

# UNDER COVER

*My Four Years in the Nazi Underworld of America—  
The Amazing Revelation of How Axis Agents  
and Our Enemies Within Are Now Plotting  
to Destroy the United States*

By **JOHN ROY CARLSON**

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*D*edicated to SAM and STEVE, ROY and JOHN  
and to those other official under cover men and women who,  
unnamed and unsung, are fighting the  
common enemy of Democracy on  
the military front abroad  
and the psychological  
front at home

As investigator of subversive activity, the author joined or became affiliated with many self-styled "patriotic" groups, some of which are listed below. The endpaper pattern was based on his membership cards and buttons.

American National-Socialist Party  
 German-American Bund  
 Christian Front  
 The Ultra-American  
 Nationalist Party  
 American Nationalist Party  
 American Women Against Communism  
 The Gray Shirts  
 America First Committee  
 No Foreign War Committee  
 Christian Mobilizers  
 American Destiny Party  
 American Brotherhood of Christians Congress  
 The Ethiopian Pacific Movement  
 Citizens Protective League  
 Social Justice Distributors Club  
 The American Defense Society  
 Anglo-Saxon Federation of America  
 Paul Revere Sentinels  
 Ra-Con Klub  
 Crusaders for Americanism, Inc.  
 We the Fathers, Auxiliary to We the Mothers Mobilize for  
 America  
*The Christian Mobilizer*  
 Phalanx, PAX (secret gun club)  
 National Workers League  
 Yankee Freemen  
 Cross and the Flag  
 Committee of One Million  
 Flanders Hall, Nazi publishers  
 American Patriots  
*American Bulletin*  
 National Gentile League

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## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

"Thunder on! stride on, Democracy!  
Strike with vengeful stroke!"

WALT WHITMAN

"UNDER COVER" is not so much an exposé of the work of alien Nazi or Fascist agents as it is, ultimately, a warning to America of those factors which have led to the development of a nativist, nationalist, American Nazi or American Fascist movement which, like a spearhead, is poised to stab at Democracy.

Defeatist and dissensionist propaganda continues while our country is at war, despite the arrest of nearly all the known foreign agents. This is not surprising. The Kuhns and Vierecks turned the torch over to the Pelleys and Laura Ingallses, and these American-born operatives of a foreign power symbolically relayed it to the thirty-three men and women indicted on charges of sedition.

Unfortunately, the trail that may lead to the destruction of Democracy does not end, but actually begins with these thirty-three men and women. Their missionary efforts and the misguided zeal of a thousand others like them still at large, have permeated deep into the American mind. And after many refining processes, the viewpoints originally promoted by the Kuhns and Vierecks and Shishmarovas have become palatable to many Americans whenever mouthed by neighbors without an accent.

In the course of my investigations, I found that many otherwise fine Americans were propagating the lies and the "party line" originally advanced by Hitler's agents and doing it sincerely in what they believed to be good Americanism.

This state of mind—the most dangerous obstacle to America's future Democracy—could become a fatal issue when we are seated around the peace table, and be a factor in influenc-

ing us to lose the peace after winning the war. It was to help illustrate the many facets of this "clear and present" danger of Nazified "Americanism" that I undertook to live, then write *Under Cover*. I want my fellow Americans to learn to recognize the American Fascist whenever he drapes the flag around himself, and to detect his Nazi mouthings regardless of how subtle his approach.

I have applied the terms fascist, fascist-minded, nationalist, American Fascist and American Nazi to those who, according to the record, have subverted Democracy by morally or financially supporting the racial, political or social doctrines of Hitler's National-Socialism, Mussolini's corporate-state Fascism or Franco's clericalist-Falangism; and have promoted an American species of Axis ideology in the name of super "patriotism" and super "Americanism." Actual membership in authoritarian regimes is not necessary for an American, native-born or naturalized, to qualify as fascist-minded.

I regard as blasphemy the stunt of those "super-patriots" who seek to whitewash their native Nazism by falling back on ancestors who died in order that Democracy might live. One need only recall that Major Vidkun Quisling was a "pure-blooded" Norwegian, and Pierre Laval was a "pure-blooded" Frenchman from the heart of Auvergne, to realize that "Democracy" like "fascism" is a state of mind, not of physical boundaries or hallowed ancestry.

My criterion for true patriotism is found in Elihu Root's definition:

True love of country is not mere blind partisanship. It is regard for the people of one's country and all of them; it is a feeling of fellowship and brotherhood for all of them; it is a desire for the prosperity and happiness of all of them; it is kindly and considerate judgment toward all of them. The essential condition of true progress is that it shall be based upon grounds of reason, and not of prejudice.

This definition differs so radically from the "patriotism" of American Fascists that if I know them at all, I am certain they will eventually brand Elihu Root either as a Jew, a Communist, or both. They will manage it somehow. I anticipate the same compliment myself.

"Under Cover" went through many adventures before it was ready to see the light in the form of printer's ink. I began writing it almost as soon as I started my investigations, since it was with a book in mind that I continued in my work. In nearly four and a half years I estimate that I've written about five million words. My files on the Christian Mobilizers alone contain more than 175 individual reports totalling 250,000 words. It was inevitable that this mass outpouring "in the heat of battle," should have affected my writing. Consequently I tried to work with a collaborator in the preparation of *Under Cover*, but after a few weeks we parted company and once again I started out from scratch.

I've had many offers of help on the part of groups and individuals who, while well-meaning and engaged in the democratic cause, each had an obvious axe to grind. All extraneous "advice" and "suggestions"—one of which included the deletion of three consecutive chapters now in Book II—were politely rejected, and the independence of the writing maintained. For better or worse, this book is the author's own work, though of course it has gone through a certain amount of editorial trimming and pruning.

I am grateful for the moral support and foresight of a number of friends, who I hope will remain my friends after reading *Under Cover*. I am indebted to the publishers of *Fortune* magazine, and in particular to Russell W. Davenport, then its managing editor, for engaging me early in 1939 to make a preliminary survey of the New York fascist scene. That is how I happened to get my start.

I am indebted to the patient and kindly Reverend L. M. Birkhead for his permission to use the extensive and orderly files of his militant organization, Friends of Democracy, for some of my background material. I am indebted to Joseph Roos of Los Angeles for information on West Coast Nazis; to Kenneth M. Birkhead (now in the army), Mrs. Marion Hart and Miss Anne Simmons.

I wish also to pay my grateful respects to E. G. Morris for his zealous and untiring efforts in my behalf over a period of two years. He has been my friend as well as my literary agent.

And, finally, I wish to pay tribute to the loving inspiration of Marie and Robert, without which this book would never have been realized nor, indeed, could I have survived the experience of living it.

*John Roy Carlson*

April 9, 1943

*B O O K O N E*

BEFORE PEARL HARBOR

## CHAPTER I

### A BLACK CHRISTMAS

"The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*"We National Socialists have never maintained that we were representatives of a democratic viewpoint, but we have openly declared that we only made use of democratic means in order to gain power, and that after the seizure of power we would ruthlessly deny to our opponents all those means which they had granted to us during the time of our opposition."*—

PROPAGANDA MINISTER DR. PAUL JOSEPH GOEBBELS

MY STORY actually begins in December, 1933, with an episode that blazed across newspaper headlines for months thereafter. On the morning of Christmas Sunday, 1933, Archbishop Leon Tourian, Primate of the Armenian Church in North and South America, was scheduled to celebrate Holy Mass in the Holy Cross Church on West 187th Street, New York.

The tiny church was filled with devout worshippers. The altar was gayly decorated with flowers. Candles were lighted. The pungent odor of incense filled the air and all morning a vested choir had sung of "Peace on earth, good will to men . . ." The congregation stood up reverently when a stately figure in the full magnificence of ecclesiastical dress emerged from the vestry room at the rear of the church and remained poised at the end of the aisle. In his left hand the Archbishop carried a crozier of gold. With his right hand, holding a jewel-studded crucifix, he blessed the bowed parishioners.

Bound for the altar, the procession was led by a censor bearer, followed by twelve members of the choir abreast in couples. Then came the resplendent figure of the Primate. Two acolytes brought up the rear of the processional. Organ music filled the air, and the choir chanted softly as it started from the aisle. The devout crossed themselves. The candle lights flickered. . . .

Suddenly from the right side of the aisle, a swarthy, pock-marked figure jumped into the aisle and stooped low. In his right hand was a two-edged butcher knife six inches long and whetted to razor sharpness. Simultaneously from an adjoining pew, a second assailant threw himself on the Primate and pinned back his arms, while the first one, with a pumping

motion stabbed four times through the sacred robes at the Archbishop's vital section.

Carried out with thoroughly practiced savagery committed in the presence of a stupefied crowd, the murder was over in a few seconds. The figure of the Prelate lurched forward, then fell prostrate the full length of the aisle. The screaming, bewildered congregation stampeded to the door.

Thomas E. Dewey—now Governor of New York—was engaged to prepare the case against the assassins. Nine men were eventually convicted of the murder. All were found to be members and officers of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, a secretive political gang also known as the Dashnag—the Dashnag whose methods anticipated those of the Gestapo. I had, of course, known of the existence of the Dashnag and had heard of their international program of terrorism, but the murder of Archbishop Tourian and what became known of their organization during the trial, brought to light the formidable power which this small but sinister fascistic clique wielded not only in America but wherever Armenians lived. It was thoroughly hated by the overwhelming majority of Armenians—but they could do little about it.

Our family had known Archbishop Tourian in the Old World. While still a priest, he had baptized my little brother Steven in the Armenian Church at Sofia, Bulgaria. As Archbishop, he had had dinner with us in our home in Long Island. I adored him as a person and literally worshipped him as a man of God. It was nearly impossible for me to conceive that this frightful murder had occurred in my adopted America.

I am an Armenian by parentage and our history as a Christian people goes back to Biblical days. It was on Mount Ararat, in the land of Armenia, that tradition tells Noah's Ark rested. Some people have their religion or their nationality thrust upon them by the accident of birth. I am an American by choice. It was in this country that my family, after countless generations of persecution, saw hope of a reality of freedom and Democracy.

I was born on Good Friday in Alexandropolis—a city founded by Alexander the Great on the shores of the Aegean

Sea in Southern Greece. Our home, the largest in the shipping port, was located on Governor Street and overlooked the busy wharves. Father was district manager for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Grandfather on mother's side had been an architect to the Sultan in Constantinople. Other uncles and grandparents had been jewelers, translators and right-hand men to various Turkish Sultans.

I used to ask questions about America of the fishermen and *hamals*—stevedores—unloading cargo boats. My uncle Arthur had sailed to the United States three years after my birth. My companion, Christo, a youth of fourteen years, knew less about America than the stevedores. Together with *Aydz*, a goat my parents maintained for its milk, Christo and I spent most of our afternoons in the peaceful valleys surrounding Alexandropolis.

Hitler and Himmler now rule it.

Soon after I was born, in 1909, the Greek Army was defeated at Alexandropolis and the Bulgarian Army occupied our city. They didn't stay long. The Turks came back and drove them out. Then the Greeks returned with reinforcements and with some Italian help, drove out the Turks. The inhabitants of Alexandropolis being of Greek, Bulgarian, Armenian and Turkish descent, each marauding army plundered the homes of the nationals it was fighting. The invading Bulgarians pillaged Greek and Turkish homes. Then the Turkish soldiers plundered the Greeks, the Bulgarians and the Armenians. Alexandropolis was truly a cosmopolitan city—it was plundered by each and every Balkan Army.

A portion of the civilian population took to the safety of the hills whenever one or another army entered the city. People unable to flee lived in the cellars of their homes while street fighting raged among Turks, Bulgarians and Greeks.

The defenseless Armenians were the prey of all the armies all the time. The cellar of our home was completely furnished to withstand months of siege. We lived as refugees in our own home while the battle went on furiously. At night we ventured for fresh air into the back yard surrounded with a high stone fence, and studded on top with broken glass. Our valuables, which were placed in an urn, were buried beneath the roots of the grapevine.



Once, when a raiding party was systematically looting homes, piling the booty in waiting carts, father sought protection under the American flag. He hung it from the balcony of our home, and shouted: "I represent an American company. Don't you dare break down the door." The ruffians took father for an American Consul and passed us up.

I was four years old when we were warned that a horde of wild Turkish bandits—*bashibozouks*—were about to raid the town and set it afire. Father and mother piled bread and cheese, bundles, mattresses, blankets and their two children into an old bullock cart and took to the hills. Behind and ahead of us were hundreds of other carts of Armenian families fleeing the terrible Turks.

When it was safe to do so we fled to Bulgaria. I remember the bread line that formed daily in front of the government warehouse in Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. The line, a long queue of aged peasant women wrapped in shawls, of bent old men, of children bawling from hunger, of young girls with sunken eyes and waxlike pallor, began to form at dawn. There were no young men or middle-aged men in that line. All were off to war. But there were young mothers, their faces pinched, huddling emaciated little infants, waiting hour after hour; waiting eternally, it seemed, for rations of coarse rye bread. Nothing else. It seems odd to hear a people complain today about rationing.

An ally of Imperial Germany, the tyrannous Turk determined to exterminate the Armenians in Turkey who had traditionally sided and volunteered for service with the Allies. Turk nationalists embarked on a Moslem "holy war" of massacre, starvation, brutality and mass deportations which up to that time had been unparalleled among the so-called civilized nations. Hundreds of thousands of innocent Armenians perished. But tens of thousands more would have perished if the Near East Relief, the Foreign Missions and the Red Cross had not established orphanages, hospitals, schools and food kitchens. The unstinting manner with which Americans during those tragic war years gave of their savings left an unforgettable imprint on our family, on all Armenians—and particularly on me. We looked to America with reverence.

My family spent the war years in Sofia and the next two

following the Armistice in Constantinople. In due time, we sailed for America aboard the Greek ship *Meghali Hellas* with several hundred other Armenians and arrived in the New World on April 2, 1921.

I remember our first Sunday here. Mother, father, my brothers John, Steven and I walked up trim, arbored, sun-spotted Willis Avenue in Mineola, Long Island, a suburb of New York. Uncle Arthur was proudly leading the way to our new home. No Turks lurked around the corner. No corpses littered the streets. There was no need to hide in warehouses or cellars, to bolt the doors or talk in whispers. This was America! I was a gawky boy of twelve, and so terrorized by past experiences I could hardly believe that one could live in one place any length of time without having to flee for safety.

Our new home was far removed from the "nationality islands" of New York City. Stern and strong-willed, father insisted that we enroll in school immediately and become Americans. "We have come to a New World," he said, "we must learn new ways of living. Forget Europe."

Mother was a graduate of the American Women's College at Constantinople and spoke English well, in addition to French, Greek, Turkish, Bulgarian and Armenian. She enrolled John and me in school the week after we had landed here. That same week father, accompanied by our uncle, went to the Nassau County Courthouse to register his intention of becoming an American citizen. In the wholesome atmosphere of a pretty little suburb, surrounded by friendly, native-born Americans our own Americanization got off to a flying start.

Father was a linguist who spoke six languages. He learned the seventh, English, very rapidly by reading newspapers. Uncle knew seven languages, including some Chinese. I spoke Armenian, Greek, Bulgarian, Turkish and French and also a smattering of Italian—which I had learned from the Pascualis, the childless couple who were our neighbors in Alexandropolis—but I knew no English.

My first teacher in America, a short, plump, red-cheeked little bundle of sympathy and kindness, kept me after school

and patiently tutored me in English and spelling night after night. Miss A. Canning was representative of many Americans I've met since then.

In the meanwhile, father had established himself in business as importer of cheese, fish, honey, rose-petal jam, caviar and other delicacies. Mother spent her evenings helping us with our American history lessons. In May, 1926, the family celebrated our official recognition as American citizens. We invited all the neighbors to a sumptuous Armenian dinner which lasted five hours.

In June, 1928, I was graduated from Mineola High School with honors. America was good to us! We were treated as equals by our neighbors, as fellow Americans. We were given no cause to side, then or in years to come, with alien political movements which thrive on hate and social frustration. We joined the American blood stream and were swept past the painful period of maladjustment which plague many newcomers. Democracy became my ideal of a way of life.

Four years later I was graduated from the New York University School of Journalism, having worked my way through as reporter for a string of Long Island newspapers. I decided to travel throughout the United States—hitchhiking and working at what I could get to do. I was not driven to travel by necessity but by a desire to get acquainted with my adopted country and its people. I returned home in November, 1933.

And it was just after this trip, where I had been learning what my adopted country was like, that I received the terrific shock of Old World politics and terrorism. I had no conception at that time of the forces of evil already at work to undermine the tolerance and freedom which had been the peculiar heritage of America. The murder of the Armenian Primate made me sense that even here there was the danger of the same feelings of perverted nationalism which had plagued Europe for generations.

It is difficult to express in words the effect the brutal murder of Archbishop Tourian by Dashnag henchmen had on me. For a long time I was bewildered and then gradually I began to learn that the Dashnags, while they represented a vicious political clique of terrorists, were not the only fascistic organization then engaged in violating the principles of our

Democracy. Five years later the second incident occurred which was to crystallize for me the certainty that a concerted attempt was being made to destroy Democracy in the United States.

