The Schwarz Report

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Frank Marshall Davis: Communist

by Paul Kengor

Frontpage Interview's guest today is Paul Kengor, Ph.D., a bestselling author whose works include *Dupes: How America's Adversaries Have Manipulated Progressives for a Century*; *God and Ronald Reagan*; *God and George W. Bush*; *God and Hillary Clinton*; and *The Crusader: Ronald Reagan and the Fall of Communism*. His articles regularly appear in publications ranging from *USA TODAY* to *The New York Times*, plus numerous academic journals.

A professor at Grove City College, Kengor is a frequent commentator on television and radio. He earned his bachelor's degree and Ph.D. from the University of Pittsburgh and his master's from American University. He is the author of the new book, *The Communist. Frank Marshall Davis: The Untold Story of Barack Obama's Mentor*.

FP: Paul Kengor, welcome to Frontpage Interview.

I would like to talk to you today about Frank Marshall Davis and his ties to, and influence on, Obama.

But first, I would like to begin with you telling us a bit about a gentleman named Spyridon Mitsotakis. You dedicate the book to him. Tell us why.

Kengor: That's a great question that gets to the heart of how and why I did this book.

Spyridon is a remarkable young man. I met him when I was signing books at CPAC in February 2011. He had bought my previous book, *Dupes*, and seemed to know more about liberal/progressive dupes and the American communist movement than even I did. He was standing there at the front of the line asking me a new question every few seconds, clearly very precocious—and annoying the folks behind him in line, who told him to move on. I gave him my email address and promised I'd answer his questions in full via email. He said, "Yeah, right." When he emailed me, I followed through on my promise. He finished our email exchanges by saying, "Hey, by the way, I'm a student at NYU, and we have the largest collection of archives of the American Communist Party. I'd love to help you with research. Let me know if you need anything."

Well, my plan at that moment was to take my time writing a follow up to *Dupes*, and not at all to do a biography of Frank Marshall Davis. I figured I'd get to seek more information on Davis for the *Dupes* follow-up, as I had information on him in the original *Dupes*. So, I said to Spyridon: "I'm trying to find archives of the *Chicago Star*, the Party-line publication that Davis wrote for in the latter 1940s. I can't find them anywhere, not even in Chicago. The Library of Congress claims to have them, but they're not on the shelf. Can you help me?"

Within about three hours, Spyridon was emailing me PDFs of the *Chicago Star*. Within about three weeks, he had mailed me copies of every Davis column in the *Star*. I was blown away by what I read, particularly the haunting similarity to some of Obama's statements. I soon realized that I, alone, was in possession of a treasure trove of information on Frank Marshall Davis. Spyridon kept digging and finding more and more, and then I realized I had to do this book. It wouldn't have happened without Spyridon—thus the dedication. The kid could be a future Herb Romerstein.

FP: Wow, well, our thanks and appreciation go out to Spyridon Mitsotakis—and we wish him bountiful energy and the enthusiasm in his search and battle for historical truth in the road ahead.

Ok, so who was Frank Marshall Davis?

Kengor: Frank Marshall Davis, Communist Party USA (CPUSA) number 47544, was a 20th century American who wrote pro-Soviet propaganda in newspaper columns and was a loyal Soviet patriot.

FP: What do you mean by "loyal Soviet patriot?"

Kengor: While it will shock naïve liberals who still don't grasp the horrors of communism, readers of FrontPage will

understand. Leftist Americans who took the extraordinary step of joining CPUSA swore a loyalty oath to the USSR—Stalin's USSR in the case of Frank Marshall Davis. The oath stated: "I pledge myself to rally the masses to defend the Soviet Union, the land of victorious socialism. I pledge myself to remain at all times a vigilant and firm defender of the Leninist line of the Party, the only line that insures the triumph of Soviet Power in the United States."

FP: When did Frank Marshall Davis join the Communist Party?

