



The Phyllis Schlafly Report



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JANUARY 1970

Phyllis Schlafly A Candidate for Congress

Phyllis Schlafly filed as a candidate for Congress in Illinois' 23rd District on December 15. She had not intended to run for this or any other office, but Republican officials in this District, knowing of her longtime interest in national issues and legislation, urged her to consider being a candidate for Congress. Then, the Republican county chairmen in this 15-county District met and by unanimous vote expressed their desire that Mrs. Schlafly be their candidate, and so she agreed.

Mrs. Schlafly has the full support of all Illinois Republican officials. The final filing date is now past, so it is certain that she will have no opposition in the primary, which is in March 1970. Her opponent is the incumbent Democrat George Shipley, who has a 98% COPE rating and won in 1968 by 54% of the vote.

Citing the need for a frank discussion of the issues, Mrs. Schlafly said she would campaign to strengthen the hand of the President in solving the problems that confront us today. The main issues, she said, will be inflation, Vietnam, and law and order.

In her announcement statement, Mrs. Schlafly said: "We live in perilous times and I believe that Congress must solve the major problems which face us. I have written extensively about a number of these problems during the last several years. Now, I consider it an opportunity

and a privilege to discuss the needed solutions with the voters as a Congressional candidate.

"Our citizens are concerned about high taxes, inflation, high interest rates, and the shrinking value of the dollar. Yet, the current do-nothing Democrat-controlled Congress has only impeded President Nixon's sincere attempts to restore fiscal responsibility. Congress can reduce high taxes and high prices by ending wasteful spending such as the \$10 billion of hidden annual giveaways to more than 100 foreign countries — and it's time to blow the whistle.

"Our citizens are deeply concerned about the war in Vietnam and the attempts by some members of Congress to weaken the President's hand as he tries to find a just and lasting solution. It is imperative that we 'win the peace' in Southeast Asia if our country is to remain a great nation whose commitments are respected.

"Our citizens are fed up with campus riots, revolution in the streets, and the breakdown of law and order. The Constitution makes it the duty of the Federal Government to 'insure domestic tranquillity.' Yet the Democrat Congress has refused even to schedule hearings on President Nixon's crime control legislation, and has financed some of the revolutionaries who are making trouble in our cities and on the campuses.

"The majority of Americans agree

with the President that balance needs to be restored to the Supreme Court so that the rights of the law-abiding majority are fully protected.

"This is what I believe, and this is why I have decided to become a candidate. Only with a responsible Congress can we achieve the goals which the silent majority in America support."

Mrs. Schlafly is the author of three books on strategic weapons which accurately predicted that the policies of Secretary of Defense McNamara would weaken the United States, that he would not be able to end the Vietnam War, and that the TFX plane he selected would be a bigger failure than his Edsel automobile.

Phyllis Schlafly worked the night shift in a defense plant to finance her college education. She received her A.B. degree from Washington University, where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and her Master's Degree from Radcliffe College, both in Political Science.

ABM GETS FINAL OK

Do you remember the big debate over President Nixon's Safeguard ABM system which passed the Senate in August 1969 by only one vote? On November 6, Congress wrote the final chapter in that battle when the Senate, by a vote of 59 to 9, approved and sent to the White House the money bill which provided the necessary funds. The hardcore holdouts who cast the negative votes were Senators Fulbright, Hart, Hatfield, Javits, McCarthy, McGovern, Nelson, Packwood, and Young.

Letter From A Soldier in Vietnam

Chu Lai
Republic of Vietnam
November 14, 1969

Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly
P. O. Box 618
Alton, Illinois 62002

Dear Mrs. Schlafly:

For four years prior to my coming to Vietnam, I made every effort to inform myself about national defense and the Vietnam War. The most helpful information for the average citizen who possesses no expertise in the military field is provided in your books of the last several years. Because I was also very active in political affairs in my home community and on my campus, I was impressed with your outlook in that field also. But, like many Americans, I was left puzzled in military matters because it was just a question of whose statements to believe. The Johnson Administration would say one thing, its critics another, and the average citizen has no way to ascertain who is correct, except to judge past accuracy and reputation. Let me hasten to add that I always had full confidence in your position because I knew of your experience and knowledge of military affairs.

