

1970's, this cross-subsidy contributed to the emergence of Japanese auto companies which could successfully compete with Detroit. Twenty years ago, the sophisticated Libertarians used this line of reasoning to advocate massive cuts in U.S. defense spending. The cleverest Libertarians have always focused on "war as the health of the state," and have applied their critique to the impact that U.S. foreign policy has had on the domestic economy. One example: The inflation generated by the Vietnam War distorted prices and capital investment in the American manufacturing sector up through the early 1980's, when deflation occurred.

Mr. Winterrowd is correct to note "the bleak future" faced by "unskilled workers" in cities like Detroit. But his argument that "the Big Three automakers churned out increasingly inferior products during the 1970's and early 80's" is less convincing. Take one product: the internal combustion engine. Vice President Al Gore may attack it, but the internal combustion engine is truly one of the great entrepreneurial achievements of the 20th century. The slant-six, built by Chrysler in metro Detroit during the period referred to by Mr. Winterrowd, is perhaps the greatest engine ever mass-produced by the American auto industry.

Even the most virulent free trader who ignores the underlying cause of Detroit's demise would be hard-pressed to cite one Japanese engine matching the slant-six.

On the Other Lindbergh

I was pleased to see the article in the November *Chronicles* by Justin Raimondo on Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr. Lindbergh stands with William Jennings Bryan and Louis McFadden, who also made control of the money supply by private interests an issue in public debate. Bryan, Lindbergh, and McFadden are all swept under the rug by conventional economists, who prefer their pretty theories to the reality of money as an instrument of power for which men conspire, often by foul means, the same as men conspire, often by foul means, to elect presidents or to control armies.

Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, John Calhoun, Alexander Del Mar, Pope Pius XI, and Murray Rothbard all knew about the conspiratorial reality of money. But our contemporary academics, with their heads in the clouds, still preach that money is a "technical" and "complicated" subject, much too arcane for a public discussion about its role

in the orchestration of war, famine, genocide, destruction of cultures and nations, political correctness, and the New World Order to make a few rich and powerful.

Raimondo's article mentions two of Lindbergh's books, *Why Your Country Is at War* and *The Economic Pinch*, but omits reference to his greatest work, *Banking and Currency and the Money Trust*, published as a polemic against the Federal Reserve Act of 1913. In this latter work, Lindbergh struggled without much success to state a coherent theory of paper money, but then explained the origins of the American Civil War: It was, he said, cunningly induced by domestic and international financiers to run up a huge national debt, represented by bonds which were monetized by legislation to finance the war; the design of this legislation gave them control over banking and currency in the United States, under their central reserve banks on Wall Street. The banking cartel on Wall Street was legalized in the Federal Reserve Act over Lindbergh's heroic opposition. Lindbergh's insights are neatly verified by statutes on banking and currency from 1863 to 1913, and touch the main reality of American politics since Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

—John Remington Graham
St-Agapit, Quebec

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

CULTURAL GENOCIDE is a legal term sometimes used to describe the planned destruction of an ethnic or religious identity. The English, in solidifying control over their islands, did their best to obliterate the historical memory of Scottish Highlanders and Irish Catholics, and the national socialists of Bill Clinton's party are doing the same thing here in the United States, not only to Southerners, whose symbols, songs, and heroes are banned in public places, but also to the whole European cultural identity whose literature and traditions are being eliminated under the guise of multiculturalism.

Most classic writers, like Shakespeare and Milton, are not banned but simply ignored. However, certain books—*Huckleberry Finn*, for example—are under direct attack. Recently, PBS aired a program, produced by WGBH (Boston), to justify the elimination of Mark Twain's masterpiece from America's memory

simply because liberals do not like to be reminded that many African-Americans were (and are) fond of calling each other "nigger." Twain was in many ways a detestable character—a perennial village atheist, provincial boor, and (as a Confederate deserter) traitor to his people—but his Jim is the first—and best—sympathetic portrayal of an American Negro. *Huckleberry Finn* may turn out to be the American classic, if only because of its themes: the tragedy of racial misunderstanding, the lure of the frontier, the search for innocence, the poison of a Puritan morality that convinces Huck he is going to hell if he refuses to betray his friend. A healthy America could survive the loss of this one novel, but this is not a healthy country: We lose Huck and Jim, and we lose ourselves.

