

accordance with its treaty obligations to allies. This guide is called honour.'

In all that the American and British masses had no say or authentic information. Mr. Churchill's dictum, 'At no time was the right of criticism impaired', is substantially misleading. The *right* may have continued, but the public expression of criticism, at the time when it might have done good, was in practice much restricted. The press and broadcasting, in England as in America, were controlled by official agencies which effectively operated to reduce criticism to a minimum, and quite apart from that, the newspapers and radio were thoroughly permeated by Communists. Writers of my own experience and knowledge were virtually excluded, or they would have said, much earlier and in suitable terms, what Brigadier Maclean's American top-sergeant said when he saw that Red Army trucks rolling into Belgrade in 1944 were American ones: 'It makes you sick to think of these unprintable unmentionables having all this good American equipment.' At that time the world did not know of atom bombs and when it did learn of them was for some years told that America had a monopoly, but in fact, under 'Lend Lease', atomic compounds also went to the Communist Empire and no doubt remains now that secrets of manufacture also travelled that way, from sources American and British. Further, the industrial capacity of the Soviet Empire, behind the Urals, was being greatly expanded in the same manner, and that was something not so important for the outcome of the Second War as for preparing a third.

Nevertheless, up to the very last one means remained of making good these deeds and forcing the Communist Empire to conclude the war in the spirit in which it was begun, namely, by liberating the nations overrun. This was to send the American and British armies right across Germany and beyond and let them do the liberating. However, that possibility was foreseen too, and arrangements made to prevent it. In 1943 Mr. Hopkins thought 'there was no understanding between Great Britain, Russia and ourselves as to which army should be where' after the defeat of Germany. Either this lack of understanding was carefully nurtured until the Red Army stood on the Berlin line, which meant the bisection of Europe and a third war unless the

grace of God should avert one (man would not be able to), or an understanding to that effect was reached.

In that last stage Mr. Hopkins, possibly all unknowing, was acting as the chief instrument of a mechanism of power controlled and permeated by Communism. Soon after the invasion of Normandy he telegraphed a warning to President Roosevelt against meeting Mr. Churchill 'without Uncle Joe'. The vital matter of who should occupy what 'zone' dragged on in some committee and eventually settled itself in the shape visible today: the extension of the Communist Empire to Berlin. The British and American military commanders, given free hand, could have occupied all Germany and much beyond.

At last, as if Stalin himself were planning every detail, Mr. Hopkins's four years approached their climax. In October, 1944, when the last coup alone remained in doubt, Mr. Cordell Hull resigned the American Secretaryship of State (Foreign Office). He was the one experienced professional still near the hub of affairs and for years had been bypassed, Messrs. Roosevelt and Hopkins sending their dispatches through military channels so that they should not reach his eyes or those of American ambassadors abroad. All checks and restraints were now slipped. A man of standing, Mr. James Byrnes, might have been appointed, but some years before had told Mr. Hopkins to 'keep the hell out of my business'. A completely unqualified one, Mr. Edward Stettinius, was therefore selected; his part was to do what Mr. Hopkins said.

This determined the shape of the American delegation to the vital Yalta Conference, where all that had been hatched was to pop out of the egg. Its four leading members were President Roosevelt, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Stettinius and Mr. Alger Hiss; three had but a short time to live and the fourth was a Communist. Mr. Hopkins was in reality the chief delegate. He only left his bed to attend full meetings; the American delegation otherwise gathered in his bedroom. The place of meeting (in Soviet territory) was chosen by Mr. Hopkins, who over-rode all objections of Mr. Roosevelt's other advisers. Mr. Hopkins says that President Roosevelt was already unclear of understanding; nevertheless he remembered to tell Stalin 'privately' that the British ought to give Hong Kong back to the Chinese, who were

tion, courage and durability of one mortal man' (nevertheless America, and Britain, are more than ever in that position now). Mr. Sherwood was left in an 'alarmed awareness of the risks that we run of disastrous fallibility at the very top of our Constitutional structure'. He says there is 'far too great a gap between the President and the Congress' and adds that 'the extraordinary and solitary Constitutional powers of the President remain and, in times of crisis, they are going to be asserted for better or for worse'. He particularly mentions (and in my observation this is a most vital point) the added power, to lead or mislead, which was given to Mr. Roosevelt for the first time among presidents but remains with his successors: that of commanding a direct audience of many millions through broadcasts.

Mr. Roosevelt, and the man who in fact supplanted him at decisive moments, both were made the instruments of Soviet Communism, which had penetrated the root on which they stood to a degree they probably never knew. They refused ear to all arguments against subversion at home or the probity of the Communist Empire. Their minds had been moulded to think that such honest misgivings were but the emanations of 'racial discrimination', 'Red-baiting' or 'anti-Semitism'; so perverse are the top-line politicians of our time that they would make it treason to denounce treason, and this is both an American and an English situation.

