

UNITED WE STAND

William Maselli

FOREWORD

In the years since 1945 the world has continued to turn. Countless millions have fallen in love; celebrities have climbed the heights and fallen; men have risen to be generals and have faded away; politicians have become presidents: some have been assassinated and some disgraced; roughly two billion people have been born and one billion have died; families have come together and apart; poems have been written, skyscrapers, churches, and mausoleums have been built; nations have lived in peace and have waged war, physically and psychologically. In short, life has gone on.

The opportunities of yesterday, like the ancient civilizations, are gone with the wind. The chaotic and explosive world of today formed primarily because of the irresolution of America's post-war leadership, which has poised us on the brink of annihilation. Yet, had the events portrayed in this book actually taken place, they would represent their own form of madness and annihilation. America would have lost its innocence, but America has since lost its innocence anyway — in a more perverted fashion. Man will continue to struggle, however, following neither rhyme nor reason but convenience and passion.

History by nature is unchangeable, as is, perhaps, the future. Regardless of such futility, man has created many wonders, and it is in the spirit of wonder that this book has been written.

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note: in order to enhance the flow of the narrative, important military, administrative, and political material has been relegated to the appendix.

I. THE DAWN

The only thing wrong with the ham and cheese sandwich, Hank thought, was that it tasted too good: strange how things should go so smoothly, today of all days. Hank threw the last bite into its wrapper. He remembered the last time he had really enjoyed a sandwich. It was the day he'd been cut from his high school football team in Waukesha, Wisconsin. With the tension of trying out for the team removed, Hank had devoured a roast beef grinder with lettuce, tomatoes, cheese, and oil.

"Strange what remains in the mind," Hank thought out loud as he picked bits of ham from between his teeth with fingernails ingrained with dirt.

Hank moved over to the mirror, commenting "these two have got to go" as he roughly fingered a pair of pearl-sized pimples on his forehead. Hank had always been impatient — with his wife, with his jobs, and with himself.

He hadn't seen his wife since he had grudgingly taken her to the hospital. This had been the fifth time she'd been to the hospital; twice to have children and three times as a victim of Hank's temper and frustration. She forgave his violence each time, though the last time in silence. At times love must place second to other factors, she finally came to realize. She knew Hank needed love to survive; however, he had never been able to conquer his emotions. He had never seriously abused the children, yet she feared for them.

Hank moved away from the mirror, picked up a day-old newspaper on the bureau, and stretched out on the bed — it was the first time he had fresh sheets in six months.

Downtown, the Bishop Auditorium was sealed off by security men. Three miles to the north, Hank casually glanced through the paper. He skimmed the front sections, passing lightly over the story about the Vice-President's planned visit to the city. Hank had read that story yesterday.

He found himself reading the classified section and began to check for employment opportunities as a janitor, what he had been the last three times he had been employed. He hadn't worked in well over a year and paid for this trip by selling his gold watch, his wife's

first anniversary gift. A year ago such a possibility would have seemed preposterous. Somehow actions which seemed totally out of character, out of the realm of contemplation, were now taken for granted.

Hank called downstairs for the time, feeling somewhat self-conscious about disturbing the clerk. It had been a long while since Hank worried about the time. Since he lost his last job for assaulting two co-workers, Hank never kept to any type of schedule. Even when employed, Hank was notorious for arriving late, or, deep in the art of loafing, missing the punch-out time. These tendencies increased proportionately with the number of days he'd been on the job.

Before being forced out of school in the tenth grade, Hank had designs on more respectable employment than he ultimately attained. The fact that he seldom excelled in school had little bearing upon Hank's desire to achieve prominence. Raised poor but proud, Hank had been a fervent believer in the American dream. Brought up in a conservative Polish neighborhood, Hank was instilled with old-fashioned values and ideals. Although his influences were working-class, Hank believed that in the open American society only imagination, effort, and desire were the limits to achievement.

Apparently below average intellectually, few people perceived his camouflaged intelligence. As with many boys in school, Hank had a great desire to reach the top — president, senator, or general. He was infatuated with power. His major interests were such power-wielders as Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon. "Don't attempt something unless you feel you can be the best," Hank often thought.

As it all too often happens with dreams, however, they wither and die. For some, life's realities don't hit until they are mature enough to accept fortune's limitations. For Hank they hit all too soon. He lost a year of school when he was fifteen because of leg operations from a condition never properly understood; the medical costs drained his family's resources. His mother died the next spring, a particularly painful loss for Hank. The careless impregnating of a local girl further impoverished Hank into a web of disillusion and frustration. Before the child was born Hank quit

school to support his family. His first job, in construction, collapsed from further deterioration of his injured leg. In the course of six years Hank had nine jobs; for a good part of those years he was unemployed.

Meanwhile, his family, which now included a second child, were often hungry and dispirited. The grim realities of life were too much for Hank. His usually pleasant demeanor eventually gave way to perpetual rancor and animosity. His dreamy nature faded away, to be replaced with resentment, hostility, and self-deprecation.

"Where is the American dream now?" Hank seemed to scream to the winds as he walked the streets alone during the harsh Wisconsin winters.

Hank looked up from the paper, nervously folded it and placed it on the dresser. He had daydreamed for over twenty minutes. Hank had always been a daydreamer but seldom got so lost with himself. He infrequently thought beyond the last two years, however. In many ways it was as if those early years never existed. His mind often wandered to days when he had been particularly hungry or extremely cold. More often his mind strayed to his wife, the only person who ever really knew him. He found himself humming the tune of "I'm in the Mood for Love," the song they always regarded as their own. Tears formed in his brain, but his eyes only stared at the paper.

Hank called the clerk: it was seven-thirty. He requested a taxi and calmly placed down the receiver. He glanced at his suitcase and then began to get dressed. He wore dirty socks and underwear and his only respectable pair of pants, complemented with a blue and red striped shirt and a pair of old sneakers. Hank slipped on his overcoat and closed the door behind him.

"Bishop Auditorium," Hank told the driver as the taxi wheeled out of the circular driveway onto the downtown streets. Cities used to be a symbol of power to Hank but now only represented chill and pain. He looked into the windows of closed banks, symbols of power: the ability to control lives. The tall buildings seemed to freeze him inside as he peered through eyes already frozen. His heart was pounding in an eerily-paced synchronization with the taxi meter.

Hank could see the distinctive shape of the auditorium. The cab pulled up abruptly to the crowded walk, jarring Hank's terrified soul.

"You'll get your payment in Hell!" Hank screamed silently while handing the driver his last ten dollar bill.

Hank stepped onto the packed sidewalk; these people were now his enemies. He limped through the throng with steel in his eyes; steel in his heart; steel in his pocket. As he passed through the auditorium door, Hank walked confidently with the instinctual knowledge that the only ways to exercise power are to build or to destroy.

Jackson could not sit in one position for more than a few moments, restlessly roaming from one corner of the room to another. He agreed with the radio announcer who said this was one of the darkest days in American history, and yet Jackson felt as if a new world was opening up, preparing to flower.

The Vice-President, who had held the office only a few short months, had been killed the previous evening when a Polish-American, allegedly insane with the re-capturing of Poland by the Russians, shot him as he gave an address in Wisconsin. Before this news had become generally known, the President of the United States, who had guided the nation through periods of great crisis for more than twelve years, died of a massive hemorrhage of the brain. By a freak of circumstance, only the previous week the standing order of succession had been abolished and the new procedure not yet formally voted. At a critical moment in the nation's history, America was without a president.

After the first shock wore off, a number of congressmen sought to inaugurate Joshua Miller, an old and respected senator from New York who was planning to retire next election. He considered the matter, but on his own instincts and the advice of a few powerful senatorial colleagues, declined. These colleagues then spoke over the radio, calling for a full session of Congress that evening to choose a new president. As they were among the most respected men in the nation, the effect was the calming of fear. More importantly, however, they gave themselves the spotlight and the initiative. As the Virginia delegation had done in 1787, these senators practically formed a gov-

ernment without debate.

Jackson heard the news with his mind but felt it more strongly in his soul. He snapped off the radio's paranoid panic and sat solemnly on his desk.

"If Miller won't take the job," he thought, "who is going to get it?"

With his soul being the principal organ of realization, he decided it would be himself. There was no degree of logic to base this decision on, but he made it nonetheless. In another moment he would have regarded this as ludicrous, an assault upon human rationality. But that moment never came.

There was a rapping at the door, and Jackson turned to see John Davis, a powerful member of the Senate.

"Good to see you, Edward," the Senator said in a tone betraying both calm and nervous tension. "How are you holding out?"

"Quite well," replied Jackson in his most unassuming manner. "And the Senate?"

"I've barely seen you for months," the Senator admonished. "Any particular reason?" he asked with a sly smile.

Jackson relaxed one level of defense and settled comfortably upon another. "You've heard of a cause without a leader? Well, I'm a leader without a cause."

His remark was not exactly what he wanted to say, but he got the point across.

"I'm prepared to offer you one," replied Senator Davis.

"What makes you think I'm interested?" asked Jackson.

"I know you are," answered the Senator.

"And I know you are quite presumptuous," lied Jackson.

"Am I?" asked the Senator.

"Maybe," Jackson lied again, but the way he lied allowed the truth to come out.

"That's what I thought," said the Senator. "Allow me to explain."

"I'm quite sure I already understand you, Mr. Senator," said Jackson, showing both the impudence and confidence the Senator was counting on him to have.

"Now you're being presumptuous," lied the Senator.

"Am I?" Jackson asked, a trace of comedy in his voice.

"It seems we both understand each other, Mr. President," said

the Senator with a tone of utmost significance.

"Will this understanding be for the best?" Jackson asked without caring for an honest answer.

"Time will tell," replied the Senator.

"Yes, time will tell," countered Jackson, already feeling his powers slighted.

"Congress convenes at seven-thirty tonite," said the Senator. "We'll be ready for you at seven-forty-five. And for God's sake, don't ask for the Office — take it!"

All that afternoon Jackson felt as though he was drifting about in an absurd illusion. In a furious fever he composed the evening's speech. Afterwards he felt a fear — even a panic — about delivering the speech and facing the huge task ahead. He grabbed a copy of the Constitution just as his personal secretary, Elizabeth Alden, entered the room. She had a feeling of excitement pounding within her that she had never experienced before.

Jackson greedily scanned the print dealing with the election and details of the Office. He was relieved to see, in writing, that the present circumstances were specifically covered.

"So it rests squarely with the Congress," Jackson thought out loud with a decided lack of spirit.

"You doubt you're doing the right thing?" asked Beth.

"I'm doubting everything right now," replied Jackson weakly.

"Without a President the country's paralyzed," Beth stated forcefully. "And if Congress runs the government it will never be the same."

Again there was a rapping at the door, and the two turned to see old Senator Miller leaning against the doorway. Beth led him to the couch and left the two men alone.

"Senator," said Jackson, "I must say that I'm wholly impressed with your benevolence."

"Benevolence my ass!" returned the Senator.

"Then you honestly didn't want it?" Jackson asked.

"I sure as hell wanted it," said the Senator. "I want it today, I wanted it last year, and I've wanted it since I was a boy."

"Are you well?" asked Jackson.

"I'll be lucky to last the year," replied the Senator, "but death doesn't scare me one bit. We don't scare easy, we Millers. And the Office doesn't scare me either, as some fools are bound to say. I didn't take the job because I was convinced someone else could do better, that someone can accomplish the objectives I'd strive for were I a young man."

Jackson gazed on in respect, but was quite bewildered as to how Miller had come to value him so highly.

"Were I a young man still," continued the Senator, "I would turn the world upside down. On the other hand, were I a young man, no one would be offering me the job. That's where we differ, my boy, why I'm going to die an old useless man and you're going to be the most powerful man in the world."

"I must wonder why I've been offered. . . ."

"You've got heart, kid, that's why!" interrupted the Senator with extraordinary vehemence. "But more important, you don't let your heart get in the way of your brains. And what makes this whole duty worthwhile, what negates the sacrifice aspect, is your innocence. You have no idea why you were chosen when so many are thirsting for power. If you were scheming for this I wouldn't be here now. I've been watching you since August and checking up on you as well. A very remarkable ~~my~~ young man. I had only power in the Senate to offer you, but Fate has played into our hands. Ah, ever since August, when I got word of that marvelous oration of yours that you never gave."

Jackson felt as if someone had discovered a deep dark secret in his soul.

"You never gave that speech," continued Miller, "not because you didn't have the guts but because you knew it would be futile. If it wasn't for the hand of fate, or God, it would have been. This country would have gone right down the path to destruction. You wouldn't give the speech to the Congress — or was it intended for your nomination to the presidency?— but you gave it once and the effort hasn't betrayed you."

Jackson continued to gaze at the Senator with an eager and confused expression. A moment of silence passed until finally Jackson muttered "Who? Who heard the speech?"

"Five senators, my boy!" the Senator eagerly shouted. "The

very men who are putting you into power. It must have been a magnificent speech to send their spirits soaring! You're a man nobody thought existed, and now we're all counting on you."

"A leader without an army, that's what you were," continued the Senator with increasing emotion. "The time is now, my friend. The Old Man is gone, and with him goes the appeasement he carried like a flea carries plague. I loved the old devil — I've never told anyone that — but his time had come. He'd served his nation well and died before he could destroy it: who could ask for more? And I tell you, he didn't believe it himself. 'Appeasement!' I could see the dark hole in his eyes as he muttered such imbecility, like there was so much he wasn't facing up to."

Jackson understood all but said nothing. The two remained silent for a long moment.

"Well, I've been here long enough."

With that the Senator picked up his hat and limped out the door.

"Seven-forty sharp!" he called from the distance as he disappeared into the spiritual chaos outside.

The speech suddenly so famous Jackson gave in his home on August 20, 1944. The speech was the culmination of a long arduous process wherein Jackson initially entered public service, fueled a growing ambition, poised painfully between hope and despair, and finally chose despair.

Edward Jackson was born of a blue-blood family in Lexington, Kentucky in the year 1900. After a 'normal' childhood, he went to private high school, and upon graduation in 1918 enlisted in the marines, to the horror of his parents. The war ended before he saw action, but he voluntarily remained in the service for another year, seeing various stints of duty in Central and South America. After a few rapid promotions, he left the marines and returned to his parents' estate, where he amused himself for over three years with reading, horse racing, and women.

In the fall of 1923 he entered a prestigious university, where he majored in business administration. After one year he left school and returned home, where he fell back into his prior lifestyle.

In the summer of 1925 his mother died, and with renewed seriousness he returned to the university, now majoring in history and literature. He married in 1926, the result of a short-lived but glorious love affair with a woman from the east. The marriage was annulled after three months. He graduated in the spring of 1928 and returned to operate the family businesses, which included horses, tobacco, and whiskey. He often attended the fashionable society parties, acting and being treated as the most eligible bachelor in the state.

By 1932 he began to engage in politics even though bored with local and state affairs. For pleasure he immersed himself in reading and conversing about the state of the nation, of Europe, and the world. Despite his lack of interest in state politics, he was asked to run for Lt. Governor in 1936 with the aging Governor Morgan. He accepted and won. He handled his duties admirably but was continually feeling the urge to remove himself from pettiness and tackle larger issues.

With the world sliding into devastating warfare and the inevitability of the United States ultimately becoming involved, Jackson ran for the United States Senate in 1940. He was elected after mounting an impressive campaign and took his seat in January 1941. He was appointed the lowest-ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, and by his request on the Armed Services Committee. Despite his low status, he made waves with biting and sarcastic remarks aimed at administration officials.

After Pearl Harbor, Jackson was one of the most respected voices in Congress concerning the conduct of the war. In the fall of 1942, dismayed at the direction the war was taking but also frustrated by his lack of power, Jackson grew sullen and melancholy and began to seriously consider his future. Throughout 1943 he became increasingly alienated and realized he did not have the temperament to build a power base slowly over the years, a power he clearly saw would be worthless even if achieved. He saw the state of affairs in immediate need of direction and longed to begin exercising power.

Jackson determined to seek the Presidency in 1944. He felt the Republican nomination was well within his grasp. What eventually became obvious, however, was that the President, already serving an unprecedented third term, was determined to seek a fourth. Even if he did grab the nomination, his chances of beating the President, a

popular favorite, were almost non-existent.

By March of 1944, with the coming post-war world beginning to take an odious form, Jackson gave up all hope of running for the Presidency. By July he decided to resign from the Senate. Days passed as if he were in a mad fury. He read from his favorite works of history, slept in different rooms every night, drank heavily, and in a mad dash composed the oration he planned to deliver to the Senate as his piece de resistance.

The speech was one of the masterpieces of history. It spoke of the formation and development of the United States, the nature of the international system, the nature of man, the progress and conduct of the war, the momentous struggles between powerful nations of the past, and the need to shape the world after the war in a manner which America could control. In fact, it could have been interpreted as a call for the United States to conquer the world!

Jackson carried the speech like a fire in his pocket for three days. On the evening of August 20, 1944 he retired to his Washington home, set up a lectern, and began to deliver his address. As he began, he felt the spirits of the great Greeks and Romans — of Demosthenes and Cicero; of Caesar and Alexander; of Livy and Thucydides — pour from his pounding heart in an intoxicating rush of blood and ferocious energy. His voice, now forceful, now beguiling; now stinging, now soothing; now bitter, now hopeful, resounded and echoed throughout the house and seemed to rise to the very heavens.

Whether he decided against publicly delivering the speech before this performance or only after, when the last words were barely settling into the ancient wood paneling he tore it into pieces and scattered them. The next morning the maid swept them up and sent them to the incinerator to be fired, as all the achievements of man will someday be.

Unbeknownst to Jackson, however, a group of five senators, seeking his support for Senator Davis for President, had entered his home. They had heard Jackson's voice from outside and silently moved toward it. For these men, the speech had as much impact as if delivered in the same blood-boiling manner on the Senate floor. The men, emotionally moved, left in a state of amazement as quietly as they had come. They never forgot the incident, and when fate gave them the opportunity to see their designs realized, and as the moderates

and liberals would never have voted for one of the Imperialist inner circle, the oddly aloof Senator from Kentucky, understood by few but respected by all, became the choice for leadership.

Since he delivered the speech, Jackson slowly mellowed and lost that tinge of bitterness he'd been carrying. Rather than a dramatic resignation, he decided to sit quietly in the Senate until his term expired in 1946 when he would go peaceably home and forget the ulcers of existence.