Now that I have been over here for five months, I thought I would tell you that I have had many occasions to say to myself: "How right Phyllis Schlafly was!" I do not want to criticize President Nixon in any way, for he has inherited a situation in which there is no satisfactory solution, and I firmly believe he is doing the best he can. However, to observe the way this war is being conducted, or rather *not* conducted, and to hear the attitudes expressed by the men over here is certainly depressing. With the enormous superiority we have with our aircraft of all sizes and varieties and the huge amount of money we have spent here, it is rather disgusting to think that after all these years there is still no end in sight. It is far too late now to turn back the clock and repair the tragic mistakes of the Kennedy-Johnson-McNamara clique, but I do hope that Americans have learned some lessons from Vietnam, however costly those lessons may have been.

Thank you for having the courage and incentive to speak out on behalf of those of us who have the unpleasant, but necessary, job assigned to us here. One Phyllis Schlafly is worth a hundred moratorium mobs!

Sincerely yours,
SP4 Robert W. Beers

Know Your Enemy

Do you remember how those Moratorium Death Marchers carried signs showing the name of each American killed in Vietnam?

Why didn't the signs say — after the name of each American killed in Vietnam —

"Killed by the Communists"?

Saying that 40,000 times might have made people realize who the enemy is.

Gifts for Prisoners

When H. Ross Perot, the Naval Academy graduate who made a billion dollars in less than 10 years, arrived in Laos just before Christmas and asked the North Vietnamese for permission to give his planeload of gifts to United States prisoners of war, what do you think the North Vietnamese answered?

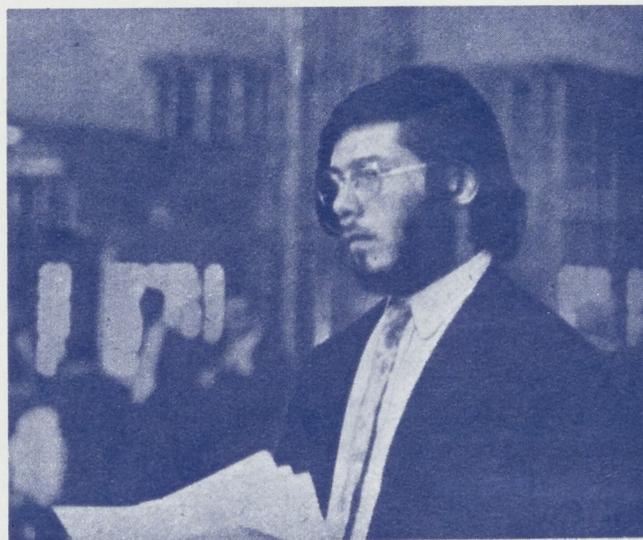
They said Perot must send his packages to Moscow first!

There Perot was, just a few miles from North Vietnam, on a Christmas errand of mercy, and the North Vietnamese told him he must send his packages 4,000 miles away from North Vietnam to Moscow — and then maybe the Russians would send them 4,000 miles back to Hanoi! (Predictably, the Soviets refused.)

Obviously, the North Vietnamese hadn't had time to get their orders from Moscow as to how to handle the Perot problem, so they just referred the whole thing directly to their Kremlin bosses.

If anyone needed any further proof that the Soviets are calling the shots in the Vietnam War, this is it.

Who Is This?



This is a picture of a 19-year old freshman at Stanford University passing out "peace" handbills at the San Francisco airport during the November Moratorium demonstrations against the Vietnam War. His father once sought to avoid Congressional questioning by saying that the investigation would make this boy doubt his father's honesty. To the first person correctly identifying this bearded and bespectacled demonstrator, we will give a free gift subscription to *The Phyllis Schlafly Report*.

An Old Pro Looks at the Campus

by William H. Thompson, Ph.D.

This excellent speech was delivered recently by Dr. Thompson before the West Omaha Rotary Club. It is published here because it gives special insight into the campus problem today, as viewed by a college professor.

I submit the following qualifications for appearing before you. I taught 10 years in high school, 10 years as a college teacher, 30 years as a college professor and administrator. I have survived two campus riots and one student body strike. I have fired 10 faculty members in one day and 35 students in one day. I have endured innumerable parades, complaint committees, appearances before my superiors and a bushel basket of unfriendly newspaper items. These, among other matters I will not mention, are my credentials for speaking to you today. During this career I've made many mistakes — among them was the flunking of the mayor's son. I've appeared before boards of education, boards of regents, superintendents, presidents, faculty and ministerial committees to answer for my deeds. I have only one virtue to offer to you and that is — I did not run away! These, gentlemen, are my credentials.

