


COMMUNISM IS

UN-AMERICAN UN-AMERICAN

by

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 **I BELIEVE** in America, her freedoms, her ideals, her traditions. My full trust, love, and loyalty are hers. I believe that Communism violates these freedoms, is opposed to these ideals, transgresses these traditions, and is weakening our nation's unity and wrecking our American way of life. If Communism triumphs, Americanism will die.

My sole objective in writing this article is to help save America from the godless governings of totalitarianism, for I believe that every "ism" based on bloodshed, barbarism, suppression, and slavery is un-American. I believe that every real American, if he but knew the truth, would strive to defend this nation from Communists who, wielding their weapons of intrigue and infamy, are imposing on our country their profane pattern of serfdom.

It is my firm faith that the first step in defense of American safety and unity is to break the conspiracy of silence enveloping and endangering her. What I state here about Communism is known not to me alone, nor is it news to many in high places and in low, but most of those who know the facts speak in fearful whispers or in private round-table talks. This method will not cure the creeping paralysis of inertia attacking America nor rouse Americans to the actual menace of Communism.

Too many Americans consider Communism only a nuisance, and in their blindness become like moles that cannot see or ostriches that will not see, while others, in apathetic ignorance, consider it merely a philanthropic movement to improve the condition of the poor and underprivileged. If this were true, Communism would be a pattern for perfect and peaceful living! But I have seen the tragedy of the unfulfillment of glowing Communist promises. I have seen cringing farming people who had been deported from their country, and on their faces were etched, not the happy imprints of the Four Freedoms, but the horrible hoofprints of the Four Horsemen. I met them in Iran, in Palestine, in Kenya, in South Africa, and in Europe. Most of them were suffering from disease; all of them were suffering from starvation.

Over mountains and through valleys I watched streaming, staggering lines of starving aged men, agonizing women, frightened children, tiny, shrunken babies, the spawn and the spoils of Nazi-Fascist-Communist totalitarianism. I saw them in the refugee camps and in the roadside gutters of this war-ruined world, and from their livid lips I learned terrible testimony to the mockery of the totalitarianism "paradise" from which they had been liberated! They told no tales of Communist plenty, equality, and justice. Theirs were stories of hunger, oppression, and death. Deprived of all but life itself, deluded and

debased, they had been driven from their plagued and plundered homeland.

I have also seen the terror mirrored in the tear-emptied eyes of men, women, and children who, when told they were going to be repatriated, preferred suicide in exile to enslavement, cruelty, and death at home!

If these memories were yours, as they are mine, if you believe with me that freedom is the birthright of the great and the small, the strong and the weak, the poor and the afflicted, then you would be convinced as I that Communism is the antithesis of American Democracy.

“But that was far across the seas, in foreign lands,” you say. “It cannot happen here.” It *can* happen here, and anywhere and everywhere that Communism, with its riot of rash promises, takes root. In America the seeds of confusion and disunion are spawning and spreading, and Communism is growing. In their efforts to wean Americans from Americanism, Communists unanimously revile and defile everyone whose opinions and convictions differ politically, socially, or morally from their own. Their subtle, sinister schemings sway and mislead Americans who, in ignorance or weakness, yield to Communism their loyalty to God, to country, and to their fellow man.

OFTEN we fail to put upon the precious things of life their proper price. Freedom is one of these. But freedom is not a treasure which, once possessed, cannot be lost; and it will be lost for us and for our children unless it is cherished, defended, and preserved as it was fought for and won. The history of our United States is the story of the ceaseless struggle to keep alive this freedom and our ideas and ideals of liberty and democracy, and to defend them from enemies within and without her borders.

I, myself, saw the costly writing of this story during 140,000 miles of war-years' travel over the land, on the seas, and in the skies, living, talking, praying with thousands of our men of the armed forces. On nearly every foreign field of battle our men fought, suffered, and died to save America from foes outside her frontiers, and we, who through our soldiers' sacrifices were spared from the enslavement of totalitarianism, must now defend her from this same peril threatening us from within her boundaries. Our martyrs, living and dead, fought each day's fight, feeding their bodies, hearts, and minds with one thought: to go home to America because it *was* America. Through the flow of wartime, when each hard day was like another, that was the common bond uniting our boys each to all and all to America.

