the end devour itself and fade away. This has happened frequently in our history; it might be expected to happen again, except that there is a vital difference between the extremism of today and the extremism of the past. Extremists of the past were far-out fanatics with no broad, responsible base in American society. This can hardly be said of the extremists of 1962. They have behind them the power, the prestige and the wealth of the Respectables.

Just how much power and prestige and wealth will be the principal subject of this essay. Hub Russell's evangelical mission has served as an introductory peek into all the sources of power and influence that are involved in the intertwined complex of the Right. Some idea of the extent and power of such right-wing combinations may be gleaned from the statement of Professor Alan F. Westin, of Columbia University, that "a cautious estimate—based on recent surveys of annual corporate donations and published gifts to the Radical Right—would show that the business community contributed about \$10 million to the Radical Right last year." That is a lot of money, and it buys a lot of propaganda and influence, especially in a nation in which there stands against it no comparable counterforce.

The disparity is glaringly apparent to most political commentators. Peter Edson, columnist for the Scripps-Howard press, has noted, for example, that fifty right-wing organizations maintain "national headquarters or active lobbying and public relations offices in Washington."

Most apparently are well financed in significant contrast to the poverty of the Left, in which "not even Americans for Democratic Action can be called affluent." The results of such concentrated right-wing financing and lobbying showed, Edson reported, in the listing of conservative thought leaders in "The First National Directory of 'Rightist' Groups, Publications and Some Individuals in the U.S." This placed 162 Representatives, or 37 per cent of the House, and twenty-five Senators, a quarter of the Senate, in the Right camp.

This is the kind of penetration and power that cannot be expected to yield to sweet reason and fold its tents and quietly steal away. The record of the last thirty years seems to say that the Radical Right of 1962 is the final excrescence of a protracted effort and that this effort may be expected to continue with unremitting zeal in an attempt to tar all liberal thought and drive America steadily farther to the Right. The forces that mount this effort, not the front men, are the forces that demand our study.

PART II HOME OF THE LOCUSTS

CALIFORNIA is the No. 1 state in the nation in the manufacture of missiles, warplanes, all the intricate paraphernalia of potential nuclear annihilation. For these creative endeavors, it receives an annual bounty of more than \$5 billion from a grateful federal government; and on this bounty, it has been estimated, depend the livelihood of at least half the residents of the Los Angeles area and, in great measure, the prosperity of the entire state. Such dependence upon federal munitions contracts has given California a vested interest in the Menace—the perpetuation of the cold war and the intensification of international tensions to the point where they become almost explosively hot. And so, perhaps, it is no accident that it is in this premier state of the Golden West that one finds the voice of the cuckoo shrilling loudest in all the land.

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Beginning in 1961 and continuing with unabated fervor in 1962, the circuit riders of the new evangelism have been whipping up the emotions of Californians with their tunes of prejudice and hate. Like a victim of raging smallpox, the state is speckled with a fever rash of anti-communism "schools," project alerts and survival seminars. Frenzy merges into frenzy. "Minutemen" arm themselves with guns and begin to roam the hills. Schoolteachers become the victims of witch hunts; textbooks are expurgated by vigilantes; churches are defaced and ministers' homes bombed. Admirals and generals take to the platforms of the Radical Right and call for "pre-emptive" war with Russia; Hollywood stars lend the glamour of their names and businessmen the resources of capacious bankrolls to the cause of a blind and emotional super-

patriotism. The Respectables and the Radicals are one.

Christian Crusader

The front man in the promotion of this extravaganza in California is a medical doctor and part-time psychiatrist from Australia, a Jew turned Baptist evangelist and lay preacher. He is Dr. Fred C. Schwarz, the master of what he calls the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. Schwarz arrived in this country in 1953 with just \$10 in his pockets, and he has built his Christian Anti-Communism Crusade into a million-dollar-a-year business. His is not, like the John Birch Society of Robert Welch, an organization dedicated to a specific program of action; on the contrary, Schwarz pretends to "teach" the truth about communism in "schools" that he has conducted throughout the length and breadth

of the nation. These "schools" become, however, exercises in revivalist emotion rather than exercises in logic; and wherever Schwarz has been, he leaves in his wake the atmosphere of the vigilante and the fanatic. This bitter and divisive climate is the product of "schools" that feature the most rabid speakers of the Radical Right; retired military Brass who, in their fanaticism, want war with Russia tomorrow if not today; and Schwarz's own brand of rabble-rousing.

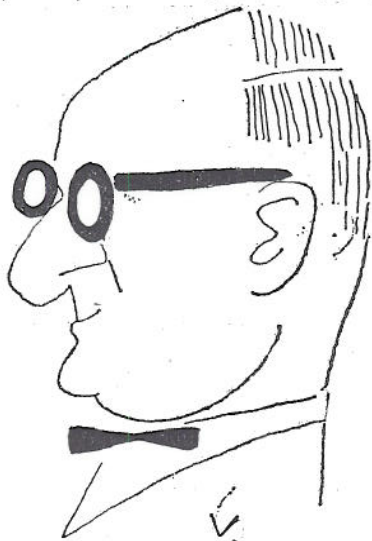
This all makes for potent medicine—such potent medicine that in California thousands have flocked to Schwarz's "schools" day after day, and verified figures obtained by State Attorney General Stanley Mosk showed that, in Los Angeles alone, in the ninety days following June 30, 1961, Schwarz's crusade grossed \$311,253 and chalked up a net profit of \$214,737.

Mosk declared in a televised address:

This is indeed big business—nearly a quarter of a million dollars net in ninety days! At that rate there would be a million dollars a year—in just one city. No one is told, except in generalities, what is happening to the Oakland profits—or to the \$100,000 taken out of Philadelphia, the \$40,000 out of Phoenix, and so on in city after city. No wonder this whole movement has been called "Patriotism for Profit."

It would seem that an ideological evangelist from a foreign country who created such a stir and reaped such profits should have aroused the curiosity of the American press. Who is the man from Down Under who has built such a career out of educating Americans about communism? What kind of man is he? What wellsprings make him run? None of the great American media of information seem to have been possessed by an overwhelming curiosity to resolve these mysteries.

This much is generally known: Schwarz was born in Brisbane, Australia, on June 15, 1913. He attended the University of Queensland; taught mathematics and science in high school (his wife originally was one of his pupils), and then returned to college for his medical degree. He opened a private practice in a



Fred C. Schwarz

Sydney suburb, later studied "a bit of psychiatry," served as a psychiatrist for a marriage-guidance clinic in a Sydney hospital, and finally became a Baptist lay preacher of some note.

In 1949 he met a couple of American fundamentalists who were touring Australia. They liked his sermons and invited him to come to the United States as the guest of the American Council of Christian Churches, a fundamentalist organization. This first visit was followed by another in 1952, during which Schwarz made some radio talks and put together his first booklet, "The Heart, Mind and Soul of Communism." The following year, he came to stay and to crusade in earnest against the Menace.

An Intimate Portrait

All of this paints little more than the skeleton facts of a life; it does not tell very much about the man, Fred Schwarz. Fortunately, *The Nation* has been able to develop a more intimate portrait. It comes from Dr. J. V. Duhig, former professor of pathology at the University of Queensland, who came to know the young Fred Schwarz as a student in his class in 1942. According to Dr. Duhig, Schwarz's father was a taxi driver, and both of his parents originally were orthodox Jews. In the late 1930s, however, they broke with the Jewish faith, an act of apostasy that left considerable bitterness in the Jewish community.

Soon after Schwarz first entered his class, Professor Duhig's eye was caught by his personality and apparent brilliance.

"Freddy made an impression on me from the start by his appearance, his unusual warm interest in the work and a curious fluency of expression," Dr. Duhig writes. "On inquiring about him, I learned he was a devoted evangelizer, which explained a lot." Dr. Duhig was sufficiently curious about his new student to make discreet inquiries about him among his college classmates; and from this information and his own observations, he put together a vivid portrait of Fred Schwarz.

"From his earliest years he was a strong pacifist," Dr. Duhig writes, "and . . . went around the university, long, lean and pale of face at the thought of war, and the ceaseless expression of his pacifism became a nuisance to his fellow students not so much for its effect or sincerity or validity, but because he became an intolerable, monotonously repetitive bore on the subject."

Schwarz passed Dr. Duhig's pathology course easily enough, and the following year, 1943, returned to his former professor to seek advice. Resident medical officers were then being paid the miserly stipend of 50 to 100 pounds annually [\$240-\$480 at the 1943 exchange rate] and Schwarz wanted to know what could be done to correct so intolerable a situation. Dr. Duhig advised him that his only recourse was to form a union or, better, to join an already established union and fight through it for better wages. Schwarz followed his advice. He joined a union, induced the union to apply in Arbitration Court for salary increases for the resident and, when the case came up, handled the legal argument.

"The claim was opposed and the government case was conducted by the Public Service Commissioner, an egregious fool in this matter and a man who would far rather send a man a letter of dismissal than raise his salary," Dr. Duhig writes. "Anyway Freddy left him for dead and the RMOs got a rise to 750-800 pounds [\$3,600-\$3,900]. This was really a great triumph for Freddy, and he did deserve great praise."

The bureaucrats in the Australian

The NATION

government, however, had their revenge. They barred Schwarz from appointment to top hospital posts and he went off into the country, where Dr. Duhig lost track of him until, years later, he popped into prominence as an expert witness before American Congressional committees, expounding on the evils of communism. This development came as no great surprise to Dr. Duhig. He had always been impressed by the "extremely effective fluency of the man," by his "appetite and digestion of facts" that were "prodigious," and by a curious lack of balance that deprived Schwarz of "intellectual distinction" and led to the employment of a logic that was often "spurious and cockeyed." Schwarz, to Dr. Duhig, was the kind of facile, shallow, deceptively brilliant man who thought with his emotions rather than his brain.

Dr. Duhig's analysis fits, as nothing else that has been written fits, the picture of Schwarz in action on the platforms of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade.