My recent visit to the campus of the University of California in Berkeley is the stimulus that produces my reaction today. As I stood at the entrance to the campus of one of the world's most beautiful and famous universities and saw it spew out its scummy product, my heart was sick beyond all description. To walk through Telegraph Avenue leading to the main gate of this temple reared to learning is an unforgettable experience. It is unbelievable to see the dirty, ugly horde of young people eating, drinking, sleeping, in what was one of the most lovely and attractive streets of the world. This desecration was enhanced by odorous hawkers of newspapers paid for and furnished by Chinese Communists as a means for their support. These newspapers are pornographic and contain the most indescribable filth possible to print. The editorial page spoke of the "New Utopia" brought by the

revolution which would dissolve the family. The first page ran an ad inviting all to a party, "Come bottomless or top-less, or both; however, you have to furnish your own pot." The descriptions of filth parties were among the social items of the day. Long diatribes on Mao's Communism were an added feature.

This impossible situation can only be believed by seeing. I am advised that this street has the highest venereal disease ratio in the world. Its denizens are supported by welfare, contributions from parents, and money from Communistic sources.

Policemen on campus describe the population of the University as two kinds: bright, ordinary young people; and others extending from the bearded left-wingers to the most degenerate "hippies." I was advised that about one-third of the faculty members are "hippies." I talked with one of these faculty members who had the remnants of last Tuesday's soup in his beard and a breath that reminded one of last night's beer. He smelled like a stable and looked like he had slept in a box car. I asked him what he represented in the University and he said, "The New Left." I felt he should have been left long ago. And this brings out the real villain of the piece — his name is never mentioned; he gets no publicity, and yet in my judgment is largely responsible for many of the unspeakable conditions on the faculties of our universities.

He is the man who hires the faculty, too often on the basis of academic proficiency alone. I submit to you that our youth deserve better than the character of "The New Left." Our universities owe it to our young generation to be led and instructed by men of character, personality and appreciation of the issues of life — certainly by men who are loyal to the country that preserves us all.

The policemen surveyed the scene with me and they told me of a new breed called "street people," who are joined by the hippies of the University. They stated that the campus plan of the Chinese Communists is to corrupt the bright and young of this generation and thus prepare the

downfall of our nation. They told me many people come from all over the world to see this festering menace. They were very emphatic in stating that if, it were not for the support of Governor Reagan, the police could not control the situation.

I have talked to many college administrators from various parts of the country. They told me that what is happening in Berkeley is part of the plot by which Communism is invading the campus and ultimately plans to achieve the destruction of the Republic by the hands of those who have received its greatest benefactions. They are skillfully and intelligently led; their agents invade every campus, break no laws, and prey upon the credulity and the urge for adventure that exists in all youth. They ply their destructive schemes by an ingenious and insidious philosophy which challenges our whole system of values.

I had felt that men like J. Edgar Hoover, Dr. Fred Schwarz, Billy Hargis, and hosts of others were blowing blatant horns of exaggeration; but as one looks into the existing situation, his mind changes. One asks the question: How can these things be? The agony of this question should be borne by every American. Perhaps we should thank God for the many thousands of dedicated professors and scientists who are faithful to their responsibilities — and for the further fact that they still are in the great majority. I have found administrators more alert to the threatening disaster. They realize it, but often feel helpless for many reasons. I would like to discuss a few with you.

1. It is my opinion that television and news media have contributed to the present situation. In my view the modern newspaper can be a journal of abnormal psychology and television can be the most modern means of confusion, distortion and disorientation of the mind of man yet invented. The dregs of campus society are often glorified through the news media presenting their abominations to world-wide audiences. One must open the paper to page 16, or must tune in TV soap operas featur-

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An Old Pro Looks at the Campus

ing "Over the Back Fence" or "Chatting with Aunt Sally," to find out anything normal or natural about the human animal.