European-Americans should not think they are being singled out. During the war over Kosovo, we argued repeatedly that Christian Serbs violated the creed of

the Clinton administration, a creed shared by the world-controllers at the Imperial Acronyms—WTO, NATO, U.N. "History is bunk," they are saying, and so are historic nations and religions. Whenever I made this argument in a speech, many opponents of the NATO bombing accused me of paranoia: People on so low an evolutionary level as the Jamies and their bosses are not scrupulous enough to have an agenda, I was told, and all they want are the usual simian necessities of sex, money to buy sex, and power to force sex. The destruction of 500-year-old monasteries in Kosovo is simply an accident to be regretted only by people foolish enough to care about religion and art.

The U.N. world-controllers in Bosnia, however, recently made my point for me when they ordered Serbian schools in the Republika Srpska to eliminate offensive texts from their schoolbooks. The proscribed lists included old folk poems de-

scribing Serbian resistance to the brutal Turkish occupation; the World War I song “*Tamo daleko*,” which reminds the French and British of how they betrayed their Serbian allies and left them to die in their disastrous retreat to Corfu; and Ivo Andric’s masterpiece, *The Bridge on the Drina*.

Andric won the Nobel Prize largely on the strength of this book, which paints a sympathetic portrait of Bosnian Muslims in the period when the Turks were losing their empire. But sympathy and humanity are beside the point. The mere fact that Andric portrays Muslims as Muslims (or that Jim is black) is enough for the book-burners of the “international community.”

In a witty and forceful press conference, Prof. Predrag Lazarevic pointed out that the attempt to censor textbooks in Serbian-controlled Bosnia is a violation of the Dayton Agreement, and he wondered what the French response would be if the European Union banned Balzac and Stendahl from French literature courses. As Islam becomes the dominant religion of France, however, that question will be entirely irrelevant.

Not everyone, you see, is ready to trade in his god and folk ballads for a Wendy’s franchise. In Kosovo, Mr. Clinton’s Air Force accomplished in a few weeks what the Turks failed to do in 500 years—the destruction of an ancient Christian civilization. Some U.N. bureaucrats-in-arms, who still cannot seem to get the point of the exercise, wonder why the Albanians—very armed and dangerous—refuse to get along with the few thousand Serbs in the province they have so far failed to kill. When a U.N. detachment adopted a stray dog back in November, they decided to name him UNMIK (short for U.N. Mission in Kosovo). Sam Bolton, the U.S. officer who takes care of UNMIK, told a Canadian reporter he was surprised when Albanians “came . . . to tell the UN police they had to kill the animal because the dog was Serbian.”

Although the Albanian narco-terrorists owe everything to the NATO countries who fought their dirty war for them, they have never made a secret of their desire for an ethnically pure state. If the Americans had read Mark Twain, they would not be so surprised. “If you pick up a starving dog and feed him, he will not bite you.” That, said old Mark, “is the principal difference between a dog and a man.”

—Thomas Fleming

PLYMOUTH, R.I.P. If anyone ever doubted that DaimlerChrysler is now a German-controlled corporation, the recent demise of the Plymouth brand provides incontrovertible proof. Plymouth, sold only in the United States, was the inexpensive core brand of Detroit’s Chrysler Corporation, America’s third-largest automaker in the post-World War II era. Introduced on the eve of the Great Depression in 1928, Plymouth was a crucial part of founder Walter P. Chrysler’s plan to offer economy cars to compete against Henry Ford’s Model A and General Motors’ Chevrolet brand. The plan succeeded: Within three years, Plymouth was the third-best selling car in the nation.