A Teacher of 'Facts'

Schwarz, that "good organizer and sound judge of tactics" whose caniness Dr. Duhig had perceived at the University of Queensland, has struggled hard to dissociate himself from the Radical Right. He bristles at any attempt to categorize him, to link him with the rabid fringe. He insists that he is simply a teacher of facts. What people do with the "facts" that Schwarz teaches, he maintains, is none of his business—and none of his responsibility. The pose is shrewd and would be plausible were it not for what Schwarz re-



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veals of himself in interviews or on the speaker's platform.

In one of his Los Angeles "schools" last year, Schwarz told 3,000 rapt listeners: "After you understand the Communist dialectic, you not only can understand the Communists, but you can also predict their actions. To understand communism, one must learn to think like a corkscrew." Proving that he has mastered this difficult art, Schwarz went on a few months later to spell out for Charles Raudebaugh of the *San Francisco Chronicle* how he had read the mind of Nikita Khrushchev in precise detail.

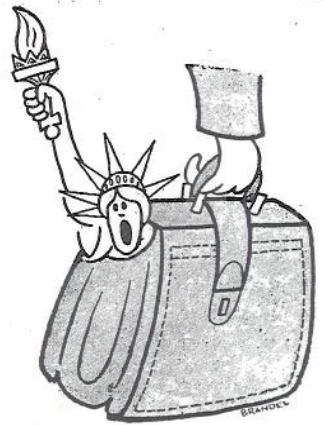
Khrushchev's timetable, he said, calls for the conquest of the United States by 1973. "I believe he has chosen San Francisco as the headquarters of the world Communist dictatorship," Schwarz told Raudebaugh. "The Mark Hopkins Hotel will make splendid offices for him." Khrushchev has had San Francisco in mind as his potential capital ever since he visited the United States during the brief era of good feeling in 1959, Schwarz believes. "In fact," he told Raudebaugh, "that's basically why he came to San Francisco."

As for whatever Americans might survive the nuclear holocaust (though it must be confessed Schwarz doesn't lay much emphasis on nuclear holocausts), there is no doubt what would happen to them. "The people of San Francisco—those they don't dump in the Bay—can be put in the Nevada desert, which is quite handy," Schwarz told the *Chronicle* reporter.

Possessed by passionate beliefs derived from corkscrew thinking, Schwarz takes to the platform and soars off into flights of evangelistic oratory. For him it is as if long-range missiles, as if nuclear bombs of such incredible power that they could lay waste the heart of the continent, did not even exist; all that exists is the holy cause against the heathen infidel. Listen to this typical Schwarz exhortation:

Christians, to arms! The enemy is at the gate. Buckle on the armor of the Christian and go forth to battle.

With education, evangelism and dedication let us smite the Communist foe and if necessary give up our lives in this noble Cause!



... We cry, "We shall not yield! Lift high the blood-stained banner of the Cross and on to Victory!"

... Co-existence is impossible. ... Communism is total evil ... its methods are evil and its ends are evil. ... We must hurl this thing back into the pit from whence it came!

Is this the voice of the responsible thinker and teacher?

The answer, it seems, should be obvious. But, if it is obvious, it isn't being heeded in California. There, for reasons of their own, the Respectables have all but deified Fred Schwarz. They have given him the backing of their names, their prestige, their vociferous voices. They have given him, above all, the inestimable boon of their money.

God and Free Enterprise

Schwarz's backing among millionaire Respectables and the business concerns they dominate is impressive. The Allen-Bradley Company of Milwaukee, Wis., manufacturers of "quality motor controls and quality electronic equipment"—and, incidentally, a holder of big armaments contracts—has been among the foremost Schwarz supporters. Allen-Bradley was an associate of General Electric in the price-rigging scandal in the electrical industry and was fined \$40,000 for its role, but it feels so strongly about free enterprise and the American way of life that it has distributed hundreds of thousands of copies of a huge handbill reproducing Schwarz's entire testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee on May 29, 1957. The spread is headlined by glaring bold-face type asking the question:

"WILL YOU BE FREE TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS IN THE FUTURE?" The answers to this shocking query are given in type only slightly less bold. They go like this:

NOT UNLESS You and other free Americans begin to understand and appreciate the benefits provided by God under the American free enterprise system.

NOT UNLESS You and other free Americans awaken to the true meaning of Communism and understand that it is your enemy.

NOT UNLESS Your children, and their educators, quit swallowing whole the false, sugar-coated, one-sided description of vicious Communism supplied by dedicated Communist sympathizers.

NOT UNLESS Americans generally begin to understand that Communism is NOT just another political party.

NOT UNLESS otherwise well-meaning Americans begin to understand that "academic freedom" without morality leads to national suicide.

Then, in heavy black type, boxed with black borders, the flier proclaims: **"COMMUNISM IS OUT TO DESTROY YOU!"**

Popular Document

Having by this emotional effusion wedded God exclusively to the free-enterprise system, having ridiculed the concept of "academic freedom" and plainly hinted that anything less than hate-teaching of communism is outright subversion, the patriotic Allen-Bradley Company offered twenty-five copies of its flier free to anyone who wanted them. To schools and churches, it offered copies "free in any quantity," a bargain that was snapped up so avidly that Schwarz later was able to boast: "This document, I understand, has had wider distribution than any government document in the history of the United States, with the exception of the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution."

The Schwarz doctrine which the people in Allen-Bradley were so zealous in distributing free to masses of the American people was, naturally, the doctrine of the fanatic—the doctrine that by clear implication makes utterly inconceivable any end

but nuclear war against the heathen foe. Schwarz had informed HUAC that "to negotiate true peace . . . is impossible" and that even to think we could do it "is to indicate a failure to understand communism so complete that it approaches mental illness." He had advocated the teaching of communism in the schools but only "with a moral directive" that would insure the closed mind.

The inevitable end to which the program of the Right, Respectables and Radicals alike, ultimately would doom America and the world was tacitly acknowledged by Schwarz himself in the last exchange in his testimony. He was asked whether the Communists planned hydrogen war, and his reply illumined the divergence of belief and method between the powers of East and West; it illumined the no-choice alternative that is at the heart of the doctrine of both the Respectables and the Radicals. Schwarz testified before the committee:

The basic Communist strategy in 1952 renounced the inevitability of World War III. World conquest without war, which is called coexistence, became their basic strategy. I would not be surprised that they would like some disarmament, as all they look to from military might is a stalemate. If they can reduce the armament burden and retain this stalemate, they will have more funds available for propaganda, and political and economic warfare.

It is startling to find so dedicated and emotional an anti-Communist as Schwarz accepting the proposition that the Communists want some disarmament, that they contemplate at best only a military stalemate, that they expect to win and conquer, yes, but by the peaceful methods of "political and economical warfare." *In view of this, Schwarz's no-compromise, no-negotiation doctrine carries with it the inevitable corollary that our policy must be the reverse of this dangerous Communist strategy of peaceful coexistence—that, while the devil-Communists may be for peace and disarmament because they believe they can win that way, we, the chosen people of God, must back the cause of ever mightier armaments and ultimately nuclear war,*

because we can win only that way. To say that this is the reverse of the American stereotype of the Soviet Union is to put it mildly. But make no mistake. This reverse image comprises the joint, dark faith of Respectable and Radical alike; and the siren voice of an emotional revivalist like Schwarz is priceless to the faith because it appeals to every prejudice and every volatile emotion of man, and because, listening to it, we become committed to a vaguely defined, but glorious, moral and religious crusade without realizing that the end of this commitment may well be nuclear war in all its inconceivable horror.

The hate campaign which makes this end possible, if indeed not inevitable, is financed and supported by the most eminent of Respectables, haunted by the irrational fear that the mere existence of communism anywhere in the world threatens their millions, their status, their control of their businesses and their society. To avert such calamities they embrace a Fred Schwarz who "thinks with his blood."

Someone Up There Liked Him

In California, Schwarz's principal backer and financial angel has been industrialist Patrick J. Frawley, who heads a complex of prominent companies. Some years ago, Frawley was hailed as one of America's brightest young industrialists when, at the age of thirty-one, he came up with a personal gold mine in the Paper Mate pen. He is now chairman and chief executive officer of Technicolor Inc., in which he holds 77,577 shares of stock; he heads the Schick Safety Razor Co., a division of Eversharp, Inc.; and he is chairman of the board of Eversharp. In his dominating position in Technicolor, his vice president and alter ego is the Hollywood actor, George Murphy, a symbolic pairing in its way; for, in the frenzy of 1961, Frawley and Murphy were to combine Big Business and Hollywood with Fred Schwarz's brand of anti-communism.

Schwarz himself has related how he discovered, before he had even met Frawley, that someone up there in Big Business liked him. Several years ago, when his Christian Anti-Communist Crusade was far less

prosperous than it is now, Schwarz collected the mail one morning, opened a letter and discovered inside a check for \$5,000. The check was from Frawley, and ever since the boss man of Technicolor has been one of Schwarz's most enthusiastic backers. It just goes to show what kindred ideas and faith will do for a man.

The extent of Frawley's faith was graphically demonstrated in two Schwarz rallies in California last year. The first was the five-day Southern California School of Anti-Communism held in Los Angeles and ending on September 1. Frawley started off the fund-raising appeal to insure the continuance of Schwarz's good deeds by contributing \$10,000. His Schick Safety Razor Co. (not to be confused with Schick, Inc., manufacturers of the Schick electric razor) also sponsored a local telecast. It turned out to be quite a show.

Schwarz himself denounced foreign aid and called for "dedicated individuals" to repel the Communist threat. We couldn't win allies abroad by our money, he said; we must rely, as the Communists did, on dedicated, determined, highly trained persons with a "practical program for the seizure of power." If such programs "for the seizure of power" don't seem very much like democracy in action, they were relatively mild compared to the steps that other members of Schwarz's "faculty" advocated in stentorian tones.

Demand for 'Victory'

Rear Admiral Chester Ward (U.S.N., Ret.), former Judge Advocate General of the Navy, called for victory, not accommodation, in the cold war. He saw a "rising demand for victory among the American people"; we must let it be known "that we are at all times ready for war to keep the peace"; we must drop all idea of disarmament because this was "a trap"; we must resume nuclear testing at once; we should arm a hundred merchant ships with Polaris missiles; we must "get rid of the architects of accommodation, the foreign-policy advisers who gave President Kennedy bad advice."

