

\*\*\*\*\* UNITED WE STAND \*\*\*\*\*

By

WILLIAM DAVID MASELLI

FOR NANCY JONES  
AND  
KRYSTYNA PUC :

"ONLY JUSTICE AND LOVE SHALL REMAIN UNTOUCHED  
WHEN ALL ELSE HAS BURNT AWAY"

AND  
THUCYDIDES :

"HISTORY IS MADE TO BE WRITTEN, AND IS WRITTEN  
TO BE REWRITTEN"

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
Forward C. Good.!!!

In the thirty-two years since 1945, the World has continued to turn; countless millions of people have fallen in love; celebrities have climbed the heights, made their fortunes, and fallen; men have risen to be Generals and have faded away; politicians have risen to be Senators and Presidents: some have been assassinated or disgraced while others continue to smile; roughly two billion people have been born, and roughly one billion people have died; families have come together, families have fallen apart; poems have been written, skyscrapers, churches, and mausoleums have been built; Nations have lived in peace, Nations have waged war, physically and psychologically; in short, Life has gone on for the Multitude, and the question must be asked: would any of us change the past if we only could? But whether one would cast off Fortune's gifts or not, that is, of course, impossible.

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 on many fronts. Perhaps the Lord had his own purposes in mind, but that probably is wishful thinking, as are all human grasps at divining the Divinity. And 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.*

By sane standards, this book should not have been written, but then, sanity has never ruled the actions of men. History by nature is unchangeable, and therefore nothing that has been could have been any other way: if it could have been, it would have been. Regardless of such futility, Man has created many wonders, and it is in the spirit of Wonder that this book has been written.

WDM 11/25/77

## I. THE DAWN

1

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, he thought, today of all days. Hank threw the last bite of the sandwich into the wrapper it had come in. He couldn't remember the last time he had really enjoyed a sandwich as he had today. Actually, he could remember when the last time was, and that seemed to bother him all the more. It had been the day he had been cut from the freshman football team at his old high school in Waukesha, Wisconsin. With the tension of making the team removed, Hank devoured a roast beef grinder with lettuce, tomatoes, cheese, and oil.

"Strange what things remain in the mind," Hank thought out loud as he began to pick bits of ham from between his teeth with fingernails ingrained with dirt.

Hank moved over toward 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.

The last time he had sent his wife to the hospital was the last time he saw her. That had been the fifth such trip for her — 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 she had done so in silence. She still loved him — she always would. At times love must place second to other factors, she had finally come to realize. She knew that Hank was a person who needed love to survive. However, he had never been able to conquer his emotions. He had never seriously laid a hand on the children, but she knew that when he did, and the day wouldn't have been far off, that they wouldn't survive it.

Hank moved away from the mirror, picked up a newspaper on the bureau, and stretched out on the bed. This was the first time Hank had had fresh sheetes in six months.

Downtown, a five minute drive by cab, the Bishop Auditorium

was being sealed off by security men. Volunteers were hurrying to get the seats set up for the evening's speaker. Three miles to the North, Hank was casually glancing through yesterday's paper. He skimmed the front sections, his eyes passing lightly over the story about the Vice President's planned visit to the city. Hank had read that story yesterday.

Finally he wound up in the classified section, checking for employment opportunities as a janitor. Hank preferred the term custodian, which had been the title of his last three jobs. He hadn't worked in well over a year and had made the money 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, however, actions that seemed totally out of character a year ago, things that Hank would never even have contemplated, were now taken for granted, not at all alien to his present outlook. Such had been the case with the watch.

Hank called downstairs for the time, feeling somewhat self-conscious about disturbing the clerk. It had been a long while since Hank had worried about the time. Since he had lost his last job, allegedly for assaulting two co-workers, Hank had never kept to any type of schedule whatsoever. 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 that he had been on the job.

Before being forced out of school in the tenth grade due to the responsibilities of being a father and a husband, Hank had designs on more respectable lines of employment than he eventually wound up with. The fact that he seldom got better than C's in school had no bearing on Hank's desire to achieve prominence. Born poor but proud, Hank had been a fervent believer in the American Dream. Brought up in a conservative Polish neighborhood, Hank had been instilled with old fashioned ideals and values. Although his influences were mainly working class, Hank believed that in the open American society only imagination, effort, and desire were the limits to achievement.

Although apparently below average intellectually, people who had gotten to know him in his earlier years found him to possess much under-developed intelligence. As with many boys in school, Hank

had a great desire to reach the top — to be President, to be a Senator, to be a General. Hank had been infatuated with power. The only interests he had shown in school were, predictably, such notorious power wielders as Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and Napoleon.

"I want to be the best," Hank often thought to himself. "Don't attempt something unless you feel you can be the best at it."

As it all too often happens with dreams, however, they wither and die. For some, life's realities don't hit them until they are older, mature, ready 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 for a condition never properly understood. The medical costs had bankrupt his family and his mother died the next spring. Involvement with women was something new for Hank, and the careless impregnating of a local girl could mean only one thing in Hank's neighborhood. When the child was born Hank quit school to support his family. His first employment, as a construction worker, collapsed as his injured leg began to act up. In the course of six years Hank had nine different jobs, while also spending a good part of those years unemployed.

Meanwhile his family, now consisting of his wife and two children, were often hungry and sometimes starving. The grim realities of life had been 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 a nature of resentment, hostility, and self-deprecation.

"Where is the American Dream now?" Hank seemed to scream to the winds as he would walk the streets alone and lonely during the harsh Wisconsin winters.

Hank looked up from the paper quickly, then nervously folded it and placed it on the dresser. With his eyes focused on the classified page, Hank had daydreamed for more than twenty minutes. He had always been a daydreamer, but he seldom got as lost within himself as he had just then. Hank's daydreams were never structured: his thoughts floated freely from concept to concept. Hank seldom thought beyond the last two years, however; indeed, in many ways it was as if those years had never existed. His mind often wandered to days when he had been particularly cold, or days when he had been

particularly hungry, or more often, his mind strayed to his wife, the only person who ever really knew him. Without her, things just couldn't go on.

Today Hank thought of her more than he would have liked. He had found himself humming the tune to "I'm in the Mood for Love," the song they had always regarded as their own. Tears had formed in his brain, but his eyes only stared at the paper.

Hank stood up and, leaning on both of his hands, closed his eyes. He then called the clerk: it was seven-thirty. He requested a taxi to meet him at the lobby entrance, and calmly placed down the receiver. He glanced over at his suitcase, open on the floor, and began to get dressed. He had clean underwear and socks, but he preferred to put on the same ones he had worn the day before. He slipped on his only respectable-looking pair of pants along with a blue and red striped shirt. After stepping into 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. The ride would take him right through downtown, Hank thought. Cities used to have a meaning of power to Hank, but now they only represented chill and pain. Hank looked out into the windows of the many banks, now closed, which lined the streets. Hank thought of banks as power: the ability to control lives. The tall buildings seemed to freeze his insides as he peered out at them through eyes which were already frozen. His heart was now pounding in an eerily-paced synchronization with the taxi meter.

Three blocks down the street, Hank could see the distinctive shape of the auditorium. The cab pulled up abruptly to the crowded walk, upsetting Hank's thought process.

"You'll get your payment in Hell, you son of a bitch," Hank said silently while handing the driver his last ten dollar bill.

Hank stepped onto the packed sidewalk. All these people were now his enemies. He limped through the throng with steel in his eyes; with steel in his heart; with steel in his pocket. As he approached the auditorium door, Hank walked confidently with the <sup>(INSTINCTUAL)</sup> knowledge that the only two ways to exercise power are to build or to destroy.

---

*To H*  
The President could not remain in one position for more than a few moments at a time but restlessly roamed from one corner of the room to another, anchoring himself upon whichever object seemed most convenient. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> ~~agreed~~ <sup>agreed</sup> with the man on the radio who was saying that this was one of the darkest days in American History, and yet at the same time the President <sup>felt</sup> as if a whole new world was opening up, preparing to flower — as if the shell was cracking and the chicken preparing to emerge. The evening before, the Vice President, who had held the office only a few short months, had been killed when a Polish-American, allegedly insane with the re-capturing of Poland by the Russians, had shot him as he gave an address in a small city in Wisconsin. Before this news had even become generally known, the <sup>former</sup> President of the United States, who had held the Office for more than twelve years and had guided the Nation during periods of great crisis, had died of a massive hemorrhage of the brain. At a critical moment in the Nation's history, America was without a President.

After the first shock of the news had worn off, a number of Congressmen had sought to enlist the services of Joshua Miller, an old and respected Senator from New York. This man, prepared to resign his position in the Senate come next election, had considered the matter for a short time, but on his own instincts and on the advice of a number of his colleagues, among them the most powerful members of the Senate, had declined. The original Congressmen who had approached the Senator had offered a compromise solution whereby the Senator would assume powers temporarily, only until a general election could be called. The Senator's colleagues, however, dissuaded him from that scheme as detrimental to the Nation's interests at a time calling for forceful leadership, and the Senator agreed that a caretaker government could leave the international situation in shambles. This group of influential Senators had then spoken over the radio, calling for a full session of Congress that evening, saying that a new President would then be chosen. Who this man would be, or how he would be selected, was not said, but as these men were among the most respected in the Nation, the effect of this announcement was to calm fears to an extent, but in a bigger way, to give themselves the spotlight and



the initiative. As the Virginia Delegation had succeeded in doing in 1787, these Senators had practically formed a government without debate.

The President had heard the news with his mind but felt it more strongly somehow in his soul. He had snapped off the radio, with all its paranoid panic, and sat solemnly on his desk.

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

And again, with his soul being the principal organ of realization, he decided that it would be himself. There was no degree of logic to base this decision on, but he had made it nevertheless. It had seemed so ridiculously clear. In another moment he might have regarded this possibility as ludicrous, as an assault on human rationality. But that moment had never come. Instead there was a rapping at the door, and as his private office was off-bounds for all but his colleagues, the President was not surprised to see Senator Davis, who had done most of the speaking on the radio, standing in his doorway, hat in hand.

Actually, there was such an aura of dishevelment all about that nearly anyone could have appeared in the doorway — a maid, a friend, an assassin — but in the homes of a few Senators, and shortly thereafter in the President's home, order reigned while chaos elsewhere prevailed. Order was what had brought the Senator to the President's office.

"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 the President in his most unassuming way. "And the Senate?"

"I've barely seen you for months," said the Senator in a manner that was almost an admonition. Then with a sly smile he added: "Very few others have either. Any particular reason?"

The President then relaxed one level of his defenses and settled comfortably upon another.

"You've heard of a cause without a leader?" asked the President. "Well I'm a leader without a cause."

The President's remark was not literally 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 the President.

"I know you are," answered the Senator.

"And I know you are quite presumptuous," lied the President.

"Am I?" asked the Senator.

"Maybe," the President lied again, but the way he lied allowed the truth to slide out.

"That's what I thought," said the Senator. "Let me explain myself."

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

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

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

"It seems we both understand each other, Mr. President," said the Senator in a tone of the utmost significance.

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

"Time will tell," replied the Senator. "Only time will tell."

"Yes, time will tell," replied the President, already feeling his powers slighted.

"The Congress convenes at 7:30 tonite," said the Senator. "We'll be ready for you at 7:35. And for God's sake, don't ask for the Office. Take it!"

The two men looked at each other cautiously.

"And Mr. President," continued the Senator. "If we don't pull this off the Country's going to be turned upside down."

"I understand," replied the President.

"The Russians have probably moved fifteen miles closer to Berlin today," joked the Senator. "Without a President they won't stop."

"Better no President than the one we had, eh?" remarked the President.

"See you tonite," said the Senator as he turned to leave.

"Do you feel a bit like Talleyrand?" asked the President.

The Senator turned, smiled, then frowned: "I feel more like Marie Antoinette."

With that he left the office and the President was alone. He called for his secretary, both for company and to share the news,

as if to make sure that he wasn't asleep, but, she was using her lunch break to buy him a birthday present. Tomorrow was his birthday.

---

3

All that afternoon the President felt as though he was drifting about in an absurd illusion. After having unsuccessfully called for his secretary, he sat down and in a furious fever composed that evening's speech. As he gazed at it after it was written, he felt a fleeting fear about giving the speech, and then after closing his notebook he felt a huge fear about the whole operation.

He turned on the radio. The announcer was saying that a man would be nominated that evening for the Presidency. Throughout the Congress people were being told of the decision by the Senatorial conspirators and most were merely nodding their heads. Those that were opposed felt that someone somewhere would be working on another scheme that they would support when it was introduced. But most were not opposed. Very few had an alternative of any sort. And for those that expressed some reservations as to handing to a Freshman Senator such vast powers, the conspirators pointed to the clause in the bill which would give the Congress the power to remove either the new President or the new Vice President by a mere majority vote until the next regular election, although this provision was later struck down as unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. However, this notion of power in the Congress satisfied many.

Meanwhile the President continued to have his doubts. Had he been kidding when he mentioned Talleyrand to the Senator? Was this really some form of Coup d'etat? Was he aiding in the subverting of the Republic? At that moment his secretary ran in breathless.

"You wouldn't believe what I just heard in Senator Jacob's office," she blurted. "I was walking his secretary back from lunch and everyone in the room was saying that you were going to be nominated tonite for President!"

The President barely heard her speaking but was still deep in considering whether he was about to committ treason.

"Quick! Get me a copy of the Constitution," the President shouted, and his secretary, still flushed from her run from her friend's

*despite the general state of gloom and panic,*

office and from her outburst, turned right around again and went out to the public relations bookshelf and grabbed a copy of the Constitution. By the tone of his voice she had recognized instantly that what she had heard was correct. She had a feeling of excitement pounding within her that she had never experienced before.

"Where's the section dealing with the President," he demanded of himself as he took the copy from her, quickly answering "Article Two."

The President greedily scanned the print dealing with the election and details of the Office, finally settling upon what was relevant.

"In case of the removal of the President from Office," he read aloud, "or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve upon the Vice President, and THE CONGRESS MAY BY LAW PROVIDE FOR THE CASE OF REMOVAL, DEATH, RESIGNATION, OR INABILITY, BOTH OF THE PRESIDENT AND THE VICE PRESIDENT, DECLARING WHAT OFFICER SHALL THEN ACT AS PRESIDENT, AND SUCH OFFICER SHALL ACT ACCORDINGLY, UNTIL THE DISABILITY BE REMOVED, OR A PRESIDENT SHALL BE ELECTED."

"So it rests squarely with the Congress," the President thought out loud, "so this can't be unconstitutional. But it says that an officer shall act as President until a new one is elected. But does that mean the next scheduled election or an election whenever?"

"It seems to me it could mean either," said his secretary.

"This is a can of worms I'll have to worry about later," said the President. "The chief thing is that it's legal, or at least somewhat."

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

"I'm doubting everything right now," replied the President.

"Knowing you," she said, "what you'll do has to be a lot better for the Country than doing nothing. Without a President the Country's paralyzed. And if the Congress runs the Country the Government will never be the same."

"Thank you, Janet," the President said with great sincerity, for this woman had helped him more times than he could count.

Again there was a rapping at the door, and the two turned to see old Senator Miller, the man who could have been President, leaning against the doorway. The President's secretary led him to the couch and

left the two men alone.

"Senator," said the President. "I must say that I'm wholly impressed with your benevolence in this matter."

"Benevolence my ass," returned the Senator. "I did what was correct, for both the Country and myself."

"Then you honestly didn't want the job?" asked the President.

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

"Are you well?" asked the President.

"Well?" asked the Senator. "I'll be lucky to last the year, 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 that someone else could do a better ~~job~~ that someone could have accomplished the objectives I would have striven for were I a young man."

The President gazed on in respect, but was quite bewildered as to where this Senator had gained such high esteem for him ~~himself~~, as it was obvious that the man he meant that could do the better job was he.

"Were I a young man still," continued the Senator, and here he thoughtfully paused for a moment, "were I a young man still I would turn the World upside down. But on the other hand, were I a young man noone would be offering me the job. That's why we differ, my boy. That's why I'm going to die an old useless man and you're going to be the most powerful man in the World. Were I a young man, noone would be offering me the job."

"I must wonder why I've been offered the job," said the President.

"You've got heart, kid, that's why," said the Senator. "But more important, you don't let your heart get in the way of your brains, that's what's more important. And you're so innocent. That's what makes this whole duty the most worthwhile, that's what negates the sacrifice aspect. You had no idea what was coming about, and you have no idea still why you were chosen when so many other men are thirsting for power. If you were scheming for this, and I'll tell you, I've schemed many times throughout my career, I wouldn't be here now, and in fact can think of a dozen men I'd rather see in the White

House. But you were so innocent. I've been watching you since August, and when you haven't been around I've been reading up on you. A very extraordinary young man. Of course, I had only power in the Senate to offer you, but Fate has played into our hands. I've been watching you ever since August, when I got word of that marvelous oration of yours — yes, that marvelous oration of yours that you never gave.

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

"How could he have known?" the President thought as the Senator, just winding up, prepared to go on.

"You never gave that speech," said the Senator, "and it wasn't 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 futile. This Country would have gone right down the path that would have brought destruction. Funny, an old man like me worrying about the future, isn't it? No, not at all, as only men like ourselves know. But anyway, you wouldn't give the speech to the Congress — or was it intended for your nomination for the Presidency? — but you gave it once and the effort hasn't betrayed you."

The President knew exactly what the Senator was talking about, but he had no idea how anyone had heard that speech. He continued to gaze at the Senator with his eager and confused expression.

A moment of silence passed, and finally the President muttered: "Who? Who heard the speech?"

"Five Senators! Five Senators, my boy!" the Senator was eagerly shouting. "The very men who are putting you into power. And oh, it must have been a good speech to send their spirits soaring, for I've never seen any of them that enthusiastic about anything, except when one of them was going to get laid by a movie star. You're a man nobody thought existed, and now we're all counting on you."

"A leader without a cause, that's what you were," continued the Senator, smiling slyly at the President. "The time is now, my friend, and your cause, the one you didn't dare believe in, will have its day. 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 he's died before he could destroy it: who could ask

for more? And I tell you, he didn't believe it himself at times. I tell you, he didn't believe it. 'Appeasement! Appeasement!' I could see the dark hole in his eyes as he muttered such imbecility, like he knew there was so much he wasn't facing up to."

The President understood everything but could say nothing. The two men remained silent for a long moment.

"Well, I've been here long enough," said the Senator. "I thought I should speak to you before you became the man of the hour. Your name, by the way, will be released to the wire services at 6:00 P.M., just one hour and a half before you go on. I'm an old man, and I won't live to see the greatness you may achieve, but at least I'll be around to get you on the right track. I'll be on the Senate floor working your will. With five phone calls today I got you at least twenty-five votes in the Senate. If the others do half as well, you'll be elected before you even show up tonite. But show up on target, and I mean on target, or we'll lose it all. And one last thing: you're not going to have freedom to choose your cabinet as you might like. That goes for Presidents who manage to get elected. But don't let that bother you, they'll be good men and your will will be done."

With that the Senator picked up his hat and began to amble out the doorway.

"7:40 sharp!" he called from the distance and disappeared into the spiritual chaos outside.

The President stood motionless until his secretary entered.

"Well?" asked the woman.

"It's in my hands now," replied the President, instantly recognizing that he couldn't have possibly spoken a greater untruth than he just had.

The speech that had suddenly become so famous was one which the President had given in the party room of his private home on August 20, 1944. The speech had been the culmination of a long arduous process wherein the President had initially entered public service, had fueled a growing ambition, had poised painfully between

hope and despair, and had finally chosen despair.

The President was born of a blue-blood family in Lexington, Kentucky in the year 1900. After experiencing what most consider a normal childhood, he went to a private high school, and upon graduation in 1918 had, against the wishes of his parents, enlisted in the Marines. The war ended before he saw action, but although he could have been released, he opted to remain for over a year, seeing various stints of duty in Central and South America. After a few initial rapid promotions, he left the service and returned to his parent's 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 right 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 graduated in the spring of 1928 and returned to operate the family businesses, which included horse raising, tobacco farming, and <sup>shirts and</sup> cloth manufacturing.

He had married for a brief time in 1926, as a result of a short-lived but glorious love affair with a woman from the East. The marriage was annulled after three months and ~~the marriage~~ had produced no children. At home, he often attended the fashionable society parties, and when doing so he both acted and was treated as the most eligible bachelor on the scene.

By 1932 he had begun to engage himself in politics, even though naturally bored with local and state affairs. For pleasure, he immersed himself in reading and conversing on the state of the Nation, of Europe, and of 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 they 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 with the inevitability of the United States becoming involved sooner or later, it was not surprising that in 1939, with a chance at running for either Governor or Senator from Kentucky, he chose the Senate, was elected in November of 1940, and took his seat in January 1941. He was appointed as the lowest ranking



Republican on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and also, by his request, on the War Preparation Committee where, despite his low status, he made waves with his biting and sarcastic remarks aimed primarily at administration officials.

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

For a few weeks he was determined to seek the Presidency in 1944. He felt that the Republican Nomination was well within his grasp, for as he had discovered in his more active days in the Senate, many more experienced men than himself looked up to him for guidance and direction. What had become obvious, however, was that the man in the White House, already serving an unprecedented Third Term, was determined to seek a Fourth. Even if he did grab the nomination, his chances of beating the current President, a popular favorite, were almost non-existent.

By June of 1944, with the coming post-war World beginning to take an odious form, he had given up all hope of ~~winning~~ for his party's nomination, a decision he had made with his mind in early spring but with his heart only that June, and by July he had decided to resign from the Senate. Days passed for him as if he were in a mad fury, as 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, of the nature of the international system, of the nature of man, of the progress and the conduct of the war, of the momentous struggles between powerful states of the past, and of the need to shape the World after this 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!

The President carried the speech like a fire in his pocket for three days. On the evening of August 20, 1944, he retired to the party room in his home in Washington, set up a lectern on the stage, and began to deliver his address. The manner of the oration did not fall short of the quality of the speech, and his voice, now forceful, now beguiling; now stinging, now soothing; now bitter, now hopeful, resounded and echoed throughout the hall and spilled into other areas of the house.

Whether he had decided against delivering the speech to the Senate before that performance or only after he had given it, when the last words were barely settling into the ancient wood panelling, he tore the speech into a thousand pieces and scattered them on the floor. 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 the President, however, a group of five Senators, three Republicans and two Democrats, all Conservatives and all Imperialists, had entered his home, let in the front door by the butler. The Senators suddenly heard the President's voice in the distance and they followed it. They watched, listened, and felt from the hallway, and for these men the speech had as much impact as if it actually had been delivered in the same blood-boiling manner on the Senate floor. The men, all emotionally moved, left in a state of amazement as quietly as they had come. The Butler, who had taken for granted that the Senators had spoken with the President, never mentioned their visit again. The Senators never forgot the incident, however, and when Fate gave them the opportunity to see their policies realized, and as the moderates and the liberals never would have voted for one of the Conservative Inner Circle, the oddly aloof Senator from Kentucky, understood by none but respected by all, became the choice for leadership.

Since he had delivered the speech the President had slowly mellowed and had lost that tinge of bitterness he had been carrying for more than a year. Rather than a dramatic resignation, he decided to sit quietly in the Senate until his term expired in 1946, when he would go peacably home and forget about the ulcers of existence. After the former President had won his Fourth Term in November, the President

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

---

5

The President with his secretary emerged from their limousine surrounded by security men. They strode swiftly through the passageway cleared for them. All around, eyes were fixed on the President as if he were the last hope of a nation. No one needed to be told who, or of what importance, he was: it was by the manner which he seemed to be on the center stage — the way his limousine had rolled up, the expression on his face as he resolutely passed through the crowd, the way the security agents had swarmed to him — that the People attached themselves to him with all the heart that can be the product of faith alone. Reason lacks a home in unreasonable times.

On the floor, the stage was set. The ball had been rolling since early afternoon. Conservatives not privy to the plot did not need to be told that they had no alternative: the Big Boys had already made their decision. The moderates had been swamped all day, but far from in the manner of a campaign pitch but in the manner of an issue that has already been decided and with the firm conviction that there could be no other way. In the President the Moderates believed they had a man of their own stripe, and they sheepishly believed that if the Conservatives were supporting that man it was because of the urgency of the situation, just as the Conservatives themselves told it. Ultimately they would be correct.

The Liberals were neither courted nor concerned about: the death of their leader had left them quite in the cold. Moreover, if the oration went as the most optimistic hoped, three-fourths of them would be swept up in the moment and would realize their mistake far

too late. The other fourth would form the silent opposition, for they lacked both time and resolve to offer an alternative of their own. Although in other circumstances they could cause a defeat for the President, on this day they were totally helpless.

In the House of Representatives, the situation was somewhat the same, except that the conservatives had not had time to supplicate with all the moderates. In a vote of their own, there could be some trouble expected, but the House Leadership, naturally Conservative, were co-conspirators with the Senate Leadership, and their power would cause the House to vote positively on a motion devolving upon the Senate the ~~right~~ <sup>right</sup> to vote for the Presidency, ostensibly a move to prevent chaos from developing. As a pacifier, the House was to vote for the Vice Presidency, but from a list of nominees sent from the Senate. In reality, however, with both houses joined for the vote, the Congress more resembled one inarticulate mass rather than two distinct voices. Although only ninety-six votes would be cast, there would be a mass consensus on the floor. In effect, the People would speak.

The President carried a large but thin leather case in which was contained the outline of his speech. As he prepared to enter from the rear of the floor, he could hear the Senate Republican Leader, Jack Wilson, speaking of the urgency and the turbulence of the times, of the need to rise from catastrophe and soar with misfortune, and of the need for immediate leadership. When he saw that all was ready, he announced: "Gentlemen of the Congress, the next President of the United States."

The Military Band broke into "Hail to the Chief" and the delegates all rose, from both 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 to. It was a situation ripe for either shattering success or spectacular failure. With so much at stake — the security of the Nation, the sanctity of the Senate, and indeed the fate of the World — the President could not help but feel dwarfed by the occasion. Yet he walked with the same resolute steps, even though the power of the applause carried him as much as did his own legs. He felt an impropriety in the situation, but at the same time felt the historic and monumental import of this moment, and as he ascended to the speaker's platform, his face betrayed neither

nervousness nor guilt but remained locked in the determined and proper expression he had tried to maintain all that day. The same sense of impropriety was felt by many of the Congressmen, but was ~~overmatched~~ <sup>overmatched</sup> by that historic and monumental significance.

As the delegates waited, so did the People. Gathered around their radios in every corner of the Nation, they waited breathlessly for the resolution of the major crisis of the Century. But if the Congressmen were prepared to accept this new President, so much more so were the People, desperate for leadership and trusting in the powers of those they'd elected to deal with such sudden crises.

As the President paused at the lectern, the Congressmen slowly took their seats, and after taking a deep breath the President began:

"Members of the 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 powers of strength, of determination, and freedom, we have, up to this moment, successfully resisted the slavery that foreign enemies have tried to impose upon us and have marched, blessed with all 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 we stand but one short step away from gathering the fruits of such sacrifice. But now, with victory in our grasp, God has taken from us a man — a man who rose to lead the American People in their hour of desperate need, who delivered us from the brink of anarchy, and who then took up the banner of freedom and cried 'Death to Tyrants, and death to those who try to force human slavery down the throats of Peoples free and proud.' God has taken this man from us, and do you for one moment think it is to punish us? No!, not to punish but to test us, to try our strength, to see if this Race of People, this American Nation, will crumble under the weight of adversity, will wilt in the face of sacrifice, will lay down when God calls for good men everywhere 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 if you will the savage assault on our freedom just three years ago at Pearl Harbor. Remember how the Japanese

had 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 the strength of their hearts."

"And now, a few short years later, we have driven these enemies to the point of annihilation. But let us not slacken our efforts, let us not call for reduced sacrifice, let us not lower our heads at our misfortune, but let us rise, in the conviction of our cause, the cause of Justice, of Freedom, of Liberty, to the heights that God has intended for our Nation. We proceed with the cause Americans shed their blood for almost two hundred years ago, led by our Father, George Washington, the cause of Right, the cause which is inseparable from the American People themselves."

"Let us stand and let the World know that America will never fall short of her responsibilities, will never abdicate her position as the protector of human liberty and of the values that God has laid upon us, and will never allow usurpers to negate the sacrifices of Christ so that all men shall live together in Peace and Harmony."

"The void we now feel, the loss we have suffered, we shall overcome by the united strength of America and the united strength of 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 from this disaster with greater strength than ever before. As for myself, I consider it an honor and a sacred duty to lead such a fine People."

As the speech concluded, after having been punctuated ~~by~~ ~~by~~ by tremendous applause and two standing ovations, a mysterious process had occurred. The speaker was no longer a man who sought the Office of the Presidency but he was the President. He had not asked for the opportunity to lead, but he had led. This man, obscure to most Americans just fifteen minutes earlier, was now the number one hope for the future. He was now the man whom all expected of with their expectations. He was now the President.

The entire floor rose with a standing acclamation, as did the gallery, and it was the Liberals who were most enthusiastic. In fact

many Conservatives took the President's words with considerable skepticism, not in terms of rejecting the man for the Office, for indeed, he was the President, but in terms of realizing that words are only words and that only fools are aroused by them. Nevertheless, many Conservatives could be seen applauding wildly.

It was not the words which had aroused such unity and confidence but the force and integrity with which those words were delivered.

The President, his arms raised, stepped from the lectern. After the President seated himself there was a very queer moment as the Republican Leader of the Senate rose to take votes on the various measures. Such a vote after what had transpired seemed to be preposterous. The first, specifying that the Senate should vote for the new President and the House for the Vice President, both to rule until the next regular election 'or until the Congress saw fit to change such leadership,' passed overwhelmingly. The second motion, that of nominating Edward Jackson for the Presidency of the United States, passed by a vote of eighty-two to fourteen. Although fourteen men were opposed, no one dared to stand and speak out. Next, a motion that the vote for the Vice Presidency be held off until the Senate had time to forward nominees was passed by a voice vote without a single voice in opposition.

From behind the Senator, the Chief Justice of the United States, an intimate friend of Senator Miller, rose to his feet as the throng settled into a tense silence. The Bible was held forth, the President took his place next to the Chief Justice, placed his hand on the Bible, and repeated the Oath of Office. With the words 'So help me God,' he became the President by law as well as reality as the assemblage rose and applauded. The President stepped from the platform and began his exit as the band struck up a familiar tune.

He strode in the same confident manner through the aisle to the back of the hall, shaking hands with various Congressmen as he went. He continued to manifest his earlier confidence, even though it was still the applause which moved his legs and even though it was the force of history which carried him down that aisle.

Within half an hour, the party broke up and all went off to consider the state of affairs in their own peculiar way.

---

## II. THE STORM

6

It was the evening of May 8, 1945. Germany had the previous night officially surrendered to the Allied forces, and everywhere in the United States people were celebrating the end of a long hard struggle. Not that anyone had forgotten about Japan, but their defeat as well seemed merely an eventuality, and no villain had been built up to be as evil as Hitler had been built up to be. The People's celebration, however, had been tempered by ominous forebodings of trouble with Russia — nothing that could be definitively stated, but vague allusions and innuendoes in the remarks of the President, his aides, the media, and even among the People themselves. This tempering was not all that significant at this point, though, and the celebrations were taking place in a wild and joyous fashion.

The White House was no exception on this day, despite the fact that anyone who was anyone there realized that a long hard struggle had just begun. Still, champagne corks flew, congratulations abounded, cheeks were pinched, and hips and shoulders slapped. For both the People and the Leaders, the celebration was one of the victory of good over evil. But as most of the People looked toward the past, toward the days of simplicity and peace, the Leaders looked toward the future, a future of unprecedented complications and violence.

Present in the White House that evening were the two most famous American Generals of the War in Europe. One, the Commander-in-Chief of all Allied Forces in Europe, had come home to both celebrate the end of the war and the beginning of a new career. He had been chosen to fill the shoes of the late Vice President. As could have been expected, the simplicity involved in the choice of the President under tense circumstances gave way to bitter and uproarious debate in choosing the Vice President in less troubled times. The debate raged for four whole days on the floor of the House, and ended in the compromise selection of this famous but politically neutral general. To top matters off, his assumption of Office was to be delayed until the War in Europe had come to an



end, presumably because he was needed there at such a critical moment, even though the Russians ended the Reich of Hitler while the American Forces sat on their hands.

The choice of this general pleased everyone, including the President, but for different reasons. The People were of course pleased that a popular hero, a man of integrity, a man they could trust completely, had become Vice President. The President and his advisors were pleased because now they could appoint a new man as Commander of Allied Forces in Europe without making any commotion about it.

That new commander, the most famous American general in Europe for actually fighting, the tank commander who desired to push his way straight to Berlin and who some compared with Ulysses S. Grant, was also present at the White House celebration, having been called to Washington so the President personally could inform him of his promotion.

Both generals had delivered toasts commemorating the end of the War in Europe, the Vice President Elect's a toast of self-satisfaction and conclusion, the new European Commander's one of restraint and ambition. Apparently he believed there was a great deal of work still to be done, and his meeting with the President that afternoon, although they had only spoke of general affairs, confirmed him in that belief. When their eyes had met, the President had told him why he had been chosen to assume command. No words were spoken, but the two men understood each other.

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

Entertainment was provided by a group of African dancers, sent to the United States at the expense of Bwana Duquesne, a famed landowner and big game hunter in Kenya, as a gift to the new President. Mr. Duquesne, himself of British stock, had married Marisa <sup>Cook</sup> ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~, an American gal from Seattle, Washington, when he had come to the United States in 1939 on a sight-seeing visit. After his marriage he had purchased an estate in Kentucky bordering on the President's family estate, and thus had the two men made their

acquaintance. The President, because of the good spirits of himself and those around him, had given permission for the dancers to perform in this semi-public fashion even though the women danced without covering their motherly organs. The President himself didn't mind, but had instructed all of his male guests to refrain from bringing their wives if they would have any objection. As could have been expected, all of the wives made their appearance.

The party swung on until the early hours of the morning. The dancers had retired at midnight, and the Vice President Elect had excused himself shortly thereafter. The President would have to put in an appearance at his swearing-in the next afternoon. The guests had slowly trickled away until by 2:15 only the President, his best friend the Attorney General, the new European Commander, and one of the male African dancers who couldn't resist the lure of the champagne, remained. All four men were very drunk, and the African, who knew only ten or eleven words of English, stared at the other three men with a large gamesome smile, and whenever he happened to hear one of the English words he recognized, his smile remarkably grew even wider, exposing black decaying teeth in the corners of his mouth. Three years later, because of the favor of the President, pure gold would gleam from those gaps.

The conversation of the three drunken men was lively and loose. The topic of conversation rebounded erratically from the war to women to past adventures to the war again.

"And so it has come to pass that the woman has married and borne seven children," the President laughed.

"If you think she was something," said the General, "you should have met Louise, the beautiful French Nymph I met in Tunisia. Now there was a woman, unfortunately married, however."

"Such a shame," said the President. "Meeting a married woman is like enjoying a meatless banquet."

"But this story, Mr President," said the General.

"Edward, General," interrupted the President.

"George to you, sir," said the General.

"Very good, George," laughed the President. "As you were saying."

"As I was saying," continued the General, "this story should interest you because it roughly parallels one of Bonaparte's adventures.

I gave this husband, a stupid Frenchman, the choice of remaining at his post or of being promoted two full ranks and leaving for Morocco. The journey would be dangerous, however, and his wife Lois . . ."

"Louise," laughed the Attorney General.

"Right you are, Louise," laughed the General, "who was not a native Frenchie but a French-African, and Louise would have to remain at the post. The ass chose the rank and not the sweet."

"What a fool!" exclaimed the Attorney General, who was drunkest of all.

The African smiled broadly.

"Anyway," said the General, "I took good care of his wife, but was forced to pass her on."

"Such a sacrifice, George?" asked the President.

"The damned woman was causing me to forget we had a war on," laughed the General. "But she was all the French women have been built up to be, although those Roman women were a feast themselves."

"And could you handle her, General?" asked the President with a smile.

"Handle her?" replied the General. "Could I handle her? Well let me just say that the Germans were easier than she."

"The women or the men?" asked the Attorney General.

"Both, my boy," said the General. "Both."

"And what of Hitler's woman?" asked the President.

"Kinky," whispered the General.

"Yes, of course," laughed the President.

"It was an amazing career, perhaps the most fascinating of all throughout history," the General commented in a pensive moment.

"Political or sexual?" asked the President.

"Political," commented the General laughing, "but politics is inherently sexual, is it not?"

"Don't start this again," laughed the President.

"It is sex which is inherently political," said the Attorney General. "But he was a man with guts."

"Who spilled the guts of many," said the General. "Had he held off in invading Russia, we wouldn't be celebrating here today."

"But as you know, General," said the President, "history forced him to move against the Russians. He had no choice."

After the President's comment the General downed his glass and

looked about the ceiling.

"So you think we're all pawns, do you?" asked the General. "Well I'll tell you, it's something I've thought about often but care not to think of now."

The General stood up with a self-satisfied smile and filled his glass.

"Gentlemen," he said. "Let us toast to the fools sitting in this room, the men who will determine the destinies of millions. Let us remember the fates of the Caesar's, of the Hitler's of this world. But let us also remember the fate of those who waste away their lives in useless" — and here the General stumbled and fell backwards onto his chair — "in useless and ridiculous nothingness."

The four men drank, each as eagerly as the other, neither admitting nor caring what they were drinking to because they knew they were drinking to nothing.

The Attorney General rose and proposed a toast.

"Let us not call into question the judgement of the Lord, but let us hereby express our regrets that Hitler had even one day of marital bliss, as miserable as that bliss might have been."

"That's one day the Lord did not, in His infinite wisdom, grant to Philip, the Monster of Macedon," said the General, again on his feet, happy with the title he had coined.

At the mention of Philip, the President stood and raised his glass, although he too almost stumbled back into his chair.

"Philip did not die at his wedding. He died on his honeymoon, his honeymoon with <sup>the</sup> Greeks. And as Alexander drew his inspiration from Philip, so I draw mine from Hitler. Hitler has been assassinated on his honeymoon, so to speak, and now I'm to pick up the chalice and drink from his blood."

With those words all four men drank, none as enthusiastically as the poor Black African who continued to smile in his grotesque manner. Soon the three White men had passed out where they sat and the African, peering dourly at the wreckage, crept silently from the room and began to search for his comrades.

---

On 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. However, although the President came to rely on the Joint Chiefs more as time went on, particularly Army General Matthew Ferguson, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, recently appointed on the advice of the Secretary of War, John Davis, the President formulated virtually all of his combat strategy directly with his two major Field Commanders.