The power which deluded these men grew up, like Political Zionism, among Russian Jewry. To that Dr. Weizmann's book, among much other evidence, appears to be conclusive testimony. Communism is the product of the revolutionary son (as Zionism was that of the nationalist son) in those households. The directing forces of both movements remain Russian-Jewish; each new disclosure reaffirms that and many more Jews than Gentiles have spoken to it. Dr. Oscar Levy wrote in 1920, 'Jewish elements provide the driving force for both Communism and Capitalism for the material as well as the spiritual ruin of the world'. Mr. Maurice Samuel wrote, 'We are trying to rebuild the world to our needs and unbuild it for the Gentiles. . . . We, the destroyers, will remain destroyers forever. . . . Nothing you will do will meet our needs and demands. We will forever destroy because we need a world of our own.'

already abandoned in Mr. Hopkins's and presumably in Mr. Hiss's minds to the Communists. Then Mr. Stettinius, prompted by Mr. Hopkins, revived the proposal for relieving Britain of colonial possessions and 'strategic islands'. This angered Mr. Churchill, who also fought hard for 'the rights of small nations', at that stage unhappily a cause already largely lost, in Yugoslavia among other places.

Mr. Sherwood thinks President Roosevelt 'would not have agreed to that final firm commitment' (he appears to mean the betrayal of China) 'had it not been that the Yalta Conference was almost at an end and he was tired and anxious to avoid further argument'. These reasons might explain concessions in a matter of a few dimes but seem inadequate in one of such dimensions. The documents suggest that Mr. Roosevelt at that moment was beyond knowing what he did or resisting any pressure from those around him. The American Republic, materially, was at its greatest strength; through its President it was spiritually at its weakest.

The Yalta Conference must surely be unique in history. Acted as a play in a theatre, it would challenge credulity to such extent that the playgoers might laugh it off the stage. It had a strange sequel, a little human footnote still not legible. It was the end of the Roosevelt-Hopkins partnership! The last meeting over, President Roosevelt wanted Harry the Hop to help him write his speech to America, on the homeward voyage. Suddenly Harry the Hop would not comply! He 'sent word' that he must leave the ship at Algiers, rest, and then fly to Washington. Mr. Roosevelt was 'disappointed and even displaced'. His farewell (when Mr. Hopkins emerged from his cabin to go ashore) 'was not very amiable'. The two men never met again; the great partnership ends in a row of dots, a query mark and the present ordeal of mankind.

Mr. Sherwood writes for nine hundred pages as an ardent admirer of both men. At the end he seems suddenly to shrink, Dorian Gray-like, from the picture of America under their sway which he has drawn. He finishes the amazing tale by expressing the hope that 'a phenomenon like Franklin D. Roosevelt will not recur. . . . in the interests of the nation and indeed of the entire world, which must never again be in the position in time of peril of placing so much reliance on the imagination'

Such statements, made by non-Jews, would today be denounced as racial defamation but are true of the group of Russian Jewry which produced Soviet Communism. It did *not* include *all* Russian Jews; once again, Russian Jews have attacked it more strongly than Gentiles, and have been ignored by leading Gentile politicians just as the established Jews in England and America were ignored. For instance, a Russian Jew, Mr. J. Anthony Marcus, in 1949 gave evidence for a United States Senate Committee which was appointed to consider matters of Immigration and Naturalization, with particular reference to Communist Activities among Aliens and National Groups. He said, among much else:

I am here because I owe an eternal debt to this country, as do many millions more immigrants. I came here from Czarist Russia as a lonely immigrant boy in 1910, seeking the freedom, economic and educational opportunities which were denied to me in the country of my birth . . . Here in America such opportunities were mine for the mere asking and on equal terms with the native-born citizens. Within four years after landing here with the magnificent fortune of \$14,28, with an English vocabulary of three words ('street' and 'hurry up') I not only made my way from modest beginnings in industrial plants to a post in the United States Immigration Service but had managed to save up enough money to bring over from Russia my widowed mother and six brothers and sisters . . . The life of a person is entirely too short to enable him to repay so great a debt to the generous, warm-hearted and fair-minded people of America . . . In a modest way I have tried through the years to make some repayment . . . Ever since landing on American soil I have felt that since my ancestors had contributed nothing to make this country free, prosperous, generous, progressive and cultured; since my ancestors did not struggle and die in the process of clearing the wilderness, fighting the Indian wars, freezing in the covered wagons as they blazed a trail from coast to coast for future settlers, suffering hunger and thirst while building this great continent, the least I could and should do is to help preserve its liberties for all time to come. The same duty devolves upon every immigrant here. Prior to the First World War, countless thousands of immigrants came here without any intention of becoming full-fledged members

of this democracy. They were bent on exploiting our political and economic opportunities and returning to their homelands as soon as America had served their purpose . . . Since the conclusion of the First World War, a new type has made his way here. Some have discovered that one did not have to labour in factories, mines, mills or fields to earn a living. One could earn a much better living, and satisfy their exaggerated ego besides, by stirring up political and labour trouble among their compatriots, promising paradise on earth *à la* Stalin to the uninformed, unthinking and ungrateful. This is very important, because there are hundreds and hundreds of organizations in the United States that have very large memberships and . . . they are being pressed by their relatives abroad, who are being pressed by their respective totalitarian governments, to do their bidding on our soil . . . Reluctantly, I must confess that too many of my fellow immigrants, both naturalized and those still aliens, are largely responsible for the subversive movements plaguing this country today . . . They remained aliens to our language and at heart.