After the President won his fourth term, Jackson kept away from the usual gatherings of lawmakers. He attended one or two of the supposedly crucial sessions of the following year, but for the first few months of 1945 he remained isolated, reading poetry and romantic novels and occasionally history, but with none of his previous agitation but with a quiet and somber resignation. He began to write historical philosophy, solid thoughts filled with the mellow acceptance he had so recently taught himself to believe. It was while writing of such acceptance that Jackson heard of the death of the President on April 12, 1945.

Jackson emerged from the limousine surrounded by security men. They strode swiftly through the passageway. Eyes were fixed on Jackson as though he were the last hope of a nation. The people attached themselves to him with all the heart that can be the product of faith alone.

On the floor the stage was set. Subservient Imperialists not privy to the plot had no alternative: the decision had been made. The moderates had been swamped all day, but not with a campaign pitch but with an issue already decided. The moderates believed Jackson a man of their own stripe and sheepishly believed the Imperialists were supporting him due to the urgency of the situation. The Liberals were neither courted nor concerned with: the death of the President had left them quite in the cold. They lacked time, resolve, and numbers to offer an alternative. Although in other circumstances they could pose a threat, on this day they were helpless. With both houses joined for the vote, Congress more resembled one inarticulate mass than two distinct voices. Although individual votes would be cast, there would be a mass consensus on the floor. In effect, the People would speak.

Jackson carried a large thin leather case containing his speech. As he prepared to enter from the rear, he could hear the Republican Leader, Jack Wilson, speaking of the urgency and turbulence of the times; the need to rise from catastrophe and soar with misfortune; the need for immediate leadership. Wilson closed with "Gentlemen of the Congress, the next President of the United States."

The military band, boldly yet eerily abstractly, began to play as the delegates rose from enthusiasm and custom. There was an electricity, a thrill, in the air of which everyone was conscious and to which many had already given way. It was a situation ripe for shattering success or spectacular failure. With so much at stake, Jackson could not help but feel dwarfed by the occasion. He walked with resolution, though the power of the applause and the music carried him. He felt an impropriety, but at the same time felt the historic and monumental import of this moment. As he ascended the speaker's platform his face betrayed neither nervousness nor guilt but remained locked in determination. The same sense of impropriety was felt by many Congressmen, but was overmatched by that historic and monumental significance.

As the delegates waited, so did the people. They gathered around radios in every corner of the nation. If congressmen were prepared to accept this new President, certainly the people were, desperate for leadership and trusting in the wisdom of those they'd elected to deal with such sudden crises.

As Jackson paused at the lectern, the Congressmen slowly took their seats and he began.

"Members of Congress, American citizens, and friends of the Republic! In the annals of time there has not been such a loss at such a critical moment as we have suffered. Having called forth our strength, our determination and freedom, we have successfully resisted the slavery foreign enemies have tried to impose upon us. We have marched, blessed with the strength that God in His Wisdom grants to a free people, to the brink of wiping the pestilence and plague from the face of the earth."

"We have drawn from all our energies, have made every sacrifice, and together with the free peoples of the world stand one short step away from gathering the fruits of our sacrifice. But with victory in our grasp God has taken from us a man who rose to lead the American

people in their hour of desperate need, delivered us from the brink of anarchy, and took up the banner of freedom against the tyrants of human slavery. God has not taken this man to punish us but to test us, to try our strength and faith, to see if America will crumble under the weight of adversity, wilt in the face of sacrifice, and lay down when God calls us to rise and drive the spectre of godless blasphemy so deep into Hell that it will take centuries for it to raise its ugly head."

"Americans! Remember the savage assault at Pearl Harbor!! Remember how the Japanese extinguished the light of hope and liberty from China almost to the shores of California. Americans! Remember how the Nazi scourge crushed all of Europe under the weight of its hate and how the English people, rising from the forecast of destruction, stood and wounded Goliath with the strength of God and their own hearts."

"Now, a few short years later, we have driven these enemies to the point of annihilation. Let us not slacken our efforts; let us not call for reduced sacrifice; let us not lower our heads at our misfortune. Americans! Let us rise, in the conviction of our cause, the cause of justice, freedom, and liberty, to the heights God has intended for our nation."

"Let us stand and let the world know that America will never fall short of her responsibilities and will never abdicate her position as the protector of human liberty. The void we now feel we shall overcome by the united strength of America and the free peoples of the world. In the words of our fallen leader, 'the only thing we have to fear is fear itself.' Fear not the future, but unite, Americans!, unite!, and we shall rise with greater strength than ever before!"

As the speech concluded, after having been punctuated by tremendous applause and two standing ovations, a mysterious process had occurred. Jackson was no longer a man who sought the Presidency; he was the President. He had not asked for the opportunity to lead; he had led. He was now the President.

The entire floor rose with a standing acclamation, interpreted by the Senate leaders as a unanimous vote for Jackson. No one dared to speak in opposition. The Chief Justice, an intimate friend of Senator Miller, administered the oath of office. The President continued to manifest his earlier confidence, though it was still the applause which moved his legs and the force of history which carried him down the aisle and out into the Washington streets.

II. THE STORM

It was the evening of May 8, 1945. Germany had officially surrendered to the Allied forces, and the defeat of Japan seemed merely an eventuality. The celebration was tempered by ominous forebodings of conflict with Russia — nothing definite, but vague allusions and innuendoes by the President, his aides, and the media. This tempering did not seem significant at the moment, however, and the celebration was wild and joyous.

The White House was no exception, despite the fact that the inner circle realized a greater struggle had just begun. Champagne corks flew and congratulations abounded. For both the people and the leaders, the celebration was for the victory of good over evil. But as the people looked toward a past of simplicity and peace, the leaders looked to a future of unprecedented complications and violence.

Present in the White House were the two most famous American generals of the war in Europe. The Commander-in-Chief came home to celebrate the end of the war and the beginning of a new career. He was chosen by the Congress to be vice-president. This choice pleased many, but for different reasons. The people were happy that he was a popular hero with integrity and whom they could trust completely. The President was pleased that he could now quietly appoint a new commander in Europe.

The new commander was the most famous American fighting general in Europe. He had desired to push his tanks straight to Berlin; some compared him with Ulysses S. Grant.

Both generals delivered toasts commemorating the end of the European War: the Vice-President's of self-satisfaction and conclusion, the new Commander's of restraint and ambition. The Commander believed there was yet a great deal to be done. His meeting with the President confirmed him in that belief. When their eyes met, the Commander knew why he'd been chosen to lead the army in Europe. No words were spoken, but the two men understood each other.

The President himself delivered a toast. Lifting his glass high, he said: "To World peace; may we enjoy it in our lifetime!" Several glanced at one another significantly, as many must have done when Andrew Jackson made his famous toast on Jefferson's birthday in 1828.

... the morning of May 11, 1945, the President met in the conference room of the White House with the Joint Chiefs of Staff to begin coordinating war policy now that Germany had been defeated. As could be expected after the death of a President, war policy was somewhat tenuous. Since assuming office, the President had been bound by many agreements made by the former President. However, he adhered to these not from compulsion but for politics. With considerable frustration, the Americans allowed the Russians to capture Berlin, as had been agreed. The new European Commander had chafed at this madness, and indeed the President had considered allowing the army to advance. However, symbolism was forsaken for substance, or vice versa, and Berlin fell into enemy hands. The signing away of Eastern Europe was not frustrating because it was discounted.

There had been an agreement ~~that~~ the Russians should enter the war against Japan as soon as Germany was crushed. The Russians planned to invade in August, but the President, with the implied threat of transgressing the western boundary, convinced them to attack into Manchuria and Japan in July. In fact, the Russians were only too pleased to be coerced into gaining territory sooner than expected.

The President's aim, however, was not merely the defeat of

Japan, which had already been accomplished. The Pacific Commander captured Manilla in February, Iwo Jima fell in March, and from the Mariana Islands the United States Air Force was reducing Japanese cities to burning rubble. The United States could conceivably lose a half million men in an assault of Japan proper, but the President had no intention of incurring such losses over a helpless enemy.

The day after his inauguration, the President met with General Ferguson, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. The President was informed that the atomic bomb was nearly operational. Although stunned, he smoothly adopted the bomb into his strategy. Had he desired to finish off Japan, he would have ordered the Russians to stay out and delivered a bomb on Tokyo. However, the President had bigger fish to fry.

As Russia moved on Berlin they conquered almost all of Eastern Europe. The Russians had no intention of giving up this territory, for to allow the area to revert to its previous condition of virulent anti-Russian hatred would be ill-advised. Russia had often been invaded from Eastern Europe, from the Middle Ages to Napoleon to the Nazis, and could now ensure her security.

The United States agreed that Russia needed to dominate Eastern Europe, yet America could not allow an aggressive nation to build such a preponderance of power. The former President, hopeful for peace, decided to allow the Russians control of Eastern Europe, blindly believing their appetite would be satiated. The President, knowing well the lessons of history, decided not only to remove the Russians from Eastern Europe but to shatter their military power to such a degree that Americans would never live under the shadow of another power-hungry totalitarian state. Driven by Fate, the President forced all negativity from his mind and heart to accomplish the greatest gift humanity could receive — the unification of the World!

The engineering of the atomic bomb cemented his beliefs, for once the bomb became generally available the human race would be doomed to destruction. With Hitler and Japan now effectively out of the way, only the Russian Nation stood between the United States and the solidification of a world political system that could make war obsolete. The President had no intention of destroying the Russian State, which he respected greatly. However, he would destroy

as much as necessary in crushing the Russian military power forever.

The atomic bomb fit into the President's plans perfectly; indeed, he might not have been able to do without it. A great non-nuclear American effort could defeat them, but the President would have had great difficulty convincing the Americans to sacrifice over one million casualties and three or more years of fighting in order to destroy Russia. If the war was delayed, however, the two would have ultimately fought to the death, as have all other powers in the history of mankind. Such a delay would have been totally to the Russians advantage. With atomic weapons, however, and a few decades to improve their means of delivery, the inevitable warfare would mean the end of modern civilization.

The joint United States/Soviet invasion of Japan was due to begin in July. Although this invasion could crush Japan like a mound of scrap metal trapped between two advancing steel jaws, the President did not intend to allow this conflict, nor the exorbitant American casualties resultant, to run its course.

Already there were seeds of mistrust flowering in the United States, planted by the President and members of his administration. People who disliked the Russians, and many anti-communists, were happily elaborating on these hints. The President spoke before the American Conference of Newspaper Editors and said that although the two nations would be cooperating, America must always be wary. He also planned to have the press receive detailed information concerning the Katyn Forest murders of 1940, when the Russians killed 15,000 imprisoned Polish officers. The major American news magazine whose publisher was a friend of the President, ran a cartoon, reprinted in hundreds of newspapers, showing the Russian leader and his aides drinking vodka in Berlin from glasses shaped like the globe, the caption reading 'next we'll vodka on Broadway.' Reports were circulated that the huge Red Army, if left in possession of Eastern Europe, would march to the Atlantic Ocean. The President knew this campaign would not bring the people anywhere near war fever, but would prepare them should the right incidents take place.

"It seems to me," said General Garland, Army Chief of Staff, "that if we wanted the Russians out of Eastern Europe we should have considered Himmler's offer more carefully."

"How would you like to be allied with the Nazi's?" laughed the President.

"Just as well as with the Russians," answered the General.

"I think we're all better off with the Germans out of the picture completely," said the President. "What's the target date for the Japanese invasion?"

"July 10th," replied the Chairman, General Ferguson. "We could be ready by the end of June."

"And the bomb?" asked the President.

"It will be ready to test about the same time," Ferguson replied.

"Do you, in your heart, think it's going to work?" the President asked.

"In my heart I think it will," answered the General. "But. . ."

"But what?"

"Nothing, sir."

"General," the President asked the Air Force Chief, "can Moscow be easily hit by our bombers?"

"Yes," replied General Ringley, "but our planes go down in Russia."

"What about Leningrad?" continued the President.

"Leningrad's a sitting duck," replied Ringley.

"We have to be prepared for the worst," stated the President. "Any problems regarding the invasion?"

"Not on our side," replied Ferguson. "The Russians are being difficult."

"Let them be," exclaimed the President. "The more difficult the better. Just be sure they're ready to hit the Japs when we are. If not, let me know immediately."

"Yes sir," said Ferguson.

"And the Commander?" asked the President.

"He has everything under control, as usual," answered Ferguson.

"I want to see him Monday," said the President. "Not in the Pacific but here in my office at one o'clock sharp. Good day, gentlemen."

The President rose and left the room, leaving the military leaders staring at one another.

By Monday May 16th, the President thought of nothing but the pending meeting with his Pacific Commander. Despite the Pres-

ident's earlier dissatisfaction with the course of the war, he took great pride in the actions of this general. It had taken a direct presidential order to force him into abandoning the Phillipines, and his insistence on recapturing these islands despite many contrary arguements had greatly impressed the President. The recapture itself, a deed the General had promised the Phillipine people, was the greatest example of United States resolve, benevolence, and superiority that the war could offer. United States actions in the Pacific generally were a model of American greatness for the entire world. Even before the war, as the colonial powers everywhere dug their claws deeper into their havens of slavery in a desperate attempt to yoke them in perpetuity, the United States had been preparing the Phillipines for democracy and independence.

The President heard many reports of the General's difficult nature, but dismissed them; he was certain they would see eye to eye. At one o'clock the Pacific Commander arrived, wearing full dress uniform with an assortment of medals, including the Congressional Medal of Honor which the President had urged for his recapture of the Phillipines.

"General, I am honored to meet you," said the President, extending his hand.

"Likewise, Mr. President," replied the General. When he heard the news of the deaths of the former President and Vice-President, the General considered himself the rightful leader of the Nation and harbored a contempt for the new President. However, despite a forced apathy, the General had been emotionally moved by the President's 'Inaugural Address.'

On his flight, the General felt a shadowy anticipation of significance, yet his hopes had been betrayed many times before and he maintained, initially, a cynical attitude.

"Won't you sit down, General," the President offered.
"May I offer my congratulations for your Medal of Honor."

"Thank you, sir," replied the General. "I offer my congratulations for your rise to the presidency."

"Thank you, General," replied the President. "I assure you it was a most unexpected honor."

"I am sure, sir, that you will make the most of it," said the General.

Both men were ill at ease and yet smiling the artificial smile known best by diplomats. The President never felt comfortable in this atmosphere and was certain the General disliked it as well.

"General," said the President with a tone of sincerity which caught the soldier's attention, "I have brought you to Washington to discuss the struggle that is taking place. I consider your views most important."

"I am at your command, sir," answered the General.

"Everywhere the world smolders," continued the President. "It is as one huge vat of molten iron, and it depends upon the artist to determine whether the mold will crack or endure."

The General gazed at the President with surprise and caution.

"Today," said the President, "the world lies at our feet, half in ruins and begging for an end of chaos and misery. We may answer this call, and complete the work so many great men of the past have begun but failed in, or we may allow those failures to convince us to allow all of mankind to fail, miserably, once and for all."

"I too see the world begging for solutions," said the General. "In all honesty, I did not see the strength in America's civilian leadership to provide any more than stop-gap solutions which would accomplish nothing but the providance of more misery and more begging for solutions."

The President's honesty had inspired the same in the General.

"And could we not say," continued the President, "that the human race is doomed to perform the process you describe despite what we may do?"

"The outline of existence cannot be changed," stated the General, "but the content, despite the common denominator of human life, can be."

"There is something to be said for having an enemy, do you agree, General?" asked the President.

"If you mean the Russians," answered the General, "there is merit in having an enemy as well as in not having an enemy."

"Moral degeneration is the principal fear for a nation with no enemies," said the President, "such as Rome after Carthage."

"True," said the General, "but without the eradication of enemies moral degeneration is irrelevant, for you may be destroyed by your rivals."

"It's a balancing game," replied the President, "a contest,

with the victor attaining the privilege to degenerate."

Both men remained silent for a long moment.

"In all honesty," said the President, "focusing upon moral degeneration is, as you've said, a luxury consideration when one is concerned with existence itself. How well do you remember Thucydides, General?"

"Perfectly," he sharply replied.

"All the aspects of international relations," continued the President, "though on the surface so much has changed, is contained in that work, and the basis of all politics, that of power and power alone, is the root element in all human relations."

"I could not agree with you more," answered the General.

"It also seems to me," said the President, "that the relationship between Athens and Sparta is greatly relevant to our own situation. Despite the advantages ~~has of banding~~ together in alliance, despite the fact that together they could have ruled the world, the nature of humanity and of life itself caused them to destroy one another."

"Causing their heritage to fall to Rome," said the General. "Your obvious parallel between Athens and Sparta and America and Russia is quite good. It is possible the two could see the benefits of cooperation and peace."

"Possible," said the President, "But will it happen?"

"I'm certain that it won't," answered the General.

"Despite the best of intentions?" asked the President.

"Despite the best intentions," the General replied.

"Then you envision total war?" the President questioned.

"It cannot be any other way," said the General, "unless blood is replaced by water in men's veins."

"When would you say the war would occur, General?"

"Again, the outline is certain but the content is not. Depending upon the specific actions of men, it might be one year or it might be one hundred. That it will happen cannot be doubted."

"We find ourselves in agreement, General," exclaimed the President, forcefully standing, "if you believe the Russian State in five years will be incomparably stronger than today; that the American Nation will be gravely imperiled if this takes place; and that it is the duty of patriots to prevent this occurrence."

"We rest in agreement," said the General, standing to face the President. "Or should I say, we stand united."

"And shall we follow the policy of Cato, General?" asked the President, desiring to see just how far this man could be driven.

"If we are to be the inheritors of Rome," the General answered, "then we can brook no rivals."

The two men exchanged the intense gaze not seen since Napoleon and Alexander grasped hands while watching Voltaire's Oedipe as they carved out the world for themselves at Erfurt in 1808.

On Thursday May 19th, the President met with the Pacific Commander, representatives of the European Commander, John Davis, Secretary of War, Robert Murphy, Secretary of State, General Ferguson, the Attorney General, and four congressmen.

On Tuesday General Ferguson initiated the Commander into the secrets of atomic warfare. The Commander had an immediate adverse reaction. He did not feel the task would be more difficult but wondered whether it was worthwhile at all. On Wednesday afternoon, however, he met with the Secretary of State. He was convinced that atomic weapons did not make this endeavor worthless but in fact made it essential for the security of the human race. The Secretary pointed out that an absolute monopoly would be the only sane method of maintaining order, and only a preponderance of power could ensure such a monopoly.