“This was an emotional decision,” Jim Holden, the newly installed president of Daimler’s North American operations, explained at a Las Vegas trade show on November 4. “Plymouth will always be an important part of our heritage.” (Left unsaid was the fact that Plymouth allowed the struggling Chrysler to survive the Great Depression.) That heritage has been disappearing since Stuttgart-based Daimler purchased Chrysler in mid-1998. Announcing the deal, CEOs Juer-gen E. Schrempp of Daimler and Robert J. Eaton of Chrysler termed it a merger of equals. “Takeover” is a more appropriate description of what has transpired. “Co-CEO” Eaton has announced his plans to retire; management employees at Chrysler Headquarters in Auburn Hills, Michigan, are scrambling to learn German; and more than 75 percent of DaimlerChrysler’s stock is now foreign-owned. At a meeting with Wall Street analysts in August, Daimler executives displayed pictures of automotive products in the manufacturing pipeline and announced their plan to use the more expensive, upscale Chrysler brand to boost overseas sales. When one analyst noted the absence of Plymouths, Thomas Stallkamp, then president, replied, “That’s not by accident.” Within months, Stallkamp was replaced by Holden because Schrempp didn’t like his freewheeling American management style, according to a *Detroit News* story. Such is the “dynamic” of the new global economy.

The *Wall Street Journal* broke the news of Plymouth’s demise. London’s *Financial Times* did a better job of reporting than the *New York Times*, which overlooked Plymouth’s economy car heritage. Quoting Holden, the *Financial Times* reported, “We will be less reliant

on Plymouth as a *value* [emphasis added] brand. It doesn’t mean I don’t like the heritage, but our reliance is less and less on Plymouth.” The *New York Times* dispatched the working man’s brand in a paragraph: “The company is expected to announce tomorrow that it will drop the Plymouth brand from its stable . . .” Holden announced that Daimler will develop the better-selling Jeep, Dodge, and Chrysler brands, which, incidentally, are more expensive and provide greater profits to the firm. But a shareholder was probably closer to the truth when he wrote on an internet message board that “Plymouth failed because they [Daimler-Chrysler] didn’t do anything for it.”

In 1964, Plymouth introduced the Barracuda, which became, along with the Roadrunner, one of the premier automobiles of the “muscle car” era. That same year, stock-car racer Richard Petty led a 1-2-3 Plymouth win at the NASCAR Daytona 500 in a Hemi-powered Plymouth Fury. (The Hemi was a Plymouth big-block engine.) The 1969 Roadrunner, with its 425 horsepower-V8 engine, was the third-fastest car of the era, covering the quarter-mile in 12.91 seconds (111.8 miles per hour), trailing only the 1966 Corvette and the 1966 Cobra. The 1970 Barracuda Hemi was the fourth-fastest car of all time. In the blue-collar suburb of Detroit where I have lived most of my life, teenage ownership of a “Cuda” or “Runner” was considered a rite of passage. No more. In the Al Gore era of trashing automobiles, the best Chrysler could offer were the wimpy Plymouth Breeze and Neon models. At the end of the muscle car era, Plymouth sold 766,442 units in 1973, its best year ever. In 1998, Plymouth sold less than half that amount—307,000 vehicles.

For a globalist, the ultimate test of any merger is whether or not it “creates shareholder value,” i.e., whether the “synergies” produced by the deal cause the stock price to increase. Daimler-Chrysler’s stock is off 25 percent since the merger. While the percentage may appear insignificant, that represents a loss of \$25 billion.

—Greg Kaza

TRUTH, the saying goes, is the first victim of any war, but as NATO’s “action” in the Balkans has demonstrated, truth is under even greater attack in the “information age.” Today, history is not written by the victors once the smoke has

cleared, but constantly evolves; each day's truth is revealed by CNN, the ubiquitous and blabber-mouthed oracle of the New World Order.