As could have been expected after the death of a President, war policy was somewhat tenuous, but not in quite the state of disarray ~~they~~ would have been in had the former President lived. Since assuming Office, the President had been bound by many of the agreements made by the former President. However, the President adhered to these agreements not because he felt that he was compelled to do so but because doing so was good politics. The most frustrating limitation, originally, beyond the signing away of Eastern Europe — which was not frustrating because it was discounted — was that agreement which allowed Berlin to be taken by the Russians. At the time of the agreement, it had appeared that the Russians would beat the Western Powers to Berlin in any event, but as it turned out, the American Army had to halt after having reached the boundary set for their most Eastward advance. The President's new European Commander particularly had chafed at this madness, and of course the President would have given the order for the Army to advance had it been expeditious. However, symbolism was forsaken for substance and Berlin fell into enemy hands. The former President had made an agreement with the Russians that they would enter the war against Japan as soon as the Germans had been crushed. The Russians had planned to enter the war in August, but the President, with the implied threat of transgressing the Western boundary, convinced the Russians to attack into Manchuria and on Japan itself in July. In fact, the Russians were only too pleased to be coerced into gaining more territory sooner than they had expected.

The President's aim, however, was not merely the defeat of Japan. For all intents and purposes that had already been accomplished.

The Pacific Commander had 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. If the war was fought blindly, the United States could still conceivably lose half-a-million men, but the President had no intention of incurring such losses over a helpless island.

The day after his Inauguration, the President had met with General Ferguson and had been informed that the Atomic Bomb was nearly completed and might be ready by summer, but almost definitely by fall. The President, who had been totally ignorant of this project, was not taken aback but 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, ending the war once and for all. However, the President had bigger fish to fry.

As Russia had moved on Berlin, almost all of Eastern Europe had been conquered by them. The Russians had absolutely no intention of giving up this territory once they had it in their possession. Of course, the Russians would have been fools to allow this area to revert to its previous condition, a condition that was always, without fail, virulently anti-Russian. Russia had been invaded so often over the plains of Eastern Europe that with the area finally and firmly in their possession, they had the ability to see that it would never happen again. Germany in the Middle Ages, Europe under Napoleon, and Germany in both World Wars had devastated the Russian Nation up to and including the city of Moscow. Each time the Russian ~~People~~ <sup>People</sup> had risen with great courage and driven out the invaders. After the invasion by Napoleon, Alexander I had all of Europe in his pocket, but he let it out. This time, the Russians intended to hold on to what they had earned.

While the United States could not argue with the proposition that by a right the Russians deserved to dominate Eastern Europe, by another right the Americans would be pure fools to allow an aggressive nation to build such a preponderance of power that it would, after solidification, be unshakable. At present it was far from solidified. The former American President, hopeful for peace, had decided to allow the Russians Eastern Europe, blindly believing their appetite would be satiated. The new American President, knowing well the lessons of history, had decided not only to remove the Russians from Eastern Eur-

ope but to shatter their military power in such a way that Americans would never live under the shadow of another power-hungry totalitarian state. The President had not decided this rashly but had made the decision long before, had often wondered whether he were a human being or a monster, and had questioned whether he would be a worse curse for the World than even Hitler. Although the hopelessness of trying to implement such a plan had intellectually convinced him to retire from the Senate, the qualms he had felt in his heart had decided the matter. However, those qualms had received crucial impetus from the hopelessness. Now that the opportunity had been handed him as if by direct order of the Heavens, the President forced all the negativity from his mind and heart and set about to accomplish that which deep inside he truly considered to be the greatest gift Humanity could be given — the unification of the World.

The engineering of the Atomic Bomb only cemented his beliefs, for if once the bomb came into the possession of two major powers, not to mention ten or twenty, 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 System that would make war obsolete. If the President for one moment believed that this system could be created without the destruction of Russia's military power, he would have grabbed for that chance as only a man who has suddenly been relieved from the responsibility of extinguishing a million souls could grab. But history told him otherwise, as did common sense. He had not the intention of destroying the Russian Nation, a nation he respected as much as any on Earth, including his own. But he would destroy as much of that Nation as he would be forced to in crushing the Russian military power forever.

The Atomic Bomb had fit into the President's plans as if it had always been there; indeed, he might not have been able to do without it. On the other hand, without the Atomic Bomb there would have been less compulsion to have it out with the Russians immediately, although this still would have been the chosen course. At this moment, a great non-nuclear American effort could defeat them, but the President would have been hard-pressed to influence the Americans to willingly make the effort, including up to one million

casualties and three or more years of fighting. If war was delayed, in ten or twenty years — whenever — the two Powers would have had it out as have every other two powers in the history of Mankind, and as with Rome and Carthage, to the victor would have gone the spoils. Nevertheless, such a delay would have been totally to the Russian's advantage. With atomic weapons, however, which the President knew by instinct that the Russians would have within a decade, and which Army Intelligence told him shortly thereafter, and with a few decades to improve the weapons and their means of delivery, warfare would mean the end of Civilization as it now known. Of this the President was convinced. But he knew that he could not reasonably convince the People of the same eventuality: they would have to be led, and on the afternoon he was told that the Presidency was his for the asking, he had decided to lead them. Although he had made the same decision before any knowledge of the Atomic Bomb, he had <sup>had</sup> nagging doubt as to the outcome. Now he felt that it was beyond question.

The joint United States/Soviet invasion of Japan was due to begin in July. The President would have liked to have had the Atomic Bomb ready for use before the invasion commenced, but it was not absolutely necessary. How long the bomb took to be ready was how long it would take to completely pacify Japan — it was that simple. Although the joint invasion could crush Japan like a mound of scrap metal trapped between two advancing steel jaws, the President did not intend to let this invasion, and the exorbitant American casualties resultant, run its course.

Already there were seeds of mistrust flowering toward the Russians, seeds the President had planted himself, as had many members of his administration. People who naturally disliked the Russians, and many anti-Communists, had been gladly elaborating on these hints. The next week the President would speak before the American Conference of Newspaper Editors and would say that although the two Nations would be cooperating, America must always be wary of the Russians. He also planned to have the press receive detailed information regarding the Katyn Forest murders of 1940, which the Germans reported in 1943. In this incident, the Russians had murdered 15,000 Polish officers they had captured, presumably because they would form the core of opposition against the Russians after the war. Although there was a remote possibility that Hitler himself had ordered the



Russians to kill these men, that possibility was not going to be mentioned. That week, also, the major news magazine of the United States, its publisher a friend of the President, would run a cartoon, later reprinted in hundreds of newspapers, showing the Russian Leader sitting with his cronies in Berlin, drinking from glasses shaped like the Globe, with the caption reading: "Next we'll vodka on Broadway." Reports were being repeated here and there that the huge Red Army, if left in possession of Eastern Europe, might march all the way to the Atlantic Ocean, and after that, who knows? These hints the President knew would not bring the People to anywhere near war fever, but would prepare them to adopt that fever should the right incidents take place.

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

"I don't think the People would have accepted it," said the President, adding with a laugh: "And how would you like to be allied with the Nazis?"

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

"I think we're all better off with the Germans out of the picture completely," said the President.

The offer they were talking about was one made by Heinrich Himmler, Hitler's henchman, in April, whereby the Germans would make peace with the Western Powers while continuing to fight the Russians. Had the President not needed the Russians to help end the War with Japan, and had the offer not sickened him, he might conceivably have accepted it. However, the major consideration was that the German military had to be crushed completely to ensure post-war domination.

"General, what's the current target date for the Japanese Invasion?" asked the President.

"The last I heard from the Russians it was July 10th," replied the Chairman, General Ferguson. "I'd say that we could be ready by the end of June."

"And the Bomb?" the President asked.

"By all signs, it will be ready to test about the same time," he replied.

"And what if a test is too risky? What if it must be a secret?" asked the President.

"In the worst circumstances it can be used without testing," answered the General, "but I'd be very reluctant to count on it at a crucial juncture without at least one test."

The President was already counting on it.

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

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

"But what?" asked the President.

"Nothing, sir," answered the General.

"General," the President asked the Air Force Chief, "if under the worst emergency, could Moscow be hit by our bombers?"

"If we can get a carrier in the Baltic," replied General Ringley, "I'm sure we can do it. However, our planes go down in Russia."

"Admiral?" asked the President.

"I don't think there'd be any major problem moving a carrier into the Baltic," answered the Navy Chief.

"Good," said the President. "And what about Leningrad?"

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

"No offense, Gentlemen," said the President, "but we have to be prepared for the worst. Now, have there been any major problems regarding the invasion up to this point?"

"No, sir," replied General Ferguson. "Not on our side, at least."

"And the Russians?" asked the President.

"Well, you know them, sir," answered General Ferguson. "They are being very difficult."

"Well let them be," replied the President. "The more difficult the better. Just be sure that they're ready to hit the Japs when we are. If it appears they're not going to be, let me know right away."

"Yes sir!" replied the Chairman. "Mr. President, may I ask our official position if the Russian's move early?"

"Early?" asked the President, <sup>somewhat astonished</sup> "There is no official position."

"Yes sir," answered General Ferguson.

"And the Commander?" asked the President. "How's he making

out?"

"He's got everything under control, as usual," answered the General.

"I want to see him next Monday," said the President.

"Should we arrange another Pacific meeting?" asked the Chairman.

"I want to see him in my office," said the President.

"Monday at 1:00 P.M. sharp."

"Yes sir!" said the Chairman.

"Good day, Gentlemen," said the President.

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

---

8

By that Monday morning, May 16th, the President had been thinking of little else but the pending meeting with his Pacific Commander. Despite the President's dissatisfaction with the course of the war, the actions of this general were something the President took great pride in. It had taken a direct Presidential order to force him into abandoning the doomed 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 those People, was the greatest example of United States resolve, benevolence, and superiority that the war could offer. United States actions in the Pacific as a whole, and in the Phillipines particularly, were a model of United States worth for the entire World. Even before the war, the Phillipines illuminated America's unique nature. As the Colonial Powers everywhere dug their claws deeper into <sup>their</sup> ~~the~~ heavens of slavery in a desperate attempt to yoke them in perpetuity, the United States had been preparing the Phillipines for Democracy and Independence, goals which the Japanese conquest sidetracked temporarily.

The President had heard many reports of the difficulties that could be encountered in dealing with this general, but had dismissed them from his mind. He was quite certain that they would see eye to eye.

The President had had lunch that afternoon alone with his secretary and for the first time had confided to her his plans for the reduction of Japan and Russia. She did not betray any emotion, but questioned him on various points of the plan.

At 1:00 P.M. an aide entered the President's study and announced that the Allied Pacific Commander had arrived. The Commander strode in alone, wearing full dress uniform with an assortment of medals, including the Congressional Medal of Honor which the President had urged he be bestowed for his re-capture of the Phillipines.

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

"Likewise, Mr. President," said the General.

When he had heard the news of the deaths of the former President and Vice President, the General had for an instant considered himself the rightful leader of the Nation and had harbored a contempt for the new President. However, that was merely momentary, and shortly thereafter the General had forgotten that he had ever held such a feeling.

On the flight from the Pacific, the General had had a shadowy anticipation that something of importance would be discussed, but he held on to the belief that matters would continue as they always had. His hopes had been betrayed at earlier meetings with the former President, and this time he maintained a cynical attitude.

*In fact, despite a forced apathy, the General had been emotionally moved by the President's "Daring" Address.*

"Won't you sit down, General," the President offered, and the General took a seat arranged next to the President's. "May I offer you my congratulations on your Medal of Honor, General, but more so for the deeds that earned it."

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

"Thank you, General," answered 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 were yet smiling that artificial smile known best by diplomats and beauty pageant contestants. The President never had felt comfortable in this type of atmosphere, and was certain that the General disliked it as much as he himself.

"General," the President said with a sincerity that caught the soldier's attention. "I have brought you to Washington to discuss the struggle that is taking place. I consider your views on this struggle 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 molder of the iron to determine whether the mold will crack or survive,"

The General gazed at the President with surprise and caution.

"Today," said the President, "the World lies at our feet, half in ruins, begging for solutions, 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, or we may allow those failures to convince us to allow all of Mankind to fail, miserably, once and for all."

"You sense a finality, Mr. President, that I have not myself felt," said the General, not yet acquainted with the Atomic Bomb. "Despite the fact that I see no imminent extinction of the Human Race or of Western Civilization, I too see the World 'begging for solutions.' In all honesty, I did not see the strength in America — let me correct that — in America's civilian leadership, to provide any more than stop-gap solutions that would accomplish no more than 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," asked the President, "that the process you have described is the process the Human Race is doomed to despite what we do?"

"So it may be, Mr. President," answered the General.

"But you said 'with this civilian leadership we have,' which, if you'll allow me, I'll translate into this 'weak leadership we had,' that such a cycle, although inevitable, may be abbetted or tempered," said the President.

"I believe," replied the General, "that the outline of existence cannot be changed, but that the content, despite the common denominator of human life itself, can be."

"And may I translate that into meaning," asked the President, "that although certain aspects of life are not open for change, fundamental aspects of the way life is lived may be regulated?"

"Yes, that is correct, sir," answered the General.

Both men paused for thought.

"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, swinging into the gist of the President's context, "there is something to be said for having an enemy as well as something to be said for not having an enemy."

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

"Yes, that's true, Mr. President," said the General. "But we must remember that without the eradication of enemies, a nation may well not have to worry at all about moral degeneration, for that nation may well be destroyed by its enemy."

"So its a balancing game," said the President. "Actually it's a contest, the victor having the privelege to degenerate."

"If I may point out Sparta," said the General, "as a state which, before there was even a threat from Persia, had reduced her enemies without experiencing any moral degeneration."

"And yet," said the President, "those states which Sparta had reduced were never reduced wholly but were always a threat to rise once again, as was their slave population, conditions which forced Sparta to be in a state of perpetual readiness. Had those states been annihilated, as Carthage later was, Sparta likely would have experienced degeneration."

"The slave situation killed my arguement from the first," said the General.

Both men remained silent for a long moment. The President was the first to break the silence.

"In all honesty," said the President, "it seems to me that focusing upon moral degeneration — actually this point you've alluded to already — is somewhat a luxury consideration when one is concerned with existence itself. You have of course read Thucydides, General?"

"Of course," said the General.

"It seems to me," continued the President, "that all the aspects of international relations, although over the years so much on the surface has changed, is contained in that work, and that the basics

of such relations, that of power and power alone, is the root element in all human relations."

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

"And it also seems to me," continued the President, "that the relationship between Athens and Sparta is greatly relevant to our own situation — looking beyond the Germans and the Japanese, of course."

"Of course," said the General.

"For it seems to me," said the President, "that despite all the advantages that would have accrued should the two States have banded together in an alliance, despite the fact that they could have together ruled the World and that divided they would destroy one another, human nature, or the nature of life itself, caused these powers to contest."

"Causing their heritage to fall to Rome," said the General.

"But must it have fallen to Rome?" asked the President.

"It must have happened," replied the General, "because it did happen."

"And your answer is the same in regard to the war between Athens and Sparta?" the President asked.

"Yes it is, Mr. President," answered the General. "And as to your obvious parallel between Athens and Sparta and America and Russia, it is possible that the two could see the benefits of cooperation and peace, or joint war, whatever the case might be."

"You see this as possible," continued the President, "but do you actually think it will happen?"

"I'm more than 99% certain that it won't," said the General.

"Despite the fact that there might be the best of intentions on both sides?" asked the President.

"Despite the best intentions," answered the General.

"Then you envision, someday, total war?" the President asked.

"It cannot be any other way," replied the General, "unless, as they say at West Point, blood is replaced by water in men's veins."

"And this war, General," continued the President. "When would you say it would occur?"

"As we have discussed, Mr. President," answered the General, "the outline is certain but the content is not. Thus, depending on the

specific actions of men, it might be one year or it might be one hundred, but that it will happen cannot be doubted."

"I think we find ourselves in agreement, General," said the President, standing, "if you believe that the Russian State in five years time will be incomparably stronger than it is today, that the American Nation will never stand so tall as it does today if Russia is allowed to gain this strength, and that it is the duty of patriots to prevent such an occurrence if it lies within their power."

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

"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, Mr. President," said the General, "then we can brook no rivals."

"We find ourselves in essential agreement, General," said the President. "I should like you to stay a few days longer, over which we will coordinate strategy. For now, the press is dying to photograph us together — you in particular, General, and we do hate to disappoint the press, don't we?"

The two men exchanged the sort of glance not seen since Napoleon and Alexander had grasped hands while watching Voltaire's Edipe as they carved out the World for themselves at Erfurt in 1808.

---

9

On Thursday, May 19th, the President was scheduled to meet with his Pacific Commander; representatives of his European Commander, who was now back on the scene of conflict; former Senator John Davis, the Secretary of War; former Senator Robert Murphy, the Secretary of State; General Ferguson; the Attorney General; and four hand-picked Congressmen.

On Tuesday, General Ferguson had initiated the Pacific Commander into the secrets of atomic warfare. The Commander had had an immediate adverse reaction to this disclosure. Earlier, the Commander had possessed a fair degree of optimism more than did the President, but now, initially at least, the Commander far surpassed the President in his degree of cynicism. Not that he felt the job



to be more difficult, for he felt it would be more simple, but that he now wondered whether it was indeed worthwhile at all. On Wednesday afternoon, however, he had met with the Secretary of State, where he was convinced that not only did atomic weapons not make this endeavour worthless but that atomic weapons made this endeavour absolutely essential for the security of the Human Race as a whole, not to mention that of the United States. The Secretary had pointed out to the General that an absolute monopoly of these weapons would be the only sane method of maintaining order, and that only a total preponderance of power could ensure such a monopoly. The Commander had considered the matter all that afternoon and evening, and by Thursday had become even more convinced, as had the President, of the absolute need for World Hegemony. The President had noticed on Tuesday evening that the Commander did not have his heart in the discussions of strategy which were taking place privately between the President, the Pacific Commander, the Secretary of War, and the two ~~Generals~~ <sup>Generals</sup> on the staff of the European Commander, chosen by the latter to be his liaison men with the President. For this reason the President had arranged the meeting between the Pacific Commander and the Secretary of State, and already by Wednesday evening the Commander's attitude had changed for the better. In fact, Wednesday evening's strategy session went so well that the sessions scheduled for Thursday and Friday evening were canceled and the Commander was to return to the Pacific Thursday night. Although they had only discussed strategy in the evenings, the President and his Commander were virtually inseparable for the four days of the Commander's stay, jointly attending to the functions of the Presidency and gaining a crucial sense of camaraderie.

The Secretary of State was one of the five Senators who had observed the President's August oration and had played a key role in his nomination and election. The President had had no choice in appointing the Secretary of State, as well as six other cabinet posts, including the Secretary of War. However, the President had full authority to make all other appointments that a President normally can make, and had placed his two best friends in the positions of Attorney General and Press Secretary. The most important appointments for the President were those of the Commanders of the Armed Forces, and as Commander-in-Chief, the President had full

authority to make those selections.

The Secretary of State, Robert Murphy, had been a sixteen year Senator from the State of Texas. He was a man of good originality of thought, but because of his pig-headed arrogance never exercised the influence in the Senate that he might have. However, he was the perfect man for the job, and the President could not have made a better selection if he himself had chosen. The Secretary's purposely crude, ill-mannered ways made all parties, particularly foreign, thankful to deal with the President or some other high-level emissary rather than with the Secretary himself. The Secretary 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. The President's moderation of the Secretary's own extremism soon became a private joke shared between the two men, and after the President's surprising tilt to the left, the Secretary became the bastion of Conservatism in the President's Administration. Before the Election of 1948, the Secretary was arrogant with the knowledge that not even the President of the United States could relieve him from his duties, while after 1948 the Secretary was arrogant with the knowledge that the President did not care to relieve him from his duties. 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 and the Federation. One might have thought that his weight, 230 pounds, might have hindered him to some extent, or that the pressures of World Rule would have run him ragged, but by 1953 the Secretary was up to 265 pounds, much of it accumulated dining with Persian Sultans, African Kings, and Oriental Despots. The Secretary was a man as created for his office, and he filled it out as no other man could have done.

The Secretary of War, John Davis, was also one of the Senators to put the President in Office, although Davis, unlike Murphy, was himself a great Senate power and was certainly presidential material. The impossibility of having voted in a true-blood Conservative had convinced Davis to accept Edward Jackson for the Presidency, but not without a stiff price: the War Department Cabinet Post. Upon the President's nomination speech, however, Davis realized he was not a leader to match the President, and he soon thereafter settled into

his Pentagon position with satisfaction, resigning it three months after the President left Office. Although both he and Murphy were compulsory appointments, they became the President's invaluable aids, and he never thought ~~of~~ about replacing either of them.

The twelve men gathered in the Conference Room of the White House at 12:30 in the afternoon. General Ferguson was the first man to enter and the last man to leave. He had slowly gathered the impression, not by words but by glances, smiles, and intuition, that the President did not intend the War to end with the defeat of Japan. Although not much intelligence would be required to understand that the President was determined to be prepared for war, actually desiring it was another matter indeed. At first the thought had revolted him, but later, after he had discussed the matter with several of his colleagues on a hypothetical basis, he had come to understand how the war could be seen as a necessity. However, the General was filled with misgiving, and he feared for the safety of the Republic he had served for almost forty years, both for the safety of the Nation and for its Republican institutions.

The previous Saturday night, at a private party given by the President for selected Congressmen, military leaders, and Federal officials, General Ferguson had cornered the President late in the evening. The General was a bit agitated by liquor, while the President had not drunk at all. General Ferguson had at first apologized to the President, saying that in all his years in the Service it had never been his custom to question a Superior Officer. But, he added, he had not slept well for over two weeks, his wife was on the point of distraction wondering what was troubling him, and he could not look his son, an R.O.T.C. Senior at the University of Maryland, in the eye when he questioned him on the progress of the War. After that introduction the General asked the President point blank if he planned to make war upon Russia. The President somewhat truthfully replied that if the Russians were not willing to abandon Eastern Europe, he would be forced to compel them.

The President, gazing at the General's agitated features, felt a twinge of guilt and added: "General, I do not expect the Russians to leave without a fight, and once a fight commences the goal of the Administration will no longer be the removal of the Russians from Eastern Europe but a complete smashing of the Russian war-making potential."

The President told the General that he was certain the General would do his duty for his Nation and that he would also keep all conversations with his Commander-in-Chief confidential unless ordered to the contrary. General Ferguson, as a man now admitted to a private club, felt relief from his anxiety and determination to fulfill the tasks expected of him. However, it had been his mind which was set at ease and not his heart. This was something the President had not failed to notice.

The ~~conference~~ <sup>later conference</sup> was somewhat of a charade, as all that was spoken had already been discussed between the President and his Commanders, the Secretaries of State and War, and the Attorney General. The President was looking to diplomatically involve General Ferguson and the four Congressmen in his Russian War Policy. The Congressmen, two Democrats and two Republicans, one each from the Senate and the House, would be the President's chief liaisons with a large sector of the Congress until he moved toward the Center. With the Secretaries of State and War, both formerly influential in the Congress and now in the Administration, the President bestowed favors on these ~~men~~ <sup>Congressmen</sup> to complement his natural lines of support, ~~of course~~ <sup>The major line being,</sup> of course, Senator Miller.

The meeting had been in progress for more than half-an-hour and the Attorney General was speaking of ways to get the American People to support the war when the Secretary of State interrupted:

"Does it matter now, or did it matter even two months later, that Zachary Taylor began the Mexican War? With what we got out of it, you'd have to be kidding."

The foreboding truth that Abraham Lincoln, the saviour of American Unity, had led the opposition to the Mexican War, escaped neither the President nor his Pacific Commander, but both men remained silent. That history, or Nature, might be against them both men recognized, but of the necessity of quick action, and of the nebulous justice of their cause, both men were convinced.

"American blood!" the Secretary continued. "That's the important thing. If American blood is being shed, and I don't care if its being shed by the disciples of Jesus Christ, we can turn the People against them. Let the Russians come to believe we're going to move them right out of Berlin, secretly of course. Make it seem like we're ready to move, and if necessary we will move, and the Russians will

strike — they'll have no choice. Then their defensive action we'll play into another Pearl Harbor and sock it to them. Combined with a battle or two, a few deaths at least, in or around Japan, and we'll have no problem with the Bomb. And if they do run from Berlin, we'll use that momentum and push them right out of Eastern Europe. At some point they'll have to stop and fight. But we've got to make sure it's soon, real soon."

The Secretary finished and peered around him. Not one man betrayed his true emotions.

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

"If I know the Russians, they'll never leave Berlin," replied the General. "Unless, of course, they know about the Bomb."

"Should we tell them?" the President innocently asked, well aware of the complications such a disclosure would cause, including the sheltering of the Russian Leader and even a possible withdrawal all the way to the frontiers of Russia proper. With such a withdrawal, the commencement of war would be nearly impossible and the Russian Nation would remain intact, would remain a solid core of future dissent.

"In all respect, Mr. President," replied the Commander, "I don't think they should be told."

"God forgive me, neither do I," said the President.

There was a long pause, which the President broke by dismissing the two ~~assistants~~ aids to the European Commander.

"Gentlemen, tell the Commander to keep things as cool as possible right now. You've got the details and there's only one man that needs to hear them. You've done a great job with this, and I'm sure there's a promotion in store for both of you. I imagine the Commander will be sending at least one of you back again next week, so until then, that will be all."

The two saluted and left the room, running into the President's secretary and some friendly conversation down the hall.

The President next spoke with his Pacific Commander. The two had spoken many times in private since Monday, and they now trusted one another completely.

"General, I can't tell you what a pleasure our meeting has been," said the President. "The next time I see you, well, good luck

in Tokyo and give my best to the Russians."

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

The two men shook hands, whereupon the Commander saluted and left the room. He was joined by his aids at the President's secretary's desk and was chauffeured to the airport and a date with the Japanese at Okinawa.

"Well boys, that's about it," said the President to the men standing in the room. "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. The Congressmen seated themselves in the President's study while the Cabinet officials left together for lunch.

"General," said the President. "You have no doubt noticed the cold-hearted fashion ~~with which~~<sup>with which</sup> all this has been spoken of."

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

"I know you are a man, loyal to your President and to your Nation, but also a man of sensitivity and moral righteousness," said the President. "When one makes a decision, General, and that decision has been a particularly difficult one, it is very easy for a man to defeat himself by allowing self-doubt to exist, to allow a continual expression of those doubts. It is as when one marries, and a case can be built for marrying and not marrying. One cannot, after the marriage, continue to balance the benefits of marriage and being single if one expects the marriage to be successful. What I'm getting at, General, is that although these decisions may seem to have been taken lightly, without regard for the human cost involved, do not believe it for a minute. However, were one to attempt to carry out these actions while continually considering the negative aspects of them, it would be quite impossible for a decent man, a man with feeling. Once the decision has been made, and it has, it must be followed through, and the burden cannot be placed on the heart, for as an organ of delicacy, it would snap under the strain. Sometimes, General, we must force ourselves to be hard if we wish to be at all. In a World full of injustice and misery, the heart must be protected if one is to survive. Anyone who counsels otherwise is a liar or a

hypocrite, or is somehow happily blind to life. Believe me, General, your heart is not far from my own."

The President lowered his head, and the General 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 normally so filled with confidence and resolution.

The General stood up, saluted, and left quickly in a cloud of emotion. The President's secretary, as she always did when his last visitor had left him, entered the room. The President recovered himself and left to give the Congressmen the same speech, only this time he would detach his own heart from the conversation.

---

10

Despite the fact that his picture had been plastered over the front pages of every newspaper in the Country and on the cover of every news magazine, the President felt that the People did not as yet know him. This was to a large extent due to the seclusiveness with which he had been operating out of the White House. Therefore, the President had decided that a little public relations work was in order. After scheduling a press conference to be aired by radio across the Nation for Sunday night, he flew that Saturday for the Northeast.

He arrived in Boston at 10:00A.M., and first took a walking tour of Boston's North End, a mainly Italian-American neighborhood, one as overly patriotic as ethnic neighborhoods are prone to be. The President was accompanied ~~to~~ Boston by Senator Roberts of Massachusetts and was met at the airport by the Governor and the Mayor of Boston. The President walked from the market district to the waterfront and then back to the market district. Everywhere along the way more and more people crowded around him until by the time he had made it back to the market — Haymarket as it is called — the President was surrounded by a vast multitude. After the President had left Haymarket the first time, the Mayor had had a public address system hastily assembled (the Mayor was politicking too, of course), and it was operational by the time the President returned from the harbor. With a

slice of pizza in one hand and an eggplant in the other, the President mounted the Platform, accompanied, of course, by the Mayor. After the Mayor's spicy introduction, during which the President ate the slice of pizza, the President began his makeshift speech, which was continually interrupted by cheering from the crowd.

"Citizens of Boston and America; I thank you for the warm welcome you have extended me. Although I am unfortunately not a Bostonian, or an Italian-American, I feel I am a brother to all of you."

"I won't take much of your time, and will soon allow you to resume your normal Saturday activities. This neighborhood has been a shining example to the rest of the Nation of brotherhood and patriotism. Many of your sons and daughters are now away from home, continuing the struggle that has been thrust upon us by tyrants and warmongers. Many of you, as Italian-Americans, are acutely aware that your former homeland too had been overrun with warfare, but now that it has been liberated, no doubt with the help of many men from this neighborhood itself, perhaps your Mother Country may enjoy the peace and tranquility it so richly deserves."

"I know that I, as a visitor to Rome in 1934, was disgusted beyond contempt to see Fascist flags flying in that ancient Capitol, and now with your help, we will see that such an occurrence will never again threaten the security and peace of the World. Thank you again, Brothers and Sisters. Enjoy this beautiful sunshine, and remember this day, May 21, 1945, as the day the President of the United States himself came to repay you all for your heroism and loyalty. Thank you all. Good bye."

The sea of people, now grown with entries from other neighborhoods, shouted their approval of the President's remarks. The President stepped from the platform, and along with the Mayor, Governor, and Senator Roberts, began to shake hands with various members of the crowd. They made their way to the Governor's auto, entered it with difficulty, and slowly drove away through the throng. It was a day that would be long remembered in this neighborhood, and the President, not long ago a complete unknown to these people, would <sup>himself</sup> remember this reception for a long time.

The President parted with the host of dignitaries that had gathered at the airport and, re-united with his secretary and various



other aides, left Boston's airport for the one in New York,

*but not before giving  
The local press a shot  
of the Presidential  
wit and affability.*

At 1:30 in the afternoon, a swarm of Yankee Stadium officials went down to the front row behind the Yankee dugout and asked ten loyal fans to accept seats in the press area because the President of the United States and his entourage had arrived. When Stadium officials had learned half-an-hour earlier that the President would make an appearance, a microphone was readied on the field. When the President took his seat, the entire section was buzzing over his arrival, and in a few moments the news had spread all the way around the House that Ruth Built. By coincidence, the Yankees happened to be hosting the Boston Red Sox that day, and this couldn't have delighted the President more. In Boston the next day, and in New York, the President made not only the front pages but also the sports pages.

After the lineups were announced and the Yankees had taken the field, the announcer said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, before we all sing the National Anthem, the New York Yankees have the honor and privilege to announce the presence of the President of the United States of America."

The assemblage rose in a standing ovation as Stadium officials rushed to open the gate and usher the President to the microphone being held at home plate.

"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, and where soon, a man whose talents I greatly admire and who is patriotically serving his Nation, Joe DiMaggio, will again stand."

The roar of the crowd was deafening. After a moment 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 win another pennant. Thank you."

Again, the people rose from their seats and thundered their approval of the President's remarks. After the National Anthem, which nearly everyone seemed to sing louder than usual, the President returned

to his seat and watched the Yankees destroy the Red Sox nine to two.

After the game, the President and his party dined at the luxurious New York townhouse of the Publisher of the New York Times. Present also were the publishers and editors of every major New York daily, plus executives of the radio networks based in New York. The President had there toasted to "a continuation of American strength and freedom," and had won-over all present with his self-confidence and amiability. Everywhere people were straining to like the new President, and noone was being disappointed.

That evening the President delivered an address to the Senior Class at Columbia University. The speech, which the President and his staff had composed the night before, consisted mainly of a call for leadership and integrity in government, and an attitude amongst all citizens that only their own actions and determination could change the World for better or for worse. Again, the President's forceful style of delivery had swayed the audience more than the eloquence of the words themselves, and the President traveled back to Washington that night, by train, batting four for four for the day.

---

11

The President slept through Sunday morning and spent the afternoon relaxing and preparing for that evening's news conference. That it would be broadcast live across the Country was a bit risky, as the President could expect some challenge from those journalists favorable to Russia, who had 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 indeed high time for the President to state where his Administration stood regarding the Russians, publicly and on record.

The first reporter the President called on was one who had been severely critical of the President, especially in regard to Russia. The President knew he would ask about Russia and in a critical manner, and he sought to discredit him and all other pro-Russian journalists as well as answer his charges. By calling on an extremist, the President had chosen his opponent well.

"Mr. President," said the reporter, as if chagrined to have

to utter such a title for such a man. "Judging by the comments of your Press Secretary, and by 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 another war and 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 control these countries to guarantee that their neighbors are not belligerent?"

As the reporter spoke, in a tone offensive even to some of the pro-Russian journalists, the President had been thinking of the people he had seen the day before and that most of them were probably listening to this broadcast right now. He also had thought of how most Americans are patriotic and wanted to be patriotic and only sympathized with cynics when no one had the guts to stand and counter their sarcasm. As a result of these thoughts, the President had heard the exact wording of only the last phrase, but as he well understood the tone, he readily jumped on it.

"Yes!" began the President. "Of course the Russians have the right to guarantee that their neighbors will not be belligerent to them. They've struggled hard for their victory and now they want the fruits of it."

The President's opening had stunned those in the audience who had thought they had figured <sup>him</sup> out ~~out~~ already, but his continuation proved to them that they had not been mistaken.

"If I were a Russian," continued the President, "then I'd support these things wholeheartedly. But I'm not a Russian, I'm an American! We are all Americans, and I need not remind you all of the sacrifices we, as Americans, have made. Especially do I not need to remind the women in this Nation who have lost sons, or husbands, or those who have had dear ones crippled for life so that we, Americans, can hold our heads high as a free People. And we equally have the right to guarantee that a belligerent system is not being set up that will threaten our security and our freedom. And I'll tell you right now, with the power of Russia combined with that of all Eastern Europe, counting manpower, raw materials, and industrial capacity, the Russian Empire will be our match in twenty years, and that being if their conquests end with Eastern Europe."

A devastating hush had fallen 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 the truth he possessed.

"If you want to live in fear," continued the President, "if you want our children to live in fear, if you want to doom the future of your Nation, support the Russians! Why not go over there and join them? We won't miss you, I assure you that."

For the journalists who supported their chastized colleague, the President had perhaps gone too far, but for the majority of the American People, including those of New York and Boston, the reporter had received less than his due for daring to challenge the President of the United States in such a way, and he, and those of his stripe, were considered to be traitors to America.

The tone of those words dominated the rest of the session, although the President and his questioners grew relaxed and even jovial, speaking of ~~the~~ ~~war~~ the war, the economy, his feelings for the Office, the nine to two victory of the Yankees, and other such matters. But despite the evident good feelings of all, everyone best remembered the opening of the session, which is just as the President desired it. 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." However, despite how pleased the President was with the results of this press conference, it would be his last.

The President had been well aware of the effect his remarks would have upon the Russians, who were at that moment taking great stock in every utterance of the new President. The President's alluding to the possibility of the United States contesting with the Russians for Eastern Europe would aid his Berlin plan, for the Russians would be all the more willing to believe that an attack was imminent. His strident tone, moreover, far from convincing the Russians not to cooperate in the Far East, would spur them to grab what they could, 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 next week two army officers, both of whom had been operating in China, arrived in Washington to confer with the President. The peculiar predicament of China had been bothering the President lately, but after discussing the situation with the Secretary of State, he had felt more at ease. He desired to have the Chinese aid the Americans in the War with Russia, and for this he would need a competent and strong ruler operating with at least some degree of solidarity. Of course, however, the Nation was embroiled in Civil War, which was occupying them nearly as much as were the Japanese. From his own understanding of the situation, the President knew that Mao would be by far the stronger and more popular, but therefore the more dangerous to America's long-range interests. The President was willing to sacrifice some immediate advantage for long-range security. The outline of his plan was settled, but he wanted to check with a few experts before cementing that outline.

The two officers, one a ~~Sergeant~~ <sup>Captain</sup> in Army Intelligence working more closely with the Communists in China, and the other an Army General serving as an advisor to Chiang, arrived together in the President's office.

The President began the discussion by asking the ~~Sergeant~~ <sup>Captain</sup> which man, Mao or Chiang, could best be used militarily by the United States in another war.

"Who would best suit our purposes as a puppet in another war?" asked the ~~Sergeant~~ <sup>Captain</sup>. "Mao will be by far the better fighter, his soldiers by far more spirited, while Chiang would be a distant second. However, Chiang has ten times as many men at his disposal, good for mass terror attacks. But Mao will not be duped while Chiang may be."

"And if America wants to control China after the war?" asked the President.

"Whichever man you choose, both would have to be eliminated after the war," replied the ~~Sergeant~~ <sup>Captain</sup>. "Although Mao would be of greater use in a war, if you wanted results, he won't be tricked easily. Chiang, though of limited use, can be tricked. Thus, of necessity, it seems Chiang is your man."

"Mr. President," interrupted the General. "I was there and I know. Chiang can never unify that Nation."

Obviously the General did not understand what the President desired. The President, however, questioned him.

"And Mao?" asked the President.

"He's got a long way to go," answered the General, re-inforcing the President's determination to be rid of Mao, "but he has the charisma to do it."

"Well, General," said the President, "you've heard of the old saying 'united we stand?' Well I want China kind of hunched over, comfortably."

"I understand, Mr. President," said the General, although he didn't quite. The General couldn't be faulted, however, for he had taken a very strong liking for that strange land in the Orient, almost a love, and would have liked to see China strong and self-reliant. But of course he was an American General, and the President reminded him of this by promising to make him Federation Commander of one of the ten or twelve sections he planned to divide China into.

"And to get Chiang's active help we'd have to get rid of Mao?" the President asked the Colonel, resuming the more profitable interchange.

"Yes," answered the Colonel. "Yes, I would say so, yes. For both Chiang's preference, or his pride, and of necessity."

"Thank you, Colonel," said the President. "I'll send for you soon."

The Colonel saluted and left the room. The President turned and spoke to the General.

"I don't want Mao killed," said the President. "He's one of the greatest men alive today."

"Well?" asked the General in his naive way.