Kengor: Remarkably, he joined early in World War II, after the Hitler-Stalin Pact—a period when many Party members bolted the Party because they were outraged at Stalin signing that pact with Hitler. That pact, of course, precipitated the invasion of Poland and World War II. Jewish American communists in particular were aghast. The man in Moscow to whom they swore their unwavering allegiance had helped pave the way for the Holocaust.

FP: Surely Frank Marshall Davis knew about the pact. Did he ever explain himself?

Kengor: Actually, yes, he did. He made sure he addressed this in his memoirs, conceding that he had "felt betrayed" by Stalin. But he apparently got over the betrayal. "So the Russians were as hypocritical as the rest of the white world!" he yapped. No surprise, "since the Russians were white, what else could you really expect?"

In short, Davis's discomfort over Stalin's agreement with Hitler was not enough to keep him from joining the Party. He still drank from the chalice.

For the record, this wasn't the only time that Davis helped accommodate Hitler. In 1940, he hooked up with one of the worst, most seditious communist fronts ever to operate in the United States: the American Peace Mobilization. That group, which in 1940 sought to keep America out of the war and from stopping Hitler because Hitler (at the time) was allied with Stalin, was organized by CPUSA and the Comintern in Chicago, which was where Davis was located. The communists who organized the "peace" mobilization sought out dupes from the Religious Left and other various "progressive" factions. They also directly recruited African Americans, claiming that the evil FDR was seeking to send black boys to their death to fight for evil Churchill and the British. This was the kind of vulgar propaganda that CPUSA regularly peddled. One of the African Americans that they targeted was Frank Marshall Davis. This was a powerful factor in bringing Davis into the Party as an eventual full member.

I must note that it was also through this group that Davis would work with Robert Taylor, who just happened to be the grandfather of Valerie Jarrett.

FP: That's remarkable. Valerie Jarrett today is Obama's right-hand woman in the White House.

Kengor: Yes, and it's even more eerie than that. Frank Marshall Davis, Obama's mentor, also worked with Vernon Jarrett in these circles. Vernon Jarrett was Valerie's father-in-law. And it's worse still. Davis, Obama's mentor, also worked with Harry and David Canter, two other Chicago communists. The Canters mentored a young man named David Axelrod in Chicago in the 1970s. So, the troika that's arguably running America today—Obama and Valerie Jarrett and David Axelrod—all have common bonds in Chicago's communist circles from the 1940s. Their mentors knew each other.

I know this is incredible, but it's true. You couldn't make this up. No one would believe it. We're being governed by ghosts from Chicago's Communist Party glory years.

FP: Are there other people that Frank Marshall Davis worked with in Chicago who have relevance today?

Kengor: Oh, yes, I could go on and on. At the *Chicago Star*, the communist newspaper for which he wrote and was the founding editor-in-chief (1946-48), Davis regularly shared the op-ed page with Senator Claude "Red" Pepper, who at that exact time was writing the bill to nationalize healthcare in the United States—which Davis himself advocated in his columns. By the way, Pepper's chief of staff, who wrote that bill, was Charles Kramer, who we now know was working for the KGB under the codename "mole."

Another Davis comrade at the *Star* was William Patterson, who actually mentored Frank Marshall Davis and was probably more important than any other figure in bringing Davis into the Party.

FP: William Patterson was a hardcore communist.

Kengor: Yes, and among his legacies is the Kremlin's "People's Friendship University," which he helped plan in the 1960s. People's Friendship University became better known as the "Patrice Lumumba Friendship University," a Kremlin grooming school for third-world revolutionaries. This university, the third largest in the USSR, schooled some of the world's leading terrorists. Distinguished alumni include Iran's Supreme Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei and Palestinian leader Mahmoud Abbas, whose doctoral thesis became a book, *The Other Side: The Secret Relations between Nazism and the Leadership of the Zionist Movement*. According to Abbas, "only a few hundred thousand Jews" were killed in the Holocaust, and those mostly through Nazi-Zionist collusion. Other

proud alumni include Carlos the Jackal, Mohamed Boudia, and Henry Ruiz, Nicaraguan Sandinista commander and economic planner-in-chief.