Russia's elites, born and bred to the culture of *disinformatsiya*, have embraced NATO's concept of "information management," and their enemies have as well. While Moscow has its "Russian Information Center" (Rusinform) to filter, censor, concoct, and control the "news" from the Caucasus battlegrounds, the Chechens have—through the generous support of Osama Bin Ladin and Boris Berezovsky—organized countermeasures, particularly through their website, www.kavkhaz.org. Both sides have taken the "information war" seriously, with Russian hackers attacking the website and Chechen webmasters spawning a proliferation of alternate sites, even as Russian bombers target Chechen cellular communications and TV towers (as NATO did in Yugoslavia), and the Chechens hastily find new means to keep up the war of words.

Thus, in the never-never land of "pure Islam," Boris Yeltsin has been dead for weeks, Russian soldiers are flocking to the banners of Allah, Chechen *mujahedin* are slaughtering the hapless infidel invaders by the thousands, and videotapes of Chechen hostage-takers beheading captives and slicing off the fingers of helpless victims in order to persuade their relatives to cough up some cash are provocations by the unbelievers to blacken the image of the holy warriors.

On the other side of the funhouse, Rusinform's carnival barkers are drawing in as many suckers as possible with tales of Grozny near surrender (the Chechen capital, reduced to a pile of rubble by Russian "pin-point" air strikes, has been "surrounded" for about three weeks as of early December); the Chechen populace, grateful for having their homes vaporized by Russian "smart" weapons, are throwing flowers at their "liberators"; and Chechen gangster Bislan Gantamirov has repented and agreed to return to Chechnya to help liberate his people from the heel of the "bandits" and "terrorists."

In the West, "human rights" activists want to have it both ways: Insisting that Russia's war on Chechnya must stop, they appear to believe that the Chechens will stop the slave and drug trades and rethink their notions about religious freedom as soon as the bombing ceases. They are trumped in the information

spin battle by those hypocritical Westerners who demand that Russia not equate the "action" in Kosovo with the "war" in Chechnya. As far as spin goes, the reports on casualties, civilian and otherwise, are so contradictory that nobody can really determine the truth.

I am often asked, as someone who is supposed to "know," just who is right in Chechnya, who is wrong, what should be done, and what exactly is happening there? The answers are: everybody and nobody; nobody and everybody; beats me; and damned if I know. For anybody considering getting the West mixed up in this centuries-old conflict, a word to the wise: Be careful out there, don't believe everything you hear (or see), brighten the corner where you are, mind your own business. And remember, war is hell.

—Denis Petrov

PRO-ABORTION and pro-centralization forces have won another victory in the battle over partial-birth abortion. As I detailed in this space last month, a three-judge panel of the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals, breaking with other federal courts, upheld Wisconsin's and Illinois' laws against the procedure in October 1999. Planned Parenthood, the misnamed Hope Clinic (the institution which challenged the legality of the Illinois ban), and other abortion advocates asked the entire Seventh Circuit court to reverse or stay the decision.

The issue cleaved the full bench right down the middle: In a 5-5 decision, the panel's opinion was allowed to stand. (It would have taken a majority of the full court to overrule the panel.) Illinois and Wisconsin could now enforce their statutes. Just in the nick of time, however, John Paul Stevens, the U.S. Supreme Court justice charged with granting emergency stays on matters involving possible violations of constitutional law in the Seventh Circuit, effectively reversed the 5-5 decision, granting a stay of enforcement.

Stevens' stay is only in effect until the Court decides whether to grant a writ of certiorari, to review the decision of the Seventh Circuit panel on its merits, and to reconcile the conflicting law on partial-birth abortion in the federal courts. For certiorari to be granted, at least four justices must indicate a desire to hear the case.