## CHAPTER II

## SCHOOL AT STAHLBERG'S

"My religion is National-Socialism. That's the only religion I believe in. Christianity is the bunk."

PETER STAHLBERG

IN THE FALL of 1938 while riding in a New York subway, I picked up a leaflet entitled *Why Are Jews Persecuted for Their Religion?* It was printed on cheap, gray newsprint and included four pages of bitterly anti-Semitic quotations and distorted passages from American history. The leaflet urged "American patriots" to "rise up as one man and clean house politically and economically." It bore the imprint of the Nationalist Press Association, 147 East 116th Street, New York. Pricked by curiosity I decided to look up these headquarters of "Americanism."

At about eight o'clock on the evening of October 14, 1938, I went to the address on 116th Street. The building was an old tenement, with a barber shop in the ground floor and the headquarters of the American Labor Party on the floor above. I walked past a series of garbage cans in the hallway until I came to another door, locked. Taking a deep breath I knocked on the door of the Nationalist Press Association.

There was no answer but I could hear someone moving inside. Suddenly the door was flung open. With the light glaring in my eyes I could barely make out the form of the man standing before me. I told him I would like to buy some leaflets on the Jews. Without answering, the man turned and motioned me in. We walked along a narrow hall room and I noticed on my left a sign: "French and Italian haircuts—25¢." I could make out the dim forms of barber chairs and hair tonic bottles on the shelves.

I followed my guide along the hallway into an inner room—a small, shabby, dim-lit place, cluttered with scraps of paper, pamphlets, books, twine. There were four men in the room. Cigarette butts littered the floor. In one corner stood a bat-

tered steel cabinet piled high with magazines and newspapers and in another corner, a ruddy-cheeked blond with an owlish face sat scribbling in a ledger under a banner on the wall reading "America for the Americans." A thin Italian, with sharp eyes, rodent-featured, folded printed newspaper sheets. The other two men were standing near by wrapping packages in brown paper.

"I'd like some pamphlets on the Jews," I said.

The Italian dropped his work, went into an inner room and soon returned followed by a tall, blond man in his late twenties, with blunt features and a coarse-lipped, brutal mouth. He wore a khaki army shirt and a black tie. His tie pin was a pearl-studded swastika.

"Who are you? Where do you come from? What are you doing here? Who sent you?" he demanded.

As calmly as I could I told him that I was a student at Columbia University—that I had seen one of his pamphlets and had liked some of the things in it. I explained that I was interested in the "patriotic movement," and wanted to know

**National American**

WE ARE NOT CONNECTED WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, UNITED PRESS, INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE OR THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE  
**American National-Socialist Party**

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS: 147 EAST 116th STREET, NEW YORK

Vol. 2 No. 3 NEW YORK, N. Y., MAY 1938 Price 5 Cents

## STERILIZATION

URGED BY ARMY MAN FOR ALL 'REFUGEES' ENTERING AMERICA

IS REVOLUTION POSSIBLE  
HERE IN AMERICA?

DESPITE POPULAR BELIEF IT CAN AND WILL  
HAPPEN HERE

Today America and the American Nation are confronted with the greatest "Why America follow upon the heels of other nations making the money out of civil war and revolution?"

"THE COMMUNIST PARTY IS PRIVATE OWNED"

**American National-Socialist Party**

TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS  
147 EAST 116th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

Stahlberg's letterhead and issue of the *National American* devoted to the "sterilization speech" of General Moseley, retired.

more about it. He listened intently, then without a word, turned and disappeared into the inner room.

I stood there watched by the four men who said nothing, but barred my exit. In a moment the tall blond came back into the room.

"Are there a lot of Jews at Columbia?" he asked.

I started to answer, but was relieved when he kept right on talking. "We tried getting into City College but the students fought back. We had better luck at New York University; got some leaflets into the student lockers and the men's toilets."

As he was speaking, he handed me a dozen leaflets. I asked if there was any other literature I ought to read to familiarize myself with the subject.

"You ought to read the *Protocols*.<sup>1</sup> It'll give you the truth on what's really going on today."

"You can get that book at the Germania Bookstore over on Thoid Avenue," the little Italian volunteered. His name was Joe.

"You know, fella," Joe said, "we gotta do something to save this Goddam country from the Communists. It's the duty of every fella what calls himself a patriot. Take Roosevelt, he's a Jew. The Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Post Office—they're all Jewish."

I smiled disbelief.

"Sure thing," Joe continued eagerly. "Cordell Hull, John Lewis, J. P. Morgan, Wallace, Perkins—they're all Jews. People don't know it. They ain't been woke up. They ain't all read our educational literature."

<sup>1</sup>The *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* purported to be the minutes of a meeting of Jewish leaders allegedly held in 1897, at which they were supposed to have outlined a plot for world domination. Actually the *Protocols* were copies of the political diatribe by Maurice Joly, a Frenchman, entitled *Dialogues in Hell Between Machiavelli and Montesquieu* and first published in 1864.

Casting about for Jew-baiting literature, Sergius Nilus, a briefless and obscure lawyer of Moscow "discovered" the *Protocols* and by adding the word Jew to Joly's diatribe published it in 1905 as an authentic Jewish document. It gave rise to many pogroms in Russia of Czarist days. In more recent years the brazen fraud has been propagated as "truth" in the interests of Nazi propaganda, and has served as the "Bible" of Nazis to disrupt Democracy the world over.

The big blond turned and handed me three copies of *National American*, a newspaper in tabloid size. "That's my newspaper," he said, "I am Pete Stahrenberg. I'm editor and publisher. This is the official organ of the American National-Socialist Party. We are pro-American. We're publishing a paper for real one hundred per cent Americans."

"Are you the head of the American National-Socialist Party?"

"Yes."

I glanced at the paper. Two black swastikas were printed under the title. The Party emblem was an American Indian, arm outstretched in salute, poised against a black swastika.

"Say, what's your name and address?" Stahrenberg asked suddenly. "Write it down on this card."

"George Pagnanelli," I said and wrote down an address somewhere in Brooklyn, I had decided to pose as an Italian mainly because Italy was a partner to the Axis. The few words I still remembered from our neighbors, the Pascualis in Alexandropolis and my pleasant associations with Italians since then prompted me to assume the role of an Italian American.

"There you are. George Pagnanelli; and here's my address," I said, handing him the brown card.

"Whereabouts in Brooklyn is that?" the owlish-faced German asked, after glancing at the address I had given.

"It's right near the subway station," I managed to stammer and started for the door.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Stahrenberg," I said nervously as I walked out into the passage.

"Come again," he urged after I had turned to go. But I found the door to the outside locked. I stood paralyzed for a moment, twisting the knob, imagining all sorts of things and expecting to be grabbed from behind. After a few moments I took a deep breath, turned and walked back into the room.

"The door won't open," I said casually.

Stahrenberg laughed. "We have a special way of locking it," then he walked with me through the hallway and unlocked the door. His pearl-studded swastika tie pin gleamed in the half-light of the hallway. His ugly features high lighted.

"Good night," I murmured. The door clicked quietly be-

hind me. A wave of relief flooded through me, as I walked out into the lighted street, convinced that my hunch had been a good one. As I rounded the first corner I felt myself followed.

Having given a false address I hesitated between going home and thus leading Stahrenberg's men straight to my parents or going to the address I had given in Brooklyn and managing the best way I could from then on. In the end I decided to take the subway to Brooklyn. Two men who got on the same car with me watched me furtively all the way to Brooklyn. As luck would have it, the address I had given was a residential building and the front door was open. Instead of going up the staircase I hid under it. A little later I heard the door open and heavy footsteps on the staircase. I tiptoed out into the street and hid in an areaway next door. In a few minutes the two men came out of the apartment house and headed for the subway.

I had no intention of making another visit to the offices of the American National-Socialist Party, but a few months after my original visit I happened to meet Joe, the Italian I had met there, and he was so cordial I concluded my ruse had worked.

Until now I had worked for small national magazines and was eager to become associated with one of the large national publications. I had heard that *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* paid good salaries and were on the lookout for experienced editorial workers. I applied for a position on *Fortune*. I was granted an interview with one of the editors, and although I did not get a job, he became very friendly and seemed particularly interested when I told him of my experiences with Stahrenberg.

I tried several of the larger magazines without success and had just about given up hope of making a good editorial connection when I received a telegram from *Fortune* asking me to come to their office. They were contemplating a survey on subversive activity and asked if I'd be interested in a job as an investigating reporter. Already my visit to Stahrenberg was paying dividends in a chance to help America.

That was in the winter of 1939. That February saw an episode so alien to America, and so alarming, that it plunged

me into a career as an investigator of Nazi activity. I was about to witness star-spangled murder with American Democracy as the corpse. When I visited Pete Stahrenberg for the second time he had given me a red-white-and-blue leaflet addressed "To all American Patriots" which read:

### GEORGE WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY EXERCISES

#### *Mass Demonstration for True Americanism*

Madison Square Garden

February 20, 1939

#### GERMAN-AMERICAN BUND

That "Mass Demonstration for True Americanism" turned out to be the wildest Nazi demonstration so far staged on this side of the Rhine. The great hall was jammed with 20,000 men, women and many children. High above the speakers' platform towered a huge figure of George Washington, flanked by giant black swastikas. From somewhere in the rear of the hall came the muffled sound of drum beats as a uniformed Nazi legion, 1200 strong, marched in behind the swastika flags and the banners of the German National-Socialist Party! Twelve hundred brown-shirted arms smartly raised in a Hitler salute!

The first speaker who stepped to the platform was short, sandy-haired James Wheeler-Hill, Russian-born national secretary of the Bund, followed by the "Goebbels" of the Bund, Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze, Rudolf Markmann, Georg Froboese, Reverend S. G. von Bosse. Wheeler-Hill began:

"We stand before you loyal and law-abiding, to be here dedicated together with you to the task of national and social reconstruction, and resolved as you are resolved to restore America to the true Americans . . ."

Hitler, Mussolini, Franco and to my amazement, the mention of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin's name received ear-splitting applause, while the President was booed and hissed and our officials slandered as, one after another, high Bund officials paraded to the speaker's stand. But they were merely "warmer-uppers" for Fritz Kuhn. The crowd went wild as *Der Bundesführer* rose to speak. Bowlegged, bull-

necked, he acknowledged the applause with the Nazi salute and then spoke with a thick German accent:

"We now know that it was the Joos who were responsible for America's entering the World War through pressure brought upon President Wilson. It was the Joos who. . ."

Suddenly, unable to listen to Kuhn's gospel of hate any longer, a youth leaped from his chair and rushed toward the platform. But before he could reach it the O.D. men (*Ordnungs Dienst*), the storm troopers in uniform along the aisles, had gone into action . . . I heard in the roar of the mob the sinister cry of Turkish *bashibozouks* in action. A moment later the battered body of the beaten youth was carried out.

I was fascinated by the idea of investigating these people who seemed intent upon destroying every vestige of freedom in America. Doing my research work for *Fortune* in the late afternoon and night and my editorial work for the magazine during the day, I plunged into the opportunity to repay America in a humble way, for her kindness and generosity.

My first step was to become a convincing actor. I took a room near Mulberry Street and lived for a week in the heart of New York's Italian section under the name of George Pagnanelli. I ate Italian food and went to Italian movies. I listened to Italian music and watched Italian housewives bargain with pushcart peddlers. At night, alone in my tiny room in a smelly tenement, I listened to family quarrels—in Italian. I modeled my dress after those I had seen. My "Pagnanelli suit" was dark reddish-brown. My "Pagnanelli shoes" were pointed, with fancy designs, dark maroon in color. The rest of my Pagnanelli wardrobe was modeled after that of Tony, an Italian youth of my own age and complexion. I studied the manners of speech and gestures and modeled mine after them. And even though I could not read Italian, I carried a copy of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* in my pocket. I was determined to become the finest synthetic Italian-American in New York.

My second step was to offer myself as volunteer worker to Pete Stahrenberg. He was suspicious at first and we talked in generalities. Then Joe breezed in and I decided to test my acquired abilities under fire. Apparently I passed every test

except that of fluent diction. I explained this failure by saying that I was born in America and had not picked it up because my parents had raised me in a non-Italian neighborhood.

"Hey, Pete," Joe called out, "this guy is a good *paisano*. He's of my kind and he's willing to work. Why don't you let him help around here?"

"If you say he's okay, Joe, it's all right with me. We can sure use a couple more volunteers, the way the orders are rushing in."

After Joe had left Pete introduced me to his two associates, Carl Halder, a tall, taciturn man with brushy hair; and Gus Hettler—a round-faced German. Gus operated the printing press when Pete was away while Carl looked after the shop.

While he talked, Stahrenberg sat down with Carl and me and started to fold leaflets. At about midnight the printing press stopped. Gus and Carl left, and I remained alone with Stahrenberg. I looked at his powerful biceps and huge bony hands. Fearing that I might say the wrong thing, or make a wrong move, I listened, speaking as little as possible.

I worked at assembling leaflets into bundles of two hundred. These propaganda packages, Pete told me, sold for one dollar apiece. Sitting at the next desk Pete took the bundles from me, placed a few copies of the *National American* on top of each, wrapped them in heavy brown paper, put "Buy Christian" stickers all over the packages and filled out an American Railway Express receipt for each bundle about to be sent away.

He called my attention to the stickers. "The post office won't let us use 'em," he said.

We worked long into the night. And Pete talked. He told me that a certain "nationalist" actor in Hollywood was drilling a large mounted force and "getting ready for the revolution." He informed me that he was getting orders for his literature from all over the nation, particularly from Florida, Philadelphia and Chicago. During a short rest he showed me a letter from the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania which branded the anti-Semitic statements attributed to Benjamin Franklin as outright forgeries.

"That letter lies," Pete said savagely. "That letter lies!

Stick around with me and you'll find out all about the lies of these people."

I didn't leave until early morning.

Stahrenberg seemed pleased to see me again a few nights later and was even more talkative. He told me how anxious he was to form a youth group in the colleges throughout the country.

"You got to catch them young," he repeated again and again.

He discussed this and other things while we folded leaflets and tied bundles and made them ready for shipping. Those dingy rooms behind the barber shop were the clearing house for a multifold quantity of Nazi propaganda. Gradually I began to learn the catch-words and became familiar with subversive publications. Stahrenberg received material from a hundred different sources then redistributed it to his own mailing list. Off the Nationalist Press Association printing press rolled hundreds of thousands of pamphlets, newspapers and throw-away leaflets. In addition to his own printing, Stahrenberg was doing work for many important anti-American propagandists in the New York area, and he was associated with all these incipient Nazi movements in one way or another.

A large part of the material came to him from *U. Bodung-Verlag*, at Erfurt, Germany, Goebbels' main propaganda mill grinding out Nazi literature in thirteen different languages. From Erfurt also came a "news" bulletin called *World Service*—published by Lieutenant-Colonel Ulrich Fleischhauer. Enormous quantities of leaflets defaming Jews and Democracy with fantastic lies and distortions of truth bore the imprint *Deutscher Fichte-Bund*, Hamburg. It called itself "a union for world veracity." Frequent shipments came from the *Terramare* office, the *Reichsdruckerei*, the *Amerika Institut* which specialized in propagandizing America, and countless other Nazi agencies striving to tear down Democracy wherever it existed in the world.

Stahrenberg showed me copies of the Bund organ, *Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter*. Half the contents of the scurrilous sheet were in English. In the March 31, 1938 issue was an article by the anti-Catholic editor, Severin Winter-

scheidt stating that Nazi persecution of Catholic priests for "immorality" was entirely justified. Just two months before Winterscheidt wrote it, I read of his arrest for indecent exposure in New York's Pennsylvania Station. That July he was sentenced to an indefinite term in prison for attempting to attack a little girl in a Brooklyn movie house.

Our conversation turned to the Bund and to my surprise, Pete criticized it sharply, insisting that it was riding for a fall.

"They ain't handling their propaganda the right way. They ought to go easy on the swastikas and the military uniforms because the American people ain't ready for it yet. You don't see us doing things that way around here. We're all for Americanism."

I was being educated in the ways of Nationalist Americanism at the rear of that barber shop.

On subsequent visits I saw copies of *Action* whose slogan was "Britain First," and which was published by Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the British Black Shirts. Other booklets were branded with a large black swastika above the words "Imperial Fascist League, London." *Aftermath*, a magazine published by the Christian Aryan Syndicate in England, as well as the official fascist party newspapers from Canada, Rome and Paris, arrived regularly at Pete's office.

The American "patriotic" press was represented by *The American Vindicator*, published by North Carolina's Senator Robert Rice Reynolds; *Liberation*, published by Silver Shirt Leader William Dudley Pelley; Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*; Reverend Gerald B. Winrod's *Defender*; James True's *Industrial Control Reports*; Robert Edward Edmondson's *Vigilante Bulletin*; Colonel E. N. Sanctuary's, Merwin K. Hart's and Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling's leaflets.

