Classics Revisited

“The Ugly American: Peeling the Onion of an Iconic Cold War Text”

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Abstract

The Ugly American, published in 1958, was a literary blockbuster that offered a powerful vision of how the United States should fight communism in Asia. Yet despite the textual simplicity of the novel, it had a complex and layered backstory. Its characters were not wholly fictional but were based on real-life models, whose work in Asia laid the backdrop for the novel’s vignettes. Adding an additional layer of complexity, two of those models lived covert lives—one as a closeted gay man working with the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), another as a CIA officer tasked with putting down peasant insurgencies—that belied their public images.

Keywords

The Ugly American – Cold War literature – Central Intelligence Agency – Philippines – Vietnam – community development – counterinsurgency

It is hard to imagine the pitch for The Ugly American. What must it have sounded like when an agent approached New York publishers with the idea? Possibly like this:
It’s a novel set in faraway fictional country a region few people in the United States care about. It hasn’t really got a protagonist, nor does it have romantic intrigue, a satisfying ending, or much of a plot. Mainly, it’s a stitched-together series of vignettes about problems in the State Department. Oh, and there are two authors—a known recipe for successful fiction—a naval officer and a political scientist.

Making things worse, those two authors originally had conceived of their book as nonfiction. But after drafting it, they concluded it would be better as a novel, and so they burned their manuscript and spent a frenzied six days in Hawai’i composing a new text, which they dictated and offered for publication with barely any editing.¹

So it is perhaps not a surprise that the Reader’s Digest turned down the coauthors, William Lederer and Eugene Burdick, when they offered it to the magazine for serialization. What is a surprise is that the Saturday Evening Post agreed to serialize it, that W. W. Norton agreed to publish it as a book, and that the book became a smash hit. It shot onto the bestseller lists in 1958 and remained on them for 78 weeks.² By 1959, it was outselling even Vladimir Nabokov’s Lolita, which also had been published in 1958.³ Senator John F. Kennedy sent copies to every member of the U.S. Senate. Celebrated actor Marlon Brando starred in a film version.

Lederer and Burdick had tapped a rich vein of anxiety in the United States, anxiety about the Cold War. The Communist revolution in China and popularity of revolutionary leader Ho Chi Minh in Vietnam raised a confusing and uncomfortable prospect—millions of East Asians willingly fighting for communism, against “freedom.” The Ugly American offered a way to make sense of that.

As the authors saw it, the issue was ultimately one of messaging. “There is nothing wrong with our foreign policy,” Lederer wrote in a letter outlining the book. The problem was merely its “diluted implementation”—incompetent officials practicing inept diplomacy.⁴ Meanwhile, Soviet agents were ably spreading propaganda throughout the land.

Believing that the voice of freedom was getting lost in translation, Lederer and Burdick demanded reform of the diplomatic corps. Confining themselves to affluent compounds in foreign capitals, most representatives of the United States had only the faintest notion of what was happening in the countryside. As a result, the aid programs they designed were badly conceived. They gravitated toward “big’ projects: dams, highways, and irrigation systems” that looked good on paper but worked terribly.⁵ What was needed was a dose of humility. The agents of the United States must go to the villages, speak to the people (in local languages), and shift their focus from top-down transformations
to bottom-up work. Were they to do so, they would have no problem convincing Asians to reject communism.

Put that way, it sounds straightforward. *The Ugly American* is not a subtle book. It offers parables with clear heroes and villains that the authors express forcefully in simple language. But it nevertheless carries some tricks up its sleeve. Though the text itself is uncomplicated, it bears a complex relation to its context. For *The Ugly American* is not merely a comment on the Cold War. It is itself the product of the Cold War, and particularly of a half-covert campaign to remake Asia from the villages up. *The Ugly American* is thus an onion of a book, with multiple layers. And by peeling it, we can see quite a lot about U.S. designs on the Third World and the secret means used to pursue them.

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The outer layer of the onion is the text itself. Though it expresses a great deal of frustration with U.S. diplomacy, it also offers an idea of how to right the ship. Three exemplary figures in the book—its main heroes—give a sense of Lederer and Burdick's vision for fighting the Cold War.