W. Cleon Skousen, a former FBI

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agent and a regular member of Schwarz's "faculty," called for the severance of all diplomatic relations with Russia; a ban on all trade with Russia and China; withdrawal from the United Nations unless the Charter could be rewritten to our liking; and a thoroughgoing, Congressional investigation of our foreign-policy makers to root out the "small left-wing group in the State Department" that has been the cause of all our troubles.

In speech after speech, these pet themes of the Radical Right were hammered home, at times to wild bursts of applause. Plainly evident in the Schwarz "school" were all the neuroses and hallucinations of the Right: the conspiracy theory of history that relates virtually every development in the modern world to treason and sellout; the demand for more ruthless witch hunts to root out the conspirators; the denunciation of negotiation, disarmament, any moves toward peace; the call for "total victory" and "war to keep the peace." To these themes, actor Ronald Reagan added one more vital ingredient. He denounced the

Welfare State because, he said, it represented a centralization of government just as dangerous for America as communism.

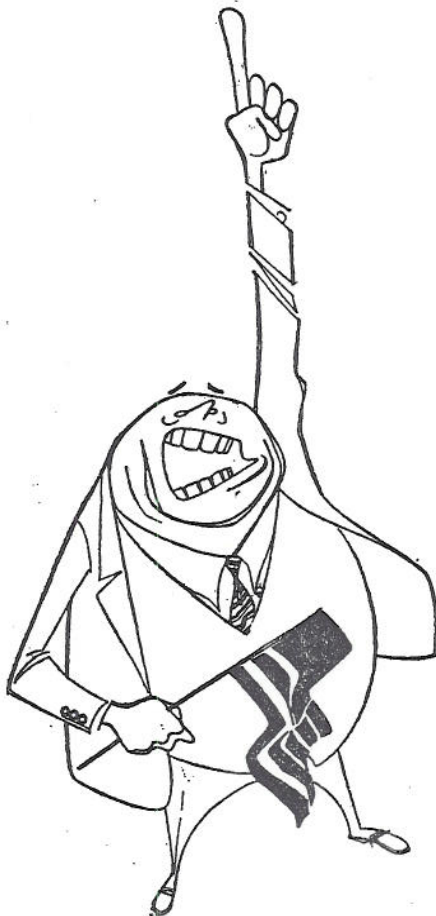
'Life' Can Be Cruel

This last strand, the umbilical cord of Respectable-Radical union, had hardly been read into the record when a new element was injected—one that brought the seminar to a close on a fevered note. The *Life* magazine of that veteran right-wing warrior Henry Luce had just hit the stands, and it contained a startlingly unkind reference to what it called Dr. Schwarz's "revival meeting" in Southern California. "Schwarz," *Life* said, "preaches doomsday by communism by 1973 unless every American starts distrusting his neighbor as a possible Communist or 'com-symp' (Communist sympathizer)."

To the members of Schwarz's "faculty," this pronouncement was like a stab in the back by a blood brother. Herbert Philbrick, the former FBI hero of *I Led Three Lives* repute, grabbed the offending issue of *Life* and waved it in front of Dr. Schwarz's astonished disciples. "This is not news," he shouted. "It is an invention. Whoever pulled that sleazy stunt is working for the Communist criminal conspiracy."

There was, as they sometimes say, sheer hell to pay. The dereliction of *Life* could not be permitted to go ignored or unchallenged. According to both Frawley and Murphy, Frawley grabbed the telephone and got in touch with Henry Luce, sent the publisher a batch of Schwarz literature, then flew to New York to meet Luce personally and argue the cause. Subsequently, Schwarz himself arrived on the scene and met and talked with Luce. So was the groundwork laid for *Life's* confession of error.

Schwarz, at the time, was planning the greatest anti-Communist extravaganza of his life. It was to be held in the Hollywood Bowl on October 16, and it was being billed as "Hollywood's Answer to Communism." Big-name Hollywood stars, Schwarz and his own "faculty" and headline politicians of the Right were to combine in three hours of denunciation of the Communist menace. Frawley and other eminent in-



dustrialists were determined to see that no one missed the spectacle, and so they laid elaborate plans to blanket the entire West Coast by television. A thirty-five-station network was formed to carry the telecast, with Frawley guaranteeing to underwrite the costs. (In the end, Frawley's Schick Safety Razor Co. picked up the tab in the Los Angeles area, and Richfield Oil, one of the large and growing West Coast oil companies, bore the burden of the network telecast.) The over-all investment in Schwarz's right-wing propaganda, never explicitly stated, has been estimated at better than \$50,000.

The performance itself was largely a repeat of the doggerel Schwarz had disseminated at his Southern California "school" two months earlier. Only the window-dressing, some of the headline figures and *Life* were different. A Boy Scout color guard presented the colors and 15,000 voices sang, "God Bless America." On the stage were such Hollywood glamour personalities as Linda Darnell, Dale Evans, John Wayne, Cesar Romero, Pat O'Brien, Lloyd Nolan, Jimmy Stewart, Robert Stack and Roy Rogers. Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.), who began his career as an FBI agent, warned that communism is based on "blasphemy," that there was no hope in negotiations with Russia, and that "The only answer to total defeat in the struggle against communism is total victory!" Rep. Walter H. Judd (R., Minn.), a veteran of the right-wing China Lobby's wars, shouted: "Wake up, we're the targets!" Khrushchev, he said, heads such a "well-disciplined" apparatus that "he can start a riot or a strike in any major city any time he wants to." Schwarz told the roaring 15,000 in the audience that "United States Communists acknowledge that if they came to power they would have to put 60 million Americans to death." Just who ever "acknowledged" this, Schwarz did not say, and of course no one, in this fevered gathering, paused to consider that even 60 million might be a pallid figure compared to the casualties of the nuclear war that alone could bring Senator Dodd's "total victory." This was not the hour of reason;

it was the hour of unreason. And so, with 15,000 cheering, C. D. Jackson, the publisher of Henry Luce's *Life*, stepped forth to make his capitulation to the Radical Right. "It is a great privilege to be with you tonight," he said, "because it affords me an opportunity to align *Life* magazine in a very personal way with a number of stalwart fighters . . . against the first implacable foe our country has ever had—imperial, aggressive communism."

Jackson pictured a world in imminent danger of becoming overwhelmingly communistic, an America with "virtually nothing left on the globe as a place to make the last stand other than the North American continent—an island besieged." Having thus confirmed everybody's fears, he pleaded for knowledge and so came to *Life's* profound apology to Dr. Schwarz:

You have with you a man who has dedicated his life to helping disseminate that knowledge and therefore to helping endow our nation with that power.

That man is Dr. Fred Schwarz and, like all dedicated men, he will be subject to over-simplified misinterpretations. Regretfully, my own magazine recently published such an over-simplified misinterpretation. I know that you are not interested in how that happened, but I hope you will be interested in my statement that I believe we were wrong and that I am profoundly sorry.

Life, proud product of one of the most powerful publishing dynasties in the nation, had made its abject capitulation to the Radical Right. In Los Angeles, weeks later, politicians of both parties told Chalmers Roberts of *The Washington Post* that Jackson's public apology at the Hollywood Bowl was the greatest coup that had been scored by the anti-Communists. "The apology served to swell the sense of increasing power for the rightists," Roberts wrote.

Triumph—or Disaster?

The performance in the Hollywood Bowl was both triumph and disaster, depending on how one looked at it. For the emotional Right, this was glorious, 150 per cent Americanism;

but for others, watching the fervid nationalistic trappings, listening to the wild exhortations of hate and the rabid calls for "total victory" at carefully unstated cost, the mood that was induced was one of deep disgust. Guy Endore, the novelist, was one such. He had watched the rally, intending to write a description of it for *The Nation*, but when the last ranting voice had died, he found that he could not. In a letter to Carey McWilliams, editor of *The Nation*, he wrote:

I swear I meant to write an article for you. But have you any idea of the state of despair that I was thrown into as I listened to speaker after speaker and noted how not one of them uttered the word war, but every one of whom hammered home ideas that made that outcome absolutely inevitable? And then saw fifteen thousand youths rising again and again to cheer these ideas, deliberately boxing themselves in with death? And boxing us in, too?

Endore recalled the last paragraph that Albert Einstein wrote—the paragraph that he was writing when death struck and stilled his pen:

In essence, the conflict that exists today is no more than the old-style struggle for power, once again presented to mankind in semi-religious trappings. The difference is that, this time, the development of atomic power has imbued the struggle with a ghostly character; for both parties know and admit that, should the quarrel deteriorate into actual war, mankind is doomed. Despite this knowledge, statesmen in responsible positions on both sides continue to employ the well-known technique of seeking to intimidate and demoralize the opponents by marshaling superior military strength. They do so even though such a policy entails the risk of war and doom. Not one statesman in a position of responsibility has dared to pursue the only course that holds out any promise of peace, the course of supranational security, since for a statesman to follow such a course would be tantamount to political suicide. Political passions, once they have been fanned into flames, exact their victims. . . .

"Political passions, once they have been fanned into flames, exact their victims. . . ." Fred Schwarz was fanning, cheered on by the Respect-

ables, and it was a rare man indeed who stood against the gale. One such was Morris Watson of San Francisco. For twelve years, Watson had held a preferred customer credit card from Richfield Oil. On October 18, he wrote Charles S. Jones, president of Richfield, returning the credit card and announcing his intention of never again patronizing Richfield or any of its affiliates.

I do not lightly break off a customer relationship of a dozen years' standing [he wrote]. Your sponsorship of the disgraceful demagoguery displayed at Hollywood Bowl the evening of October 16 leaves me no choice. . . .

A man can be against a political philosophy without advocating destruction of any and all who disagree with him. But such was not the tenor, tone or content of the Hollywood Bowl meeting. . . . From beginning to end it was preachment of nationalistic hatred for the people of almost two-thirds of the world. . . .

Guy Endore and Morris Watson appear to have been in the minority. The emotionalism of the rally apparently swept a sizable portion of the public off its feet, and the Respectables all up and down the Pacific Coast cheered the great patriotic contribution made by Patrick Frawley of Schick and Charles Jones of Richfield Oil. One of the loudest leaders of the applause was Joe Crail, president of the huge Coast Federal Savings & Loan Association of Los Angeles—third largest enterprise of its kind in the nation.