It is a curious system whereby one man has the awesome power of overruling

(even temporarily) the legislatures of two sovereign states, but that's current constitutional law. No one is quite sure when the Court will decide whether to take the issue, and no one knows how the Court will rule if it does take the case. Illinois Attorney General James Ryan had opposed the stay, but Wisconsin Attorney General James Doyle appeared to favor it, hoping that the Supreme Court would resolve the issue once and for all. Petitioning the Supreme Court for a stay, a group of Northwestern University obstetricians, apparently unaware of the oxymoron they employed, declared that "The Constitution simply does not tolerate bans on safe abortion." In contrast, Barbara Lyons, the executive director of Wisconsin Right to Life, noted that "The real losers in this situation are the babies who can continue to be killed in the process of being born."

The stakes could not be higher. If the Supreme Court upholds the Wisconsin and Illinois bans, there is an opportunity for state governments not only to regulate abortion, but actually to prohibit some of its forms. If this happens, and if state governments begin to assert their historic right to legislate in purely domestic matters, it would be a tremendous victory in the great war to preserve the Constitution and its original principle of dual state and federal sovereignty.

There still seems to be a consensus among judges and scholars that states can ban the abortion of viable fetuses, as long as the life of the mother is not thereby endangered. Since the partial-birth abortion prohibitions of Illinois and Wisconsin contain exceptions for cases in which the life of the mother is threatened, the Supreme Court could uphold them. Those who have attacked these laws have either claimed that they are too vague (and therefore might hinder procedures that could be performed on non-viable fetuses), or insisted that exceptions must be made to preserve the "health" as well as the "life" of the mother. An exception for the "health" of the mother, of course, could be construed to include any unfavorable mental state; in effect, any time the mother is "distressed" by her pregnancy and wants to terminate it, her "health" is at risk.

Of course, the Supreme Court could reverse the Seventh Circuit on these "overbreadth" or "maternal health" grounds. To do so, however, would call attention to the arbitrary nature of the Court's abortion decisions, and there are

wise men and women on the Court who might fear to tread there. One of the justices has rushed in, but unless three more decide to grant cert, regulation of partial-birth abortion could be left to the states, as it should be.

—Stephen B. Presser

THE JOHN RANDOLPH CLUB held its tenth annual meeting at the Latham Hotel in Georgetown, the first (and probably last) time that the club has entered the boundaries of the District of Columbia. The meeting was an unqualified success, with near record numbers in attendance. Leave it to the members of The John Randolph Club to march around the Beltway, sing a few songs, and watch the walls come tumbling down.

This year's meeting addressed the topic "Why Washington Doesn't Matter," and no one could introduce the subject with more candor than Bill Kauffman. At the opening reception, attendees were treated to "Mr. Kauffman Goes to Washington"—a stirring jeremiad calling citizens of the world and fans of the Washington soap opera to rededicate their lives to their own hometowns by committing the sin of "placism."

The Saturday morning panels discussed "Three Things Washington Can't Get Right." Cato Institute senior fellow Doug Bandow led a panel on foreign policy with a speech entitled "Washington: Bipartisan Imperialism." Next, in a sobering and stirring address, *Chronicles* Foreign Affairs Editor Srdja Trifkovic argued that "It's Not Just the Balkans Anymore."

"Why have Americans bartered their treasured freedoms and allowed bureaucrats to strip-mine their resources?" asked David Hartman, the chairman of The

Rockford Institute, as he led a panel on economics. The answer? They have been swayed by "Washington's Economic Myths"—socialist ideals. Wrapping up the panel, U.S. Business and Industrial Council President Kevin Kearns explained how Washington, while helping itself to the heartland's hard-earned wealth, is "Globalizing America Down."

The morning session concluded with a discussion of the third area of D.C.'s failure—"The Moral Order." Constitution Party vice presidential candidate Joseph Sobran demonstrated how, since Lincoln replaced the (truly) federal government with a "nation," "Immoral Acts" have replaced "Free Association and the Constitution." And columnist Samuel Francis contemplated the moral implications of Pat Buchanan's exodus from the two-party system in "Beyond Stupid and Evil."

