

OPINION

ONE DOLLAR

WHAT THE DEMOCRATS EXPECT TO DO NOW

Gary Allen details the party's plans and provides an inside look at the strategy of Alabama Governor George Wallace. Also in this issue we feature such important matters as:

The Killing Of The Auto Industry

True Story Of Cardinal Mindszenty

Who Controlled The Nixon Tapes

How Your Business Is Being Destroyed

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Dear Reader:

In his powerful article beginning on page seventeen, Alan Stang reports that when the Communists in Hungary arrested Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty they stripped him in the presence of a jeering mob to force him to dress in the costume of a clown. As the great Christian patriot stood naked, the Communist in charge bellowed: "You dog, how long we have been waiting for this moment . . ."

How long indeed. And how long those same brutal conspirators have been waiting for sufficient control within the councils of our government to begin what Professor Medford Evans (see page thirty-seven) calls the Morgenthau Plan for America — a purposeful stripping of the American economy to fit us for the clown costume that Henry Kissinger calls the New World Order.

One key to this humbling of America for which the Communists have been waiting is the contrived energy crisis. According to columnist Paul Scott, Secretary of State Kissinger has already promised the International Energy Agency in Paris an "end to industrial expansion in the U.S. for at least the next seven years." At the same time he has arranged massive exportation to the Communists, on credit, of our food supplies and industrial technology. And, beginning on the next page, Gary Allen reports from the mini-convention of the radicalized Democratic Party that the declared policy of those commanding the new veto-proof Congress is to create a federal bureau that will put an end to our "wasteful standard of living" by "reducing consumption of energy and foods."

At the same time, every effort is being made to use the bureaucracy to sabotage our economy. In his article beginning on page twenty-five, William P. Hoar cites such wanton destruction as the \$287 billion to be added over ten years by the Environmental Protection Agency to the cost of everything we buy, the \$13 billion added to prices we must pay by the O.S.H.A. noise standards alone, the \$100 billion cost of the ordered changeover to the metric system, the \$16 billion annually added to prices to satisfy insane regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and on and on.

Alan Stang quotes the great Cardinal Mindszenty — trapped, reviled, scourged, brutalized daily — as saying "There was nothing I could do. Worn out, exhausted, I went on fighting . . . alone." But we are not alone. And there is much that we can do. For what is happening is so obvious that to expose the conspirators we have but to tell the truth. We must do that now, by every means at our disposal, or be prepared to be stripped and hear the words: "You dog, how long we have been waiting for this moment."

Sincerely,

Scott Stanley Jr.

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DEMOCRATS

Radicals Roar While Wallace Waits

Gary Allen, a graduate of Stanford University, is the author of several best-selling books, including *Communist Revolution In The Streets*; *Nixon's Palace Guard*; *None Dare Call It Conspiracy*; and, *Richard Nixon: The Man Behind The Mask*, the definitive study of the ambition and conspiratorial activities of our recent President. Mr. Allen, a former instructor of history and English, is active in numerous humanitarian, anti-Communist, and business enterprises. A film writer, author, and journalist, he is a Contributing Editor to AMERICAN OPINION.

■ IT WAS five a.m. when your reporter got off T.W.A.'s red-eye special from Los Angeles to attend the Democrats' mini-convention in Kansas City. Only a misanthrope like the managing editor of this magazine would send a native of Southern California to cover a story in Kansas City in December. The editor hates me, I thought. He is seeking revenge for all the times I missed my deadline, and for the time I failed to get that interview with the little, green man from the flying saucer.

The sun had still not risen in Kansas City when I walked from the airport terminal, but things would soon get worse. Allowing for the "chill factor," the temperature was something like fifteen degrees. Even the birds had displayed the good sense to flee south for the winter. A delegate to the convention who was waiting for a taxi with me remarked through chattering teeth: "Leave it to the Democrats to go to Miami in August and to Kansas City in December." It was one of the most

intelligent complaints I was to hear for the next three days.

Except for the atrocious weather, Kansas City is an ideal spot for a convention. It is halfway from everywhere and the local hotels are clustered together so that you can stand in the middle of a four-block area and hit all of them with a rock. They vary from ultra-modern to early Pleistocene. I won't tell you at which one I stayed, but all I could get on my television set was "The Flintstones." And it wasn't a cartoon. My room was so musty that I sensed it had not been occupied for some time. This suspicion was confirmed when I discovered a match book bearing the message "Tippecanoe And Tyler Too!"

I had covered several Republican Conventions for AMERICAN OPINION, but this was my first experience with the Democrats. I set out for the convention hall with the trepidation of a maiden missionary from the Boston Bible Society about to begin a career in the Congo. Would I be boiled for dinner by the A.D.A.? Would my head wind up as an amulet around the neck of a Gay Militant? My imagination conjured up a hundred such dangers, some of which actually turned out to be exaggerations.

Probably at no time or place in history has there been a political party so (let us say) diversified as the current Democrats. The same party contains everything from antebellum Mississippi planters to certified Bolsheviks in search of an orphanage to burn to the ground. Still, about one-third of the delegates in Kansas City appeared to be absolutely normal. The convention floor was different from a

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