At Pete's office I became familiar with most of the names that were to come to life within the next four years, many of them of old stock American ancestry. I realized with a shock that fascism could be produced by any nation—under proper "educational" guidance.

In order to learn a smattering of German, I took a room with a Mrs. Meyer, at 100 West 86th Street, who soon proved herself an ardent Nazi sympathizer. One of her sons was in the German Army. The other two spent their time glorifying

the *Reichswehr*. When I saw Stahrenberg again he asked me, casually, where I lived. I was not caught unawares. The casual tone had not deceived me. I gave him just as casually, the address of the rooming house kept by the Nazi landlady and remarked that I had moved recently and was living alone in order to better carry on my "patriotic" work.

On an errand for Stahrenberg one day I met a mild, benevolent-looking man named James McGee who ran a small printshop with his son a few blocks away from Pete. Most of McGee's business was in religious literature, but the same press that turned out bereavement cards was used to print anti-Semitic stickers designed in Berlin. This pious, white-haired man held membership in one of the most vicious secret organizations in the country—a Christian Front "Sport Club" known as the Phalanx. Its membership blanks were printed on his press, free of charge. His printshop served as a hide-out and clearing house for subversive literature, and also housed a short-wave set and a recording apparatus. McGee's son, Arthur, used to record songs and speeches from German radio programs and pass them along to fellow "patriots."

Stahrenberg's offices served as a hang-out for *Social Justice* salesmen and men selling *Liberation* and *Deutscher Weckruf*. Among the salesmen were Paul Lucenti and Dan Walker. Walker was a thin scarecrow of a youth with a sharp, pimply face. From Lucenti I got my first information about the Coughlin-inspired terrorism on the sidewalks of New York.

"You got to create terror to get somewhere," he repeated as he recounted his exploits. "You got to terrorize the Jews." Lucenti used to hawk his papers in the Times Square district and his sales technique was modeled after the best Brown-shirt traditions. To create a scene and attract attention he would insult passers-by who appeared to be Jewish. A half dozen hoodlums would be standing by, waiting to pitch in.

"I guess I've been arrested a dozen times," Lucenti told me proudly. "I wrote Father Coughlin and told him they'd probably throw me in the jug, and look what he sent me." Beaming, Lucenti unfolded a telegram from E. Perrin Schwartz, managing editor of *Social Justice*, who instructed him to telephone the magazine and reverse the charges if he got into trouble!

"I'm safe now," he gloated. "Father will get me out of trouble."

In the course of conversation I learned several of the quaint sales devices used by *Social Justice* salesmen. One of them was used frequently by young children. A child would stand on a street corner weeping bitterly. When someone stopped to ask what was wrong, he would sob: "A big Jew hit me for selling *Social Justice*." When a crowd had collected, such a scene would frequently end with a collection being taken up to buy the child's magazines. That scene over, the little salesman would hustle to another corner and repeat the routine.

As Stahrenberg and I were discussing selling magazines and circularizing customers one day, our talk turned to secret lists. I asked if he kept one. "And how!" he answered quickly. "Have I got a list of big shot Jews and some of your tolerant Christians! Wait till the time comes to use it!"

"Here's the guy who gave me the idea," Pete said as he walked across the room to his desk and tossed me a card. It showed a red-white-and-blue swastika beneath a Christmas tree and was signed "Adrian Arcand." I learned that Arcand was leader of the Canadian Fascist Party. Pete had met him in 1937 as guest speaker at a New York Bund rally. The Canadian Fuehrer was one of Stahrenberg's idols. First among Pete's list of great men stood Adolf Hitler. Then came Rudolf Hess, Benito Mussolini, Sir Oswald Mosley, and the late Huey Long. Pete felt that Huey had been a great man and that there was no one in the United States who could replace him.

One day Pete showed me a stack of petitions he had printed, titled "Ford for President to Restore Americanism."

"Ford is a good man," Pete said. "He'd make a good president."

I couldn't reconcile the relation between Henry Ford's name and the implication that he was approved by the Nazis. But in those early days as investigator, I knew little and had a lot to learn. On Pete's bookshelves I saw my first copy of *The International Jew*, a collection of anti-Semitic articles reprinted from Henry Ford's newspaper, *The Dearborn Independent*. I regarded it as coincidence and didn't think further of it at the time.

"I remember reading about Ford's Peace Ship in the last



war," I said. "Do you think America will have to fight another war?"

Pete whirled around and said savagely: "That is the last thing we want to see because it won't help the nationalist cause any. America must not fight a war in Europe. It's our job to see that she doesn't. Pretty soon I'm going to print a lot of anti-war stuff and send it all over the country. America must remain neutral. She's gotta . . . You gotta help, George. We all gotta help keep America out of war."

Not long after this Pete came into the shop in a particularly surly mood. As he came in he took off his hat and coat without a word, threw them on the chair.

"What's the matter, Pete?" I asked cautiously, hoping he hadn't learned I was an investigator. Pete didn't answer. He sat on the desk, crossed his legs and relieved himself with a volley of oaths at the way "things are going."

"We'll have to have a revolution, that's all. There is no other way out."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean a revolution, that's what I mean," he yelled. "We got to clean up this Goddam Democracy."

With this he went into the press room and started work. I went on folding leaflets, anxious to learn more but not daring to go near him. After a while I ventured to ask him how long it would take to stage a successful "revolution" in America.

"About ten years," he said.

"That's too long a time," I said, "aren't there any short cuts?"

"This country is too big and there are too many people. Takes a long time to educate them in all classes of society."

"After the people are educated," I asked, "how can we swing it?"

"Easy enough. Once the groundwork is laid, all we do is work up a counter-revolution against the Communists. That'll get us going. Then we get a man like George Van Horn Moseley, the retired United States General, and build up a militant revolutionary machine made up mostly of World War veterans who want to fight Communism. With that as a base," Pete resumed, "we organize a political party to take over the

## WHY ARE JEWS PERSECUTED FOR THEIR RELIGION? **WAR?** **AMERICANS MUST THINK!** Do You Want A Bolshevised China?



The American National-Socialist Party an American organization dedicated to the restoration and preservation of Americans aims, ideals and traditions for the Americans of Aryan extraction. and opposed to the invasion of International Autocracy so that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, pledges itself on its platform to:

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1. "America for the Americans" 12. America first, last and Always

### HELP LIBERATE AMERICA JOIN THE A.N.S.P. NOW

*Peter H. Stahrenberg*

Nationalistic Christian Printing  
127 EAST 116th STREET  
NEW YORK CITY  
MAY 1941

JAPAN IS WAGING OUR BATTLE  
FOR CIVILIZATION

What the American people forget is that the Russians and the Chinese outnumber the Japanese 10 to 1 and that the Japanese, not having lost their sense of self-preservation, years ago recognised that only by being prepared for the emergency which has occurred could their people be safe from annihilation.

Japan is fighting our fight and if Americans realized the danger they would make a commercial treaty with Japan at once.

Emblem of the American National-Socialist Party and samples of hate literature printed on Stahrenberg's presses.

government legally—by one hundred per cent constitutional means. That's how we can chuck out Democracy and turn nationalist."

Nationalism was synonymous with fascism.

To the offices of the Nationalist Press trooped a steady stream of fascist-minded people of all sorts. Pamphleteers, crackpots, petty politicians and racketeers in patriotism. Many of them remembered seeing me there and later on vouched for me at Nazi meetings. But not all of Stahrenberg's acquaintances were shoddy and frustrated. Many who came were well-dressed and respectable. They paid cash for Pete's poison-pen writings and departed without leaving their name.

Pete carried on an extensive correspondence and his leaflets went as far as England, Holland and Australia. His mailing lists included physicians, attorneys, professors and many churchmen throughout the country. There were many German, Italian, Irish and old stock American names. One of Pete's best customers was Reverend John C. Fitting, New Jersey Bundist leader who once hailed Washington as "the first fascist."

When Father Coughlin, in the summer of 1938, threw overboard his pretensions to Democracy and ominous strains of anti-Semitism began to echo from the Shrine of the Little Flower, Stahrenberg rejoiced. Coughlin started off with a series of articles by Nazi agent George Sylvester Viereck, followed by reprinting sections of the *Protocols*.

"The demand for my stuff has jumped sky-high," Pete said. "Since Father Coughlin went to work on the Jews, I'm getting orders from everywhere. I've printed almost a million leaflets already. Coughlin always uses my stuff," he boasted. "I send him a copy of everything I print."

The April 10, 1939 issue of *Social Justice* printed this paragraph:

We sort of liked the frankness of the *National American* which comes to the exchange editor's desk occasionally: "We are not connected with the Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, or the American Newspaper Guild," declares the masthead. This should seem to be something of a start toward becoming a Free Press.

The masthead of Pete's sheet carried the line: "Our foreign news is supplied by the following news services: World Service, Bombay Press Service, Anti-Bolshevism." The first two press agencies were official Nazi bureaus and the last was an Italian agency.

As Father Coughlin became more ambitious politically, Pete turned on the Royal Oak priest: "It's all right for him to talk Americanism, but you can't let him go too far. There are other plans for America; political plans, by people who know how to make them. Religion and politics don't mix.

"I'll turn against him and go after his blood. This business of Christianity is nothing but Jewish propaganda. My religion is National-Socialism. That's the only religion I believe in. Christianity is the bunk."

I had some urgent work to do which compelled me to stay away from Pete's shop for several weeks. When I next saw him he told me that he was planning a change of tactics. He was to go "underground." Shortly afterwards he stopped publishing the *National American* and moved to the rear of a building at 205 East 12th Street. There Pete installed a large press and bought a lot of new type and equipment. Behind locked doors and known only to his intimate friends, he stealthily continued his vicious "educational" activity and specialized in the printing of "anti-war stuff." One of his best customers was a retired officer in the United States Army, Colonel E. N. Sanctuary.

## CHAPTER III

## THE HATE CRUSADE

"Our idea is to sell nationalism to the people first. It's easier that way. Once we sell it to the mob then the big boys will swing around."

AFTER A FEW MONTHS at Pete's I felt ready to go around and enlarge my circle of "friends." With my answers, in case I was questioned, prepared ahead of time, I walked up the dirty staircase of Innisfail Ballroom on Third Avenue to attend a meeting of the American Nationalist Party. Innisfail Ballroom occupied the third floor of a derelict building on New York's East Side. The plaster on the walls had begun to peel and crack, the windows were grey and crusted, the draperies were faded and grimy with city dirt. At one end of the ballroom hung rusty lithographs of Washington and Lincoln and a faded American flag. Light bulbs cast a sickly yellow glow.

I walked into the hall just as the meeting was about to start. Beside the door were several tables loaded with literature. The *National American* was there and *Social Justice*. Also *The Blackshirt*, "Official Organ of the American Fascist Party," and the publications of Edmondson, Pelley, True, Winrod, Colonel Sanctuary and the Bund. Lucenti was on the job as salesman. There were about 400 people in the place, and by far the largest part of the crowd was well past middle age. Most of them were thin-faced Irish folk and chubby German *hausfrauen* who had brought children. Working people. I spotted Dan Walker.

"Hi, George. Sit down." He smiled. "First time you've ever been to one of these, ain't it? Stick around, you'll hear the real dope. Those boys don't pull their punches."

The meeting opened with the singing of the national anthem. The figure which held the flag on the platform interested me. He was grimy. His shirt was filthy, open at the neck. His trousers were baggy. He seemed to be a tavern habitu , with florid face and most of his upper teeth knocked

out. He seemed transplanted from the Bowery gutter to the platform of Innisfail Ballroom.

The Chairman, a man named Smith, came up on the platform and led the crowd in the singing of the national anthem. Up to that point nothing significant had happened. Then Smith stepped to the edge of the platform. He stood there for a long moment, his face grim, his lower lip curled with contempt. The crowd waited, hushed.

"All those present are here by invitation," Smith suddenly burst out. "No Jews are privileged to attend, and if any are found in the audience they will be thrown out of the window." He paused to survey the Aryan toughs leaning against the walls. "This here meeting is for Americans—one hundred per cent Christian patriotic Americans."

There was loud applause and some cheering. The Aryan hoodlums, popularly known as the goon squad, looked around for signs of dissent. The speaker held up his hand. When he spoke again it was through gritted teeth.

"In such a room as this the Boston Tea Party met. Wake up, Christians. Look around you. See what is happening to America. The whole country is overrun with foreigners, niggers, Jews. Is this the white America of our fathers? Is this a land of Christian patriots or blood-sucking Communists?" Smith glared at the mob. "This here country has been stolen from us Christians by a bunch of conniving rats. What are we going to do about it?"

The crowd went wild. Next to me Dan was on his feet, his face twisted with rage.

"We'll go to work on the Jews. That's what we'll do!"

"Kill the Jews! Hang them from lamp-posts!"

I looked at him with amazement. His voice rang with fanatical passion. His face, quiet a moment ago, was livid.

"Hang the Jews!"

"Send them back in leaky boats!"

On all sides people were on their feet, screaming. Behind me a woman shouted: "There's foreigners everywhere. My son can't get a job, but the damn foreigners get jobs!"

A few rows in front of me a little bald-headed man turned around, his visage distorted with rage.

"Let's wipe every atheistic Communist off the face of the earth. Let's show 'em real Christian power!"

Eugene Daniels, an associate of the late Huey Long, spoke next. "This is a pro-American, Christian, patriotic meeting," he began in a mild sort of way. Then bit by bit his voice caught the fanaticism of the crowd. "There was only one Christ and in Father Coughlin you have such a savior. There should be a dozen like him."

"A thousand!" screamed out a woman's voice.

"Ten thousand!"

The crowd screamed approval. Daniels went on: "Nationalism is Americanism. It was the Americanism of Washington and Lincoln. What was good enough for them is good enough for us. And no one is going to deny us our rights!"

"America for the Americans."

"To hell with everybody else."

Howls of applause for Father Coughlin, Hitler and Franco.

Another speaker took the stand. Henry George Curtiss, a lean, bespectacled, fanatic young man with Nordic features and twitching gestures. He stood with his hands on his hips, shoulders hunched forward.

"Democracy, Democracy, Democracy!" Curtiss howled. "They throw it in our faces. You hear it on all sides till you get sick of it. What is this Democracy? It is a rotten form of weakness, a defeatist and pacifist attitude that only can mean defeat. I say to hell with Democracy and up with the banner of American nationalism! America for the white, Christian Americans! And it's about time we stopped this absurd propaganda against Germany."

The crowd roared approval.

"We have been looking for a national leader we can all look up to," Curtiss resumed. "I propose the name of General George Van Horn Moseley."

The crowd went wild with thunderous cheering.

"I'll put this demonstration in the form of a resolution and let the General know," Curtiss announced.

He was followed by a thin, pale-faced woman in black brim hat and black dress. She was introduced by Smith as "our distinguished lady patriot" but he withheld her name. In a piping voice she protested that the display of the Ameri-

can flag in a downtown shop was unpatriotic and urged the mob to "bombard that store" with letters.

The last speaker, a round barrel of a man named Russell Dunn, spoke with a fluid eloquence that whipped the crowd into a fury. The place rocked with noise. Whistling, cheering, stamping feet. Dunn stood watching the demonstration for a moment, then abruptly turned and sat down. The meeting was over.

Dan turned to me, his face red from yelling. "What did you think of it?" he shouted hoarsely.

I nodded.

"Wonderful, hey? Puts the Goddam Jews in their place, hey?" We started up the aisle, Dan still talking excitedly. "These boys got the right idea. What we need is action. We got to show the damned foreigners who's boss. They think they own the country. I ought to know. I used to work for a Jew. I come in drunk and he fires me. A couple of lousy drinks—and he tosses me out on my ear. That sure opened my eyes!"

"What about the Communists?"

"Same thing. The Jews invented Communism." Dan tapped me on the shoulder to emphasize his remarks. "All Jews are Communists."

"Where do you get all this dope?" I asked.

"I got it straight from a Berlin office that sends stuff to Pete. They ought to know in Berlin. Them guys there are patriotic."

In the bar after the meeting, I fell into conversation with a short man with cropped hair and military bearing.

"By the way," I asked, "what was the name of the chairman?"

"His name is Smith," the man said. "Stanley Smith. He's good all right."

Without thinking, I took a slip of paper out of my pocket and scribbled down a note. A sudden change came over the man. His eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"What are you writing it down for?" he asked. "Who are you?"

"I just attend meetings," I said. "I'm interested in the movement."

"Why are you interested?" he persisted. "The F.B.I. is interested in these meetings. The cops is interested. Why are *you* interested?" He stood facing me. I had my back to the bar.

"Are you a Jew?" he said loudly. "Well, tell me what you want here?" Three or four of the men who had lined the walls during the meeting put down their beers and edged toward me.

I faced my accuser, speaking with pretended annoyance.

"My name's Pagnanelli, George Pagnanelli. I'm a Christian and I attend these meetings as a patriot. I want to protect Christianity." The ring of hard-looking toughs on the goon squad had gathered closer around me by this time.

"Listen, you guys," I said quickly. "I'm for America for Americans just like you. That's why I'm here."