Turning from the problem to the solution, the afternoon session centered on the things that *do* matter. The first afternoon panel, "Why Washington Doesn't Matter and the States Do," was kicked off by journalist and ex-Washingtonian R. Cort Kirkwood, who told the members that "If You Really Want to Change Things, Move Back Home." Firebrand newspaperman Robert Stacy McCain exposed the spin cycle of the Washington media elite in "Down-Home Defiance." And John Randolph Club President Thomas Fleming contrasted the ennobling idea of *patria* with the modern notion of *nation* in "Local Patriots."

The heart of The John Randolph Club and *Chronicles* is a commitment to revitalizing the culture, and that was the subject of the final panel. Underscoring the significant contribution that classical civilization made to Christendom, E. Christian Kopff reminded guests that

"The Devil Knows Latin," while filmmaker Ronald Maxwell shared the prophetic voice of American poet Robinson Jeffers. As the afternoon came to a close, Roger McGrath reminded the audience of the vast store of cultural wealth now banned from American universities in his speech, "Tales From the Politically Correct Crypt."

After a spectacular dinner, the Randolph Club was treated to one of its most rambunctious debates ever as the panelists took up the resolution: "Conservatives in Washington Haven't Done a Damned Thing." "Is it enough to stay at home and take shots at those who are in the fray?" asked panelists James Jatras, Doug Bandow, and Cliff Kincaid, who have all dedicated their lives to fighting the battle in Washington. Were it not for a tiny remnant of indefatigable conservatives, they argued, the Washington beast would be even larger and more powerful. Thomas Fleming, Bill Kauffman, and Tom Piatak countered that conservatives are corrupted by contact with Leviathan, and that no good can come from a government that is fundamentally corrupt.

Refreshed by a weekend of stirring oratory and fellowship, the members of The John Randolph Club returned home on Sunday, to add a new "ism" to the charges made by liberals: patriarchal, homophobic, sexist, racist, *placists*!

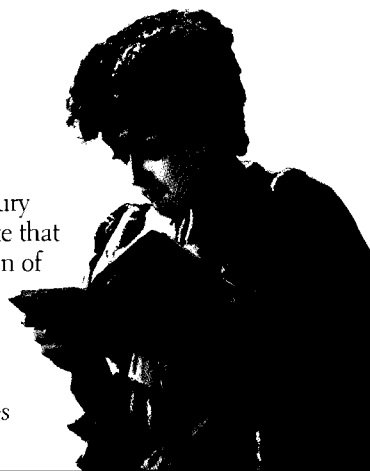
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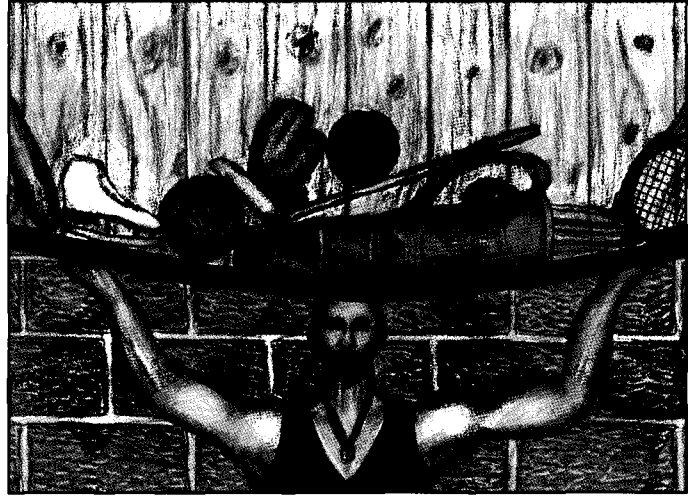
Paul Lake, who teaches English and creative writing at Arkansas Tech, has contributed two poems to this issue. His second collection of poetry, *Walking Backward*, was recently released by Story Line Press. Mr. Lake's poems have appeared in the *Formalist*, the *Hudson Review*, the *Sewanee Review*, and the *Paris Review*, among others.