Brainwashing by Business

Crail, for some years now, has been making a business of wedding business to anti-communism. He has set up what he calls the Free Enterprise Bureau in Coast Federal, and he allocates to this 4 per cent of the institution's huge net revenue before taxes. Last year, Coast Federal's Free Enterprise Bureau mailed out two million pieces of propaganda to depositors, borrowers and business concerns. The idea, according to Crail, has caught on in the business community. Five thousand American companies have inquired about Coast Federal's program, he says, and no less than 2,000 firms have established similar bureaus.

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This is brainwashing of the American public by business in its own self-interest. Coast Federal's direction, in those millions of pieces of literature it distributes, is Hard Right. Its bias shows clearly in a "Myths & Truth" kit about free enterprise and communism which it has put out. The kit labels as a myth this statement: "Cultural exchanges are an excellent way for Americans to understand Russians and vice versa. They might, in time, help relieve distrustful international relations." The "truth," according to Joe Crail and Coast Federal, is that "Since we are at war, cultural exchanges amount to nothing more than weapons of espionage, propaganda, and sources of income for the Communist conspiracy." As might be expected, Coast Federal is distrustful of majority rule. In a flier, it proclaims: "Majority rule, without adequate education, is as irresponsible and conscienceless as dictatorship. . . . America is declining as the 'majority'-mob reaches for divine right to rule over the individual." The nature of the threat and the purpose of Coast Federal both become crystal clear in one additional simple statement that it has labeled "myth." It is this: "Human rights are above property rights."

'Twas Never Said

This is the kind of propaganda, most of it, that stops just this side of the threshold of falsehood; but in at least one instance, according to Senator Lee Metcalf (D., Mont.), Coast Federal did not stop short. In a speech in the Senate on March 8, Metcalf exposed the manner in which Coast Federal and other Hard Right mouthpieces like Poor Richard's Book Shop in Los Angeles were attributing to Premier Khrushchev a statement that the Soviet leader had never made. The statement was an especially vicious distortion since it quotes Khrushchev as confirming a cardinal tenet of the Radical Right — that any legislation that smacks of liberalism merely paves the way for the ultimate Communist take-over.

The alleged Khrushchev statement, Metcalf said, was this:

We cannot expect the Americans to jump from capitalism to communism,

but we can assist their elected leaders in giving Americans small doses of socialism, until they suddenly awake to find they have communism.

This statement, Metcalf declared on the Senate floor, sometimes "is printed against a red background, on post cards distributed as a public service by the Coast Federal firm of Los Angeles, which has circulated thousands of copies of literature endorsing the John Birch Society." Metcalf said he had received such cards in the mail, followed by denunciations like this: "Your socialistic voting record leads me to believe that you are one of the elected leaders upon whom Nikita Khrushchev depends to carry out his plan."

Metcalf, doubting the authenticity of the Khrushchev quote, said he asked every knowledgeable source in the American government to confirm it for him, if possible. He had sent inquiries to the Library of Congress, the House Un-American Activities Committee, the Senate Internal Security Committee, J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI, the Central Intelligence Agency, the U.S. Information Agency and the State Department. No one could verify the quote. John A. McCone, director of CIA, was most explicit. "The quotation," he wrote, "does not appear in any of Khrushchev's speeches, interviews, articles, or off-the-cuff remarks which have come to our attention. To the best of our knowledge, we believe the quotation to be spurious."

Hurling the Haymaker

Having established the facts, Senator Metcalf then hurled a haymaker at the Respectables of Coast Federal and the fanatics of the Radical Right.

Mr. President [he said from the Senate floor], this fabrication, attributed to the leader of the Communist Party, arouses Americans against their elected officials. Readers and listeners are led, by the mischievous persons who authored and use the false quotation, to believe that their President, their Senators, their Representatives, their judges and local officials are Communist stooges. Thus a lie is used to perpetrate a greater lie.

I say, Mr. President, that whoever created this quotation, and those

who, knowing it to be spurious, nevertheless disseminate it, are cut from the same cloth as Communists and Fascists. Totalitarian movements always strive to belittle and subvert democratic or republican government. Let the American people beware.

Such is the record of Joe Crail's huge Coast Federal firm in the propaganda field. Dedicated Hard Rightist that he is, Respectable Joe Crail chortled over what he considered the smashing success of "Hollywood's Answer to Communism," with its telecast audience estimated at nearly 7 million persons. This was even better than distributing 2 million pieces of literature in a year, and Crail in a speech to fellow business executives urged them to come on in and join the rabid Right, anti-Communist clamor.

"Anti-communism builds sales and raises employee performance," Crail declared, emphasizing what a boon patriotism is to profit. He said he rated Coast Federal's Free Enterprise Bureau "our least expensive form of getting business." As for himself, after the Hollywood Bowl extravaganza, he had switched to Richfield gas. "I began buying Richfield gasoline a few weeks ago," he said. "I enjoy driving into a Richfield station and saying, 'I want some anti-Communist gasoline.' I enjoy watching the attendant's face light up with pride in his company."

The faces of Respectables were lighting up all over Southern California. Ed Baltz, of the Compton Advertising Company, which handled some of the arrangements for the coast-blanketing telecast, confided that the sponsors were positively ecstatic over the results. Literally bales of mail had been received, he said, and automobile owners by the droves were writing in for Richfield credit cards. Baltz felt sure Schick and Richfield had scored what he called "a real breakthrough" with the "Hollywood Answer" program.

Then the Bombings

Evidence of the sentiment of the hour was visible on the streets. All over Southern California, car bumpers broke out in a rash of stickers, proclaiming slogans like "Americanism — The Only Ism for Me," "So-

cialism Is Communism," "No on Red China," and "Goldwater for Me." Fred Schwarz and the conservative Respectables behind him had certainly whipped up a gale, and Schwarz, looking for new worlds to conquer, set his sights on the San Francisco Bay area as his first objective for 1962. But now, just at the height of his triumph, things began to happen.

A reaction set in. One did not have to be any lover of communism to detest the emotional fanaticism, the psychopathic suspicions, the inevitable violence that were being nurtured by Fred Schwarz. In Los Angeles, a counter rally was scheduled entitled: "The Extreme Right — Threat to Democracy." It was held on the night of Feb. 1, 1962, and two of the principal speakers were the Rev. John G. Simmons and the Rev. Brooks B. Walker. The Rev. Simmons, who, before coming to the West Coast, had been the unsuccessful Democratic-Farmer-Labor candidate to succeed Hubert Humphrey as mayor of Minneapolis, had written to an Australian minister for information about Schwarz. The answer that he received and read to the gathering complements the analysis of Dr. Duhig.

Unfortunately [the Australian minister wrote of Schwarz], his mind is of the McCarthy type and he is ready to smear people who are not prepared to be as violent as he is in anti-Communist views. It is significant that he was recently in Sydney and had a school of the type that he seems to run in America, but it gained no attention whatsoever in the public press and I should imagine would have been a very small and unimportant affair.

The Rev. Mr. Simmons had hardly finished reading this description of Schwarz and his Australian activities when he was informed that his home had been bombed. So had the home of his outspoken associate, the Rev. Mr. Walker. No one was injured in either bombing, but this was more by chance than lack of intent. The power of the bombs used was indicated by the fact that some of the debris from the Rev. Mr. Simmons' home was deposited a block and a half away.

Though the bomb-planters were not caught, police had little doubt that these crimes of violence had been committed by Radical Rightists. The dual bombings of the Simmons and Walker homes at the very time both men were speaking at the anti-Schwarz rally suggested that. Pointing up the moral, the Rev. Mr. Simmons bluntly told Mayor Sam Yorty, of Los Angeles: "When you endorse meetings which preach hate, someone is likely to start throwing bombs."

The bomb incident, the gradually dawning awareness of the nature and danger of the emotional fanaticism that is the trademark of Schwarz "schools," brought the anti-Communist evangelist a surprisingly cool reception when he invaded Oakland and San Francisco. Raudebaugh's devastating word portrait, in a series of articles in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, gave the public, for the first time, a true image of the man; some 290 university professors, school teachers, clergymen, lawyers, doctors and plain housewives and citizens took out large advertisements in the local press denouncing the aims and purposes of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade; the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, breaking with the business pattern of all-out support in Southern California, frowned on Schwarz and his works; and Attorney General Mosk took to the air waves with an unremitting series of attacks in which he detailed the enormous financial take of Schwarz's supposedly lofty, politico-spiritual crusade.

Who Likes Schwarz?

The Mosk shafts sparked indignant denials by Schwarz, then holding forth in a sparsely populated hall in Oakland. One entire Schwarz telecast was devoted to rebuttal, a performance in which Schwarz called out of the wings, as his champion knight, Patrick J. Frawley of Technicolor and Schick. Frawley, in the process of defending Schwarz, made some interesting revelations. He contended that Schwarz was a thoroughly responsible operator and that he had been "completely cleared" in an investigation masterminded by Norman Chandler, the conservative publisher of the powerful *Los Angeles*

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Times. Adding to the impressive list of Schwarz credentials, Frawley placed some of the nation's foremost Respectables in the evangelist's corner. Schwarz's show had been approved by the Sears, Roebuck head office in Chicago, he said; it had been given the blessing of General Electric of Schenectady, the most eminent culprit in the electrical price-rigging conspiracy; and it had been backed, too, by the American Security Council, that lofty, militaristic, right-wing brain trust that Sears and General Electric reportedly help to finance and control. To all of these powers, Frawley significantly added one other: he thanked members of the John Birch Society, who had given Schwarz their loyal support in this time of trouble.

'A Public Service'

Even this open avowal of the union between Respectable and Radical, even this recitation of eminent sponsorship, could not quite rescue the Schwarz operation in the San Francisco Bay area. Local officials who at first had endorsed Schwarz's crusade, evidently on the theory that anything goes where communism is concerned, began to withdraw their sponsorship; the public climate turned cool; and though Schwarz drew some fair crowds, he failed to score anything like the perfervid success that had marked his repetitive "schools" in the southern section of the state.