The Commander considered the matter, and by Thursday had become even more convinced, as had the President, of the absolute need for world hegemony. The President noticed Tuesday evening that the Commander did not have his heart in the discussions of strategy, prompting him to arrange the Commander's meeting with the Secretary. By Wednesday evening the Commander's attitude had changed for the better. In fact, the strategy session went so well that sessions scheduled for Thursday and Friday were cancelled.

The Secretary of State had observed the President's August oration and played a key role in his election. The President had no choice in the appointment of the Secretary, as well as six other cabinet

posts. However, he did place his two best friends in the positions of Attorney General and Press Secretary.

Robert Murphy of Texas had been a sixteen year senator before his appointment to the State Department. He was quite intelligent, but because of his pig-headed arrogance never exercised the influence in the Senate he might have. The Secretary's purposely crude ill-mannered ways made all parties, particularly foreign, thankful to deal with the President or some other high-level official. He fulfilled the function of the President's sledge-hammer, softening even intransigent parties and making them fear the worst, only to be greatly relieved by the perceived moderation of the President. In short, the Secretary of State, crude, often insensitive, but greatly ambitious and with a capacity for ceaseless labor, became an indispensable man in the Administration.

John Davis, the Secretary of War, had been a great Senate power and was presidential material. He agreed to push for the President's election for the War Department cabinet post. Although ambitious, he performed his job with loyalty and satisfaction, resigning it three months after the President left Office. Though both he and Murphy were compulsory appointments, they became the President's invaluable aids, and he never thought about replacing either.

General Ferguson was the first to enter the conference room and the last to leave. He had slowly gathered the impression that the President did not intend the war to end with the defeat of Japan. It was obvious the President was determined to be prepared for further conflict, but actually desiring it was another matter indeed. At first the thought revolted him, but after discussion with several of his colleagues on a hypothetical basis he understood the possible necessity of war. However, the General feared for the Nation and its republican institutions.

At a party given for selected congressmen, military leaders, and federal officials, Ferguson cornered the President late in the evening and asked him point blank if he intended to make war on Russia. The President somewhat truthfully replied that if the Russian's were not willing to abandon Eastern Europe he would be forced to compel them. The President, sensing the General's distress, decided that now was the right time.

"The goal of the Administration is the complete smashing of the Russian war-making potential."

The General's mind was set at ease but not his heart. This the President did not fail to notice.

The conference was a charade, as everything had already been discussed between the President and his Commanders, the Secretaries of State and War, and the Attorney General. The President was attempting to diplomatically involve General Ferguson and these four highly trusted congressmen in his Russian war policy.

"Does it matter now, or did it matter even two months later, that Zachary Taylor began the Mexican War?" interjected the Secretary of State as the conference was winding down. "We gained too much for complaint."

The foreboding truth that Abraham Lincoln, savior of American unity, led the opposition to the Mexican War escaped neither the President nor his Pacific Commander. That history, or Nature, might be against them both silently recognized, but of the necessity of quick action and the justice of their cause they were convinced.

"How far might they conceivably retreat?" the President asked the Commander.

"If I know the Russians," he replied, "they'll never leave Berlin."

There was a long pause, which the President broke by dismissing the aids to the European Commander. Enough had been said for now.

The President turned to the Pacific Commander. The two now trusted one another implicitly.

"General, I can't tell you what a pleasure our meeting has been," said the President. "Good luck in Tokyo and give my best to the Russians."

"Mr. President, the pleasure has been mutual," replied the Commander. "Best of luck on the home front."

The two shook hands, the Commander saluted and left for a date with the Japanese at Okinawa.

"That's it," said the President. "General Ferguson, could I speak with you alone for a moment?"

As the others began to leave, the President asked the congressmen to wait for him across the hall.

"General," began the President, "you have no doubt noticed a certain cold-heartedness."

"Somewhat," replied the General. although this cold-heartedness had jolted his soul.

"I know you are a man loyal to your Nation, "said the President, "but also a man of sensitivity and moral righteousness. When one makes a decision that has been particularly difficult, it is very easy to defeat yourself by allowing self-doubt to exist, to allow a continual expression of those doubts. Although these decisions may seem to have been taken lightly, without regard for human cost, do not believe it. Were one to attempt to carry out these actions while continually considering the negative aspects, it would be quite impossible. Once the decision has been made it must be followed through. The burden cannot be placed on the heart, for it would snap under the strain. Sometimes, General, we must force ourselves to be cold if we wish to survive. In a world full of injustice and misery, the heart must be protected. Believe me, General, your heart is not far from my own."

The President lowered his head. Ferguson sat motionless, eyes fixed on the President's breast.

"That will be all, General," said the President in a voice the General barely recognized as the one so normally filled with confidence and resolution.

Ferguson saluted and left quickly in a cloud of emotion. The President recovered himself and left to give the congressmen the same speech, although this time he would detach his own heart from the conversation.

After scheduling a press conference to be aired by radio across the nation, the President flew to the Northeast. He gave a well-received speech in Boston and then made an appearance at Yankee Stadium in New York City. As he stood at home plate the assemblage rose in a standing ovation.

"My fellow Americans," began the President, "it is my privilege to stand today in the spot where such greats as Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig once stood."

The roar of the crowd was deafening. The President raised his arm for quiet.

"I cannot express in words, fellow citizens, how heartening it is for me to feel the vitality and strength of spirit that is present in this stadium today, a feeling of strength and unity. And with this strength and unity America will remain strong and free and the Yankees will continue to be successful."

Again, the people rose from their seats and thundered their approval of the President's remarks. After the game the President dined at the luxurious townhouse of the publisher of the New York Times. Present were the publishers and editors of every major New York daily plus the executives of the radio networks based in New York. The President toasted to "a continuation of American strength and freedom" and won over all present with his self-confidence and amiability.

That evening the President delivered an address to the senior class at Columbia University calling for leadership and integrity in government and an attitude amongst all citizens that only their own actions and determination could change the world. The President's forceful style of delivery swayed the audience more than the eloquence of the words themselves, and he traveled back to Washington that night by train with a clear sense of victory and satisfaction.

It was risky to broadcast the news conference live across the country, as the President could expect some challenge from journalists favorable to Russia who felt the obvious anti-Russian tone of his administration. He hoped, however, to use this challenge to cement anti-Russian feeling in the people. It was time for the President to state publicly where his administration stood regarding the Russians.

The President called on a journalist who had been severely critical, especially in regard to Russia. The President sought to discredit him and all other pro-Russian journalists. By calling on an extremist, the President chose his opponent well.

"Mr. President," said the reporter, as if chagrined to have to utter such a title to him, "judging by the comments of your press secretary and the general tone of your administration, it seems obvious that you're not at all pleased with Soviet control of Eastern

Europe. With this long and bloody war finally ending, can you possibly rationalize risking more bloodshed for the sake of nations most Americans haven't even heard of? And don't you think the Soviets have a right to exercise protection over their neighbors?"

"Yes," the President began, "of course the Russians desire to dominate their neighbors. They've struggled hard for their victory and now want the fruits of it."

The President's opening stunned many of his supporters.

"If I were a Russian," continued the President, "I would support them wholeheartedly. But I'm not a Russian, I'm an American! I need not remind you of the sacrifices that we, as Americans, have made. Especially I do not need to remind the women in America who have lost sons or husbands, or brave soldiers crippled for life, so that we, as Americans, can hold our heads high as a free people. We have the right to guarantee that a belligerent system is not created that will threaten our security and freedom. With the power of Russia combined with all Eastern Europe, including manpower, raw materials, and industrial capacity, the Russian Empire will soon be our match, if their conquests end with Eastern Europe."

A devastating hush fell over the room and the Nation as the President, eyes fixed upon his interrogator, lashed at him with the righteousness of a man who could see no other truth than that which he possessed.

"If you want to live in fear," thundered the President; "if you want our children to live in fear; if you want to doom the future of your Nation, support the Russians!"

The tone of those words dominated the rest of the session, although the President and his questioners grew relaxed and even jovial. But despite the evident good feelings of all, everyone best remembered the opening of the session, which was just what the President desired. He ended with a call for solidarity amongst the American people, "for only then will this nation achieve the greatness that God has destined for it."

The President was well aware of the effect his remarks would have upon the Russians, who were at that moment taking great stock in his every utterance. His allusion to the possibility of the United States contesting with them for Eastern Europe would aid his Berlin plan, for the Russian's would be all the more willing to believe that an attack was imminent. His strident tone, moreover, would spur them

to grab what they could in the Far East, particularly Manchuria, before the United States became even more strident. They would be all the more anxious to get on with the invasion of Japan for their own greedy purposes, only to find themselves locked in a huge American-made bear trap.

The preceding month had been full of tension and strain. Operations in the Pacific had inexorably boiled down to that final invasion, the ramifications of which would change the worldly balance of power in as permanent a way as mere humans can inspire.

Throughout the month of June the President attended to countless problems. There was the founding of the United Nations, which the President planned to use only until the Russians were branded the aggressors and he received commitments for troops. He was in daily contact with his European and Pacific Commanders and met two or three times a week with the Joint Chiefs. The army in Europe was in a constant state of alert. Although the President planned to manufacture an incident, the potential for warfare was every day evident.

Okinawa had fallen, and on the American side everything was ready for the Japanese invasion. The development of the atomic bomb had been proceeding on schedule and was due to be tested in early July.

On July 10th Russian troops swarmed full force into Manchuria, scattering Japanese opposition. On the same day American forces landed on the southern shores of Japan proper. Along with the American invasion forces landed the former Interior Minister of Japan carrying a secret proposal for peace for the Japanese military leaders. The Japanese, who had earlier been sending peace feelers through the Russians and were now beset on both sides by the two most powerful nations in the world, were prepared to speak of peace. However, these fanatics still considered unconditional surrender out of the question.

After three days of fierce fighting, a secret agreement was signed by the Pacific Commander and the Japanese for a cease-fire. The Japanese thought the agreement would also halt the Russians, whose ferocious assault spared nothing in its path, but the Russian invasion continued. The Pacific Commander had flown an American brigade into

a Japanese position he knew the Russians planned to assault. The Russians attacked, killing thirteen Americans and hundreds of Japanese. The Pacific Commander, who told the press that the Russians had been advised of the cease-fire, ordered an aircraft assault. The attack inflicted heavy casualties on the Russians, and three American planes were shot down and their crews lost. News of this battle worked its way to Washington and Moscow.

Meanwhile, an American volunteer flew from Paris with a dispatch for the European Commander, allegedly in Berlin. He deliberately lost course over Russian lines and ran out of fuel, forcing him to bail out. He was apprehended by the Russians and his communication decoded, which contained changes for a surprise invasion of the Russian forces in Berlin. The Russians prepared to counter and waited for the Americans to make the first move.

When an American tank division supported by infantry went on maneuver in the direction the communication had stipulated, a move which could conceivably be the spearhead of an attack to cut the Russian forces off from Berlin and isolate their garrisons there; the Russians were forced to attack for their own protection. The Russian counter-attack, well conceived and carried out, was devastating. The American forces, suspecting Russian treachery, were reinforced, and they themselves counter-attacked.

That day fighting broke out along the entire European front, and news of this Russian 'Pearl Harbor' had a furious effect. Special editions hit the streets immediately, and as the public anger was peaking news of the battle in Japan came. Everywhere, from Maine to California, the people demanded war! In a few days cooler heads might have prevailed, peace might have been patched up, and possibly the deceptions uncovered. However, that cooling-off period never came.

The Russian Leader, stunned by this turn of events but convinced by his military advisors that the Red Army could be bargaining from Paris with a month, declared war. The United States Congress, as hot as the people they represented, were prepared to give a declaration of war if the President asked for it. However, once news of the Russian declaration reached America, this became irrelevant. The President's blood-boiling address, composed three weeks earlier, brought such a response from the legislators and the public in the gallery that the marble walls shook from the emotional thunder.

The Russians completely cut off Berlin and prepared to finish off the Allied forces there. The Allies hung tough, however, and soon the deadly coil which encircled them wasted away like an orbiting snake slowly drained of its blood.

In the Pacific Russian soldiers were naturally confused as to who they should be fighting, the Americans or the Japanese. In fact, American guns were now firing from positions held by the Japanese only hours before. The Russians soon figured they'd been double-crossed, but to fight the Japanese seemed futile while they were not in position to deal any major blows to the Americans. Therefore, although the Russian advance continued full-force into Manchuria, which American planes now slowed, throughout the rest of the Pacific the Russians were in a state of inoperation.

Predictably, Japanese military leaders were hatching plans to double-cross the Americans now that America was burdened with fighting the Russians. However, these schemes were laid to rest with despatch. A three hundred man American and Japanese-American commando unit, trained in California and Okinawa, assassinated twenty-three top level Japanese military and government leaders, including Tojo. Coupled with the events of the next day, Japan was brought submissively to its knees.

The day after the declaration of war, the President ordered four atomic bombs to be dropped. Despite the President's plea for more, only four were ready by the 19th, although more would be soon available. A squadron of ten bombers left a Baltic carrier for Moscow, two containing an atomic bomb. Seven planes reached Moscow, including both carriers. The city was devastated, destroying the Russian Government and killing its leader. Two squadrons of five bombers, each squadron holding one bomb, flew for designated areas on the Eastern Front where the Russians had concentrated their troops. All the planes reached their destination, and two huge holes were blown in the Russian military machine.

The Russian Nation, as an entity capable of formulating policy and carrying it out, was destroyed. It would take at least two weeks before any semblance of order could be restored, and even longer for the shock of these unfathomable holocausts to dissipate. The American military Commanders did not intend to allow for such an interval.

The European Commander, not in Berlin but in Brussels, initiated a five-pronged assault that would cut every Russian division in Europe off from one another and which would reach Leningrad, Moscow, Stalingrad, and Kiev by October. Eventually involved in this offensive would be American, Canadian, British, French, Dutch, South and Central American, German, African, Indian, and Norwegian troops, as well as individual mercenaries from every corner of the globe.

In the Pacific, two-thirds of the American force that was to be used for the reduction of Japan landed on the Russian coast one hundred and fifty miles above Vladivostock. Within three days a huge Chinese army rumbled into Manchuria and Mongolia and into Russia. Japanese air strips in Manchuria occupied by the Americans served as bases to decimate Russian troop positions that were quickly becoming isolated.

The Russian armies were receiving no communication from the general staff in Moscow, now obliterated, and individual commanders were taking no actions which could have effectively countered such a coordinated invasion. The Russian army in Europe, which could have fought the Americans to a stalemate for years, had the guts of its force blown out, and the situation was not remediable. American and English bombers were blowing apart the Russian lines of communication throughout Eastern Europe, and to lethalyze the Russian's problems, freedom fighters emerged in almost every area the Russians had controlled, sensing the destruction of the Russian power. Even in Russia itself, chaos was endemic. With their leader killed, and the military nearly destroyed, a government would soon be formed that would make peace with America on few conditions, and even those would be ignored when they became inconvenient.

The bombs were dropped at ten a.m. Washington time. America had news of the devastation that afternoon, devastation unprecedented in history.

A large group of officials gathered in the oppressive heat at the White House. Many were sitting with the President in the dining room, speaking quietly with one another. The President hadn't said more than two sentences for over half an hour.

A slow trickle of sweat fell from the armpit of the Secretary of State and spent itself streaking a fine line in his light blue shirt. Despite the intense and comprehensive military preparations, the government leaders personal and professional reactions were strangely unrehearsed.

"We've got to face the press now," the Press Secretary said, tying everyone in with his own responsibilities. "There's no way around it."

"Tell them I've gone to bed," joked the President. "I'll be on radio tonite. Make the arrangements and build some expectation."

The Press Secretary left the room, followed by three administration aides. The President and his secretary, followed by the Secretaries of State and War, the Attorney General, and the House and Senate Republican Leaders, removed into the inner chamber. The others sat for a minute or two and then slowly dispersed, slowly and silently.

In the inner sanctum, they gathered around the large coffee table. The House Republican Leader bit his upper lip and glanced about nervously.

"You don't look a bit shaky," he said the the President.

"Shaky?" replied the President with obvious sarcasm, "we've solidified our position for a century."

The President solidly rose from his seat and without a quiver poured a cup of coffee. He apparently felt nothing at all, or if he did hurt for the innocent that day roasted, it seemed he had intellectualized the emotion into impotence.

"That's right," said the Secretary of State. "Now we deal with no one on the same level. We just gaze at the world at our feet."

"From the top of a mushroom," said the Congressman with such rich contempt that it almost drooled from his jewels.

"Speak to the Russian Ambassador, Bob," said the President to the Secretary. "He's holed up in my study. I'll be by in awhile."

The Secretary of State lifted himself out of his chair and left the room. As the door closed the sound of a plane passed overhead; everyone in the room had the same thought.

The President calmly lifted his cup to his mouth. At the second the cup touched the President's lips the Congressman hated him and was about to tell him so.

Suddenly he noticed the tears silently streaming down the President's face. The Congressman suddenly felt the burden of the presidency in full force. The Senator, the Secretary of War, and the Attorney General, who had sat in perfect stillness, sympathetically took their leave. Slowly, reluctantly, the Congressman left as well.

The President stood and embraced Elizabeth with the same intensity as after his emotion-charged oration in the Congress upon accession. He then left for his private study where a remnant of the Russian Nation remained to be dealt with.

In the President's study sat the Russian Ambassador to Washington, guarded by a pair of soldiers. The Ambassador had been madly trying to preserve peace after the outbreak of violence, but his pleas fell on deaf ears both in Washington and Moscow. He came to Washington only that March after having taught English, Russian Literature, and history at the University of Moscow for over thirty years.

The Secretary of State had paid him a visit.

"Well, old boy," he said in his characteristic manner, "how are you holding out?"

The Russian stared blankly.

"I've been warning you Russians since 1942," continued the Secretary. "In any event, it was clearly our destiny to be number one, and even the Russians can't stand in the way of destiny. Or don't you think you're finished yet?"

In his long life, a hectic, varied, and trying existence, this Russian had never come across a man he so desired to murder. Still, he remained silent.

Suddenly the Russian began to pray. "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. . . ."

"Shut up! Shut up, you fool!" shouted the Secretary.

The Secretary actually entered the room with sympathy in his heart; he had never felt more ashamed than at this moment.

"I'm sure you find it easy to condemn us," he said softly, "but you Russians would have done the same thing."

"Even Ghengis Khan wouldn't have done this," said the Ambassador with a frigid bitterness that chilled flesh and bone.

The Secretary said nothing. The Ambassador continued to gaze straight ahead. Inside, a literal whirlpool of emotion danced in his soul, but, as if holding in bile, he refused to touch those emotions; he divorced his being from emotion to remain functional. However, the emotion could not be ignored but continued to expand and widen, preparing to burst of its own volition if the pressure was not released. He felt a tremulous rumble, like the walls of a dam before explosion. The rumble subsided; the Ambassador betrayed no sign or movement.