No one said anything. They just stood there, staring at me. "Look," I said, "you can ask Dan Walker about me. Ask Pete Stahrenberg. They'll tell you I'm okay. They know me."

For a long minute no one said anything. Then one of the gang drawled: "Hell, leave the guy alone. He don't look like no Jew to me. He must be okay if he knows Pete."

The gang broke up.

"You be careful next time you get information," said the man at the bar. "Don't take out pencil and paper like a reporter. We don't like reporters around here." He motioned over his shoulder to the bartender.

"Nick, tell this guy here what happened to the last fella we found woiked for a newspaper."

I attended many other meetings of the American Nationalist Party, but none proved to be as vivid as the first. I heard an assortment of speakers: John Cecil, who headed the anti-Semitic American Immigration Conference Board and boasted of collaboration with Senator Reynolds; William Meyer, a speaker for the Bund; Charles Hudson, the Omaha fascist; Joseph McWilliams who later organized his own American Nazi group.

The American Nationalist Party, however, was more than a mere local "patriotic" group. It had a dozen branches in three outlying states. It was a training school for a score of potential anti-American leaders. Besides holding meetings, the

Party organized a storm trooper's unit which trained regularly in a Yorkville gymnasium. The curriculum consisted of military drills, jiu-jitsu, rioting tactics. Instruction was given in the manual of arms and the use of clubs, blackjacks, brass knuckles and alley-fighting.

I learned that different types of fascist organizations were designed to operate on each level of society. You hated the Jews, sabotaged Democracy and best served the cause of Hitlerism in America with those of your own social, economic, and cultural level. As the groups grew more respectable, anti-Semitism was carried on in more respectable tones.

Groups like the American Nationalist Party catered to the "mob" and its speakers were rabble-rousers of the lowest order. One step higher and more conservative were organizations like the Citizens Protective League. It met regularly Monday nights at the Turn Halle in the heart of Yorkville and was attended by Americans and Germans alike. "Americanism" was doled out by Kurt Mertig, a fat-jowled, heavily accented employee of the Hamburg-American Line. Mertig was assisted by Louis Zahne, a brusque Prussian and former member of the Friends of the New Germany, which preceded the Bund. As to Mertig's sentiments, he told me:

"We agree with the policies of the Bund, but of course we cannot come out with it at our meetings. We want to be different."

A distinctive note at the League meetings was the free literature: propaganda bearing the imprint of the German Library of Information and a weekly in German, *Die Neue Woche* (*The New Weekly*). Mertig-Zahne spoke on "The Declaration of the Rights of Man" in one breath, and in the next of "Immigration and the Jews"—based on the speech of Senator Reynolds, publisher of *The American Vindicator*. Horse and buggy Americanism was their theme. The meetings were conservative only to the extent that they were less noisy than those of the Nationalist Party. The same atmosphere of virulent hate and defamation of Democracy prevailed.

Zahne ridiculed charges that Germany was preparing for war. "It's Jewish propaganda. Germany has no intention of asking for Danzig. She cares nothing for Poland. All this talk

about arming Guam and Hawaii and of national defense is war hysteria. Why does America want to arm and spend millions of dollars of your tax money when no one is going to attack us? We have oceans on each side. Who is going to cross them if we mind our own business . . . and remain friends with everybody?"

I was leaving the hall after making the acquaintance of Mertig when I was attracted to a circle of women gathered around a central figure. It was the woman in the black dress and hat I had seen at the American Nationalist Party meeting.

"Pope Pius is a Jew, I tell you," she was saying. "He and the Jews pooled \$5,000,000 to stop Hitler." [This was the time when the Papal encyclical condemning the self-deification of Hitler as "Jesus Christ as well as Holy Ghost of the Fatherland" aroused Nazi ire.] "You think the Pope was elected by the College of Cardinals? Nonsense. The Pope was put there by the international Jewish bankers. They hold a \$15,000,000 mortgage on the Vatican!"

I turned to Mertig. "Who's the lady?"

"Her name's Schuyler and she's a big shot in the D.A.R. She always comes to these meetings. She's a fine patriot."

Mrs. Schuyler was waving a newspaper clipping.

"That's from the *New York Sun*," she was yelling. "It looks like a letter to the editor, but it's not. It's a secret code message for all the New York Jews." She snorted triumphantly. "When you learn about Jewish symbols you can understand these things."

It wasn't until later that I found that Mrs. Leonora St. George Rogers Schuyler was more than a comic figure. She was a former officer of the Daughters of the American Revolution and her ancestors had come here in 1682. She was in close touch with many important anti-Americans and spread her propaganda in respectable circles. Mrs. Schuyler was also chairman of the Mrs. Simon Baruch University Prize Committee, which under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, awarded a biennial prize of \$1,000 for the best essay "bearing on the causes that led to the War between the States." The Prize had been established through an original donation by Bernard Baruch. Mrs. Schuyler told me she had solicited the sum personally and boasted about having taken

money from a Jewish philanthropist. On my May 3, 1940 visit to her home Mrs. Schuyler gave me copies of propaganda she had received from the Nazi *Fichte-Bund* and the German Library of Information.

I was eager to be at the next meeting of Crusaders for Americanism, Inc. to hear Fritz Kuhn speak. I went early to the Tri-Boro Palace in the Bronx on the night of June 27, 1939 and got a ringside seat. The crowd, more than 500, was coarse and boorish, composed mainly of swarthy Italian-Americans and stern-faced Germans. Women were few, but sitting two rows in front of me was Mrs. Leonora St. George Rogers Schuyler. The Crusaders served merely as a "front" for the Bund. Bund literature was on sale; Bundists in uniform thickly dotted the crowd; uniformed ushers stood at their posts.

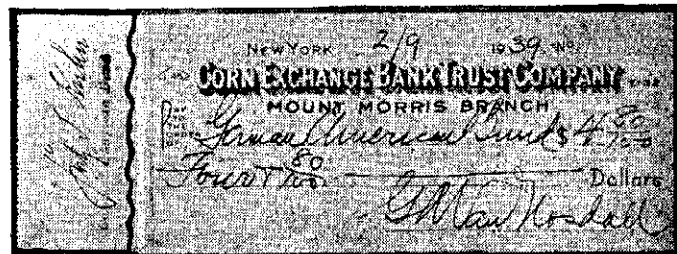
George A. Van Nosedall, fuehrer of the Crusaders, nodded as I entered. I had made his acquaintance at the American Nationalist Party. Van Nosedall was a huge man with a prominent paunch, several double chins, bombastic and boastful. The membership button of the German-American Bund was prominent on the lapel of his coat.

"I just saw your friend, Jim McGee," I said by way of approach.

"Not mine," Van Nosedall said contemptuously. "That dirty lousy Irish Catholic ain't my friend any more."

The attitude was typical of many Bundists toward Catholicism.

Applause shook the house. I turned around to see *Bundesfuehrer* Fritz Kuhn poised at the doorway, flanked by Gerhard



Van Nosedall's check to the Bund and endorsement by Fritz Kuhn.

Wilhelm Kunze and James Wheeler-Hill, of the Bund hierarchy. Kuhn marched down the middle aisle in a tumult of cheering, followed by a corps of storm troopers dressed in grey uniforms, military belts, marching boots. *Der Bundesführer* took a seat on the front row, directly in front of Mrs. Schuyler and an elderly friend she had brought along.

Van Nosedall mounted the platform as *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played on a portable phonograph; he smoked a cigarette while the music droned. He took two more hurried puffs somewhere in the middle of the anthem, threw it on the floor, stamped on it then resumed his posture. As the music died down, Van Nosedall shot out his right hand to shoulder level, palm down.

"Free America," he said.

"Free America!" the audience returned.

"Free America" was the battle cry of the German-American Bund. From that time on I was to hear it many times.

I listened impatiently to several speakers attack the Neutrality Bill. Van Nosedall then took the stand and with sickening monotony repeated that his group was pledged to "fight for Americanism." After several rounds of Jew-baiting, he introduced Kunze. Kunze's title of "the Goebbels of the Bund" was well earned. He was shrewd and calculating, suave and cunning. Dressed in the regulation grey shirt and black tie, Kunze chose his words carefully, and expertly fired his propaganda darts. He denounced the "persecution" of Fritz Kuhn and General Moseley and denied that the Bund uniforms were "foreign-inspired."

"They are made in this country, right here in New York," he said. "They are American uniforms. The swastika is not foreign but one hundred per cent American. The Indians always used it. And our salute," Kunze laughed it off lightly, "is the symbol of free men everywhere. We're one hundred per cent American. The only purpose of the Bund is to make better Americans of those of German blood."

As he closed in a burst of cheering, Van Nosedall took the platform. "It is a pleasure to serve as chairman tonight, but I will make my introduction short. You know my Americanism. You know I look upon Hitler as the greatest man since

the time of Christ. I now present . . . the greatest living Christian American in the country—our own Fritz Kuhn . . ."

The mob jumped to its feet with one accord as a thunderous ovation broke loose. It whistled and yelled deliriously. All around me hands shot out in the Hitler salute in a wild demonstration of hero worship. And in front of me—just two rows ahead—Mrs. Schuyler and her friend jumped to their feet, waving their hands joyously as Kuhn, bow-legged and pigeon-toed, leaned against the speaker's table and drank in the noise.

I had been unable to edge up to Kuhn in the Madison Square Garden meeting, but tonight I was only a few feet away and I studied him closely. Fritz had a sinister face; a face coarse as burlap, forbidding and fanatic, square-jawed and fleshy, with a bulbous nose and cold grey eyes which were deep-set and vindictive. It was a face which had smoldered in hate so long that it had become hateful and frightening in its intensity. Kuhn was short, squat, with a fat rump and massive frame. His mouth was unusual. His upper lip covered the lower completely so that there was nothing but a wide and flexible slit which screwed itself into all sorts of grimaces as *der führer* tried to say in English what his mind evolved in German. His accent was abominable and, when excited, his English became unrecognizable.

"De Joos, they are persecuting me again. Eleven times I have been to court and eleven times I have returned a free man. But I am glad to see that Amerika is waking up. Ve shall have it yet—a Free Amerika."

Kuhn did not speak long but his delivery was deeply emotional and moved by persuasive power. Although he started off slowly he soon flew into a rage. Shaking his massive fist he blared his words into the microphone, his pudgy frame swaying with emotion.

Van Nosedall basked in the glory of the *Bundesführer* and pacified the tumultuous mob with considerable difficulty. As the strains of the Nazi anthem *Horst Wessel Lied* came from the portable, the audience jumped to its feet, raised its arm in the Hitler salute. On the platform Van Nosedall stood trimly at attention, heels together, paunch pulled in, right arm held out stiffly.

Sickened with mob scenes, I decided to investigate a "super-patriotic" group which met on Fridays at the quiet midtown Hotel Iroquois. The meetings of American Patriots, Inc. were in the form of luncheons which cost \$1 and kept away the rabble. The crowd was distinctly Park Avenue, composed mostly of women wearing dresses fashionable a decade ago; bloodless, bitter old dowagers looking for political excitement and willing to pay for it. I recognized Mrs. Schuyler in what seemed to be the same black hat and dress, and nodded to her. We were fast becoming "friends."

Chairman of American Patriots was Allen Zoll, an old hand in the movement. Few of the ladies who contributed to American Patriots, Inc. knew about Zoll's background. An indictment for attempted extortion against New York radio station WMCA hung against him. In August, 1935, Zoll visited Berlin. On his return he took a turn at Japanese propaganda, letting Japanese agent Roy H. Agaki publish an article in his magazine *American Patriot*, which began:

Japan is fighting, not only in her own self-defense, but also in the interest of civilization. . . . Japan's demand upon China is to divorce China from Communism and to induce her to cooperate with Japan in the peaceful economic development of the Far East. . . .

Zoll also wrote his own brand of Japanese propaganda:

The carefully suppressed tales of Chinese cruelty are absolutely beyond description. . . . It is said that they take no Japanese prisoners. Those captured are mutilated in the most terrible fashion.

A tall, harsh-faced man, Zoll was promoting "patriotism" as a racket by appealing to a certain kind of woman. He paid particular attention to fat old ladies with the fat pocketbooks who at the same time were suckers for the "Communist menace" bogey. At one of his meetings Zoll introduced Joseph McWilliams, whom I had already heard at the Nationalist Party meetings. Handsome, suave, carefully groomed, McWilliams made an instant hit with the old dowagers.

"Do you realize what a Communist revolution will mean to your daughters? Do you realize what it will mean to have

13,000,000 Communist niggers turned loose? Need I tell you what happened to Hungarian peasant girls?" He paused, letting the thought sink in. "Do you want the same thing to happen to white, Christian, American womanhood, the pride of the nation?"

The old ladies with imagination sucked in their breath in horror.

"He means the Jews," someone whispered.

"What we need now is an organization . . ." McWilliams said.

"A lot of organizations," a woman shouted.

"No," McWilliams continued, "we need *one* national organization, from which others can branch out. Such an organization is being formed right now. We need your help—every contribution we can get. We're going to make this country a place where white Christian American women can live safely."

He paused at the applause, then followed up his advantage.

"The time for tolerance is past. Let us forget tolerance. Let us banish the word from our daily life. Let us learn to hate from now on. Hate. Meet hate with hate!"

Allen Zoll thanked McWilliams and urged him to speak at a "patriotic rally" to be held at the Great Northern Hotel next week. An old lady had an inspiration. Why not organize a group of uniformed young men to act as ushers? Zoll immediately leaped up to second the idea and ask for money. Thoroughly frightened at McWilliams' dread picture of Communism-around-the-corner, the heavy pocketbooks opened and plump, feminine hands came up with five- and ten-dollar bills. I noticed that a woman who I learned was Mrs. A. Cressy Morrison contributed heavily; as did Mrs. Schuyler.

Holding a sheaf of bills Zoll said beaming: "Some day this patriotic youth movement may become nation-wide and deal Communism its death blow."

Then a committee was appointed to select the boys. Someone suggested that they be recruited from the Boy Scouts. There were shouts of protest.

"The Boy Scouts aren't interested in our kind of patriotism. They're tied up with Jewish internationalism. Ours is a strict nationalist venture," the fat woman next to me said.



Another woman stood up. "We could get boys from the Bund to help us. They have youth groups, you know. They could also give us information about the price of uniforms and tailoring."

A chorus of approval met the suggestion.

"The Bund is both patriotic and nationalist."

"They have had so much experience in fighting Communism."

Zoll appointed a committee to approach the Bund for advice. Everybody agreed that that was the best way to handle it. The meeting broke up and the plump, well-fed men and women passed out into the hall to buy their copies of *Social Justice* and Senator Reynolds' *The American Vindicator*, both for sale in the lobby. I walked out with the crowd.

"Hate! Did you hear what he said? Hate! We must learn to hate!"

Hate was the fascist formula.

Hate was the international cement that held fascism together, and America's fascist leaders built their organizations on a framework of hate. Hate was their handshake and hate their parting word. To join a "one hundred per cent Christian-American-Patriotic" group you didn't have to be Christian or American. Heathens and Mohammedans were welcome. Japanese were eligible. Crooks, thugs, racketeers, step right up. There was just one requirement. Hate! Hate the Niggers, the Jews, the Polacks, the Catholics, the Communists, the Masons, the bankers, the labor unions! Democracy. Hate anything, but hate! And call anything you hated by a common name. Rich man, poor man, art, science, logic, politics—tie them together, stick an odious label on them and hate that label for all you're worth.

I heard hate preached at a meeting which started with a prayer tendered by Father John J. Malone. The audience blessed itself and the meeting started. Then, as the priest looked on, McWilliams roared to a huge overflow crowd at the Great Northern Hotel.

"They are beginning to call me Nazi. You can't speak for Christianity without being called an anti-Semite and you can't talk against Communism without being called a Nazi. Hitler and Mussolini are men of peace. They believed in

REMEMBER THE INQUISITION!  
KEEP AMERICA PROTESTANT

**CHRISTIAN MOTHERS**  
Refuse To Let Your Boys Be Circumcised!

Do not let your boys be circumcised unless they are Christian. If they are not, they are being circumcised against their will and the will of their fathers. This is a heinous crime. Do not let your boys be circumcised unless they are Christian. If they are not, they are being circumcised against their will and the will of their fathers. This is a heinous crime. Do not let your boys be circumcised unless they are Christian. If they are not, they are being circumcised against their will and the will of their fathers. This is a heinous crime.

On with the campaign to stop circumcisions among Christian babies! Rise ye true Americans! Spread the gospel of bitter truth! Oppose Jewish aggression with all your might!

RISE YE FELLOW AMERICANS!

**The Negro Menace**

Racial equality was IMPOSED upon America by Lincoln -- some day, his name will be cursed by all whites. The Jewish path of racial destruction by catering to the Negro is a proven social way.

