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Dear Reader:

America is electric with a new mood. A new patriotism is fairly racing among her people — the real people, who humble and nameless dream and build and are grateful to God for this land which is their land. It is an unashamed patriotism too angry, too determined, too real to be turned aside by yesterday's "Liberal" clichés. It is a runaway thing — full of the proud spirit of Old Glory and John Philip Sousa, Horatio Alger and the Fourth of July. And already this welling love for America that the "Liberals" call *corny* is out of control — beyond the control of the media and the politicians and the professors. Well out of control.

Ask the workers about it, ask the Hard Hats, ask the people. America is electric with the New Americanism. She is

Daniel Michael Canavan has painted that mood for our cover. Professor E. Merrill Root writes of it in the moving poem which begins on the next page, and offers instruction for its further generation on Page 33, where he discusses great books for Americans to encourage their children to read. On Page 57, Alan Stang writes to politicians of this New Americanism, advising candidates how best to communicate it in the elections and in Congress.

Yes, our people are alive with a quickening patriotism, a renewed commitment to our land and the defense of her traditions. And, as the mood swells, America is identifying her enemies. Such enemies as those who tax millions from the people to finance guerrillas in our midst (David Gumaer comments on Page 41), and radicals of the Establishment Press who attack our every decency and moral value (Gary Allen comments on Page 5). America is at last facing her enemies. And, though they are far from defeated, they are no longer safe.

Sincerely,

Scott Stanley Jr.

AMERICAN HARD HATS

by

E. Merrill Root

They are the men who build into the sky
Thin mountain-nets of steel where the winds cry
Like vain invisible wolves. At work, they walk
Girders so high that clouds, like misty chalk,
Are almost neighbors. Firm and nonchalant,
They tread the dangerous heights, cohabitant
With sun and wind — and death at the foot's end.
In their stern world they do not condescend
To dizziness or fear: If so, they plunge
Downward, to lie a shattered bloody sponge.
They do and build. Erected toward the stars,
Their handiwork, set in earth's granite scars,
Blossoms in steel and stone, cement and glass,
Superb and steadfast though the years harass.
So they say Yes to life and set man's will
Strong, where the sprawling earth was void and nil.

They know that life makes war on chaos, so
Their faith is clear and steadfast. And they know
The earth they build on is their native land,
The firm foundation on which life must stand
And where life's roots go down for sustenance.
They know that evil is to thrust a lance
Of doubt into the center of the world:
Then suns go out, then nullity is hurled
On forests, prairies, cities: Sullen, then,
Chaos and ancient night descend on men.
They build and they believe; so they mistrust
All dilettantes, who palter and who rust
The passion and the pulse of life; their souls
Are full of the white fire of the sun that rolls
Central in heaven. And many of them are
Mohawks, whose fathers knew a distant star —
The splendid heritage Amerindian,
Courage that is the glory-will of Man.

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The American Hard Hat

Pope