2. Our universities have become temples of data processing. Freshman Joe is only a number. He is too often fed a curriculum of mental pap such as: how to fish in the northwest, play games on the recreation field, fourth-grade English dignified by title, "English I", contemporary problems where he learns to take a bath, stand up when ladies enter the room and the proper use of Right Guard. He is taught by a graduate student who cares less about Freshman Joe and his cohorts than how to finish his dissertation and go into research and thus disappear from the legitimate function of the university, namely, teaching. Joe is hounded by a horde of disinterested, ill-prepared, poorly-paid harpies known as counselors; and at the end of the year finds himself depersonalized and descended into probation because he never made his Brownie points, known in the academic world as grade point averages. In the meantime highly-paid academicians empty bottles into test tubes, push rats through mazes, cook bacteria, and write scholarly papers for journals and make 13 copies for their government grant. Freshman Joe sees the name of the "Great Man" of the catalogue on his office door, but that's about as far as he gets to knowing him.

It is sad to think that the great multi-university of today has so little place for the Olive Grove of Socrates, or the Crack in the Castle Wall of Pestalozzi or the Walk to Emmaus with Christ.

3. While one may find many difficulties with this great civilizing institution called the university, the predicament we face is not totally explained in terms of the university. I may illustrate my point by telling you of a clinical experience I recently had. A little boy, seven years old, was sent to me for psychological analysis. He had set his home on fire three times and the last time he nearly made it. In talking with him, I said, "Johnny, why did you do it?" He looked at me with big earnest eyes, "Oh, Doctor, it was the only way I could get my folks to come home."

We have produced a generation gap by falling off cocktail stools, rushing into all the social and eco-

nomic go-getterisms and, when at home, cluing in on the TV so that we live with our children as strangers, little realizing that there are some characters who communicate with them and who think with them — but, it is too often, not ourselves.

There are many facets to this problem. I might mention a few: Some politicians compromise with indolence, greed, sloth and are forging more and more chains upon the producer and adding more and more stuffing to the featherbedding for those who will not work. We have witnessed the degeneration of the stage and the debauch of the motion picture. We place more emphasis on sex obscenity than any society since the Roman heyday. We have emptied sex of its spiritual values and accepted the poverty-stricken idea of motel short-order sex. In our great city of Chicago, there stands in the city square, a tremendous so-called "art form." The politicians and professors gathered at the acceptance ceremonies. They talked of public relations, international relations and modern art. The crowd gaped at the "big shots." A taxi driver remarked, "I don't know what it is all about and I don't think they do." And yet, here was a modern exhibit of sculpture, in the center of one of the greatest cities, which daily speaks of the depersonalization of man.

From the mouths of our clergy, too often, comes the dragon-breath of socialism, welfarism, Mao-ism, that lead to personal degeneration in the name of the social gospel. Our educators, too often, compromise with ease and get-something-for-nothing pressures from a public that wants the symbols of education without the price. Consequently we have divested our curricula of the difficult discipline of the classics. We have accepted, too often, the objective of education as a custodial function. Just keep them off the streets! Thanks to the non-failure policy of our public and parochial schools, we have overwhelmed our universities with a host of semi-illiterates. The universities have adjusted to this flood of incompetence by cheapening the curriculum and debasing the degrees — so that a college degree, now, may be merely an I.D. card when applying for a job or a ticket of admission to the Society of the Lounge.

Our courts have compromised with

crime and the officers of the law are badgered as never before in the history of this country.

All this is not unnoticed by our youth. You had better believe it! It would be a complete distortion to think what is being said is the real picture of our youth, for never has there been in recorded history, a generation whose average health and strength is greater. Never has there been before, among the children of man, a generation equal to the intelligence, ability and capacity to perform. These now provide the footfalls in the halls of our institutions of learning. They are capable of the challenge for greatness. However, they are the victims, daily bathed in the glorified dregs of our society and the iniquities of our generation as projected by the news media. They are frustrated by the lock step of inferiority in our schools. They are neglected by their parents; uninspired by our churches; disgusted with our political infidelities — and thus are rendered easy prey for the hot, seductive breath of moral degeneration, political anarchy, religious nihilism, and personal disaster.

I ask you — what is wrong with an honest devotion to the things that have made this country great, its constitution, its moral fiber, its productive work, its great freedoms, its mighty expressions of mercy and good will, its happy cooperative living, its unprecedented opportunities?

I ask you — what is wrong with, "In God We Trust"? Every true teacher knows that, if these banners are held high, our youth will respond.

I ask you — shall we shake ourselves out of the slough of despondency and stand again in the sunshine of our rightness, our strength, our manhood and our proven values — or shall we go stuttering and stumbling, brawling and burning, reeling and bleeding, back over the hill of yesterday to barbarism?

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