"We'll kidnap him," said the President, as if burning with a new inspiration. "We'll kidnap him and bring him here. No, I'm afraid that's a bit romantic. This isn't a romantic time, General. That will be all. I'll send for you later."

The General turned and left the President's office, baffled and bewildered.

---

Later that week the President, the Secretary of War, and General Ferguson met with an Army Intelligence officer from the Pentagon concerning Russia's nuclear capacity, a subject so delicate and top secret that a meeting was arranged with the President rather than having sent the information through the usual secure channels.

"We've gotten reports," said the Officer, "that Russia's been working on the Bomb since June, 1942, and that although they still may be some years . . . "

"How many years?" interrupted the Secretary of War.

"Five to ten years, sir," replied the Officer.

"Go on," said the President.

"Although they may be some years in developing their own," continued the Officer, "the slightest hints may convince them that we have one ready to use."

"So it's gotta be fast," said the Secretary of War.

Noone disagreed.

---

The preceding month had been one of tension and strain. The operations in the Pacific had inexorably been boiling down to that final invasion, the ramifications of which would change the worldly balance of power in as permanent a way as mere human beings can inspire.

Throughout the month of June the President had been attending to countless problems, both significant and insignificant but which had to be taken care of despite their relative significance. There had been the founding of the United Nations, which the President planned to make use of only until the Organization had branded the Russians as the aggressors in the War and had received commitments from various nations for troops. He had been in nearly day to day contact with both his European and Pacific Commanders, and had met two or three times a week with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Army in Europe had been in a constant state of alert. Although the President had planned to manufacture an incident, the potential for warfare had been every day evident.

Okinawa had fallen, and from the American side, everything had been ready for the Japanese Invasion. The development of the Atomic Bomb had been proceeding on schedule, and it was due to be tested July 11th in the deserts of New Mexico. The President would cancel that test, however, and on the 5th the President ordered the available bombs to be delivered to combat forces. The invasion had still been scheduled for July 10th.

In China a secret agreement had been made with Chiang for war support. At a conciliatory meeting between Chiang and Mao, arranged by the United States, a condemned criminal masquerading as a ~~Nationalist officer~~ <sup>Nationalist officer</sup> murdered Mao. The criminal was immediately killed by American Intelligence Officers and torn apart by Mao's supporters. However, the damage had been done.

On July 10th Russian troops swarmed full force into Manchuria, scattering Japanese opposition. On that same day, American Forces led by the Pacific Commander landed on the Southern Shores of Japan proper and the invasion had commenced.

Along with the United States invasion forces landed the former Interior Minister of Japan who had been living in exile in the United States, carrying a secret proposal for peace from the President to the Japanese military leaders, a proposal the Pacific Commander was well informed of and which he <sup>had</sup> ~~was~~ to transmit when he had the opportunity. The Japanese, who had earlier been sending peace feelers through the Russians, and who were now beset on both sides by the two most powerful nations in the World, were prepared to speak of surrender.

Unconditional surrender was still out of the question for these fanatics, however, and the President had been undecided as to whether unconditional surrender should be demanded, for the Japanese military had to be eventually disbanded. However, once he had used the Bomb against the Russians, the Japanese would no longer be in the position to request any terms. Thus, unconditional surrender was not necessary. Therefore, after almost a week of fierce fighting in both the North and the South, the Japanese sent a delegation to initial an agreement with the American Pacific Commander that would allow for the ultimate return of all the territory of Japan proper already captured by the Americans or the Russians. The Japanese troops in Manchuria, China, and other areas of Southeast Asia were to remain



in place until they could be handed over to American troops.

What had convinced the Japanese to accept these harsh conditions was fear of the Russians. Since the Russo-Japanese War of 1905, Japan and Russia had co-existed with an attitude of bitterness and hate, and for many years in the Twenties and the Thirties an undeclared state of war had existed between the two nations, fought mainly in relatively small skirmishes along ~~the~~ Russia's Eastern coast. The Japanese hated and feared the Russians, and knew that whatever territory was lost to them would never be returned. The Americans, they hoped, would be less pushy; they hoped America would be soft! Whatever hesitations they might have had were wiped away by the ferocity with which the Russians had attacked the Northern Islands, although three times as many Japanese had fallen to the Americans in this invasion than to the Russians. However, the Russians had spared nothing in their path.

The Japanese thought that the agreement they had signed with the Americans would also halt the invasion of the Russians, but the Russian invasion went on as before. The evening of the signing, the Pacific Commander, still in close contact with the President, had flown an American brigade into a Japanese position he knew the Russians planned to assault the next day. That morning the American Officer in charge had the Japanese Commander radio the Russians that peace had been signed. The Russian Officer in charge, under no doubt as to the fact that it was a trick, attacked regardless, killing thirteen American soldiers as well as hundreds of Japanese. The Americans radiod for help and the Pacific Commander, not suprised by these happenings, ordered an aircraft assault. This attack inflicted heavy casualties on the Russians and three American planes were downed and their crews lost. The news of this Battle worked its way to Washington and Moscow.

Meanwhile, the evening of the Peace agreement with the Japanese, in a maneuver schueduled for this day regardless of developments in the Far East, an American volunteer left from Paris with a dispatch for the European Commander, then allegedly in Berlin. His plane deliberately lost its course over Russian lines and ran out of fuel, the pilot bailing out. He was of course apprehended by the Russians and his communication decoded(an elementary, but common, code certain to be deciphered). The dispatch contained a few changes that were to be made for a suprise invasion of the Russian Forces in Berlin

and elsewhere. The manner in which these changes were mentioned allowed for an understanding of the basic plan of attack.

The Russians prepared to counter and waited for the Americans to make the first move. When an American Tank Division, supported by infantry, went out on maneuver in the exact force and direction the communication had stipulated, a move which could conceivably be the spearhead of an attack that could cut the Russian Forces off from Berlin and isolate their garrisons there, the Russians, for their own protection, were forced to attack. The Russian counter-attack, well conceived and carried out, was devastating, but the American Forces, suspecting Russian treachery, were re-inforced and they themselves counter-attacked.

That day fighting broke out along the entire European Front, and news of this 'Russian Pearl Harbor' had an effect that can well be imagined. Special editions hit the streets almost immediately, and just as the public anger was peaking, news of the Battle in Japan came: peace had been signed with the Japanese, but the Russians, not desirous of peace, had attacked both the Japanese and the Americans, killing hundreds. Everywhere, from Maine to California, from Chicago to Corpus Christi, the People demanded War! In a few days cooler heads might have prevailed, peace might have been patched up, and possibly even the incidents provoking the War might have been uncovered. However that cooling-off period never came.

The Russian Leader, stunned by this turn of events and convinced by his chief military advisor that the Red Army could be bargaining from Paris within one month, declared war. The United States Congress, as hot as were the People they represented, were prepared to give a Declaration of War if the President asked for one, which he surely would have done. However, once the news of the Russian Declaration of War reached the United States there was no longer any question, and 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.

In twenty-four hours time the Russians had completely cut off Berlin and prepared to finish off the Allied Sections (The Russians in their haste had not bothered to determine the causes of the War but had fallen to their suspicions and declared War on England, France, Holland, and West Germany as well as America). The Allies in Berlin, however, hung tough, and soon the deadly coil which encircled them

wasted away like an orbiting snake slowly drained of its blood. The American European Commander, not in Berlin but in Brussels, had long had his offensive ready to move, and awaited only the Presidential ~~directive~~ <sup>directive</sup> to do so.

In the Pacific, the Russians were naturally confused as to who they should be fighting, the Americans or the Japanese. In fact, American guns were now firing from locations which had been controlled by the Japanese only hours before. The Russians soon figured out that they had been double-crossed, but to fight the Japanese seemed futile and 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 enough, Japanese Military Leaders were already hatching plans to double-cross the Americans now that America was burdened with fighting the Russians. However, these schemes were laid to rest before they were ever properly aired. Twenty-three top-level Japanese Military and Governmental Leaders, including Tojo, were assassinated by a three hundred man American and Japanese-American Commando outfit, trained in California and Okinawa. Coupled with the events of the next day, Japan was submissively brought to its knees.

The day after the Declaration of War, the President, through General Ferguson, ordered four Atomic Bombs to be dropped. Despite the President's plea for more, only four bombs could be ready by the 19th, but more would be soon available. A squadron of ten bombers left a Baltic Carrier for Moscow, two of them containing an Atomic Bomb. Two squadrons of five bombers, one each with an Atomic Bomb, flew for designated areas on the Eastern Front where the Russians had concentrated their troops. Seven planes reached Moscow, including both containing a Bomb. The city was devastated, destroying the Russian Government and killing its Leader. All the planes in the other two squadrons reached their destinations, and two huge holes were blown in the Russian Military Machine.

The Russian Nation, as an entity that was capable of formulating policy and carrying it out, was destroyed for the time being. 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, and the American Military Commanders did not intend

to allow for such an <sup>intend.</sup> ~~error~~

The European Commander initiated a five-pronged assault that would cut every Russian Army 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 have been used for the reduction of Japan landed on the Russian Coast 150 miles above Vladivostock. Within three days, a huge Chinese Army numbering half-a-million men began to rumble into Manchuria <sup>and Mongolia</sup> and over the Northern boundaries of China into Russia. Japanese air strips in Manchuria, now occupied by the Americans, served as bases to decimate the Russian troop positions that had invaded and which were quickly becoming isolated. The deal to rid Chiang of Mao had placed all of his armed forces under American Control. Chiang, in his desperation to be rid of the man who was defeating him, defeated himself.

The Russian Armies were not receiving any communications from the General Staff in Moscow, now obliterated, and the individual Commanders were not taking any actions which could have effectively countered such a coordinated invasion, months in the planning. The Russians had been caught unprepared by an army which had been prepared to the greatest extent for this moment. The Russian Army in Europe, which could have possibly fought the Americans to a stalemate for years, had 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 complicate the Russians problems, or even lethalyze them, Freedom Fighters had emerged in almost every Nation they controlled, sensing the destruction of the Russian power. Even in Russia itself, total chaos was fast brewing. Worst of all for them, however, their Leader had been killed in Moscow, and although the military would rule for a time, a government would soon be formed that would make peace with America <sup>on</sup> ~~in~~ few conditions, and even those conditions would be ignored when they became inconvenient.

---

The bombs had been dropped at 10:00 A.M. Washington time. America had news of the devastation that afternoon, a devastation unprecedented in history. Some people were happy, some were not, but most were just vaguely numb, and all waited to hear from the President so that all could be justified and so all could be at peace with themselves.

After the news had reached Washington, a large group of officials had gathered at the White House. Many were sitting with the President in the dining room on this hot July afternoon. Most were speaking quietly with one another. The President hadn't said more than two sentences for 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.

"We've got to face the press now," the Press Secretary was saying, tying everyone in with the duty he now had to attend to. "There's no way around it. What do we say?"

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

The Press Secretary rose and 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, some alone, some in two's or three's. No one said very much.

In the inner sanctum, the men and woman gathered around the large coffee table and silently seated themselves. The House Republican Leader bit his upper lip and glanced nervously about.

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

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

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

"That's right," added the Secretary of State. "From this day forward we don't deal with anyone on the same level. We just gaze at the World at our feet."

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

"From the top of a mushroom itself at the top of a hill," replied the Secretary, impressed with his little witticism.

"Tell that to the Russian Ambassador, Bob," said the President, standing again. "He's holed up in my private study. In awhile I'll speak to him myself, if he's still sane."

The Secretary of State lifted himself out of his chair and left the room. When the door had closed behind him, the sound of a plane passed overhead; everyone in the room had the same thought. The President, however, calmly lifted his coffee 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 the room was filled with the grotesque whimper of a man who had unexpectedly stumbled upon his mother's corpse. The cup shattered on the floor as the President collapsed elbows-first into the nearest corner, shaking with spastic upheavals and muffled sobbing. His secretary and the Congressman grabbed hold of him, but he eluded their good intentions and slithered to the floor. She left the room to get the doctor as the Congressman watched the President slowly overcome both their emotions: the President's grief or guilt and the Congressman's hate. On the instant of the President's collapse, the Congressman had suddenly felt the burden of the Presidency in full-force, and was relieved incomparably when the President began to recover.

By the time ~~his~~ secretary returned with the doctor, the President was seated in apparent calm on the couch, head bent forward on folded hands, elbows on knees. The Senator, the Secretary of War, and the Attorney General, all of whom until that moment had sat in perfect stillness, and the Congressman, sympathetically took their leave.

The doctor checked the President's heartbeat and pulse, and finding his patient somewhat agitated, told him to rest for the afternoon. The President agreed and wished him a good day. He then stood

and embraced his secretary in the same way he had after his emotion-charged oration in the Congress upon accession. After the embrace and a few soft-spoken words, he left for his private study where a remnant of the Russian Nation remained to be dealt with.

---

16

In the President's private 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 had fallen on deaf ears in both Washington and Moscow. He had come to Washington only that March, replacing Gromyko, after having taught English and Russian Literature and History at the University of Moscow the previous six years. Prior to that he was an officer in the Russian Army for over thirty years, somehow surviving the purges that were so frequent a plague.

After taking leave of the President, the Secretary of State had paid him a visit.

"Well, Old Boy," said the Secretary in his characteristic manner, "how are you holding out?"

The Russian stared blankly at him and did not answer.

"I've been warning you Russians, my friend, since 1942," continued the Secretary, "that it would be a mistake to use this War as a means of grabbing what you Russians have been grabbing for for three Centuries. 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 that he so desired to shove a blade between his shoulders. Still, he remained silent.

"Yeah," continued the Secretary, "it's been a long road, but at least you Ruskies went out on top, on top of the World!" and the Secretary broke into his patented haughty laughter. The Secretary grinned at the Ambassador but still got no reply. Suddenly the Russian began to mutter lines that he had learned while in America.

"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 had actually entered the room with sympathy in his heart, and had wanted to show that sympathy after first demonstrating that he was hard, but he had never felt more ashamed than he did just then.

"I'm sure you find it easy to condemn us," said the Secretary 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 the Ambassador, as if holding in bile, refused to touch those emotions. ~~As~~ As a man who was slicing open the stomach of his lover to save her life by removing a bullet, he had divorced his being from emotion in order to remain functional. As <sup>he was</sup> human, however, the emotion could not be ignored but kept expanding and widening inside, preparing to burst of its own volition if the pressure was not released. Upon mentioning Ghengis Khan, the Leader of the Mongols, which had been the last Nation to conquer Russia, the Ambassador could feel a tremulous rumble like the walls of a dam might make before exploding. But the rumble subsided and still the Ambassador betrayed no sign or movement.

"Mr. Ambassador," said the Secretary, "I am indeed very sorry, sorry for myself, that I ever came here like this. If you'll excuse me."

The Secretary was like a boy who had been shooting bullets in the air, thrilled and delighted by the excitement but suddenly horrified to learn, and then fully understand, that his bullets had found human targets.

As the Secretary turned to leave, the President walked in the door.

"Well, have you been enjoying your little talk?" asked the President with a smile.

"Excuse me," said the Secretary, and he walked away.

"Well, I see you two have been enjoying yourselves," said the President. "Will you gentlemen wait for me outside, please?" the President said to the two soldiers.

The two guards left the room. 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.

"Damn it, you'll sit here and drink if I have to force it down your throat," said the President, and he filled his own glass and took a long sip.

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 wouldn't. 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. Of course, I've always been a romantic, ~~but~~ I admire the Russian Nation as much as I do the American, and sometimes had wished I'd been born a Russian. Strange, isn't it Mr. Ambassador?"

The Ambassador's face had not changed in expression but his heart felt like it was going 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 you Russians marched all the way from Moscow to Alaska, quite incredible. You were sidetracked by that revolutionary madness, but we were bound to meet. Your Leader was the Tsar, not the President of the Politburo, or whatever you called him. The march to Berlin I rank with the great achievements of the Human Race, one of the most re-

markable and courageous examples of heroism and determination history has recorded, right up there with Leonidas, Xenophon, and the march of the Old Guard from Moscow. This War has given us two great examples of National Strength, however, for our own sweep through the Pacific in many ways equalled your own achievement. But I must tip my hat to the scientists. D-Day I don't put much weight on, myself."

"Nor do I," replied the Russian, and he downed his glass as if the act were an exclamation point.

"But it was quite impressive in its own way," said the President. "Of course it related to our dealings with the Russians."

"Yes," said the Ambassador stiffly, "we well understood your motives."

"It wasn't as simple as that, my friend," said the President, "we had other options at our disposal."

"I am aware of this as well," said the Ambassador.

"As you also know," said the President, "I took no part in planning the operations of the War. I should have conducted matters far differently."

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

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

"You had a man of honor in the White House," said the Russian.

"Yes," said the President. "Yes we did."

He filled the Russian's glass.

"I sometimes wonder where honor leads a man," continued the President. "It's a question I would have liked to have taken up with your Leader, but the opportunity has been foreclosed. Had he been a man of honor, Russia would not have survived Hitler, and perhaps neither would have America."

"Our Leader possessed the greatest honor on a deeper, more meaningful level," replied the Russian, downing his glass with a shot of loyalty.

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

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

"I am glad we agree, Mr. President," said the Russian. "If

we did not, I would not fear you, nor would I expect you to succeed in what you are doing. <sup>BT</sup> As a Russian I fought Hitler and as a Russian I oppose you. ~~But I would not fight you.~~

"If you were a German you would have fought for Hitler?" asked the President. ~~Expressing the immediate response~~

"No, I would have died first," said the Russian in a manner which allowed for no disbelief.

The President filled both their glasses once more and proposed a toast.

"To Russia!" said the President.

The Russian didn't answer but downed his drink. They were now both bordering on drunkenness.

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

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

"Have you read it?" asked the Russian.

"Yes, of course," replied the American.

The Russian gazed at the front cover of the book for a long moment before opening it and scanning the pages.

"I'm glad you have read it," he said. "There are many things in it that should have been instructive for you. In fact, I'm surprised that you could have appreciated this book, if you did appreciate it, and still do what you have done."

"I of course appreciated it, as I have appreciated many other works," said the President. "There are many different outlooks to be balanced, am I right?"

"Here in Book Five I believe I can answer that question," said the Russian. "It is very odd to see this written in English. Let me see, here it is."

The Russian read aloud:

"'It is not given to 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.'"

"As Shakespeare said," replied the President, "'there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.'"

"That's right," said the Russian.

"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.

"So let them judge!" said the President. "They cannot know, and if it has been done then it must be right."

"You cannot believe that," said the Russian. "You could kill your sister, but you could not then say that it was right because you have killed her."

"Ah, precisely," said the President. "You quote from this work but you don't believe in it. Let me read another debatable quote from this book, one that I read not so long ago."

The President took hold of the book and began to scan the pages.

"Here it is," said the President. "I'll start it with this line."

The President read aloud.

"'A King is History's slave.' How appropriate. 'Every act of theirs, which appears to them 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.' Well there it is."

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

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

"I feel as if I have known you all my life," said the Russian.

The President moved to the Ambassador and embraced him, an embrace the Russian did not return. Tears filled his eyes, however, and rolled down his cheeks. When he saw those tears, the President too began to weep.

"Prince Andrew was a man I've lived my life with, a brother to my soul," the President blurted out, holding the book high in the air.

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, to the Human Race. How



himself a few glasses and was weeping more openly than ever.

"Long live the Tsar!" the Russian shouted from the heart, lifting his glass high, as an American might have shouted "Give me Liberty or give me Death." The Ambassador was not a Soviet but a Russian, an indisputable reality which politics could never change.

Neither man sought to give or receive any explanations — they understood each other perfectly.

"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 had at that moment possessed his stomach.

"She spent much time in the country," the Ambassador continued. "She might have been in the country today."

Tears literally poured down onto the floor from the President's head as he shook it painfully up and down, indicating that he'd do what he could.

The Russian clumsily reached into the inside pocket of his jacket.

"Here is her last letter to me," he said, producing a brown envelope, "so full of hope and love."

The Russian stared straight at the floor, as did the President.

"Find her for me, Mr. President," said the Russian. "Bring her here. Marry her."

"Marry?" asked the President in horror. "Marry her?"

"Alexander married a Persian, didn't he?" the Russian shouted just before tears exploded from his head and convulsions and violent shaking overcame him and he fell to the floor.

The President lifted him gently, himself barely able to stand, and placed him on the couch. The Russian slowly began to seat himself as the President walked over to the desk, opened a drawer, and removed a Russian-built <sup>1873</sup>revolver, <sup>part of the President's private collection.</sup> He handed it to the Ambassador. The Ambassador stood and held the pistol.

"If you see your daughter before I do, my friend," said the President, "tell her I'm sorry. Tell her I wish I hadn't been born."

Tears silently fell from his eyes. The Russian embraced the President with renewed vigor.

"You're a man unlike any other," said the Russian. "Fullfill

your destiny and never look back."

The two men embraced a third time and then kissed one another straight on the lips.

"Until we meet again," said the Russian.

"Yes, until we meet again," replied the President.

The President walked briskly out of the room and closed the door behind him. He stepped into the outer room where his secretary and the two soldiers sat nervously. All three sprang to their feet, but the President waved them down without saying a word and placed his index finger over his lips.

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

The President grabbed his secretary by the arm holding Natasha's letter tightly, resisted saying 'he was the noblest Russian of them all,' and walked out of the room never to return.

---

17

After his meeting with the Russian Ambassador, the President slept for three hours until his secretary woke him. He then wrote the speech he was to deliver that evening to the Nation on radio, had dinner, rehearsed once or twice, and slept for another hour. When he was again awake, he had ten minutes until he was to go on.

The outbreak of war had been the culmination of months of growing suspicion and hostility the American People had felt toward Russia. Since the President had taken Office, the war films the Government and Hollywood had been churning out had slowly and subtly become anti-Russian, until by July there were films depicting scenes in the Kremlin to conquer the World as well as one brutally effective film, produced in one month and at the direct order of the President, portraying the murders in the Katyn Forest. The Russians had been shown as cruel, bloodthirsty, and ambitious. There were also films depicting the brutality with which the Russians had conquered many areas of Germany, and despite the fact that Germany had been a dreaded enemy such a short while ago, public sympathy, at least while watching those films, was pro-German and anti-Russian.

The word ally, as applied to the Russians, had long since been dropped in the public media, and the race for Berlin had slowly become ensconced in the public mind as a competition between adversaries rather than allies. Thus, the loss of Berlin was seen as a matter to be rectified, and although America controlled sections of Berlin, the Russian influence there, and in Germany as a whole, was highly resented by the People.

By the time the Russians had attacked the American Division that had been harmlessly out on maneuvers, public tolerance of Russia, and Communism, had reached an all-time low. The dirty word Communist, which had lost much of its force during the War, had made a strong comeback, and the American Communist Party, as well as other Left-wing organizations which had sprouted up during this period of tolerance, had become subjects of increasing violence, mainly at the hands of small Right-wing groups, that did, however, receive an occasional address from an occasional F.B.I. agent. However, once the War broke out it would have been suicidal, and illegal, for a Communist to publicly declare himself, and even Liberals who opposed the War on moral grounds 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 behaviour in the Land.

On the day that the Bombs were dropped, rumors flew in every direction, both about the nature of the bomb and the reason that it was used. By late that afternoon every <sup>one</sup> knew something about the Bomb, mostly that it was tremendously powerful and that one bomb could destroy a whole city, such as Moscow. One rumor had it that the former Vice President had been assassinated by the Russians, who had known about his anti-Russian stance and who had sought to eliminate his influence from the Administration. As ridiculous as this assertion might or might not be, it gained considerable credence in the bars, diners, and homes of the average American, re-inforced by the facts that the prisoner had refused to speak, had once told his wife that he was considering joining the Communist Party, and had taken his own life in jail, which many believed to be the result of brainwashing. Another rumor had it that the Russians had stolen Atomic secrets from the Germans when they had captured Berlin and were close to being ready to use them on the United States. These rumors had begun to sprout slowly, but within days everyone was talking about them, and neither the President



nor anyone else in authority would confirm or deny such rumors.

Regardless of how righteous many people felt about this war with Russia, there was scarcely a soul in the Nation that deep inside was not terrified of the possible consequences of the war. The earlier propaganda dwelling on the German difficulties in Russia had had its effect. Mother's glanced at sixteen year-old sons with a simmering fear, and father's paused to view their homes, standing today, but tomorrow, who knows? Few Americans were interested in hearing of how the War began, for indeed, that had already been taken for granted. What these Americans 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 it was not understood and despite any moral considerations, would be like the aspirin tablet, a harmless wonder drug that would keep pain at bay. In the papers were war maps of Russia, and its enormity could not help but have an unsettling effect. Americans flocked that evening to their radio sets, and they knew what they wanted to hear: it was up to the President to deliver.

When he was awoken the President jumped up nervously, as though sleep had robbed him of a triumph. It was the Secretary of State who had nudged him awake, and at the instant the President glanced up at that double chin, he feared that things were coming apart. That momentary doubt, however, led to an instant revitalization of his faculties, and the President rose quickly from the couch and began to get himself in order.

"How many minutes?" he asked the Secretary.

"Exactly nine, Mr. President," he answered.

The Secretary knew that everything rode on this performance, and the President had still been ~~awakened~~<sup>fairly</sup> drunk the first time he had awoken. ~~When he was awoken the President jumped up nervously, as though sleep had robbed him of a triumph.~~ If the President faltered, or was indecisive, the game was up.

"Are you ready?" asked the Secretary nervously.

"Ready or not, we do what we can," answered the President.

The President fixed his tie and hair as if he were facing a live audience, loosened his throat with mouthwash, arranged his papers, and left the room. He walked resolutely to the door of the Blue Room of the White House, waited for the door to be opened for him, and took his seat before the microphone. He had five minutes before going on, which he spent by sitting calmly and quietly, basking in the still

waters and slowly building his energies. Imperceptibly the time passed. In five minutes, which seemed greatly longer to the President, his technician signalled and the President began:

"My Fellow Americans and Citizens of the Republic; I speak to you today about a subject you are all well aware of: 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 the Nation of Poland in 1939, or by brute force, as in the manner they have conquered all of Eastern Europe over the last six years. It is true that in fighting the Nazis, America was forced to make common cause with the Communist aggressors, for at that time they were the lesser of two evils. However, we have seen in the last few years a remarkable transformation take place, whereby the lesser evil has greatly transcended the greater evil, and now the Russian Empire, its very existence a continual threat to American Freedom and Liberty, its very Communist Doctrines mortal enemies to the Democracies of the World of which we are the foremost, has spread like a cancer from the East to the West and from the West to the East, engulfing its neighbors and destroying their peaceful way of life."

"Had this Russian Empire, already incomparably stronger than before, progressed in a sly treacherous manner, a manner it is well capable of and well versed in, we might perhaps have been lulled, 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. ~~and~~ Only with the strength of the Lord Almighty and with tremendous and unprecedented suffering and sacrifice could we have thrown these Barbaric Invaders from our territory. But thanks to the intervention of the Lord, or from the very sickness of their society itself, the Russian Empire has embarked upon an insane and mad attempt to destroy the United States before it had properly solidified its recent conquests. And again, thanks to the Divine Will, the spirit of Freedom and Democracy has spawned the production by America of an Atomic Bomb, a weapon stronger and more powerful than any weapon yet conceived by the imagination of Man. Thus, the Russian Empire has madly chosen to contest with the United States not only before they had solidified their present position, but before they themselves had this Atomic Bomb."

"Loyal Citizens, you have no doubt already heard that one Bomb can completely destroy a major city. The Russians were very close to perfecting their own Bomb, a bomb which could destroy New York, or Boston, or Chicago, or Los Angeles, with one blow. But God, or the very evil in their brains which corrupted and turned to poison, forced them to embark upon this madness before their own bomb was completed. Therefore, for the sake of our own survival, we must crush the Demon while we still have the chance and the Will of Providence has given us the opportunity."

"Americans! You have no doubt heard much of the enormity of the Russian Nation, and how other Nations have tried and failed to defeat it on the fields of battle. We must only ask ourselves why this is so, and the answer will shine as clearly as did the North Star upon the birth of Christ: God did not will those Nations victory, while we, God's Chosen People, march with God as our Leader"

"Other Nations entered Russia to begin war; we enter to end war, once and for all. But God only helps those who draw from their own strength to help themselves; God preserves the Freedom only of those who care enough about Freedom to stand and protect it themselves; God preserves the Life and Liberty only of People who with courage and determination will drive away the beasts and burdens God sends as a test for these People. God will always search for that first glimmer of faithlessness, for that first moment of despair and resignation, for that first advent of laziness and irreligion and immorality. But here, in this Nation, we stand as One: One dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, that all men have the freedom to live their lives as they choose if they do not harm the choices of others, that all men must stand and struggle for what they desire and by the power of their own beings bring about the dreams that our freedom allows us to dream."

"Stand Americans! and preserve that Freedom! Stand Americans! and do not allow yourselves to be enslaved by Tyrants who will sap the spiritual strength from each and every one of us 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 else we will leave them only a barren wasteland, both on the outside and, spiritually, on the inside: we will have condemned our children to perpetual slavery. As long as we hold our heads high with

the dignity which freedom affords, 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."

"But before I leave you, my Fellow Americans, let me soothe your fears as much as it is in my power to do so. The Government of Russia is no more. We have destroyed the Capitol City of Moscow and the Government that ruled its Empire from there. The once huge Russian Army in Europe, which hoped to be in Paris very shortly and from there in New York, has had two huge holes blown in it by our Atomic Weapons and our brave pilots. Our Armies in the Pacific and in Europe, strong and growing stronger every day, have now embarked upon an offensive which should desolate the Russian Empire. A Peace has been initialled with Japan which the Congress shall view and make judgement upon, but as of this moment the War against Japan is over. We have more Atomic Weapons which we shall not hesitate to use, so long as the Russian Empire continues its insane policies of aggression, or should the Japanese decide to make late trouble. We are on the road, my Fellow Americans, to driving this new scourge back into the hole it has arisen from. With your help, the help of every patriotic American, and with your dedication, we will, by the Grace of God, defeat these enemies as surely as we have defeated every other fool-hardy Nation that has taken upon itself the ludicrous task of assaulting the Freedom of the United States of America. Thank you, and good night."

The President remained seated for more than a minute. His silence was interrupted by many people rushing into the room: high Government officials to congratulate him on the victory of his war policy, and lesser officials, and, in an unprecedented outburst, secretaries, receptionists, maids, cooks, gardeners, and more, to thank him for being himself, for being a leader when leadership was desperately needed, for being the President. Already around the Country minds were relieved of fear and doubt, and faith was placed more strongly than ever in God, Country, and the President. With the Common Man in America, this President was already becoming the most popular American Leader since George Washington, and while the People did not yet love him, they gave him every ounce of their trust.

---

Although the People were generally accepting the War as a necessity, the Congress was not quite so complacent. The Congress was divided in the following manner: one-fourth whole-heartedly supported the War; one-half was typically indecisive and would follow the course of events; and one-fourth was opposed to the War. Now this could be seen as a normal distribution, and those opposing the War were liberals who would likely fall in the 1946 election, but that one-fourth could potentially make trouble concerning the outbreak of the War. There had been muffled whispers of initiating hearings to determine just how the War began, even though the Russian attack was taken for granted around the Nation as the reason. To some of these Congressmen, the Russian attack was a little one-dimensional to have been intended as a premeditated opening assault and the American response seemed incredibly swift and efficient. However, the Congress had voted the Declaration of War, well-nigh unanimously, and those who now regretted the Declaration were stuck with it.

The President was meeting with a few members of the Congress, staunch supporters of the War, about the vague threats to initiate hearings. The Republican Whip suddenly jumped out of his chair.

"I'll personally put any Congressman willing to chair such hearings up against that oak door and beat him senseless."

All the men in the room looked at the Whip: his comment was most foolish.

"A simple vote on the floor will kill any hearings," another Congressman offered.

"Or off the floor," added the Whip.

"And if any Liberals shout too loud," continued the Congressman, "we'll shout 'traitor!' twice as loud."

Again the actions of Lincoln occurred, but this time only to the President.

"Gentlemen," interrupted the President. "I don't like such trivial matters floating overhead. Even a little rain can destroy our picnic. I'll have to have a meeting with the Congress, a nice round number, let's say 150. You say my money bill may have trouble? Then we'll kill two birds with one stone. You can arrange it Jack.

Let's say fifty men from the Senate, one-hundred from the House. Let me have forty supporters and moderates in the Senate group, but split the House up fifty/fifty. Make it for tomorrow afternoon."

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

"No way," replied the President. "Not that I have anything alarming to say, but I don't trust some of those bastards."

The President met with the Congressmen in a meeting room in the Capitol the next afternoon. It was the first time the President had faced a <sup>delegation from Congress</sup> except for the full session or a small group of his supporters. The call for the meeting had its intended effect, as the moderates were pleased with the attention and the liberals were shocked to see the President come so willingly to hear their reservations about the War. Of course, none of the Congressmen dared to ask directly about the outbreak of the War, for no one would imply that the President himself caused the violence. Even though a few suspected as much, they could never utter such blasphemy in public. Such accusations simply are not made without substantial evidence, and even were such evidence uncovered it would be a man of great courage to stand up to the President of the United States, risking career and reputation, by calling him a war-monger or even a murderer. However, these Congressmen had a range of other questions to ask, such as the support the United States could hope to get around the World, especially from England and France. After speaking for five or ten minutes with the usual opening 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 Prime Minister has just beaten off a threat from the Labor Party; therefore, the British Leadership will not need to be pushed to enter this fray gleefully, although their use to us is decidedly limited. The British are concerned with their alleged possessions all around the World, and the Prime Minister was terrified that he'd lose more than half of them to the Russians and lose the other half while trying to defend the first half."

The President got a smattering of laughter. To those in the audience who knew the President, his use of the word alleged to describe the British possessions did not need to be emphasized to be understood.

"Now the French," continued the President, "from the French

we'll get soldiers and money and equipment, but I don't expect all that much from the ~~Russians~~. In dealing with the Russians, both the British and the French may play key roles, but in dealing with the rest of the World, they may well be a thorn in our ass and we've got to be careful. This is not important today, but what is important is that I have the means to get support from wherever I might be able to find it, including within Russia itself, and for this I need money. In fact, for dozens of reasons I need a special war fund, and a bill for this purpose will be on your desks tomorrow morning, and will itself answer any questions you might have about it."

The next question put to the President was the terms that were going to be sought if and when the Russians were defeated. Such negativism was the main reason the President did not want this session broadcast, combined with his desire to be a little looser than usual. However, the fifty Congressman and ten Senators that were not his supporters added a very icy element to the gathering, and the fact that the President treated the congregation as if 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, and one which drew smiles from many of his supporters, "we'll have to see what they themselves have in mind before we make any final decisions. In other words, we'll have to play it by ear. 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."

Again, the President's closest supporters smiled smugly, and those that philosophically agreed with him, particularly moderates who leaned toward realism and who had not been close to the President and had not as yet understood him, began to smile with the new understanding that this was indeed a President they could support whole-heartedly. Mostly included in this category were members of the House who leaned toward supporting the President but did not know him well. They had been inspired by his addresses, but had held on to a degree of constructive cynicism. As the President had been a Senator, these members of the House had not had occasion to get to know him, but now they began to fall under his influence. Moreover, even members

of the opposition delegation, as they were called, were falling under the influence of the new President. They were, of course, die-hard opponents of the President, as there would be throughout his reign of leadership, but these would time and time again be decisively neutralized, either by their small numbers, the temper of the People, or by the faits accomplis that the President was forever presenting, such as his War with Russia.

The last question the President was asked came from the major liberal voice in the Senate. After the President's having forthrightly mentioned who started the War without being asked, Senator Thomason rose from his seat.

"If Hitler, with his vast armies, could not defeat the Russians, what plan have you got that will defeat them?" asked the Senator as all eyes turned toward him.

"My plan, Senator, is very simple," answered the President. "We've got the greatest generals in the world — set them loose. I'm not a military man. I know where I want to go, let them get me there."

For a moment there was a hush of silence, which the President interrupted.

"Let me say further, Senator, that I will do the best I can," continued the President. "If I myself or our brave men in the military had your attitude of defeatism, the Russians might well not be defeated. I didn't ask for the honor of leading our Nation against them, but now that it has been given to me I intend to use all means at our disposal to crush them, Totis Viribus."

The President's remark had crushed both the content and the tone of the Senator's scathing question, and almost all the men in the room were both satisfied and relieved that the President's reply had done so, but the Senator was not yet through.

"And should I take that to mean, Mr. President, that you will not hesitate to use Atomic Weapons again?" continued the Senator. "Use them once more and kill hundreds of thousands of innocent civilians?" How can you rationalize that?"

The Senator's boldness, despite his impudence, had a positive effect on the men in the room, but the President jumped on the challenge and overmatched his audacity.

"Listen, Senator," barked the President, "any action in the human arsenal of actions, including rape, murder, incest, and torture



can be rationalized. I'm tired of rationalizations, and I'm not about to offer any today."

All eyes were fixed on the President; no one moved a muscle.

"Look, this war can be drawn out grotesquely, with unparalleled butchery," continued the President. "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 am not about to allow this Country to become mired down in a conflict on incredible bloodshed, allow the Nation to sink into despondency as casualties rise and more sons are conscripted, when I have the means to achieve otherwise. And let me tell you now, Mr. Senator, despite all your high-flown righteousness, more innocent citizens would be killed in a drawn-out war of the type this could be than would be killed if we dropped fifty Atomic Bombs. We can kill a certain amount of Russians alone or else we can condemn even more Russians matched by a similar number of Americans. It doesn't take much intelligence to make the choice."

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

"No one enjoys the realities of war," said the President, "but with so much at stake only a fool would gamble with victory. But I am prepared today to meet with a Russian Peace Government, one which is sure to form."

The Senator remained standing, knew he had been defeated on this occasion, as every man in the room knew, but he was not ready to admit to defeat, although he was not prepared to begin another offensive either.

"How do you know one will form?" the Senator asked, but not with the same tone of defiance.

"Believe me," said the President in a manner as if all were forgiven, and as only a man who had already created history could. "Believe me, I know."

The Senate Republican Leader stood and announced that lunch would be served and that anyone who wished to pursue matters further with the President could do so privately during lunch.

Everyone had been a little impressed with the way Senator

Thomason had stood up to the President, but everyone had been greatly impressed by the way the President had come back at him. Overall, the meeting had been a decisive victory for the President. He had gained stronger and broader-based support in the Congress and had gained backing for his special war fund. Of course he had also defueled both opposition to the War and any attempt to delve into the cause for its outbreak. No member of Congress could hope to match the scathing attack that Senator Thomason had made upon the President — even he emerged chastized — so noone would bother to try. The Senator's impudence had played right into the President's hand, and although it took a genuine burst of emotion to squash his challenge, he could not have been anything but delighted that the challenge did occur.