The setback did not indicate, however, that the last had been heard of Fred Schwarz. A video tape had been made of the Hollywood Bowl extravaganza and this was shown on television stations throughout the nation. In New York City, Frawley's Schick and Technicolor paid the costs of a three-hour rerun over Station WPIX. Even though Technicolor's profits had taken a beating and there hadn't been any money for dividends to stockholders in five years, there was money for this. Frawley's management might have blundered, as he conceded to stockholders, in its methods of marketing the company's 8 mm. home motion-picture projector, but Frawley was seeing to it that no blunders were committed in promoting his pet ver-

sion of anti-communism. In a letter to a correspondent after the WPIX telecast, he exulted over the receipt of "6,000 letters, of which only fifteen were critical of our public service sponsorship" — even though sales of projectors did remain noticeably sluggish.

This, perhaps, should not be so surprising. It is far easier to sell an emotion like hate than it is to sell a manufactured product in the competitive market; for when one is selling good, solid, anti-Communist hate



"I'm always glad to give a hand, Barry."

there is no rival, there is no counter sales-pitch to overcome. The Respectables see to that. In New York, Frawley and Technicolor had no competition in selling Schwarz's wares. When Gilbert Seldes, who had helped to put together an hour-and-a-half taped reply to Schwarz's frenetic Hollywood production, asked WPIX for time to reply, the station refused to handle his program. The American Civil Liberties Union protested this decision and filed an appeal with the Federal Communications Commission, where at the moment, months later, the matter rests.

Rewards of Fanaticism

Not much else was resting, however. Frawley and Schwarz had convinced Madison Avenue. The flood of mail, the applications for Richfield credit cards, demonstrated to the hucksters, as the *Insider's News-*

letter reported, that anti-communism was "the hottest commodity on the mass-media market." Ed Baltz had been right in exulting about the "real breakthrough" scored by "Hollywood's Answer." Television could not wait to cash in on the rewards of fanaticism.

For one thing, fighting communism is like being for motherhood. There is no opposition. "You don't have to be objective about narcotics, morals or communism," says W. P. Strube, Jr., the Texas insurance executive who is director of radio and TV for the Schwarz crusade. This noble philosophy seems to have been adopted as the credo of the television industry. As of this writing, some 250 individual anti-Communist shows are in the works. Five of them are complete series — an amazing number on one theme when one considers that last year, according to *Broadcasting*, the entire industry produced only seven new series on all themes. The first of these new endeavors to take to the airways is *The Red Report* of Herbert Philbrick. Philbrick, whose *I Led Three Lives* had threatened to run forever, describes the new series as bringing the latest inside information about "the Communist criminal conspiracy" to the American public. "Better brave than slave," he proclaimed bravely as *The Red Report* had its première in Columbus, Ohio, under eminently Respectable sponsorship — that of the Dollar Federal Savings and Loan.

Throughout the television industry, the bankrolls of the Respectables were being unrolled in the expectation of finally being able to bring to pass that long-sought, ultra-Right millenium that Hub Russell had pursued so energetically in his travels in 1954. Southwestern oil and utility interests, waxing fat on depletion allowances that make them Uncle Sam's most favored taxpayers, were pouring heavy chunks of excess cash into the financing of the new hysteria. Joseph Mawra, president of the production firm of B. F. Nielson Associates, which is producing *Communism: Worldwide*, a twenty-six-week, half-hour program, acknowledged that the endeavor is being financed by prominent oil

figures whom he refuses to name. U.S. Video, headed by Hardy Burt, long-time associate of oil billionaire H. L. Hunt, is turning out a weekly series entitled *Counter-challenge — Program for Victory*. And so it goes.

Of one thing, it seems, you may be certain: almost any time you flick on your television set during the fall and winter of 1962-63, you can be

sure of getting a hefty dose of rabid anti-communism. You're almost certain to be entertained by pure white Americans of impeccable antecedents chasing and defeating the Communist devils. Almost certainly the portrayals won't be calculated to induce any great understanding of world problems, of a changing Russia, of a fanatical China; almost certainly the

nuclear war that, if it comes, will lay waste entire continents, is a relatively minor consideration that isn't going to be mentioned much. On television, those Communist heathens are going to catch it from all directions, and it's all going to seem so vicariously, gloriously easy that we'll be left wondering why we don't actually *do* it. Have fun.

PART III OIL FOR THE RADICAL RIGHT

THE OIL depletion allowance, more than any other single factor, has oiled the wheels of the Radical Right. Favored by exemptions granted no other segment of American society, Texas oil men have amassed incredible millions — in some cases, actual billions — and have become an arrogant economic oligarchy immune to the ordinary influences, superior to the ordinary needs and desires, of America. The influence of Texas oil today is all-pervasive. Its millions, piled up thanks to the bounteous depletion allowance, spread through every sector of American industry; one can hardly turn around in the publishing field in New York, for example, without bumping into a Texas oil millionaire who has bought himself a share — often a controlling share — of an established periodical or book-publishing firm. The influence of overpowering wealth is a supremely potent force indeed, and this influence today is working its benefices on behalf of the Radical Right.

Virtually every Radical Right movement of the postwar era has been propped up by Texas oil millions. Joe McCarthy was the darling of the oil oligarchy. So today are Fred Schwarz and Robert Welch and lesser-known tillers of the same soil — like the proprietors of Texas' own, home-grown National Indignation Convention. In 1960, ultra-Right political organizations that revealed their campaign contributions indicated that the largest share came from this Texas oil gusher. All of this points up the fundamental role that Texas oil has played in promoting the causes of the Radical

Right, but the significance of current developments would be missed if one did not realize that the extremist crusade, so well nourished in its infancy by Texas oil, now extends far beyond oil's direct participation.

An important section of American business has become involved: This is the crucial message of 1962. Ten years ago, the causes of the Radical Right were financed primarily by Texas oil billionaires like H. L. Hunt; today, the Respectables of business across the nation — the Patrick Frawleys and the Joe Crails of our culture — are devoting the resources of their vast organizations to the cause. The millions of the Respectables insure that the spouters of the Radical Right obtain the widest possible audience for the repetitive and frenzied screaming of the syllogism so dear to the hearts of conservative business: that liberalism equals socialism equals communism. If the American people can be made to believe that, then both the New Deal and the New Frontier can be discarded in the most convenient ash cans, and American society can be turned back to the nineteenth century.

This is the wild and the impractical hope, but a hope that is treasured with a zealot's passion in some sectors of industry. Because the Republican Party, by the sheer necessity to get votes, has had to temporize — to agree to accept the Roosevelt changes of the 1930s while promising never to do such things itself — it has ceased to be the exclusive darling of the Right. As Hub Russell's journey showed, many persons in many important places were

convinced in 1954 that both parties had sold out the true conservative faith. By 1962, this sentiment had solidified. Business millions were being channeled, not into the coffers of the Republican Party, but into the causes of Radical Right extremism, and Radical Right candidates were taking to the hustings in Texas and California. Old-line Republican politicians were becoming concerned because the golden stream from the treasure chests of big industry, on which they have always relied, was now being diverted to a great extent to the Radical Right rival. When the love affair of the Respectables and the Radicals reaches such a passionate pitch that it adds gray hairs to the strands of old-guard Republican bosses, it is truly time to pause and take stock.

Angel of the Right

Whenever one speaks of Texas oil in connection with the Radical Right, one automatically thinks of Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, the Dallas oil billionaire who has sometimes been called the richest man in the world. Whether Hunt truly deserves this distinguished title is a matter of some doubt, for every time one turns around one finds some other Texas oil billionaire being called the richest man in the world. But two things are certain: Hunt has so much money he has escaped upward from the mere millionaire's class, and he uses this money liberally to finance what he calls "the cause of freedom" — and what others call the cause of the Radical Right.

For many years, Hunt had a rival in financing Radical Right evangel-

ism in the person of the late H. R. Cullen, of Houston, who was reputed to be the most generous angel of arch-conservative causes in the nation. Cullen, however, never made the national impact that Hunt, with various propaganda gimmicks, has succeeded in making. Just how much money Hunt still pours into Radical Right financing is a matter of conjecture. He himself told William K. Wyant, Jr., of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, in March, that he guessed it was probably less than \$1 million a year. Any other man, of course, might be expected to know whether he had spent \$1 million in a year for propaganda, but Hunt appeared unable to be quite precise about the figures — understandably, too, since his income is reported to be about \$1 million a week and it's a little hard for even a man like H. L. Hunt to keep track of all that money.

Hunt, who is now in his seventies, is gentle and soft-spoken in manner, friendly with the press, simple in his habits — traits that are not common among Texas oil millionaires. He professes to have no hatred for liberals, whom he regards as sincere though fatally misguided, and whom he calls "the Mistaken enemies of freedom," or, for short, just "the Mistaken." Less tolerant toward middle-of-the-roaders "who don't have the courage to stand up for right or wrong," Hunt has no tolerance at all for the political ideas that have been dominant in America for the last thirty years. Here he is rigid and determined. One might think that he would be satisfied with a system that has rewarded him with more than a billion dollars in his lifetime; but Hunt sees only the potential threats to the continued uninhibited amassing of more such billions if America should ever take a full swing toward liberalism. And so his cause is Hard Right all the way — a stand he equates with patriotism.

A window into the mind of the man is sometimes opened by letters that he sends to editors. Typical was a letter he wrote on January 5, 1962, to the editor of *The Capital Times*, the liberal Madison, Wis., daily:

International correspondents largely with Harvard, Columbia and New

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York University backgrounds representing the three large TV networks, who freely refuse to accept any pro-Freedom commentary, are heard on the airwaves and appear in groups to give the public expert information on World affairs.

A year ago, they were agreed that Red China should and would soon be admitted to the U.N. Now they do not touch the subject. They might have to admit that Khrushchev probably does not want Red China in this powerful body which he controls.

How much more interesting and informative it would be for some of them to appear jointly with Wayne Poucher, Fulton Lewis, General Walker, Henry Taylor or others who are known to be informed and also



Punch: Ben Roth

"I had the most ghastly nightmare. I dreamt I was Red and dead."

dedicated to the cause of Freedom. The public should demand and may get an exposition by both sides of the cause of Freedom.