GUARD Your Women Folk from Pollution By JEWS, BLACKS and BROWNS because BOLSHEVISM is a MODERN term for Judaism and SOVIET another name for Jew-control

**How To Cure The Ills of The Human Race**

1. Complete EXTERMINATION of the JEW by a Simple and Humane Manner STERILIZATION!

All Sympathisers Must be Educated to Stop

**HATE!**

BUY CHRISTIAN BUY CHRISTIAN

**AMERICANS**  
SALUTE YOUR MASTER.  
YOU MUST SLAVE AND DIE FOR ENGLAND.  
FRIENDS TO

**ARISE AMERICANS ASSEMBLE**

EAST WEST NORTH SOUTH

Drive the Jewish Philosophy of Gold and Greed out of our Temples of Finance.  
Kick the Roman Catholic Political Corruption out of our Halls of Government.  
Throw the Protestant Hypocrisy out of our Press and Pulpits. : : : : :

MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW PHILOSOPHY

ECONOMIC LIBERTY POLITICAL HONESTY PUBLIC SINCERITY

**THE ECONOMIC LIBERTY MOVEMENT**

peace. They proved it at the Munich conference. Europe was set for a generation of peace when Franklin Delano Roosevelt got them to fighting again. Roosevelt is one of the most vicious men. . . ."

"Don't say that," a woman shouted. "He is our President. He is the symbol of our Government."

The goon squad hauled her out as bony hands were clamped tight against her mouth. Her feet did not touch the floor!

"Some day I'll tell that to the President's face," McWilliams finished.

The ever-present Mrs. Schuyler—sitting on the platform in an official capacity—shook McWilliams' hand. Others leaned over and congratulated the rising young fuehrer of American Fascism. Seated on the platform, the priest looked on, as the crowd roared its approval and a thirty-six-piece band played martial music.

*This* was the "patriotic" meeting Zoll had announced at the luncheon. Its sponsors were a coalition of a dozen New York "patriotic" societies led by the Christian Front. But the "Pro-American Rally"—so it was advertised—developed into a regular Christian Front meeting. Bernard D'Arcy, wholesale distributor of *Social Justice*, made a plea for increased sales. John Eoghan Kelly, Christian Front organizer and promoter of the Franco cause in America, talked on "Public Enemy Number Two—John L. Lewis" who, according to the inside information obtained exclusively by Kelly, had "100,000 armed Communists rarin' to Sovietize America."

"Who is Public Enemy Number One?" I asked of the man next to me.

"Roosevelt. Who in hell did you think it wuz?"

Kelly was followed by New York State Senator John J. McNaboe, who had also spoken for Allen Zoll's fascist meetings. A youthful speaker with an alert face and aquiline features took the platform next. His gestures were dynamic, his voice resonant. His manner was fiery and intense. He was Jack Cassidy, fuehrer of the Christian Front.

I was beginning to put together the pattern of American Fascism in-the-making. It was unquestionably inspired by Nazi sources, but here in America it was taking many courses

moving deep into the fibre of our society, digging at our flesh on many different fronts.

I learned that these are some of the ways fascism can come to a country. It starts with Nazi agents laboring night and day in a hide-out, printing "patriotic" literature based completely on Nazi-manufactured lies and distortions. By these means the comparatively harmless, old-fashioned type of *social* anti-Semitism was converted into a *political spearhead* against Democracy, a dissolvent of national unity and a weapon to serve Nazi aims.

It starts with a group of politically uninformed working men and women who are exposed to fanatic speakers. It starts with a few embittered wealthy old ladies, a gang of thugs, a crew of slick propagandists. It dignifies itself by calling on the support of churchmen and duped public officials. In every level of society it sets up organizations to spread the word of hate. It develops a potential weapon of destruction, mixed fear and hate and blind rage.

Unfortunately, the fascists are not really attacking Communism. They are attacking a self-created image which includes anyone who is even mildly liberal. I hold no brief for Communism, but there is an intelligent and democratic way to meet Communism. The Congress of the United States, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the United States Army and Navy Intelligence Services are capable of handling the situation without aid from private armies of "patriots." The men who are clever and unscrupulous enough to use that weapon can build a fascist state. That is their sole objective in America under Nazi auspices.

The conviction that fascism was essentially a *mass movement*, parading under the guise of "patriotism," came to me only after I had attended numerous meetings. Everywhere I saw the American mind subjected to a ruthless barrage of hate propaganda. It was dinned into them day and night, in multiple forms, and the American masses were its main victims. One of the speakers at Crusaders for Americanism told me:

"Our idea is to sell nationalism [alias fascism] to the people first. It's easier that way. Once we sell it to the mob, then the big boys will swing around."

CHAPTER IV

COUGHLIN'S "CHRISTIAN CRUSADE"

"Rest assured we will fight you in Franco's way, if necessary. Call this inflammatory, if you will. It is inflammatory. But rest assured we will fight you and we will win."

REVEREND CHARLES E. COUGHLIN

ON SUMMER EVENINGS in 1939, groups of men used to meet in a basement room beneath the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, at Columbus Circle and 59th Street, New York City. The group numbered about thirty men, ranging in age from eighteen to fifty, wearing small metal crosses in their coat lapels and greeting one another with the Nazi salute. As the local fuhrer stepped up to the table at the front of the room, he raised his arm in a fascist salute and called out, "*Pro patria et Christo!*"

"*Pro patria et Christo!*" the men answered his salute, rising to their feet. "Members of the Christian Front . . ." the speaker called out.

This was the original unit of the Christian Front. Some of those present were also members of the Bund and the American Nationalist Party. Later they joined the Christian Mobilizers. From street corners, pool-rooms and respectable homes they had come to answer the call printed in *Social Justice* on May 23, 1938:

Let your organization be composed of no more than 25 members. After a few contacts with these 25 persons you will observe that two of them may be capable of organizing 25 more. Invite these capable people to do that very thing.

"Father Coughlin has sent an important message to us," said the platoon leader. "You and your group are directly affiliated with me. When the proper moment arrives and not before that time, Father Coughlin will assemble all organizations whose leaders care to follow him. Remember that, men

of the Christian Front. Every move must count. You're to act on secret orders and only on orders. That's the way the Christian Front works."

Meetings like this were common during 1939. Later, as they were ousted from St. Paul's Church, Manhattan units met at Donovan's Hall on 59th Street—just off Columbus Circle. These meetings were the outgrowth of a plan spawned by the priest of a once obscure parish in Royal Oak, Michigan, whose nation-wide publicity campaign had gathered about him a flock estimated at several million, in the fold of which were blind fanatical followers whose every belief and action was molded by the hand of the Royal Oak cleric.

From among the more fanatical Coughlinites sprang the Christian Front. This facet of the American fascist movement known as Coughlin's "Christian Crusade," had as its ultimate aim the establishment of a so-called "Christian" government modelled upon the corporate-clerical state of Franco. The tactics used by the Christian Front were identical with those of Hitler, even to the organized gangs of strong-arm men.

When the low rumble of drums began to sound from the Shrine of the Little Flower, the Christian Front throughout the country fell in step. Jack Cassidy became most widely known because of the publicity he received as fuhrer of the "Sports Club," an ultra-revolutionary gun club founded within the framework of the Christian Front.

It is a matter of record that the first unit of the Front held meetings in the Rectory of the Paulist Fathers, and that ap-



AMERICANS  
Keep this a Christian Country!  
Join Picket Line



KEEP { AMERICA OUT OF WAR  
WAR OUT OF AMERICA

Write to Your Congressman and Tell Him

CHRISTIAN FRONT

Typical Christian Front slogans inspired by Father Coughlin.

plication blanks were printed by the Paulist Press. Mail was received at P. O. Box 69, Station G, registered in the name of the Paulist Fathers. Walter Ogden, a worker at the Rectory, became the first executive secretary. The Fathers probably thought they were encouraging a group dedicated to the propagation of "Christianity." As soon as they learned its true nature they severed all connections and Reverend Edward Burke, C.S.P. who had served as advisor, was transferred to another parish.

Father Coughlin continued to inspire and direct the incipient fascist movement. Its units functioned independently and in secret; only the unit leaders were aware of the plans of the others. By the fall of 1939, there were Front units in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Boston, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Detroit and numerous smaller cities. Like Hitler's Brown-shirts, the Christian Front was ostensibly organized to combat the "rising tide of Communism." All Jews were called Communists. All liberals, New Dealers and labor organizations were called Communist; and since the Communist Revolution in America was scheduled to take place "any day now," the Christian Front—always under Coughlin's inspiration and guidance—shouted that a private army was the only means to "save America."

The record shows that while Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, outstanding Catholic spokesman, said: "Hitler . . . would destroy Christianity all over the world, if he could," Father Coughlin filled the pages of *Social Justice* with Hitler's sewer-spawned lies. He made *direct* use of Goebbels' speeches, quoting the Nazi almost word-for-word. He quoted widely from *World Service* and numerous other Nazi organs and their American imitators. He denounced the "poppycock of Democracy" and branded Democracy as a version of Communism and Communism as an invention of the Jews.

"The German hero in America for the moment is the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin," cabled Otto D. Tolischus to *The New York Times*. And Silver Shirter Pelley wrote in *Liberation*: "This past week the aggressive Father Coughlin went on the air . . . and delivered what amounted to the prize Silver Shirt speech of the year." Boasting that his "Sixteen Principles of Social Justice" had all been adopted by the Nazi

and Italian fascist parties, the would-be reverend-dictator tried to foist his clerical fascist plans on America by organizing the National Union for Social Justice. One William Lemke was candidate for president.

In the sphere of Christian religion Father Coughlin injected the contemptibly un-American issue of racialism. By his rash and violent utterances he provoked an increasing wave of anti-Catholic sentiment throughout the country, especially among those who unjustly saw in him a mirror of the entire Catholic clergy. His incitements to treason and conspiracy and the revolutionary overthrow of our Democratic order earned him the censure of his superiors. But he defied them repeatedly. He challenged the censure of George Cardinal Mundelein; the Most Reverend Edward Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, and other members of the Hierarchy.

Coughlin's tactics were denounced by the highest authorities of the Catholic Church. Pope Pius XI declared: "Anti-Semitism is a movement in which we Catholics cannot share. It is not possible for Christians to take part in anti-Semitism. We are Semites spiritually." And in a letter to the American Hierarchy, His Holiness added: "No true Catholic will take part in the persecution of his Jewish compatriots. A blow against the Jews is a blow against our common humanity."

A *New York Times* despatch dated September 3, 1936 reported from Rome: "The Reverend Charles E. Coughlin's political activities and his attack on President Roosevelt . . . were severely criticized today by the *Osservatore Romano*, which usually reflects opinions of the Vatican."

The Reverend Doctor Francis X. Talbot, editor of *America*, an important organ of Catholic opinion published by the Jesuit Order, stated: "If Father Coughlin is a thorn in the side of the Jews, he is also a thorn in the side of the Catholics. If he is arousing anti-Semitism, he is also arousing anti-Catholicism."

Father James M. Gillis, noted editor of *The Catholic World* observed: "God forbid! But unless the Jew-baiters, some of them clerics, change their tune, blood will be upon their souls."

Even Westbrook Pegler, Catholic layman and columnist,

realized the Coughlin "Christian" menace and wrote on January 23, 1940:

Both the government and the newspapers for years have handled Father Coughlin far too gently, but now that he has identified himself with the so-called Christian Front he has called for a showdown. . . . The Dies Committee should have treated Coughlin just as it treated Earl Browder, but tiptoed around him for fear he would cry up a holy war.

In addition, Coughlin was rebuked by the Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of the Cincinnati diocese. He was also rebuked by Monsignor John A. Ryan, professor of moral theology and industrial ethics at Catholic University. And an apology for Coughlin's political utterances was released to the press by Bishop Michael J. Gallagher of Detroit, Coughlin's immediate superior. In true dictator fashion the black sheep priest of a once obscure parish amazingly defied the entire Hierarchy . . . and intensified his Nazi efforts with every criticism.

Disgraced before an overwhelming majority of true Catholics, Coughlin continued to exploit his collar and transfer the prestige of the Roman Catholic Church to his own revolutionary and anti-Democratic ideas. Despite the opposition, he achieved enormous influence and became spearhead of the organized assault on Democracy by his spiritual control of hundreds of groups throughout the country dedicated to substituting authoritarian rule.

On April 24, 1939, while I was at Stahrenberg's, Father Coughlin wrote in *Social Justice*:

For ten years this country has suffered under a depression. It was not an accident. It was deliberately created. . . . That depression robbed you of your bank savings account, then of your jobs, and in many cases, of your homes—and nobody in all America shot a banker! We continue without jobs, 12 million of us; 22 millions subsist on dole rations—and we do not revolt! HOW MUCH WILL WE STAND?

What was the secret of this priest-politician's power over hundreds of thousands of Americans? Why did they follow

him in blind, undying loyalty despite the censures of his superiors? That secret is simple when explained. Father Coughlin reached the American *family* with his assorted hate gospels. With the establishment of Christian Front "neighborhood" auxiliaries, his "Christianized" Nazism penetrated deep into the sanctity of the American *home*. ". . . The only unbiased source of truth is Father Coughlin," he said modestly, and the gullible took him at his word. At its peak, the weekly circulation of *Social Justice* passed the million mark and it was estimated to be on sale at 2,000 churches Sunday mornings and at many Catholic social affairs. This was hardly the work of a "crackpot" but on the contrary, of the most sinister mind of its time in America!

At the Tri-Boro Palace in the Bronx in the summer of 1939, I heard John Eoghan Kelly—a promoter of Franco-Nazism in America, address an audience of mothers and children.

"You think I'm talking through my hat about the danger of Communism? No blood has flowed yet, but the Communist revolution is going on just the same. One of these days, maybe

MAY 9, 1938

*Social Justice*

7

## MUSSOLINI KNEW . . . TWELVE YEARS AGO

by George Sylvester Viereck

Author of "The Kaiser on Trial," "Spreading Germs of Hate" and "The Strangest Friendship in History."

THE REUNION of Austria with Germany was no surprise to Mussolini. He knew for years that "Anschluss" was written in the stars—it was "manifest destiny." The Fascist chief did not change his mind under German pressure. The Blue was not "struck" by Hitler. Mussolini opposed "Anschluss" for a time, not because he looked upon it as a threat to vital interests, but action was prompted purely by political expedience. Twelve years ago, when I first headed the *Faithful Lion* in his den, he told me that it was "easy" to deal with Berlin than with London, the present Austrian capital, which had been the center of anti-Fascist agitation. "If I failed," Germany seizes a Greater Italy, would you be willing to recognize a Greater Germany, including Austria?" "The inclusion of Austria in the German Federation," Mussolini asserted, "is probably the most important to Germany than to

The Reputed "Capture" of Austria by Germany is Given a New Angle of Revealing Import in This Exclusive Article by Mr. Viereck, Nationally Known Publicist and Editor, *American*. Not Germany has been the Traditional Seeker for Anschluss. This Article Discloses. Since the Days of Bismarck, Berlin has been Cool Toward the Idea of "Reunion in Vienna."

ally facilitated by the Treaty of St. Germain. Some years later Claretta, Countess of Hapsburg, was to bring about Anschluss, essentially in the form of a "voluntary union" between independent Austria and the German republic. This attempt, too, was frustrated by citizens from Paris and London. Finally, Hitler took upon her own sinister resources, Austria

In many of those who held power in Germany before the advent of National Socialism, "Anschluss" Hitler once remarked to me adds, "is the only great nation in Europe that has not achieved national unity." The union of Germany and German-Austria is a great forward stride in the direction of national unity. It cannot be the ultimate step. Hitler added: "Opposition to Germany without shedding a drop of blood: Will he be able to fulfill the rest of his program—the union of all Germans contiguous to Germany with the motherland, without bloodshed? The future of Europe depends on this question."

Hitler may be compelled to sacrifice some of his ambitions to maintain his friendly relations with Italy and Poland (not to speak of Czechoslovakia). Hitler made a sojourn three days in Poland; he surrendered Germany's claim to Alsace-Lorraine and, in his letter to

Soon after his series of articles appeared in *Social Justice*, Viereck, a personal friend of Adolf Hitler, registered with our State Department as a Nazi agent.

next month, or the month after, you'll wake up and see blood in the gutters. And it'll be Christian blood, your blood, the blood of Christian boys and Christian leaders! If you think it can't happen here," Kelly shouted, "we'll show you tonight what happened in Spain."

After Kelly came Father J., a close-shaven, humble little Spanish priest from Philadelphia, who explained that Franco was fighting a Christian crusade and that Hitler and Mussolini were unjustly criticized.

"All they want to get out of their intervention in Spain is the satisfaction of having helped a Christian country. That is all. The same form of satisfaction which France got when Lafayette helped in the American Revolution. Only the enemies of Christ are opposing Franco, Hitler and Mussolini in Spain!"

As the tumult of applause died down, a representative of the Christian Front held up a small brochure inscribed "Christian Index. Think Christian. Act Christian. Buy Christian." On the back page were the words: "Christ himself sponsored this little leaflet for your protection." The idea of this brochure originated with the German-American Business League, subsidiary of the Bund. "I want every one of you to have one of these," the Front-er called out. "This is the list of Christian stores that hire Christians only. They are giving us their support and they deserve to get yours."