Among this band of rogues, Mohamed Boudia was a top figure in the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), one of the cores branches of the PLO. He was in charge of PFLP terrorist operations in Europe, placed there by the KGB, where he worked with Soviet-backed terror cells in East Berlin. There he also worked with the Black September Organization. Among Boudia's most dastardly acts—which involved Mahmoud Abbas—was the brutal murder of Jewish Olympians in the 1972 Munich massacre.

Such is the sordid legacy of the People's Friendship University, championed by Frank Marshall Davis mentor William Patterson.

FP: So, Patterson helped mentor Frank Marshall Davis, who, in turn, mentored Obama?

Kengor: Correct.

FP: In your book, you say that Davis's first major Party job was editing and writing columns for the *Chicago Star* in the late 1940s. You found a lot of similarity in what Davis was writing and what Obama says today.

Kengor: Yes. Davis constantly bashed Wall Street, big oil, profits, GOP tax cuts, the wealthy, and "millionaires." He called for taxpayer funding of "universal healthcare" and "public works projects." He targeted General Motors. He championed Russian foreign policy, especially at the expense of countries like Poland. I could go on and on. The similarities are chilling.

FP: Was there a particular Davis column that really struck you?

Kengor: Yes, and I use it to open the book. In a November 1946 column, Davis wrote: "I'm tired of being beaned with those double meaning words like 'sacred institutions' and 'the American way of life' which our flag-waving fascists and lukewarm liberals hurl at us day and night." This struck me because it's so similar to Obama's quoting of Davis in *Dreams from My Father*. There, Obama quoted Davis saying: "They'll train you so good, you'll start believing what they tell you about equal opportunity and the American way and all that sh-t."

When I saw that, I knew that Davis had lectured Obama with at least some of the same sentiments decades earlier in his old Communist Party writings. I found a bunch of examples of Davis trashing the American way, so much so that my initial subtitle for this book was "Frank Marshall Davis and the American Way."

FP: Okay, when did Obama meet Davis?

Kengor: According to an eyewitness, they were first introduced in 1970. It was Obama's grandfather, Stanley Dunham, who made the introduction. Dunham, himself a leftist, saw in Davis a potential role model and black father figure that Obama was lacking. Davis knew and influenced Obama throughout Obama's adolescence in the 1970s, right up until he went to college. In fact, those disparaging words about the American way were Davis's parting words to Obama before Obama headed off to Occidental College.

FP: You interview someone who knew Obama at Occidental and says that Obama was an actual communist at Occidental.

Kengor: That's right. The person is Dr. John Drew, who I've interviewed at length and remain in regular contact with today. He's totally credible, no axe to grind, no story to sell. Drew contacted me because he knew I was researching Davis. Drew sees himself as the "missing link" between Obama's time with Frank Marshall Davis and with later radicals like Bill Ayers and the Rev. Jeremiah Wright. Drew himself was a Marxist at the time, and Obama was introduced to him as a fellow Marxist—as "one of us." Drew told me about Obama's belief in what Drew described as the "Frank Marshall Davis fantasy of revolution." Drew, who was a more realistic, chastened Marxist, was stunned at Obama's unwavering belief in the imminence of a Marxist revolution in the United States.

Now, for the record, if this is true, this doesn't mean that Obama is today still a Marxist, but it would mean that he once was—and Frank Marshall Davis would have been a primary explanatory factor in Obama becoming a Marxist at the time. That's why (among other reasons) this book on Davis needed to be done.

FP: Was Davis a national-security threat?