Chronicles is illustrated this month by **Stephen Warde Anderson**, a self-taught artist from Rockford, Illinois. Mr. Anderson is affiliated with the Phyllis Kind Gallery in New York, Dean Jensen Gallery in Milwaukee, Aron Packer and Earth Works Gallery in Chicago, and Webb Gallery in Waxahachie, Texas.

BOOK OF NEXT MONTH

Our book for next month is Bill Kauffman's *America First! Its History, Culture, and Politics* (1995). Throwing off the liberal-conservative straitjacket, Kauffman ranges across 20th-century American politics and literature to demonstrate that "isolationism" is the natural political expression of an American culture that draws its vigor from regional sources. From Charles Lindbergh to Edward Abbey, from Gore Vidal to Pat Buchanan, Kauffman's rearrangement of the American scene is at once novel and yet makes perfect sense.





Everything Is Jake

The Unmanned American

by Thomas Fleming

My old man did not think much of writers; he had known too many of them. He did not like what little he had seen of Hemingway, and regarded his obsession with virility as unmanly. Hemingway, at least as a younger man, must have had few illusions about himself and his generation, and his first and best novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, is an American's Good-bye to *All That*, to manhood as well as civilization.

Poor Jake Barnes, impotent from a war wound, spends his life finding alternatives to sex — fishing in Spain, horse racing, bull-fights, laconic appreciations of good food — but in the end, he is sustained only by a hardheaded cynicism that does not permit him even to imagine life might have been better if he had been whole. His answer to every illusion is his last line in the novel: “Isn't it pretty to think so?”

Hemingway's childish fascination with blood sports, bull-fighting as well as big-game hunting, his affection for prize fighters, and his lifelong fear of the suicide he ultimately committed all mark him as one of the unmanned men of the 20th century. Ernest is Jake, and *The Sun Also Rises* is an accurate diagnosis of a generation (rather an entire age) which, in giving up on civilization, had forgotten how to be men and women. Jake is impotent, Lady Brett is a slut, Mike is an alcoholic, and Robert Cohn is the rich untalented boor who was replacing the aristocracies of Europe and America.

“Robert Cohn,” as the first sentence describes him, “was once middle-weight boxing champion of Princeton.” Young men like sports, and if they do not, there is usually something wrong with them. I was lousy at all of them, but playing baseball and football meant much to me at the age of 12, and even after I discovered girls, I sometimes preferred fishing. (Still do.) But as boys grow into manhood, they find the thrill of competi-

tion in their jobs, in the pursuit of learning, in politics, and they reserve only a few hours a week for the physical stress of the basketball or tennis which keeps them fit and clears their heads.

It is a bad sign when a man does not relegate sports to the attic or gunroom of his life. My father owned a baseball team and had, if anything, even more contempt for professional athletes than he did for writers. He loved the company of managers and scouts and always spoke of Al Lopez with affectionate reverence, but the “phenoms” under contract he diagnosed as so many cases of arrested development. Even when I was only 12, I had begun to realize there was something wrong with most of these guys, and when, at the age of 18, I spent a season as my father's “press secretary” (i.e., general flunky) I came to view his players as crybabies and brats, incapable of managing their own affairs, always overspending their salaries, unable to resist a pink Cadillac or the peroxide blonde that came with it as a standard accessory. Big as they were and tough as they could be in a brawl, they were boys, not men.

Whenever I hear of a professional athlete who wants to be president, I shudder, remembering the childishness and moral effeminacy of the phenoms. A big-time college football coach once told me of how he first heard about a hot talent who was not bright enough to get into a real college. What a shame to have to pass up a chance at getting young Joe Namath!

I met the coach when I was in college because I used to drink beer with Big John Canaday, a former lineman with the New York Giants. John was no more intellectually inclined than Broadway Joe, but he was a man who once saved my skin when I got into an argument with a Marine just back from Vietnam. When the Marine, who was built like a shot-putter, invited me to go outside where he was literally going to kill me, I had no