During the main event of the evening—a showing of the propaganda film *Spain in Arms*—the commentator fanned the passions of the mob by saying that the Jews had inspired a sinister, Bolshevik horde to wipe Catholicism off the face of the earth. A shot of Franco giving the fascist salute brought down the house. John Eoghan Kelly jumped up.

"I want to close this meeting by repeating the words uttered by Father Coughlin in his radio speech last Sunday. 'We will fight you in Franco's way if necessary. Call this inflammatory, if you will. It is inflammatory!'"

It no longer shocked me to see Father Coughlin place a sword in Christ's hands thereby crucifying him a thousand times and killing Christianity forever!

"Here y'are. The finest Christian magazine in the country.

Anti-Communist. Pro-American. Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*. Ten cents."

I decided to sell it in order to gain the confidence of Carl R. Pinkston, alias Carl Muller, president of the Social Justice Distributors' Club, one of a thousand such "clubs" maintained to promote sales. I picked the financial district on lower Broadway to peddle Coughlin's poison sheet and my greatest fear was that I would be seen by friends who knew nothing of my investigations.

I moved from corner to corner, keeping a sharp lookout for my respectable friends. Suddenly I met someone I knew. He sneaked up from behind and pinched my arm. Startled, I was relieved to see he was Patrick Finnegan, one of Stahrenberg's closest associates. I was delighted that he heard me selling:

"The magazine for the American home. Send Communists back where they came from. America for the Americans. The family magazine. *Social Justice*. Here y'are. Ten cents."

"Good boy, George," Pat winked, buying a copy.

I sold ten copies in several hours' time. My customers were elderly folk with the exception of a young, apparently Irish girl.

I went out half a dozen times after my initiation as poison-peddler, each time reporting sales to Pinkston of about ten copies. After my first experience, however, I merely destroyed copies of the magazine and made good out of my own pocket. And when after each "trip" I returned to headquarters I boasted how I had insulted the Jews, pointing to a few self-inflicted scratches to show that "the Jews" had tried to beat me up. The ruse worked. I worked my way into Pinkston's confidence.

Behind the scenes I saw how Coughlin worked with clerics who followed him. The Reverend James A. Keeling, participant in the meetings of Crusaders for Social Justice, was one of them. The Reverend Edward Lodge Curran, president of the International Catholic Truth Society, was idolized as the "Father Coughlin of the East." Pinkston, alias Muller, was a Protestant but he was trusted by the Royal Oak priest and claimed to carry on correspondence with him in code. He traveled frequently to Royal Oak for conferences.

Lawrence Gilpatrick, a Christian Front speaker, burst in one afternoon with the announcement, "I have an important message from Father. . . ."

He looked around, saw some strange faces and went into a whispered conversation with Pinkston. Pinkston jumped up and excitedly went to the locked drawer of his desk. From underneath some papers he took out a telegram and placing it in a legal size envelope, handed it to one of his trusted lieutenants of the goon squad. I edged over and saw that it was addressed to the Reverend Peter Baptiste Duffee, of St. Francis of Assisi Church who, incidentally, also kept in close touch with Francis Moran, New England Christian Front leader.

The cause of the secrecy was disclosed in a few days. Father Coughlin was sponsoring a mass "Anti-Communist parade in Manifestation of Christianity." When Pinkston divulged that the goon squads would be on hand to "guard Christians from the Jews," I was convinced that the so-called parade would serve as the pretext for another bloody riot, adding to the already shameful record of Coughlinite hooliganism in New York.

Pinkston was enthusiastic:

"George, we're going to have one hell of a big parade for Father Coughlin. We're getting 25,000 guys to march for us. The Bund boys are going to get all beered up and join us. We're distributing 150,000 leaflets and contacting all the patriotic organizations."

"I'll be there with a thousand of my boys," said a man who had been listening intently. He was Walter J. Bailey Bishop who had once been introduced at a Christian Mobilizer meeting as an organizer of Pelley's Silver Shirts.

"And if they blame Father we can show 'em this telegram," Pinkston shouted triumphantly. The telegram was signed by Bernard D'Arcy who had sent it while at Royal Oak, forbidding the parade to be held under auspices of *Social Justice* magazine. Pinkston was delighted at the strategy worked out by the Royal Oak master-mind.

"We'll show them this telegram," he repeated. "It says Father has nothing to do with the parade." He winked.

"Nothing. He ain't got nothing to do with it. . . . Not much!" and he broke into laughter.

But as the day of the parade drew near and the goon squads went through rehearsals, as the Bundists and Silver Shirt-ers and Christian Front-ers, and members of a dozen other gangs readied themselves for a "Manifestation of Christianity" by the use of brass knuckles and lead pipes wrapped in newspaper, the atmosphere grew tense. It was whispered that Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia would refuse to grant a license, and was quietly urging Father Coughlin to call off the parade.

When Father Coughlin finally did call off his goon squads and riot-duty "patriots," they all went back to peddling *Social Justice* and cussing the "Jewish New Deal" they had got. "Roosevelt won't have a chance if Coughlin opens up on him," someone put in. "*Social Justice* is too pussyfooting to suit me."

"That's what you think," Pinkston answered heatedly. "But that don't prevent Pelley and the Bund from riding on the shoulders of Father. The real purpose of *Social Justice* is to hand out mild propaganda and prepare the minds of the people for revolutionary action later on."

I listened attentively, memorizing Pinkston's statements.

Many of about five hundred salesmen of *Social Justice* in the New York area frequented Pinkston's offices. The rest got their papers from Royal Oak. Many young people of both sexes and elderly folk sold the magazine. One of these, Miss Florence Nash, 42, of Brooklyn, was convicted of disorderly conduct and denounced by Magistrate Michael A. Ford, who said:

"There is no place in this free country for any person who entertains the narrow, bigoted, intolerant ideas you have in your head. You remind me of a witch burner. You belong in the Middle Ages. I'm a Roman Catholic myself. I'm ashamed of you. . . . He who instills such ideas in your head, be he a priest or anyone else, does not belong in this country."

Was *Social Justice* an approved Catholic organ of expression even though published by a priest and circulated widely at Catholic Churches? The answer was provided by Monsignor Edward J. Hickey, Chancellor of the Detroit diocese: "*Social Justice* is . . . not a Catholic paper. . . . The archdiocese

of Detroit has no responsibility, direct or indirect, for *Social Justice* magazine."

Pinkston's office was a hang-out for subversive individuals and a den of seditious thought. Sober fascist minds mixed in with the many crackpots who achieved self-importance by identifying themselves with a nation-wide revolutionary movement to overthrow Democracy.

From George Agayeff, White Russian crew manager of a gang of salesmen, I got the first inkling that the Brooklyn unit of the Christian Front was maintaining a rifle club under the guise of a game-shooting "sports club." I tried to pry more information but Agayeff was pledged to secrecy. I disbelieved the White Russian at first, but upon further reflection I believed anything possible under Coughlin's "Christian Crusade."

At that time, the Front was picketing radio station WMCA because it had ruled Father Coughlin off the air when he refused to submit advance copies of his speeches. The picket line was organized by Allen Zoll—the same Zoll who had sponsored the American Patriots luncheons and, according to reports which were then current, tried to do business with Japanese agent Roy H. Agaki, for the purpose of "winning public confidence" for the Japanese.

Failing in this, Zoll flew to Royal Oak, as a result of which he teamed up with Merwin K. Hart of the New York State Economic Council, and the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran, *chargé d'affaires* of the Christian Front in the East. The trio set out to evangelize the Atlantic coast with the gospel of clerical fascism.

Having drummed up protests against the "persecution" of Coughlin, Zoll eventually approached WMCA officials with an offer to call off the picket line. His price was \$7500. Zoll received \$200 in marked bills from Donald Flamm, president of WMCA, and was indicted for extortion.

The picket line Zoll helped organize was a long, straggly mob of six hundred and included many women and children. One of the first persons I met was Mohammed Abed, the Turk whom I had seen buying anti-Semitic stickers at Stahrenberg's. I stepped into line. The WMCA picketing was a family affair. Children tagged along and more than one

woman carried a baby in her arms. When she got tired the father took charge and fed it candy to keep it from crying.

"Be a good Christian, baby. Father Coughlin won't like you if you cry."

Some of the "Christian patriots" waved small American flags as they marched slowly up and down the block. Several large framed pictures of Coughlin were dressed in a cluster of American flags. There were signs reading: "We Need More Father Coughlins" . . . "Keep This A Christian Country" . . . "Read The Truth In *Social Justice*."

As they marched they chanted a curious mumbo-jumbo:

"Let Father Coughlin speak . . . God bless Father Coughlin . . . Let Father Coughlin speak . . . Hitler will free America like he freed Germany . . . Let Father Coughlin speak . . ."

"God bless Hitler, Franco and Father Coughlin," one woman said to her companion. "I pray for them every night."

Several clergymen picketed with the laymen; one of them carrying a sign: "Remember, F.D.R., Communism is Russian Cancer."

"Keep moving," Coughlin's lieutenants advised as they ran up and down the line. "Keep up the noise." "Keep it high." I shouted louder than the others, eager to impress the strong arm boys that my "allegiance" was second to none.

Picketing stopped at five o'clock to permit mothers to feed their children. While the women went home, many of the menfolk retired to taverns to get "all beered up." After this they formed into squads and headed for Times Square "to have some fun." The idea was to provoke rioting to help Coughlin play up the "persecution" angle. Often this sort of thing resulted in curious episodes like the Maynard affair.

Lawrence Maynard, a Christian youth, was standing a block from station WMCA one Sunday afternoon in May, 1939, selling a pamphlet exposing the deadly parallel between articles in *Social Justice* and Goebbels' propaganda. Without warning, a Coughlinite named John Dugan stepped up to Maynard and smashed him on the mouth. Maynard fell, bleeding and unconscious. Taken to Special Sessions Court on a charge of assault, Dugan offered no defense. The judge praised him for the frankness with which he had confessed the unprovoked attack, warned him to count thirty before doing



the same thing, then suspended sentence. Such justice could have been dispensed with equal honor in Turkey. I had not expected to see it take place in America.

In addition to picketing the radio station, Coughlinites had organized to picket shops which advertised over WMCA. On a Saturday night I was asked to join a gang picketing Sach's furniture store in the Bronx. It was a comparatively deserted section, a long dark street running under an elevated train. We were ten pickets. The leader carried an American flag, the others carried placards reading: "Refugees Get Jobs in This Country. Why Don't 100% Americans Get Jobs?" . . . "Buy Christian Only."

"We want Mayor Hague. He can handle things," we shouted, marching.

"Wait till Hitler comes over here."

"Heil, Hitler!" one of the pickets yelled every once in a while.

About ten feet away from us a woman was passing out leaflets announcing a Christian Front meeting. A tall, distinguished looking elderly German with a military air joined us. His Irish companions kidded him about "doing the goose step" on the picket line. A few weeks later I saw the same man in the uniform of a Bundist goose-stepping at Bund Camp Siegfried.

Promptly at eight o'clock the picket lieutenant ordered us to stop and take up stations at another store further up—Michaels Brothers. It was located near "Christian Square" in a well-lighted, busy thoroughfare in the Bronx. Here I dreaded the thought of being recognized and made an excuse not to join the line telling Dan Walker who was selling copies of *National American* and *Social Justice*, that I had a sore foot.

"Why don't you give out some leaflets?" he asked. "Go ask Van."

I couldn't refuse. Van Nosdall was on another corner, his pockets bulging with blue mimeographed slips. "Glad you turned up, George," he called out. "Here, take a batch. I gotta go. I'll be right back."

Under the pillars of a roaring elevated train, amid a stream

of passers-by I yelled: "Americanism meeting. Tuesday night. All Christians welcome."

When a police officer with a gold shield came up, I repeated what I had been instructed to say: "We're working with Father Coughlin."

"Let me see what you're givin' out," the police captain said. I handed him one of the leaflets and he read:

Attend meetings for Christian Americanism. "NOT TOLERANCE MEETINGS." . . . Edwin Westphal, Rev. Herbert W. Lewis, and other interesting speakers will address you AGAINST embroiling this country in a foreign war. . . . Only one 'ism' in America—AMERICANISM. All ARYAN Christian Men and Women should become Members of Crusaders for Americanism. Only Americans on Guard.

The captain shuffled away and I kept on distributing. Gangs of hoodlums loitered in the darkened entrances of shops ready to pounce on anyone who dared talk back to a dozen poison peddlers.

Our actions followed a well-laid schedule. At exactly ten o'clock the rabble-rousers finished their deliveries on "Christian Square." The mob which had been listening to them joined the pickets and was augmented by others who, in the meanwhile, had been getting beered up. By ten fifteen P.M. we had been organized, lieutenants had been appointed and orders were given for the march on Times Square, the main battlefield for "Christian" social action.

Marching together in formation, heiling Hitler, screaming anti-Jewish slogans, the mob trooped into the subway station and each group pushed its way into a separate car. As soon as the doors closed, the salesmen of *Social Justice* and *National American* started up and down the aisle shouting insults at Jews, ramming their way between the strap hangers, stepping on toes and deliberately kicking out at anyone who appeared to be Jewish. The goon squads were on hand to quell come-backs instantly. Most of the passengers looked on sullenly. A few were amused. No one offered physical resistance—to the distinct disappointment of the hard-knuckled toughs ready to pounce on anyone who protested their "Christian" storm-troop tactics.

"Them Jews is too yella to fight," one of them hissed.

As we approached Times Square I was in mortal fear of being recognized by my respectable friends.

"Here, let me take that from you," I called out. "I gotta do my share for Father Coughlin." I grabbed a large placard from one of the girls and buried my face behind it. It advertised a meeting next Thursday at which William Lemke, candidate for President on the National Union for Social Justice ticket in 1936, was to speak under Coughlinite auspices along with Herbert A. O'Brien and Judge John A. Matthews.

"Read *Social Justice* and loin how to solve the Jewish question."

"How?" I turned to the pimply youth in his early teens.

"Line them up against the wall and give 'em the rat-tat-tat!"

He was typical of the youth whom Coughlin had corrupted by his feedings of a corrupt species of "Christianity." He was typical of the younger set of storm-troopers Coughlin was engaged in developing. He was symbol of the "Christian" youth Coughlin was spawning as America's future citizens.

At Times Square we poured out of the train, still screaming slogans. As we came up into the street Dan Walker grabbed my sleeve. "Let's get a glass of beer first. I got a feeling there's gonna be trouble."

After a second glass, Dan confided that he was a member of the National Guard, Communications Division.

"There's plenty of us in the National Guard. It's a good place to be in because they learn ya how to handle a gun. The captain of my division knows all about me giving out literature, but he don't give a damn. He told me to take it easy, play smart and don't get caught. You ought to join up with the National Guard," Dan advised. "They got guns and they teach you how to use them."

We moved along to Times Square and stopped in front of Nedick's orange drink stand at the corner of 42nd Street to watch five *Social Justice* salesmen in operation. Pete Stahrenberg was there, waiting for Dan and me. After a while Dan displayed the *National American* and began to call out his slogans.

"I'll be watching you if anything happens," Pete told Dan.

Then it suddenly happened . . .

A Jewish youth with thin features and large eyes, goaded by the insults the hawkers were screaming, knocked down the pile of *National American* from Dan's hand. Dan swung with his free right hand and the blow caught the youth on the shoulder. A crowd gathered instantly and I saw the goon squad coming down on the run—eyes blazing, fists ready to pummel the Jewish youth into a bloody pulp. I turned away my face.

"C'mon, c'mon, keep moving you. Break it up."

By the Grace of God the cops got there first, surrounded the Jewish youth, protectively backing him up against a taxi-cab fender, and pushed Dan away. More police stepped in and dispersed the crowd. Dan and the Jewish youth were then led away, followed by Pete.

When the salesmen for *Social Justice* resumed their hawking, the goon squads glared menacingly at Jewish passers-by.

"Those Goddam cops beat us to it," they muttered. "We gotta get there first next time."

"Yeah. It ain't no fun if you don't do nuthin'."

I stood there alone, leaning against a building, stunned by the nightmarish scene. Again I had that curious feeling of unreality. I kept saying to myself: "This is New York. This isn't Berlin. This is the City of New York, in the United States. You are not in Turkey. You are in New York."

I looked up. The clock atop the Paramount Building pointed to midnight.

## CHAPTER V

## NATIVE FUEHRER

"I'd run this country like a factory. I would appoint all the key men, and have absolute control. There will be no opinion but the American Destiny Party opinion. This nonsense about Democracy and equality is through when I'm in power."

JOSEPH ELLSWORTH McWILLIAMS

EARLY IN THE SUMMER of 1939, the editors of *Fortune* decided to withhold their proposed series of articles on subversive activity, and I was released from my temporary work as investigator. I now faced the choice of continuing with my magazine work exclusively, or continuing as investigator. I could choose a comfortable income, respectable friends, regular hours and a pleasant social life, or, I could choose the harried existence of an independent under-cover man. It meant a life of self-denial and social ostracism, of late hours and constant personal danger. I could lean on no official agency such as the F.B.I. for help.