The first of the book’s exemplary Cold Warriors is Homer Atkins, the titular ugly American. Though “the ugly American” has entered the lexicon as shorthand for cultural insensitivity—a quality Lederer and Burdick bemoan at great length—the authors’ use of the phrase in the novel is ironic. Atkins is physically ugly but otherwise sound. In fact, his rough-hewn features underscore his admirable lack of interest in the gin-soaked highlife of the capital. Atkins, a retired engineer, did not come to Southeast Asia in search of an easy career with native servants surrounding him. He came to work hard in the “boondocks” (p. 210).

In rural Sarkhan (the fictional country that serves as the main setting for the novel), Atkins registers a need for a pump to move water between terraced rice paddies. He could import such pumps from the United States, but rejects that solution. “It has to be something right here,” he decides, “something the natives understand” (p. 216). Working with a local mechanic, Jeepo, Atkins designs a pump built from bicycle parts. Importantly, Jeepo is the one who comes up with the crucial tweak, one based on long observation of the behavior of his neighbors. Using this “appropriate technology” (as development experts would come to call it), Atkins and Jeepo launch a company to manufacture these modest pumps, which soon spread out across Sarkhan.

The second of the novel’s exemplars is Father John X. Finian, a Catholic missionary. Like Atkins, Finian does not shun the back country. He learns Burmese and suffers dutifully through a series of infections as he acclimates himself to the challenging new environment. Finian’s aim is to combat rural communism, but rather than giving orders, he slowly builds a cadre of local collaborators,
who come to trust him because of his democratic habits. Together, they infiltrate and expose the hypocrisy of the Burmese Communists, a major victory he accomplishes with the help of just a small band of dedicated freedom fighters.

A third hero is Colonel Edwin Hillandale of the U.S. Air Force. Hillandale “loves to be with people,” the authors explain. “Any kind of people” (p. 110). While stationed in the Philippines, Hillandale notes that the U.S.-friendly presidential candidate Ramon Magsaysay is encountering Communist resistance in a province north of Manila. He travels there to investigate, armed only with his harmonica, on which he plays Filipino folk songs. This endears him to the locals, who start inviting him over for meals and drink. “After a while,” the authors explain, “no one in that area believed any more that all Americans were rich and bloated snobs” (p. 114). Though the Communists continue their propaganda campaign against Magsaysay, it no longer works. “Do not tell us lies,” the locals tell the Communists. “We have met and seen and eaten and got drunk and made music with an American,” they emphasize. “And we like him” (p. 114).

What is striking about these parables is how aggressively they reject the Jim Crow racism that was still the norm in U.S. society in the 1950s. At a time when interracial contact was still strictly controlled in many parts of the country, we hear tell of whites sharing food, getting drunk, and making music with Asians. It is surely relevant that Lederer’s first marriage was to a Filipina, a marriage that would have run afoul of the law in many states at the time of The Ugly American’s publication.

The novel also attacks a long tradition of imperialist thought. The United States, at the time, possessed a sizable overseas empire, including Hawai’i, Alaska, Puerto Rico, Guam, American Samoa, the U.S. Virgin Islands, the Panama Canal Zone, and the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. U.S. foreign policy also involved ambivalent support for still-larger European empires. Nevertheless, Lederer and Burdick dispense outright with the imperialist notion that the people of the Global South are unready for democracy, or indeed that they differ from whites in anything but their culture.

The promise of the novel is that, if the United States unburdens itself from racial prejudice, it can win the global fight against communism. Though Lederer and Burdick spend ample time castigating their government, their message is ultimately an encouraging one. Fire the “bloated snobs” in pinstriped suits, put in a few big-hearted men willing to get their knees muddy, and Asians will flock to freedom.

Lederer and Burdick present their conclusion not just as armchair speculation, but as hard-won wisdom from the frontiers of the Cold War. “This book
is written as fiction; but it is based on fact,” they insist. Atkins and Hillandale “are based on actual Americans known to the authors” and “there are others like them” (p. 276). Indeed, it is possible to decode the novel, to peel back the text’s outer layer and produce reasonably confident guesses as to the real-life models who inspired its most notable characters. Doing so is a useful reminder that *The Ugly American* did not emerge from thin air but built on a significant body of already existing discourse and practice.