*Although many Congressmen still believed the President had at least desired the war, and though some few actually knew that he initiated the war, most of these Congressmen respected rather than despised the President for this, and it slowly became generally assumed that as only truly great leaders dare to take such steps, not to mention successfully, the President himself 19 was a truly great leader.*

Christmas in 1945 was one of the happiest Christmas's America had ever had, except, of course, for the families who had lost loved ones recently in the War. But even there, few Americans were complaining. Those who harbored resentments of one sort or another mostly kept them to themselves.

The last major set of casualties, American casualties, had come the last week of October when an Allied Invasion Force, under General Horatio Howard, landed on the Russian shore of the Caspian Sea, encircled Stalingrad and drove toward the city of Kazan, where the first genuine civilian government since the one in Moscow had formed. Already, as a result of the brilliant assault by the American European Commander, every major city West of the Don River to the South and West of Leningrad to the North, had either been encircled or captured. This included Rostov, Stalino, Kharkov, Minsk, Kiev, Smolensk, Moscow, Riga, Yallinn, and Leningrad. The Allied assault was by design rapid, and pockets of Russian strength were left all along the route. However, with the Allies totally dominating the air — almost every Russian aircraft factory and airfield had been destroyed or crippled while American factories were pouring out aircraft by the thousands — the Russians could never have posed a serious threat behind the lines.

The Allied assault was aided by the judicious use of Atomic Weapons, two bombs having been dropped on military strongholds in the Ukraine and one dropped on the city of Gorki, where American Intelligence discovered that a new military government had been located, obliterating an entire echelon of military leadership.

On the Southern flank, an expeditionary force comprised of African, South and Central American, Turkish, and Iranian troops, organized through the offices of the British Empire, attacked into the Southern Russian Provinces, captured the stronghold of Tbilisi, and controlled the territory from the Volga River straight across to the Black Sea. These troops met little resistance and had continuous American and British air cover. Indian and Chinese mountain fighters, organized by the British and the Americans, attacked separately, capturing Dushanbe and Alma-Ata and encircling Samarkland and Tashkent. Farther East, Chinese Freedom Forces, led by the successor to Mao, Chou En Lai, and numbering 200,000 strong, attacked over the borders of Mongolia, captured Irkutsk, destroyed hundreds of miles of the Trans-Siberian railroad, further isolating the Eastern Russian Forces, and launched an assault upon Bratsk, 300 miles to the North. Chou, promised control of a vast area of China by the President unbeknownst to Chiang, was cooperating with America despite his Communist ties with Russia.

In the Far East, Japanese and American Forces, operating under the new agreement reached by the Japanese Government and the American Pacific Commander which stipulated that the Japanese would fight the Russians for post-war benefits from the United States, had captured Vladivostok and all of Manchuria. Except for one incident where Americans killed over 300 Japanese soldiers after an argument had started in a barroom, the agreement worked well. The incident was smoothed over and American soldiers were asked to suppress their resentment toward the Japanese. This killing, however, purged the United States Military of much of the hatred, and the men concentrated thereafter on the Russians.

Of the million and a half Russian troops in Manchuria, half-a-million had been killed or captured while the rest were in full retreat toward Yakutsk and the Lena River. The Russians had abandoned Manchuria after an Atomic Bomb, dropped by a plane taking off from

Japan, had decimated the Russian position. Those that had escaped, however, had done so with panic and confusion, with transport chaotic and supplies non-existent. In mid-October an American-Japanese-Chinese Expedition, led by the American Pacific Commander himself, isolated half-a-million of these freezing starving refugees and took 420,000 men prisoner, after a desperate battle wherein the Russians lost 80,000 men to the Allies 8,000.

Toward the end of October a newly-created amalgamation of Eastern European Freedom Fighters, led by General Tito and supplied by the Americans with equipment and air support, captured both Kishinev and Odessa on the Black Sea, bypassed earlier because of their strong positions.

In short, as the Allied Forces moved toward Kazan in late October, the Russian position was non-existent. The Russians yet had pockets of soldiers intact, numbering up to three million, but everywhere they were isolated and besieged. The precariousness of the survival of these soldiers <sup>had been</sup> ~~was~~ shown when the two largest concentrations of them, almost two million men in all, were blasted into insignificance by Atomic Bombs.

The Government which had formed at Kazan was civilian, but with a military influence. However, the military lost influence every day. The Americans, through Georgians that had been captured, or rather, as many of the Georgians viewed it, liberated, had already communicated with this Government and asked for the surrender of Russia. It was clear that this Government was being tolerated only so it could make peace, for otherwise it would have been destroyed just as the one in Gorki. The men who dominated this Government, loyal Russians but neither Stalinists nor Communists, were intent upon restoring Russia as a power, but as a power which would be cooperative with the West and a part of the Western Balance of Power. Of course, the Second World War had destroyed such a balance forever, unless the Americans decided to create another. These Russians, some educated in the West before the Russian Revolution, were convinced that a Capitalist Russia would be accepted by the United States gladly, and that to make Peace would turn out to their advantage. They blamed the former Leader and the Communist system itself for the recent catastrophes, and many of the People went along with them, or had made such a judgement on their own.

The American Peace terms were simple. All Russian Armed Forces were to be turned over to the care of the United States and its Allies and all territorial adjustments were to be made by the United States and its Allies, provided that the sanctity of the original Russian State was respected and the United States would deal solely with the Government then in power as the single representative of the Russian People. Thus, by signing this Peace the new Government would be guaranteeing ~~its~~<sup>its</sup> own legitimacy and would circumvent any power struggles that surely would have developed. After all, they now had the United States, with all its military power, on their side. The People themselves did not know who to hate: the Germans, the Americans, the Russians who had led them to war, or the Russians who had signed away their independence. These Russians who signed the Peace, however, had no idea that when the Americans said they would respect the territory of the Original Russia, they meant before the conquests of Peter the Great, and even then various pretexts would be used for ignoring that stipulation.

Virtually all of the Russian Forces were disarmed and were moved to isolated areas where they could bring about little trouble. They were well fed and clothed for the first time in months, but they were prisoners. They represented the last power supply the Russian Nation had, and they would have to be integrated into the new society slowly and well-spread out so they might not short-circuit the new system. Some of them would remain virtual prisoners for six years, but in reality the whole Nation was prisoner and the only variance were the conditions of confinement.

The new Russian Government took over the administration of the cities, but these men were in reality only puppets of the United States and its Allies and did their bidding. For some of these office-seekers, long accustomed to doing the bidding of others, the introduction of a foreign element giving commands was not a great burden, particularly as their palms were greased with millions. The major concern of the People, despite their hatred of the foreigners, was food and warmth, and the Government, aided by the United States, supplied both food and shelter. Americans in the cities themselves were in short supply, as the task of overseeing American orders was given to members of various National Groups which had been under the thumb of the Russians and now relished the turn of events. The city of Kiev, however, was swarming with Americans, as it was there that

the European Commander had set up Headquarters. It was now steadily receiving visitors from the States as if the city were another Paris. Everywhere was the hustle and bustle of activity, and the ethnic Russians, outnumbered there, kept silently in the background as the Moldavian city, finally free from war, exploded in festive merriment.

As these goings-on took place, American policy-makers, led by the Secretary of State, who had joined the European Commander after Peace had been signed, were drawing up their game plan for Russia and were re-inforcing the military position so that it would be impregnable. By the time the new Russian Governemnt realized that they had signed away the Nation, it had already been sealed and delivered. Of course the Russian People, being what they were, would have fought to the death were they encouraged, but the new Leaders, by the weakness of the strength of their love for the Russian Nation, were not about to allow their People to be uselessly slaughtered. After a brief show of defiance, during which they realized how fruitless defiance would prove, the Government resumed its business of directing the People, and those in the Government that could not abide by the New Way resigned and were replaced by Russians who could.

Peace had been signed by Thanksgiving, and although none of the soldiers were returning for Christmas, the American People were beside themselves with joy that this War, which could have been prolonged for years and years, was over almost as soon as it began. Now there was not only no Nation in the World which would want to threaten the United States but there was no Nation in the World which could even consider it. American War Production, which had moved into high gear only by the end of 1944, was now moving better than ever, and soon it would be converted to peacetime production. That would come slowly, however, as military equipment, although it had already been produced in unprecedented quantities, now had to be stockpiled for emergencies.

On this Christmas, noone had more cause to be thankful than the President of the United States, and noone was now more beloved in the Nation than he. On Christmas Day, the President led Church Services on the White House Lawn at dawn. The yard was bathed with blue light, and over 100,000 American citizens jammed the lawn and its environs to celebrate Christmas with the President. All over the Country,

the People sympathized that the President, being a bachelor, had no family to celebrate with, ~~and~~ and the halls of the White House were piled high with Christmas gifts of all varieties, *most of which were later donated to charity.*

Christmas in America in 1945 was a time when everyone gave thanks for what he had, for the crises America had been delivered from. All the euphoria of war-ending celebration had been stored-up for Christmas, because when Peace was signed in November, the President announced it guardedly, uncertain as to whether the Russian People would follow the new Government. Thanksgiving had been a time of quiet hope; Christmas was a time of joyous celebration.

After having led the ceremonies in the morning, the President dined at noon with Government officials and fifty average citizens who had been at the White House that morning and who were invited to dine with the President. That afternoon and evening the President and his guests opened gifts in the White House, and as they had done for the last three years, the President and his secretary exchanged their gifts.

All that day, however, the President was attacked by traces of melancholy, and several times he saw himself the evening before reading Natasha's letter. Three weeks earlier he had been assured by Army Intelligence, who had visited the Russian Ambassador's country villa on orders the European Commander had received directly from the President and had spoken to servants that still remained there, that Natasha had indeed been in Moscow the day the Bombs were dropped. He had sat by the fireplace reading the 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 Ambassador's office in the Soviet Embassy. The words that he painfully read on Christmas Eve continued to dance in his mind on Christmas Day.

"Father," the letter read in English, "it is a beautiful day today, as all your Namedays have managed to be. Today, unfortunately, you cannot be with us, but Mama and I have placed your most flattering picture, not that all your pictures are not flattering, on the center table, and of course have given it loving glances. Forgive me for saying so, Papa, but I am very sad that you could not be with us today, although I realize your duties in America are very important. It must be so beautiful in Washington this time of year. From pictures in the

book you sent me, which I absolutely love, I would guess that now there are cherry blossoms everywhere. You must pick some for me, Papa, or perhaps even next year I can visit you in America, if the War is over. Colonel Remmsky, a man who has been visiting us lately, has said the Germans are practically beaten today, and that either we Russians or the Americans will have finished the war before this letter even reaches you. If so, give my congratulations to all your American friends — you have made friends, have you not, Papa? — and tell them they are welcome to visit us in Moscow any time. Oh Papa, I miss you, and hope you miss us all as well. I have been making all high grades in school this year, particularly in English as you can tell(?), and the Colonel is teaching me to play chess. I don't expect to ever beat you, but the Colonel is very good(or so he says) and perhaps you two can play. Well, Papa, Mama wants me to help her with various things, so I must leave. Everyone sends their love, and please take good care of yourself and don't poison yourself on American food(I hear they eat the wildest things out there!). I hope to see you soon. All my love, Natasha. April 5, 1945. P.S., Did Mr. Roosevelt like the silver eagle you gave him?"

Christmas Eve the President slept very restlessly, and at dawn, at the Christmas ceremony, he read 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 had felt was never quite as strong as it was that Christmas Eve. She recurred to him, however, not in a haunting manner, but, in line with her character, with a gentle and caressing bearing, as if to tell the President 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, and 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 depths of the Potomac River. She was perfectly dry, and 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 gorgosity overcame him, the President's heart ceased to pound and he died.

---

### III. THE MIDDAY SUN

20

Toward the end of January, 1946, as the World slowly began to recover from the devastation of war, the President had called both of his Commanders home to be paraded through the streets of Washington in a Triumphal Procession. If ever two Commanders in the history of the World had deserved such a display, it was these two men, who had led the offensive which succeeded in crushing the Russian Empire within five months. The President had also arranged to have flown in dignitaries and Heads of State from all over the World to participate in the festivities. Victory for America was being promoted as Victory for the World, and therefore no one would be left out in the celebrations.

In particular, the President looked forward to his first meeting with the British Prime Minister, who had been invited to deliver the keynote address and who would confer privately with the President concerning the post-war World and the relations between the two Giants, the United States and the United Kingdom. The existence of these two Giants, however, was a reality existing mainly in the minds of the Prime Minister and his countrymen of like outlook, whereas, in effect, there was only one Giant, and that was the United States of America.

The President was also scheduled to meet with the new French President. He expected more intransigence here, but as long as he had the support of the British, this would be manageable. Of course the French and British diplomats would get together and scheme, but the President hoped to divide them by exploiting and abetting competition for European dominance, or rather nominal dominance.

The day before the scheduled celebration, January 24th, the President and the Secretary of State, who himself had recently returned from overseas, were escorting the major newspaper publishers of Europe on a sight-seeing tour of Washington, including the publishers of the largest dailies in Rome, Athens, Paris, and London. Press in these Countries, and around the World generally, could not have been more favorable if it had been written by the Americans themselves. However, the President was taking no chances.

The Governments of many of these Nations were on shaky ground, and American support was the one sure-fire method of achieving solidity. However, the President was being very careful about his commitments at this stage, as unrest continued to ferment in the major portion of the World. It was in fact this dislocation, caused mainly by the War but also by social imbalance and Colonial situations boiling over, which allowed the President and the United States to solidify its post-War position. Had the international situation been more stable, American consolidation could have taken up to thirty years to achieve, and with a much higher threat of insubordination. However, the conditions were ripe for imposition, and the President was as imposing as prudence would allow.

The President had taken these publishers to the Capitol, to the Pentagon, the Smithsonian Institute, the Lincoln, Washington, and Jefferson Memorials, and was saying his goodbyes strolling along the Potomac as American and foreign journalists snapped photographs from a respectable distance.

"Friends," the President was saying to these publishers, "we'll give these boys the biggest triumph of all time." Then, with a laugh remembering the Roman's ancestors, he said: "Well, let's not go overboard."

The Greeks and the Italians laughed knowledgeably.

"But we'll have the largest celebration this Country's ever seen," continued the President, "larger than even Lindbergh's."

After the translator relayed these words to a Paris publisher, one of the few who did not speak English, the Frenchman asked the President if he did not fear these men as competitors for the Presidency. After the translator finished, the President laughed and said:

"What? Fear them as competitors? Gentlemen, I am the President and they are my Generals. I don't harbor the slightest amount of jealousy toward them. Would one of them run for President? When Hell freezes over. They'd have to be insane. Let them step into this Office and deal with the trivia I'm always dealing with? It's now that they've got it made. They live like Kings in the military. The Presidency? I don't think either of my Kings will want to become a clerk."

All the men laughed at the President's humility, and even the President gave a little chuckle because he had, of course, over-

xxxxxxxxx stated the case. Either of those two men might like to be President, but he had spoken truthfully when he said they'd be fools to try. But not because the Office was less desirable than the position of General, for noone in history had held such power as the President already held, but because they didn't have a prayer of winning. There was only one man in the Nation of such stature and held in such esteem as would make him invincible in an election of the People, and that man was the President himself. As bitter as some of his opponents were, success provides for its own sustenance, and the President had the touch of gold.

---

21

That evening the President met for the first time with the British Prime Minister in the Gold Room of the White House. The Prime Minister had spent the afternoon working on the speech he was to deliver the next day to 500,000 cheering Americans. As usual, he was impressed with his effort, but was not certain how it would go over. After all, he was a foreigner.

When the Prime Minister had arrived in Washington, he experienced an eery realization of the irony of history. He gazed about him at the vitality and apparent strength of the United States and understood that the Colonies ~~the~~ the British had 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. The Prime Minister was not, however, formulating these impressions into coherent concepts, and therefore was not adjusting his politics to reality, at least not on a conscious level. Nevertheless, subconsciously he was realizing that the future belonged to America, and this subterranean process would help him later when he would be in persoanl agony trying to decide whether to defy the United States or surrender to the trend of history. He had only recently led his Nation through its most deadly peril, and it later appeared that the sacrifice might have been somewhat in vain. The very effort for preservation itself had so weakened the British Empire that it would crumble of its own weight even though its major enemies had been destroyed, and the accession of America would only make that fall

more graceful, or calamitous, depending on the Prime Minister. There could never be a question of war between the two Nations. Neither the English nor the American People would have allowed it, and on a political level it would have been absurd. Moreover, the United States was now through with conquest. The World could be shaped without bloodshed, or at least without major warfare.

The President met the Prime Minister at the back gate of the White House, a rare honor. The two men clutched hands and walked the path leading to the mansion smiling and waving, complemented by a row of British and American flags. The two paused at the doorway to make a few comments to the Press before entering. They both possessed forceful personalities, and there was that usual moment of awkwardness as each sizes up the other. However, the President was determined to be on the best of terms with the Prime Minister, and did his best to put the situation at ease.

The President ushered the Prime Minister past a long line of White House personnel, including a French cook on loan from the British Embassy. The Prime Minister was, of course, quite a legend, and the White House Corps had assembled to pay him homage.

"Welcome to my home," said the President. "I'm kind of new here, but I already feel like one of the family."

The workers all smiled, and the Prime Minister smiled to be polite. As fine a man as he could be, he never was comfortable being on familiar terms with servants. It was in fact this distinction between the two men, between their National characters, that would spell the difference between a burdensome Empire and an uplifting Empire. Perhaps when the latter became corrupted it too would view human life as a serving commodity, but America in its infancy was imbued with idealism, and this was reflected from the bottom of the ladder to the top.

The President introduced some of the workers to the Prime Minister. The Englishman nodded his head and smiled to each person introduced, struck by the oddity of the procedure. However, the French cook eagerly grasped the Prime Minister's hand and pumped it vigorously. The Prime Minister, contrary to all likelihood, lost his artificial smile and began to beam. Whatever crossed his mind at that moment is lost to history.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court," the Prime Minister

jokingly bellowed in his loud voice. "It is my pleasure to be here amongst you today."

The Prime Minister turned and strode off, even though he did not know which direction he should be going. The President, after giving his workers that sly smile of his, followed after him. He took him by the arm and continued in the direction the Prime Minister had headed. Although it was not the direction the President had had in mind, a slight detour would correct matters and the Briton's amusing dignity would be upheld.

When they reached their destination the President poured the Prime Minister a cup of tea.

"Sugar?" the President asked.

"Brandy, if you've got any," replied the Prime Minister.

"Of course," said the President who walked to the liquor cabinet, opened a bottle of brandy and handed it to the Prime Minister, sitting down beside him on the couch.

"How was your journey?" the President asked.

"Quite nice," replied the Prime Minister.

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

"A charming fellow," answered the Prime Minister, "but a little odd in his viewpoints. But of course, I was well-used to him already from our dealings in London. But those dealings leave a lot of ground yet to be covered."

"Yes," replied the President. "The Secretary mentioned that you had your differences, but I'm sure we'll both be satisfied before we're through."

"I should hope so," answered the Prime Minister. "We can't have the two major powers arguing amongst themselves, can we? You know, it would be a bit counterproductive and foolish."

"Well then we agree," said the President, "because staying away from counterproductive behaviour is exactly what I have in mind."

"And I'd say it's counterproductive," said the Prime Minister, "to have the United Kingdom and the United States contesting over their position in the World, although such contestation has not yet come about."

"There is no reason such contestation should come about, Mr. Prime Minister," replied the President. "There is no reason why

both our Nations should not be able to play the role God has intended for us. But what I had in mind about counterproductive behaviour was an attempt to return to the past, to the forms of days that are dead and gone, and that cannot be revived in any event."

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

"That would depend on the form," answered the President. "As you are well aware, your Empire is spread very thinly around the World right now, and by itself cannot hold up."

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

"My opinion as well as the opinion of many of your own Countrymen," said the President. "It does one no good to argue about what one wishes were reality but we should speak of reality itself."

"Such as?" asked the Prime Minister.

"As I was saying," continued the President, "the British Empire is on very shaky ground everywhere. I have no doubt personally that if the past was used as a yardstick in determining policy, the British would find themselves fighting wars all over the Globe, wars they would lose. And even the areas that were not disaffected would rebel as soon as some lands had won their freedom. And neither will the British People support more campaigning all around the World, campaigning on a large scale. Let's face it: India is out of your hands; you cannot become re-instated in China; and rebellion is fermenting everywhere in Africa and the rest of Asia."

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

"New concepts!" answered the President. "New concepts can regain everything that naked force has lost. The United States itself has the power to hold your Colonies, if it so desired, but it does not. Colonies have no place in this World any longer. And of course you could not even dream that the United States would make sacrifices for the benefit of the British Empire! No, this is a two-way street."

"I have long been accustomed to the idea of cooperation between our two Nations," said the Prime Minister, "and I fail to see how such cooperation could not regain everything that has allegedly been lost. We have the power to prevent or put down any rebellions anywhere. And of course it would be worth your while. We can make arrangements."

"I don't believe we are that far apart, Mr. Prime Minister," said the President, "but we are not looking at things in precisely the same manner. You connect the idea that America is ready to assume World leadership with the idea that America shall assume the burdens of past European policy, which is a fallacious connection. You see us as a Western Power, but America is a new Power, not a European Power. The days of British and French and German and Dutch and even American Colonialism are over. The master/slave syndrome must be put to rest — forever! We cannot support Colonialism any longer, and as you're well aware, any project in this World that does not have the support of the United States is doomed to failure. Now I respect all the achievements of the British Empire, but you can no longer go it alone. On the other hand, I respect the right for the Peoples of the World to be free, and have given personal promises in that regard. Now this seems to put us into direct conflict, ~~also~~ ~~and~~ ~~also~~ ~~also~~ However, freedom is very relative, and freedom in the sense that it's enjoyed in the United States is not something that most of the World can now enjoy without the creation of chaos. Chaos would lead to oppression — you know how the story goes — and these lands would lose all freedom, and we would lose all control. Now, as you can well imagine, I don't want this type of situation any more than you do."

The Prime Minister had already come to respect the President. He had had a rather strong relationship with the former President and had at first held the new President in much lower esteem. Slowly the roles were reversed until now the Prime Minister respected the President as a truly great leader, although this conviction only heightened his concern for his own National interests.

"Now it seems to me," continued the President, "that unless I desire to waste the sacrifices my Nation has made in the War, I have to see to it that the international situation is stable. And as you know, and here I'm being very frank with you, our economy is really pumping right now, and everyone in this Country, including myself, wants to see it continue in the same vein. Therefore, although I do not support Colonialism, it is important that the United States be able to tap the entire World as a market for our goods and as a source of raw materials. Thus I have as strong a desire as you to see the World stabilized in a favorable manner. However, I am con-



vinced that a return to the past methods will only court disaster, if not for now, then for the future, disregarding the dictates of justice itself. Thus I am committed to establishing a New World Order, based on the predominance of the West. This will entail the abolishing of the pre-existing Colonial systems and the establishment of new, more durable, more reliable systems."

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

"I think you know well that I need the help of England in this," replied the President, "but you should also carefully consider that if you do not join us, you will be against us. There will be no wars between us — we both know how such a war would turn out, and thus there is no reason to fight it. But we will help our friends around the World economically, will stand as moral leaders of their cause, and will embrace them into the international arena, as our proteges of course, after they have won their freedom. In the process Britain will be bled dry, will lose all of its possessions except for those that have so little power as to be insignificant, 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 present governmental system. In short, such a policy would spell disaster and disaster only. On the other hand, if you join with me wholeheartedly, Britain will remain the greatest Power in Europe, will continue to have a voice in World Affairs through the system we will set up, and the West will continue in its dominant position for centuries, centuries in which the British People will have to fear no war and no starvation. You would be an integral part of a system that ensures happiness for us all and which will put an end to the base exploitation of the Peoples of the World."

"And how do you intend to continue to dominate the World without exploiting it?" asked the Prime Minister.

"As with freedom," replied the President, "exploitation is a relative term. Let's just say that the People of the World will no longer be giving for nothing, will no longer be treated as animals but as human beings. Political and economic reality assures that the West will by nature be above the rest of the World for some time, but not in perpetuity. This dominance will slowly give way to a more rational political system over centuries, and if the system does not

evolve then ultimately revolution will have its day. But our sons, five times removed, will deal with these issues. For now, as long as we have the preponderance of power, and so long as we have the Atomic Bomb solely, we lay down the rules. But they're going to be humane. This isn't going to be Rome, it's going to be America, America as the leading Nation of a unified World, a World where Britain still has a significant role to play. Play in our game and we'll both be better off for it. Oppose us and you will hurt us, but you will not win thereby and we will win eventually."

The Prime Minister sat quietly. He was greatly impressed with the vision of the President, but would need time to accept the fact that Britain would not be co-equal in the arrangement. If Britain would have significant power, ~~he~~ he could come to accept the new arrangement. ~~His~~ His conception of what is significant power would contrast markedly with the President's, but by the time that became obvious, both the state of political affairs and the state of the Prime Minister's resignation to this new reality would convince him to accept the inevitable. ~~Of~~ Of course, a few bones tossed his way would make this acceptance look respectable, and in fact would be respectable.

"And speaking of Atomic Weapons," continued the President, "I suspect the Secretary of State made himself clear when you met in London?"

"And if we don't go along with you?" asked the Prime Minister.

"As far as forcing you to cooperate with my World scheme goes," replied the President, "it is not so sacrosanct that I would wage war for it and take upon the burden of more dead on my conscience. But let my military intelligence inform me that you have developed an Atomic Weapon, just one weapon, and I'll drop a bomb right on Westminster Abbey. If you don't believe it, you'd better start believing it. As much as I love London, I love it no more than Moscow."

"How long do you think this monopoly can last?" asked the Prime Minister with contempt in his voice, a contempt he really did not feel in his heart.

"I don't care if it only last two centuries," replied the President, "that will be at least two centuries of sanity. And within two hundred years, Mr. Prime Minister, I think this Earth will not be

the major concern of our Race. But let me not get into my ceaseless speculations. And by the way, if you think this policy may change with time, with a new President, I'll tell you now that before I leave this Office I'll have it written into law, a law no one would dare change, for the certainty of response prevents the challenge. But as our best friend, in fact our parent, I don't think England need be concerned with our Atomic Weapons. Our weapons shall protect England, not threaten her."

Silence once again fell upon the two men. The President interrupted it.

"I hope we can cooperate as friends," he continued. "I think you'll soon realize, if you don't already, that what is in the interest of the United States is also in the interest of Britain. I haven't tried to trick you, I've laid my plans bare for you to see. I have no evil or devious intentions. If you think of the welfare of the English Nation, rather than the pride of the Empire you have served so well, we will see eye to eye. God has granted America this power, so I use it in good conscience."

The President walked the Prime Minister to his lodging in the White House and bid him goodnight. The Prime Minister had never had such a discussion with a counterpart before. Such considerations were always unspoken and such plans presumably too delicate, or evil, to divulge to a potential adversary. This trust, although inherently political, impressed the Prime Minister, as did the President's remark that his plans were not sufficient cause to wage war. Russia had been neutralized and now the President's aim would be realized eventually. Although the exact content he desired might not materialize, the outline was assured. That the President would wait patiently for this outline told the Prime Minister that he wasn't dealing with a Hitler but with a man he could trust. True, the President would not take into consideration the "pride of the British Empire," as he called it, but he would see to the welfare of the Nation.

The Prime Minister believed the President, but was not yet emotionally resigned to the decline of his Empire. ~~So~~ He had taken the first step by sitting through such a discussion, and he would take the second step, mild as it would seem to most listeners, when he delivered his amended address the next day, amended that evening in front of the flaming fireplace next to which glowed a bronze bust

of Julius Caesar.

---

The morning broke gloriously, in marked contrast with the climate Washington had suffered through for the past few weeks. The last week temperatures had been mild, and the snow which had fallen in the beginning of January had melted away. Although the weather had been miserably damp, January 23rd broke the pattern with brilliant sunshine and temperatures more likely to be seen in April.

For days, cars, trains, and busses had been rolling into town for the celebration. By the 23rd it was estimated that more than a million outsiders were in the environs of Washington. By dawn, throngs of people already lined Constitution and Pennsylvania Avenues, and by 10:00 A.M. downtown Washington could hold no more celebrants. Those arriving late took up their positions in surrounding areas, occupying the heights like an invading army. Food vendors were earning fortunes for themselves, as were sellers of patriotic memorabilia such as portraits of the President, American flags, and pictures of the Capitol and the White House. The Washington Police Force could not even begin to handle the crush, so they were re-inforced by the National Guard and an entire battallion of the Marine Corps, freshly returned from Japan.

At 10:00 A.M. soldiers, tanks, and other assorted weaponry began to pass down the main thoroughfares. Columns of tanks and infantry were dispersed amongst hundreds of marching bands, recruited from all over Maryland, Virginia, and the President's home State of Kentucky. Hundreds of floats had been constructed by private corporations, by the Government itself, and even by patriotic-minded citizens. There were floats depicting the Statue of Liberty, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the crossing of the Delaware, the Gettysburg Address, and wagon trains complete with attacking Indians. There were floats with men dressed in the military uniforms of the various decades of American history, capped by a depiction of American G.I.'s in the process of tearing down the Nazi, Japanese, and Russian flags and replacing them with American.

Everywhere people were dancing, drinking, shouting, and singing, waiting for the appearance of the President and his celebrated guests, the European and Pacific Commanders of the American Armed Forces. The European Commander had decided to parade down the streets on the top of one of his famous tanks. The President and the Pacific Commander would ride more modestly in a convertible limousine, accompanied by the Secretary of State. In the limousine behind them were security agents, followed by the Attorney General and the British Prime Minister, and various dignitaries further back.

At 12:20 the European Commander's tank rolled through the White House gate behind 50,000 marching Army recruits. The President and the Pacific Commander followed, not chagrined that they were being upstaged by a General in a cowboy hat waving from the top of a tank. The President, in fact, had encouraged his Commander to ride the tank. His performance was both amusing and dramatic.

The President was somewhat nervous, considering what the British Prime Minister might or might not say. He felt that the Prime Minister would speak favorably, but although he himself did not plan to speak at all, he was prepared to speak should he feel the need to temper any negative remarks the Prime Minister might utter. As it was, the President did not have to worry about straining his voice or his temper.

Slowly the celebrities made their way to the steps of the Capitol, where the addresses would be delivered. They took a circuitous route, and did not reach the speakers platform until Two O'Clock. The President had designated his friend the Attorney General to introduce the Prime Minister, and the Attorney General, making the most of his biggest political moment thus far, spoke eloquently for fifteen minutes before the huge assemblage and an even huger international radio audience. This was after more than a dozen dignitaries, such as the President of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the President of the Boy Scouts of America, and the President of the Little League Association of America, gave short speeches, mostly dealing with the American spirit and character. The Attorney General spoke of the tremendous sacrifices made by England in the War against Tyranny, spoke of the great leadership the Prime Minister had given his People, and spoke of the need for future cooperation between

the two leading Democracies of the World.

The Prime Minister had had a soul-searching night the evening before. He had reconciled himself to the fact that Britain's love affair with the World was over and that it must assume a new position in international affairs. However, although he had come to believe this intellectually, emotionally he was still an Imperialist, still believed in the right the British had to govern the World. Many times over the coming months the Prime Minister would bounce back and forth between defiance and acceptance. At times he would be totally cooperative in the New Relationship he had with the United States, but at other times his instincts would gain the supremacy over his intelligence, his pride would remind him of the losses and the injuries he had suffered, and he would find himself longing for the "good old days." This paradox was to rule him for the rest of his life.

Fortunately for the Americans, his cooperation was at times crucial while his intransigence was often totally impotent. The Prime Minister had shed tears the evening before the speech, and thought he had purged himself of his desires to oppose what seemed to be the trend of the future. However, those desires were not purged but were only covered up, to be ~~dis~~<sup>un</sup>covered whenever his tumultuous nature brushed away the ~~the~~ covering. However, as far as he was concerned that day, he had licked his problem and was prepared to embark upon the road toward the future.

As he rode with the Attorney General down the streets of Washington, waving and smiling, he appreciated the nature of the American State and was indeed thankful that it would be this Country, not one like Hitler's Germany, which would upstage the British. The smiles on the faces of the American girls, the rough and rowdy spirit of the children, and the proud determined look on the faces of the mothers all had their effect on him. The high-flying American flag, the impressive columns of tanks and armored vehicles, the floats depicting scenes of freedom, and the enthusiasm of the soldiers as they marched all gave a lasting impact of the vitality and strength of America.

His mind drifted back to the day that War was declared by ~~Germany on the United States~~<sup>Germany on the United States</sup>, how it felt as if his life's work had suddenly been scooped from the flames and dropped out of harm's way.

It was as if he had been beating his head against a wall of steel, knowing full-well that his head would be the first to crack and suddenly feeling the steel wall tremble and split. At that moment he believed more strongly in God and destiny than ever before.

He also thought back to the day that war broke out between the United States and Russia. He had believed all along that the United States desired the War, although he did not know if it had been deliberately provoked. His own intelligence forces told him it was impossible to know for certain, but that they believed the Russians had been planning nothing along the lines of an attack for up to three days before fighting broke out. Whether the United States began the War or not, the Prime Minister had thought, desiring it was just as good as starting it, and since that day he had placed the President in higher esteem than he <sup>had</sup> ever thought he would. When the War began the Prime Minister had known that if the United States won a quick victory it would be an irresistable Colossus — if it had the will to be so. ~~●~~ Although the fighting of the War itself should have told him that such a will existed, his conversation with the President the evening before convinced him beyond all doubt. That conversation had greatly re-inforced the opinion he had formed in July but which had oozed out of his mind by natural inclination, and that opinion was confirmed absolutely as he rode down the streets of Washington, the heart of the new Rome.

The Attorney General, before calling for the Prime Minister, announced that the two Generals, by order of the President, would be decorated for their illustrious service. It was to be a new Title, founded by the President, called the George Washington Cross, to be bestowed for conspicuous and unselfish service to the United States of America.

The President stood to rousing ovations and placed a gold medal, depicting Washington's crossing of the Delaware on one side and an American Eagle on the other, on, first, his Pacific Commander, and next, his European Commander. The men shook hands, waved to the crowd, and retook their seats, <sup>abdicating</sup> ~~leaving~~ the center stage for a fat, balding Englishman who breathed more fire than air.

After the Attorney General introduced him, the Prime Minister stood, lifted his stubby arms ~~xxxxxxx~~ to both acknowledge the applause and to quiet his audience, and began to speak.

"Citizens of the United States of America," the Prime Minister began in his booming voice, which, thanks to the excellent public address system, was even more booming than usual and which could be heard much farther than the Prime Minister could be seen. "I would like to first thank you for the reception you have given me upon my arrival. America has truly shown itself 'generous in victory.' If you'll forgive me from parting from my written speech for a moment, I would like to say that I am greatly impressed with the spirit and goodwill of the United States, 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, as the Secretary of State cast a worrisome glance toward the President, but the President continued to stare straight ahead. He was just beginning to realize how much was really at stake, but he remained confident that the Prime Minister would remain within the bounds of protocol.

"It is right and proper," continued the Prime Minister, "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, the penultimate power of pride, and the ultimate power of right."

"Only six years ago the future looked bleak indeed for any man or any Nation of sensitivity and moral purpose. The Dogs of War, let loose 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, with Blood, Sweat, and Tears, 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. And slowly, inexorably, these butchers choked on the



bile they had previously been spewing on the Peoples of the World. And 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 Communist blood oozed deep into the Earth, so deep that the Gates of Hades would hold it securely for Centuries, we ended these wars and began to rehabilitate these Peoples."

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

"You are all aware of the majesty of the British Empire, of the good and the Civilization it has brought to the Peoples of the World who had previously lived a dark and savage existence. We have spread Knowledge, Christianity, Law, Sanitation, and the Way of Progress for these People. In short, the British Empire has done more for the Peoples of the World than has any Empire in history. However, we must all begin to recognize that the British Empire has limits, that it cannot do all things for all people, and that in this World which cries out for leadership, it cannot go the route alone."

"I must at this time also recognize that many of the children that Britain took under its wings have sprouted into grown men, men desiring to shape and form their own destinies. The President of the United States, the Nation destined to lead the men of the Free World, is developing a means for these Peoples to become free without the chaos that is liable to ensue thereby. As Leader of the British Empire, I find it hard to allow our children to leave the nest, but we British always keep in mind the original purpose of our Empire, which was created for the good of the Peoples of the World. Therefore, when it has become apparent to me that these Peoples should prosper better under a more free system of government, a freedom that will exist only to the extent that each People is able to handle it, I shall heed the call of duty and step somewhat to the side."

"Americans and Citizens of the World!, we therefore stand at a

crucial juncture of the Human Race, at the ending of the quest for World domination by the despised devil of Tyranny and the beginning of a New World, a World where everyone shall be blessed with the fruits of victory and freedom. We British have come the full cycle since planting these Colonies some Three Centuries ago. Our sons, mingled with those of many other areas of the World, shall stand and lead their Fathers toward the Promised Land that only youth is capable of striving toward. So let us rejoice, all you People, but not lose sight of the tasks that lie ahead. Thank you very much and good day."

The Prime Minister began to step back but was intercepted by the President, who grasped him in a bearhug as cameras popped in every direction. The crowd was on its feet cheering, and the crescendo increased in volume as the President stepped to the fore. The two men exchanged hugs, handshakes, and smiles, and then descended the platform together, followed by the Generals and other dignitaries.

The Prime Minister had far surpassed even the President's confident expectation, and was therefore admired all around for his wisdom and benevolence. In many ways, however, he was only the representative of numerous and entrenched vested interests in England which would fight tooth and nail for the continuance of Britain's Imperial policies. These were the very interests which had maintained the Prime Minister as Head of State: the Prime Minister had indeed bitten the hand that fed him. Thus, so much moreso were his actions to be admired. As unexpected as they were, however, the Prime Minister's words found great support in other sectors of the United Kingdom.

His commitments were hedged, but they were so by necessity. The Prime Minister had cooperated fully, and although his cooperation sometimes faltered, never was it more crucial than on this day. Although opposition existed in England, greed can only run rampant in the absence of Justice, and the United States embodied Justice in its most effectice form: backed by naked power. As men inherently embrace injustice, the backbone of power serves to straighten many a crooked design.

---

The President retired that night to his new private study, the one he adopted after the Russian Ambassador had made a shrine of the last one. A week after the Ambassador's suicide, the President had ordered all of his own belongings to be moved into his new study, except for his volume of War and Peace and Caulaincourt's With Napoleon in Russia, which he had left standing on the shelf. Five years later, in 1951, the President paused at the door to his former study and considered entering, but he ~~was~~ decided against it and turned away.