Kengor: The federal government thought so. In the book, I present documents from Davis's 600-page FBI file in which the FBI repeatedly re-certifies Davis on the Security Index. That's a very serious thing. It means that, in the event of a war breaking out between the US and USSR, Obama's mentor could have been placed under immediate arrest. Needless to say, that's quite unprecedented for a presidential mentor. With a mentor like that, Barack Obama should have trouble getting a security clearance for a standard, entry-level government job. Instead, Americans elected him right into the Oval Office.

FP: Incredible, that is really something.

Paul Kengor, how would you crystallize the main message/thesis of your book?

Kengor: Mentors matter. Any study of any president

starts with mentors. We all know that. And yet, why have we ignored this mentor to this particular president? Well, the answer is clear from my book: Because no president in all of American history has ever had a mentor as radical as Frank Marshall Davis. No president—ever—has had a mentor who was a literal card-carrying member of the Communist Party. This obviously ought to merit our attention. My book provides that attention. It's scandalous that it would take four years into Obama's presidency for a book like this to be published. It's a sign of the woeful liberal bias by this nation's "journalists" and "biographers."

FP: What do you hope your book will help achieve?

Kengor: Many things, but I'll list just a few.

First off, I want people to continue to realize that our president is the product of some remarkably radical influences, and here, in Frank Marshall Davis, was arguably the most radical of them all. Davis had an influence on Obama. We need to consider that influence.

Beyond that, I'd like liberals and Democrats to please understand that communists were not their friends. The communists considered liberals to be their useful idiots, their dupes, their "prey," as Whittaker Chambers put it. They used them incessantly. Davis was one of those who used liberals. And then, after all that, after decades of targeting the Democratic Party, Davis ultimately infiltrated the party and even influenced its current president. It's a remarkable story.

Finally, there were numerous American communists like Frank Marshall Davis who did horrible agitation on behalf of international communism throughout the 20th century. They were on the wrong side of history, a bloody side that left over 100 million corpses in their wake—double the combined dead of the century's two world wars. And you know what? They never apologized.

No, instead, they cursed their accusers for daring to charge (quite correctly) that they were communists threatening America and the wider world. Not only did they get away with it, but liberals today continue to excuse and protect them. In Davis's case, they do so to protect Obama. This is a great historical injustice. The truth needs to be told.

FP: Paul Kengor, thank you for joining Frontpage Interview.

Kengor: Thank you, Jamie. And my thanks to you, David Horowitz, and everyone at Frontpage for your courage. Be not afraid.

—FrontPageMagazine, July 18, 2012

Hugo Chavez: Communist

by Mary Anastasia O'Grady

Suppose the country you live in is holding a presidential election and the incumbent is running for another term. Suppose further that the economy is in bad shape. The ranks of the unemployed and poor have swelled, the government is spendthrift, and the central bank is no longer independent.

The president takes no responsibility. He blames everything on the rich. He says they are exploiting the working classes and don't pay their fair share in taxes. Fomenting class envy and resentment is his stock in trade. Now suppose there is no independent media.

Welcome to Venezuela. Think the country can hold a fair presidential election?

South America's oil dictatorship kicked off the campaign season on July 1. Hugo Chavez, who has been the commander in chief of the military government since 1999, hopes to keep his job when Venezuelans go to the polls on Oct. 7. Henrique Capriles Radonski, the former governor of the state of Miranda, is out to unseat him.

Outside observers, including the international media, are treating the race like a real battle of ideas. But how can that be when there is no free speech?

Let's put aside for a moment all the obvious problems. Forget about the lack of an independent electoral body to ensure fairness in voter registration, at polling stations, and when tallying ballots. Forget about how Mr. Chavez makes up rules as he goes along and then gets the judiciary that he controls to bless them. Forget too that the state-owned oil monopoly (known by the Spanish-language initials PdVSA) is his campaign war chest, and the central bank prints money on demand. For now, consider only

Founded in 1953, the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, under the leadership of Dr. Fred C. Schwarz (1913-2009) has been publishing a monthly newsletter since 1960. The Schwarz Report is edited by Dr. David A. Noebel and Dr. Michael Bauman and is offered free of charge to anyone asking for it. The Crusade's address is P.O. Box 129, Manitou Springs, CO 80829. Our telephone number is (719) 685-9043. All correspondence and tax-deductible gifts (CACC is a 501C3 tax-exempt organization) may be sent to this address.

the military dictatorship's capacity to control the message.