Why? Because to each, America meant the freedom to live, to love, to learn, to play, to

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work, and to worship the way his conscience taught. His was the choice. That was the American way for which he made his daily sacrifice of pain, loneliness, and loss. He did not like the mud, the sand, the sleet, the sweat, the suffering, blood, and death! Because he was afraid, he was courageous. And he prayed. I know, for I knew thousands and thousands of our boys, and when they prayed they gave not merely lip service to God. They begged His strength in their weakness, His help in their fear, His mercy in their suffering.

Do you think our boys acted like pagans, atheists, or men disdainful of religion? I have seen men who, after black nights of bombings or battle, walked miles upon miles in the blistering sun of the desert or slogged through the sticking mud of battlefields to pay their homage to their God. These boys were not of my faith alone, but of every religious faith, and today they want, and they deserve, the right to worship as they wish, the right to rear their children in their own faith and not have imposed on them the materialism and atheism of Communism. They have the right to know they have not spilled their common blood in fruitless waste!

When our soldiers talked to me of love of home, mother, family, and America, their hopes, plans, and promises were not mere mouthings, but the sincere, solemn pledges of men determined to keep faith with their country. In every corner of the fighting world boys gave me letters to take home. One I remember well, for, as the boy read it to me, I felt it should be addressed, not to his mother alone, but to every American. It read:

“Today we are faced with the greatest organized challenge to civilization that the world has ever known, and I count myself honored to have the right and the opportunity to fight against it. There will be much work, too, for you, for the homefront must stand forever united after the war is won, or the tyranny of totalitarianism will rend apart the world we fought and died to save.”

This warning to us was his last testament! He, like millions of our boys, fulfilled his pledge. They asked not to have back the lives they gave. They asked only that we who follow after may profit by the anguish they have borne. But we—have we not too soon forgotten our promises and prayers: if Danny comes home alive; if Sam's eyes see again; if Jim walks again? Then, in God's name and theirs, we promised to protect America as they protected her—against anyone and everything that would hurt or deprive her of her rights and freedoms—against any enemy who again would make our sons victims of war.

IT MATTERS little whether a land is overrun by alien armies and conquered by force, or whether it is devitalized by alien organizations, propaganda, and revolution inspired from within. Today those very evils our boys fought against have been planted in the vitals of America by Communists, as they abuse their freedom to deprive us of our freedoms. And many Americans, as truant children listening to the lure of gypsies, are fascinated and fooled as they follow the mysticism of Communism.

Would you, whose son now lies in the hidden depths of the sea, dare to answer his whispered words: "Mother, is the America for which the floods of our blood mingled with the waves of the sea, safe for *my* son—the son I never saw?"

Could you, whose husband's broken body lies buried amidst the ruins in another nation's soil, look into the image of his sad eyes and honestly answer the question mirrored there: "Yes, Tom, America is freed forever from the bondage of the totalitarian tyranny you died to destroy?"

Could you look into the laughing blue eyes of your young son and truthfully say: "Jackie, the Four Freedoms your dad died to defend are safe for you and for all children?"

Could you watch your daughter with a new life beneath her heart and say: "Be strong! Your Joe died—not alone the pilot of his burning ship, but also a flaming light to the world of democracy and peace—and now *his* Joe will never need to sacrifice to war his dreams, his hopes, his life?"

Can you longingly look into a boy's sightless eyes, or wistfully watch a boy awkwardly work his wooden leg; can you see the restless, helpless bodies of the physically and spiritually sick, and say to them: "The peace is won. America is safe. Your job is done?"

No, you cannot, because America is infected with the germs of Communism, which, spreading its poisonous propaganda and false philosophies, is twisting and tempting the minds of good men until they, too, become serfs to the perjuring, *(Continued on page 124)* pandering spirit of confusion and chaos.

Today, Communists, suppressing and distorting truth, are intimidating men and inflicting despotism on America, trying to convert Americans to Communism. In government, in industry, in labor unions, in our political and educational systems, even in the armed services of our country, Communists and Communist sympathizers hold responsible positions, while members of their party use the press, the radio, and the films to influence and divide us against ourselves.