When the President retired, he did so with his secretary, which was becoming more and more a custom with him. Usually they would sit on the couch and talk late into the night. The President would often open a bottle of wine and they would exchange reminiscences about their early lives and childhood.

Janet Alden was twenty-eight years old. She had been a law student at a Washington university, but after her first year she took a Summer job as secretary for a Freshman Senator from Kentucky, a job she never relinquished. It would be easy to say that the reason she stayed was that she fell in love with the President, but it was more than that. It was as if this talented ambitious woman, who had never once come across a challenge she could not meet and had never once been satisfied by meeting a challenge, had fallen into a situation which fit her ambition and temperment like a glove. She had been ambitious but without direction or goal. The restlessness which had been her constant companion had now disappeared, and she played her role contentedly. Exactly what her role was, however, was far from certain, and even the President never knew exactly what to make of her. For the President she was far more than a secretary. She was also his advisor, his listener, his wife, his mother, and his lover. They had made love only once, in 1943, on a night which began much like this one, with a bottle of wine and old reminiscences. Neither of them had ever mentioned the occurrence again, although both had been profoundly effected by it. Miss Alden was an old-fashioned woman, however, and never let herself go again until the President's proposal, and then not again until her floating honeymoon, when she made up for lost time.

On this night they talked and drank far into the morning. The President was full of energy, but not of a physical type. His mind

was restless and nervous. It was when he felt this way that the President liked to write, something he didn't often have time for.

While the President was filled with this restless energy, his secretary was on the verge of exhaustion, as she had been working practically around the clock. The President moved toward her in a manner which cannot be precisely defined, something akin to a lunge but not so dramatic.

Taking her head in his hands, he said: "Janet, I've thought of too many things tonite, too much has me scared."

He released her abruptly, but gently, and moved to the picture window, stroking his chin delicately with anxious fingers.

"I have to write tonite," he said. "I have to be alone. Come in the morning."

Janet released an exhausted sigh, blowing the strands of hair which were carelessly strewn about her face.

"I'll have one of the girls come in," she said, all the while knowing that the President never desired anyone else to type what he had written. "I have to get some rest."

The President turned swiftly and blurted: "No, you must come yourself."

There was a moment of tense strain, which the President relieved by placing his hand on the woman's shoulder.

"If I know you'll be here in the morning it will inspire me tonite," the President said softly. "Otherwise . . ."

Janet never resisted the President when he lowered his voice, especially when she was not particularly defiant anyway.

"I'll be here," she said quietly.

"I want you to know that I love you, Janet," said the President. "I know you understand."

"I know you know I understand," she said. "Good night, Love."

The President gazed silently over the White House grounds while Janet almost as silently slipped out the door. For over a minute the President stared at nothing in particular, then moved to his desk and began to write.

---

Although many Congressmen had eagerly participated in the victory celebrations, many were also taken aback by the pace of recent events. Many were concerned that the United States was getting in over its head, spreading itself too thin by its commitments all over the World. There was not a problem anywhere that the People did not look to the United States for a solution. In most cases the competing interest groups all appealed to the United States for help, leaving America as final arbiter of the conflict.

As smashing as the recent victory was, chaos was greater during this period than at any time during the War. Eastern Europe was ill-defined, directionless, and seething with discontent. Western Europe was not that much better off. Only American troops, by the legitimacy their presence inspired, ~~was~~<sup>were</sup> keeping the Governments of France and Italy afloat, and of course the Americans were the Government in Germany. National grievances in these Countries were being carried to the offices of the American Commander of the different regions, who acted in a manner reminiscent of a Persian Satrap. They dispensed money and favors as they saw fit, but conducive to the American interest as relayed to them by their superiors in Rome, Paris, Kiev, and Washington.

Russia at this point was a total mess, and here progress would move slowly. Armed work crews from the outlying Nationality Groups were entering Russia, conveyed by the American Army, to build shelters and farm settlements. They were allegedly for the Russian People, but ultimately half of them would go to permanent Colonies of these National Groups. Regular detachments of Federation troops, as they were called, although the word as yet had no official significance, patrolled the streets and fields of Russia. ~~so~~ Although the War had long been over, hundreds of these troops were being killed each week by various Russian patriotic forces. These men were fighting a losing battle, however, as the Federation troops were limitless in number, being comprised of South and Central American, Indian, African, Southeast Asian, and Chinese troops, armed and led by the British and the Americans. Although these troops were highly incompetent, American Regulars and American Air Power stood ready to deal blows to any group which assumed such numbers as would make their presence identifiable. /

Most of the Federation Forces were fighting in the hope that

they would receive their freedom from the Colonialists. *P*/The resistance movement in Russia was necessarily small because the bulk of Russia's manpower had been committed to Eastern Europe, where they had either fallen to the Allied offensive or had been surrendered when the Government had signed the Peace. There were still small pockets of soldiers who had not been disarmed, and occasionally a battle would break out when the time for disarming came. However, most of the Russian military strength had been neutralized by the Peace and only small bands of fanatics continued the struggle. These fanatics were slowly killed off, or had voluntarily retired, as even the Russian Government was forced to begin hunting them down for its own safety.

A process of reverse collectivization began to take place, where the Russian People were promised ownership of their own land. The only price was a pledge of loyalty to the Government. In the spring assignments began to be made, and slowly the Russians were concentrated into twelve districts which had been mapped out by the Secretary of State and the European Commander, districts each isolated from the next by stretches of territory which were being handed over to immigrants from the former Soviet National States and from Eastern Europe. These ~~immigrants~~<sup>immigrants</sup> were promised free usable land, as well as cultural areas protected from persecution, and there were many takers, particularly as there were so many homeless and landless refugees throughout Eastern Europe. These areas would remain nominally under the control of the Russian Government, as would the Twelve Russian Districts, but in reality each area would be autonomous. The refugee areas, called Federation Protectorates, were soon peopled completely with former Soviet Nationals and East European Immigrants and were run by these new-comers themselves, the United States playing the role of overlord and advisor. The twelve semi-autonomous Russian States each formed its own local government and bureaucracy, dividing the power of Russia into twelfths, a division that because of the relocations and loss of industry, military power, and territory, was more in the neighborhood of twelve one hundredths. Thus, centralization would be a thing of the past, and the Central Government would soon have only ceremonial functions.

In the East, China was to receive huge chunks of Russian land, as would the North Indian States to the South and the Arab States to the Southwest. In Eastern Russia, European Nations would be

carved which did more damage to Russia's territorial integrity than did the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk in 1917, and to the Northwest, a few Baltic States received considerable slices of Russian land. Therefore, with the remainder divided as it was, the Russian Nation was but a shadow of its former greatness. As the Romans had done to Macedonia, America had reduced Russia to impotence.

There was a huge slice of Russian territory which the President had set aside months earlier, planning to create one strong state in the heart of Russia. It stretched from one hundred miles East of Moscow in a diagonal slant to the Southwest reaching the Black Sea, and contained area over seven hundred miles to the East. It formed an oblong shape encompassing some of Russia's richest territory. Even the Secretary of State did not know what the President planned to do with this region.

The Russian Government did not approve of these measures but was powerless and could do little but protest. It was clear to these men that another government could be formed almost overnight from the new class of Russian Elite, those who had rushed for favors from the conquerors. In the Twelve Russian States, the ~~central~~ ~~governments~~ local governments ~~also~~ ruled <sup>The People</sup> as harshly as the centralized governments once had. To this the Russians were accustomed, and in time the War and its dislocations were forgotten. Most of the People had their own property and there were many opportunities for craftsmen and laborers in the towns. But most importantly there was no foreign interference whatsoever. These People lived their lives restricted only by their own government. The Twelve Governments, each different but each somewhat the same, made their separate bargains with the Americans to remain in power. The American demands were very simple. The ~~governments~~ were not allowed to develop any military forces beyond what was required for standard policing. These States were large, many as large as Texas, and these mini-dictators or mini-politburos had enough power to keep them satisfied. For those that transgressed the limits laid down for them, they were overthrown by order of the Russian Central Government, which had at its nominal disposal as many Federation Troops as would be required, although, of course, the President of the United States decided when to use Federation Troops. It was imperative that these Governments

never develop military power, for doing so would threaten the entire construction. However, only two Governments had to be overthrown during the President's time in Office, both of which were led by former officers of the Russian military. Most of the Leaders ~~had~~ had never been more than factory foremen or bureaucrats, and thus were satisfied with the not inconsiderable power they did possess.

Over the years the former Russian soldiers were slowly integrated into these States at the rate of approximately 100,000 men per State per year. However, more than 100,000 of these soldiers opted to join the Federation Army and were sent to do policing duty in South America, Africa, and Asia. In time, most of these men were phased out and returned home, as the Federation reduced its standing army from 8,000,000 men in 1946 to 800,000 men by 1952. At all times the United States retained over two million men in its own Armed Forces. The Russian contingent was soon the most reliable segment of the entire Federation Army, overmatching the British and <sup>at least</sup> equalling the Germans. In time, a forty-thousand man force, including a hard core of twenty-thousand Russians, was used to put down a rebellion in China, and the Russians did their brutal work so efficiently that every man involved was either promoted a rank or received dollar bonuses.

The reason why the Russians, or anyone else for that matter, fulfilled their tasks so zealously was the excellent pay and other benefits all Federation soldiers received. First from the President's personal war chest and later from the taxing system of the Federation, the Federation Army was such a lucrative opportunity that membership in it became an envied position and attracted the best and strongest young men in the World. By 1952 it was an elite corps of 800,000 men, the finest fighting machine ever assembled. Such status assured that it would seldom be used. Of course, when the President himself was supporting the army, barely 200,000 men, mostly Russians and Germans, were being paid. The rest were fulfilling one form of obligation or another.

Concerning Africa, the President and teams from the State Department were conferring with delegations from the British, French, Belgian, and Portuguese Colonies, as well as with Germans who were now dis-interested in the area and therefore gave the best advice. In fact,



two Germans who had been in Africa for a total of forty-six years between them became the State Department's closest advisors on the organization of Africa. For the time being, the President encouraged all the Colonialists to maintain order. The British understood this was to be temporary, and the French, by word of the British, understood that the United States hoped to get involved with French interests. The Belgians and the Portuguese, however, had no idea that the United States would try to strip them of their Colonies and they therefore provided information readily, thinking the United States would, if anything, aid them in their position. After all, White is White.

In Southeast Asia, the Japanese were still holding large chunks of territory, passively, however, until the Americans decided what to do with them. The French, meanwhile, were everyday demanding that Indo-China be returned to them immediately, backed by Dutch demands concerning Indonesia, and threatened to use force if necessary to regain these lands. Of course the Asians themselves did not desire the return of the Europeans, and the French would have to employ great force to recover the areas even if the Americans stepped out of the way.

The British, who had already received American clearance to step back into Malaysia to prepare it for self-government, were not adding their voices to the other Colonialists, although many private citizens and even renegade officials were doing so. The French were quickly becoming an embarrassment, however, and the President had scheduled a meeting ~~for~~ February 2nd with the new French President, whose Government was kept out of Communist hands only by the presence of American troops. Communism without the Russian State behind it was now somewhat of a joke among the inner circles of American Government, but the French Government naturally enough took it very seriously.

Concerning the Chinese, Chiang still had a large number of his troops in Russia while his home base was being undermined. The United States was secretly encouraging local warlords in the various districts to begin rebuilding their own personal power. The United States intended to see to it that there was at least ten independent districts of China, and if Chiang desired to be the Leader of one of them, that would be fine with the President. However, if he opposed this fragmentation, which it seemed he was bound to, he would have to be removed from the scene.

The United States and the British had decided that India would be the first British Colony to receive its independence, for India was the most tenuous British possession. India had also supplied the United States with almost one million soldiers in the War with Russia, in return for the promise that America would exert influence on the British for its freedom. The Secretary of State had left for India two days after the Triumph in Washington to confer with the various groups contending for power there. It was a complicated situation, and although the President had not planned to divide India as with Russia and China, it seemed that there he would have no choice. The factions, particularly those divided on religious grounds, were intractably opposed to one another, and the Secretary had sent home word that as many as five nations could have to be carved from the British Territory. Eventually that would be reduced to four. The price of Indian freedom would of course be entry into the Federation of World Unity, along with the restrictions such membership placed on each Nation. These restrictions were minimal, however, especially as the same restrictions would be applied to every Nation. As a matter of fact, however, India was enthusiastic about joining the Federation, as the benefits in terms of security, economic aid, and development were too numerous to pass up. India was a struggling Nation, and there is nowhere for a struggling Nation to turn except to those who are willing to help it. The United States of America was the only Nation in the World in a position to help anyone but themselves.

The President had met with the British Foreign Minister and had set a timetable for Indian Independence, to be granted on July 4, 1946, the same day the United States would grant independence to the Phillipines in a glorious celebration. The British were to cooperate in every way possible during the transference of interest from themselves to the United States.

In South and Central America, where the War had had little impact, things went on much as before. The United States thoroughly dominated this region, but this dominance would have to be institutionalized to ensure its continuation. To meet this need, the President called for a conference to be held May 1, 1946, which would include representatives from every State in the Western Hemisphere. The

conference would deal with the future of the Hemisphere, its direction, development, and goals. The United States would at that time organize the Federation of American Unity, an organization which would give the United States the right to intervene in any occurrence in the Hemisphere, a right which their military power afforded them but which would have to be legalized to ensure cooperation.

There was no question in the President's mind that all this could be accomplished, and there was no question in his mind that the People would go along with it. However, the Congress would perhaps be hesitant. The President still had total support from the Conservatives and opposition from the Liberals. However, the Liberals up to this point had given tacit opposition, opposing measures by vote *The temper of the Times had effectively silenced the whining of the Liberals.* but not attempting to galvanize support: ↑ The Moderates would be the key to the success of these plans in the Congress, and without Congressional support, particularly as the President needed great sums of money, his plans would be somewhat hampered. The President already had large amounts of money at his disposal from the fund the Congress had voted him at the time of the War with Russia and from the general Defense Budget. But it was more than money which caused the President to seek the support of the Congress for his World System. The plans he was making, being far in excess of the foresight of the creators of the Constitution, were of dubious constitutional propriety, and the support of the Congress in transgressing these bounds was important for the preservation of the Republic.

The President believed that the Congress could be side-stepped, so long as he had his hard-core Conservative support. He believed this because of the enormous popularity he had cultivated with the People and because of the overall Imperialistic appetite the People had come to develop. The President could convince them, he believed, to follow his path implicitly. The Corporate business interests of America, anxious to tap the World Market, were ever-ready, and with the support of the People, the Business Community, and the Military, the President could do without Congress. However, this would set a dangerous precedent for the future.

Today the President saw the need for decisive individual leadership, a leadership not excessively bound by the legislative process, a process slow and deliberate. However, once the new World System was created, he believed that the legislative process would be the key to successful Empire, for the rule of one man would degenerate

rapidly into tyranny. Therefore, he was determined to proceed with the support of the Congress, a support which would preserve Congressional power rather than destroy it. To do this he needed the full-fledged support of the Moderates, and the cozy relationship he soon developed with them paid more dividends to the President than he had originally hoped. ~~He~~ Although ~~he~~ ~~was~~ an Imperialist, the President was never a Conservative, and this <sup>seemingly</sup> contradiction would not become important until the creation was completed and was in a position to either stagnate or progress.

---

25

On February 2nd the French President was ushered into the President's Office. He had been at the celebration more than a week earlier, but had left the United States before having had an audience with the President. American diplomats apologized profusely for this oversight, saying that the President had been incredibly busy with critical affairs and somehow the meeting had not been scheduled. As it was, the President had deliberately avoided him because of his pro-Colonial comments to the Press. The diplomats had persuaded the slighted Leader to return, however, for a special consultation with the President.

He had been met by the Secretary of War at the Washington Airport, and the two men had discussed the military achievements against the Russians. The Secretary of War made it a point to praise the efforts of the French Forces which had seen action, most notably in Poland and East Germany. The Frenchman had asked the Secretary if the United States planned to support the French position that Germany should remain divided even though the Allies now controlled all of it.

"We must not forget the lessons of the last war," the Frenchman had said.

"Of course we won't," the Secretary had replied, but he reminded the Frenchman that it was the severity of French demands for war reparations in the Twenties that had helped spawn the rise of the Nazis. The Frenchman did not reply.

<sup>guard</sup> ~~He~~ The Secretary handed the French President over to a Marine ~~at~~ at the White House Gate, who escorted him in to see the Pres-

ident. The President greeted him with studied warmth, a smile, and a handshake.

"How are you, my dear man?" asked the President in a conscious imitation of his predecessor.

The Frenchman did not notice, as the President knew he wouldn't, and answered: "Quite well, thank you."

The Frenchman spoke English with a very queer accent.

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

"It is quite alright, not a bit of it," said the Frenchman, who must have learned most of his English from the <sup>French</sup> British <sup>Prime</sup> ~~Minister~~ <sup>Minister</sup>, who had also taught Hitler a word or two. "Petty bickerings we must not allow."

"That's the spirit," said the President, pouring the Frenchman a glass of wine. "California wine, Mr. President. You won't find a bottle of Italian wine in this house."

The President had shared a bottle of Italian wine the evening before with his secretary, sent with the compliments of the President's General in Rome.

"Cheers," offered the President.

"Cheers it is," answered the Frenchman, and they both drank.

"How does it compare with your own wine, Mr. President?" asked the American.

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

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

The President finished his glass, tilted his head back and laughed heartily.

"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. "Well, I'm smiling and everybody's smiling right along with me."

"The French have cause to be unhappy," said the Frenchman, a

little hesitantly but obviously restraining emotion.

"What! With all that mature wine floating about?" asked the President. "I'd think Frenchmen were bursting over with happiness."

"There is a spirit of ill-will blowing in the breeze," replied the Frenchman. "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," replied the President. "This is the Twentieth Century, not an extension of the Nineteenth. You French must think the ghost of Bonaparte still roams 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, and he poured them both more wine.

"I'm not here to exchange pleasantries, nor drink wine," <sup>shouted</sup> ~~the~~ the Frenchman, forgetting that patience makes the wheels of diplomacy roll. "We have troops at sea that can land today, right now!, on the shores of Indo-China. I want those Japanese out of there now, or else!"

"Or else what?" bellowed the President, rising from his seat. "We've got 500,000 troops in France, ~~some~~ ~~of~~ some of them dining just one minute away from your Presidential boudoir, so don't make these assenine threats. I don't think you're in any position to dictate to me. You surrendered 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. We've already met your troops in Africa, fighting for Germany, and we kicked your asses all over the desert. Next time you won't have the Nazis for support, and we'll leave your bleeding carcasses for the Africans to mutilate."

"Without our cooperation you'll never succeed," shouted the Frenchman, vexed almost to the point of tears. "We'll cause you more trouble than you ever imagined. We'll expose you to the entire World."

"I'm ripe for exposing," returned the President. "The more exposure the better. I love publicity. Ask your publishers in Paris, they give me all I can handle. And I'll tell you now, Mr. President, I am very close to picking up that phone and speaking with 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 crap to me, pal," replied the President. "I'll deal with anyone to help my Country. And I'm sure the Socialists, whom you have such a cozy alliance with, would drop you in a moment if they thought they could get the support of the United States for themselves alone. So I have my choice, whichever is most convenient. Your people are fed up with all your Capitalist and Imperialistic crap. 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 French President, stunned, sat in his chair motionless. If he were in different surroundings he would have stormed off, but where was he to go? He didn't even have any advisors with him, as the Secretary of War had taken them all on a tour of the Penatagon. He could only rush out of the White House like a fool, be photographed by all the newsmen, and have his embarassment plastered all over the French newspapers. He sat there, still as could be, and didn't say a word.

The President buzzed for his secretary, who entered immediately.

"Janet," said the President. "Could you have us brought a steak dinner please, and some French wine. The President hasn't eaten all day."

The Frenchman did not look up, but the President and his secretary exchanged a smile.

"I'm afraid we've gotten off on the wrong foot," said the President. "We'll have something to eat and calmly discuss these situations. If you face reality, you have nothing to be concerned with. France will still be strong. You will help your own People rather than being worried about others, and the United States will begin to help you with reconstruction immediately. Your time in Office will either be long and successful, and therby will you do a service for your People, or it will be short indeed, ending in humiliation, and you will have harmed your National interests by delaying United States aid and by forcing me to deal with the Communists, who, as we both know, are not the proper solution for your People." ~~ff~~ "Come, let us eat," said the President as servants began to set up the office for dining.

The French ~~President~~ looked at the President with a boyish,

sheepish smile, ~~and~~ an admission of defeat. The Frenchman was bitter inside and had resolved to get even, someday. However, he knew his political survival was dependent on cooperating with America, and he had not maneuvered himself all these years into this position only to throw it all away for the sake of some half-naked Black and Yellow skins and their French slave-whippers. He would do what was necessary, and although he didn't live long enough to truly reap the benefits of his sacrifice — he did rule for almost three years — his sacrifices were not in vain, for the Americans made the most of them. He would be replaced by a fine leader, the hero of the French resistance to Germany. However, by then there was little even he could do: Bonaparte himself needed an Army.

---

26

Toward the end of April, 1946, the President decided to make another appearance before a delegation from the Congress. In March an appropriations bill giving the President over eight billion dollars for miscellaneous administrative matters had passed through Congress by a very narrow vote. The Congressmen wanted to know exactly what the President was going to do with the money. The reply given by the President's supporters was that there was an infinite amount of organizational work to be done and that the President would have to play it by ear, one day at a time. The President had not yet allied with the Congress concerning this organizational work, and he decided that it was time to take that critical step. The fact that the bill had passed at all only more solidly proved that the Congress could be done without, for although the money was badly needed, it might just as well have been a flimsy pretext for whatever. However, as the voting was close, the President realized that there was a good deal of discontent in the Capitol due to the fact that the Congress seemed to be left out of the decision-making process.

Another factor that tied in with the President's desire to meet with the Congressmen was that many were now complaining about the seeming death of the United Nations, a body that had been created in the late stages of 1944 and the early part of 1945. It had met



in full session only twice, and those meetings had been two days in succession. The first meeting saw the World Community brand the Russians as the aggressors in the late war and the second session saw various Nations and National groups pledge troops for the war, and also saw the President make secret pledges to a number of National groups in Africa, Asia, and the Middle East as to the gaining of their freedom from the Colonialists after the war. Since those two sessions, only informal gatherings had taken place, and not since October had there been any activity at all in the United Nations building in New York. The President had early decided to do away with the United Nations and had only used it as it served his political purposes. However, many Congressmen were upset by the United Nation's death and wanted an explanation.

The President and the Secretary of State, along with the Attorney General and the Secretary of War, and with the tacit approval of Senator Miller and the Congressional Hierarchy, had long been planning a totally new organizational basis for a World Political System. Although many factors were bound to influence the final product, including the degree of cooperation from the Colonialists, the outline of the plan had been formed. The President had the choice, particularly since he had received such a large sum of money in March, of slowly building this system without the cooperation of Congress and presenting it as a finished, or half-finished, product, or of including the Congress in his plans and joining with them in the creation. Both strategies had their advantages and drawbacks, but because of the considerations mentioned earlier, the President decided not to weaken the power of the Congress even if there was the risk of opposition. To counter such a risk, the President planned to appeal to the People at the same time as to the Congress. To add the Congressional Bureaucracy to the Executive Bureaucracy in maintaining the Federation would enhance the balance and longevity of the system, even if reducing efficiency. By dealing directly with the Congress, he would be able to answer for the sudden death of the United Nations as well as give them some impetus into the most significant institutional creation since the Constitutional Convention.

The President again met with 150 members of the Congress, and the distribution of Senators and Congressmen, opponents, supporters, and moderates was about the same. Since the time of the last meeting, however, the President had gained over to his side at least fifty per-

cent of the moderates who had previously been non-committal. This was in fact the major reason the appropriations bill passed, for without the support of the moderates nothing in Congress could be accomplished. Thus, although the makeup of the Congressional delegation was much the same as before, it was far more a delegation of Presidential supporters and sympathizers than it had been previously. In fact, invitation to these Presidential gatherings had become a sign of elite status in the Congress, and anyone invited engendered more respect thereby. Thus, attitudes were shaped favorably from the start.

Included on the guest list was Senator Thomason, who could be expected to raise some troubling questions. The President was offered the opportunity to have Thomason's name removed from the invitation list, but he flatly refused. It was not that opposition did not bother the President, for deep inside any opposition rankled him severely, but he had come to respect the Senator as an adversary. ~~the~~ 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 as to the fact that they were political enemies, and the Senator was even being mentioned as a possible candidate for the Presidency in 1948. This did not bother the President, however, for unless some serious misfortunes occurred, he would win in 1948 by a landslide.

The men <sup>were seated</sup> ~~was~~ in the same room as they had in July and the same format would be observed: the President would make opening remarks, ~~the~~ field questions from the Congressmen, and lunch would be served where private and amicable discussions could take place. The main difference with this meeting, however, was that the President's opening remarks would be broadcast by radio nationwide. The question and answer session, as well as the last portion of the President's speech, would not be broadcast.

Again the Senate Republican Leader introduced the President and evryone stood to greet him. The President strode up to the podium and began to speak.

"Goodday, Friends in the Congress," he began. "The reason this meeting has been arranged is because 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 that such a relationship presently exists, and I myself feel that there is something lacking in the degree of cooperation between our two Branches of Government. I regard this state of affairs as unfortunate and am here today to set us both on the right path, the path that has all of us traveling in the same direction and with the same purpose."

"Now this is not to say that 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 been seeing honorably to the sacred duty which the voters of America have entrusted to you. The Congress has been extremely helpful in many critical areas and will continue to be so, I am sure, in the future. What I believe we lack right now is the feeling of camaraderie, of joint venture, of same purpose that we might share."

"The Founding Father's created opposing Branches of Government not so they could work in total coordination but so they could balance one another. However, it is crucial that the Congress and the President are never working at cross-purposes. There is no room in our Governmental System for jealousy or envy of one Branch for the other. It is our patriotic responsibility to work for the same goals, to move in one direction, and to cooperate in such a manner that the task of governing, which is a task growing more complex every day, is smooth and unlikely to cause internal conflict."

"I say the task is becoming more difficult because, as we all know, this Nation has been in a process of incredible growth, and new problems and considerations are presenting themselves daily. Not only are we confronted with problems of increasing magnitude concerning the internal sphere, but the greater sphere, the World itself, is crying for solutions to the critical problems that have arisen. At another time in our history, after the First World War, the World was in a state of chaos somewhat similar to the one we find ourselves facing today. I say 'somewhat similar' because the chaos of today greatly overshadows that which existed after the First World War. The United States at that time assumed a position of non-interference with the problems of the World, which soon enough became the problems of the United States."

"I am not here to argue the relative merits of that decision.

It was made by men of patriotic sensibilities and moral courage, men who were convinced that what they were doing was for the best interests of the Nation. In fact, because of the relative immaturity of the United States at that time, I cannot wholly fault these men, for the United States was like a strong, virile adolescent, physically almost prepared to accept the responsibilities of World Leadership — for indeed we did spell the deciding factor in the First World War — but emotionally perhaps not ready to take upon the problems that seemed capable of being solved only by adults. However, I need not remind you of the sickness that grew out of this chaos, a sickness which eventually almost stripped us all of our freedom: only sickness can grow from a cesspool of pestilence. Again, whether or not the United States could have purified that cesspool at that time is questionable. However, today we find ourselves in a situation much like the earlier one but with a decided difference. The Giants of the World have been toppled, and the United States, earlier a mere child, is now a strong young man ready to grab at the reigns of leadership. The chaos of today is much worse than the chaos after the First World War, and thus it only stands to reason that out of this worse sickness will emerge an even greater threat to the freedom of Mankind. As President of the United States, charged to uphold the Constitutional privileges of every citizen in the Nation, it is my duty to prevent such a threat from ever occurring again, "or at least so much as it is in my power to do so."

"Now this last phrase, 'so much as it is in my power to do so,' has been used as an attempt to deny responsibility innumerable times throughout the course of history. Men who have the responsibility to provide for their Peoples sometimes feel themselves insignificant before the forces of Fate and Destiny. Well, Gentlemen, I do not feel this insignificance. I know in my own heart what can be done in this World and what cannot be done. Therefore, to accept anything less than what I know to be possible would be to let down the People of this Nation, the United States of America, 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 he, because of temerity, because of fear of failure, because of a lack of courage, or insight, or ability, allowed his Nation to pursue a path which endangered its future and prepared it for destruction. And I would be saying these words to you

today, my friends, even were not the Atomic Bomb actually a cloud of certain annihilation hanging over our heads, for to relinquish now the responsibilities of World Organization would be to all but guarantee that within a short period of time other Nations, intrinsically more evil and hostile than the United States, would possess this weapon and could thereby threaten not only the Peace of the Peoples of the World but of the United States itself. It is easy to say that we merely have to keep ahead of these competitors to be safe, but this is a risk I cannot, and as patriots I know you cannot, allow to take place."

"I have had expressed to me on many occasions the disappointments of various members of the Congress as to the withering away of the United Nations. To this I can only say that I did not believe the United Nations was in the best interests of the United States. But I have now cast aside a valuable tool in the quest for a stable World Order without replacing it with another. And that is why I have come to speak with you this afternoon, about a task which must be undertaken by both our Branches of Government if it is to succeed. But before I begin to give specifics, specifics which will indeed be very scanty, for as you know, consolidation is a time-weary process which entails much bending with the wind and compromise — but not compromise on any issues which relate to the security of the United States — I want you all to remember that the future of our sons and daughters lies with the decisions made in these momentous times, and I know everyone in this room will not want his great-grandchildren to look at his picture on the wall and say: 'Yes, he was a good man, but he did not have the courage to provide our Nation with the future that it could have had.'"

Heavy applause filled the room, and it was at this point that radio coverage was ended.

"My friends in the Congress, I am not presenting you today with a completed form that must be adhered to. I am sharing with you the skeleton, the bare bones, of the system we will together create. I will be most interested in your comments and suggestions, both today at lunch and anytime you feel the desire to relay your thoughts to me. As you know, when I am personally not available, my White House aids are most perfunctory in relaying messages to me, part-

icularly from my former colleagues in the Congress. The details of these plans will be <sup>more</sup> available as time goes by, after <sup>having</sup> consulted with many of you and after having made arrangements with the States of the World. As you can well imagine, secrecy, at times, is a key element. The radio broadcast has ended, so anything we say now is in the strictest confidence, I am sure."

"Now the large edifice of the United Nations, as an organization which embodied the interests of every State in the World, but most ridiculously only one-quarter of the People, is going to be roughly paralleled by what we may call the Federation of World Unity. This organization will be based right here in Washington, at our convenience, and not in New York. Ultimately, all the decision-making of this body will be made by the pre-existing organs of the United States Government, with the matters under consideration being undertaken by the Branch of Government which would normally undertake such matters as if they were of concern to the United States alone. Any conflicts arising between the two Branches may be amicably settled, as they always have been, by the Supreme Court. The major body of this Federation will be, as of now, the World Council. This will be concerned with the Peace and Welfare of the entire World. It will be comprised of one delegate from every State in the World Community. All resolutions will be passed by majority vote, unlike the elaborate and ridiculous procedures of the United Nations. However, all passed resolutions are not to be enforced per se but are to be sent to the United States Government, in the manner I have already described, as recommendations for action. In effect, then, the World Council will be an advisory body. But before any say that it is toothless, I think it would be in the United States' interest to view seriously any recommendation made by the majority of the World Community, and in that way does the organ have sufficient power."

"Under this framework, as an integral part of it, is a separate set-up, more administrative in nature, for Europe and the Western Hemisphere. This will be the subject of my meeting next month, a meeting which some of you in this room will be invited to as participants, not observers, with the States of the Western Hemisphere. This organization tentatively will be called the Federation of American Unity. I'll speak more in depth on this to the Congressmen who will

join me at the Conference, and they will relay the information on to the rest of you. Again, nothing can be certain until it is consummated. There will be, however, a body which may be called the Inter-American Council, which will be comprised of delegates from all the American States and which will, in a similar manner as will the World Council, make recommendations to the United States Government, which will itself be the head of the Federation of American Unity. A similar body will be created for Europe, although in this case there will be no direct tie-in with the United States Government, although I suspect we will desire to exert our influence there most heavily. Administratively, the Federation will be divided into the Americas, Europe, Africa, the Middle East, Southern Asia, China, and Northern Asia, with one district for miscellaneous islands and protectorates. Although the latter sections will not have formal bodies commensurate with the Federation of American Unity or The United States of Europe, each area will have a Capitol City and an informal framework for the resolution of local problems that are not dealt with in the World Council. Every Nation in the World will be very much autonomous in Domestic Matters, relieving the United States of the burden of running the World except where there are flagrant cases of disorder or injustice. However, every Nation will bow to the Federation of World Unity, or shall we say The United States, in matters of the military, international trade, travel, ~~and~~ communication, and in financial crises. I will try to give more details about these organizations, as well as the latest progress on the organization of Russia, which will, incidentally, be included in both the European and the Northern Asian sectors, during lunch and in the weeks succeeding."

"Now I'm sure this all seems a bit sketchy right now, and I'll be glad to clear up any misconceptions, although such questions would probably be better handled in private, or over lunch, than in this question and answer type arrangement. But I will answer any questions now."

The President paused for a reply; there was none. The delegates from the Congress were both starstruck and impressed. There really weren't any supporters of the President who cared to bother him about details which he would be divulging soon anyway, both in the

friendly informal lunch and at the conferences with small groups of Congressmen, each man hoping to be included in the select groups.

The President's political enemies, however, were not complacent but merely not in the proper atmosphere to voice their resentments at this naked Imperialism. They were, after all, politicians, and the art of politics lies in not opening your mouth if it will not serve some useful purpose.

"Well, we can pursue any questions during lunch," the President ended, after waiting for over ten seconds for a Congressional query.

Over two hours were spent with lunch, which might more properly be called a Roman Feast. Congressmen were enjoying this indulgence, and the President was even more amiable than usual, speaking of the progress in Russia, his meeting with the French President, over which nearly everyone had a laugh, and the state of discontent in Asia, Africa, and elsewhere. Wine was abundant, and many of these Congressmen would be forced to catch a few hours of sleep in their offices before returning home to their families.

The day had been perfect for the President. Not only did his plans seem to have solid support in the Congress but the Nationwide radio broadcast had had a large audience, and most were impressed with the President's case. The People were happy: there were no more American casualties coming in from anywhere in the World except for an occasional G.I. bushwacked in Russia, China, or Germany; war-time restrictions were beginning to be eased, and the future promised only unlimited prosperity.

The President, upon making his exit, walked slowly with a group of his supporters. Near the doorway they were confronted by Senator Thomason and three of his political allies. The Senator had apparently not desired to challenge the President again but could not restrain the anger which had been growing throughout the lunch. The Senator was ~~was~~ a very good man, conscientious in his duty, loyal to his Country, and sensitive to his moral obligations. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> ~~was~~ did not believe in Imperialism or the forcing of other Peoples to do the bidding of the United States. His philosophy was, more or less, live and let live. He could not see where the United States got the right to tell other Peoples how to run their lives. By what right did the United States interfere in the business of others?



The Senator boldly advanced to the President and said: "It seems you want to take over the World and control everybody in it. Well what if you do? How long can you hold these People? You can't hold them forever."

The President was taken aback by this assault, but not nearly so much as were his supporters. The men gathered around the President turned to look upon the Senator and then back to the President for his reply. All the other men in the room, though not surrounding the action, had grown quiet and could hear what was being said.

"Forever? What's forever?" asked the President. "Our lifetime? Twenty lifetimes? A trillion lifetimes? Let's not talk in ridiculous terms. Nothing is forever."

The President glanced around him and 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! That chaos will come again is not significant. It's as if saying that although you may be starving, there's no sense in eating because you'll only get hungry again."

The President's firmest supporters laughed at the joke, and other of his supporters were happy with the reply, but most could feel that the confrontation wasn't over.

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

"How unconstitutional?" asked the President.

"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 . . ."

The President, sensing the direction of his attack, jumped on him before he could finish.

"What is this Office anyway?" the President shouted in a genuine burst of emotion, a burst that was so convincing that noone in the room doubted its sincerity. "The President can do this! The President can do that! I'm goddamn sick and tired of hearing what the

President can and can't do. What is this Office anyway? It 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 trying to tie me to the gravestones of another World. Don't call me President if you don't want. Call me whatever you desire. We've got a job to do and we'll get it done."

Throughout the room could be felt both silent opposition and silent admiration. No man, for or against, dared to speak. Strangely enough, although the Senator's attack had wounded the confidence of some of the President's more luke-warm supporters, one of the men most impressed with the President's retort was Senator Thomason himself. Although the President had not convinced him of the propriety of his intended actions, his outburst, coming as emotionally as it did, was obviously from the heart and could not but impress the Senator. He had 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 was never laid.

The room was silent, and as usual the President felt both the need and the obligation to say more. However, he had already regained his composure.

"Senator," continued the President, "you understand politics as well as I. And I respect your concern for the Republic, for the Constitution. I think you'd agree with me when I say that any fool can subvert a Republic — look how often it's happened! It's easier to destroy or ignore than to create or adhere. We have a Republic," and here the President's voice suddenly boomed loud over the entire room, only to return to the quiet and respectful tone with which he had begun the last discourse, "a Glorious Republic, and we're going to 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."

With that the President left the room, followed by various Congressmen. Senator Thomason stood frozen among his comrades, saying nothing. He remembered reading in college what Benjamin Franklin had said upon the ratification of the Constitution. 'You've got a Republic,' Franklin had said, 'if you can keep it.' Strangely, Senator Thomason felt closer to the President right then than he ever had before, or ever would again for a number of years.

---

It was the last week in June, and so far everything was set for the celebration of Indian Independence, scheduled for July 4th. Except for a two-week period of British intransigence, apparently as a result of a relapse by the Prime Minister into the role of Emperor, the British had been totally cooperative in the matter. The Secretary of State, and a literal army of State Department personnel, had been in India for almost a month straight, pounding the different parties into agreement on the institutional set up the Nations were to have. There were to be four major States carved out of the British Territory, the largest to be called India and the second largest Pakistan. On the Southeastern border of India would be Bengali and to the North a loose confederation of eleven small States called the North Indian States.