"Mr. Ambassador," said the Secretary as he left, "I am indeed very sorry that I ever came here like this."

"Will you gentlemen wait for me outside, please?" the President said to the two soldiers who turned and left. The President walked over to the shelf and grabbed a bottle of vodka.

"Have a drink," the President said.

"I won't drink with the murderer of my people," answered the Ambassador.

The President filled his own glass and emptied it. The Russian gazed steadily at the President, betraying neither submission nor wrath but only the calm resignation of an old warrior who had done all he could to save his people and now only desired to share their fate.

"I am a barbarian, am I not?" asked the President with no tone of mockery in his voice. "Napoleon called you Russians barbarians, but I call you one of the finest pure races of people the world has ever known; a kind, a basic, a human people; a people of passion and love, of courage and heroism. I've always been a romantic, but I admire the Russian Nation as much as the American and sometimes had wished I'd been born a Russian. Strange, isn't it Mr. Ambassador?"

The Ambassador's face did not change in expression but his heart felt like it was about to burst. The President continued to

drink heavily and filled a glass for the Ambassador. The Russian emptied it swiftly and silently.

"It's American vodka, unfortunately," smiled the President. "That's the way things will be from now on."

The Russian did not reply.

"The American Nation was destined to possess the world," the President continued. "We're made up of every race and nationality the world has to offer. We even have our share of Russians."

The President looked to the Ambassador, who managed a weak smile.

"Yes, you even have Russians," he said.

The President filled the Russian's glass.

"Manifest Destiny," said the President, "that's what we call it. But the Russians marched all the way from Moscow to Alaska, quite incredible. The march to Berlin I rank with the great achievements of the human race, one of the most remarkable and courageous examples of heroism and determination history has recorded. This war has given us two great examples of national strength, for our own sweep through the Pacific in many ways equaled your own achievement. Of course, I took no part in planning the operations of the war. I should have conducted matters far differently."

"Yes, Mr. President?" asked the Russian.

"I'll leave sleeping dogs lie," the President answered.

"You had a man of honor in the White House," stated the Ambassador.

"Yes," said the President, "yes we did." He filled the Russian's glass. "I sometimes wonder where honor leads a man. Had your leader been a man of honor, Russia would not have survived Hitler, and perhaps neither would have America."

"He possessed the greatest honor on a deeper level," replied the Russian, downing his drink with a shot of loyalty.

"That's what I truly want to believe," said the President, trying to disregard the lure of power and possession and not wholly succeeding. "Let us call it, then, the honor to survive."

For the first time in days the Russian laughed, a low sincere, and painful laugh, and rolled his eyes behind closed lids.

"I am glad we agree," said the Russian, "or I would not expect you to succeed in your plans."

The President filled both their glasses and proposed a toast. "To Russia!"

The Russian didn't answer but downed his drink. They were now immersed in drunkenness.

"I see you have a volume of War and Peace on you shelf," said the Russian. "It was the first thing I noticed when I entered the room. May I see it?"

"Certainly," said the President as he moved to the shelf and grabbed the book.

"Have you read it?" asked the Russian.

"Yes, of course," replied the President.

The Russian gazed at the front cover before scanning the pages. "I'm glad you've read it. I'm surprised you could have appreciated it."

"As I have many other works," commented the President. "There are many different viewpoints to be balanced."

"As Tolstoy said in book five," continued the Ambassador, "It is not given for man to know what is right and what is wrong. Men always did and always will err, and in nothing more than in what they consider right and wrong."

"Then what has been done today cannot be judged!" exclaimed the President.

"Men will judge, whether they have a right to or not," replied the Russian hotly.

"You quote from this work but don't believe in it," said the President. "Let me read another debatable quote." The President scanned the pages and then read aloud. "A king is history's slave.' How appropriate. 'Every act of theirs, which appears to be an act of their own will, is in an historical sense involuntary and is related to the whole course of history and predestined from Eternity.'"

"Resignation and pain," said the Russian. "Let me have the one without the other."

"If so," said the President, "God would have created men without hearts and souls to further his designs rather than we who feel spiritual pain when we are crushed."

"I feel I have known you all my life," said the Russian, as his defenses began to involuntarily crumble.

The President moved to the Ambassador and embraced him, an embrace the Russian did not return. Tears filled the Russian's eyes,

however, and rolled down his cheeks. The President too began to weep.

"Prince Andrew was a man I lived my life with," cried the President, "a brother to my soul."

Tears now streamed down the Russian's face, for he too knew Bolkonski intimately.

"And Natasha," continued the President. "There was a woman! An angel! A testament to the Russian people and the human race. How many Natasha's might there have been today in Moscow?"

The President nearly collapsed with emotion as the Russian gripped him in a bone-crushing bear hug, neither desiring the relaxation of the embrace. The Russian's mind flashed between love and anguish for his nation and for his family in Moscow: his ninety-year old mother, his once beautiful wife, and his beautiful daughter Natasha.

The President painfully stumbled away from the Ambassador, opened the book, and began to dramatize in his emotional drunken voice. He shouted of Russian princes and victories and celebrations; of drunken men shouting and weeping and smashing glasses; of heroes and heroines and love and tragedy. By the time the President exhaustedly collapsed on the couch, the Russian had drunk a number of glasses of vodka and was weeping more openly than ever. He was near total collapse.

"Long live Mother Russia!" he shouted from the heart. The Ambassador was not a Soviet but a Russian, an indisputable reality which politics could never change.

"Mr. President," said the Russian, suddenly grown quiet. "I have a daughter, Natasha, seventeen years old, who lives in Moscow."

The President held back the sickness which at that moment possessed his stomach — and his soul.

"We have a country house," continued the Ambassador. "She might have been there today."

Tears literally poured down onto the floor from the President's head as he shook it painfully up and down.

The Russian clumsily reached into the pocket of his jacket. "Here is her last letter, so full of love and hope."

The Ambassador stared straight into the President's eyes. "Find her for me! Bring her here," the Russian shouted just before tears exploded from his face and convulsions overcame him.

The President lifted him gently from the floor and helped him to the couch. He walked over to his desk, opened the drawer, and

removed a classic 1873 revolver, handing it to the Ambassador. The Russian stood and held the pistol.

Tears silently fell from the President's eyes. "If you see your daughter before I do, tell her I'm sorry."

The Russian embraced him. "Fulfill your destiny."

They embraced again, performing the traditional Russian farewell kiss. The President walked briskly out of the room and closed the door behind him. Elizabeth and the soldiers sprang to their feet, but he waved them down and placed his finger over his lips.

The room was silent. The silence was shattered by the explosion of the revolver. The soldiers rushed into the room to find the Russian's brains on the President's floor.

The President grabbed Elizabeth by the arm, holding Natasha's letter tightly, and walked away from that room never to return.

Regardless of how righteous many people felt about this war with Russia, most were terrified of the possible consequences. The earlier propaganda dwelling on German difficulties in Russia had its effect. Women glanced at sixteen year old sons with a simmering fear, and men paused to view their homes. Few Americans were interested in hearing about how the war began, for indeed, that was already taken for granted. What they wanted to hear was that America would be victorious, that the war would not last another four or five years, that the homeland itself was in no immediate danger, and that the atomic bomb, although not understood and despite any moral considerations, would be like the aspirin tablet, a harmless wonder drug that would keep pain at bay. Americans flocked that evening to their radios, with definite psychological needs: it was up to the President to deliver. The President, who had slept for four hours, was in peak form.

"My fellow Americans and citizens of the Republic; I speak to you today about the unprovoked and insane attack upon the United States by the Russian Empire. We have watched over the years the Russian appetite for territory grow and grow, whether this territory be taken by deceit, as in the manner which they double-crossed Poland

in 1939, or by brute force. It is true that in fighting the Nazis America was forced to make common cause with the communist aggressors. Now the Russian Empire, its very existence a continual threat to American freedom and liberty, its very communist doctrines mortal enemy to the democracies of the world, has spread like a cancer from east to west and west to east, engulfing its neighbors and enslaving them."

"We might perhaps have closed our eyes, and the sanctity of our homes, of our children, of our very nation and the freedoms with which it was founded, would have been thrown to the wolves. However, the Russian Empire has embarked upon an insane attempt to destroy the United States before it has solidified its recent conquests. Here in America, the strength of freedom and democracy has produced the atomic bomb, a weapon stronger and more powerful than any yet conceived by the imagination of man. One bomb can completely destroy an entire city. The Russians were very close to perfecting their own bomb, which could destroy New York or Boston or Chicago or Los Angeles with no warning or chance to escape. But God, or the very evil in their brains which corrupted and turned to poison and insanity, forced them to embark upon this madness before their own bomb was perfected. For the sake of our own survival we must crush the demon while we still have the opportunity."

"While the Russians have begun war, we fight to end war, once and for all. God helps those who draw from their own strength to help themselves; God preserves the freedom of those who care enough to stand and protect it; Stand Americans! and preserve your freedom! Stand Americans! and do not allow yourselves to be enslaved so that not a dream, for ourselves nor our children nor our grandchildren, will yet remain. The time is now to preserve the things we hold most dear for our descendants or we will leave them only a barren wasteland, physically and spiritually: we will have condemned our children to perpetual slavery."

"As long as we hold our heads high with the pride that freedom gives, God will shine his favors upon us. But let us once lose sight of our faith, of our sacred duty, and God will wreak destruction upon us as surely as he did to the nations of Israel."

"The government of Russia is no more. We have destroyed Moscow. The once huge Russian army, which hoped to be in Paris shortly

and then in New York, has been decimated. Our armies in the Pacific and in Europe, strong and growing stronger every day, have embarked upon an offensive which should desolate the Russian Empire. We have more atomic weapons, which we shall not hesitate to use if the Russian Empire continues its policies of aggression or should the Japanese violate their treaty."

"We are on the road, fellow Americans, to driving this new scourge back into the hole from which it has arisen. With the help of every patriotic American we will, by the grace of God, defeat this enemy as we have every nation that has assaulted the freedom of the United States of America."

Although the people generally accepted the war as a necessity, some congressmen did not. Congress was divided in the following manner: one fourth wholeheartedly supported the war; one half were typically indecisive and would follow the course of events; one fourth was opposed. This could be seen as a normal distribution, and most of those opposed were greatly silenced by the pervading aura of righteousness which emanated from patriots in every corner of America and which permeated every level of organizational behavior in the land.

To some Congress, the Russian attack was too one-dimensional and the American response incredibly swift and efficient. The President met with a few congressmen about the quiet threats to initiate hearings concerning the outbreak of the war.

"We'll have a meeting with the Congress," the President said. "You say my money bill might have trouble? We'll deal with both matters at once. Let's say fifty from the Senate and one hundred from the House; forty supporters and moderates in the senate group, but split the house group in half. We'll do it tomorrow afternoon."

"On the radio, Mr. President?" a senator asked.

"No way," replied the President. "I don't trust some of those bastards."

The President met with the congressmen the next afternoon in the Capitol. The call for the meeting had its intended effect,

for moderates were pleased with the attention while liberals were shocked that the President came willingly to answer their questions. Although some suspected that the President had himself caused the outbreak of violence, such accusations are not made without substantial evidence, and even were such evidence uncovered it would take a man of great courage to risk career and reputation by calling the President of the United States a warmonger or even a murderer.

After opening with the usual comments, the President answered a question about the degree of help that could be expected from the allies.

"Well as you know," said the President, "the British are concerned with their alleged possessions all around the world, and the Prime Minister was terrified he'd lose half of them to the Russians and lose the other half trying to defend the first half."

The President received scattered laughter. To those who knew him, his use of the word 'alleged' did not need to be emphasized to be understood.

"Now from the French," continued the President, "we'll get soldiers, money, and equipment, but I don't expect much. Both the British and the French may play key roles at some point, but in dealing with the rest of the world they may well be a problem. More importantly, I need the means to get support from wherever I can find it, including within Russia itself, and for this I need a special fund. A bill will be on your desks tomorrow morning and will itself answer any questions you might have about it."

Later the President was asked what terms would be sought if and when the Russians were defeated. Such negativism was the main reason the President didn't want this session broadcast. The fifty congressmen and ten senators who were not his supporters added a very icy element to the gathering, and that the President treated the congregation as though he were among friends did not change the fact that many of these men were his political, if not personal, enemies.

"If the Russians are defeated," the President said with an obvious tone of sarcasm, "we shall see. However, as you all heard in my address to the nation a few nights ago, the Russians pose a serious security threat to this country, and any peace, now that they themselves have provoked war, will have to take that into consideration."

The last question came from the major liberal voice in the Senate. Senator Thomason rose from his seat.

"As you said, Mr. President, we all heard your speech the other night. What wasn't quite clear to me was how you could possibly consider using atomic weapons again, killing hundreds of thousands of innocent civilians."

The Senator's boldness had a positive effect on the men in the room, but the President jumped on the challenge.

"This war can be drawn out grotesquely, with unparalleled butchery! I have the responsibility of every mother's son on my shoulders, Senator, not you, who can shirk off the responsibility to the President. I have the responsibility for the well-being of the entire Nation, and I will not allow this country to become mired in a conflict of incredible bloodshed; allow the nation to sink into dependency as casualties rise and more sons are conscripted when I have the means to avoid it. And despite all your high-flown righteousness, Mr. Senator, more innocent civilians would be killed in a drawn-out war than if we dropped fifty atomic bombs. We can kill a certain number of Russians alone or we can condemn even more Russians matched by a similar number of Americans. It doesn't take much intelligence to make the choice."

The President lowered his voice, as if releasing the Senator from his challenge.

"No one enjoys the realities of war, but with so much at stake only a fool would gamble with victory."

The Senator remained standing. He knew he'd been defeated but was not ready to admit it, although he was not prepared to begin another offensive either. The Senate Republican Leader stood to announce that lunch would be served, and anyone interested in pursuing matters further could do so during the meal.

All were impressed with the way Senator Thomason stood up to the President but were greatly impressed with the President's response. Overall, the meeting had been a decisive victory for him. He gained stronger and broader-based support in the Congress and backing for his special war fund. He also significantly defused opposition. No member of congress could match the scathing attack of Thomason — even he emerged chastized. His impudence played right into the President's hand, and although it necessitated a genuine burst of emotion, the challenge was a stroke of fortune.

(For detailed information concerning the war with Russia, see Appendix A)

Peace was signed by Thanksgiving, and although the soldiers were not returning for Christmas, the American people were beside themselves with joy. The war that could have been prolonged for many years was over almost as soon as it began.

When peace came in November, the President announced it guardedly, not certain whether the Russian people would follow their new government. Thanksgiving had been a time of quiet hope; Christmas was a time of joyous celebration.

On Christmas Day at dawn, the President led church services on the White House lawn. The yard was bathed with blue light as over one hundred thousand Americans crowded the lawn and its environs.

After leading the ceremonies in the morning, the President dined at noon with government officials and fifty average citizens who had been at the morning service.

All that day, however, the President was attacked by traces of melancholy. Three weeks earlier he had been assured by army intelligence that Natasha had indeed been in Moscow the day the bombs were dropped. On Christmas Eve he sat by the fireplace reading her letter again and again with memories of the girl's father recurring to him. Over the fireplace was hung her portrait, which the President had personally taken from the Soviet embassy. The words he painfully read that night continued to dance in his mind on Christmas Day; words of love and devotion and nobility. What particularly preyed on the President's mind was her question regarding the beauty of Washington's cherry blossoms in spring.

On Christmas Eve the President slept very restlessly, and at dawn he read aloud from the Song of Songs as images of Natasha continued to grace him.

Over the years the President thought of Natasha now and then, although the impression of the pain he felt was never quite as strong as it was that Christmas Eve. She recurred to him not in a haunting manner, however, but, in line with her character, with a gentle and

caressing bearing, as if to say that the world is not bad; that beauty and love shall always outweigh ugliness and hate.

The President never philosophized too deeply about these visions, for deep inside they terrified him even while gently smoothing his troubled soul. Twenty years later, while the President lay on his deathbed on the island paradise of Kauai, the last worldly vision he had, if it was a worldly vision at all, was Natasha, young and vibrant and beautiful, stepping from the banks of the Potomac River. In her hand was the largest and most beautiful cherry blossom the President had ever seen. Natasha reached out for him, holding forth the blossom. She seemed to glide through the air, being at once both fifty feet and five inches away. The blossom covered the President's face, and his entire being was filled with its fragrance and with something even more exquisite, something indescribably Divine. And as this gorgeousness overcame him, the President's heart ceased to pound and he died.

III. THE MIDDAY SUN

Toward the end of January, 1946, as the world slowly began to recover from the devastation of war, the President called both commanders home to be paraded through the streets of Washington in a triumphal procession. The President also arranged for dignitaries and heads of state from all over the world to participate. Victory for America was being promoted as victory for the world!

The President looked forward to meeting the British Prime Minister, who was invited to deliver the major address. They would also confer privately concerning the post-war world. The President was also scheduled to meet with the leader of France. He expected intransigence, but with the support of the British it would be manageable. Of course the French and British would privately scheme, but the President hoped to divide them by exploiting and abetting competition for nominal European dominance.

The President met with the Prime Minister on the evening of January 24th. The Prime Minister had spent the afternoon working on the speech he would deliver the next day to five hundred thousand cheering Americans.

When the Prime Minister arrived in Washington he experienced an eery realization of the irony of history. He observed the vitality and apparent strength of the United States, clearly understanding that the colonies the British planted more than three centuries earlier had now surpassed the mother country. He remembered his early years of military service, fighting for the glory of the British Empire, and felt a strange feeling of futility. He had led his nation through its most deadly peril: had the sacrifice been in vain? The very effort for preservation had so weakened the empire that it would crumble of its own weight. The accession of America would make that fall more graceful or calamitous, depending upon the actions of the Prime Minister.

They met at the back gate of the White House and together walked the path to the mansion. They paused at the doorway to make

a few comments to the press. Both men possessed forceful personalities, and there was the usual moment of awkwardness as each sized up the other. However, the President was determined to be on good terms with the Prime Minister. When they reached the President's office he poured the Prime Minister a cup of tea, spiking it with brandy; the President had been well-briefed.

"How was your journey?" the President asked.

"Quite nice," replied the Prime Minister.

"And how did you get on with the Secretary of State?" the President asked, for the Secretary had met him at the airport.