I decided to continue with my under-cover work. I had no illusions that as an individual I was of any great importance, but I felt that if I could do it long enough to penetrate to the core of fascist operations, I might prove of some help in preserving for America the Democracy I had been denied in Europe. Most of the persons I knew had no idea of the desperate fight going on to breed hatred and dissension in the United States—and some of those who knew did not care. I decided to do my part in helping to counteract the Nazi and native Nazi ideology seeping into the daily life of unsuspecting America.

I also determined to quit my magazine job as soon as possible in order to devote my full time to under-cover work. I made it a point to become familiar with organizations engaged in combating fascist propaganda, and I turned over to one of them several carbon copies of my reports. They liked

my work and after a thorough check-up of my background, I was hired at a modest salary to continue from where I had left off. Excited at the prospect of probing the hidden enemies of my adopted country on a full time basis, I quit my magazine work. As to my parents, I decided to tell them nothing. My former secrecy became even deeper as from that moment on I became a "Nazi," moving mysteriously through the subversive underworld, with my employers the only ones who knew my every move.

Up to now, I had been working around the edges of the fascist movement. How was I to get in on the inside? After some preliminary thought I went to Stahrenberg with a bold plan.

"Pete, I'm thinking of putting out a newspaper of my own."

"Trying to take business away, George?" he asked laughing.

"No, Pete," I said. "Your paper goes to thousands of readers all over the country. I want mine to be a small mimeographed weekly that'll tell patriots what's going on in New York."

"That's a damn good idea," Pete said. "What'll you call it?"

"I want to call it *The Christian Defender*," I said.

Pete agreed to design the masthead and print my name prominently as editor and publisher. Using this ruse of being a "patriotic publisher" I planned to attend secret meetings, establish contact with important fascist leaders and learn at first hand their revolutionary schemings against Democracy. I was encouraged by the fact gathered from my readings, that the F.B.I. had made use of similar devices to gain the confidence of the saboteurs.

"I'll do a good job of printing," Pete said. "Leave it to me."

In a few days Pete had printed the masthead of *The Christian Defender*, using the same type he had used for the *National American*. "George Pagnanelli, Editor and Publisher" was sprawled conspicuously beneath the masthead.

"How does it look, George?" Pete asked.

"Swell, Pete," I said, looking at the bold black lettering.

"Now give the Jews what's coming to 'em," he prompted.

I walked out of his shop and went to my room at Mrs.

Meyer to cut my first stencil on the portable typewriter; I had already arranged to run it off Van Noddall's mimeographing machine. *The Christian Defender* first appeared on August 8, 1939. It carried the news of a joint meeting of the Bund and the Christian Mobilizers; a story lifted from *Social Justice* praising the Christian Front; another advertising the Coughlin-Pinkston parade "in manifestation of Christianity"; an original parody on "Muddom Eleanora" which went over big with female critics of the First Lady. I also reprinted a poem from the *National American*, adopted the Bund slogan "Free America" and used as fillers the phrase, "A Common Front Against a Common Enemy." The second issue was even more "patriotic" and carried the line, "Free America from Stinkweeds."

*The Christian Defender* was deliberately designed to be one of the coarsest sheets published in New York. The cruder it got, the more it lied, the more it slandered the Jew and assailed Democracy, the more popular it became. I mimeographed 200 copies of each issue and sold 150 copies at two cents each at "patriotic" meetings and through the Germania Bookstore, using the balance for my correspondence with American fascists. The income covered all expenses. I had no qualms about publishing the hate sheet because it circulated only among those who already were confirmed fanatics. The first three copies of every issue went to the pro-democratic groups with which I was associated. Subsequently, I filed a complete set with the Department of Justice.

*The Christian Defender* gained for me the respect of countless American Nazis, including Father Coughlin, who thanked me by letter and through Carl Pinkston asked that two copies be sent him every week. Even Seward Collins, the wealthy intellectual fascist, called it "bright" and asked me to leave three copies at his office.

*The Christian Defender* also became my passport to Nazis abroad. I began to hear regularly from the *Deutscher Fichte-Bund*, named after the German philosopher who taught that Germany was predestined for world domination. Its director, Theodor Kessemeier at Hamburg, addressed me as "Dear Friend" and placed me on his mailing list. He sent me copies of Hitler's speeches, reams of lies about the Jews and told me

**The Christian DEFENDER**

GEORGE PAGANELLI, Editor & Publisher

VOL. 1, NO. 1 PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY PRICE 2 CENTS

**JEW YORK WILL HEAR DEATH RAGE, McWILLIAMS**

NATIONAL COMRADE OF THE WHITE GUARDIA AND PUBLIC ENEMY OF THE CHRISTIANITY AT NATIONAL PRISON IN WASHINGTON! \$10,000 REWARD IN FUTURE BLOOD BATHS COMING!

Rev. Charles E. Coughlin  
1000 1/2 Ave. B  
Brooklyn, N.Y.



In this refer to  
800-0311 Registration -  
Christian Defender

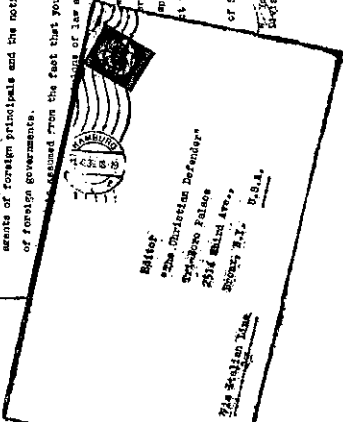
Christian Defender,  
121-10 25th Ave.,  
Bx 4, Bayside,  
Bronx, New York.

Attention: Mr. George Paganelli, Editor

Sizes:

I refer to the Department's letter of October 5, 1939, enclosing, for your information, a copy of the pamphlet, *Annals of Forensic Pathology* and of *Forensic Surgery*, containing the law and regulations administered by the Secretary of State governing the registration of agents of foreign principals and the notification of agents of foreign governments.

As explained from the fact that you have not yet received a copy of the law and regulations and the pamphlet that you have within the meaning of the law, if you would inform in order that I may refer to this matter.



Mr. George Paganelli  
121-10 25th Ave.  
Bayside, N.Y.

Mr. dear Mr. Paganelli:

In this brief note I wish to acknowledge receipt of your recent communication.

Please accept my sincere thanks for your thoughtfulness in forwarding copies of *The Christian Defender*.

With kindest personal regards, may I remain sincerely yours,

*Robert Coughlin*  
The Christian Defender

of States  
Division of Controls

DEPARTMENT OF STATE  
WASHINGTON  
November 28, 1939

*The Christian Defender*. Letter of commendation from Father Coughlin and cover of package of Nazi literature sent to author by *Deutscher Fichte-Bund*. Letter from State Department urged Paganelli to fill out the questionnaire required of propagandists in the pay of "Foreign Governments."

of Germany's valiant crusade for world peace and world justice. I was sent pictorial "proof" of Polish "atrocities" and was invited to enter a contest sponsored by the Institute for Aryan Studies:

Should we succeed in bringing out on these essential questions ten pamphlets that are elaborated in a conscientious, clear and sound manner, then they will (united together in one volume) . . . constitute the 'Bible' of our movement and our best means of enlightenment.

The Nazis were not satisfied with one bible, *Mein Kampf*, they wanted a second one to complement the first. As a Christmas gift, Kessemeyer sent me a picture of Adolf Hitler addressing the *Reichstag*. The letter arrived marked "Via Siberia," showing that Soviet Russia during the Hitler-Stalin pact served Germany as an unwitting collaborator.

The mainspring of Nazi strategy was to keep the masses confused, servile and forever ignorant. That is why my *Christian Defender* was so successful. My formula was simple. Everything hostile to Nazi aims was called Jewish or Communist and the two made synonymous. I realized how easy it was to become a merchant of hate. Lies. A typewriter, a mimeograph machine, paper and Lies! Simple as that.

Although I did my utmost to confine its distribution to those who already were chronic hate mongers, *The Christian Defender* found its way to Washington. The State Department sent me a form to ascertain whether I was an agent of a "foreign principal." The Treasury Department demanded to know why George Pagnanelli hadn't filed an income tax. My name was also listed in the *Congressional Record* as a Nazi worker.

For those who are interested in the fate of this provocative sheet I may say that after several months' publication, I gave up *The Christian Defender* which by then had served its purpose. Known and highly respected from coast to coast as a sterling "patriot," my last issue carried the paragraph:

#### DEFENDER SUSPENDS PUBLICATION

Due to the pressure of work, and ever increasing calls on the energies of your editor to engage in the Cause of Christian

Americanism, *The Christian Defender* will suspend publication for the time being. We hope to resume later on, but for the present duty calls us to other battle fronts in the fight for a Christian America and a Christian Republic.

As Nazis in the summer of 1939 were telling their American henchmen that the collapse of Democracy was but a matter of months, the Christian Mobilizers burst upon the American scene. Its new fuehrer emerged as Joseph Ellsworth McWilliams—"handsome Joe McNazi," as he was later known. When I visited Bund Camp Siegfried, a uniformed Bundist thrust a leaflet into my hands announcing the first meeting.

ACTION! ACTION! ACTION!

Thursday, July 6, '39, at 8 P.M.

Tri-Boro Palace

2514 Third Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Lexington Avenue subway to 138th Street and Third Avenue

#### A DYNAMIC MEETING

will be held that will be as significant to American History as was the Boston Tea Party

Only CHRISTIAN MEN—18 years of age or over are invited

Speaker: McWILLIAMS

Sponsored by:

The Christian Mobilizers

A Christian Front Organization

As publisher of the newest "patriotic" organ on the fascist horizon, it was my duty to attend. I heard McWilliams say:

"I'm gathering around me the meanest, the toughest, the most ornery bunch of German soldiers, Italian veterans and Irish I.R.A. men in the country. I'm going to have the greatest collection of strong-arm men in the city. And if anybody tries to stop us . . . they'll think lightning hit them."

McWilliams kept his promise. His retinue was a prize collection of cut-throats, convicts, rapists, pimps, burglars and goon squad bruisers. The Christian Front toughs paled into insignificance. One night Christian Mobilizer "patriots" beat

up two policemen sending one of them, a captain, to the hospital for treatment.

The first meeting I attended was memorable, for it outstripped anything I had seen before. It had everything: action, slander, terror! Mayor LaGuardia was called a "stinkweed" and the President "the biggest bum of them all." Tri-Boro Palace was jammed with a steaming, sweating, smelly mob of five hundred "patriots" in their shirt sleeves, beered-up and ready to "go to town." In the sickly yellow light and the haze of tobacco smoke I read placards "Buy Christian" . . . "Stop Persecuting Christians" . . . "America for the Americans." Two large tables were piled with Bund and Coughlinite leaflets and the poison literature of Pelley, Edmondson, True and Sanctuary.

Joseph Hartery was speaking as I entered. He was an undersized, pug-faced man with a large metal cross pinned on his shirt. An ex-Christian Front-er, Hartery was known as the "Little Napoleon" and had pled guilty in 1932 to the charge of being a procurer (arrested under the alias Joseph Herman). Two years later he was discharged from work for attempted attack on a fellow worker with an axe. Later, he was sentenced to the workhouse for threatening a man with a clasp knife.

"Not until they stop insulting the name of Fritz Kuhn (applause), not until they learn to respect Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini and General Francisco Franco (more applause) will we stop talking against the Jews," he yelled. "Long live our Savior, Father Coughlin."

Hartery was followed by Edwin Westphal, a sadistic youth in his twenties with a crippled arm. As a member of the Bund he had spoken at meetings of the Crusaders for Americanism. In 1929 Westphal had pled guilty to and served time for burglary, was twice convicted for violation of the Copyright Law and also convicted for disorderly conduct. In a rasping voice, dripping with hate, Westphal screamed:

". . . And when we get in power, guys with my type of mind will go to work on them Jews with a vengeance. There won't be enough lamp-posts to hang them on."

And then came McWilliams. His stance was studied to achieve the greatest dramatic effect, and his shock of black

hair on a large well-molded head made him an imposing figure. I shall never forget how the electric intensity of his delivery brought the mob to its feet in paroxysms of violent emotion. McWilliams paralyzed and terrorized by the sheer power of oratory:

"This is another revolution," he thundered. "A revolution for a nationalist America. Don't let anyone tell you anything different. It's a revolution against the Jew first, then against Democracy, then against the Republican and Democratic parties. Both are rotten. Both useless. We are going to drive them both out and we are going to run this country with an iron hand, the way Hitler runs Germany . . . We are his fellow-fighters in a great world drama. Fellow-fighters in an immortal cause. We are fighting for a Christian Aryan America and you men here are part of that revolution. We want soldiers. We want strong men. Men to fight for America's destiny and link it with the destiny of Adolf Hitler, the greatest philosopher since the time of Christ."

In the hushed silence, a lone voice called out in the rear of the room. "You're right, Joe. You're Goddam right, my boy."

He had hardly said the words when three of the yeggs pounced on him and were dragging him out, when McWilliams called out: "It's all right boys. Let him go this time. He won't interrupt again."

McWilliams' organization was spawned from the ultra-radical clique within the Christian Front. On the advisory board were ex-Front-ers, Thomas Monaghan, Joseph McDonagh, Joseph Hartery, James Stewart, James Downey, Edmund Burke (arrested for breaking into a jewelry store and stealing a tray of rings). Joe patterned his organization on the fuehrer principle. His word was law! "I'll do the thinking around here. You guys do just as I say," he told his followers.

Joe's goon squad was officially known as the Guard Unit. A dozen pickaxe handles were always kept at headquarters and standard "patriotic" equipment for outside duty were brass knuckles and lead pipes wrapped in newspaper. Commander of the Guard Unit was John Zitter, convicted for burglary in 1934. John Olivo was captain.

"Members of my Guard Unit," McWilliams told me, "will become generals in tomorrow's Christian army. My guard trains secretly in cellars to beat the hell out of the enemy."

"How about fellows who try to investigate you?" I asked.

"We love those guys. We'll knock their heads in as we find out who they are. Remember the guy with the dark glasses and . . . ?" I did not need to be reminded about the absence of several youths on whom suspicion had been cast as investigators. "And I got a special intelligence section that does some very personal investigational work," Joe added.

I became charter member No. 737. My code initials were WGBO.

McWilliams' first major effort at national publicity was in August, 1939. New York was flooded with the announcement of an "historic event . . . under the star-filled summer sky, where with flags flying and bands playing, the new horizons of America's tomorrow will be opened."

Joe and his aides spent a month in preparation for the event at Innisfail Park in the Bronx. A banner sixty feet long was suspended from a scaffold, portraying a large cross in red, surrounded by a field of blue and a circle of stars in white. It was flanked by other banners thirty feet long. Father Peter Duffee's Cadets composed of a hundred youths, blared martial music. Seventy-five uniformed Bundists formed a guard of honor, shoulder to shoulder with thirty members of the Mobilizer Guard Unit. Maintaining watch over the assembled fascists was the Phalanx, an ultra-secret gun club. I was set to watch for "suspicious" characters.

Powerful arc lights flooded the field. Loud-speakers carried the voice of America's Quislings out into the night.

General George Van Horn Moseley was to be our guest of honor, but was unable to attend. Instead, the illustrious champion of Americanism Fritz Kuhn was present with James Wheeler-Hill, Gustave Elmer, and a retinue of Bundists. Seven thousand befuddled Americans composed the audience.

Substituting for Moseley was George E. Deatherage, fuehrer of the American Nationalist Confederation. Its symbol was a red-white-and-blue swastika. Functioning mainly in the South, Deatherage had once announced that the time had arrived "for a practical and constructive plan of government

to be offered to the nation . . . the Fascist State." He was in constant touch with Nazi propoganda chiefs at Erfurt, Germany, and relayed instructions to American Nazis.

A sensual-looking man with a fleshy face, Deatherage spoke on "Counter-revolutionary Tactics" and spurred the mob against a "Red revolution" which seemed to be not even as far off as the proverbial corner. Actually, Deatherage's speech was a well-planned incitement to revolution. In it he: 1) established the presence of the hypothetical "enemy"; 2) frightened, then spurred the religious to action; 3) enlisted the family man into action to protect his "loved ones"; 4) established the need for "counter-revolutionary action" under the guise of self-defense; 5) laid the foundation for secret revolutionary cells; 6) provided for the caching of arms and ammunition; 7) declared the need for a "holy war," and added: "I am not content to walk in the footsteps of Christ. I will walk ahead of Him with a club." Deatherage called to the mob with these typical remarks:

. . . It is recommended that each person NOW secure at least 500 to 1000 rounds of ammunition . . . it is recommended that as many as possible join the National Rifle Association. . . Taking into consideration the present state of affairs . . . your best policy is to organize into ten-man neighborhood posts or secret cells. All these should be trusted citizens who properly and legally armed, can combat Red units who will act in the streets.

Fritz Kuhn rose to speak and, started by giving the Nazi salute. The uniformed Bund troopers snapped to attention and lined up in front of the platform in a cordon of honor. "Free," called out their leader in a ringing voice.