For Homer Atkins, the retired engineer, a good guess would be Albert Mayer, a celebrated architect and urban planner who left his New York practice to work in rural India. Mayer first had seen India during the war, when he built airstrips. But in 1948, Jawaharlal Nehru, the prime minister of India, invited him back to launch a pilot project in a northern district, Etawah.

Like Atkins, Mayer rejected both top-down planning and imported technologies. Instead, he made a great show of soliciting the “felt needs” of Etawah’s residents. Discussion of on-the-ground needs become a way to arrive at what Mayer called “folk-solutions.” Using only locally available technology and resources, Etawah’s villagers built schools, roads, and sanitary wells. And Etawah became an example to the world of what democratic methods could accomplish. Former First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt visited Etawah and wrote about it in her column “My Day.” President Harry S. Truman praised it in his speeches. *Time*, *Life*, the *New York Times*, and *Ladies’ Home Journal* reported on it.

Etawah became the basis for a nationwide community development program that the Indian government launched in 1952. The United States contributed tens of millions of dollars, the Ford Foundation took on a central coordinating role. By the mid-1960s, the community development campaign had spread to cover all of India’s villages, villages that collectively contained around ten percent of the global population. Nehru judged community development to be by “far the most revolutionary thing” his government had achieved.

Albert Mayer was celebrated in the United States for his work, but he never earned the level of fame that the apparent model for Father John X. Finian, the Catholic doctor Tom Dooley, enjoyed. During 1954 and 1955, Dooley had taken part in Operation Passage to Freedom, in which the U.S. Navy helped to transport hundreds of thousands of refugees, many Catholic, from North to South Vietnam. Dooley, like Finian, learned the local language and endured diseases (he claimed to have lost a third of his body weight while in-country). For his work, Dooley received South Vietnam’s highest honor—President Ngo Dinh Diem made him an “Officier de l’Ordre National de Viet Nam.” “You are well known and beloved by my people,” the citation read. “In the greatest majority of cases you were the first American that the people of the Tonkin rice fields came in contact with, and by knowing you and loving you they grew to understand the American people.”
Young, handsome, charming, and courageous, Dooley was an appealing poster boy for the Cold War. Or so he appeared to William Lederer, who had visited Dooley in North Vietnam in 1954. Lederer believed that Dooley had a “helluva book” on his hands and enjoined the doctor to take careful notes. Unfortunately, though he was a gifted storyteller, Dooley was a clumsy writer. So, in 1955, he visited Lederer in Hawai’i, and the pair spent two weeks at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel beating Dooley’s prose into shape. It was Lederer who arranged advance publicity for Dooley, who got him an agent, who handled security clearances though the U.S. Navy, and who ultimately steered Dooley to Reader’s Digest, which first published Dooley’s writings in serial form.

The resultant book, Deliver Us from Evil (1956), sold more than a million copies and established Dooley’s fame. Dooley gave weekly radio broadcasts that reached millions, and made hundreds of speeches. By the time he died from cancer in 1961, a day after his 34th birthday, a Gallup poll asking respondents in the United States to name the “Most Esteemed Men” in the world found Dooley ranked third, after former President Dwight D. Eisenhower and the Pope.

Colonel Edwin B. Hillandale of the U.S. Air Force is the easiest character in The Ugly American to decode. He is quite clearly Colonel Edward G. Lansdale of the U.S. Air Force. Indeed, the story of Hillandale taking up his harmonica and campaigning for Ramon Magsaysay in the countryside north of Manila is one that Lansdale told of himself. And Lederer had gotten to know Lansdale in the Philippines.

Like Mayer, Lansdale took part in the U.S. global grassroots development campaign. With Magsaysay, he established a rudimentary community development program that the Philippine military ran as a way of defusing peasant unrest in the Philippines. After his election in 1953, Magsaysay established a national community development program that he modeled after India’s. Lansdale, for his part, made his way to South Vietnam, where he sought to repeat the process. With Lansdale’s encouragement, Ngo Dinh Diem turned to the on-the-ground community approach (sometimes importing Philippine experts) as a means of combating rural communism. Diem’s well-known Strategic Hamlet Program was but one expression of this approach.

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consistently confound the sort of spontaneous, affable person-to-person relations that come so easily to the representatives of the United States. Yet, once one sees the real-life models for Atkins, Finian, and Hillandale that version of events becomes harder for readers to buy. Mayer, Dooley, and Lansdale were not toiling in obscurity. They were well-known, well-liked, and well-funded. All three had the backing of their government.