"A charming fellow," he replied dryly, "but a little odd in his viewpoints. But of course I was used to him already from our dealings in London, which, incidentally, leave a lot of ground to be covered."

"Yes," replied the President, "the Secretary mentioned you had your differences."

"We can't have the two major powers at odds, can we?" asked the Prime Minister. "It would be a bit counter-productive and foolish."

"Exactly," said the President. "Staying away from counter-productive behavior is exactly what I have in mind."

"Such as the United Kingdom and the United States contesting over their position in the world," said the Prime Minister.

"There is no reason we should," replied the President. "Both nations will play the role God intended for us. What I had in mind about unproductive behavior was an attempt to return to the past, to the forms that are dead and gone and cannot be revived in any event."

"Very interesting," replied the Prime Minister. "And would you say the British Empire is such an anachromism?"

"That would depend on the form," answered the President. "Your empire is spread very thinly around the world and by itself cannot hold up."

"That is your opinion," said the Prime Minister curtly.

"And that of many of your own countrymen," said the President. "It does one no good to argue about what one wishes were reality."

"Go on," said the Prime Minister.

"The British Empire is on very shaky ground," continued the President. "If the past is used as a yardstick in determining policy you will find yourselves fighting wars all over the globe, wars you will lose. Even lands that are not disaffected will rebel after others have won their freedom. Moreover, the British people will not support more campaigning around the world. India is out of your hands; you cannot become re-instated in China; rebellion is fermenting everywhere in Africa and Asia."

"And what do you propose?" asked the Prime Minister, holding in his anger.

"New concepts!" exclaimed the President. "New concepts can regain everything that naked force has lost. The United States has the power to hold your colonies, if we so desired; however, colonies no longer have a place in the world. And of course you could not even dream that the United States would make sacrifices for the benefit of the British Empire."

"I have long been accustomed to the idea of cooperation between our two nations," said the Prime Minister, "and I fail to see how cooperation could not regain everything that has allegedly been lost. We have the power to suppress rebellion anywhere."

"We're not that far apart," said the President, "but we are not looking at things in precisely the same manner. You make the fallacious connection that because America is ready to assume world leadership we shall accept the burdens of past European policy. You see us as a western power, but America is a new power, not a European power. The days of British and French and Dutch and German, and even American colonialism are over. We cannot support colonialism, and any policy that lacks the support of the United States is doomed to failure."

"I respect the achievements of the British Empire," continued the President. "I also respect the right of the peoples of the world to be free, and have given personal promises in that regard. Freedom is relative and cannot be enjoyed wholly in most of the world without chaos. Chaos leads to oppression and these lands would lose all freedom, and we would lose all control."

The Prime Minister was coming to respect the President as a truly great leader, which only heightened his concern for his own national interests.

"Unless I desire to waste the sacrifices we have made in the war," continued the President, "the international situation must remain stable. Our economy is on the move and must continue to progress. Therefore, while I do not support colonialism, the United States must be able to tap the entire world as a market for our goods and a source of raw materials. However, a return to past methods will only court disaster. I am committed to establishing a new world order entailing the abolition of pre-existing colonial systems and the founding of more durable, equitable, and reliable structures."

"And if we will not support such actions?" asked the Prime Minister.

"If you do not join us you will be against us," said the President. "We will help our friends economically and stand as moral leaders of their cause. We will embrace them into the international arena after they have won their freedom. In the process Britain will be bled dry, lose all its possessions, and will be isolated from the rest of the world. In time Britain will have trouble even feeding its population, resulting in the crumbling of your governmental system. Such a policy would spell disaster."

"On the other hand," continued the President, "if you join with me Britain will remain the greatest power in Europe, will continue to have a voice in world affairs, and the West will continue in its dominant position for centuries in which the British people will fear no war and no starvation. America will be the leading nation in a unified world while Britain still has a significant role to play. Join us and we'll both be better off. Oppose us and you will hurt us, but we'll win eventually."

The Prime Minister sat silently. On the one hand he was stunned and humiliated. However, he was greatly impressed with the vision of the President. While Britain would have 'significant' power, his conception of what constitutes significance would contrast markedly the President's. By the time this became obvious, however, the state of political affairs and the Prime Minister's spiritual resignation convinced him to accept the inevitable.

The President walked the Prime Minister to his room and bid good night. The Prime Minister had never had such a discussion before. Such political considerations were always unspoken and presumably too delicate, or evil, to divulge to a potential adversary. This trust, although inherently political, impressed the Prime Minister.

Although he was not yet emotionally resigned to the eclipse of his empire, the Prime Minister had taken the first step in that direction by sitting through such a discussion. He would take the second step when he delivered his amended address, amended that very evening in front of the flaming fireplace next to which glowed the bronze bust of Julius Caesar.

The morning of January 25th broke gloriously. It was estimated that more than a million outsiders were in the environs of Washington. By dawn, throngs of people lined Constitution and Pennsylvania Avenues, and by ten a.m. downtown Washington could hold no more celebrants. Those arriving late took up positions in surrounding areas, occupying the heights like an invading army.

The parade began at ten. Columns of tanks and infantry were dispersed amongst hundreds of marching bands and elaborately brilliant floats. People were dancing, drinking, shouting, and singing, waiting for the appearance of the President and his celebrated guests.

At twelve-twenty the European Commanders tank rolled through the White House gate behind fifty thousand marching army recruits. The President and the Pacific Commander followed in a convertible limousine, not chagrined to be upstaged by a general in a cowboy hat waving from the top of a tank. The President, in fact, encouraged the scheme: the performance was both amusing and dramatic.

The President wondered whether his conversation with the Prime Minister should have waited until after today's speech. He felt the Prime Minister would speak favorably but was prepared to counter any negative remarks. After all, the man of blood, sweat, and tears might be planning his own cause for celebration. The occasion would either mark a new era of cooperation between the United States and England or begin the first battle for world dominion. The President was prepared for either.

Slowly the celebrities made their way to the steps of the Capitol. The two generals were decorated with a new award called the George Washington Cross, bestowed for conspicuous and unselfish service to the United States of America.

The President stood to rousing ovations and placed a gold medal on each commander. The Attorney General then stood to introduce the Prime Minister. Speaking before the huge assemblage and an international radio audience, the Attorney General made the most of his biggest political moment. He mentioned the tremendous sacrifices made by England in the war, the great leadership of the Prime Minister, and the need for cooperation between the two leading democracies of the world.

The Prime Minister had experienced a soul-searching night. Over the coming months he would fluctuate between defiance and acceptance. At times he would be totally cooperative in the new relationship Britain had with the United States, yet instinct often gained supremacy over intelligence, pride over wisdom. He had shed tears that evening and thought himself purged of desires to oppose the trend of the future. Those desires were not destroyed but merely covered, to be disrobed whenever his tumultuous nature surfaced.

As he rode down the streets of Washington he appreciated the nature of the American state: everything made a lasting impression of vitality and strength. His mind drifted to the day that war was declared by Germany on the United States. It felt as if his life's work had suddenly been gathered from the flames. After beating his head against the a wall of steel, he suddenly felt the wall tremble and split. At that moment he believed more strongly in God and destiny than ever before.

He thought back to the day war broke out between the United States and Russia. He had known that if America won a quick victory it would be an irresistible colossus. His conversation with the President convinced him further. The knowledge was confirmed absolutely as he rode down the streets through the heart of the new Rome.

"Citizens of the United States of America," began the Prime Minister. "I would like to thank you for the reception you have given me. America has truly shown itself generous in victory. I am greatly impressed with the spirit and goodwill of Americans and am proud to be an ally of such a nation."

The crowd roared, as it would do more than a dozen times during the Prime Minister's speech.

"It is right and proper that America should celebrate the destruction of three of the worst tyrannies that have ever threatened the peace and security of free men. Victory could not have been complete were either of the three yet powerful and thereby menacing. The destruction of these totalitarian cancers has been history's greatest and most potent example of the strength of freedom, the resiliency of determination, and the penultimate power of pride, and the ultimate power of right."

"Only six years ago the future looked bleak indeed for any man or nation of moral purpose. The dogs of war, unleashed by madmen like lightning and thunder loosed from the heavens, pounded and shocked the world and threatened to deliver us all into an age of darkness, savagery, and human slavery. But the lightning and thunder fell not from the heavens but rose from the fiery depths of hell, and we the British fouled the furious furnace of these ferocious fugitives from Philistine with the power of God and right; and as this purgative made them madder still, these contemptible carnivorous creatures struck at the United States of America, a fatuitous folly they were never to recover from."

"America's cooling strength, born of the wild waters of the Mississippi, the Hudson, the Colorado, and the Columbia Rivers, doused the dreaded demons of death decisively. Slowly, inexorably, these butchers choked on the bile they had been spewing upon the peoples of the world. As they choked, as they gasped, as they begged for mercy, we drove the stake of freedom through their blackened hearts as we would do for a rabid dog. And when the jap and nazi and commie blood oozed deep into the earth, so deep that the gates of hades will hold it securely for centuries, we began to rehabilitate these peoples."

"It is at this juncture that we now stand. The whole world looks to us with sorrowful mournful eyes, with cold backs and hungry bellies, for solutions and help. I stand here today, before the generous and benevolent people of the United States, before the ears and hearts of the entire world, to say that neither Britain nor the United States will let you down."

"Americans and citizens of the world! We stand at a critical point in the history of the world, at the ending of the quest for world domination by the despised devil of tyranny and the beginning of a new world wherein everyone shall be blessed with the fruits of victory and freedom. So let us rejoice, but never lose sight of the tasks that lie

ahead."

The Prime Minister began to step back but was intercepted by the President. The crowd was on its feet, and the crescendo intensified as the President stepped to the fore. The two embraced and descended the platform together, followed by the generals and other dignitaries.

The Prime Minister had surpassed the President's expectations. He was, however, the representative of numerous entrenched vested interests in England which would fight for the continuance of Britain's imperial policies, many of the interests which had maintained him in power. His commitments were hedged but impressive. Although opposition existed in England, greed can run rampant only in the absence of justice, and the United States embodied justice in its most effective form: backed by naked power.

(For political and administrative details of the post-war world, see Appendix B).

On February 2nd the French Leader was ushered into the President's office. He had been at the celebration more than a week earlier but left the United States before seeing the President. American diplomats apologized profusely, but the President had deliberately avoided him because of his pro-colonial comments to the press.

He was met in Washington by the Secretary of War, and they discussed military achievements against the Russians. The Secretary made it a point to praise the efforts of French forces which had seen action, most notably in Poland and East Germany. The Frenchman asked if the United States planned to support the French position that Germany should remain divided.

"We must not forget the lessons of the last war," the Frenchman said. "Of course," the Secretary replied, but he reminded him that it was the severity of French demands for war reparations in the twenties that helped spawn the rise of the nazis. The Frenchman did not reply.

"How are you, my dear man?" asked the President.

"Quite well, thank you," he answered. The Frenchman spoke English with a very queer accent.

"Come, sit down," offered the American. "I must express my personal regrets that our paths did not cross on your last journey."

"It's quite alright," said the Frenchman. "Petty bickerings we must not allow."

"That's the spirit," said the President, pouring the Frenchman a glass of wine. "California wine, sir. How does it compare with your own?"

The Frenchman sipped, thought for a moment, and then said: "it's a bit new, and immature."

"So it is," laughed the President, "but it has the strength and spirit of youth. It makes me feel like a young Caesar dancing through the gardens of Rome."

"I am glad my visit has found you in good spirits, Mr. President," said the Frenchman, not intending to make a play on words.

"Did you ever hear the expression 'when you're smiling the whole world smiles with you?'" asked the President.

"The French have cause to be unhappy," said the Frenchman hesitantly, obviously restraining great emotion. "There is a spirit of ill-will in the air. All Frenchmen want to know if they shall have difficulty in recovering what is rightly their own, what even President Wilson agreed to in 1919."

"Don't talk to me of President Wilson," remarked the President sharply. "This is the twentieth century, not an extension of the nineteenth. You French must think the ghost of Bonaparte still walks the earth."

"Apparently it does," replied the Frenchman, "an American Bonaparte."

"Why that's the nicest thing you've said all day," answered the President, smiling as he poured more wine.

"I'm not here to exchange pleasantries, nor drink wine," shouted the Frenchman, standing. "We have troops at sea that can land today, right now!, on the shores of Indochina. I want those Japanese out or else!"

"Or else what?" bellowed the President, rising from his seat. "We have five hundred thousand troops in France, some just one minute away from your bedroom, so don't make these assinine threats. I don't think you're in any position to dictate to me. You surrendered Paris within weeks to Germany and now you want to pretend you have the power to control areas of Asia and Africa? Climb back into reality; la gloire is over and done with."

"Without our cooperation you'll never succeed," cried the Frenchman, vexed almost to the point of tears. "We'll expose you to the entire world."

"The more the better," returned the President, "I love publicity. Ask your publishers in Paris, they give me more than I could ask for. I'm also very close to picking up the phone and calling Mr. Marchand. He'd be very pleased to hear from me."

"You'd never deal with the communists," shouted the Frenchman. "I don't believe it."

"Communism means nothing to me," the President answered. "I'll deal with anyone. And the socialists will drop you in a minute if they think they can have the support of the United States. Your people are fed up with your capitalist and imperialist garbage. They're hungry and powerless and mean to do something about it. Either you work with me or you don't work at all."

The Frenchman, stunned, looked at the President with an admission of defeat. He was bitter and vowed to someday get even. However, he knew his political survival depended on the cooperation of America. He would do what was necessary, and though his three years in office didn't quite allow him to reap the benefits of his sacrifice, the Americans made the most of them. He would be replaced by a fine leader, the hero of the French resistance. However, by then there was little even he could do: Bonaparte himself needed an army.

Toward the end of April, 1946, the President made another appearance before a delegation of congressmen. In March an appropriations bill passed by a narrow vote. The President had not yet allied with congress concerning international organization and decided it was time to take that critical step.

The President was also concerned that many congressmen were complaining about the death of the United Nations, which had met in full session only twice. In the first meeting the Russians were branded the aggressors in the war and in the second session various nations and national groups pledged troops. The President also made secret pledges to a number of peoples concerning freedom from the colonialists after the war.

The President, with the tacit approval of the congressional heirarchy, had long been planning a totally new organizational basis for a world political system. The President had the choice of slowly building this system without the cooperation of Congress or of including them in the creation. Both strategies had their advantages, but the President decided not to weaken the Congress even though there was risk of opposition. To counter this risk the President appealed to the people at the same time.

The President again met with one hundred fifty members of the Congress. The distribution of senators and congressmen, of opponents, supporters, and moderates, was the same. Since the last meeting, however, the President had gained at least fifty percent of the moderates; thus it was far more a delegation of presidential supporters and sympathizers. In fact, invitation to these gatherings had become a sign of elite status, and attitudes were shaped favorably from the start.

Senator Thomason, who could be expected to raise some troubling questions, was invited. At heart, any opposition rankled the President severely, but he had come to respect the Senator as an adversary. The Senator, suprised to find himself invited after the last episode, felt a hint of admiration for the President. Despite this, there was no question that they were political enemies, and the Senator was even being mentioned as a possible candidate for the Presidency in 1948.

"Friends in the Congress," the President began. "An intimate relationship between the President and the Congress is necessary for the smooth functioning of the Republic. It has come to my attention that some members of the Congress do not believe such a relationship presently exists, and I myself feel something is lacking in the degree of cooperation between our two branches of government. I regard this state of affairs as unfortunat and am here today to set us on the right path, the path that has all of us traveling in the same direction and with the same purpose."

"This is not to say I have been displeased with the work of the Congress; quite to the contrary, I cannot think of a man in this room who has not seen honorably to the sacred duty the voters

of America have entrusted to you. What we lack is the feeling of camaraderie and joint venture that we might share."

"The founding fathers created opposing branches of government not to work in total coordination but to balance one another. However, it is crucial that we are not working at cross-purposes. There is no room in our system for jealousy. It is our patriotic responsibility to work for the same goals, to move in one direction, and to cooperate so that the task of governing, growing more complex every day, is smooth and unlikely to cause internal conflict."

"We have been in a process of incredible growth; new problems and considerations present themselves daily. Not only are we confronted with domestic problems of increasing magnitude, but the world itself is crying for solutions to the critical problems that have arisen. The chaos of today greatly overshadows even that which existed after the first world war, when the United States assumed a position of non-interference with the problems of the world. Well, gentlemen, as we know, the problems of the world soon imperiled the freedom of the United States of America."

"That decision was made by patriots of moral courage on the basis of current political reality. While strong, the United States was not yet ready to assume the mantle of world leadership. Today there is a critical difference. The international political structure has been shattered; out of this greater chaos may emerge an even greater threat to the freedom of mankind; only the United States stands ready to alleviate the staggering burdens of our suffering race. It is my duty as President to stabilize the world in order to protect the freedoms Americans cherish."

"Men sometimes feel themselves insignificant before the forces of fate and destiny. I do not feel this insignificance! I know what can and cannot be achieved in this world. To accept less than what I know is right would ^{be} to betray the people of this nation and God Himself. Let it not be said of me, generations to come, that in his hands rested the fate of the people of America, and because of temerity, or fear of failure, or lack of courage, or insight, or ability, allowed his nation to pursue a path which endangered its future and prepared it for destruction."

"My fellow Americans, do you understand that the atomic bomb can be a cloud of certain annihilation hanging over our heads? To

relinquish now the responsibilities of world organization would guarantee that other nations will possess this weapon and threaten not only the peace of the world but the very existence of the United States."

"As President, and as Congressmen, we shall never compromise on any issue relating to the security and the freedoms of the United States of America! Remember that the future of our sons and daughters lies with the decisions made in these momentous times. No man in this room will want his grandchildren to say "yes, he was a good man, but did not have the courage to provide our nation with the future that it might have had."

Heavy applause filled the room and the nationwide radio coverage ended.

"I am not presenting today a completed form that must be adhered. I am sharing with you the skeleton of the system we will together create."

"The Federation of World Unity will be based here in Washington, at our convenience. Ultimately, all decision-making of this body will be made by the pre-existing organs of the United States Government. The major body of the Federation will be the World Council, which will deal with the peace and welfare of the entire world and will be comprised of one delegate from every state in the world. Resolutions will be by majority vote, unlike the elaborate and ridiculous procedures of the United Nations. However, resolutions will not be enforced per se but will be sent to the United States Government as recommendations for action. In effect, then, the World Council will be an advisory body."

"The Federation of American Unity and the Inter-American Council will be the subjects of a meeting next month which some of you will be invited to as participants with the states of the Western Hemisphere. A similar separate body will be created for the states of Europe."