British military personnel and the British-led Indian security forces continued to keep order, but virtually all Englishmen would be evacuated by July 6th. Elections had been held for the Parliament the first week in June. It had not been England's insistence that there be a Parliament, it had only seemed natural, and the British were rightfully proud of the development. The Secretary of State had reached agreement with the Prime Minister-Elect of India, Mohatma Ghandi, on the number of Indian Security Forces the United States deemed it necessary to maintain order. Beyond that, the Federation of World Unity would assume all responsibility for the security of India. In return for this, the Indian Nation pledged to provide the Federation with 500,000 men to serve in the Federation Army until 1949. Thereafter the number of troops needed was to be reviewed every five years, although by 1950 the Federation Army was totally voluntary. In fact, there were already far more than 500,000 Indians serving, making the new commitment actually a reduction. India also agreed to abide by the guidelines to be adopted by all members of the Federation, which were that freedom of international trade, travel, and communication could not be restricted and that all matters of international concern were to be voiced in the World Council.

The restrictions were minimal and the benefits maximal. The burden of maintaining an armed force for security from aggression was relieved, allowing the resources of the State to be used for peaceful

purposes. The Prime Minister, who was by far the most popular man in India, was himself a pacifist, and the agreement to join the Federation seemed a wise one, particularly as the only other option was a continuation of British rule, <sup>with</sup> the British being ~~opposed~~<sup>opposed</sup> by the Americans. Such a decision seemed wise, for one reason or another, to every Nation in the World by the end of 1947. ~~■~~ The President had set September 25, 1946 as the date of the first session of the World Council.

On June 28th, the Secretary of State had flown to London to give the British Prime Minister details concerning the forthcoming United States of Europe. The Prime Minister, whether he was in one of his periods of regression or whether this new proposal was indeed repugnant to him, had spoken sharply with the Secretary of State and had wired the President on the 29th that under no circumstances would the United Kingdom become a party to such a plan, and that even the independence of India was in jeopardy, not to mention the areas of British control in Africa and Asia. The President had half-expected such a response, although the Prime Minister's assertion of 'under no circumstances' did indeed stun <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~.

On June 30th, however, the President was scheduled to meet with the French Foreign Minister at the White House to iron-out plans for the French entry into the Federation of World Unity and the then-secret United States of Europe. The Secretary of State had stopped in Paris on his return from London to acquaint the French President with the desires of the United States, with much greater success. Had the French President and the British Prime Minister schemed together, events might have been far different, but the two Nations were at odds, as they often were, particularly due to the <sup>prior</sup> British refusal to back the French Colonial demands. The major fear the French had of the plan, aside from the autonomy they would lose thereby, was the inclusion of a unified-German State as a full member. On the 29th the President had decided to appease the French on this issue, and not merely divide Germany in half, as it had been divided when the Russians controlled half the Nation, but into thirds. The French Foreign Minister, who had come prepared to accept the President's offer if either Germany were divided or, unbeknownst to the President, if Paris were to be made the Capitol of the European Federation, was elated to hear that the President had bowed to French

sensibilities, and he agreed on the spot to the French participation.

The French were not only motivated by the power of the United States and their need for reconstruction aid but also by the fact that the elimination of defense expenditure except for internal security functions would release billions of dollars which the Government could use for social programs, which would in turn defuse the threat of a Communist victory in the coming elections. France would be vulnerable without a strong military, but they were guaranteed the protection of the United States. For protection against the United States itself, the issue was a ~~point~~<sup>must</sup> point: France was swarming with American soldiers. The Foreign Minister pressed the point about Paris becoming the Capitol, to which the President replied that it was not likely, but that 'anything's possible.'

Thus, on June 30th the President and the French Foreign Minister posed for the Press of the World and signed the document, long since prepared, 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. The two men smiled and shook hands, and on the morning of July 1st their pictures were splattered all over the front pages of the London papers.

The stakes for the British Prime Minister were clear. If he continued to hold out, England would see European Domination pass clearly to the French, who would be protected unilaterally by the United States Military and who would receive economic aid which would boost their economy to the point of overtaking the British. With France, Germany, Russia, and Italy in its corner, the United States was bound to gain the support of the rest of Europe as well. The Prime Minister had actually already given up hope of holding on to the Colonies with the United States flaming rebellion, and thus continued intransigence would isolate Britain completely from the World Community, which would collapse the economy and perhaps even the Government. However, the Prime Minister had already taken somewhat of a masochistic delight in picturing the United Kingdom as the only Nation in the World standing outside the Federation, much as Britain had stood alone against Hitler until the Germans invaded Russia. Thus, the Prime Minister was both leery of the consequences of his holdout and defiant of the United States to try and make him act differently.

Throughout July 1st, the Prime Minister was continually annoyed by queries from members of Parliament and Industrial Leaders as to the nature of the agreement between France and the United States and England's official position on the matter. On July 2nd, a lesser State Department Official paid a visit to the British Prime Minister to gauge his reaction to the French-American deal. The Prime Minister was in a particularly miserable mood, and cast the man out of his office after threatening to sabotage the Independence Day festivities on the 4th. Of course the British could make matters uncomfortable, but they could not prevent the event. However, the Prime Minister had no intention of provoking the President by making matters sticky in regard to India. They had earlier reached substantial agreement and he had hope that they would do so once more, if neither side over-reacted. The Prime Minister was determined, though, not to back down. He waited patiently for time to bring a solution.

Of the Fourth of July in India, pandemonium was the chief characteristic of the celebration. All day the People drank alcoholic and spiritual juices and paraded around the streets, occasionally listening to speeches by newly-elected members of Parliament. Everywhere there were Indian Flags raised, as the People had torn down all the British Flags, though out of meriment, not bitterness. The Americans, through the offices of the British Consulate in New Delhi, had distributed thousands of Federation Flags, which portrayed the Earth in the center of a background of blue, surrounded by red stars. There had even been rumors that the President of the United States, who was universally believed to be the procurer of Indian Freedom, would make an appearance. Noone knew where the rumor had started — perhaps it had been a spontaneous occurrence — but there were many British who believed that the Americans themselves had begun the rumors.

On July 3rd, the President left the United States for the first time since he had been sworn into Office. He landed that day in Tokyo for a consultation with the Pacific Commander, who was in the process of re-working the Japanese Government, and left in the early hours of the 4th for New Delhi, first stopping to give a speech in the Phillipines to commemorate their Independence. At 6:00 P.M. the President was driven to the British Consulate Building where he

secured a translator for his speech. He was escorted by British and American security officers to Ghandi Square, where over 350,000 people had squeezed in to hear the good-bye speech of the British Indian Governor. The President, whose picture had been seen everywhere in India over the last few months, was recognized immediately.

The President began his remarks by congratulating the Indian People for earning their freedom as a result of the heroic actions their military forces had fought in Southern Russia. He praised the Parliamentary System that had been set up and he praised the Indian Prime Minister, whom he had never met and never would meet. After speaking in the same vein for over ten minutes, the President said:

"There was some question as to whether the British would go along with all this, but I told the fat devil that if he didn't get into line we'd kick his ass from here to Timbuktu."

As the comment was translated, a slow murmur rose from the assemblage, and as the People realized that it was not going to be heresy to laugh publicly at the British Prime Minister, the murmur rose into an avalanche of cheering, laughing, and frustration-releasing hysteria. The British in the audience did not share in this merriment.

As the rumble finally began to subside, the President added: "Now don't quote me on that."

Once again, as 350,000 souls felt the same exhilarating disbelief in oncoming abandon, the murmur rose into an earth-shattering crescendo. They surely had been two skillful translations!

The crowd had begun to chant 'Jack-sun! Jack-sun!', and thousands more began to press from the outside, hearing of the President's appearance. The President strode confidently, cheerfully, from the platform and embraced two aids from behind, one arm to each man.

"Don't let any newsreels out on this," said the President. "The newspaper coverage will be plenty."

The three men disappeared into the British Consulate Building as the crowd rampaged amidst Indian and Federation Flags and spectacular glaring fireworks.

As could have been expected, the Prime Minister was in an even worse mood on the 5th of July than he had been on the 2nd. He felt personally humiliated as well as enraged. However, there was

always the possibility that the news reports were mistaken, and the President would himself say that he had been terribly misquoted. The message did indeed have an effect, however — a salutary effect.

The Prime Minister now felt himself out on a ledge, and although he was still defiant, he now felt as if he were permanently isolated and had no choice whether to be defiant or not.

The President had spent the Fifth of July in Kiev, visiting his European Commander. He was travelling with his secretary and the usual contingent of State Department, Military, and Security personnel. However, he had also brought along three members of the Congress, two from the House and all three Moderates, none of whom had ever received special favors from the President beyond inclusion on key Federation Committees.

On the Sixth of July the President arrived in London. Needless to say, the Prime Minister was shocked to hear the news, and sent the Foreign Secretary to meet him at the airport. The President met with the Prime Minister that evening, and by then the British Leader had cooled significantly. In fact, he treated the Indian affair rather as a joke.

The President was in a supreme position in regard to the Prime Minister. His policies had gained a great boost with the enlistment of the French, and his personal success two days earlier did not need to be elaborated upon: the President was becoming as popular around the World as he was in the United States! However, the President arrived carrying not only the olive branch, but a miniature tree. He explained to the Prime Minister the facts behind the United States of Europe, some of which the Prime Minister had misunderstood. He explained that the price of capturing the French was the division of Germany. As the representation on the Inter-European Council would be proportionate to population, this would ensure the French the largest vote. However, the President was willing to make the voting requirement that England would have an equal vote with whichever State had the largest population. As the Prime Minister had not been desirous of allowing the United States to have voting members on the Council, the President offered to employ non-voting observers only.

The President spoke of how the French were eager to have Paris as the Capitol City. He had been planning to make Vienna the



Capitol, the President said, but had decided that London would make the better choice overall. <sup>Actually, the President himself had wanted to make Kiev the European Capital, but he was ready to sacrifice the part for the whole.</sup> And to top matters off, he said that he was prepared to allow the United Kingdom to be the only State in the World to maintain its own international Navy as a means of guaranteeing the security of its commercial enterprises. Although no large Army would be allowed, the President would allow the English to maintain a 50,000 man expeditionary force to protect their overseas investments. And after he had floored the Prime Minister with these proposals, although the Prime Minister did not betray any emotion, the President offered to allow the British to hold Hong Kong and Singapore, their prestigious Asian ~~States~~ <sup>Colonies</sup>, in perpetuity, and to continue to maintain their naval base in Singapore, including facilities for aircraft and submarines.

After these proposals, the Prime Minister, suddenly finding himself not an outsider in the international arena but definitively the Second State in the World, stood and walked over to the liquor cabinet, poured two ~~glasses~~ <sup>tumblers</sup> of brandy, and clinked glasses with the President.

The next day the two men signed the necessary papers before the eyes of the World, smiling and laughing, 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 had joined the Federation of World Unity and the United States of Europe — of course to join one you had to join both — and they too would come around before long. There were still numerous boundary problems to be adjusted ~~and some were in the State of Affairs~~, and even new States to be created, but for all intents and purposes the President had Europe in his back pocket. And as Hitler had so astutely observed, when you've got Europe, you've got the World.

---

#### IV. FIRE AND RAIN

28

By the end of 1947 the World had been delivered from chaos. There were still problems on different fronts to be dealt with, but in most places ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~life~~ life had begun to assume a breezy regularity, indicating that the sickness and instability had been purged and the activities which comprise normal human endeavor had taken the fore. No longer were human beings murdering other human beings for no apparent reason other than that was what seemed to be the thing to do.

As of 1946 there was but one Judge to determine the relative merits of parties coming into conflict, and because the Judge's determination was loaded with the weight of certainty, even if in fact and not in right, conflicting parties had no course but to accept. As the human being is a proud animal, sometimes to his advantage and sometimes to his detriment, there were isolated bodies of people who could not accept the decision of the Judge, and, as did the Jews at Masai, they determined to make a last stand. In time, these groups, sometimes a tribe, sometimes a tiny nation of people, were neutralized as threats to World peace. If they pursued their course non-violently, ~~they~~ slowly they withered and abandoned their cause, victims of neglect, disuse, or various forms of pressure. If, however, they pursued their course violently, or if their non-violence caused dislocation for the majority group, dislocation caused by economic or merely prestige considerations — just as the Catholic Church at one time could tolerate no dissent, so Nations could not permit heresy to exist openly on their own territory — they were crushed by force and either all killed or imprisoned, to be divided up at a convenient time and in a convenient location. However, these fanatics were few and far-between. Almost any National group, as small as 50,000 people, were granted Protected Homelands in the Russian Districts. Most, when facing destruction, chose to move. Others, more religious or more stupid, were destroyed.

By December, 1946, nearly every recognized Nation in the World had joined the Federation of World Unity. However, not even half the World was yet included. The final boundary settlements in Russia and

China were not completed until mid-1947, and the status of the major portion of Africa had likewise been unsettled. After a time Africa was divided into Federation Territories, to remain governed in that fashion until the State Department and the World Council could concentrate on the area and divide it into nations in a manner that would not be totally trial and error. Egypt and the Sudan, former British Territories, were by then totally independent and were full-fledged members of the Federation. Likewise, the Republic of South Africa, the only independent White Nation on the Continent, had joined as a full member. The British, who had had a large stake in the area, had totally washed their hands of it by 1946. Otherwise, all of the British and French areas were divided into Territories. The North African Territory had its headquarters in Algiers and was still administered by the French while boundary disputes were being discussed in the Colonial Liquidation Committee of the World Council. The West African Territory was being jointly administered by the French and the British, as they both possessed large segments of land there. The Southwest African Territory, previously controlled by Germany, was being administered by German-Africans under the supervision of the Colonial Liquidation Committee. The East African Territory was being administered by the British. Ethiopia and Liberia, the only African Nations to escape Colonization, had been admitted to the Federation in August, 1946. Belgium continued to rule the Belgian Congo with the approval of the United States, as did Portugal continue to rule Angola and Mozambique. However, with the Colonial Liquidation Committee hard at work, and with the British, and tacitly the French, having already agreed to abandon their Colonies, both Nations realized that their rule would be of short duration.

The Colonial Liquidation Committee was comprised of representatives of the United States, England, France, and the African Territories, chaired by the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. Almost every prominent leader in Africa had been invited to participate, or at least testify, at the hearings. The Committee would ultimately recommend to the World Council the size and number of nations that should be formed out of the Colonial Territories in Africa. After the Council had approved a blueprint, the recommendation would be passed along to the President, whereupon he, along with the Secretary of State and the newly-created Senate and House

sub-Committees on African Affairs, divisions of the House and Senate Committees on World Security, would work with the State Department and adopt a final plan and order its implementation.

When the President and his associates had finished their work in the summer of 1947, it had been decided that twenty-seven nations would exist in Africa, including the Territories then controlled by the Belgians and the Portuguese. From October 1946 to May 1947 the State Department had been principally concerning itself with the affairs of Eastern Europe and Asia. By June, 1947, attention was focused on Africa, as institutional systems and various factions were chosen to head these states, drawn to a great extent from the original recommendations from the Colonial Committee but investigated separately by Congressional and State Department personnel. At one time, Federation Troops numbering almost two million were stationed in various areas of Africa to enforce Federation Territorial decisions, consisting mainly of Chinese, Indian, Russian, and South American troops under American and European Command. Native Africans caused the least amount of trouble, as all but the most fanatic and extreme fragmentary groups rejoiced in the Independence celebrations. It was the European settlers that had to be forcibly driven from their property in many instances, ~~causing a great deal of trouble~~ ~~and~~ ~~causing~~ ~~trouble~~ ~~in~~ ~~many~~ ~~instances~~ actions with provoked considerable protest from extreme conservatives in the United States as well as from many European Nations. One-third of the area known as South Rhodesia, however, had been preserved for White settlers, the Southernmost area bordering on South Africa, forming Africa's second White Nation. Otherwise, all the Central and South African States were handed over to Black authorities, who of course relied heavily upon European and American advisers in economic and administrative matters. Every new Nation contributed a share of its young men to serve in the Federation Army, although many had been serving since 1945. Most of these men were equipped and semi-trained in Saudi Arabia and later stationed in various locations around the World. Of the 1.3 million African men in the Federation Army in 1947, all but 45,000 were phased out by 1952.

Both the Belgians and the Portuguese were allowed to retain considerable holdings in their former territories, holdings which would, however, revert to Native State ownership over various periods



removed themselves from Malaya, except for their presence in Singapore. Afghanistan, which had been doubled in size as a result of the addition of former Soviet territory, formed the Westernmost boundary of the Southern Asian States. India was, of course, the first member of the Southern Asian States to join the Federation, and New Delhi was made the Capitol. The Capitols of the Divisions were largely ceremonial, although special embassies for each State were maintained, informal gatherings of diplomats took place, and representatives of the United States Government often met with the leaders of these Nations in the Capitol to settle affairs outside of the normal Federation machinery.

The President had faced opposition in freeing 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 most of the Conservatives—who understood politics better than their one-dimensional Conservative brothers —, the Moderates, and all of the Liberals, a shocking turnabout. Conservative opponents had argued to the American People that freeing Asia, and Africa, would squander all the sacrifices of the War. *Although many were worried that even American possessions in the Pacific might be endangered by the War.* To stifle internal opposition, the President gave a live broadcast to the Nation from the Congress the night before he left *Asian Nationalism. The President was committed on the matter. In fact, it was the major policy of the President which owed its inspiration to his predecessor, who had called the torch of anti-colonialism* for Manila in the Philippines to address the assembled delegates of Asia and the Asian People. 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. Here we are, the successors to the European Colonialists: shall we be the same as our predecessors? All of Asia looks toward 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, but that is a misguided belief. Treat them as brothers, as free men, as Human Beings! and we shall see where their loyalty falls. The balance of power lies strictly with the West, but the teeming multitudes of Asia will someday bury us with revolution unless we learn to live together today. Crush them with

force? Yes, we can do it. With our power we can enslave them for hundreds of years. But what then? Shall we leave a legacy of hatred and human bondage to our children or one of peace, friendship, and brotherhood amongst all Peoples? In 1863 Abraham Lincoln removed the stain of slavery ~~from~~<sup>from</sup> our own Nation; today, almost a full Century later, we shall strike a similar blow for the enslaved Peoples of the World, for the benefits of slavery can never wash clean the blackness of a tyrant's soul. 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. The speech he gave in Manilla 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 President's speech began. "The long war against Japanese enslavement is over. I stand among men who have fought back to back with Americans in the bloody trenches of Luzon, Corregidor, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa, men sparked by one desire only, that of freedom and independence for their Peoples. I stand among the Asians as a White Man, a man carrying the burdens of his People's unfortunate mistakes over the Centuries. Yet everywhere I look I see the gleam of hope in the eyes of Asia, hoping against 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~~<sup>Nations</sup> 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 our new international security system, designed 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 all dreamed of and 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 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! I believe that 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, to the Freedom of all the Peoples of the World, and that together we shall stand united and reap the harvest that freedom's nature affords. Thank you my brothers."

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. ~~and~~ The President left Asia for the United States ~~as~~ 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 on the throne of Heaven.

The States of China, which as a result of competing claims by various war-lords, were not totally established until 1948. However, the boundaries had been tenuously laid with the provision that amendments could be made in the World Council, and all the States of China had entered the Federation by September 1947. China had been divided into twelve autonomous States, and had been enlarged by territory from the Soviet Union. To the West, China now extended to forty miles East of Tashkent, where lay the boundary between China and Afghanistan. Slightly to the North of Tashkent, Chinese Territory now extended all the way to the Aral Sea, which China now shared with Iran, the Northern Boundaries being just South of the former city of Stalisk. To the boundaries of Mongolia, which was one of the Twelve Divisions of China, were added hundreds of thousands of square miles to the North, including all of Lake Baikal. The State of Manchuria was extended by a diagonal line running from its Westernmost Boundary across to the deepest indentation of the Sea of Okhotsk.



Chiang, after wrapping-up his operations in Russia, surprised everyone involved when he agreed to rule but one Chinese State. This was only after, however, he found himself opposed by six war-lords who had each built considerable independent military strength with the help of the United States. *In fact, with his own troops fed, kept, and equipped by the United States, Chiang's only realistic alternative to submission or death would be to abdicate political responsibility completely, an honorable course some mistakenly predicted for him.* The Communists were granted control of a huge Chinese State surrounding the source of the Yellow River, but were effectively land-locked. Manchuria, which had been evacuated by the Japanese in late 1946, was handed over to a seventh war-lord by American Forces in January 1947. This ruler was able to make use of all the abandoned Japanese and Russian military equipment, as well as three-fourths of the American. American dollars bought him his army and his throne. The more remote States, such as Tibet, and which had not been added to the North Indian States, were not contested over and were set-up governmentally by State Department officials and members of the Congressional sub-Committees on Chinese Affairs in cooperation with the local Peoples.

Chiang ruled the most prestigious Chinese State, which included the Divisional Capitol, Peking. Each State was allowed to maintain more than quadruple the amount of troops legitimately needed for internal security purposes, as Chiang, and other war-lords, could not be trusted to be content with the present boundary positions. There was always the possibility that Chiang would launch another unification campaign, and thus the maintenance of sufficient strength by each Divisional Leader was critical for deterrence. Of course, Federation Forces were stationed strategically to counter unrest, and later, when Chiang and the more aggressive war-lords realized that there could be no alteration of the boundaries by violent means, the number of soldiers allowed each Divisional Leader was reduced to a bare minimum.

The Northern Asian States were comprised of eight Russian Districts, ~~and~~ Korea, and Japan. Korea, formerly controlled by the Japanese, had been promised its independence by the United States in 1943. Despite pressuring from the Manchurian Leaders, as well as from the Japanese, the President fulfilled his predecessor's promise. Japan, which was still occupied by more than 700,000 American Troops through 1947, had been given a new Constitution, transforming the Oriental Tyranny into a Western-style Democracy. The United States, in turn, began to rebuild areas of Japan bombed out by the War. However,

Government aid was complemented by private investment, as entrepreneurs jumped at the opportunity to exploit the Japanese market. By 1950, Tokyo would resemble a caricature of Times Square.

The area of Russia closest to the borders of the United States was divided from the Northern indentation of the Sea of Okhotsk straight up to the Arctic Ocean, including the Peninsula of Kamchatka. The latter was even mentioned as a possible addition to the United States, and the region, sparsely populated and overflowing with natural resources, was already swamped by American investors and self-styled wilderness men by 1948. The additional seven Eastern Russian Districts comprised the remainder of the Northern Asian States, interspersed with Federation Protectorates. The Capitol of the Northern Asian States was Tokyo.

As promised during the War with Russia, every State in the Middle East that had been colonized was granted independence. Iran was doubled in size and became the largest State in the Middle East as a result of the addition of former Soviet Territory. Saudi Arabia was the second largest, harboring on its peninsula Yemen, Aden, Oman, and other small States. Turkey had also been greatly enlarged by Soviet Territory. Other States <sup>Major</sup> in the Middle East were Syria, ~~Jordan~~ Iraq, Lebanon, Palestine, Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, Morocco, and Algeria.

The President had faced a near-crisis in 1946 when the Jews, promised a Homeland in Palestine by the British, threatened to fight to the death unless the promise was fulfilled. They had already been engaged in a brutal terrorist war with the British Authorities in Palestine. Every Arab State opposed the creation of a Jewish State in the Holy Land, and it appeared to the President that if one was created he could expect nothing but trouble in the time ahead. Both the <sup>majority</sup> ~~Arabs~~ <sup>Arabs</sup> and the <sup>minority</sup> ~~Jews~~ <sup>Jews</sup> claimed the area. Therefore, the President decided to grant the ~~Arabs~~ <sup>Arabs</sup> the State and to grant the Jews the Nation he had reserved in Russia. Jews from all over Europe could be expected to swell the numbers of this Nation, and the more the President considered it the more certain he became.

In August 1946 the President met with the principal Leader of the Jewish People and offered him the Homeland. He at first refused, but the President convinced him that it was his responsibility to see to the welfare of his People. Security was what the Jews desired, the

President had said, and a Nation of Jews created amidst millions of Arabs could never be secure, whereas a Nation in the heart of Russia, surrounded on all sides by other refugees from Eastern Europe, would be perfect. The President pointed out that the area in Russia under question was of the finest quality, and that the opportunity to settle it was a one-in-a-million opportunity, one that never again would be possible. He would be as a latter-day Moses, the President said, leading his People to the Promised Land. With all these benefits on one side of the coin, and nothing but destruction on the other, where was the wisdom in a refusal? After days of agonizing decision, the Jewish Leader decided to attempt to convince his People to accept the plan. The President reminded him that if he failed, the Jewish People would never have a Nation but would be divided here and there, at the mercy of the separate governments. Finally the Leader became resolved, the People accepted, the United States aided in the transference of people and property, and the huge hunk of Russia which had been left open early in 1946 became the proud Nation of Israel, one of the thirty-seven Nations comprising the United States of Europe.

By ~~the~~ late 1947 the political structure of Europe was finalized. Included were the United Kingdom, France, Iceland, Spain, <sup>Ireland,</sup> Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, The Netherlands, East Germany, West Germany, South Germany, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Albania, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Israel, Estonia, Latvia, Moldavia, Lithuania, Georgia, and the Western five Homelands of Russia. The boundaries of the Eastern European Countries were the subject of the most intensive effort by the State Department and the sub-Committees on European Affairs. The Eastern borders of Germany were enlarged, corresponded by an enlargement of the State of Poland. Moldavia was formed with Kiev as its Capitol almost entirely out of former Soviet territory. Elsewhere, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Rumania, and Finland were enlarged, particularly Rumania and Finland.

The Nations of Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, and Rumania had been teeming with various National groups. The decision was made to form Nations as fairly as possible and to make amendments through the World Council should the need arise. For the time being, all dissent was crushed. However, this was lightened by the fact that the refugee areas in Russia still had room for any malcontents who refused to live under the rule of the majority National Group. Also, the borders

of each Nation were ordered open, and minorities in one State might move freely to another State where they would perhaps be the majority. The Federation Protectorates were ruled directly by the Federation, or the United States, and the United States Government was responsible to administer to these people. Of course American businesses had been pouring in since the beginning of these Federation Protectorates, and eventually it was mainly with Americans that the President found himself dealing with in relation to these Protectorates.

The Capitol of the United States of Europe was London, where the Inter-European Council would meet regularly. The powers of the Council evolved with time and with the European ability to view the Continent as a single entity. In its early stages, the Council did little more than pass resolutions which were then taken up at the World Council. <sup>Later, however,</sup> many disputes were settled ~~at the World Council~~ and many common projects undertaken without recourse to the World Council.

The President and members of Congress had set up the Federation of American Unity in May, 1946, at a Conference involving all concerned. Included in the American Federation would be the United States, Canada, Greenland, Cuba and <sup>a half-dozen other</sup> ~~the~~ Caribbean Islands, and all the States of Central and South America. All matters common to these Nations not handled by the World Council would be handled by the Inter-American Council, comprised of two delegates from each State, one elected by the People or Legislature, the other by the Executive. This Council, by passing recommendations directly to the United States Government, could handle ~~the~~ matters of Hemispheric concern without involving the other Nations of the World.

All outstanding areas, including Antarctica and thousands of islands, were included in an Eighth Division, administered by the Federation without representation.

By the end of 1947, this World System had begun to function smoothly. It was backed, as all governments must be backed, by a preponderance of naked force. The United States had over four million men in uniform in 1947, plus, of course, a monopoly of Atomic Weapons. The Federation Army, which took its commands from the United States, had six million men in uniform at the end of 1947, although the system was not yet integrated perfectly, and would not be until it had been reduced to under one million men. The United States, by itself

the wealthiest Nation in the World, now had the entire Globe under its control to enrich itself as it might like. Although the President, and the President after him, saw to it that the entire World received the benefits of Empire, the power existed for both use and abuse.

*Chapter* In the 1946 Congressional Elections the Nation saw the President move from his reliance on the support of the Conservatives, whose support he largely still kept, to a reliance on 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 in person or by proxy for numerous Centrist Candidates, although he did not campaign for any who were running against a Conservative of good standing in the Congress. The Conservatives were the President's original base of support, and although he would shift that base to the Center, he would never turn on them. Likewise, although they became disenchanted with the President's reliance on the Centrists, the Conservatives never turned on the President. The President's Imperialistic policies were guaranteed to gain the enthusiastic support of at least half the Conservatives while gaining the grudging support of most of the rest. However, by allying with the Moderates the President would have an unshakable base of power in the Congress and could proceed with humanitarian and liberal policies at home and around the World that the Conservatives were bound to oppose. And on these measures, the President would gain the votes of the Liberals, although they were in short supply after the 1946 Election. Thus, by being both an Imperialist and a Moderate, the President could count on the whole-hearted support of the Moderates, who were by far the most numerous group in the Congress, and the on-again off-again support of the Conservatives and the Liberals. Thus, at any one time, the President might be able to swing a vote in the Congress more than ninety percent in his favor.

The People, by now thorough Imperialists, but mainly because of the success of Imperialism, were pleased to see the President adopt the more Centrist posture and responded by voting in almost every candidate supported by the President, enlarging and loyalizing his base of support. Had the President courted the Conservatives, his Empire would have stagnated and become tyrannical. However, he could now move forward without substantial opposition.

The death of Senator Miller in August of 1946 removed the

largest single conservative influence on the President, but of course the Secretaries of State and War continued to exert a powerful Conservative influence in the Administration, and indeed, the continuing service of the two Secretaries was a major factor in retaining the Conservative Congressional support. With two loyal friends serving dinner, there was slight risk of being poisoned.

The only risk the President had taken by moving away from his Conservative base was the possibility of losing the Republican Nomination for the Presidency in 1948, as the Republican Hierarchy was strictly of a Conservative Nature. However, as much an embarrassment as that might be for the President, both he and the Republican Leadership knew that he could win the 1948 Election even if he ran on the Farmer's Union Ticket. His alliance with the Democratic Moderates had also weakened the hold of the Republican Party, and the Republicans could never chance him bolting to the other side, an option the President left open by quietly arranging for the Democratic Convention to be held more than a month after the Republican. The President had, however, assured his position in American politics despite any differences he might have with the Party Hierarchies, and far from being concerned with the 1948 Election, by the end of 1947 the President was looking to cement his role as the President of the Federation of World Unity, a post he viewed as even more important. But although he longed to play the role of the benevolent Aristocrat, he would be forced to act otherwise, at least temporarily.

---

"Now the limit for you ladies is two glasses of champagne each," the President joked. "You all know how many trophies Mr. Duquesne has, and the Government is so broke that we can't afford to send chaperones."

Everybody laughed except for Marisa Duquesne, who had already had considerably more than the limit the President had set. After all, she must have thought, it isn't every day that a lady gets to party with the President of the United States.

"I'm just about all the chaperone Bwana Duquesne needs," said Marisa somewhat mockingly. "You needn't worry about all these lovely virgins."

"Virgins! Virgins!" shouted Bwana Duquesne in his bear of a voice. "You know what we do with viginis out in Kenya? Well, I reckon the same thing you do with 'em out here."

Once again everyone laughed, except Marisa, who was now doing a tap dance in her bare feet and was urging the President to join her.

"C'mon, Honey," she said. "Step out! Step out!"

The President ignored her as best he could, which caused Marisa to enlist some of the nurses.

"This is the way we do it in Africa," she said. "A big circle. A big circle."

Marisa had managed to line up seven or eight of the nurses in a circle, and they were flying around and around.

"That's what you grow around here," said Bwana Duquesne, "dizzy women."

Mr. Duquesne was consciously imitating the Texas accent of his foreman.

"Dizzy but beautiful," said the President, smiling to his secretary who returned the smile.

"I can't argue with that," said Mr. Duquesne. "No sir, I can't argue with that."

Marisa had by now added ten or so more of the dizzy American women, and they were circling and stomping their feet to their heart's delight.

"This is a beautiful scene," said the President. "Thank you very much."

"My pleasure," said the President. "What are neighbors for anyway?"

Both he and the President shared a broad smile. The reason Bwana Duquesne and his wife were in Washington was that they had heard that three hundred American women had volunteered to serve as nurses in Africa as part of the President's 'Feel The World' plan. Mr. Duquesne had decided to fly them all to Africa at his own expense, so he chartered a couple of jets and flew to Washington to pick them up. This evening was the last of a three day visit for the Duquesnes. In ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ they would all be driven to the airport where the President would see them off. First there was to be a publicity ceremony on the

back lawn of the White House, where the President would present each smiling young lady with a medal of National Merit, thanking them for unselfish service in the spirit of friendship and brotherhood.

When the President had pinned the medals on them, each lady without fail said "thank you, Mr. President." The President had gazed into each of their eyes, so delicate, so young, so full of energy and life. They were the pride of America, and they were heading off into parts unknown to administer to the needs of the less fortunate. They had come from every State in the Union, including one beautiful girl from the President's hometown in Kentucky. When looking into the eyes of these ladies, the President felt a strong sense of responsibility for them, as if he were President and Father rolled into one.

At the airport, the President embraced all three-hundred women as they prepared to board, asking them to write and let him know how things were going. As the plane began to roll down the runway, they waved goodbye from their windows.

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

"To find the sun," Janet replied.

"Yes, that's right," said the President. "To find the sun."

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

In January, 1948, the President made a major move in attempting to shape solidarity in the Empire by arranging for the distribution of literally millions of pocket transistor radios around the World. The Government had made separate deals with five radio manufacturers to have these radios produced at slightly more than three dollars a copy. The cost of these radios was included in a huge Foreign Aid and Welfare Bill which had passed easily through the Congress. By April, the President had arranged for 300,000,000 of these radios to be distributed, 200 million of them in South and Central America and the other 100 million in test areas of India and Africa. Only the official government station was available in most areas, except in



major urban centers where stations had already existed. The radios were distributed in poor urban areas, where they would have maximum impact. The State Department produced tapes of speeches by the President, and occasionally some of the President's speeches were given by himself personally, shadowed by an interpreter. Every two or three weeks one of these speeches was delivered to the broadcast stations, which otherwise broadcast music, public affairs, and World news reports packaged by the American Networks. Although batteries were also distributed by the United States Government, they and the radios themselves would soon be provided by the Federation.

By 1954, there was barely an area in the World not receiving regular radio transmissions. After 1950 almost every speech by the President was delivered personally. The reason for this was that the President's voice had become as much a trademark of United States authority as had his picture, as well as by the fact that it encouraged the use of English. Phrases used by the President were mouthed frequently, especially by children, and English was fast becoming the universal language. By May 1948, when the President had his first run-in with various South and Latin American societal elites, seventeen urban areas had been delivering the messages of the United States, including three speeches by the President calling for thrift and hard work, which, he said, were the key ingredients to progress. Already the President's promises had not been empty, for over thirty major new hospitals had been begun by May, at joint cost to the United States Government and the government of the locality, and American businesses, everything from automobile and soft drink companies to furniture and shoe manufacturing centers, had been opened, employing hundreds of thousands of native laborers far above the salaries they could otherwise hope to earn. Of course these salaries were far below that of United States workers, but this was the major reason these companies relocated in the first place. Moreover, although the dollar value of the salaries was far below that of the Average American worker, the amount that could be locally purchased sometimes approached the purchasing power of America's working classes.

Thus, throughout 1946, 1947, and 1948, the economy was booming in many urban areas of the Americas, although the rural areas had not yet tasted of the boom and although the local elites in some States were pulling all their punches in attempting to keep the poor

poor and the rich rich. There was still great exploitation of raw materials by American Companies which had been there since the beginning of the Century, but these abuses would be regulated and somewhat adjusted in time. For the common people of the Americas, however, the United States was high in prestige, and although the elites were causing difficulties and would soon even incite rebellion, the People's conviction in American justice would be the victor.

---

31

There hadn't been time for any grand preparation, but none was really needed. The issue was crystal clear and there could be no compromise. For three days there had been scattered but fierce rioting in scores of urban centers throughout Latin and South America. There were over a dozen reported deaths, and of course many more unreported. No Americans had been killed, but two local Federation officers had had their throats slit, a suspicious act doubtfully perpetrated by the People, and in many areas shopkeepers had their doors barred for fear of pillage.

The disturbances were caused by acute food shortages in many areas simultaneously, and there could be no doubt that it had been an organized effort on the part of the local distributors to jack prices up once again. Over the past several months prices had risen in three quick spurts, all much too pervasive and slick to have been the result of market forces. The recent increase was one which could not be condoned, even if the native elite had to be kept basically satisfied for the system to run smoothly. Although their actions were understandable from the vantage point of their own narrow interests, in terms of the health of the society as a whole they were outrageous. The price hike was just one tactic the elites were employing in their reactionary policies. Upset with the growing equality of wealth, a creeping equality causing, as of yet, little or no social dislocation, the elite were determined to remain not only in pace with the rising wealth of the general population, which itself was a questionable undertaking, but were actually trying to increase the disparity.

The forced food shortages had predictably enough resulted in

violence, a happening which in the past 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 firmly. The elite thought that they had the trump card, for the Americans could not do without them. An open American-run system would only prove to point out the ultimate hypocrisy of the Federation of American Unity and even the Federation of World Unity. It would be by Americans, for Americans, and the hostility engendered would be obvious. However, although the Americans certainly needed an elite to manage affairs for them in every area which they administered, they were not reliant upon any particular class. The United States obviously had the power to throw out the old elite lock, stock, and barrel, but even more important, had the sophistication to do it without causing undue social disturbance.

Since early 1945 the United States had been training select members of the middle class of South and Latin America to assume positions in the American Bureaucracy — ostensibly. Of course, it was always understood that if in power they would serve the American interest much more faithfully than the indigenous elite ever would. The old elite 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. Of course, this could be troublesome in the long-run, but only if genuine progress was not at all achieved. There were hard-heads in the Congress, but few were allergic to common sense. If there was to be long-term stability there had to be progress. The few Liberals voted in in 1946 were thankful for any humanitarian gesture at this point while the most virulent Patriots could be counted on to so alarm the American Public with their extremism that the tough measures of the President and his Centrists would be seen as libertarianism at its finest. Thus the President could appease the Liberals in Congress and their much more numerous than would be expected constituency and maintain firm American control while at the same time move toward genuine World social progress by virtue of the great victory of the Centrists in 1946.

Although in the majority, the number of Centrists alone could never produce such a political balance. The more intelligent of the right-wing were well aware that the support of the American

People was in many areas luke-warm for American control of the World and that they could easily fall to importunings of liberal non-commitants if the right air was created. The type of disturbances in the Americas over the last days were precisely the kind of disconcerting events which could poison the public mind against bothering with all such chaos. For this reason primarily, the right-wing was basically not only mollified with the directives of the President but very often delighted, although publicly some were hesitant to admit to such feelings. Of course, harsh personal attacks on the President himself ~~was~~, or anything that could conceivably weaken his personal power, was anathema to the entire right-wing, which saw to a man that the strength of the Office was the key decisive ingredient in the effective continuation of the full exercise of American power.