So what was the problem? Why was the United States still battling communism in Asia? The answer is obviously large, complex, and beyond the scope of this essay. But asking it can help identify certain key omissions in *The Ugly American*, explanations for the U.S. flailing in Asia that are, so to speak, repressed in the text.

One telling omission is political economy. In *The Ugly American*, Communist-leaning peasant movements have no socioeconomic program—they seek only power. The novel makes scant mention of the profound inequalities, particularly in land ownership, that scarred the countryside. Inequality appears in the novel as largely an interpersonal problem—snobbery on the part of the elite—rather than one that might be addressed at the political or economic level.

A related omission is empire. Burma, Vietnam, the Philippines, and the fictional Sarkhan appear in the pages of *The Ugly American* as independent nations. The novel makes only glancing acknowledgment of the fact that Burma, Vietnam, and the Philippines had won their independence only very recently, nor does it say much about the far-from-finished process of decolonization underway throughout the Global South. Empire had contributed to the consolidation of a powerful landholding class in many of these places, and thus had created a legacy of rural inequality. Yet the authors leave such historical roots, which help explain anti-Westernism in Asia, entirely unexplored in the novel.

With political economy and empire far from view, it becomes hard to understand why anyone ever would be a Communist. The role of the Soviet Union as a backer of anti-imperialist movements, the importance of land reform in impoverished areas of Asia—all of this Lederer and Burdick push to the side. Instead, the authors offer a different explanation for communism’s success in Asia. It stems, they argue, not from any pursuit of justice but merely from the fact that Communists are adept manipulators. They infiltrate the villages and spread untruths. But once individuals or events expose their lies and lay bare their motives, Lederer and Burdick argue, their power is lost.

Another crucial omission is a full account of the role of the United States in decolonizing Asia. In the novel, humanitarianism and the hatred of tyranny alone motivate people from the United States. They sometimes come across poorly, but solely because of their naïveté, incompetence, or bureaucratic
missteps. Once they can speak to the people of rural Asia face to face, Lederer and Burdick contend, their earnest democratic nature will shine through.

That presentation misconstrues the very real reasons why Asians might be suspicious of the overtures of the United States. Particularly, there is no mention of the interference of the United States itself in the elections and politics of Asian countries, for example supplying arms to the French in their attempts to suppress nationalism in Indochina after World War II. Or, more to the point, its covert attempts to prevent elected but insufficiently anti-Communist governments from operating in the Third World.

These are not just abstract points. They are tied tightly to the composition and context for *The Ugly American* itself. To understand them, we must peel back yet another layer. Start with the exploits of Colonel Edwin B. Hillandale, U.S. Air Force, in the Philippines, on behalf of the election of Ramon Magsaysay. Hillandale’s model, Colonel Edward G. Lansdale, presented himself as an officer in the U.S. Air Force, but he did not know how to fly a plane. In reality, the air force credentials were a cover—Lansdale was an officer in the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). And mere personal enthusiasm did not motivate his work on behalf of Magsaysay. The CIA wanted Magsaysay to win the election, by any means necessary.

The CIA’s enthusiasm for Magsaysay stemmed from its sense that the Philippines was in a dire crisis. The newly independent nation was in the throes of a peasant insurgency known as the “Huk Rebellion” that sought to topple the oligarchy and redistribute the land. Revolution in the Philippines would be costly to Washington, as it would dislodge reliable allies and present an opening for communism. Ramon Magsaysay seemed as if he might be able to restore some legitimacy to the imperiled government and ward off a revolution. His election was thus a high priority for the CIA in the Philippines.

We now know considerably more about what Lansdale and his colleagues did to ensure Magsaysay’s election. They covertly operated a “grassroots” front organization to “reform” Philippine politics, and they started a front newspaper to get the message out. They wrote speeches for Magsaysay, and they drugged the drinks of his opponent, Elpidio Quirino, before Quirino was scheduled to speak. CIA Director Allen Dulles gave Lansdale a million dollars in cash to sway the election and offered millions more. The CIA smuggled guns into the country for Magsaysay’s supporters to use in a coup in case he lost. Lansdale also boasted of passing Magsaysay’s adherents “information on the techniques of sabotage and ‘accidental murder’.” Magsaysay won, and, for his role in the election, Lansdale earned the nickname “General Landslide.”