"The Federation will be divided into the Americas, Europe, Africa, the Middle East, Southern Asia, Northern Asia, and China, with one district for miscellaneous islands and protectorates. Each will have a capital city and an informal framewok for the resolution of local problems not dealt with in the World Council. Again, Europe and the Americas will have formal institutions for this purpose."

"Every nation will be autonomous domestically, relieving us of the burden except in flagrant cases of disorder and injustice. However, every nation shall bow to the Federation of World Unity, or shall we say the United States, in matters of the military, international trade, travel, communication, and finance."

"I will give more details concerning these organizations, as well as on the latest progress on the organization of Russia, during lunch and in the coming weeks. I will be glad to clear up any misconceptions now, although such questions would be better handled in private or over lunch."

The President paused for a reply; there was none. Most of the congressmen were both stunned and impressed. His supporters did not care to bother him with details, each man hoping to be included in the select committees. His political enemies were not complacent but merely not in the proper atmosphere to voice their resentments at this naked imperialism.

Over two hours were spent with lunch, which might more properly be called a Roman feast. Food and wine were abundant. The congressmen enjoyed this indulgence, and the President was even more amiable than usual, speaking of the progress in Russia, his meeting with the French leader, and the political state of Africa, Asia, and Europe.

So far the day had been perfect. The President seemed to have solid support in Congress, and his radio address had found a huge and accepting audience. The people were happy: there were few American casualties anywhere in the world, wartime restrictions were beginning to be eased, and the future promised unlimited prosperity.

The President, upon making his exit, walked slowly with a group of supporters. Near the doorway they were confronted by Senator Thomason and three of his political allies. The Senator could not restrain the anger which had been growing throughout the lunch; he was one of the few sensitive to moral obligations.

The Senator boldly advanced to the President. "It seems you want to take over the world and everybody in it. How long do you think you can hold these people? You can't hold them forever."

The President was taken aback by this assault, as were his supporters. Everyone in the room fell silent.

"Forever? What is forever?" asked the President. "Our life-

time? Twenty lifetimes? A trillion lifetimes? Let's not speak in ridiculous terms. Nothing is forever."

The President could tell by the troubled faces that his reply was not wholly satisfactory. Without missing a stride, he continued.

"Let's meet this condition of chaos and crush it!! Everything we do is for the preservation of our own freedoms."

"It seems to me," continued the Senator, "that you are taking actions already, and asking the Congress to take actions, that are clearly unconstitutional."

"How unconstitutional?" the President asked.

"There is absolutely nothing in the constitution which would allow for the things you propose to do," answered Thomason. "Why, you're assuming powers that were never intended for the presidency. The President simply cannot. . . ."

"What is this Office anyway?" shouted the President with a genuine burst of emotion so convincing that no one doubted its sincerity. "I'm goddamn sick and tired of hearing what the President can and can't do! This Office was created in 1787 for a benevolent aristocrat to administer a tiny nation of farmers and rum-runners. Here am I, in 1946, with three billion people and the survival of the human race to be concerned with, and fools are tying me to the gravestones of another world!"

Throughout the room could be felt both silent opposition and silent admiration. No man dared to speak. Although the Senator's attack wounded the confidence of the President's weaker supporters, the man most impressed with the President's retort was Thomason himself. Though not convinced of the propriety of the President's designs, his emotional outburst was obviously from the heart.

Thomason had the reply "tyranny is nothing new; it's been known since man began" on his lips, but what might have been a serious blow never fell. The room was silent. The President felt compelled to say more.

"Senator, you understand politics as well as I. I respect your concern for the Republic, for the constitution. I think you'd agree that any fool can subvert a republic — look how often it has happened. It's easier to destroy than create."

The President's voice suddenly thundered throughout the room.

"We have a republic, a glorious Republic! We will keep it a republic. To do so, congressmen, we must live by the spirit of the constitution and not play with it like a gang of juvenile lawyers."

The President left the room, followed by his entourage. Senator Thomason stood frozen among his comrades. He remembered what Benjamin Franklin said upon the ratification of the constitution: "You've got a republic, if you can keep it." Strangely, Thomason felt closer to the President than ever before, or ever would again for a number of years.

The independence of India was scheduled for July 4th, 1946. There were four major states to be carved out of the British territory. The Secretary of State and a literal army of State Department personnel had been in India for over a month, pounding the different parties into agreement on the institutional framework.

The Federation of World Unity was to assume responsibility for the security of India. India pledged soldiers for the federation army and agreed to abide by federation regulations. The restrictions were minimal and the benefits maximal. The burden of maintaining an armed force for security from external aggression was relieved, allowing the resources of the state to be used for social progress.

On June 28th the Secretary of State flew to London to brief the Prime Minister on details concerning the United States of Europe, the projected political-administrative structure for Europe in the Federation of World Unity. Whether in a period of regression or whether this proposal was indeed repugnant to him, The Prime Minister wired the President on the 29th that under no circumstances would the United Kingdom cooperate.

On June 30th the President met with the French Foreign Minister at the White House to formalize plans for French entry into the Federation of World Unity and the United States of Europe. Had the French and British joined together, results might have been far different, but the two nations were at odds, as they often were, particularly as a result of prior British refusal to back French colonial demands.

The major fear the French had, aside from their loss of independence, was the inclusion of a unified German state. On the 29th the President decided to appease the French on this point and not merely divide Germany into halves but in thirds. The French were prepared to acquiesce if either Germany were divided or Paris made the capital of the European system. Elated that the President bowed to French sensibilities, the foreign minister agreed to French participation.

The French were not only motivated by the military power of the United States and the need for reconstruction aid; the elimination of defense expenditure would release billions of dollars for social programs which would defuse the threat of communist or socialist victories in the coming election. On June 30th the President and the French Foreign Minister posed for the press of the world and signed the document entering France as the first member of the United States of Europe and the first nation outside the Western Hemisphere to join the Federation of World Unity. On the morning of July 1st their pictures were on the front pages of the London papers.

The stakes for the Prime Minister were clear. If he continued to hold out, European domination would pass clearly to the French, who would be protected unilaterally by the United States military and receive economic aid. With France, Germany, Russia, and Italy on its side, the United States would gain the support of the rest of Europe as well. The Prime Minister had actually already given up hope of holding onto the colonies with the United States flaming rebellion, and thus continued intransigence would isolate Britain completely from the world community, collapse the economy and perhaps the entire governmental structure; certainly he himself would fall quickly.

However, the Prime Minister took a certain masochistic delight in picturing the United Kingdom alone standing outside the Federation, much as they had stood alone against Hitler for a time. Thus, he was both leery of the consequences of his holdout and at the same time defiant. He waited for time to bring a solution.

On July 3rd the President left the United States for the first time since being sworn into Office. He landed in Tokyo for a consultation with the Pacific Commander, who was in the process of re-working the Japanese government. He flew to the Phillipines and

gave an early morning speech commemorating their independence. He then made a hugely successful speech in India, making a few sarcastic comments about the British Prime Minister which, of course, were duly reported in the London papers.

As expected, the Prime Minister was in a foul mood on July 5th. He felt personally humiliated as well as enraged. Politically, however, he felt himself out on a ledge, and though still defiant, permanently and irrevocably isolated.

The President spent the 5th of July visiting his European Commander in Kiev. Along with his secretary and the usual contingent of State Department, military, and security personnel, he brought along three moderate members of Congress who had never received special favors from the President beyond inclusion on federation committees.

The President arrived in London on July 6th and met with the Prime Minister that evening. He was in a supreme position. His enlistment of the French was critical, and his personal successes in Asia were remarkable: he was becoming as popular around the world as he was in the United States. However, the President arrived carrying more than the olive branch. He cleared up many misunderstandings of the Prime Minister concerning the United States of Europe. He added that as the voting in the inter-European Council would be proportionate to population, and since Germany had been divided, France would be insured the largest vote. However, the President was willing to stipulate that England should have an equal vote with whatever state possessed the largest population. As the Prime Minister was against allowing the United States to have voting members in the council, the President offered to employ non-voting observers only.

The French were eager for Paris to be the capital, the President said, and although he had planned to make Vienna the capital, London would serve as well. The President was also prepared to allow the United Kingdom to be the only state in the world to maintain an international navy and a fifty thousand man expeditionary force to protect overseas investments, and to hold Hong Kong and Singapore, their prestigious Asian colonies, in perpetuity, including their naval base in Singapore.

The Prime Minister, suddenly finding England not a besieged and doomed fortress but definitively the second state in the world, poured two tumblers of brandy and shared them with the President.

The next day the two men signed the necessary papers before the eyes of the world, and that evening the President left for the United States with the biggest triumph of his career. Within one month every European state except Switzerland and Sweden joined the Federation of World Unity and the United States of Europe, and they too would soon come around. There were still numerous boundary problems to be adjusted, even new states to be created, but for all intents and purposes the President had Europe as surely as it had eluded Napoleon and Hitler.

IV. FIRE AND RAIN

By the end of 1947 the world had been delivered from chaos. While there were still problems, life had begun to assume a breezy regularity indicating that sickness and instability had been purged and activities which comprise normal human endeavor had taken the fore.

The world system had begun to function smoothly. It was backed, as all governments must be, by a preponderance of power. The United States had over four million men in uniform in 1947, plus, of course, a monopoly of atomic weapons. The federation army numbered six million men, although the system was not integrated perfectly. The United States, by itself the wealthiest nation in the world, now had the entire globe under its control. Although the President saw that the entire world received the benefits of empire, the power existed for both use and abuse.

The President faced opposition in freeing southern Asia from the colonialists, both in Europe and within America itself. Internally, it was the ultra-conservative element which threatened the President's plans, but he succeeded with the support of many of the conservatives, the moderates, and all of the liberals, a shocking turnabout. Conservative opponents argued that freeing Asia and Africa would squander the sacrifices of the war. Although many were worried that even American possessions in the Pacific would be endangered by Asian nationalism, the President was committed. In fact, it was his major policy which owed its inspiration to his predecessor, who had carried the torch of anti-colonialism. To stifle internal opposition the President gave a live address to the nation from the congress the night before he left for the Phillipines to speak before the assembled delegates of Asia. The President's speech from the congress concluded as follows:

"Everywhere in Asia the people are rising from unendurable slavery, slavery based on race. The white man stands and the Asian grovels under his heel. Is it any wonder the Japanese, despite their

inhumanity, succeeded so well? They preached white hatred, and their words found an audience. We are the successors to the European colonialists. All of Asia looks to us with a wary eye, skeptical but hopeful, barely daring to believe that we might be different."

"For the world to be secure, Asia must be free! Many argue that only slavery guarantees obedience, a misguided belief. Treat them as brothers, as free men, as human beings, and see where their loyalty falls. The balance of power lies with the West, but the teeming multitudes of Asia will bury us with revolution unless we learn to live together. We might enslave them for hundreds of years, but shall we leave a legacy of hatred and human bondage to our children? In 1863 Abraham Lincoln removed the stain of slavery from our own nation; today, almost a full century later, we shall strike a similar blow for the enslaved peoples of the world. The proper course is clear, fellow Americans! We shall live by the conscience of freedom. To do otherwise is to betray the faith of God and man."

The President arrived in Manilla to a tumultuous welcome, hailed as the hero of the Asian people. His speech was the definitive statement of United States policy toward Asia, and in effect issued an ultimatum to Europeans still clinging to Asia, and Africa, to clear out immediately or be buried almost as fast.

"My Asian Brothers! The long war against Japanese enslavement is over. I stand among men who have fought back to back with Americans in bloody trenches of Luzon, Corregidor, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa; men sparked by one desire only, that of freedom and independence for their people. I stand among the Asians as a white man carrying the burdens of his peoples unfortunate mistakes over the centuries. Yet everywhere I see the gleam of hope in the eyes of Asia, hope that the United States of America, the great white power, shall adhere to its brilliant heritage — its declaration of independence, its democratic constitution, its government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

"The United States stands as a giant among the nations of the world, and along with this stature goes the over-riding responsibility for world peace and security. My brothers of Asia! The American position rests irrevocably as follows: the interests of peace,

of security, of humanity, and of justice dictate that all the Asian peoples must live in freedom, their governments democratic and independent, the barbaric bonds of human slavery forever sundered!"

"Brothers of Asia! We have come together to form a new international system to promote and protect the Asian peoples newly-won freedom as well as to ensure the peace of the world. The Southern Asian States, a vital cog in the Federation of World Unity, shall represent and guarantee the freedoms you have struggled for. The doctrine of the Southern Asian States rests on the following pillars of peace, democracy, and security: free independent nations formed as closely as possible to democratic principles; non-interference of any nation or nations in the internal affairs of others; free and unlimited flow of information, trade, and travel; global security from military aggression guaranteed by the federation army, comprised of men from every nation in the world; world government through the World Council, a government just and supreme."

"Citizens of the World! With faith, trust, and goodwill we can work, live, and be free together under one sky, one sun, and one government. Let the truth rebound into the remotest villages and valleys that America stands committed to the freedom of Asia, the freedom of all the peoples of the world, and that together we shall stand united to reap the harvest that freedom affords."

At the conference following the President's speech, every nation of southern Asia that had not yet done so joined the Federation of World Unity. The President left Asia for the United States not as a mere leader but as one who has climbed the stairway to the stars and who, along with Zeus and Apollo, sat precariously upon the throne of heaven.

(For political and administrative details concerning the Federation of World Unity, see Appendix C).

In the 1946 congressional elections the President moved from his reliance on the conservatives, whose support he largely kept, to the moderates, or as he termed them, centrists. He fashioned himself a republican centrist and allied openly with democratic centrists.

In the 1946 election the President campaigned for numerous centrist candidates. By allying with the moderates he created an unshakeable base of power in the congress with which he could pursue humanitarian and liberal policies that conservatives were bound to oppose. With such policies the President also gained the votes of liberals, although they were fewer in number after the election. Thus, being both an imperialist and a moderate, the President could count on total moderate support, the most numerous group in congress, and the support of, at any given moment, the conservatives or the liberals.

The people, thorough imperialists due to its success, responded to the President's centrist posture by electing almost every candidate supported by him, enlarging and loyalizing his base of support. He could now move forward without substantial opposition.

The President had assured his position in American politics despite any differneces with the party heirarchies. In fact, far from being concerned with the 1948/⁵¹ presidential election, the President was looking to further cement his role as President of the Federation of World Unity, a post he considered far more important. However, though he longed to play the role of benevolent aristocrat, he would be temporarily forced to assume the mantlet of the tyrant.

Three hundred American women volunteered to serve as nurses in Africa and Asia as a result of a presidential proposal. At a publicity ceremony on the White House lawn, the President presented each with a medal of national merit for unselfish service in the spirit of friendship and brotherhood.

The President gazed at each girl, so delicate, young, full of energy and life. They were the pride of America, heading off into parts unknown to administer to the needs of the less fortunate. They came from every state in the union, including one beautiful girl from the President's hometown in Kentucky. When looking into their eyes the President felt a sense of huge responsibility.

At the airport the President embraced all three hundred young women as they prepared to board and asked them to write. As the

plane began to roll down the runway the girls waved from the windows.

"Where have all the flowers gone?" the President asked as the plane disappeared into the foggy darkness.

"To find the sun," Elizabeth replied.

"Yes, that's right," he said, "to find the sun."

The two exchanged the famous smile they shared between themselves alone and walked slowly back to the limousine.

For three days there had been scattered but fierce rioting in scores of urban centers throughout Latin and South America resulting in many deaths. No Americans had been killed, but two local federation officers had been.

Upset with the growing equality of wealth engendered to a large degree by American influence, the elite were determined to remain not only in pace with the rising wealth of the general population but were actually trying to increase the disparity. Forced food shortages predictably resulted in violence, which in the past had only strengthened the elite's hand by demonstrating the viciousness of the multitude and by bringing the state apparatus down upon the people all the more ruthlessly.

The more intelligent of the imperialists in America were aware that the support of the American people was in many areas weak, and they could easily fall to importunings of liberal non-committants from the type of disturbances which had taken place.

The President acted decisively. After convening a session of the Federation of American Unity, he instituted new economic programs after issueing severe threats aimed at the offending governments.

Since 1945 the United States had been training middle class South and Latin Americans to assume positions in the Federation bureaucracy. When in power they would serve the American interest more faithfully than the indigenous elite, which was motivated totally by profit and position. The new elite would not only covet their elevated status but were also imbued with concepts of social progress and justice. While American imperialists were not particularly fond of social justice, they usually followed the President's lead, for personal attacks on the President, or anything that could weaken his personal power, were anathema to the entire imperialist wing, which saw to a man that the strength of the Office was the key ingredient in the effective continuation of the full exercise of American power.

The inter-American Monetary Committee, comprised of six South and Central Americans hand-picked by the President, three State Department officials, and six members of the House of Representatives—three from the sub-committee on Latin and South American Affairs and three from the sub-committee on American Finance, part of the Committee on World Finance — would now dictate financial policy in Latin and South America.

The hostility which the reactionary states exuded could not be tolerated. The policy of the President was to drive them to complacent submission or force them to rebel openly, triggering their overthrow. Regardless of what his enemies would decide in the Americas, the President knew who America's friends were and had no doubt as to the ability of the United States^{to} counter any measure the troublesome states might initiate.

The jeep was flying through the forest when suddenly a rear tire blew out, nearly overthrowing the vehicle. It carried four passengers: an Indian driver and three American nurses. Alice Blakely, from Columbus, Ohio, was the head nurse, accompanied by Susan Shepherd, the nineteen year old from Lexington, Kentucky, and Donna Evans, a twenty one year old former cheerleader from Durham, New Hampshire.

The travelers were passing from Yaten, a Black settlement in Kenya, to Deep Lake, where they were stationed. There was an outbreak of malaria in Yaten, and the nurses were returning from administering medicines to hundreds of sick Africans.

The passengers jumped out of the jeep and examined the right front tire: there was a large hole in it. The Indian began to unstrap the spare tire when a knife, fired with deadly accuracy, tore into his thigh. He fell to the ground in pain as the nurses rocked with child-like terror. Bone-chilling whistles and cries could be heard coming from every direction. As Alice Blakely reached for the rifle kept next to the driver's seat, she and Donna Evans were hit with knives.

By an instinct that had coarsed through her ancestor's blood but had lain dormant for centuries, Susan Shepherd bolted like a wild deer into the forest and disappeared. Scores of screaming Africans circled around the besieged foreigners, dancing behind painted faces and shining ancient weaponry. More than a dozen of these creatures flashed into the forest in pursuit of the fleeing woman.