. . . The presence here of large bodies of ethnic groups, alien at heart and spirit to our way of life, is the outgrowth of lax immigration laws . . . On the basis of nearly thirty years of close contact with the operations of the Soviet Government here and abroad, I most earnestly urge you to heed this warning . . . Bad as it was prior to the Second War, since its conclusion matters have taken a turn for the worse. The satellite nations — Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Lithuania, Latvia, Bulgaria and so forth — have millions of their former nationals in this country, some naturalized and many not. They, in turn, have millions of relatives and friends in their former homelands . . . By bringing pressure to bear on those relatives overseas, by reprisals or threats thereof, they [the Communists] can and do exert pressure on their American relations to do the biddings of their Communist governments . . . As a former immigrant, I deem it my duty to speak frankly to fellow immigrants who in these troubled times, by omission or commission, fail to show their appreciation of what this country has done for them. . . .

Such statements apply, not to World Jewry, but to the cohesive body of Russian Jewry, non-Semitic in origins, which has thrown up

the two destructive movements of today, and has in effect landed armies of political paratroopers in America and England. Until now, and for thirty years past, words like those of Mr. Marcus have had no effect on the Gentle political leaders who facilitated the process and the bulk of Jews and Gentiles alike are caught in this destructive mechanism. Indeed, the most rabid hatred is kept for Jewish objectors to it. An American rabbi, Mr. Morris Lazaron, once said, "There is no room in this country for any race, Italian, Russian, Polish or Jewish, to set itself up as a private community and build a wall around itself". The sober opinion received an inflammatory reply from a particularly fanatical Political Zionist leader, the late Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who said, "This Jewish apostle of Christian-Jewish goodwill stands exposed in the nakedness of his bitter and unyielding anti-Jewishness. If there were such a thing as decent public opinion in America, Rabbi Morris Lazaron would nevermore be permitted to stand before a Jewish meeting."

That violent group of Russian Jewry, from all I have seen as I have come through the decades, is the one which has perfected two methods of gaining political control over leading politicians of the West and over the masses of Jewry. I believe the majority of Jews, and very few Gentiles, understand this, and I think most Jews would join with Gentiles in opposing something equally harmful to them both, if they could. Both are thwarted in that by the present permutation of political machines in great countries, especially America, by these political paratroopers from afar. The actions of President Roosevelt and Mr. Hopkins appear to represent their greatest success in mind-control to date. They have shown stupendous skill in their work; had this been applied to improving relations between men a dazzling prospect of betterment might face the world today. But their driving force is essentially hatred, and for that reason I believe they must fail in the end. Their dupes are inwardly the unhappiest folk I know, for their lives are living lies. Serving no positive purpose, but only a destructive one, they are the victims of 'the deception of nations' and in time must destroy themselves.

However, as matters stand today in the political parties, they can only be checkmated by some counter-movement sprung from the loins of the masses. I think: this birth, or renaissance, is occurring now.

FROM the deck I watched the lights of New Orleans, of the Mississippi's banks and of the last land slip past until the night was black; I knew the whole area, from Moscow to San Francisco, where the destiny of the world is being forged. Now I had seen everything.

All the world is waiting for the sunrise; there was more truth in that trite ballad of the Second War than its writer or hearers knew. Since 1914 the world has been waiting, and it must wait awhile yet. This feeling of a world waiting to know its own fate, like a prisoner while the jury is absent, has accompanied me everywhere I went. I felt it first in Berlin in 1929 (and today it must be heavier than ever on that city); it hung over Vienna when I went there in 1935, and over Prague and Budapest and Belgrade and Warsaw in 1938 and 1939. It was more tangible than ever in Paris in early 1940, and heaviest of all over my own London a month or two later.

Still the unanswered question presses on all the peoples, and ever more onerously, and in America it was tangible and vibrant, too. Men know in their hearts, though few of them admit, that the ordeal which began in 1914 is not over but continues; it must continue until the ambition which has been pursued during these four decades succeeds or fails, until the Western nations are free again or have been wholly enslaved, not through defeats in battle but by the alien conspirators at home to whom they have opened their gates.

The feeling of constant suspense which troubled Europe between the wars has spread to the American Republic. Its people intuitively know, if they do not consciously realize, that in the next stage of the process they will be in the thick of the clash. But what the process is, very few of them perceive. I think personal experience, of the actual event, is necessary to that. They are in a clutch which they feel but do not understand. They are like the Berliners in 1932, the Viennese in 1937. Only their anticipation is palpable.