Typical, too, of Hunt's aims and methods are letters that he circulated among his business acquaintances drumming up support for Wayne Poucher, the radio politico-evangelist whose *Life Line* program he sponsors. In one such letter, he wrote:

Dear Friends: You may recall me from my oil operations in your part of the country. I am assisting and wish to call to your attention a movement (*Life Line*) which I think is showing excellent results in halting the trend toward socialism.

You will note that *Life Line* is planned so that it can be supported through public relations expense and formal advertising. . . .

This was a gentle reminder to businessmen that the money they might invest in right-wing, *Life Line* propagandizing would cost them nothing; it could all be charged off

to their business as a tax-free business expense.

In such letters the mind and purposes of H. L. Hunt become quite clear. For him, obviously, there is some devious Harvard-Columbia-N.Y.U. conspiracy that keeps "pro-Freedom" material off the air waves; for him, obviously, his causes and only his causes are "Freedom" causes. In Hunt's view, Khrushchev controls the United Nations, an item of information that doubtless will come as a delightful surprise to the Russian Premier; in Hunt's view, too, we are driving straight towards a hideous socialism (quick translation, communism), an end that can be averted only if businessmen unfurl their bankrolls and "patriots" unite to defend what is called "the American way."

Hunt's inflexible, roll-back-the-tide ideas are expressed in innumerable pamphlets urging Americans to be ever-vigilant in resisting the insidious overtures of the Mistaken. "Why does foreign aid go on endlessly, year after year?" one such flier asks. Hunt is opposed to foreign aid, to United Nations "one world" involvement, to high taxes and government spending. His incessant propagandizing evidently has had its effect, for a notable feature of the face of the Radical Right in 1962 may be found in the manner in which these very ideas find expression among the newly rich and among common people who have been contributing increasingly to Radical Right causes.

The Tactics Vary

The incessant barrage of propaganda which Hunt has kept up in his effort to swing the public mind full Right is illustrated by the speakers and causes he has promoted. If one of his ultra-Right gimmicks fails, he abandons it and seeks another. But he never gives up. And sometimes, even if a movement he initiates does not in itself succeed, it brings into the Radical Right movement speakers and resources that continue and proliferate.

This was precisely what happened with one of Hunt's earliest postwar endeavors in the propaganda field, his widely discussed *Facts Forum* project. This was supposed to be a

factual discussion of current issues, but it was so one-sided in its right-wing presentation that it quickly lost, for most persons, all contact with reality. In addition, the times were not right for this kind of extremism. The nation in its domestic policies was still under the influence of Roosevelt-Truman liberalism, and *Facts Forum* found no fertile field in which to grow. But though the program itself was not a success, a new voice that it discovered and brought forward for the Radical Right quickly became a decided and powerful influence. This was the voice of Dan Smoot, now widely known for his *Dan Smoot Report*, and one of the favorite oracles of the Radical Right.

Riding the Air Waves

Smoot left the Hunt stable in 1955 and set up in the Radical Right business for himself. He acquired new sponsors, whom we will examine in some detail later, and his radio and television presence now practically blankets vast sections of the West, Southwest and Midwest. Last year his radio program was sponsored on 70 stations in 20 states. His television program was being beamed over 40 stations in 12 states. On radio and TV he tilled most intensively the States of California, Arizona and Texas, the very areas where the frenzy on the Right is most frenetic.

Having spawned Dan Smoot with *Facts Forum*, H. L. Hunt turned to other devices and other spokesmen to convey his ideas. His current effort concentrates on the *Life Line* radio and television program featuring the anti-liberal, anti-Communist evangelism of Wayne Poucher. Poucher, who received the American Legion Mercury Award in 1960, is heard daily on 212 radio stations in some 28 states — more than half the nation — and his outlets include about 25 per cent of available, big-channel stations. This spring Poucher branched out into a five-day-a-week television program. Hunt has been and remains his principal sponsor.

The Poucher format on *Life Line* has overtones reminiscent of Fred Schwarz on the podia of his anti-communism "schools." Like Schwarz, Poucher blends a political disserta-

tion with religion and wraps all up in the folds of the flag. A typical *Life Line* program begins with a talk on political affairs, followed by a hymn. Capping all is a sermon.

Poucher, who was born in Florida, attended Freed-Hardeman College, the University of Florida and David Lipscomb College. He began his career in radio when he was seventeen on a part-time basis, and he later developed the TV, bedtime show, *Mr. Sandman*. According to Poucher, he was then in business for some years in South Carolina, and in 1954 he served as a county campaign manager for Sen. Strom Thurmond, the Dixiecrat most noted for his concern about segregation and the "muzzling" of the Military Brass by the Kennedy Administration. It may or may not be significant, but after his association with the Thurmond campaign, Poucher leaped rather quickly into public prominence. In 1956, he says, he felt a religious call, went to theological school, and the next year became an ordained minister. For a brief time, he had a church in Franklin, Tenn., but he soon moved to Washington, D.C. And from there, on November 10, 1958, he became the widely heard voice on Hunt's *Life Line* program.

Poucher describes himself as "a very conservative person," a quality that must have endeared him to Hunt. He is against what he calls "the *police Welfare State*" — a definition that seems to signify opposition to the Welfare State per se. He explains that he cannot understand why, with over 100 million professed Christians in America, there should be any need for welfare from local, state or federal governments — an attitude that seems to disregard America's disastrous experience with reliance on Christian charity in the debacle of 1929. A man who can see no need for the Welfare State under any circumstances is naturally H. L. Hunt's man, and it should therefore come as no surprise that Poucher's mind and Hunt's mind are in beautiful agreement on such matters as inflation, "current threats to freedom," Constitutional rights and the U.N.

Poucher's views on the United

Nations especially must have warmed the cockles of H. L. Hunt's heart. Listen to some excerpts from a Poucher broadcast from Washington on January 15, 1962:

It is difficult to take in all that is happening to the United States in connection with the United Nations. For months the front pages of our newspapers have been filled with stories about one blow after another suffered by our Nation, suffered by the cause of Freedom, at the hands of the One Worlders who are relentless in their determination to take over America.

This hard fact must be faced: The U.N. has proceeded to the point where men of principle can no longer defend it, for its actions have become defenseless.

The Dangerous U.N.

Poucher was especially incensed at the time over the U.S.-U.N. role with regard to Katanga — a policy that, whatever else might be said of it, does seem to have averted the threat of war in central Africa. He was also outraged that America should be asked to underwrite half of a proposed \$200 million U.N. bond issue. The world body, he said, had produced nothing except "chaos and trouble," and he lashed out at the organization in terms that linked it with some devious international conspiracy.

Unless we get rid of the U.N. [Poucher told his radio audience], the U.N. is going to get rid of freedom. It already has accomplished a great deal in that direction.

Stated in simple and blunt language, the United Nations is one of the most dangerous threats the United States has ever faced. We need to do everything we can, in my earnest opinion, to get out of the United Nations. We have to recognize that unless this is brought about by informed Patriots, then the United States may no longer remain the land of the free.

Such was the message that Wayne Poucher, bankrolled by H. L. Hunt's millions, conveyed to listeners over 212 radio stations in 28 states. His formula reeked with all the pat heart-tuggers of Madison Avenue, wedded to the prejudice of the Respectable-Radical Right. The U.N.

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was on one side; freedom on the other. "Patriots" — and everyone likes to be thought of as a patriot — must act to get rid of the U.N. or the United States "may no longer remain the land of the free." The impact of such diatribes, repeated endlessly, heard by millions, cannot be calculated, but common sense says that they must be profound.

Introducing Mr. Smoot

One begins to get some idea of the extent of Radical Right brainwashing of the American mind when one multiplies Wayne Poucher by Dan Smoot. Smoot, who is now forty-eight, started out in life teaching English in Harvard and later served with the FBI during World War II. From the FBI to *Facts Forum* was an easy leap for Smoot. A handsome man with black, curly hair, a rugged face and clear, flawless enunciation, he exuded an All-American aura, and he promptly became a rave of the Radical Right.

Behind the impressive façade, however, dwelt the mind and soul of a man with a fixed idea. This was graphically demonstrated by his performance in 1956, when the so-called Alaska Mental Health Bill was introduced in Congress. The object was to give the Territory of Alaska the authority, which it then lacked, to care for its mentally ill in need of hospitalization and to create community health services for early diagnosis and treatment.

These seemingly estimable objectives promptly ran into a storm of opposition on the Radical Right. The fantastic charge was made that the Alaskan health bill would authorize a huge concentration camp — a "Siberia, USA" — to which anyone who opposed Communist plotting within the federal government might be railroaded. This thesis, of course, was tenable only if one believed the cherished theory of the Radical Right that Communists lurked under every bed and were about to seize power in Washington at any minute. There was then, as there is now, no evidence to suggest that such an all-inclusive conspiracy ever has existed, and so it is instructive to see how Smoot circumvented this basic, nay-saying fact and made the most hid-



eous possibilities seem imminent and real.

The Smoot performance is chronicled in an article in *Dan Smoot Speaks* for February 17, 1956. In this, Smoot began by examining the reasons that "some patriotic groups" — note the smoothness with which the skilled propagandist immediately lines up the "patriots" on his side — were "calling the Alaska Mental Health Act the beginning of an American Siberia." Smoot then asked his audience to consider what might happen if "an unknown John Doe who had no money and no influence" were to refuse on principle to pay part of his income tax, as Gov. J. Bracken Lee, of Utah, had done. Having by now identified himself with both "patriots" and "John Doe" — species that number in the millions — Smoot proceeded to answer his own question.

It would be quite easy [he wrote] for the government to get him [poor John Doe] in a prison where government-appointed and government-paid psychiatrists could work him over.

If they did nothing more than declare him psychotic, they would ruin him. He would forever be branded a screwball.

If they really wanted to put him out of the way for good, they could administer treatment that would drive him insane.

There are fifty-six different drugs which they could administer (under

the pretext of giving treatment) which would produce amnesia and mental disorientation.

There are forty-four drugs which could produce delirium, associated with hallucinations, imaginary voices and so on.