Slowly the circle became tighter. Alice Blakely crawled with all her energy toward the rifle. As she groveled a bare black foot kicked her in the jaw, snapping her head into a grotesque position, blood drooling from her open mouth. This sparked the others, as they began to brutally kick the helpless victims. After a minute or two of this destructive dancing, the Africans lifted the two women and threw them to the ground. As the women's heads tossed and their minds reeled in this nightmare, thin sticks of metal were produced. These pikes were driven through the women's palms into the ground beneath them.

Others grabbed the Indian and laid him against the jeep. Anxious hands tore off his clothes, knives flashed, and his sexual organs were sliced from his body. As blood poured from the injured area, his chest and thighs were ripped open and the skin torn away. He was then tossed to the ground, and after various men had spit and urinated on him, was left for the ants.

The women, sufferring madly, tossed and kicked. Hands interred with the earth, legs held by slimy fingers, their clothes were torn away and many tasted of their helplessness. After each entry another wound was inflicted until the result was a bloody disgusting testament to the depravity of man.

No part of their bodies was spared the sacriligious mutilation. A puny skinny African wielded a large sword and hacked off a leg at the knee. It was tossed to the side where it fell into a sliver of sunshine slicing through the trees. This bloody leg glared at the sun like a screaming eagle.

As the gory hunks of human flesh lost their kick, the men bored and left them lying on the road. Thankfully God had already called these souls to a new home, and only the sickness of original sin yet stained the ground.

The sudden peace was followed by new cheering as the escaped woman was carried from the forest. She had already been ravaged where she fell, but was yet whole and offensively pale. The killers, born again, resumed their gruesome chant, and the Kentucky woman was laid down, spiked, and slashed. A short stubby man with enormous hands ran a knife down her forehead across her nose and lips. As he passed the throat and reached the chest, he began to press harder. Greedy hands tore the flesh aside, and as the butcher reached the lower extremity he gave the knife a shove and left it where it lodged. Susan, whose heart yet pulsed, lay alive for over three minutes.

The savages ran into the woods to relive their day of glory, joining their comrades, who were not present, to drink and brag.

Brick Strasser, a former officer of the Nazi S.S., led the expedition to find the victims, who were missed by their friends when dark descended. Strausser was joined by Risslintov, a Russian sergeant, Murphy, an American military doctor, and Smith, a British corporal. When they found the scene of the atrocity, not one but fell to his knees and cried till he shook. Smith, who had been romancing Donna Evans, collapsed under the weight of revelation as he carried the remains of Alice Blakely, which trapped him to the ground as he lay like a child sobbing with innocence.

The news was communicated to town and a message sent to Nairobi, where over one hundred fifty thousand federation troops were stationed. Kenya had been turned over to Black government, but there

was still a considerable white presence. The murdering group was known to authorities but had never struck so daringly. They were a fanatical band whose only ideology was white hatred; it was as hated by the people as by the government, formed mainly of criminals and led by a man who had served with the British in the war but had been imprisoned for murdering German prisoners.

The President of Kenya called the Governor of White Forest Territory, where the murders had taken place, who at once placed a five thousand man native force at the disposal of Strausser. Strausser, Risslintov, and Smith led these men, plus the seventy-five Russian soldiers stationed at Deep Lake under Strausser's command, to find the guerrilla camp, which they found slightly after dawn.

There were no guards posted, and almost every man was in deep slumber from heavy drinking. Strausser encircled the camp and rushed it. The guerrillas were captured before any weapons could be turned against the attackers. Strausser, brandishing an automatic machine gun, personally riddled fifteen men in a grass hut who refused to emerge; thereafter there was little trouble. The Russians, in their zeal, however, bayoneted over thirty men where they lay asleep, and the native Africans, not to be outdone, killed sixty more. Of the three hundred and eighty men in the camp, two hundred and twenty made it back to Deep Lake.

At the same time that the nurses were found, the President had an emergency session with his closest advisers. News arrived during dinner with the wives of federation ambassadors that a revolution had occurred in Manchuria. The war-lord ruling Manchuria had been killed by left-wing officers, who proposed a Free China and declared Manchuria out of the Federation. The problem was extremely serious because it was an industrial center possessed of much abandoned war equipment. If the rebels were indeed left-wing and not a genuine patriotic front, the President felt he could rely on Chiang, as well as support from within Manchuria itself.

If there was an alliance of left and right-wing officers in Manchuria seeking total autonomy, a full-sized military, and even the unification of all China, the Pacific Commander would have to invade,

with the support of Chiang. If, however, such a patriotic front had also enlisted the support of Chiang, only nuclear weapons could ensure victory. Hopefully, only the left wing was involved, which would not even necessitate a major invasion.

Thus, the Pacific Commander was notified of the options, the Federation Commander in Peking ordered on alert for the overthrow of Chiang and the assumption of government, and further decisions postponed until military intelligence confirmed or denied all possibilities. The meeting lasted slightly under two hours, after which the President returned to his dinner party, stayed until after eleven, and went to bed. He was woken at three a.m. by Elizabeth, who brought in a colonel from the Pentagon.

The Colonel entered with a look of sympathy on his face.

"What's the problem, Colonel?" asked the President.

"There have been some very brutal murders in Africa, sir," he replied. "Three American women were raped, mutilated, and killed, sir. Three of the nurses that left in January, including the girl from your home town, sir."

An intense silence filled the room.

"Susan Shepherd, sir," the Colonel broke in.

"I know her goddamn name!" shouted the President.

"I'm sorry, Mr. President," replied the Colonel, wondering if he had misjudged the President's character. "I didn't want you to read it in the morning papers."

"Forgive me, Colonel," said the President softly. "I'm very glad you woke me. Who killed them?"

"I don't know sir."

"Where?"

"Kenya, sir."

"Have you any daughters, Colonel," asked the President, barely controlling his tears.

"Yes sir, " said the Colonel, a little embarrassed. "I have three."

"How old?"

"Three, seven, and eleven."

"What are their names?" asked the President, holding the officer's shoulder.

"Sharon, Debbie, and Donna, sir."

"Take care of those girls," said the President. "Keep them happy."

"I'll do my best, sir," he replied. "I'll tell them what you said."

"Thank you, Colonel," said the President, "that will be all." The Colonel moved to the door, but the President called after him.

"Colonel, young girls are the rarest jewel in this life," the President said softly. "And Colonel, thanks again."

The Colonel just now noticed the President's tears.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?"

"No General," said the President, "thank you. Good night."

The Colonel looked at the President quizzically, assumed a knowing expression, and left.

The President walked to the window overlooking the White House grounds. He could see nothing but the eyes of the young nurses. His right hand tightened into a fist. He moved to the edge of his bed, sank on his knees, and began to pray out loud, very slowly.

"Oh God!, you've placed us here to bewilder and torture us. You've infested our minds and hearts with both savagery and love, to fight it out and claim the wreckage of the human race as the spoils of victory."

The President knelt silently for over five minutes, crawled into bed, and lay there silently for over an hour before sleep claimed him and whisked him into a less troubled world.

A spark flashed, and by chemistry or coincidence several conflagrations flared. The President woke early the next morning and, as predicted, found sensational stories and photos splashed across the front pages. The murders were described in gruesome detail. The afternoon editions had personal hometown stories on each of the women as well as detailed accounts of the capture. Strausser's picture was on the front pages along with an interview of the leader of the rebel band his his two 'commanders.' The killers spoke of hatred for whites and their eternal struggle to eradicate every white from the

continent, regardless of cost. The Russian soldiers received favorable press, as did the African security forces.

The President scanned the morning papers and received further reports from the army and State Department. At the 10 a.m. meeting to discuss the crisis in China, which had been relegated to secondary news by the newspapers, General Ferguson reported that the Pacific Commander had already launched an attack with fifteen thousand American and thirty thousand Federation troops. Although there had been no official confirmation by army intelligence, the strike signalled the fact that Chiang did not support the coup and the small size of the attack showed that the revolt was confined to the left-wing radical element. Throughout the meeting, however, the President's thoughts seemed to be on other matters.

The President and Elizabeth took a late lunch alone, during which the late newspaper editions were delivered. Immediately the picture of Susan Shepherd caught the President's eye, under the heading 'Lexington Kentucky mourns local favorite.' He skimmed the page, confronting the picture of Strausser and the details of the capture.

"Look at this!" exclaimed the President. "They've captured the murderers. The goddamn President is the last one to know everything. Robert!"

The President's chief administrative aid hurried into the room.

"Why the hell haven't I been told about the capture?" the President shouted, pointing to the news story. "We ought to fire the entire intelligence network and hire the New York Times."

An aide to General Ferguson had entered just in time to take the brunt of the President's anger.

"I'm sorry, sir," he answered. "The news was held up in Alexandria."

"Typical," replied the President. "And I should have heard about the murders yesterday afternoon at the latest."

"Alexandria did not consider the matter of paramount importance," the General answered.

The President looked at the front page again and was startled to see the headline 'guerrilla chief promises more murders.'

"What in the name of Christ's holy cross is this?" shouted the President as his anger passed from the annoyed to the enraged. "This goddamn son of a bitch mouthing off to the papers! Who let this character talk to the press, general?"

"I believe it was a French reporter posing as an attorney," answered the General.

The President threw the paper down in disgust and paced over to the window. He then whirled around and faced the three others, who stood paralyzed by this outburst.

"I want to see General Ferguson, now! And I want to talk with my army commander in Alexandria; holding the army command and my federation command. 'I can handle,' he says. We'll see what he's made of." That's all, General."

As the General turned to leave, Lt. General Blackman, also on General Ferguson's staff, entered.

"Mr. President," we've had simultaneous reports of revolutions in South and Central America and Cambodia," said the General. "The Chiefs are meeting with their intelligence officers and will be here shortly."

"Oh God, what else are you going to send me today?" asked the President in mock seriousness as he gazed skyward. The others remained frozen as, slowly, the President relaxed. "Thank you very much, Generals, that will be all."

"There's revolution in the air," the President said softly to Elizabeth, stroking her cheek, "and I hope it doesn't burn this soft skin of ours."

The President met with more than his usual contingent: the Secretaries of State and War, the Joint Chiefs and their aids, five moderate congressmen, the Attorney General, and the Chiefs of Intelligence of all the branches. Beforehand the President read in depth accounts of the African killings.

"All right, I'm listening," said the President.

"From what I can gather," said the Secretary of War, "our worst problem is in the Americas. We've landed in Manchuria with absolutely no opposition. The revolt seems to be totally located in

Mukden. The Commander has reported that in another day it should all be over."

The Secretary glanced at the Joint Chiefs, who each nodded affirmatively.

"Now in Cambodia," continued the Secretary, "it is very possible that the coup will serve us positively."

"What's the story with that, General?" the President asked his chief military adviser impatiently.

"Strictly a right-wing coup," answered General Ferguson.

"Ambassador Spencer has already met with the leaders in Phnom phen," said the Secretary of State, "and they've ^{pledged} pledged full allegiance to the Federation."

"It seems to me," said the Army Chief of Intelligence, "that what has transpired is merely the replacing of a corrupt inefficient government with a more reliable government."

"Do you have a flotilla moving in that direction, Admiral?"

"I've been waiting on your order, sir," he replied.

"It's ordered. One carrier and a few destroyers should be sufficient. Have a few thousand Marines on hand in case we need them."

"Yes sir," answered the Navy and Marine Chiefs simultaneously.

"We can't be encouraging dictatorships," said the President.

It was obvious to the President that not a man in the room was particularly concerned with the death of semi-republican government in Cambodia.

"Harry, what's the attitude on the Hill?" the President asked his friend, a republican congressman from Illinois.

"It's a wait and see thing," he replied. "Very little is being said."

"Good," replied the President, "the less the better. Let's turn to our friends in the South."

"Excuse me," interrupted General Ferguson's aide, entering the room, "I've made connection with Alexandria."

"Thank you, General," replied the President. "John?"

"We've got three revolutions," said the Secretary of War, "the three we figured."

"Let me set up the charts," said General Ferguson. "I believe our only effective options involve military action. As you can see, our airpower from Cuba and the carriers is more than sufficient."

"And yet," interrupted the Secretary of War, "this is not a struggle against the masses. Although some of the people seem enthusiastic right now, there is little genuine support."

"There has been a lot of negative propaganda," offered the Secretary of State, "but we can quickly offset that."

"Another important factor," said Congressman Blake, Chairman of the South and Latin American Affairs Committee, "is that the military do not support these actions, at least not wholeheartedly."

"I'm sure that the rebels are meeting with the military right now," said the Army Intelligence Chief. "They'll find some support, but not enough."

"If they do win the military," continued General Ferguson, "we'll either have to let them go or invade." We can try to subvert them afterwards, but that wouldn't be wise."

"Poison in the ear will surely kill the heart," offered the Secretary of State.

"That's right," replied the President. "The issue must be settled now."

67
"If I may intercede," interrupted Colonel Russell, a field commander stationed in Panama, invited to the meeting by General Ferguson. He had met with the Secretaries of State and War before the conference. "It seems to me that if the rebels do find support in the military, those military leaders will be looking for the first signs of failure or will be scheming to take power for themselves, unless one of two things happen: if the rebels have no opposition or if we land armies and push their national pride. We have to land troops in the capitals themselves, capture the means of communication, and immediately begin to enlist internal support, especially from the military. Even if the rebels do get military support, it cannot conceivably be split greater than sixty/forty."

"What then?" asked the President.

"Once we're established," continued the Colonel, "either the rebels will scare or we'll have turned it into a civil war, in which we can afford to land troops, quickly, and end it all."

"What do you think, John?" the President asked.

"It sounds plausible to me," the Secretary of War replied.

"General Ferguson?" asked the President.

"I was leaning toward heavy bombing followed by land forces, "however, this plan has its merits."

"General?" the President asked the Air Force Chief.

"It's either that or bomb the hell out of them," he replied.

"Colonel," asked the President, "how long until you have a workable plan?"

"It's already worked out, Mr. President," he replied.

"What are the intended numbers?" the President asked.

"Four hundred army paratroopers per city," replied the Colonel, "plus four hundred latin commandos from the loyal states. For the invasion force, the army could balance Latins with Russians, Germans, French, and British. However, the operation will be simpler and more efficient if we use only American soldiers, and it might be wisest to keep foreign troops out unless full-scale war develops."

"In line with the Monroe Doctrine, Colonel," laughed the President, "very good. You plan to move within twenty four hours, of course?"

"We'll move tonite," replied the Colonel.

"All right, then" replied the President. "Let it go. We'll see what fortune has in store. General, let's have Alexandria."

All the men in the room had been affected by the killings, no one even considered that the President might personally become involved. The receiver allowed everyone to hear the conversation.

"Bruce, is that you?" asked the President.

"Yes sir," answered General Howard. "We rounded up all the suspects."

"Like hell," said the President. "The Africans and the Russians, led by a German, did all the work."

"It was our network, sir," replied the General.

"Let me have some confirmations."

"Yes sir."

"You have two hundred and forty men in custody?"

"That's correct, sir."

"The three leaders promised more violence?"

"I heard something to that effect, yes sir."

"Is it true that all suspects were asked to renounce the organization, and thirty three did?"

"Yes sir."

"That leaves one hundred eighty seven men?"

"Yes sir."

"This has admitted their guilt, General?"

"In a manner of speech, sir."

"The jeep was an official military vehicle?"

"Yes sir."

"An attack upon a military vehicle makes it a military affair?"

"I don't know, sir."

"The guerrillas consider themselves a military organization?"

"I believe so."

"An attack by a military group upon a military vehicle makes the entire matter a military affair. I hereby order the following measures to be carried out."

"Yes sir."

"There are twenty seven states in Africa. Therefore twenty seven of the prisoners who did not participate in the murders are to be freed immediately. Also free the thirty three who have renounced the group. Minus the three leaders, that leaves one hundred and fifty seven. They are to be hanged in the morning, in full view of the city of Nairobi."

"Hanged, sir?"

"Hanged, General, by the neck, as in Nathan Hale." In the afternoon the three leaders are to be crucified."

"Crucified?"

"As in Christ, General. In full view of the city."

"Yes sir."

"General, how many men did Alexander have at the Battle of Gaugamela?"

"About fifty thousand, sir."

"How many men do you have at your disposal?"

"Roughly a million and a half, sir."

"Can you conceive of a reason why my orders might not be carried out immediately?"

"No sir."

"Your career rests on this, General."

"It will be done."

"After, I want Strausser, Risslintov, Smith, and two Africans flown to Washington to be decorated at the World Council. That will be all."

The President faced the stunned men in the room. "We've

loitered here long enough. Good luck with tonites operations."

The President left the room with the Attorney General as the others looked at one another and slowly rose from their seats, with the exception of Colonel Russell, hot and ambitious, who practically lept from his chair, dashing for the Pentagon.

The next day one hundred and fifty seven men were hanged and three were crucified without trial, in full view of the human race. Pictures of the executions filled the front pages of every paper in the world, and while men might debate as to whether Justice had been served, the executions had a very settling effect on an unsettled world.

That evening the President was woken at four a.m. by the Secretary of War.

"I've got good news and bad," said the Secretary. "There's been a revolution in Nigeria. The government's been overturned and the new one has broken from the federation."

"Why?"

"Political infighting. They've rejected the old order completely, including us. However, there's been a military coup in South America and they've pledged total allegiance to the federation. Our operation is underway right now, but now its greatly simplified, and this example will be in our favor."

"John, what do you think of this Nigerian situation?"

"I think its a pain in the ass, no more and no less."

The President again woke early and breakfasted over the morning papers. They gave front page coverage to the revolts in the Americas and China. The President was relieved to find no mention of Nigeria. The New York Times and the Boston Herald reported rumors that the African killers would be executed. The President experienced a grim satisfaction in realizing his orders had already been carried out. The evening editions carried details and photos, which would still be big news the following day.

At the ten a.m. meeting the President received nothing but good news. In China, the rebel military force had been isolated and destroyed. The rebels had murdered over two hundred civilians and government officials during their brief reign of terror. The Pacific Commander rode down the streets of the capital of Manchuria to cheering crowds. His picture would share the front pages with the crucified killers.

The coup in Nigeria had been off-set by a counter-coup by elements which pledged support to the federation. A detachment from the Mediterranean fleet was sent to support the new government.

Everyone was relieved at being able to dismiss two major problems. However, the South American situation was still unresolved and the meeting broke up on an indefinite note.