Mr. Chavez and his cronies in the Venezuelan elite know better than anyone that he is running a Ponzi scheme. The key to maintaining some support is keeping his impoverished constituents from seeing the light, and that means controlling the narrative. Or as President Obama might say, the ability to "tell a story."

Venezuelans don't read much but they do watch a lot of television, so independent broadcasting had to go. It wasn't hard to get rid of it. Television stations require government licensing. In the Chavez economy, many television ventures also depend on government advertising to remain viable. So it was made clear to the uncooperative that their permits would not be renewed or that their bread and butter would be cut off.

At one time there were three independent, national broadcast television stations and many regional broadcasters willing to criticize the government. Today, all largely have been silenced or expelled from the market. Meanwhile, there are now at least four state-owned national broadcasters dedicated to polishing the image of Mr. Chavez and his Bolivarian revolution.

One dissident broadcaster—Globovision—remains. But it reaches only the cities of Valencia and Caracas, and its permit expires in 2015. In 2010, its owner, Guillermo Zuloago (who also owned two car dealerships), had to go into hiding when Mr. Chavez put out an order for his arrest on charges of hoarding Toyotas. (Chavez price and capital controls have produced shortages of many things, so a car dealer holding inventory for delivery to customers can easily be accused of unlawful hoarding.) Mr. Zuloago now resides in the United States.

The government also imprisoned for a time Globovision's second largest shareholder and later stripped him of his property. Recently the company paid a fine of nine million bolivars ($2 million using the official exchange rate) for broadcasting news of a prison riot.

Scores of independent radio stations also have closed under chavismo. Only a few willing to run some criticism of the president have survived. It matters too that PdVSA is also the largest contractor to the private sector, which means the business community has had to knuckle under to survive.

There are still brave reporters and opinion writers who dare to challenge the status quo, despite the shrinking number of television and radio outlets. But they run great risks.

According to Alberto Jordan, a journalism professor at the Central University of Venezuela who once supported Mr. Chavez, many have paid dearly for doing their work. Mr. Jordan, a columnist for Venezuelan daily *El Universal*, wrote recently that under chavismo there have been 300 government-orchestrated court cases against journalists.

In multiple cases—from reporting on drinking water contamination, the shortages of goods, or anything that might cause 'anxiety' among the population—reporters have been put on notice that they could be subject to criminal prosecution. There is nothing like the threat of doing time in a Venezuelan cell to focus a journalists' mind on state-approved reporting.

It is also worth noting that while independent journalists are silenced, Mr. Chavez uses executive decrees to take over the airwaves whenever he wants to give speeches. These famous discourses run for hours.

So can challenger Capriles win the election? Perhaps. But if you've ever witnessed a demagogue running for re-election, you can appreciate how difficult it will be without an independent media.

—*The Wall Street Journal*, July 16, 2012, p. A11

Darwin's Dread

by Barry Peters

Most people react with delight when gazing at a feather from a peacock's tail, even more so when the peacock stunningly puts the whole tail on display.

Darwin, on the other hand, found that view disconcerting. Here's how he described it in a letter to a friend in 1860: "The sight of a feather in a peacock's tail, whenever I gaze at it, makes me sick!"

Darwin himself never actually explained precisely what troubled him about the peacock's tail. But, as an amateur birdwatcher, several possible explanations spring to my mind.

To begin, let's define the problem. Darwin's *Origin of Species* had just been published a year earlier. His new theory was rooted in the notion that evolution was driven by natural selection. That process presumed that characteristics which enhanced the survival of any given species were likely to be passed on to subsequent generations. Parents with those characteristics were more likely to live long enough to reproduce. Alternative and less-advantageous traits would tend to be weeded out by an earlier death.