Meanwhile, Lansdale participated in the repression of the Huk Rebellion. Though the full extent of Lansdale’s counterinsurgency work remains clothed...
in secrecy (a Freedom of Information Act request that I submitted was denied),
he has admitted that his activities went well beyond playing the harmonica.
In his memoirs, Lansdale tells of his operations in one Huk-controlled area,
where there was a local belief in vampires. His team first planted stories that
someone had seen a vampire in the area. Then, they captured a Huk and mur-
derered him, puncturing two holes in his neck and turning him upside down to
drain his blood. They left his corpse on the Huk trail in the hopes that it would
scare off the guerrillas and their sympathizers. It was grisly homicide for the
purpose of a propaganda prank.\footnote{17}

That story, which “makes Filipinos vomit,” as Philippine journalist Hilarion
M. Henares Jr. put it, was one that Lansdale proudly told in public.\footnote{18} He surely
went further in private. Declassified cable traffic from Manila indicates that
Lansdale pressed his government for a “more liberal use of napalm” against
the Huks.\footnote{19}

Did Lederer and Burdick know of this? Quite likely, yes. Lederer and Lans-
dale were close. And though Lederer was in the U.S. Navy, the CIA took him on
loan more than once for unspecified assignments.\footnote{20} It is hard to imagine he
was not aware of Lansdale’s CIA status (Lansdale was a spy who did not guard
secrets tightly), and it is hard to imagine he did not know at least some details
about Lansdale’s covert work.

What is more, the CIA had close ties to one of The Ugly American’s other
model citizens, Tom Dooley. Lederer was not the only one to have recognized
Dooley’s potential. Lansdale, too, was an early appreciator of Dooley and ap-
ppears to have orchestrated Diem’s decoration of him (when Dooley boasted
of the honor he had received, Lansdale showed him evidence that the per-
son who typed the citation Diem had given him had been typed on Lansdale’s
typewriter).\footnote{21}

Dooley came very close to losing his poster-child status when the U.S. Navy
investigated his private life—bugging his telephone calls, opening his mail,
reading his diary, and trailing him. Rumors that Dooley was gay—entirely true,
as it turned out—provoked the surveillance. With documented evidence of
his homosexual conduct, the U.S Navy was poised to humiliate him and de-
stroy his career. But his powerful protectors hushed it up, got him discharged
honorably from the U.S. Navy, and established him in Laos where, as a private
doctor receiving funding from the International Rescue Committee (IRC), he
continued his work. The CIA secretly financed the IRC, and Dooley briefed the
agency about what he saw there.\footnote{22}

The author has found no evidence that the third of the book’s models,
Albert Mayer, had backing from the CIA. He did not need it. The U.S. govern-
ment openly bankrolled Mayer’s work. Still, among left circles in India today,
the suspicion lingers that Mayer’s brand of community development was a CIA plot to defuse communism in the countryside.

There were two sequels to *The Ugly American*. William Lederer published one, a nonfiction screed titled *A Nation of Sheep*, in 1961. He and Eugene Burdick co-authored another novel—*Sarkhan*—that they published in 1965. Neither acquired a readership of a size approaching the one that *The Ugly American* commanded.

The remarkable feature of both sequels is how bitter they are. *The Ugly American* is not a happy text—the exasperating stupidity of the foreign relations bureaucracy is a major theme. Yet the memorable moments are the stories of connection, when men like Atkins, Finian, and Hillandale manage to cut through the red tape and bond directly with Asian villagers. It is this vital element that is largely missing from the later books.

According to Lederer, he wrote *A Nation of Sheep* as a response to the “over 8,000 querying letters” that he and Burdick had received after publishing *The Ugly American*. “How can the man in the street and the woman in the kitchen help prevent the blunders by which we are aiding our enemies all over the world?," those letters asked.23

Lederer was not shy in answering. The chief cause of those blunders, he writes in *A Nation of Sheep*, is “ignorance—an overwhelming national ignorance of the facts about the rest of the world.”24 That ignorance is endemic among the officials of the U.S. government, from the embassies up to the president, but it is, in Lederer’s diagnosis, shared with the populace at large. Whereas *The Ugly American* was optimistic about the ability of the man from Main Street to forge meaningful connection with Asian villagers, *A Nation of Sheep* accuses the people of the United States of being “fair-weather citizens,” “sloths,” and, as the title suggests, “a nation of sheep.”25 They have frittered away their enormous wealth while hardened Communists have been laying the foundations carefully for a global revolution.