They live under the American flag, enjoy the priceless privilege of being citizens of our republic, while their own allegiance is pledged to an emblem representing a theory of government opposed to everything for which Old Glory stands.

They try to seduce us into believing that Americans can be Communists, but a true American can be neither a Communist nor a Communist condoner, and we must realize that the first loyalty of every American is vigilantly to weed out and counteract Communism and convert American Communists to Americanism.

When some Americans parrot the Communist press and speak of Soviet democracy as a different type from ours, when they assert that we have no right to "impose" our brand of democracy upon others, one questions either their sincerity or their sense. Democracy is not "imposed." It flows from and survives only in freedom, which is the one element completely lacking in "democracies" under the iron rod and behind the iron curtain. Communists have inflicted their sinister influences and domination on every small, helpless nation which they "liberated" or conquered, and unless we awaken and unite our common inter-

ests and common efforts to save our common country, we too shall be conquered.

The first right of man is his right to life, and it is to the glory of American history that his also are the rights to religious, political, and educational freedoms. It is to the shame of Communist history that it violates these rights with fanatical fury. A man may have a natural dislike for the symbolism of the Cross or the significance of the Star of David. He may be opposed to certain political beliefs, or he may prefer one educational system to another. But must he, as Communists do, spurn the sacred, revile and befoul those who differ from him, and, through persecution and blood-baths, deprive them of their liberties and life?

We are the beneficiaries of the sacrifices of American soldiers who, throughout our life as a nation, have fought for our God-given rights, our religious, industrial, educational, and social freedoms, freedom of speech and of the press, and we, their heirs, must never surrender them. My daily prayer, my constant hope, and my lifelong work is toward the goal that all men everywhere may be free. Hatred has no place in my heart, but love of my country *is* in my heart and inspires me to defend America against any system of government that would wrench our rights from us and destroy our democracy.

America is not immortal. I have traveled from earth's end to end and I have seen the ruins of great cities and countries, civilizations that were seemingly indestructible, yet ruined through internal decay, and we must not delude ourselves that we can go on forever despite our enemies, and, above all, despite ourselves. Economic, civic, and political injustices are common enough among us. We have had our material, intellectual, moral, and religious differences and difficulties. We have had our crises to meet and our sins to repent, for America is not a paradise of perfect souls. But our country has not *lost* her soul! As Joe Louis said, "There are lots of things wrong with America but nothing that Naziism can cure." And I say, "There is nothing wrong that Communism can cure!"

America is no safer from mastery by Communism than was any European country. There we witnessed the killing and enslavement of whole peoples by Communists who, with the shedding of blood, have become as if drunken with it. In this atomic age of discord, with nations not alone divided against one another but against themselves, where men make mockery of the meaning and majesty of faith, America must continue to stand as the symbol and sanctuary of liberty, secure in the strength of her unity. Again and again our sons have been called upon to spend their youth, their dreams, their blood, their lives in war to preserve our liberties and bring freedom to imperiled peoples of the earth—to make the world itself free.

In my journeyings to the battlefronts I was privileged to talk with hundreds of men in our armed forces. Many of them have come to visit me since they returned to America, and one of these boys is now trying, through his own deep faith, to restore his family's faith in God and his own trust in his country and his fellowman. God grant he will, for there is no other road to peace for the lone soul or for the mighty nations of the earth.

When this boy enlisted in the Navy he was very young—only 19. At home he had left a twin sister and a younger brother, both of whom he had helped to educate and support. When he returned, 4 years later, he was a man—all his youth drained from him by the crush of war. And he found—what? Let him tell you:

“No years of battle could ever match the agony, the treachery, the disillusionment of home. I lived through the bitter days and years of fighting—*just to get home*. And I found home outwardly the same, but strange and broken within. Only my mother was the same.

“Two years ago my sister left her job where she worked evenings; she left the college where she studied days. She told my mother she was a ‘publicist.’ Two months ago I investigated, and found she was one of a dozen girls trained to write anti-American propaganda for the Communist Party. And nothing I said, nor the heartbreak she could read in my face, impressed her. Millions like me had sacrificed years of our lives to keep America safe for millions like her, but that did not influence her, because the Communists, with their rosy promises, had eaten into her and corroded her heart and mind.