Speedier creatures were more likely to survive than those less swift of foot. Those blessed with natural camouflage tended to survive better than those with eye-catching

coloration. Those with more acute eyesight and hearing were more likely to do the dining, rather than being dined upon.

Yet here is the peacock. He struts through life with a neon blue body and a humongous tail. Even when not displayed to impress the local pea hens, the peacock's tail is so large several feet of it drag behind him on the ground. In fact, it is incorrectly thought by many that the peacock's tail is so large that it actually precludes him from taking flight.

But the disadvantage to the peacock of such a large tail is remarkable. He is barely able to become airborne at all. And when he does so, it is only for short distances at very slow speeds. On the other hand, any predator who decides to pursue a peacock has a much easier task of simply chasing him and grabbing his tail to bring him down and taking him home for dinner.

Then there's the whole coloration dilemma. Instead of being camouflaged and fading into his environment, the peacock is cursed with plumage that can only be described as "garish." Bright greens, blues, and yellows abound. His natural predators would have to be nigh on blind to miss spotting him.

As an astute naturalist, Darwin would have also noticed the unique design feature within the coloration of birds. No other phylum of the created order had the same remarkable coloration as do the birds of the air. Not even the breathtaking beauty of tropical fish could compare.

To fully appreciate the startling appearance of birds, one has to understand the structure of the feather. Bear with a short avian anatomy lesson.

A typical feather has a shaft up the middle. It gives the feather some rigidity without it becoming fragile. Off of the shaft run parallel vanes. When those are stroked or preened, they seem to stick together. They can be pulled apart, but then re-adhered. This unique function is due to the fact that on the side of each vane are miniature "barbules" and "hooklets." These flexible hooklets grab onto the barbules on the adjacent vanes when the feather is smoothed out. But if something strikes the feather during flight (like a bug), it can pop apart without causing any damage to the feather. Then, at the next rest stop, the bird can coax the feather back into its original shape by preening it. Kind of like nature's earliest Velcro.

Here's where it gets even more interesting for Darwin. The color pattern of an individual feather is not strictly a matter of a given feather or vane being a distinct color. Looking closely at a peacock's tail feather, for example, reveals that as a single vane grows off of the shaft, it often starts out one color, but then changes to several different colors at specific points in its growth.

But the really mind-boggling part of the puzzle was that the series of colors of a given vane coordinated with the colors on nearby vanes to produce a pattern that transcended the structure of the feather itself. Hence the apparent eye-shaped coloration emerging out of the progressive coloration of hundreds of parallel vanes on a peacock's feather was stunning to Darwin. He understood the inadequacy of his theory to explain such a complex pattern of bright colors, displayed on an easel of side-by-side vanes. Haphazard mutations were totally inadequate for the job.

From a "natural selection" perspective, the male peacock was a disaster, a walking refutation of the principles argued by Darwin's new book. In short, Darwin was agreeing that, if his theory were correct, peacocks would have long since become extinct.

Perhaps that was the genesis of Darwin's gastrointestinal discomforts with the peacock.

Or maybe there was even more to his distress.

In the letter in which Darwin complained about the peacock's feathers, the comment immediately preceding this observation provides some additional insight. It states, "It is curious that I remember well time when the thought of the eye made me cold all over, but I have got over this stage of the complaint, and now small trifling particulars of structure often make me very uncomfortable."

Why did the mere thought of the eye give Darwin the heebie-jeebies?

Because he knew that the eye was far too complex of an organ to be explained by his new theory. As he himself conceded, "If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed, which could not possibly have been formed by numerous, successive, slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down."

As Darwin grew to understand and appreciate the stunning complexity of the eye, he knew that its development could not be explained by a series of slight modifications each of which gave the recipient an advantage over the previous generation. Indeed, the supposed missing link stages of any species' development would have been significantly disadvantaged by the existence of an incomplete eye.