We are well aware of the use of drugs and isolation by Communist governments to produce brainwashing on political prisoners.

Could it happen here?

This, of course, was a horror story promulgated without a shadow of fact or basis, but note the extreme craft used to lend reality to the nightmare. The trick involved the using of seemingly explicit and shocking scientific facts to cloak the mirage: the exact number of drugs that *could* be used, the detail about the dire reactions these *would* induce. None of this, of course, *had* happened; there wasn't one iota of evidence to show that anyone, anywhere, *intended* that it ever should. The entire nightmare existed only in the mind of the narrator and in similar minds, but the clever use of seemingly "hard" facts, coupled with the dreadful images of men being "worked over" and "driven insane," all delivered with the voice of authority, was enough to startle the unthinking into the assumption that these horrible terroristic acts had actually happened or were about to happen.

Psychiatry: a Jewish Plot

The sequel clearly shows the harm that can be done by the rantings of this kind. In the great Southwest, the campaign against mental health attracted to itself every species of rabid fanatic — the ranting anti-Communist, the hate-peddling anti-Semite, the White Supremacist. John Kasper, a segregationist jailed for inciting race riots in the South, testified at Congressional hearings that "psychiatry is a foreign ideology"; it began "with Sigmund Freud, who is a Jew," and today "about 80 per cent of psychiatrists are Jewish . . . one particular race is administering this particular thing." George Rockwell, head of the American Nazi Party, combined the anti-Jewish, anti-Negro, anti-mental-health motifs into a three-way hate formula in describ-

ing his own ten-day stay in the psychiatric ward of the District of Columbia General Hospital. Hate sheets took up the cry, each reprinting the other's diatribes, the outcry of each lending support and seeming credence to the outcry of the other.

Such frothing on the crackpot fringe customarily is dismissed by most Americans as unworthy of notice. And properly so. The great preponderance of Americans in normal times disdain the Smoots, the Kaspers, the Rockwells, the wild and demagogic voices. But these are not ordinary times. The deep disturbances, the doubts and frustrations and ever-present menace of our age call for a scapegoat, and what has happened in the field of mental health in the Southwest indicates that, to a shockingly large number of persons in these times, almost any kind of scapegoat will do.

In many cities of the South and Southwest, as the *Southwest Review* reported in its fall issue in 1961, the public frenzies whipped up by the hate peddlers have become so virulent that the entire work of mental health has been retarded or abandoned. In Montgomery, Ala., when a mental-health society was organized, it was picketed by the Ku Klux Klan and local anti-Semites. Literature was distributed claiming that the purpose of the society was to "brainwash" Southerners into accepting integration; it was even alleged that there was "a secret hospital" in Alaska where Southerners were sent to have lobotomies performed, making them human robots submissive to communism and integration. The issue became so heated, such fear was generated, that the new society was forced to cease its public meetings.

In another large Southwestern city, funds were needed by the local mental-health association for the maintenance of a center treating patients newly released from mental hospitals. The center had proved its value by helping many mental patients to complete their recovery and return to useful lives; and at first, in organizing its fund campaign, the local social-service group

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included in its plans the request of the mental-health clinic. But soon the wild rumors started. Mental health was a suspect endeavor; it had about it the taint of subversion, of communism; perhaps the need was being misrepresented and the devious purpose was to undermine the fiber of Americans and make them an easy prey for Communist conspirators. These accusations at first seemed too ridiculous for consideration, but they didn't seem so ridiculous when the bigots managed to blow up a full-scale public gale. Pamphlets were distributed to the public; scurrilous telephone calls became the order of the day. And the mental-health project was defeated.

Unfortunately, these are not isolated examples. Other cities in the



Southwest have experienced similar trials and traumas over the issue. And the Radical Right, aided by its Respectable cohorts, has ballooned this self-created nightmare into a Gargantuan horror that can be used to attack communism, the United Nations, and the U.N.'s World Health Organization. This latter body, commonly called WHO, was created in 1948 to promote a world-wide attack on disease. It has succeeded in cutting the world incidence of malaria in half, and it has coordinated global attacks on tuberculosis, smallpox, leprosy and syphilis. These would seem to be highly estimable endeavors of the kind all men should welcome; but this is not the view of the Radical Right and its allied Respectables. Such forces see in WHO only the concrete evidence of a menacing one-worldism, only a visible fruit of a titanic Socialist conspiracy.

A couple of excerpts from articles in the *American Mercury* and the *National Review* convey the idea. *The Mercury*:

Psychiatrists are to take the lead in WHO's crash program of brainwashing the world. Those who can be persuaded by the gentle methods of propaganda to go along with the idea of a one-world socialist government will be persuaded. Those who cling to their old notions and refuse to be persuaded can be declared insane or mentally ill.

The National Review:

The gentler techniques of brainwashing already are appearing in the swiftly moving science of mental health. An unknown and mysterious *They* are making plans for *You*. *You* are going to have your brain washed so you can become a well-regulated little citizen of the world.

The Dan Smoot who could play a hand in stimulating such delusions obviously is a man who deserves some attention, especially since he has been, and is, the well-beloved of eminent business Respectables. After his departure from the H. L. Hunt Radical Right ranch, it did not take Dan Smoot long to find a new angel. Soon he was establishing a fine rapport with D. B. Lewis, an ardent Los Angeles right-winger.

Bones to Chew On

In 1956, Smoot took his handsome presence and persuasive voice to Los Angeles, where he spoke before the Freedom Club. Lewis, who runs the Lewis Food Co., purveyors of Dr. Ross Dog Food, Skippy and other pet products, was in the audience, heard Smoot, and promptly became enchanted with the personality and ideas of the man. The ideas are worthy of note and have been clearly exposed by Smoot himself in speeches and interviews. His own direct quotes best describe him:

I equate the growth of the welfare state with socialism and socialism with communism. . . .

The Communist conspiracy in Washington is even worse than it was in the days of Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White. The State Department is doing the work of the

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Communists better than they can do it themselves. . . .

We should solve the problem of Red China's admission to the United Nations, not by trying to keep Red China out, but by getting out of the United Nations ourselves and getting the United Nations out of the United States. . . .

The United States Government for many years, while crushing the nation with taxes for the ostensible purpose of fighting communism, has been preparing for strategic surrender of this nation to world Communist-Socialist control—and preparing the public for acceptance of the idea. . . .

As for a specific program, Smoot would support Katanga; invade Cuba and oust Fidel Castro; pull our troops out of West Germany and let the Germans fight the Russians there; boycott Russia if Russia doesn't withdraw her troops from the satellite nations; impeach Chief Justice Warren; scuttle Social Security and the Welfare State. Though he is not a member of the John Birch Society, he urges support for the Birchers — and the Birchers reciprocate by calling for support for him.

These ideas mesh perfectly with the ideas of Lewis, the big dog-food man who is Smoot's principal sponsor. Lewis is president of the Organization to Repeal Federal Income Taxes, Inc., and he calls the income tax "one of the most vicious laws ever passed." Like Robert Welch, Smoot and Hunt, Lewis sees Communists everywhere. "Communists are invading our schools, colleges, churches and communications," he says, giving the impression that they have invaded almost everything there is to invade; and again like Smoot, Hunt and Welch, Lewis equates liberalism with the Menace, insisting that "extension of the Welfare State is the only way Communists can take over this country."

Powerful Purse Strings

With sponsor and mouthpiece, Respectable and Radical, in such perfect ideological agreement, the Lewis-Smoot combine has come virtually out of nowhere to become a truly awesome propaganda medium throughout the West and South-

west. Before he met Lewis, Smoot says, the big television networks had been blunt in rejecting his "freedom" program. Lewis changed all that. Smoot himself credits Lewis with using the big stick of economic pressure to force the networks to give Smoot's program time on the air. The way Lewis operated to achieve this objective is undoubtedly the same way he acted recently with one California newspaper. The paper had committed the cardinal indiscretion of criticizing the right wing, defending the United Nations and backing some of President Kennedy's liberal programs. The Lewis Food Co. canceled all its advertising with this explanation: "Mr. Lewis is spending so much money promoting conservative causes that he doesn't want to dilute his effort."

The Lewis ukase against dilution evidently was the kind of argument that brought radio and television to heel. Smoot, once flatly rejected by the networks, was welcomed with such open arms that he was soon carrying the Radical Right message into some twenty or more states.

With the voice and manner that lend a patina of reality to even the most outrageous fable, he rapidly became so overwhelmingly popular that D. B. Lewis, his sponsor, today considers Dan Smoot the greatest salesman dog food ever had.

We've sponsored everything from *Hopalong Cassidy* to *Tarzan* [Lewis told Fletcher Knebel, of *Look*], but Dan is far and away the best seller.

I'm getting more for my advertising dollar than any businessman in America. People get so excited over Dan's show, they'd feed the dog food to people, if we'd let them. Thousands write us, and hundreds of thousands buy the product because they like the program.

Obviously, in modern America, patriotism is the best skill. It sells everything from dog food to safety razors to gasoline; and if the American people are being sold myths instead of truth, if they become in the process brainwashed into the frenzies of hate that can lead only to nuclear war, what does it matter? D. B. Lewis and Patrick Frawley and Joe Crail and Richfield Oil are getting their advertising dollar's

worth; they're doing great business at the super-patriotism stand, and, as everyone knows, what's good for business is good for the country.

The Handsome Dowry

Anyone disposed to dismiss the Radical Right movement of 1961-62 as the work of isolated extremists in our culture — an attitude that President Kennedy and others in high places seem to adopt — ignores the basic difference between this wave of ultra-conservatism and its predecessors. For the Radical Right of 1962 depends not on the bold and unscrupulous moves of a lone opportunist like McCarthy; it represents not just the individual, multi-million-dollar effort of an H. L. Hunt; on the contrary, it stands as the symbol of the wedding of fanatics with some of the largest corporations and the most powerful businessmen in the nation. This is its meaning and its significance. The Respectables have turned the Radicals from freaks into a force.