That afternoon, as the President was working on legislation with a group of congressmen dealing with government subsidized housing for returning veterans, he was interrupted by the Secretary of War. A new problem had arisen in China, seemingly unrelated to the earlier revolt. Two rival warlords had gone to war over a boundary dispute. Both still had armies numbering over half a million men; therefore it was crucial that the struggle be contained.

The President issued orders to the Pacific Commander to use whatever force was necessary to end the conflict immediately. The Commander, in the midst of celebrations in Manchuria, ordered General Baker, located in Chungking with two hundred thousand federation troops, to move into the area and end the unrest. Baker, however, had only ten thousand reliable troops, the rest Africans and Indians. Their presence in Chungking, if not simply because army command had nowhere else to put them, was for scarecrow purposes.

The President and his advisers met at a seven p.m. session to discuss the results of the South American operation. One revolt ended when a group of forty officers killed the rebel leaders and assumed control of the government upon learning of the commando landing. The last revolt had gathered considerable military support. The capital, however, was invaded by a large force after it had been penetrated by the commando units. Messages were dropped

into the streets by plane calling for the destruction of the rebels, who were using the people as tools for their own wealth and power. The two captured radio transmitters blared the call of freedom. While the local military fought building to building with the commandos, American armored columns raced for the capital from the coast. A battle was fought five miles from the capital, where the rebel force was obliterated by American fighter planes and tanks. This defeat gave the loyal military officers the edge, and they swung their troops over to the attackers. Hopelessly outnumbered, the rebels were finally cornered in the presidential palace. American tanks rumbled into the capital, one firing the symbolic blast of blowing the rebel flag off the legislative assembly building, ending the revolution.

With this crisis aside, only the New Chinese War, as it had been unofficially dubbed by the President's advisers, kept the flames of rebellion fanned. This territorial squabble between two despots could have been easily laid to rest by an aircraft assault followed by a stern threat of invasion. However, the army sent to end the conflict was routed when both Chinese forces turned on them. The ineffective federation forces, operating with no supporting air cover, were slaughtered en masse.

The news of the Chinese disaster arrived in the middle of the night, but the Secretary of War decided not to wake the President. He met him at eight a.m., however, and gave him the news which would appear in the afternoon papers. The President was incensed over the bungling. There still had not been a day when bad news had not been disclosed. The President glared at the papers and saw his commander being celebrated in the streets while thousands of men had been uselessly slaughtered. The fact that only fifteen Americans died in the action eased the President's pain but slightly, although it aided the job of his press secretary immeasurably.

The Pacific Commander, who underestimated the situation and was considerably embarrassed by the mishap, launched a massive invasion and quickly defeated the warring Chinese, who suffered huge casualties. The Commander had creased both the black mark on his reputation and the last festering sore infecting the federation.

At the security meeting held at the conclusion of the New Chinese War, the President opened bottles of champagne and filled the glasses of his comrades.

"Here's to a quiet summer," the President toasted.

The people of the world had learned that the central government was entirely capable of maintaining order over its vast constituency and that the American Empire had gone through its rites of passage with flying colors. America stood alone atop a world peaceful and united.

V. SUNSET

17 The summer of 1948 was indeed quiet. In the November Presidential election the President won with a 74% victory. The most powerful democrats were already aligned with the President and made no effort to help the democratic candidate. The President swept every state in the union, winning unanimously in the electoral college. The one man who could have given the President some competition was Senator Thomason, who was not interested.

Throughout the President's first full term in Office progress was made on many fronts. The economy continued to skyrocket as overseas demand stimulated American production while Americans had developed a literal thirst for consumption. Unemployment was nearly an anachronism.

In a rare joint effort in 1950, the President and Senator Thomason together sponsored a huge education bill creating fifteen major universities in poor urban areas, offering free tuition for impoverished students and pre-college tutelage programs. The universities were supplemented by over one hundred and fifty smaller colleges and learning centers.

Increased educational and social opportunity was complemented by wholesale demolitions of blighted urban areas. Within ten years America's lowest classes made such progress that previously ghetto areas boomed with commercial and cultural activity. From this investment in mind and spirit, these areas rose from their seemingly hopeless condition to become civilized centers of American society. America moved even closer to being a society which bestowed success upon individuals for their desire and ability rather than circumstance of birth.

Throughout the world progress was also steady. There was a qualitative breakthrough which not only resulted from but greatly enhanced the world economic advance. Educational opportunity raised millions from abject poverty while furthering social health by training more educators and medical personnel. The equal opportunity which had allowed the United States to grow and prosper effected the rest of the world, causing a bursting of untapped energy, ambition,

and potential.

American consumer products further united the world. American radios were in use, keeping the people informed. Television, a recent invention, was slowly making its appearance.

The American Government quickly met the needs of staffing the Federation. Committees were formed in the Congress and executive branch to oversee the world system. However, Europeans assumed over thirty percent of the positions in the Federation bureaucracy while ten percent were filled by Latins, Africans, and Asians. Within ten years the latter peoples possessed thirty percent of these offices, the Europeans thirty, and the Americans forty percent. As the developing peoples assumed greater responsibilities, the Americans, at first overworked, settled into a healthy dominance. Federation taxation, while somewhat complicated, worked efficiently and unoppressively around the world.

By 1952 the President had appointed four new members of the Supreme Court. As had been the experience of every president since George Washington, justices seldom adhered to the preconceived notion of the president concerning political ideology. The President required only a great propensity for imperialism. Although the Court became decidedly liberal concerning domestic affairs, it seldom impeded United States initiatives in foreign affairs, a sphere they found hard to wholly avoid as America administered to its world empire.

The Federation military, by 1952 a crack outfit of eight hundred thousand men, entirely mobile and ready to strike any spot in the world at a moments notice, was the Federation's symbol of strength and power. This force, always shadowed by the United States armed services, was capable of being enlarged to up to four million men within days. Although Americans filled most high offices, there was a considerable European presence. No nationality was barred from promotion, and in time soldiers from the developing world even became generals. Federation generals took orders from the divisional commanders in Tokyo, Alexandria, London, New Delhi, Jerusalem, Peking, and Washington. Commanders took orders from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who took their orders from the President of the Federation of World Unity.

The world adjusted to the new order. Disputes were handled in the World Council, the recommendations of which were seldom ignored

by the Congress or the President. There was no fear of war, for those that broke out were snuffed quickly by Federation and American forces. As soon as this eventuality became proven fact, war ceased to be an option. Federation forces possessed a near-monopoly of modern weaponry, as governments were persuaded or forced to relinquish all that was not necessary for internal policing. Atomic weapons, however, were possessed solely by the United States military, installed in bases around the world. By 1952 there was not a spot on the globe the United States could not eradicate. Thus, if any general tried to use Federation troops for his own benefit, an atomic arsenal stood in his path.

74 As the world turned into 1952, the President's task had been completed. The creation had been achieved; all that remained was preservation. However, an entity is either growing or decaying, and only progress and vitality could keep the system healthy. It would be up to others, human beings not yet even conceived, to sway the fates of Nature.

In June of 1952 the President requested a meeting with Senator Thomason. The two had never met alone. Since 1947 the Senator had buried himself with domestic governmental affairs. He and the President sometimes worked at cross-purposes, sometimes in the same direction. He had become a singular power in the Senate. In terms of domestic legislation, the Senator was a virtual prime minister, filling brilliantly a vacuum left deliberately by the President.

The President began the meeting by speaking of various proposals the Congress was considering. Later the President asked him what his true feelings were regarding the American Empire.

"The matter doesn't run particularly to my taste," Thomason answered.

"No, you don't like conquest," the President replied. "You don't like the cost of unity. Well the cost has been done with and only the benefits live on."

"The cost continues every day," said the Senator, "as the people pay by their lack of freedom."

-87-

"Freedom for what?" exclaimed the President. "To be miserable? To fight amongst themselves? To initiate general warfare? To cheat and murder and torture their countrymen? Look at the history of man, Senator! Look how nobly he has performed. Every great or good act has been countered by treachery and disgusting behavior. The world is fed; the world is clothed; everywhere people progress in education and health. That's more than can be said for any other period in history. The threat of warfare has been eliminated! Do these people feel the loss of freedom for their corrupt and venal upper classes, those who never cared for the welfare of their peoples? No, they bask in this so-called tyranny!"

"Today they bask," said the Senator, "tomorrow they break."

"Perhaps," replied the President, "but we must live for today. The quality of leadership will determine everything, and the character of our people: one influences the other. Now all signs point favorably, and there is a leader in this country who can carry my works of progress further."

"Who is that?" asked the Senator.

"You," said the President. "Be my vice-president. The world needs you."

The Senator sat suprised but expressionless for a moment.

"Vice-president?" he finally asked. "Vice-president's do nothing. I should rather run a farm than pretend to run the Senate."

"Jeffery," said the President, who had never called him by his first name, "I know you are the best man for leadership. Neither of us have forgotten how I became President. If something should happen to me . . . I want to know you'll be right there, a patriot of moral courage. You will be the number one administration official dealing with Congress. You can initiate domestic legislation just as you're doing now, but with the voice of the administration behind you. I am not going to run for re-election in 1956."

The President had decided to relinquish office even earlier in order to ensure his successor, but of course did not dare mention it. The Senator was in fact suprised that the President did not intend to hold office until they were both old men. The two looked at each other in a way which illuminated the respect they felt. Although often adversaries, they respected ~~one another~~ as men and as leaders.

"I'm going to think about it," answered the Senator finally. "I'll let you know."

The two parted with the warmth of an old friendship, and in fourteen hours, at six a.m., the Senator called the President to accept.

If the Democratic candidacy had been a joke in 1948, the election of 1952 was a farce, with the leading man of each party running together. Senator Thomason did not change his affiliation to the Republicans but called himself a Democratic Centrist. The President called himself a Republican Centrist, and the ticket naturally enough became called the Centrist Ticket. The certain, however, not to destroy the existing party organizations. Even so, irate Republican conservatives and liberal Democrats ran their own candidates. The President and Thomason won the election with 84% of the vote.

In December 1953 the President informed Thomason that he planned to resign as of April 1, 1954. The Vice-President was stunned by the disclosure and threatened to resign himself. However, he soon accepted that within half a year he would be responsible for the billions of Federation citizens.

Although the Vice-President had opposed imperialism, he had long since come to accept the reality of United States world domination. Although he would never willingly attempt to increase that control, neither would he renounce it. In fact, because of the elaborate mechanisms already in place, a president would have an impossible task in attempting to step away from world leadership. Any effort at dismantling would almost surely result in impeachment by the now thoroughly imperialistic Congress.

In March the President made the announcement to the Nation. The fact that the Vice-President was well-liked and trusted did much to diminish the negative impact of the disclosure. The President made the most of the moment, ramming an immense amount of legislation through Congress which he and Thomason decided would be difficult

once the President resigned. Included were various domestic and international social welfare programs, changes in the federal penal code, abolition of restrictive political laws passed during the war with Russia, changes in the tax structure, and the granting of statehood to Alaska and Hawaii.

In the middle of March the President left for a world tour. Everywhere he was met by cheering crowds and enormous official welcomes. The President spoke of the need to work together and progress, for self-sacrifice and achievement, for spirit and camaraderie, and of the necessity of working through the present institutional framework. The President traversed the far corners of the globe, including a breath-taking expedition to the Himalayas, and he returned with a feeling of tremendous pride, achievement, self-satisfaction, and yet respect for and submission to the wondrous powers of Nature.

The last stop of the journey was the island of Kauai, part of Hawaii, where he purchased an isolated estate along the ocean. The secret service and the army descended upon it and fortified the area, including a seven ship blockade of the harbor and a permanent detachment of one thousand soldiers.

The President planned his farewell speech for March 31st at a television studio south of Los Angeles. It was to be his first address live on television, and would also be carried by radio around the world. After the speech the President and Elizabeth were to be driven two miles to a huge private yacht which would ferry them slowly to Kauai, shadowed by fighter planes and out of sight destroyers. On board they would be married. The speech would be delivered at five o'clock California time; the yacht would depart at seven; the Vice-President would be sworn into Office at midnight, April 1, 1954.

The President spent March 30th saying goodbye to friends at the White House and the 31st with governmental leaders who had flown to California with him. At seven p.m. he left with the Vice-President.

After a long moment of silence, the President turned to Thomason. "It's all yours now, my friend. Make the most of it."

Thomason did not reply immediately but stared straight ahead. "Forgive me, Edward," he said finally. "I, least of all, should not wish to destroy this last day for you. I feel a bit

touchy."

"Or scared?" the President asked.

"Perhaps. It seems my whole life has been preparation for this, but I still don't feel quite ready."

"No one ever is."

"It's like you said when I was questioning you about the war. I could always shift responsibility to the President. Now it's mine alone, and so many peoples lives depend on my decisions."

"Responsibility for this world starts with Eve," said the President. "We have the burden of at least a thousand generations in our blood. It is the nature of people to look elsewhere for their decisions to be made."

"Be firm," continued the President, "and the people will respect you for it. Look to greater interests than they consider. Don't bow down to their demands. That is not arrogance but propriety. Life consists of the leaders and the led, the few and the many. Don't interchange the roles."

"I like to think of life more idealistically," Thomason sighed. "Sometimes I see a different world than that which is so apparent. Perhaps I dream too much."

"I love to dream," exclaimed the President, "but dreaming cannot camouflage reality. Freedom and responsibility must balance one another. Freedom cannot exist without responsibility any more than can the son without the mother: it is the most absurd illusion. Responsibility gives birth to freedom! People shout 'freedom' while imposing misery, chaos, and tyranny — chaos is tyranny — while the order I have created allows more freedom than has ever existed before. Every child that died of starvation pierced my soul, yet my life has seen me involved with how many deaths? If you can harmonize all this you are God, not man."

"I sometimes wonder if it is even worth it," said Thomason. "Leadership is such a thankless task. Only last week we were talking about Pericles. The people have forgotten already what it is to sacrifice. People are not looking for solutions but for diversions. I think the entire moral base of this society is somehow being undermined. I think we're becoming a Godless people."

"People grow skeptical," replied the President, "because life is too easy; it is a small matter to slide by believing in nothing. However, let the reality, or even spectre, of disaster

once rear its head and the people will be as submissive to God as ever before."

"And in the meantime?" asked Thomason. "It's my responsibility to see that such disaster never does threaten us. Therefore, I will be the one encouraging immorality! And it seems as if everything has been done, everything achieved. I'm left to hang on and if I'm lucky it won't suck me under."

"Jeffery," said the President, "when one lies down to sleep is he resting from his toils or merely preparing for more? Today we rest, but the struggle must continue. When the sea is calm is the time to put the ship into top condition, not after the storm has already begun. Search for cracks and weaknesses; replace old wood with new, don't let it rot; don't let the children grow up disillusioned but include them in the dream. Motivate the youth of the world, don't let them stagnate. I fear it will be so easy to impose tyranny, completely and absolutely. You know as well as I the potential power of television. We shall see a demonstration of its strength tonite. Everywhere progress is being made on devices that could enslave mankind. See to it that these things are used for the betterment of man, not for his strangulation. As with the political spectrum, the extreme right and the extreme wrong may easily meet while believing they are becoming further separated. Funny, I can hear you saying this to me not that long ago."

"How would you feel if you were following in the footsteps of the greatest leader in history?" asked Thomason.

"And would you rather follow the worst?" laughed the President. "Thank you, Jeffery, but you may well be following the greatest fool in history. Even Alexander realized it was all futile, while I still hold out my hand in hope. That's where we are most alike. As the old religious leaders said, faith over reason is the key to everlasting survival. Faith may well be empty, but nothing could be more empty than human reason. Let me share my definition of dreams, life, and love. They root with despair, flower with hope, and fade with inevitability."

The car abruptly pulled into the studio driveway. The two men looked at each other, Diocletian and Constantine. They grasped hands, then arms, then embraced.

"I'll be praying for you, Jeffery."

After they embraced a final time the President stepped out

of the limousine. As he neared the doorway the car sped off, traveling the paved paths to the city of angels.

The President was early, and spent time conversing with the technicians about the nature of television and its potential. When Elizabeth arrived she took a seat to the side as the President positioned himself behind the American and Federation flags. He then began the speech the conclusion of which would be engraved upon his monument in Washington, D.C. This conclusion was as follows:

"Americans! I leave you wealth; I leave you empire: empire unprecedented in the history of the world. The strength, the health, and the endurance of that empire rests with you, all of the people who are America; with the vibrancy and energy you continue to exhibit every day of your lives. But always remember that America itself, created by the grant of God, is comprised of all the peoples of the world. From all the peoples will you continue to gain strength to stand together and climb. It is for those who struggle, those whose souls never rest, knowing that an Eternity of rest awaits them, that the future lies before. For those who squander their lives in useless apathy or indulgence, nothing lies ahead but desolation."

"Fellows! Follow your instincts and never lose your hearts, for with those organs filled with the blood of strength you will never fall but will always quest upward and onward. We possess a peaceful and united world, yet in the distant stars of the Universe there are worlds without limit. Progress with the entire world as your responsibility and with the Universe, infinite and unknown, as your inspiration! Keep the spirit of progress and adventure, for those who left behind their comforts and created a new world have now inherited the earth. Look to the sky and reach and someday you will never come down!"

"Americans! Slacken your vigilance toward what is just and what is right and the hand of the Lord will strike you down. Be true to your hearts and you cannot be false to man or God. Follow your instincts of justice and love, of spiritual beauty and progress, and the golden fields of the future lie before you. Goodbye, Americans!"

When the speech concluded the President and Elizabeth embraced and walked outside arm in arm, leaving the studio technicians and half the world shaking with emotion. They began to climb into the back seat of the limousine, but the President excused himself and walked slowly over to the edge of the cliff that stood almost fifty feet above the rocky shore.

The President stood gazing over the ocean, vast in its power, unvanquished in its majesty. The sea lay pervertedly motionless as currents spent themselves below the surface. The sun had not yet completely disappeared over the horizon, and the wind, which had moments earlier delicately lifted the edges of his hair, had fallen into an unnatural abeyance. The distant clouds reflected a gorgeous monstrosity of color. In that moment the world stood still, kindly and peaceably.

A screaming gull savagely pierced the stillness, and as the President's eyes followed the beast in its instinctual melodious sweep, a bolt of lightening cracked overhead and a slow rumbling thunder, like ten billion drums beating on some distant star in the Universe, swelled and subsided. The wind, resurrected, warmly and gently brushed his face like a lovers' sigh whose fiery ~~passion~~ was now reduced to a flickering but unquenchable flame. Now nothing broke the silence but the eternal and solemn sound of the waves rolling onto the shore and sliding back to the sea.

the end