So Darwin effectively crossed his fingers and hoped that time might provide some explanation for that which made him so "uncomfortable." Unfortunately, rather than simplifying that which he recognized as complex, time has only brought to light a greater degree of complexity in the eye than Darwin could have ever imagined.

So, perhaps, here is the origin of Darwin's dread of the peacock tail.

Not only was the peacock's tail so eye-catching and

bulky as to almost guarantee the extinction of any bird burdened with such an appendage, but that same tail had the audacity to taunt Darwin with what appears to be dazzling eyes at the tip of each of its dozens of tail feathers. The image of the impossibly complex eye repeatedly and brightly superimposed on the peacock's resplendent tail feathers was simply too much for Darwin to bear.

In the stunning and ocular-patterned plumage was, by itself, a refutation of his new theory. And the passage of 150 years has not lessened the quandary posed by the peacock tail to the believability of his theory.

As we marvel at the unlikely existence of an entire avian kingdom capable of defying gravity with sustained flight, let us not lose sight of the Creator's great imagination in festooning such creatures with arresting, but "unnatural," images. For this grand design reveals not mere randomness, but rather intelligence far beyond anything of which we might conceive, much less emulate.

M.A.S.H. Star Partners with Castro's Spy Agency

by Humberto Fontova

Though a consistently good show, few conservatives mistook M.A.S.H for anything but pinko propaganda. Last week long-time M.A.S.H star Mike Farrell (Capt. B.J. Hunnicut) took the last few baby-steps and started spouting outright Communist propaganda.

In a letter to President Obama, Farrell officially partners with Castro's KGB-trained DGI urging the release of five of their agents and officers who were convicted in 2001 of conspiracy to commit espionage against the US and conspiracy to murder Americans. The Supreme Court has twice upheld the convictions of these Communist terrorists and accessories to murder. In 1933, Stalin's propaganda chief, Willi Munzenberg, re-monikered the Soviet Comintern as the "International Aid Committee for the Victims of Fascism." The Soviet's Cuban satraps and their celebrity propaganda auxiliaries have one-upped even Munzenberg. These convicted Castroite terrorists—we're now given to understand by the former M.A.S.H star—are actually peace-loving anti-terrorists, flower-children of sorts. Here's the heart of Farrell's letter:

Dear President Obama,

"Release them because they came here only to monitor the activities of violent Cuban exiles who, operating from bases in Miami of which our government is well aware, were planning violent actions against innocent people in Cuba. Release them because they were trying to prevent more brutal acts against their country and save innocent lives."

But according to the FBI's affidavit, the convicted Castro-agents whom Farrell champions were engaged in, among other acts:

• Gathering intelligence against the Boca Chica Air Naval Station in Key West, the McDill Air Force Base in Tampa and the headquarters of the US Southern Command in Homestead, Fla.

• Compiling the names, home addresses, and medical files of the US Southern Command's top officers, along with those of hundreds of officers stationed at Boca Chica.

• Infiltrating the headquarters of the US Southern Command.

• Sending letter bombs to Cuban-Americans.

• Spying on McDill Air Force Base, the US armed forces' worldwide headquarters for fighting "low-intensity" conflicts.

• Locating entry points into Florida for smuggling explosives.

Farrell's poster-boys also infiltrated the Cuban-exile group Brothers to the Rescue, who flew unarmed planes to rescue Cuban rafters in the Florida straits, also known as "the cemetery without crosses." The estimates of the number of Cubans dying horribly in the "cemetery without crosses," run from 50,000-85,000. Brothers to the Rescue risked their lives almost daily, flying over the straits, alerting and guiding the Coast Guard to any balseros, and saving thousands of these desperate people from joining that terrible tally.