The Foreign Ministers of the South and Latin American Nations arrived throughout the morning at the Washington airport where they were met by military personnel. They were entertained in the Embassy Wing of the air terminal until all had arrived. Then a limousine caravan whisked them away to a meeting place fifteen miles to the North of Washington. They were led into a large function room and were seated. The Assistant Secretary of State for American Affairs greeted each man by name and assured him, rather alarmingly, that his State had nothing to fear.

The Ministers sat sweltering in the abnormal May humidity for over an hour before the Secretary of State, with a retinue of junior officials, strode into the room. None of the delegates knew what to expect from the Secretary, and all watched intently as he took the speaker's platform.

"Gentlemen," began the Secretary, "I welcome you to Washington and I trust your stay will be a pleasant one. May I now introduce you to the President of the United States."

Most of the delegates were dumbstruck. Only one man amongst them had ever met the President, and he at an embassy party when the President was yet the junior Senator from Kentucky. To the rest, the President was only a voice which boomed over the radio speakers, a man already a myth among the Peoples of their States.

"Good day Gentlemen," began the President, already perspiring heavily, both because of the moment and the stifling heat. "I don't

believe there's a man among you who doesn't realize why you've been brought here today. Therefore I'll make my remarks brief and to the point. We all recognize that the recent shortages throughout a large portion of the Continent has been caused by deliberate manipulation, and the guilt for children who have died of starvation and innocent people who have perished in the resultant violence rests firmly upon your heads. I think we all realize that the Government of the United States, although always interested in the welfare of all of the Citizens of the Federation, has been consistently turning the other cheek to flagrant violations on the part of your financial communities and your governments themselves. Let me first mention before I go any further that I realize this situation is not universal and that there are some States represented in this room who have in good faith carried out their responsibilities to the Citizens of the Federation. We must also recognize that there are a few States represented here that, although not guilty on this particular occasion, have transgressed the limits of decency in the past. Because of the large-scale violations, however, all of you are going to feel the consequences."

The delegates gave one another a quick glance before returning their attention to the President, who had paused for effect.

"This is not to say that all of you will receive the same treatment. For the few that have played the game correctly, there will merely be a few new procedures that will effect only a general tightening-up. In fact, my friends, all of the procedures we are about to institute will involve only a general tightening-up. However, this constriction will be carried out to different degrees. For you who were non-cooperative with this latest travesty of justice but who have been troublesome in the past, there will be a slightly greater effort at tightening-up, so to speak, forthcoming. As for the ring-leaders, and I think we all know who you are, there will be a series of severe restrictions placed upon you which can be lightened after a period of demonstrated good faith."

"Like I have said, the United States Government has consistently turned the other cheek to all your games and disasters. Our benevolence should have been interpreted as a warning and not as a commendation. The welfare of all our Peoples can no longer be at the

whim of unprincipled and money-hungry renegades."

"Gentlemen," the President continued, and here his voice left behind the moderate tone which he studiously used up to this point and took on the theatric bombastics for which he was known, "do not deceive yourselves. The Government of the United States is interested only in the welfare of the Federation, all the Peoples of the Federation, and we will not be a party to the systematic pillage of our citizens for the greed and profit of a few individuals. You have had your day, and the time has now come to mend your ways or step aside for a new generation of leadership. The cards are in your hands. Within the day experts from throughout the Hemisphere will be flown here to hammer out, amongst themselves and then at my approval and the approval of the Congress, the new circumstances under which you will operate. These reforms will in no way affect the current military and security systems now in operation. It is business, my friends, strictly business. And let me emphasize here and now that the terms to be agreed upon are in no way subject to negotiation. You have had the opportunity to do it your way, and now you'll do it ours. And before I leave you to your constructive work, let me remind you that your salvation rests with moderation. Be moderate and you'll preserve your positions of power. Become intransigent and your entire edifice will come crumbling down, yourselves included."

With that the President left the room, as quickly as he had entered it. A murmur began to rise from the assembled delegates, and just as it began to grow into a decided rumble they were led outside, many with fire in their eyes.

Meanwhile, a Congressional delegation of twenty men had witnessed the entire episode from behind a two-way mirror, and while one or two appeared vexed, the majority were confidently shaking one another's hands, gloating in their victory.

As they left the building, the delegates were separated into three groups. These were, logically enough, representing a moderate elite, a semi-moderate elite, and those the President considered as representing a reactionary elite. No sooner had the delegates been brought into Washington proper than the several delegates from the moderate States found themselves drawn up to the gates of the White House itself. They were led with dignity into the Oval Office where the President, the Secretary of State, and two State Department officials were

waiting for them.

"Welcome to my home, Gentlemen," said the President, extending his hand to the shocked delegates. "Let me offer my sincerest apology to all of you for our having berated you earlier today. There is no limit to the good we will do our friends, and your States have long been our closest friends in the Hemisphere."

Already four of the delegates were smiling broadly, while the other three still appeared to be more bewildered than anything else. The President opened a box of Cuban cigars and passed them out.

"Knowing your policies lie directly concurrent with our own," continued the President, "I'm sure you must understand why our little charade was necessary. As for myself, I hated to do it, especially when I glanced at your faces, knowing that you are all loyal to the Federation of American Unity."

There was now only one man amongst them whose feelings were still bruised, the Foreign Minister of Brazil, and the President, noticing this, addressed him personally.

"Carlos," said the President, "we've never met, but let me say that what I've heard of you makes me hold you in the highest possible esteem. Knowing that you are a true patriot to both your State and the Federation, I knew you would understand that what we've done today was only for the benefit of the Hemisphere as a whole. Number one, the reactionary States would have been filled totally with defiance if they thought we were rewarding some while punishing others. As it stands, although they realize that you will get off lighter than they, they also realize that their actions have caused all to be punished. This gives them a great feeling of contentment. Now they are convinced that you will become just as unreasonable as they are. And you, Carlos, I could tell, were so offended by the injustice of it all that that was precisely what you had in mind, isn't that right?"

"That's correct, Mr. President," said the Brazilian, "that's exactly correct."

Carlos stood firm, but the bitterness had now gone from his face: he was now among friends.

"I'm sure you've all been boiling at the arrogance of these few States who are acting in disregard of the interests of the Feder-

eration as a whole," the President continued. "Now we have the opportunity to cease all this destructive factionalism. As to what I said about restrictions on you, forget it completely. For the sake of continuing with the charade, there will be some changes made, but they will be totally cosmetic, or in other words, meaningless. There will be absolutely nothing of substance changed in the way you are conducting your affairs. I am very very sorry, honestly, that you could not have been informed beforehand, but it might have destroyed everything. There could be no possibility of leaks, and as it is, some people will be howling already, though they'll hear nothing till we're through. I must emphasize that we are very serious about ending this factionalism so dangerous to all our well-being, and with your help we will do so easily. Is there anything I can assist you with before you are escorted to your lodgings, which will be right here in the White House?"

One delegate mentioned contacting his family. The President told him that all would be arranged for them. He then shook each of their hands again, giving each a firm look in the eye.

"Carlos," said the President, "I am looking forward to a long and warm relationship between us. And may I also congratulate you on the wedding of your beautiful daughter."

"Thank you very much, Mr. President," replied Carlos in a reserved but friendly manner. "May our relationship be exactly as you say."

The Ministers were escorted out of the room and the President sat down, seemingly exhausted.

"One group down, two to go," he said, putting out his cigar in the enormous ashtray that lay on his desk like a crude reminder of his immense responsibilities.

Over the next month the new policies the President had put into effect began to run smoothly as everyone learned what was expected of him. Such learning did not prevent the growth of resentment, however, and many of the elite class in the Americas simply could not tolerate these new measures. Of course, had they wanted they could have tolerated them, but in their childish determination to have all or have none, they had decided that the restrictions were unendurable.

For the elites of the reactionary States, 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 were on the sub-Committee on Latin and South American Affairs, and three on the sub-Committee on American Finance, newly created under the equally new Committee on World Finance — made life all the more unbearable purposely, while for those States which the President had singled out for their good service to the Federation, the Monetary Committee was little more than a rubber stamp, allowing those leaders to exercise their prerogatives with little or no interference.

For the States that were more or less non-committal, the Committee worked very consistently, applying most rules, but not in an overbearing manner and sometimes allowing infractions to slide by. Thus, it was well known that it paid to be a friend of the United States.

The hostility which the reactionary States exuded could not be tolerated, and thus the policy of the President was to either drive them to complacent submission or force them to rebel completely, which would trigger their overthrow. Either way, the President was determined not to accept a permanent state of disgruntlement. For the States exercising unrestricted power, the continuing favor of the United States was the only major concern, and here the President found his major allies in the Americas, just as he had supposed when meeting with their Foreign Ministers at the White House in May. In fact, Carlos Rodrigues of Brazil had become the President's closest adviser on South American affairs, and they were in weekly contact by telephone.

Thus, regardless of what his enemies would decide in the Americas, the President knew who his friends were and had no doubt as to the ability of the United States to counter any and every measure the troublesome States might initiate.

---

The jeep had been rapidly passing through the forest when suddenly a rear tire blew out, nearly capsizing the vehicle. It carried four passengers: one Indian, who was the driver, and three Amer-

ican nurses, three of the three-hundred who had recently left the United States. Alice Blakely, who had already had considerable experience as a nurse in Columbus, Ohio, was the head nurse, accompanied by Susan Shephard, the nineteen year old beauty 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 village in Kenya, to Deep Lake, the White village where they were stationed. There had been an outbreak of Malaria in Yaten, and the nurses were just now returning from administering medicines to hundreds of sick Africans: doctors, of course, were in short supply. It was a three hour drive between points, and they had left for home at Five O'Clock, not being desirous of traveling by night. However, the Indian, Ramul Ahned, had extensive knowledge of the territory, so if darkness had caught them by suprise they would have been prepared.

The passengers jumped out of the jeep and examined the right rear 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. Ahned 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 in the forest, and as Alice Blakely began to reach for the rifle kept next to the driver's seat, she and Donna Evans were hit with knives, Donna in the shoulder, Alice in the leg.

As if by an instinct that had coarsed through her ancestor's blood but had lain dormant for centuries, Susan Shephard bolted like a wild deer into the forest and disappeared. At that very instant, scores of screaming Africans circled around the beseiged foreigners, dancing and hollering behind painted faces and shining ancient weaponry. More than ten of these creatures had flashed into the forest in pursuit of the fleeing woman.

Slowly the circle became tighter. Alice Blakely, proud leader that she was, yet crawled with all her energy toward the rifle that might have saved them. As she groveled, a bare Black foot kicked her in the jaw, snapping her neck into a grotesque position, blood drooling from her open mouth. This move 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, and as the women's heads tossed and their minds reeled in this nightmare — oh God were it so — thin sticks of metal were produced, and these pikes were driven through the women's palms into the ground beneath them.

Other Africans — there were over forty of them — had grabbed the Indian and laid him up against the jeep. Anxious hands had torn off his clothes, knives flashed, and before the eyes of the helpless women his sexual apparatus were sliced from his body. ~~As~~ As blood poured forth from the injured area, his chest and thighs were sliced 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 to the ants. Within the hour he would be dead, but not before having suffered pain that Satan himself would cringe and vomit at.

The women, suffering madly, tossed and kicked, but to no avail. Hands interred with the Earth, legs held by slimy fingers, their clothes were torn away and many men tasted of their shame. After each entry another wound was inflicted, until by the time six or seven men had had their pleasure, the two victims were bloody disgusting testaments 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 one of the woman's legs 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, however, by new cheering, as the escaped woman was carried from the forest. She had already been plundered numerous times, ravaged where she fell, but was yet whole and offensively pale. The killers, as if 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, splitting them both with little pressure, and as he passed the throat and reached the chest,

he began to press harder, opening her up as if she were a cadaver at the Brooklyn Medical Center. Hungry hands tore the flesh aside, and as the butcher reached the lower extremity, he gave the knife a shove and left it where it lay. Susan, whose heart yet pulsed, lay alive for more than three minutes, just long enough to notice that she was covered with ants.

The men had run into the woods to relive their day of glory, but thankfully they not only remained intact to drink and brag, but they joined their comrades who were not present — including a band which had staked out another road — and were thus captured at dawn by a division of soldiers led by Brick Strausser, a former officer of the S.S. As much as death had hardened this Nazi, the warm-heartedness of these killings released a torrent from his eyes.

Strausser had led the expedition to find the victims, who were missed by their friends as soon as dark descended. When contact could not be made by radio, a jeep had been sent out, this one not traveled by American women and a meek sensitive Indian driver but by Strausser the S.S. Officer, Risslintov, the Russian Sergeant, Murphy, the American Lieutenant who was a military doctor, and Smith, a British Corporal who had grown up in the slums of London, an orphan, and had been in detention for three years before his enlistment.

When these men found the scene of the crime, not one but fell to his knees before the victims and cried till he shook. Corporal Smith, in fact, who had been romancing another nurse at Deep Lake, collapsed under the weight of revelation as he was carrying the remains of Alice Blakely, which fell upon him and trapped him on the ground as he lay like a child sobbing with innocence.

The news was radiod into town and an armored vehicle met the men on their journey home. A message was sent to Nairobi, where over 150,000 Federation Troops were stationed. The Commander radiod Alexandria, the American Commander in Africa <sup>eventually</sup> radiod Washington, and at 4:30 in the morning the President's secretary, herself woken by the White House night steward, awoke the President.

Bwana Duquesne, who as usual received the news before the Nairobi Government officials, had called the President of Kenya immediately. Kenya had been turned over to Black Government, but there was still a considerable White presence, as Whites, including Duquesne himself, retained vast stretches of the finest territory. The group of

men who had committed these murders had been known to exist, but had not yet struck so daringly. Mostly they had killed livestock or burned farms when the owners were away. They were a fanatical band, no more than five-hundred strong. Their only ideology was White hatred, a cause already an anachronism. The group was as hated by the People at large as it was by the Government. It was formed mainly of criminals, and led by a man who had served in World War Two with the British but who had been imprisoned for murdering German prisoners.

Duquesne had informed the President of the group when he was in Washington and had promised to continue to monitor their activities. He therefore felt personally responsible for what had happened, and immediately after speaking with the Kenyan President he flew to Deep Lake. The President of Kenya, however, had personally called the Governor of the White Forest Territory, where the murders had taken place, and <sup>To Governor</sup> at once placed a 5,000 man Native Force at the disposal of Strausser. Strausser, Risslintov, and Smith led these 5,000 men, plus the seventy-five Russian soldiers stationed at Deep Lake under Strausser's command, to find the guerrilla camp, led by two spies under the pay of Duquesne who had penetrated the organization.

Slightly after dawn the force found the camp. There were no guards posted, and almost every man was in deep slumber as a result of heavy drinking the evening before. Strausser encircled the camp and rushed it. The guerrillas were captured before any weapons could be turned against the attackers. Strausser, holding an automatic machine gun, personally riddled fifteen men in a grass hut who refused to emerge. Thereafter there was no trouble. The Russians, in their zeal, however, had bayoneted over thirty men where they lay asleep, and the Native Africans, not to be outdone, had killed sixty more. Of the three-hundred and eighty men in the camp, two-hundred and twenty made it back to Deep Lake.

At about the same time that half-way around the World those three American nurses were just ~~being found by the~~ <sup>being found by the</sup> the President was having an emergency session with his closest advisers,

including the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, the Attorney General, five members of the Congress, and the Chief of Army Intelligence. News had arrived during the President's dinner with the wives of all the Federation Ambassadors in Washington that a revolution had occurred in Manchuria. The President excused himself from the party, assembled his aides, most of whom had been at home, and listened to the report of the Intelligence Chief, who had just received sketchy information from his agents on the scene.

The war-lord ruling Manchuria had been killed by left-wing officers in the military. This new ruling group had proposed a Free China and had declared itself out of the Federation. The problem was most serious because Manchuria, an industrial center and possessed of much abandoned war equipment, was quite powerful. However, the President felt he could rely on Chiang, particularly if the rebels were indeed left-wing and not a Patriotic Front composed of left and right-wing officers. If the rebels were left-wing, the President could count on a good amount of support from within Manchuria itself.

After discussing the political potentialities, the men decided that the worst possible likelihood was an alliance of the left and right-wing in Manchuria, seeking total autonomy, including a full-sized military, plus the unification of all China as a propaganda base. In this instance, the Pacific Commander would be ordered to strike, with the support of Chiang, and crush the rebels before they could organize. If, however, the worst possible event had occurred, that being a patriotic front which had also enlisted the support of Chiang, then it seemed the use of nuclear weapons only could provide victory without sacrificing another three to four-hundred thousand soldiers. Thus, the Pacific Commander would be notified of the options, the Federation and American Embassies in Peking would be contacted to discern Chiang's attitude, the Federation Commander in Peking would be ordered on alert for the overthrow of Chiang and the assumption of government, and further decisions would have to be postponed until Military Intelligence confirmed or denied all the possibilities.

Chiang would have to be bold indeed to rebel with 800,000 Federation Troops in and around Peking and another three million nearby in the hands of the Pacific Commander, although half-a-million of these were Chinese. The Pacific Commander was empowered to launch an

invasion of Chiang was not involved, but if he was, the Commander was to wait for further instructions. He was reminded to strike cautiously, as the alienation of the right-wing was not desired if they were but lukewarm, or even absent, in their support of this revolution.

The meeting lasted slightly under two hours, after which the President returned to his dinner party, stayed until 11:00 P.M., and went to bed.

---

34

"Edward! Edward, wake up," importuned the President's secretary as she lightly shook his shoulder.

"What's the matter? What is it?" asked the President as he looked up at her inquiringly.

He then sat straight up in his bed.

"What's the matter Janet?"

"A colonel from the Pentagon is waiting outside," she said. "He has some news I'd rather he told you."

"Show him in, then," said the President as Janet threw him his bathrobe and walked toward the door. "Wait! Are you leaving?"

"Yes, I'm going back to my room," Janet answered. "I'm going back to sleep."

The woman walked out the door and the President sat there motionless. He couldn't imagine what had been so serious as to upset his secretary so much. When Janet had spoken with the Colonel she had not said anything more than to ask the women's names. When she heard 'Susan Shephard' she just nodded her head rapidly and walked toward the President's bedroom. The Colonel, who, although he had clearance, had never been to the White House, had not contacted his superiors but had come on his own initiative, considering the matter a personal and not a military one. The President, who likewise had not yet seen a Colonel in the White House, did not ill-reward the initiative.

The Colonel, a look of sympathy on his face, entered the room.

"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. Susan Shephard, sir."

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

"I'm sorry, Mr. President," the Colonel said, wondering if he had misjudged the President's character. "I wouldn't have woken you, but they were very brutal murders and I didn't want you to read it in the morning papers."

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

"I don't know sir," he replied.

"Where?" asked the President.

"Kenya, sir," answered the Colonel.

The President remembered what Duquesne had told him, but said nothing of it.

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

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

"How old are they?" asked the President.

"Three, seven, and eleven," answered the Colonel.

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

"Sharon, Debbie, and Donna, sir," he answered.

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

"I'll do my best, sir," said the Colonel. "I'll tell them what you've said."

"Thank you, Colonel," said the President. "That will be all."

The Colonel moved to the door, and the President called after him.

"Colonel, young girls are the rarest jewel in this life. And Colonel, thank you again for waking me."

"You're very welcome sir," said the Colonel, who just now noticed the President's tears. "Is there anything else I can do for you, sir? Something to drink?"

"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 over to the window overlooking the White House grounds and could see nothing but the eyes of the young nurses he remembered. His <sup>right</sup> hand tightened into a fist, relaxed, then repeated the process. He moved to the edge of his bed, sank onto his knees, and began to pray.

"Oh God! you've placed us here to bewilder and torture us. You've infested our minds with both Savagery and Love, to fight it out amongst themselves and to claim the Human Race as the spoils of Victory."

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

---

A spark had flashed, and whether by chemistry or coincidence, several conflagrations flared. The President had woken early the next morning, and as had been predicted, found sensational stories and photos relating to the murders splashed across the front pages. Everywhere in the Country Americans were reading about the unfortunate young women. Every man, woman, and child knew the faces of the three girls. The murders were described in gruesome detail, although the details given were not quite accurate. When the afternoon editions hit the stands there were personal home-town stories on each of the women as well as detailed accounts of the capture of the murderers. Brick Strausser had his picture on the front pages, and there were interviews not only with the capturers but with three of the captives. A French reporter had somehow gotten five minutes with the three, one of whom was the leader who had served in the British Army. The killers spoke of hate for Whites, and said they would never abandon their struggle to eradicate every White from the Continent, no matter what tactics had to be used. The Russian soldiers received favorable press around the World, as did the security forces of the President of Kenya.

The President had scanned the morning papers and had received further reports from the Army and the State Department. A meeting had already been scheduled for 10:00 A.M. to discuss the

crisis in China, which had been delegated to secondary news by most of the papers of the World. When General Ferguson arrived at the conference he reported that the Pacific Commander had already launched an invasion of Manchuria with 150,000 American Troops and 300,000 Federation Troops, comprised of British, French, Chinese, Japanese, and Russian soldiers. Aides to the Commander had questioned the use of Chinese soldiers, but the White House considered the move a wise one, demonstrating trust in the soldiers and acclimating them to obedience in any situation. Although there had been no official confirmation by Army Intelligence or the State Department, the invasion signalled the fact that Chiang did not support the coup.

~~There is no possibility of a coup in China at present. The situation is stable. The Chinese government is strong.~~

If the revolt lacked the support of Chiang, it was likely confined to the left-wing, although various patriotic factions might support the action to greater and lesser extents. However, that support was not likely to hamper the old elite from regaining power, considering the force the Federation had at its disposal. Thus, it seemed the problem could easily be contained. Throughout the meeting, however, the President's mind seemed to be on other matters. The conference was adjourned and he did not speak his mind.

After meeting with a number of people later in the morning and in the early afternoon, the President and his secretary took a late lunch alone. During the meal the late newspaper editions were delivered. Immediately the picture of Susan Shephard caught the President's eye, under the headline 'Lexinton, Kentucky mourns local favorite.' The President skimmed down the side, confronting the picture of Brick Stauser and the details of the capture.

"Look at this!" exclaimed the President. "They've captured the murderers and noone has even told me. The goddamn President is the last one to know everything around here. Robert!"

The President's chief administrative aid came hurrying in the room.

"Why the hell has noone told me about the capture?" the President shouted, pointing at the news story.

At that moment an aide to General Ferguson was announced, bringing the same information.

"The Press has done it again," said Janet.

"We ought to fire the entire intelligence network and hire the New York Times," said the President angrily.

"I'm sorry, sir," replied the General. "The news was held up in Alexandria."

"And what else is new?" asked the President. "I should have heard about the murders yesterday afternoon at the latest."

"Alexandria did not consider the matter to be of paramount importance," said the General.

"Is that right?" asked the President.

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 stage to the enraged. "This goddamn son of a bitch mouthing off to the papers! Who let this character talk to the Press, General?"

"I don't know, sir," replied General Ferguson's aide. "I believe it was a French reporter posing as an attorney."

"An attorney?" bellowed the President. "Do those bastards think they're in the United States of America? A goddamn attorney for the butcher!"

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 somewhat paralyzed by this outburst.

"I want to see General Ferguson," said the President. "Now! And I want to talk with my Commander in Alexandria, the one holding both the Army Command and my Federation Command. 'Oh sure, I can handle it' he says. We'll see what he's made of. That's all, General."

Just as the General turned to leave, his understudy, 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 in 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. "'Now I could drink hot blood, and do such bitter business as the day would quake to



his chief military adviser *impatiently*,

"Strictly a military coup," answered General Ferguson.

"Ambassador Spencer has already met with the leaders in Pnom Phen," added the Secretary of State, "and they've pledged full allegiance to the Federation."

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

"Have you got a flotilla moving in that direction, Admiral?" the President asked the Chief of Staff of the Navy.

"I've been waiting on your order, sir," answered the Chief.

"Then it is hereby ordered," said the President. "One Carrier and a few Destroyers should be sufficient, do you agree Admiral?"

"Yes sir," replied the Admiral.

"And have a few thousand Marines on board in case we need to establish a beachhead," said the President.

"Yes sir," answered the Chiefs of the Navy and the Marines simultaneously.

"We can't be encouraging military dictatorships," said the President, "but if it has to be, then so be it."

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 attitude, mostly, I'd say," he replied. "Very little is being said, really."

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

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

"Thank you, General," said the President. "Set it up over there and take a seat."

"Connection with who, sir?" asked General Ferguson, wondering what his aide was up to.

"With General Howard," answered the President. "John?"

"We've got three revolutions," said the Secretary of War. "I'm sure you don't need to be told which three they are."

"What do we do, General?" asked the President.

"Let me set up the charts here," answered General Ferguson, standing. "We have a number of options as you know, but they all involve military action, anything effective, that is."

"Go on," said the President.

"Now as you can see," continued the General, "our airpower from Cuba and the Carriers is more than sufficient, but as both the Secretary of War and the Chairman of the Congressional Committee for South and Latin American Affairs pointed out to us before the meeting began, this is not a struggle against the masses but against very few. Although the People in these States are enthusiastic right now, they do not truly support the insurrectionists."

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

"Another important factor," said Congressman Blake, Committee Chairman, "is that the military, I believe, do not support these moves. Therefore, although the rebels have struck down the puppets, that is those bowing to complacency, the true source of complacency, the military, cannot be struck down."

"Now I'm sure," said the Chief of Army Intelligence, "that the rebels are meeting with the military right now. They can find support if they try hard enough, but I think it will be unusual if all three Nation's militaries go along with the rebels."

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

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

"That's right," said the President. "There's no doubt that the issue must be settled now."

"If I may intercede," said the Army Chief of Staff, General Garland.

"Surely," said the President.

"It seems to me," said the General, "that even if the rebels do find support in the military, those military leaders will be either looking for the first signs of failure or will be scheming to

take power themselves, unless one of two things happens: if either the rebels have no opposition or if we land armies and push their National pride. It seems to me that if we're going to invade, we've got to land troops in the Capitols themselves, capture the means of communication, the radio stations and the newspapers, and immediately enlist as many prominent citizens as we can, especially from the military, because even if the rebels do get their support, it cannot conceivably be split greater than sixty/forty."

"What then?" asked the President.

"Once we're that established," continued the General, "either the rebels will scare or else 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 of that, John?" the President asked the Secretary of War.

"It sounds plausible to me," he replied.

"General Ferguson?" asked the President.

"Before speaking with the Congressman and the Secretary of State, and before the General had presented his case so eloquently, I was leaning toward the Air Force and Navy plan of heavy bombing followed by land forces, a center of Marines surrounded by Federation Troops. However, the Army now stands united."

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

"After further reflection, sir," he replied, "the Air Force supports the Army."

"Admiral?" asked the President.

"As does the Navy," he replied.

"General," the President asked the Army Chief, "how long until you have a workable plan?"

"Mr. President," answered the General, "my Staff is working on it right now."

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

"Four-hundred Army paratroopers per city plus four-hundred Latin Commandos from the loyal States," answered General Garland. "Now, as you can see on the map, sir, besides United States Forces we have overwhelmingly South and Latin American. We have five thousand Russians at Guadeloupe, 70,000 Africans in Cuba, 10,000 British and French in Jamaica, and 10,000 Germans in Panama. We have 300,000 Latins in the loyal Countries and 300,000 in the luke-warm Countries, plus 100,000

at sea. Therefore, the Army could make maximum use for the invasion forces of the Russians, Germans, French, and British, while balancing them with Latins. However, we have for more than sufficient forces of our own to do the job with, plus the Latin Commandos. Not only will the operation be simpler and more efficient to use only American soldiers, but I feel that perhaps it would be wisest to keep Foreign troops out of the area unless full-scale war develops."

"I agree," said the President. "This shall be in line with the Monroe Doctrine, America for Americans."

"Very good, sir," replied the General.

"All right," said the President. "Let the Field Commanders know everything is go, approve their plans of attack, and let it loose. You plan to move within twenty-four hours, of course?"

"Of course," said General Garland. "We shall move in the still of this night."

"All right then," said the President. "We'll see what lady luck has in store. All right General, let's have Alexandria."

General Ferguson's aide brought the phone-radio to the President, got the Commander on the line, and handed it to him. All of the men in the room, needless to say, had been affected by the killings, but none even considered that the President might personally intervene. The radio receiver allowed every man in the room to hear the conversation.

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

"Yes sir," answered the voice over the radio. "It was dreadful, but we rounded up all the suspects."

"Like hell," said the President. "The Africans and the Russians, led by a German, did all the work. You weren't even involved."

"It was our network, sir," answered the General. "Who do you think sent Strausser down there in the first place?"

"All right," said the President. "Forget it. Now let me have some confirmations."

"Yes sir," said the General.

"Now, you have 220 men in custody, correct?"

"That's correct, sir."

"Those three leaders promised more violence, correct?"

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



"Is it true that all suspects were asked by African Security Police to renounce this terrorist organization, and that thirty-three men did?"

"Yes sir, it's true."

"That leaves 187 men, correct?"

"Correct, sir!"

"Would you say that this had admitted their guilt, General?"

"In a manner of speech, sir."

"Was not the jeep the nurses were riding an official military vehicle, serving the Federation of World Unity?"

"Yes sir, that was a G.I. jeep."

"Then an attack upon a military vehicle makes the offense a military one and not civilian, correct?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Did I not read in the papers that the guerrillas consider themselves a military organization?"

"I believe you did, sir."

"Well, then an attack by a military group upon a military vehicle makes the entire matter a military affair, does it not General?"

"Why yes, sir, I believe it does."

"Then as a military affair, the killers are subject to military action, correct?"

"Yes sir."

"Then as Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of the United States of America and the Federation of World Unity, I hereby order the following measures to be carried out."

"Yes sir."

"There are 27 States in ~~the~~ Africa. Therefore, as a measure of clemency 27 of the prisoners are to be freed immediately. Also free immediately those 33 men who have renounced the group."

"Yes sir."

"That leaves 160 men. Minus the three leaders, that leaves 157. Do you know what you will do with these 157 men, General?"

"No sir."

"They are to be hanged in the morning, in full view of the city of Nairobi."

"Hanged, sir?"

"Hanged by the neck, General, *as in Nathan Hale.*"

"Yes sir, Mr. President."

"And the three leaders, General, what will we do with them?"

"I don't know, Mr. President."

"In the afternoon they will be crucified."

"Crucified, Mr. President?"

"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 50,000, sir?"

"How many men do you have, would you say, at your disposal?"

"Roughly a million and a half, sir."

"Then do you think there is any reason for my orders not to be carried out immediately?"

"No sir, I expect not."

"Your career rests on this, General."

"Yes sir. It will be done."

"General, I want you to bark the order for the hangings and the crucifixions to Lt. Strausser, and I want Strausser to bark the orders to that Russian, Risslintov, and he to bark the orders to Corporal Smith. Smith will order African Security Forces and the deed will be done. Any questions, General?"

"No sir."

"I suspect you ought to be leaving immediately, General."

"Yes sir."

"And General, after the executions I want Strausser, Risslintov, Smith, and two Africans flown to Washington where I will decorate them personally before the World Council."

"Yes sir."

"That will be all, General."

"Yes sir."

The President faced the men in the room, who were of course stunned.

"General, thank you for the hook-up," said the President.

"Let us hope it shall have proved productive. We've loitered here long enough. Gentlemen, good luck with tonite's operations. There is much to be done under the sun."

The President left the room with the Attorney General as the

men in the room looked at one another and slowly rose from their seats, with the exception of General Garland, hot and ambitious, who practically leapt from his seat, dashing for the Pentagon.

The next day 157 men were hanged and three were crucified without trial, in full view of the entire Human Race. 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' the President had muttered to the Attorney General as they headed for the President's private chambers, further commenting that if Man ever devised a better Justice than that, then there was hope for the Human Race after all; but don't count on it, he had said. Pictures of the executions filled the front pages of every paper in the World the next afternoon and the following morning, and while men might debate as to whether indeed Justice had been served, the executions had a very settling effect on an unsettled World.

---

37

After the meeting the President retired with the Attorney General, had a few drinks, and informed him that he would be the President's choice for Vice President. The Attorney General, who was counting on just such a development, happily agreed. The Convention had been set for the first week in July, less than a month away. The former General who was now Vice President did not need to be asked to leave the Office, for he gave it up voluntarily, saying he was 'a damn fool to take it in the first place.' After conversing with the Attorney General for over three hours, the President went to bed early.

At around Three A.M. the President was woken by the banging of the Secretary of War on his door.

"Yes, what is it?" the President sleepily called out.

"It's John," said the Secretary, himself having been woken at his home in the Washington suburbs.

"John?" said the President, "come in, what's the problem?"

The President had sat up in bed and was rubbing his eyes. He then looked up at the Secretary with dead seriousness.

"I've got good news and bad," said the Secretary, "which do you want first?"

"Let me have the bad," said the President.

"There's been a revolution in Nigeria," said the Secretary. "The Government's been overturned and the new one has broken from the Federation."

"Why have they broken?" asked the President.

"Apparently this group was not included in the Government despite a good political following," said the Secretary. "They've now rejected the old order completely, including us."

"What's the good news?" asked the President.

"There's been a military coup in one of the South American States that rebelled," said the Secretary. "The military has pledged total allegiance to the Federation. Our operation is underway right now, but with only two enemies it's been greatly simplified and the example this will set will be in our favor."

"Good," said the President. "Sounds good. Call General, no, he's down in Kenya, I'd imagine. Call the highest-ranking man you can get in Alexandria. If I know General Howard, he's dragged three-quarters of his staff with him to Kenya. Tell the Pentagon to tell whoever they speak with there to prepare an assault on Nigeria, whatever seems appropriate, and to wait for further instructions. We'll deal with it in the morning."

"All right," said the Secretary, "I'm off."

"John," said the President. "What do you think of this Nigerian situation?"

"I think it's a pain in the ass," replied the Secretary. "No more and no less."

"We've traded one revolution in South America for one in Africa," said the President. "Well, whatever, I'll see you in the morning."

The President again woke early and breakfasted over the morning newspapers. The papers gave front page coverage to the revolts in South America and China. The President was relieved to see no mention of the Nigerian revolution: the Press had been defeated! On the second page of most of the papers, and on the first page of a few, were stories about the African murders. The New York Times and the Boston Herald ~~reported~~ reported that rumors were afoot that the terrorists would be executed. The President smiled as he realized that his orders had already been carried out. The Evening

editions would carry the details and photos, and it would still be big news the next morning. However, with so many competing crises it had to share headlines.

The good and bad news that the President had received the night before had again troubled his sleep, as even the good news reminded him of the in-process operation against the other States. If the attacks were immediately successful, there was nothing to worry about. However, on the slim chance that they would be bungled, there was the possibility of acute embarrassment and even further defections. The military, however, well understood the importance of the operation and did their job with the usual efficiency.

At the 10:00 A.M. meeting the President received nothing but good news. In China, the rebel military force had been isolated and destroyed. The rebels had not been joined by the People in this revolt, and had murdered over two-hundred civilians and government officials during their brief reign of terror. The Pacific Commander had rode down the streets of the Capitol of Manchuria to cheering crowds. His picture would share the front pages with that of the crucified killers.

Not only had the revolt in China been ended, but the coup in Nigeria had been off-set by a counter-coup, this time by leaders who pledged support to the Federation. A detachment from the Mediterranean Fleet had been sent to the shores of Nigeria to support the new government, but the invasion that had been planned was canceled. The President had been so impressed with the details of the planned invasion, however, that the Colonel who had formulated them was promoted to Lt. General.

"You State Department boys really did a fine job there, didn't you?" the President said to the Secretary of State at the security meeting. "They've had three governments in one day. Maybe this is the right one."

"Don't look at me," said the Secretary. "I'm no African expert."

"Well tell your African experts," said the President, "that I want a detailed re-evaluation of all groups holding political power in Africa, as well as all groups that desire power. We can't be having these disturbances every week. If there are adjustments that have to be made, better for us to do them ourselves than wait for

rebellion."

Despite the President's concern, everyone was relieved at being able to dismiss two major problems. However, the South American situation was still hanging over their heads 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 home construction for returning veterans, he was interrupted by the Secretary of War. A new problem had arisen in China, seemingly unrelated to the earlier one. Two rival warlords had gone to war over a boundary dispute. Both sides still had armed services numbering up to half-a-million men each. Therefore, it was crucial that this struggle be contained. The President ordered the Secretary of War to issue orders to the Pacific Commander to put a stop to this conflict immediately, using whatever forces were necessary. The Commander, who was in the midst of celebrations with the new Manchurian War-lord, ordered General Baker, located in Chungking with 200,000 Federation Troops, to move into the area and end the unrest. Baker, however, had only 20,000 reliable troops to his name, the remainder being Africans and Indians. Their presence in Chungking, if not simply because Army Command had nowhere else to put them, was for scarecrow purposes. Although some African and Indian troops had by now been highly trained, these Divisions barely knew how to operate their weapons. No one had ever expected them to fight on their own.

---

38

General Baker received the order from a lieutenant and stared blankly at him.

"Lieutenant," he finally said, "get me the Commander's Headquarters to confirm these orders.

The Lieutenant dutifully contacted Tokyo where a Lt. Colonel manned the receiver.

"Colonel," said the General, "I've received orders to move with these Federation Troops in Chungking."

"That's right," said the Colonel, "what can I do for you?"

"Then these orders are correct?" asked the General.

"I spoke with General Parker, the Commander's adjutant, myself," said the Colonel. "I suspect you ought to get moving."

"No air support?" asked the General.

"General Parker didn't think it would be necessary," said the Colonel. "Make a show of force and restore the peace. Those were the orders."

The General placed down the phone and wandered out of the room. It had to be some kind of joke, but apparently it wasn't, thought the Colonel. This was a major conflict between two huge armies, and he was supposed to move in with raw soldiers, who the Chinese would despise, without any air covering whatsoever.

The General gave the orders to his adjutant and poured himself a tall glass of vodka and water. He tried to think of a comparable military situation, but he could not. He was quite certain that only disaster lay ahead, but he held out the hope that there was some coordinated attack coming from the North.

"Lieutenant!" shouted the General. "Get me the Commander at the air base in the Phillipines."

The Commander was interrupted seducing a young lieutenant from Akron, Ohio.

"What is it?" barked the Commander.

"This is General Baker at Chungking," said the General. "We have an operation 260 miles Northwest of here and I need air support."

"Air support?" said the Air Commander incredulously. "In Chungking? We'd have to land out there, and I can't do that without express orders from New Delhi or Washington, or at least from Tokyo. Call Tokyo."

"I just did," said Baker. "It's no use."

"I'm sorry General," said the Commander. "I can't just head out for the heart of China. Do what you can."