The role of Big Business in its sponsorship of the Radical Right has become evident in many sections of the country. In California, the 1961-62 wave of seminars, alerts and schools established sponsorship links not just to Schick and Technicolor and Richfield Oil and Dr. Ross Dog Food, but to such massive corporations as Southern California Edison Co., Tidewater Oil, Carnation Milk, Papermate Pen — and to others less well known, such as Knott's Berry Farm and the David Bradley Co. In Texas, the Texas division of Dow Chemical Co., one of the national leaders in its field, sponsored a series of "American Citizenship" lectures conducted by an organization known as Free Enterprise, Inc., whose lecturer distributed such literature as a "Labor Boss Analysis of the Voting Records" of the 1959 Texas Legislature.

These are all clear indications of the far-ranging ties that bind Respectable and Radical together, but the extent to which the Respectables are willing to go in their determination to turn back the clock to pre-New Deal days — and the infinite variety of major businesses that can be enlisted in this enterprise — has

been demonstrated most graphically in the affiliations of the most Radical Right group of all, the John Birch Society. The original governing council of the Birchers was loaded with three former presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers and with business moguls, many unknown to the nation at large, who practically dominate the economic life of their communities.

The extremism of Robert Welch has been by now well-publicized; it has alienated the more sober and responsible segments of American citizenry; and it has been principally responsible for building a backfire against the Radical Right. Robert Welch has become almost a dirty name among the brethren because he has brought to the cause a degree of opprobrium, and even Barry Goldwater has gently dissociated himself from a tie that he recognizes might become a political liability. The pain of the faithful with Welch for the unwelcome notoriety he has harvested has its ludicrous aspects, for the Robert Henry Winborne Welch, Jr., of 1962 is the same Robert Henry Winborne Welch, Jr., whom the Respectables were eager to buy in 1958 and 1959 and 1960 and 1961. Welch hasn't changed one iota; all that has happened is that public exposure of his ideas has made Welch himself unacceptable.

The Welch Saga

But the point to keep steadfastly in mind is that the Respectables did not support a pig in a poke when they bought Welch. It took a few years and considerable acquired notoriety before the mass media of information caught up with Welch and turned him inside out to public view; but his original sponsors knew the man for what he was from the start. And they still loved him.

Welch was born in North Carolina in 1899 and was educated at the University of North Carolina and the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. His active business life was spent as a salesman and executive of the James O. Welch Candy Co., run by his brother in Belmont, Mass. In the business world, he acquired some prominence and some prominent connections, as is evi-



Robert Welch, Jr.

denced by the fact that he served for seven years as an NAM director, was regional vice president of the organization for three years, and served as chairman of its Educational Advisory Committee. In 1957, Welch quit the candy business to devote all of his energies to anti-communism.

When he did, he committed his thoughts to paper in a book that he later was to insist was just "a private letter." However, the "private letter" had the bulk of a book, the look of a book and the feel of a book. It was called *The Politician*, and it was the self-exposure of a mind that saw communism and treason everywhere. The man of the title was none other than Dwight D. Eisenhower, that beloved General and hero-President who, Welch was convinced, had been "a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy."

There was this much to be said of Welch: in branding Eisenhower with his suspicions, he gave him some eminent company. George Catlett Marshall was to Welch also "a conscious, deliberate, dedicated agent of the Soviet conspiracy. . . ." Welch believed that John Foster Dulles was "a Communist agent"; that Franklin Roosevelt was guilty "of plain unadulterated treason"; that Nelson Rockefeller was planning "to make the United States a part of a one-world Socialist government"; and that Chief Justice Warren should be impeached because "he has taken the lead in . . . converting this republic into a democ-

racy" and because democracy is "a weapon of demagoguery and a perennial fraud."

Such was the nightmare world of Robert Welch. It seems safe to say that the normal reaction of sensible men, exposed to such destructive fantasies, would have been to shun their author as one shuns the plague. But the very reverse occurred when Welch decided to found the John Birch Society. The organization meeting took place in Indianapolis on December 8 and 9, 1958. There, eleven prominent and wealthy men met and consulted with Welch. Each was given a copy of *The Politician*. They read the book and told Welch it wouldn't do; after all, even these men had trouble visualizing Eisenhower as a Communist. But it is significant of the kind of men they were that they didn't disavow Welch on the spot. Instead, they listened to him for two days while he expounded his views on communism in a tape-recorded monologue that later was to become *The Blue Book* of the John Birch Society.

In this it becomes apparent that Welch's view of history is as distorted as are his views of virtually every prominent American of the last two decades. World War II was "largely brought on through the world-wide diplomatic conniving of Stalin's agents" — not by Hitler, as everyone has supposed. The Communists had "the full cooperation of our government" both during World War II and in the postwar period, and this explains their success everywhere in the world. For Welch there was no distinction between a democratic-Socialist government and an authoritarian-Communist one. For him Norway, Iceland and Finland were communistic; Hawaii was Communist-controlled; and the Communist design was to convert the U. S. "into a Socialist nation, quite similar to Russia itself in its economy and political outlook."

To block this onward sweep of communism, to reverse the tide that he saw engulfing us from all directions, Welch proposed the formation of an activist organization — the John Birch Society, named after an OSS captain who had been killed by Chinese guerrillas ten days after

World War II had ended. Welch proposed to establish reading rooms, to promote the wider dissemination of right-wing literature, to form "front" organizations for specific purposes, to break up liberal rallies by use of hecklers—to use the same "mean and dirty" tactics, in other words, the Communists themselves employed. The John Birch Society was to be a monolithic organization, completely dominated by Welch, its objectives fixed by him; and the goal was to be the acquisition of a million dedicated members who would stop at nothing to "save" America.

This was the program that the eleven wealthy Respectables who met with Welch in Indianapolis bought hook, line and sinker. Since they all had access to *The Politician*, since they had listened to Welch's frequently cockeyed interpretations of recent history and his equally cockeyed magnifications of the domestic Communist menace, it follows that they bought Welch's prescription with their eyes open, in full knowledge of what it implied — and that they bought it because they liked it.

Men at the Helm

The eleven men at the Indianapolis sessions at which the John Birch Society was born have never been publicly identified, but there is every reason to believe that all were among the men who comprised the first governing council of the society. This council, an advisory group to the leader that is charged with the selection of a new leader if Welch himself should ever be assassinated by the Communists, covered a broad spectrum of American public and economic life. Following is the roster of its members, as published in the 1959 edition of Welch's *The Blue Book*:

Dr. N. E. Adamson, Boston surgeon, assistant medical director of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Thomas J. Anderson, of Nashville, Tenn., editor and publisher of *Farm & Ranch*, a periodical with a 1.3 million circulation.

T. Coleman Andrews, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue in the
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Eisenhower administration; chairman of the board of two large insurance companies.

Spruille Braden, former ambassador to foreign countries, former Assistant Secretary of State; long identified with Latin American affairs.

Col. Laurence E. Bunker, former personal aide to Gen. Douglas MacArthur during the occupation of Japan and the Korean War.

S. J. Conner, Chicago, president of Conroth Co.

Ralph E. Davis, president of General Plant Protection Corp., of Los Angeles.

Dr. S. M. Draskovich, author of *Tito, Moscow's Trojan Horse*, and editor-in-chief of *Srpska Borba* (The Serbian Struggle), a weekly newspaper in Chicago.

William J. Grede, president of Grede Foundries, Inc., Milwaukee, and former president of the NAM and former head of International YMCA.

E. P. Hamilton, president of the Hamilton Manufacturing Co., Two Rivers, Wis.; former president of the Wisconsin Manufacturers Association.

A. G. Heinsohn, Jr., president of Cherokee Mills, Sevierville, Tenn., one of the nation's large textile manufacturers; author of *One Man's Fight for Freedom*.

Dr. Granville F. Knight, Santa Barbara, Calif., physician and authority on the misuse of chemicals and adulterants in foods.

Fred C. Koch, president of Rock Island Oil & Refining Co., Wichita, Kansas, and a strong supporter of right-to-work legislation.

Alfred Kohlberg (now dead), a charter member of the John Birch Society and former head of the notorious "China Lobby" that supported Chiang Kai-shek.

Dean Clarence Manion, Hub Russell's 1954 luncheon companion, promoter of For America and proprietor of *Manion's Forum*.

Frank E. Masland, Jr., president of C. H. Masland & Sons, carpet manufacturers of Carlisle, Pa., an explorer and a director on the boards of many organizations.

N. Floyd McGowin, president of the W. T. Smith Lumber Co., of Chapman, Ala.

W. B. McMillan, president of Hussman Refrigerator Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Adolphe Menjou, Hollywood actor.

Dr. Revilo P. Oliver, professor of classical languages and literature at the University of Illinois.

Cola G. Parker, former president of Kimberly-Clark Co. and a former president of NAM.

M. R. Phelps, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Arizona.

Louis Ruthenburg, chairman of the board of Servel Inc., Evansville, Ind.

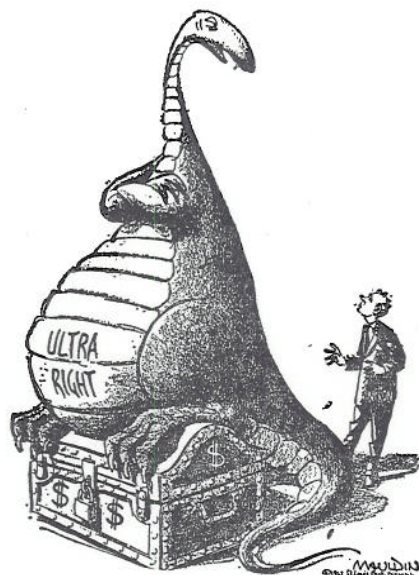
James Simpson, Jr. (now dead), another charter member.

Robert W. Stoddard, president of Wyman-Gordon Co., Worcester, Mass., one of the world's largest manufacturers of metal forgings; scion of a family that holds a powerful interest in the only morning and evening newspapers in Worcester and in the city's dominant radio station; also a former president of Associated Industries of Massachusetts.

Lt. Gen. Charles B. Stone III (USAF, Ret.), who succeeded Claire Chennault as commander of the 14th Air Force in China in World War II.

Ernest G. Swigert, president of Hyster Co., Portland, Ore., former president of NAM.

Such are the Respectables who identified themselves so closely with the aims and purposes of the John Birch Society that they lent their



"I've Decided You're Extinct"