Prior to Castroism, by the way, Cuba was swamped

with more immigrants per-capita than the US, mostly from Europe. People from nearby Haiti jumped on rafts desperate to enter Cuba, which enjoyed a higher standard of living than much of Europe. Also, during the 1950s when all Cubans were perfectly free to emigrate with all family, property, etc., and US visas were issued to them for the asking, about the same number of Americans lived in Cuba as Cubans in the US. In 1953 more Cubans vacationed (then voluntarily went home) from the US than Americans vacationed in Cuba. Alas none of this features in The Godfather II. So it's mostly unknown.

By February 1996, Brothers to the Rescue had flown 1,800 of these humanitarian missions and helped rescue 4,200 men, women, and children. That month Mike Farrell's current cause célèbre' passed to Castro the flight plan for one of the Brothers' humanitarian flights over the "cemetery without crosses."

With this info in hand, Castro's Top Guns, saluted and sprang to action. They jumped into their MIGs, took off and valiantly blasted apart (in international air space) the lumbering and utterly defenseless Cessnas. Four members of the humanitarian flights were murdered in cold blood.

Three of these men were US citizens, the other a legal US resident. Among the murdered was Armando Alejandre Jr., who came to the US at age ten in 1960. His first order of business upon reaching the age of 18 was fulfilling his dream of becoming a US citizen. His next was joining the United States Marine Corps and volunteering for service in Vietnam. He returned with several decorations.

As a member of Brothers to the Rescue, Alejandre often dropped flowers over the sea, in memory of the thousands they were unable to rescue in time. So Castro waited for Armando Alejandre Jr. and his Brothers to be carrying these flowers—and made his move, murdering them in cold blood. MIGs against Cessnas. Cannon and rockets against flowers. Details of the atrocity are provided in a book by Matt Lawrence, one of Alejandre's colleagues in rescue.

The "violence and brutality" Farrell parrots about the rescuers actually involved dropping flowers over the Florida Straits and saving thousands of innocent lives, including thousands of women and children whose only crime was attempting to flee—at enormous risk to their lives—a nation formerly swamped with immigrants.

The premeditated atrocity against Alejandre and his brothers is what added the "manslaughter" and "conspiracy to commit murder" charges (on top of the ones listed above, 26 charges total) against Mike Farrell's recent propaganda assignment from Castro.

But why pick on Farrell, some might ask?

After all, former US President Jimmy Carter also pleads for these terrorists' freedom. Worse, he made the plea while they served an honored quest of the Stalinist regime. "I had the opportunity to meet the families of the five Cuban patriots," (the terrorists convicted by a US jury), boasted Carter to Castro's media last year. "I'm well aware of the shortcomings of the US judicial system."

Consider the scene: the former US President known as the "Elder Statesman" of the US' majority political party, while an official guest of a State Sponsor of Terrorism, saw fit to denounce convictions of foreign terrorists twice upheld by the US Supreme Court. Carter's denunciation of his nation's judicial system was openly broadcast into the microphones of a regime whose legal code was adopted from Cheka chief Felix Dzerzhinsky. "Do not search for evidence," Dzerzhinsky's top lieutenant Martin Latsis instructed his hangmen in the Ukraine. "Simply ask him to what class he belongs, what are his origins, education, and profession. Those are the questions that should decide the fate of the accused."

Upon entering Havana in January 1959 Dzerzhinsky disciple and Castro's chief hangman, Che Guevara, adopted the Cheka code almost word for word: "Judicial evidence is an archaic bourgeois detail," he instructed his "prosecutors." "We execute and jail from revolutionary conviction." These executions would ultimately surpass Hitler's during the Night of the Long Knives and the rate of jailings would exceed Stalin's during his Great Terror.

While denouncing the US judicial system from cue cards provided by the regime responsible for all the above and that curses the country that elected him as "The Great Enemy of Mankind!", (and came within an unapologetic hair of nuking it), Jimmy Carter also hailed Fidel Castro as "an old friend."

And we're up in arms over Jane Fonda?

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