The General hung up and gazed straight ahead.

"Well, Lieutenant," he said, "we're going to make history that will be studied at West Point."

"Really, sir?" asked the Lieutenant..

"Unfortunately it's true," answered the General.

The soldiers, however, did not share in General Baker's pessimism. They had been stationed there, in the middle of nowhere, for months on end without one major action. Now they rushed here and

there, readying themselves for battle.

The next morning they had travelled the two-hundred odd miles to the scene of the fighting. Baker had taken out 150,000 men, the most his supply of transport and equipment would allow. Ten Thousand of his good men were left behind, who would perhaps be necessary to move in and save the entire army. Thus, he had 10,000 reliable soldiers and 140,000 unreliable soldiers. When they had reached the front, the two Chinese armies stared unbelieving at this army of Black and Red men coming at them. Slowly, by instinct, the nature of the struggle began to change, until eventually both Chinese armies turned on the Federation army. The glee and happiness to fight suddenly turned to mass terror, and the entire army began to retreat. *The error claimed as panicking Federation soldiers descended on a narrow bridge with the Chinese at their heels. The bridge collapsed. This disaster was accompanied by numerous other mishaps, (Federation)* Before the action was over, 70,000 men had been killed, and the Chinese, allies but for the moment, resumed the struggle amongst themselves. Only 10,000 Chinese had fallen, almost all at the hands of a 1,500 man force of American Marines. It was the worst military disaster in American history, and the unhappy news vied for space on the front pages of the World's newspapers.

---

As the slaughter was taking place, the President and his advisers were meeting in a 7:00 P.M. session to discuss the results of the South American Operation. It had been completely, smashing, successful. With one State eliminated, another revolution ended when a group of forty officers, learning of the paratroop landing, killed the rebel leaders and assumed governmental leadership after conferring with American officers. The third State had gathered considerable military support, but this State, the most accessible from the coast, was invaded by a large army after the Capitol City had been occupied by American and Latin Commandos. Flyers were dropped into the streets by plane calling for the destruction of the rich rebels who were using the People as tools for their own wealth and power, while the four radio transmitters, all captured, blared the call of freedom. While the local military fought building to building with the Commandos, armored columns raced for the Capitol from the coast after landing with no opposition. A battle was fought forty-five miles



from the Capitol, where the rebel force was obliterated by American jet fighters and tanks. This defeat gave the loyal military officers the edge, and they swung their troops over to the side of the attackers. Hopelessly outnumbered, the rebels were finally holed-up in the Presidential Palace, which was blown to the ground by American fighter planes. American tanks rumbled into the Capitol, and one fired the symbolic blast, blowing the rebel flag off the Legislative Assembly, ending the revolution.

Meanwhile the Common People had immensely enjoyed all the fireworks and excitement. The newspapers and the omnipresent radios cheered the news of the defeat of the rich oppressors, and everywhere the People celebrated as if they had won a major victory. The total upshot was that previously troublesome or wavering States abandoned their spotty shows of defiance and joined the Federation with full spirit. Resistance, particularly with no hope of military support, was futile, while the recalcitrant elites either changed their tune or were cast aside by the fast-growing middle class and the social mobility this inspired, a fluidity everywhere abetted by the actions of the Inter-American Monetary Committee and the soon-to-be-created Inter-American Social Welfare Committee. The Federation's strongest, most reliable members, meanwhile, had taken part in the operations by their approval, their best young men playing the role of Federation Commandos, and had watched with grim satisfaction the rebellions crushed. Three civilian governments, which in the Americas were always the most unruly, had been replaced, at least temporarily, by military regimes that served the cause of stability, a state which *Over the years, these military governments became more bureaucratized — actually more Americanized — as the military establishments of the South and Latin American States were reduced in size and importance. However, these military forces, trained and supplied by the United States, kicked themselves even while still powerful...* afforded more freedom than does a chaotic Republic. These military forces, trained and supplied by the United States, kicked themselves even while still powerful... for having been duped by civilians in the first place, and vowed never again to take part in half-baked schemes of rebellion.

With this crisis laid aside, only the New Chinese War, as it had been unofficially dubbed by the President's military advisers, still kept the flames of rebellion fanned. This war, which was not a rebellion but a petty territorial squabble *between two great powers*, could have been easily laid to rest by an aircraft assault followed by a stern threat of invasion. However, after the defeat of the Federation army, the two

tyrants grew a bit haughty and needed to be taught once more upon whose power they laid their thrones.

The news of the Chinese disaster again arrived in the middle of the night, but this time the Secretary of War decided not to wake the President. He met him at 8:00 A.M., however, and gave him the news, which would appear in the afternoon papers. As much a strain as these crises were upon the National psychological state, the newspapers had never done better business.

The President was of course incensed over the bungling, after having woken in a very ornery mood in the first place. Although everywhere events were being resolved favorably, there still had not been a day when bad news of one sort or another had not been disclosed. The President had glared at the papers and seen his Commander being celebrated in the streets while 70,000 men had been uselessly slaughtered. The fact that only fifteen Americans died in the action eased the President's pain but slightly, although it eased the job of his Press Secretary immeasurably. Since the President did not give Press Conferences, not believing it proper that a Head of State should be interrogated by mere newsmen ("Only in America could this sort of thing take place," the President had once commented to his secretary), his Press Secretary, former World Editor of the Louisville Sentinal and the President's long-time friend, had faced the grilling of the writers every day, an unenviable task indeed.

When the President's Security Council met again at 10:00 A.M., which was getting to be a permanent routine, the President exploded on his Pacific Commander.

"Where the hell was he?" the President asked General Ferguson. "Too busy parading down the streets?"

"He was celebrating in the new war-lord's palace," related the Secretary of State, "feasting."

"If he had ordered air support," said General Ferguson, "this could have been avoided."

"An air strike was all that was really needed," said the Secretary of War.

"That's what happens when you put an Army General in charge of what should be an Air Force operation," said the Air Force Chief.

"What's the story with these Chinese armies?" asked the President. "We lose 70,000 men and they lose 10,000? I imagine it

should be the other way around."

"Those Indians and Africans were worthless," offered the Marine Commandant. "We'd have done better with 5,000 Marines than 500,000 of those whatever."

"The point is, Gentlemen," said the President, "that the Commander was ordered to take care of the problem and he shunted off responsibility so he could amuse himself. The way to clean up this mess is the same now as it was before. Send in Marc Antony, the Eastern Emperor. If he wants to play hot-shot in Tokyo and Manchuria, let him get his ass down there and take care of business."

The Pacific Commander, who had underestimated the situation and was himself considerably embarrassed by the mishap, launched an invasion with the men he had used in Manchuria plus others stationed in Peking. Five-hundred thousand men, Americans, British, French, Germans, Russians, Japanese, Canadian, Australian, and Chinese, swept into the area covered by fighters from bases in Thailand and from carriers in the Formosan Straits. One of the war-lords struck at this force with 250,000 men, and after sustaining over 150,000 casualties, many air-inflicted, retired. The other State attacked with 200,000 men, who were likewise repulsed. The Commander then divided his forces and struck at both armies simultaneously. Neither could withstand the onslaught, and a truce was quickly agreed to.

Within two days, Washington was wired that peace had been re-established, the former boundaries were again in effect, and the two war-lords had had their forces chopped in half, a figure the President then imposed as the maximum each could maintain. The Commander had erased the black mark on his reputation, though some would disagree, and had dried the last festering sore causing the President discomfiture.

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

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

The men drank, and then drank again to the fine performance of the United States Military throughout the crises. Everyone had learned something from these events: the People of the World that the Central Government was entirely capable of maintaining order over its vast constituency; the Leaders of the World 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

40

That summer was indeed quiet, as were all the succeeding seasons. In November there was a Presidential Election, and the President, running with the Attorney General, won with a 74% victory, including an awe-inspiring 95% in some working class districts. The Democrats nominated a Liberal who advocated an end to American Imperialism. They had held their Convention after the Republicans, and once the President accepted the Republican Nomination, leading Democrats no longer took their own Convention seriously. The most powerful Democrats were already aligned with the President and made no effort to help the Democratic Candidate. In fact, his candidacy was in many ways a joke. The President swept every State in the Union, winning unanimously in the Electoral College. The one man who could have given the President a bit of competition, who would have allowed Liberals to support their candidate without feeling they were fools, was Senator Thomason, but the Senator was not interested.

Throughout the President's first full term in Office, progress was made on many fronts. Domestically, business continued to skyrocket as overseas demand continued to stimulate American products, while Americans had developed a literal thirst for consumption. Unemployment was an anachronism, as any person not happy with his state of employment was free to try his luck overseas, and the Government had numerous plans to aid individuals or families in relocating. In a rare joint effort in 1950, the President and Senator Thomason together supported a huge Education Bill, creating fifteen major universities, fully staffed and equipped, in poor urban areas, offering free tuition to any student whose parents earned under a certain income and offering two and three year basic tutelage programs for students who for one reason or another were not prepared to succeed in college. These were *increased educational and social opportunity was complemented by wholesale demolitions of blighted urban areas to facilitate their rebirth.* supplemented by over 150 smaller colleges and learning centers. Within ten years America's lowest classes had made such progress that the previously slummed-out areas began to boom with commercial and cultural activity. Of course, many of the under-privileged graduates joined their middle-class compatriots in leaving the cities for suburban bliss,

but enough remained behind, and because of their efforts and the new aura of confidence, even more moved in, to cause these areas to rise from their seemingly hopeless condition and emerge as civilized centers of American Society. Relatively speaking, there will always be the poor, but America moved even closer to a society which bestowed success on individuals for their desire and ability rather than their circumstance of birth.

Throughout the World, progress was also steady. Every major city now had sufficient medical facilities for its population, and very few rural areas were far removed from a major hospital. As societies around the World began to be patterned after the American example, a middle class rose quickly, and workers for the huge international companies began to be comprised of as many skilled laborers as unskilled, a qualitative breakthrough which not only resulted from but greatly enhanced the World Economic Advance. Educational opportunity, sponsored by the Federation, International Corporations, and the local governments — as Nations ceased wasting resources on warfare and elite enrichment, but aimed wholly at National improvement —, including new schools and universities and study years in the United States and in Europe, raised many millions out of abject poverty and helped them not only become skilled factory workers, mechanics, and tradesmen, but also teachers, accountants, medical workers and even doctors, lawyers, and business executives. Everywhere the Equal Opportunity which had allowed the United States of America to grow and prosper affected the rest of the World, causing a bursting of untapped energy, ambition, and potential.

Manufactured goods locally produced were widely available, and for those who could afford them, mail-order goods from the United States were simple to procure. Soon the same chains that clothed and inconvenienced the American home made their appearance on foreign shores, unifying the World as politics could never accomplish. Everywhere American transistor radios were in use, keeping the People informed about local and international news, job opportunities, activities, and whatever else the local governments wished to relay, subject, of course, to the approval of Federation Communication officials. Television, a recent invention just coming into its own in the United

States, made its appearance in selected urban areas of the World, though mostly in exhibition centers.

The price of maintaining the huge edifice the Federation of World Unity was to become was paid by the beneficiaries of the Federation — the People. Actually, the formula that was devised was the taxation of every business in the World that was not native to the country of operation before 1945. In this way every international and transplanted company was taxed, which <sup>costs</sup> were naturally enough transferred into the price of their products or services. Thus, the People were taxed without knowing it, the businesses did not lose money, everybody seemed to be getting major services for nothing, and everybody was happy. Later, other forms of taxation would be introduced, but as one of the permanent curses of the human condition, taxation could not be expected to disappear.

The American Government quickly met the needs of staffing the Federation, as the Congress and the Executive Branch did not need to be begged to assume new powers. Committees were formed in the Congress to oversee the same functions around the World as they did within the United States, as were Executive Departments. Positions in the Federation Bureaucracy were not only available to Americans, however, and Europeans assumed over thirty percent of them while another ten percent were filled by Latins, Asians, and Africans. Within ten years the latter Peoples would possess thirty percent of the offices, the Europeans still their thirty, and the Americans roughly forty percent. ~~As the developing Peoples assumed~~ <sup>As the developing Peoples assumed</sup> greater responsibilities, the Americans, <sup>at first unwillingly</sup> settled into a healthy dominance.

By 1952 the President had already appointed four members of the Supreme Court. The only ideological qualification the President demanded was a commitment to Imperialism. As to their dogma concerning domestic rights and issues, the President relied on their obvious juridicial experience and allowed the chips to fall where they might. As had been the experience of every President since George Washington, Justices seldom adhered to the pre-conceived notions of the President as to how they would discharge their duty, and the President did not waste time scheming over their political and ideological leanings. Only a great propensity for Imperialism, a belief

that once held is seldom disavowed, was required. This policy paid off, for although the Court became decidedly Liberal concerning domestic affairs, particularly after Senator Miller's friend Chief Justice Porter passed away and was replaced by President Thomason's own choice, it never once impeded the President in international matters, a sphere it had seldom involved itself with anyway, but which it found hard to wholly avoid as America administered to its World Empire.

The Federation Military, by 1952 a crack outfit of 800,000 men, entirely mobile and ready to strike any spot in the World at a moment's notice, was the symbol of strength and power for the Federation. This force, always shadowed by the United States Armed Forces, was capable of being enlarged to up to four million men within days if an emergency should arise. Although Americans filled most of the highest offices, there was a considerable European presence, and a British General was the Federation Commander in Jerusalem *in the early 1950's.*

Any man could rise to be General. No Nationality was barred, including German or Russian. In the early days privates served in Nationality Divisions, with every higher rank assigned regardless of Nationality. When the Service had become more compact, more manageable, and more reliable, all Divisions were integrated. Ambitious but uneducated Asians, Latins, and Africans rose to be corporals and sergeants, and after some time educated men from these areas became officers and even knocked on the doors of Generalship. Federation Officers took their orders from the Divisional Commanders in Tokyo, Alexandria, London, New Delhi, Jerusalem, Peking, and Washington. These Commanders took their orders from the American Joint Chiefs of Staff, who took their orders from the President of the United States and the Federation of World Unity.

Everywhere the World adjusted to the New Order. Disputes were handled in the World Council, the recommendations of which were seldom ignored by either the Congress or the President. There was never a question of war, for those that did break out were snuffed quickly by the Federation and American Forces, and as soon as this eventuality became proven fact, war ceased to be an option for sane men. Federation Forces, armed to the teeth, 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 handled solely by the United States Military, ~~the military~~ installed in bases all around the World. By 1952 there was not a spot on the Globe that the United States could not eradicate from the level of Civilization if it so desired. Thus, if eventually certain generals not sufficiently imbued with the American concept of civilian control of the military were to try to use Federation Troops for their own benefit, an atomic arsenal would stand in their path.

As the World turned into 1952, the President's task had been all but completed. The Creation had been achieved; all that remained was preservation. Preservation is not possible without continued progress, for an entity is either growing or decaying. Therefore, although the initial task had been completed as well as could have been hoped, there was little the President could do to ensure that the Creation would not sicken with internal disease. As strong a defense as was humanly possible had been constructed to prevent that disease, but only progress and vitality could keep the organism healthy, and it would be up to others, Human Beings not yet even conceived, to sway the fates of Nature.

---

In June of 1952 the President had asked for a special meeting with Senator Thomason. The two men had never met alone together. The President had been decided not to run for Office with the current Vice President in November. However, in May the Vice President had told him that he planned to retire and return home to Kentucky with his family. This decision, much to the President's relief, had freed him from the very unpleasant task of telling a life-long friend and associate that he had chosen someone else for the job. Although the President was not sure as to what Senator Thomason's response would be, he was determined not to take no for an answer. If the Senator refused, the President would continue to court him all the way until the Convention, and if necessary, would make a public appeal at the Convention for the Senator to serve his

Country. The fact that the Senator was a Democrat was unimportant. The distinction between Democrat and Republican had become an irrelevancy, and although this might revert to its original circumstance, so long as the President held the Republican and Democratic Moderates as a power base, it would continue to be so.

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. In matters dealing with foreign policy, or World Management, the Senator quietly voted, sometimes for, sometimes against, proposals supported by the President. He had become a singular power in the Senate, never a follower, and although never arrogant, always a leader. In terms of Domestic Legislation, the Senator was a virtual Prime Minister, filling brilliantly a vacuum left, either deliberately or shortsightedly, by the President.

The President had begun the meeting by speaking of various legislative proposals that the Congress was then considering. After agreeing on a number of issues, the President asked the Senator what his true feelings were in regard to the World System that had been created.

"The matters don't run particularly to my taste," answered the Senator.

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

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

"Freedom for what?" replied the President. "To be miserable? To fight and squabble amongst themselves? To cheat and murder and torture their Countrymen? To initiate general warfare? 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 inhuman behaviour. The World is fed, the World is clothed, everywhere people progress in terms of education and health. That's more than can be said for any other period of 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 the weight of oppression will someday leaden," replied the President, "but we must live for today. The quality of leadership will determine everything, and the character of the People, one influences the other. But right 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, expecting the President to name the Vice President.

Senator Thomason liked the Vice President and considered him a near certainty to gain the Republican Nomination in the unlikely circumstance that the President decided to retire. If he did retire, the Senator would then consider whether he himself would run for the Presidency.

"You," answered 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 Presidents 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 before, as few people did, "there's no way in hell I'm going to run in 1956. The Vice Presidency is a sure bet to the Presidency, if we play it correctly. I know you are the best man for the Presidency, that's why I ask you and not one of my supporters who would jump at the offer. Neither of us have forgotten how I became President in the first place. If something should happen to me, I want to know that you'll be right there, a patriot of moral courage. Whatever you're doing in the Senate now, no matter how powerful you think you are, you can do more as Vice President. You will be the number one Administation Official dealing with the Congress. You can initiate Domestic Legislation just as your doing now, but with the voice of the Administration behind you. And you can basically do whatever the hell you want. But you can get your feet wet, and take over in 1956."

The President had considered relinquishing Office even earlier than 1956, but did not dare to mention this possibility. The two men looked at each other in a way which illuminated the respect they felt for one another. Although they had often been adversaries, they re-

pected each other both as men and as leaders. <sup>back page</sup> The Senator was in fact shocked that the President did not intend to hold Office until they were both old men.

"I'm going to have to think about this," answered the Senator finally. "I'll talk to my wife and a few friends, and I'll let you know."

The two men said goodbye with the warmth of an old friendship, and in fourteen hours, at 6:00 in the morning, the Senator called the President to tell him that he accepted.

If the Democratic Candidacy had been a joke in 1948, the Election of 1952 was a farce, with the leading men of both parties on the same Ticket. Senator Thomason did not change his affiliation to the Republicans, but called himself a Democratic Centrist. The President was still calling himself a Republican Centrist, and the Ticket naturally enough came to be called the Centrist Ticket. The President and Senator Thomason made certain, however, that they did not tear apart the existing Party Organizations. Even so, irate Republican Conservatives, the extreme fringe, ran their own candidate, and the Democrats half-heartedly ran another Liberal. The President and former Senator Thomason won this Election with 84% of the vote, the Conservative and Liberal Candidates splitting the rest.

---

42

"It seems like you've been on a continuous vacation," commented the President to the Secretary of State.

"Don't you think I've earned it?" asked the Secretary.

"Besides, when I'm hard at work, that means there's trouble afoot."

"Or trouble being prevented," laughed the President.

Trouble was the furthest thing from both their minds. It was Three O'Clock in the morning. Both had enjoyed themselves at an immense diplomatic dinner for Federation Foreign Ministers, their wives, and consorts. After the party ended at 1:00 A.M., they had initiated a drinking contest amongst a few friends, and only the Secretary and the President were yet conscious. They were both now drinking wine straight from the bottle, while various friends and associates lax wasted on couches and chairs throughout the room.

The Secretary, who had grown a bit mellow and broader with age, had a close and peculiar relationship with the President. Against the expectations of many, the President had re-appointed him Secretary of State in 1948. Originally a shotgun appointment, the Secretary saw in this a commendation for his patriotic efforts. The President, however, always impressed and sometimes astonished by the Secretary's propensity for achievement and his steamroller methods, had never considered anyone else for the job. The two men had gone through it all together, from the earliest planning until the final resolutions. Like teammates on a championship team, they had been welded into a unique closeness. Now that their task had been completed, the two had little left to do but sit back and admire their work.

"It's been a long road," said the President. "It's been a pleasure having you as a fellow traveler."

"Watch what you're saying to me," laughed the Secretary. "Anyway, our new term has barely begun. Who knows what secret perils fate may hold out for us."

"I think I've faced as many perils as I'm going to be facing," replied the President, seemingly confident that his machine would never need adjusting.

What he really meant, though, was that he planned to renounce the privilege.

"That's what Caesar said on his way to the Senate," said the Secretary.

"I don't play the part of Caesar," said the President. "I leave that for my Generals."

"Brutus?" asked the Secretary.

"No," replied the President, "I leave that for the Vice President."

"Calpurnia then?" joked the Secretary.

"Indeed," said the President, "a woman's pleasure is a pleasure indeed."

"In deed and thought," said the Secretary, "and thought minus deed is never sufficient for conviction."

"But deed minus thought lacks conviction as well," said the President, "and without conviction the streets would be overrun with criminals. Thus, we must act without thinking in order to fill the

prisons. Is it better to act without thinking than to think without acting?"

"Moderation" said the Secretary immoderately. "Moderation is the key to complacency."

"I've noticed that you yourself are quite complacent," said the President, "but I cannot say you are Moderate."

"I am moderate in my moderation," said the Secretary. "In other words, I am 'crawling gingerly between Heaven and Earth.'"

"While I am trapped in Heaven," said the President.

"A heavenly position," said the Secretary.

"But Saints grow weary with praying and soon find themselves meddling in pedestrian affairs," said the President.

"To their own disgrace," said the Secretary.

"To the disgrace of Heaven, perhaps," said the President, "but to the uplifting of the Human Race. But to which should we adhere, to the Eternal Heavens or to these sinking ships we sail with?"

"It depends where one wants to go," said the Secretary.

"Of course," said the President. "To sail we sink, to fly we die."

"That doesn't make sense," said the Secretary.

"Of course it makes sense," said the President. "It makes beautiful sense. It is an aroma Heaven-inspired."

"Unlike this conversation," said the Secretary.

"Weary, are you?" asked the President.

"More leery than weary," answered the Secretary.

"Better apprehensive than apprehended," said the President.

"Depending on the captor," said the Secretary.

"They say women are much like God," said the President.

"Who says?" asked the Secretary.

"I guess I do," answered the President.

"I've heard it said they are much like the Devil," said the Secretary.

"But who among us shall fail to fall?" asked the President. "We should better fall to a Devil wearing the cosmetics of Heaven than to a Saint bearing a barren Hell."

"That depends if you prefer to act without thinking or to think without acting," said the Secretary.

"You don't need to follow that up," said the President. "It

seems I chose my path a long time ago."

"Or had it chosen for you from Eternity," said the Secretary.

"Forget it all," said the President. "It's a sum too heavy to count but too precious to discount. Men, women, planets, stars; who should we follow, Venus or Mars?"

"The great shall surely choose one or the other," said the Secretary.

"The Great!" said the President. "And who are the Great? Those with the word laid to their name? I've met leaders all around the World, and my old football coach is still the greatest man I've ever met. <sup>Now he's teaching but.</sup> Greatness is something indefinable, not measured by position or wealth but by a yard-stick not yet created by human ingenuity."

"When it's great, you know it," said the Secretary.

"Back to women, eh?" asked the President.

"Back to the sky," said the Secretary.

"Better to offer your prayers than your posterior," said the President.

"Which shines brighter," asked the Secretary, "the stars or the moon?"

"In our minds it is the moon," said the President, "but in our souls it is the stars."

"Neither are known to be great comforts," said the Secretary.

"My comfort is my heart," said the President.

"Almost as much a comfort as it is an affliction," said the Secretary.

The President closed his eyes: "An inflated heart is but a fool; the breaking being moreso cruel."

"You are indeed in love," said the Secretary.

"In thought but not deed," answered the President.

"Let the one catch the other," said the Secretary.

"Am I too old to act or too old to think?" asked the President.

"At your age, the thinking comes easier," said the Secretary.

"That's a rub," said the President.

"Let me finish," said the Secretary. "When something is either soft or hard, strive for the hard and you'll be more satisfied."

"Tell you what," said the President. "I'll let you know

how it comes out."

"We're not that close, Ed," said the Secretary.

"Oh, but I want to be, Bob," said the President. "I want to be."

"A lack of difficulties is known to infect the mind," said the Secretary. "I with boredom, you with love, both of us looney. Tonite I pray for a crisis."

"Tonite I pray I act," said the President, and he closed his eyes and passed out cold.

The Secretary stood up shakily, swaggered a bit, and barely made it to the couch, where he collapsed like a dangerously over-filled water balloon.

---

43

The next evening the President dined alone with his secretary. They had spoken throughout the meal of general matters, but Janet could tell that the President was preoccupied with something. They had retired to the couch with their customary bottle of wine, and the President was attempting to explain the differences between Marxian and Hegelian historic philosophy, but was doing a very poor job.

"I guess that really makes little difference," the President was saying, "but in any event, I distrust any doctrinaire approach to the study of history."

The two sat silently for a moment, and suddenly the President blurted:

"They say without love, there's nothing."

"Who says?" asked Janet.

"I guess I say," said the President, embarrassed.

"Well I agree," said Janet.

"Well, now that that's settled," said the President.

"What's settled?" asked Janet.

"That love is everything," said the President.

"Not that love is everything," replied Janet, "but that without it there's nothing."

"Right," said the President.



"I have the feeling this conversation is leading somewhere," said Janet, looking at him quizzically.

"What makes you say that?" asked the President.

"I've never seen you so nervous," she answered.

"I always feel nervous when my fate is not in my own hands," said the President nervously.

"You must be a bundle of nerves then," laughed Janet.

"Aren't we all?" asked the President.

"I try not to think about it," she answered.

"About love?" asked the President quickly.

"No, about fate," she answered, understanding the drift of the President's conversation. "And love, I guess."

"I love you, Janet," the President said softly but passionately, trying to use all the emotion he had stored but sounding a bit foolish.

"You've said it before, but never like that!" Janet replied.

"I want to marry you," blurted the President.

"I've heard you say a hundred times that you'd never be married to a woman and the Presidency at the same time."

"That's right," said the President. "I wasn't born the President, and I hope not to die the President."

"Well, if you don't plan to run in '56," said Janet, "I guess I can wait another three years."

"I'm going to resign this year if you'll marry me," said the President.

"Resign?" the woman asked incredulously. "That's ridiculous! Resign?"

"That's right, resign!" said the President. "Thomason's ready to take over."

"Is that what he says?" she asked.

"That's what I say," he replied. "There's more pleasure to life than pushing bills through Congress."

"And you want to resign and marry me?" she asked.

"Who else?" asked the President. "We'll move out to that Pacific island we talked about the week I met you, mellow out a bit, you know. I know that you, I mean it's been so long, I mean, well, what more can I say? Will you marry me?"

"You're the President," she said.

"You're the woman," he said.

"Who else could I marry?" she asked.

They both smiled, he leaned over and kissed her, one thing led to another, and the President's prayers were answered.

"'Conscience makes cowards of us all,'" Janet heard the President mutter a while later as they lay in each others arms, but he was only fooling.

"And your foolishness may make you a father before you're ready," she answered him dead seriously.

In a moment they both burst out laughing and rolled about a bit.

"'If foolishness be sin, then have my sin again,'" said the President as he turned out the light and whispered softly to Venus.

In December, 1953, the President met with his Vice President and informed him that he planned to resign from the Presidency as of April 1, 1954. The Vice President was dismayed by the disclosure, and even threatened to resign himself. However, he soon calmed down and accepted the fact that within half a year he would himself 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, and although he would never willingly attempt to increase that control, neither would he attempt to renounce it. In fact, because of the elaborate mechanisms already in place, a President would have almost an impossible task in attempting to step away from World Leadership, and any attempt at dismantling would almost surely result in impeachment by the now thoroughly Imperialistic Congress.

In March, the President announced to the Nation that he would be resigning the Office because he had already done as much as he felt he could do, and that it was time to retire to private life. The fact that the Vice President was well-liked and well-trusted did much to diminish the negative impact of the disclosure. In an

unprecedented outpouring, the People of America, and the People of the World, showered an avalanche of mail and gifts upon the White House, thanking the President for all he had done and wishing him the best of luck for the future.

The President made the most of his March disclosure, ramming an immense amount of legislation through the Congress, legislation that the President and the Vice President had decided would be hard to pass once the former had resigned and the latter took over. Included were various Domestic and International Social Welfare Programs, changes in the Federal Penal Code, abolition of certain restrictive political laws which were passed during the War with Russia, changes in the tax structure, and other matters, including the granting of Statehood to Alaska and Hawaii, the latter State being where the President intended to assume residence.

In the middle of March the President left the United States for only the third time since he had assumed Office and embarked upon a World-wide tour. Everywhere he was met by cheering crowds and enormous official welcomes. The President spoke of the need to work together and progress, of the need for self-sacrifice and achievement, of the need for spirit and camaraderie, and of the necessity of working through the present institutional framework, for, although it was not perfect, it was as close to perfection as was then possible. *traversed the far corners of the globe including a breath-taking expedition to the Himalayas, and he* The President returned from his trip with a feeling of tremendous pride, achievement, ~~and~~ self-satisfaction, *and yet respect for and submission to the wondrous powers of Nature.*

The last stop on the President's journey had been the island of Kauai, one of the Hawaiian Islands, where he purchased an isolated estate along the ocean. When he returned to the Continental United States, the Secret Service and the Army descended upon Kauai and fortified the area around the President's compound, including a seven-ship blockade of the harbor leading to the President's home. A permanent detachment of 1,000 men would safeguard the President there, as would the large military force already located in Hawaii.

The President planned to give his farewell speech to the People the night of March 31st at a mansion-turned-television studio located 150 miles South of Los Angeles. This would be the first time the President would speak live on television, and the address would also be carried by radio around the Country and around the World, although some areas would hear it on a delayed basis. After the speech

had been completed, the President and his fiancée, along with Secret Service agents, would be driven two miles to a 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 cruise serving as their honeymoon. The speech would be delivered at Eight O' Clock California time. The President's yacht would embark at Nine O'Clock and the Vice President would be sworn into Office at the stroke of Midnight, April 1, 1954, *The same moment The President and his Fiancee would be married.*

The President spent March 30th saying goodbye to all his friends at the White House and in Washington, and had spent the 31st saying goodbye to all the top-level Governmental figures who had flown to California to be with him. That afternoon, after a round of golf, the President and his friends dined at a luxurious supper club, where the entertainment was provided by Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Slick Webber, and Bob Hope, all of whom were friends of the President. At 7:00 P.M. he took his leave of the well-wishers, said goodbye to his fiancée, who was to meet him at the studio, and left with the Vice President.

As he took his leave from his former secretary, she handed him a card depicting two lions lying together, and which she had handwritten on the inside: "Let Venus shine bright tonite and lead us on till dawn's first light."

The President read the card as her car drove off, and he smiled watching it disappear in the distance. He remembered the first poetic thing he had ever written, or at least he thought it was poetic. It was shortly after the dissolution of his marriage, when passion and common sense advised him in different directions. He had written: "Would I not rather have died happily in love than to live on without it?" He thought of the love he felt for Janet, of the love she felt for him, and of how fortunate he was to have survived Love first abandoning him. He continued to smile, thinking of the days to come, thinking of his Pacific Paradise. There the two lovers would remain; usually happy, sometimes bored, but always in love.

The President's daydreaming was interrupted by the honking of the horn in his limousine. The driver, who would never have dared do it on his own, had been pushed to it by the Vice President. The President turned quickly, made an artificial display of consternation,

smiled broadly, and climbed into the car.

It was an hour's drive to the studio, and the two men began the trip in silence. After some time of this, the President turned to Thomason and said:

"It's all yours now, my friend. I'm sure you'll make the most of it."

The Vice President did not reply immediately but stared straight ahead.

"I'm to eat from your leftovers," the Vice President finally said.

"That's ridiculous," said the President. "All of us have to eat from somebody's leftovers. I had to, you have to. That shouldn't stop you from doing what needs to be done."

"Forgive me, Edward," said the Vice President. "I, least of all, should not wish to destroy this last day for you. For some reason I feel a bit touchy right now."

"Or scared?" the President asked.

"Perhaps scared," said the Vice President. "It seems my whole life has been preparation for this, but I still don't feel I'm quite ready."

"Nobody is ever quite ready," said the President. "You should have seen me shaking on April 12, 1945."

"It's like you said to me along time ago," continued the Vice President, "that day when I was questioning you about the War. You said I could always shift responsibility off to the President, and that's quite true, I always could. Now it's my responsibility and 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 a thousand generations in our blood."* And as for your decisions, it is the nature of people to look elsewhere for their decisions to be made. Just think of how much better it is for you to decide matters than for a scoundrel or a cheat. Regardless, these people will have many of their decisions made for them by scoundrels and cheats anyway — like I said, Eve's curse — but that's another point. And you'll be suprised, Jeffrey, at how many decisions you supposedly will be making that you'll find are being made for you."

"I'm sure you're right," replied the Vice President.

"Be firm," said the President. "Treat the People with a firm hand and they'll respect you for it. Look to greater interests than the People themselves consider, act in that manner, and the People will respect you. Don't bow down to their demands, for give them a foot and they want a mile — you know the expression. And that's not what I call arrogance, but what I call propriety. Life consists of the Leaders and the Led, the Few and the Many. Don't interchange the roles any more than you'd allow yourself to be operated on by your accountant or trust your gardener with your money."

"I like to think of life more idealistically," ~~scribble~~ said the Vice President. "I like to credit people with more intelligence than that. I like to treat people as I like them to treat me. Sometimes I see a different World than the one which is so apparent, the one that stares us in the face. Perhaps I dream too much."

"I love to dream!" exclaimed the President, "possibly more than anyone on Earth. But that dreaming cannot camoflauged reality for me, it can only be a part of it. I know how people should be treated, idealistically, but I also know how people must be treated. 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 may shout 'Freedom' while imposing misery, chaos, or even tyranny — chaos is tyranny — while the order I have created allows more freedom than has ever existed before. I would love to let everyone do as he pleased, but reality, survival, is never that simple. In my desires I wouldn't kill a fly, but my life has seen me involved with who knows how many deaths? If you can harmonize these two, you are God, not Man."

"I sometimes wonder if it is even worth it," said the Vice President. "Leadership is such a thankless task. Only last week you 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 smooth, too easy; it is a small matter to slide by believing in nothing. In America today this is the case. However, let

the reality, or even the spectre, of disaster once rear its head and the People will be as submissive to the undefined Authority as ever before."

"And in the meantime, what?" asked the Vice President. "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 is achieved. I'm left to hang on to it all, and maybe if I'm lucky it won't suck me under."

"Jeffery," said the President, "when one lies down to sleep, is he resting from the toils of the day or merely preparing for the toils of another day? 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, search for weaknesses, replace old wood with new and don't let the old wood rot. Don't let the children grow up disillusioned but include them in the dream, let everyone struggle for salvation and we will never decay. 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, once it has been properly instituted. You 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. I consider what I have done a fantastic thing, but as with the political spectrum, the extreme right and the extreme wrong may easily meet while believing they are becoming further separated. Funny, but I can hear you saying this to me not that long ago. But now it's your ball game, my friend. It's much easier to retire to excellence than shabbiness, and your excellence I am convinced of. (Pick your successors wisely, but we both know that God does the selecting.)"

"How would you feel if you were following in the footsteps of the greatest Leader in history?" asked the Vice President.

"And would you rather follow the worst?" asked the President.

"You've got me there," said the Vice President.

"Thank you, Jeffery," said the President, "although I don't believe you. Besides, 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. I know that you hope, Jeffery, and that's what makes all the difference. As the old religious leaders used to say — and I used to think they were the biggest fools that ever existed — Faith over Reason is the key to survival, everlasting survival. Faith may well be empty, but nothing could be more empty than human reason. Fate reaches out for us with slimy fingers, and we never know whether the slime is grease or glue. You can reach for those fingers and ~~slide~~ slide into nothingness, or you can be pulled to God knows where. Let me share something with you that I wrote last night. It's my definition of dreams, life, and love. They root with despair, flower with hope, and fade with inevitability."

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

"I don't believe I have long to live," said the President. "Something tells me that, and I believe it. Take it by the throat, Jeff. I'll be praying for you."

The two embraced a final time, and the President stepped out of the limousine. As he neared the doorway, the car headed off down the road, travelling <sup>The paved path to the City of Angels</sup> ~~down the road~~ ~~to the City of Angels~~ ~~where~~ ~~the Vice President~~ ~~would take the~~ ~~Oath of Office~~ ~~watching~~ ~~the President's speech on the~~ ~~television~~ ~~car~~ ~~television~~ ~~car~~ where <sup>The Vice President</sup> would take the <sup>spectrally installed</sup> ~~Oath of Office~~ ~~watching~~ ~~the President's speech on the~~ ~~television~~ ~~car~~ ~~television~~ ~~car~~

The President was fifteen minutes early, which time he spent conversing with the technicians about the nature of television, its potential, about his years in Office, about the weather, about whatever popped into his head. Two minutes before he was due to begin, after he had already seated himself behind the American and Federation Flags, his fiancée arrived. She took her place off to the side and quietly watched the performance. The technicians cued the President, he turned and exchanged a smile with his chief Secret Service Agent, the man who had served him for ten years, straightened his tie nervously, and upon being signalled 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 of that Empire, the health of that Empire, the endurance of that Empire, lies with you, all of the People who are America, with the vibrancy and energy that you the People 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, strength to stand together and climb, for the moment that the Race ceases to climb the struggle will be over. It is for those who struggle, those who fight, that 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 struggle upward and onward. There is a World to be struggled for today, and beyond that, Worlds without limit! Do not confine yourselves but feel and 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 it was those who left behind their comforts and created a New World that have now inherited the Earth. Look toward the sky and reach for it and someday you will never come down!"

"Americans! Slacken your vigilance toward what is Just, and what is Right, and what is productive, and what is wasteful, and the Hand of the Lord will strike you down while convinced that he is ridding Humanity of the worst curse that has ever fallen upon it! Be true to your hearts and you can be false to no man or to no God. But follow those instincts of goodness and progress, reject those of sloth and ignorance, and the Golden Fields of the Future lie before you! Goodbye, Americans!"

When the speech had concluded, the President embraced his fiancée and they walked outside arm in arm, leaving the studio technicians and half the ~~audience~~<sup>World</sup> 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 ~~cliff~~<sup>rocky shore</sup>.

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~~<sup>reflected</sup> 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 lover's 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

---