Lederer and Burdick fully sustain the sour tone of *A Nation of Sheep* in *Sarkhan*. Yet again, it is a novel about men on the ground arguing with the brass, while wily Communists conquer Asia. But gone are the memorable moments of cross-cultural contact. One of the heroes, a professor of Sarkhanese Studies from Cornell University, does not befriend the locals to demonstrate his dedication to freedom but turns vigilante and threatens to throw a Communist out of an airplane. “You wouldn’t dare,” protests the Communist. “It’s
against the Geneva Convention.” “Friend, you never signed the Geneva Convention,” the professor responds:

Remember what Uncle Ho and Uncle Mao told you about the Convention? Murder in the service of the revolution is good. So you went about and murdered women in front of their husbands and killed Catholic priests and Buddhist bonzes and everyone that got in your way. Don’t tell me about the Geneva Convention.

And out the plane he goes.26

The bitterness and violence in the later books marks a turn—a turn that tracks the actual fate of grassroots strategies within the U.S. foreign aid apparatus. The 1950s had been the high-water mark of the community approach. By the end of that decade, the United Nations estimated that more than sixty countries possessed large community development programs, about half of which were nationwide in their extent.27 In 1960, John F. Kennedy won election as president promising to establish a Peace Corps. “All of us have admired what Dr. Tom Dooley has done” is how he began his exposition of the plan.28 The U.S. government employed Lederer to train Peace Corps volunteers.29

But in the 1960s, the high hopes for grassroots strategies collapsed. Appropriate technologies and village-level development looked great on paper, but they seemed unable to pull countries out of poverty, as The Ugly American had fantasized. Southern governments, such as India’s, rescinded their support, and, as they did, the United States gave up. The State Department’s Community Development Division closed its headquarters in 1963 and ended many of its overseas missions.

The only country that saw increased U.S. aid for community development after 1963 was South Vietnam. Yet there, the pretext that village work might bridge cultural differences and win the “Free World” adherents had worn thin. Though Ngo Dinh Diem’s government invested heavily in community strategies, these had a clearly repressive cast. The “strategic hamlets” that Diem designed (and that the United States funded) were less bastions of rural democracy than resettlement camps. Eventually, Diem’s support eroded so badly—the predictable result of the violence he directed against his own people—that the United States withdrew its support and acquiesced to a generals’ coup that cost Diem his life. Lansdale retired that week.

The institutional context that gave life to The Ugly American may have collapsed, but the text remains powerful. I teach it regularly in my undergraduate U.S. foreign relations course. Even knowing its fuller context—the CIA,
Lansdale, and Dooley—my undergraduate students find it entrancing. There is something persistently seductive about its message—that the United States is a friend of freedom, that its ideals are everywhere popular, and that any opposition is just a misunderstanding that will evaporate when people from different cultures clasp hands in a far-off village.

Endnotes

7 Ibid., p. 78.
9 Quoted in Fisher, *Dr. America*, p. 60.
10 Ibid., p. 70.
13 In his 1991 interview with James Fisher, Lederer oddly denied that Lansdale was the basis for Hillandale. “Bullshit, the character’s about me!,” he exclaimed. Fisher, *Dr. America*, p. 177.
14 For descriptions of Philippine and Vietnamese community development, see Immerwahr, Thinking Small, chapter 4 and Edward Miller, Misalliance: Ngo Dinh Diem, the United States, and the Fate of South Vietnam (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2013).

15 Quoted in Jonathan Nashel, Edward Lansdale’s Cold War (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2005), 34.


18 Quoted in Nashel, Lansdale, p. 42.


20 Fisher, Dr. America, p. 74.

21 Wilford, Mighty Wurlitzer, p. 172.

22 Fisher, Dr. America, chapters 3 and 4.


24 Ibid., p. 7.

25 Ibid., pp. 11, 192.


28 Quoted in Appy, American Reckoning, p. 10.


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