“But that was but a foretaste of the shame and misery I was to experience when my brother, only 12, refused to go to church with me. One Sunday it was a stomach-ache; another, it was an earache. At last he told me the truth. ‘I don’t believe in God,’ he said in his angry, childish voice. ‘Boys and girls laugh at me and call me the praying fool. They said they could prove you lied to me about God, just the way you did about Santa Claus.’”

STILL in the wake of war, we shall be guilty of our sons’ betrayal and America’s destruction if we do not stop the lust-born hates of Communist bigotry and greed that are sweeping like scythes across our nation’s face. Only when each man, himself, lives and helps his fellow man to live by the Four Freedoms will the cruel grow merciful and just, the bigot turn his fierce, foul hates to tolerance and love, the lustful shed his pride and greed, and each shall be friend to all, the foe of none, and truly live America’s plan.

There is no middle course between Democracy and Communism! Americans believe that all men are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights, while Communists deny the very existence of God and man’s God-given rights. In our country’s concepts the dignity of each man depends upon his spiritual independence, while Communism’s concept is seeded in materialism and rooted in tyranny. It attempts to cure one abuse by substituting another. Wherever Communism appears, slavery reappears. America and Americans need only to look at the record and the wreckage of those bigoted governments and peoples who became gods and laws unto themselves, in order to be convinced of the nobility of our own free and democratic government and life.

Would we who are accustomed to complete freedom for both the press and the publisher in America, would we want to read one type of news or listen to one radio broadcast, regardless of the paper we bought or the station into which we tuned? Wherever Communism rules, the press conforms, or dies, and radio

is an absolute state monopoly.

More than one half the families in America own automobiles, for necessity, convenience, or pleasure. But there is one benefit of the automobile which probably never occurs to most of us: the opportunity to roam the country freely, to go from city to city, state to state, or across international lines, with little difficulty. Where Communism is in power, only the mighty own cars, and when they do, they rarely roam, for even they may be under the strict surveillance of dragnets of spies.

IN AMERICA we are free to discuss, criticize, and advise our government. Would we want to live under penalty of imprisonment, or even death, for expressing our opinion about it, or be forbidden to change our places of residence without the permission of the police?

Do you believe that any man who spent the best years of his life in the hell of war on foreign soils wants his children's training and education prescribed by any dictator? Do you think he wants himself and his family watched and regimented? Do you think he wishes his whole life and all his labors controlled by the state?

In America, if a worker belongs to a union, he can bargain collectively with his employer, and unless he is a member of a Communist-dominated union, he is free to argue with his fellow workers. If he is dissatisfied, he can go on strike. During the past year we have had hundreds of strikes, some of them prolonged and widespread. And because some strikes are harmful to the employer, the working man, the public, and the country, thoughtful men have sought peaceful ways for realizing the just demands of the worker. But one aspect of the strike situation is usually overlooked: Strikes are possible because workers are free. No employer can compel a worker to be at his job, not even when the Government is the employer.

When the American citizen goes to work, it is to a job of his own choice, though it may not be entirely to his liking. No human system is perfect, and even under ideal conditions wrong men are given authority. Leaders can abuse their power. Bureaucrats can become indifferent to the welfare of those who work for them. But we have democratic methods of solving our problems, while under Communism strikes are forbidden because they are considered a form of revolutionary sabotage, and the State, which is the employer, demands blind obedience, the only key to survival.

If we want to protect America against the invasion of Communism, we must act wisely and promptly to check its poison propaganda through the antitoxin of truth and patriotism. It is not for me to cut a perfect pattern of Americanism. Our Founding Fathers, our soldiers, our patriotic citizens down through the years of our nation's life have formed this pattern and left to us the sacred trust of living and preserving it. Nor is it my duty to seek out those pseudo-Americans who would rob Americans of this heritage. That is the responsibility of informed and competent men in our government who are aware of un-American activities. But I feel that I would not be a true American if I did not express my conviction that no American can dare to compromise with the crooked courses of

Communism, or surrender to it, without jeopardizing the security of our country. I feel that I would not be a true American if I entered into the conspiracy of silence and did not raise my voice above those who, privately and in whispers, talk about Communism, but neither act nor speak publicly against this insidious enemy of Americanism.

T H E A M E R I C A N M A G A Z I N E