"Amerika," yelled back the storm troopers.

Three times the leader called out "Free." Three times the storm troopers responded "Amerika."

James Stewart, another Mobilizer henchman, was chairman: "We are not fascists nor do we believe in fascism for America. We are Americans and we stand for one hundred per cent Americanism. The salute we give is merely the symbol which defeated Communism in Italy and Germany."

After the meeting, as publisher of *The Christian Defender* I was invited to join Kuhn, Wheeler-Hill, Elmer, Deatherage

and McWilliams in a glass of beer. Surrounded by a dozen members of the goon squad watching my every move, I interviewed Deatherage and obtained the original copy of his speech. In the next issue of my hate sheet, I gushed out:

### 15,000 ATTEND PATRIOTIC RALLY

New York—The Christian Mobilizers, which since its organization a few months ago has virtually terrorized the enemy with the most militant program of Americanism ever attempted here, held a mass patriotic rally at Innesfail Stadium last Wednesday which for size and sheer dramatic color was unprecedented in the annals of New York.

Shortly after this, the Christian Mobilizers, which had been spawned by the Christian Front, achieved maturity in a spiritual merger with the Bund. Witnesses to the marriage held at the Shrine of Ebling's Casino in the Bronx were 1800 assorted *Deutschesvolk*, Coughlinites and representatives of sundry fascist groups. Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze was best man. Fritz Kuhn personally performed the ceremony before a swastika-marked platform.

"This iss a historik meeting. We shall back der Christian Mobilizers in every respect, whenever they are in trouble . . . Der German Amerikan Bunt does nott try to overthrow down Amerikan government. Dat's Joowish propaganta. We fight for nothing else but Amerikanism. Don't stay home any longer but come, join us in our fight for Amerikanism."

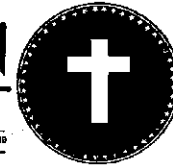
Joe McWilliams stood with bowed head while this marriage vow was performed, following which John Olivo, captain of the Mobilizer Guard Unit (arrested on October 11, 1934 for attacking and raping a woman in Central Park then fleeing with her purse; sentenced to the Penitentiary, December 10, 1934) dipped the Colors, as the Bund choir sang *Carry On* (to the tune of *O Deutschland, Hoch in Ehren—O, Germany, High in Honor*).

America, so dear to us,  
Whose flag we proudly hail,  
One duty stands so clear to us,  
Her trust we must not fail.

# CHRISTIAN

AN AMERICAN

VOL. I, NO. 1 SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1935



# MOBILIZER

NATIONALIST WEEKLY

NEW YORK, N. Y. PRICE 5 CENTS

## Mobilize Against War

Dynamic Leader Opposes  
All Who Advocate War

The Christian Mobilizers  
grounded to stop American  
action. This decision was  
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What will be the RESULT of the  
Embargo Repeal?  
Neutrality or War?  
Here  
Joseph E. McWilliams  
and Other Speakers

Lindbergh Appeals To  
America To Stay Out  
Of War

First National speech when August  
11 was made on Friday, Septem-  
ber 11, by Capt. Charles A. Lindbergh  
which he addressed to Americans  
the United States out of the  
war.  
It is the case of Lindbergh's  
speech. September 11th, 1935.

Joe McWilliams began his obstructionist efforts against national defense more than two years before Pearl Harbor. In another issue of *The Christian Mobilizer* he ranted against the increase of our peace time army to 280,000 men.

Toastmaster Joseph Downey, who next to fuehrer Joe was the most dynamic rabble speaker on the Mobilizers' roster, started by giving the Nazi salute, then said: "I consider it an honor to speak from this platform and salute you German Americans. I can admire a man who beat the British at their game. Hitler had defied the British, and we Irish know what the British are. I respect a man like Adolf Hitler."

A few weeks later I saw Downey again. On the left side of his shirt, just above the heart, was pinned the emblem of the *Wehrmacht*, the Nazi Army, composed of a swastika and German eagle.

Much to my disgust while with the Mobilizers, I met two Dashnags, both of whom took prominent part in Mobilizer affairs. These two Dashnags were the only Armenians I met in the subversive world in my four years as investigator. One of them was a realtor named Richard Koolian; the other a youth who used the alias of Edward C. Adrian, but whose



real name was Edward Masgalajian. He contributed under both names to the Dashnag organ, *Hairenik Weekly*. My role as a synthetic Italian was so effective that they never suspected my identity.

Adrian told me of the youth division of the Dashnag, known as the *Tzeghagron*, coined from the Armenian words *tzegh* (race) and *gron* (religion). The program and philosophy of these fascistic "race worshipping" nationalists were similar to the Hitler Youth, Adrian told me proudly.

McWilliams dominated the New York fascist scene for several years with a series of clever publicity-gaining stunts, holding twenty or more street meetings a week. His gang of speakers were truly the "meanest and orneriest" in the city. His goon squads picked fights almost every night and boasted about them the next day. Joe exchanged speakers with other "patriotic" groups. It really mattered little under whose auspices they spoke. For example, the "Reverend" Herbert Lewis started to speak for the American Nationalist Party and the Crusaders for Americanism, then he spoke for the Bund, the Christian Front, the Christian Mobilizers and finally, for the America First Committee.

McWilliams plastered New York with "Buy Christian" stickers and a "Christian Consumers Guide." He galvanized into action many of those who had been mere bystanders and inspired several score of "patriotic" groups into taking more aggressive action. He was in close touch with "patriotic" leaders throughout the country and collaborated closely with Coughlin interests, James True, Reverend Edward J. Brophy, Colonel Sanctuary, Newton Jenkins, the Chicago fascist, referred to as *der führer der dritten partei* (fuehrer of the Third Party). Reverend Edward F. Brophy, another promoter of the Christian Front, not only spoke at a Mobilizer meeting, but also promoted Joe's Nazi group in other ways. Joe bought \$30 worth of Brophy's booklet *The Christian Front* for resale to his own "Christian" clients.

McWilliams bragged that on his visits to Washington he conferred with Senators and Congressmen, including Senator Rush D. Holt and Representatives Hamilton Fish and Jacob Thorkelson. At the same time he moved in the sphere of such

"respectable" fascists as Lawrence Dennis and Allen Zoll. McWilliams had the uncommon gift of being at home with the illiterate as well as with the Park Avenue patriots. As to his oratory, it was matchless in both camps. He campaigned violently against passage of the Lend-Lease Act and clamored against appropriations for defense and the Selective Service Act. Speaking to me with uncommon frankness, he said:

"Between you and me, George, this isn't my class of people. But you've got to have the mob with you in any revolution and this movement of ours is nothing but an American National-Socialist revolution in the first stages. I don't believe half of this anti-Jew stuff I preach, but you can't talk politics to these people unless you make it simple by bringing in the Jew every time. It's the only language they understand—the language of hate. Hitler made it work and that's what I'm trying to do here. I want to give the man in the street a Christian New Deal."

Joe organized the American Destiny Party, the political arm of the Christian Mobilizers and from the same platform at Ebling's Casino from which he and Fritz Kuhn had spoken jointly, announced his candidacy for Congress. In the hushed silence of an audience awaiting momentous news Joe blared:

"... And our party emblem shall be one hundred per cent American. The covered wagon, symbol of America's greatness, symbol of the days of Washington and Lincoln, symbol of our peerless American heritage. . . . Our emblem shall include forty-eight stars. Through the streets of New York, drawn by two white horses, telling the American people of the great destiny of America under the American Destiny Party . . ."

"Heil, Joe McWilliams!"

"Joe for President!" the mob yelled

All through the spring, summer and early fall of 1940, Joe carried his campaign to the voters of Yorkville from the rear platform of a covered wagon which at night was lighted by kerosene lamps. The publicity given him by individual sensation-mongers in the democratic camp made his name known to thousands outside of New York. Joe did not intend to win. Publicity to the Nazi cause was what he wanted, and instead of burying him in a grave of silence some of our gullible and

excitable democratic forces fell into the trap and boosted him with uncommon nation-wide publicity.

"If you were elected President, how would you run this country?" I asked Joe in the privacy of Destiny Party headquarters one day.

"I don't want to be called President, you understand that," he said, sternly. "I'd run this country like a factory. I would appoint all the key men and have absolute control. Once in power there will be no opinion but the American Destiny Party opinion. Labor will do as it's told and it'll be satisfied with what it gets. I'm against violence for Christians, but I would have absolute control regardless of the price."

"What'll the next step be?" I asked.

"As soon as I get in power I'll kick all the Democrat and Republican politicians out on their ears and raze their headquarters clear to the ground. This nonsense about democracy and equality is through when I'm in power." He paused dramatically. "Our next step would be to break the people of the voting habit. I want streamlined, modern government. Efficient as a factory, methodical as a machine. Republicans, Socialists and Democrats represent nineteenth century ideas. A new leadership is needed for a new America . . . the America of tomorrow."

I was with Joe McWilliams day and night and during nearly three years' association I do not recall on his part even one instance of kindness or the expression of gratitude. Unscrupulous, unfeeling, sensual to the extreme, popular idol of the masses and the ladies, Joe had the essentials of a glamor-boy fuehrer to act as the "front" for sinister Nazi politicians. And they used him unsparingly to carry on their schemes of corruption-and-control, divide-and-conquer. Joe was an agitator by nature, a ruthless destroyer who had no sense of constructive politics and was fired solely by insatiable personal ambitions and lust for power.

He was born on the Cheyenne Indian Reservation, Hitchcock, Oklahoma, in 1904. In 1925 he came to New York and during the following years invented a number of mechanical gadgets which he sold successfully. While working on a new razor blade patent in New York, part of his living expenses were met by loans from a Jewish friend, Ray Halpern. From

February 1930 to April 1938, Joe spent nearly all his time in the company of four American Jews: George Howard, Jerome and Wilbur Shapiro and Aaron Cecil Snyder (United States District Attorney in Puerto Rico). For years, before he turned fascist, Joe lived on the bounty of his Jewish friends.

During the winter of 1935, Joe's Jewish friends took him to Sarasota, Florida, to recuperate from a severe attack of rheumatic fever. His only friend there was a Jew named Hirshfeld. While there Joe continued to receive \$30 weekly from Alfred H. Bamberger for whom he had worked in New York. His condition did not improve and he was brought back on a stretcher. Eventually Halpern drove McWilliams in his own car to Los Angeles where he recovered completely.

When I interviewed Jerome Shapiro, formerly Joe's personal lawyer and George Howard, a stock broker, both of whom knew the Yorkville fuehrer intimately, they told me that Joe's views from 1928 to 1938 were so violently Communistic that they avoided the subject. McWilliams attended the Communist Workers School in 1933 and later became affiliated with the Trotskyite element of the Communist Party. He attended W.P.A. public speaking classes, and those who heard him said his speeches were strongly Marxist, anti-Hitler, anti-Democracy.

Early in 1939, McWilliams inexplicably switched from the extreme Left to the extreme Right, and began associating with Christian Front interests. From that point on, Joe was suckled by Father Coughlin's own elements in the East, nurtured by the German-American Bund and reached maturity under expert Nazi guidance. Debts of several thousand dollars to his former Jewish and non-Jewish friends remain unpaid.

At the trial of Fritz Kuhn at General Sessions in 1939, Bund chief August Klapprott asked his friend if he were Catholic.

"Hell, no, I'm no Catholic," McWilliams called out disdainfully. "I'm a Protestant. I don't believe in no Pope. The whole damned bunch of them have been racketeers. Don't get the idea I'm a Catholic because my name sounds Irish."

Not long after this, Henry Curtiss, speaker for the American Nationalist Party and star performer for McWilliams, started a paper of his own and asked me to serve as reporter on the *American Bulletin*. Curtiss acted as contact man be-

tween "the rabble" and such "respectable" fascists as Seward Collins. Curtiss' real name was John Gaede. Arrogant and self-centered, he was an extremely unpleasant "patriot" to deal with. Back in 1935 he wrote for Mrs. Ann Tellian's *American Bulletin*. Mrs. Tellian was a Nazi agent and correspondent for Julius Streicher's *Der Stürmer*. My prestige as a rising leader of the fascist community was boosted through my association with Curtiss.

One of the oddest fanatics I met outside the Mobilizers, completely insane on the "Jewish question," was a Norwegian-born, gray-haired spinster named Miss Therese Holm. She worked effectively for the Nazi cause by acting as liaison agent between those new in the movement and the veterans. She collared me at Kurt Mertig's meeting one night and, inviting me to her room, told me some of the most fantastic whoppers I had ever heard about the Jews. She wrote for *Social Justice* and the *Deutscher Weckruf*, but was most proud of the editing she had done on the notorious book, *The World Hoax* by Ernest Elmhurst, which Pelley published.

Among her friends, also, was the patron saint of latter-day fascists, former Congressman Louis T. McFadden—who was the first to insert into the *Congressional Record* excerpts from the *Protocols* and Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*. McFadden addressed meetings of the Order of '76 whose "Christian" members bore cards marked: "In case of pogrom, please pass the bearer through police lines." Royal Scott Gulden, distant relative of the mustard king, was President of the secret order which met with Pelley, Colonel Sanctuary and Colonel Fritz Duquesne, the Nazi spy.

McWilliams often boasted to me of his friendship with Wall Street brokers and other "influential men." It was not mere vanity, because one day while looking through Joe's files—which were open to me—I saw the application for membership of James Frederick Ryder, who had listed himself as a Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Army. Joe's income from Irish and German Americans was considerable, as I gathered from a list which fell into my hands. He also received anonymous favors from many well-dressed men and women.

I used to see Joe in the company of numerous women, some youthful, others old dowagers. He paid particular attention to about six girls in their late teens who attended his meetings, for reasons which I suspected were hardly political. His "harem" usually arrived with Joe and left the meeting hall in his company late at night.

Among Joe's guest speakers who referred to Joe as a "staunch American" was Representative Jacob Thorkelson. Anti-Semite and apologist for fascism, this relentless grave digger of Democracy gave up the practice of medicine to turn politician. He stepped into the shoes vacated by fascist Congressman Louis T. McFadden and made the *Congressional Record* the sounding board of totalitarian ideology.

The services to native fascism of this Norwegian-born super-patriot consisted of the insertion in the *Record* of quotations from the *Protocols*, from *World Hoax*, from Blackshirt Sir Oswald Mosley's *Action*, from the *Christian Free Press*, a Nazi organ published by Mrs. Leslie Fry at Glendale, California, in addition to Nazi lies and diatribes against Jewry.

Thorkelson defended himself by saying that the "... words, 'Nazi,' 'fascist,' 'anti-racial,' 'anti-Semitic' . . . were created by the anti-Americans as a cloak to shield their own subversive activities." He exonerated the Bund completely by stating that "their principles of organization are not destructive to the Government of the United States."

Thorkelson's Washington offices became the hang-out for Mrs. Fry, Pelley, General Moseley, Colonel Sanctuary, Deatherage, True, Edmondson and McWilliams, as Thorkelson tried to effect a merger of major native fascist groups. He was idol of American Nazis and a particularly close friend of Pelley, for whom he spoke at Silver Shirt meetings.

Pelley "honored" Thorkelson by publishing a collection of his speeches in Congress under the title *Rescue the Republic*. Thorkelson wrote frequently for Pelley's *Liberation* and Winrod's *Defender*. He defended Hitler and Mussolini on the floor of Congress and denounced Democracy: "Democracies are always weak for there is not one Democracy which has survived for any length of time."

On the night of August 13, 1939 at a street meeting of the Mobilizers, the Guard Unit gave a particularly "patriotic"

account of itself. Edwin Westphal was haranguing a mob at the corner of Crimmins Avenue and 141st Street, the Bronx. His yelling could be heard a block away.

"When we get into power, we'll get our vengeance. We have special means. I'd like to see a million more Jews come here, then our revenge will be complete. We'll fix the Jews the way Hitler fixed them. What are you waiting for, you people out there? Waiting for tomorrow? Tomorrow never comes. . . . Tonight . . ."

The mob swirled around in anger. At that moment, Captain John T. Collins of the Alexander Street station, mounted the platform:

"This is an unlawful meeting because of the unruliness of the crowd. The meeting is over. Break it up . . ."

Collins acted with scant knowledge of the "patriotic" temper of the Guard Unit.

"Shut up, you Jew," a voice called out thickly. It was the signal.

A dozen hands clawed at Captain Collins and dragged him to the ground. Benjamin Stafford, powerfully built ex-pugilist, lunged at Collins' throat. Louis Popchinsky pounced on Collins' midsection. Sergeant Robert McAllister rushed to the assistance of his captain, and even after being clouted with a lead pipe, which caused a deep gash over the left side of the head, he fought half a dozen members of the Guard Unit until police reinforcements arrived.

Stafford and Popchinsky were finally hauled away in a police wagon. Police, however, found the entrance to the station house blocked by an angry crowd of 2,000 Mobilizers. Unable to force an entrance, the wagon cruised around the block for an hour. Westphal was in command of the milling crowd at the police station and shouting orders at the top of his voice.

"Stand your ground, men. Don't let these lousy Jew cops bring in Stafford and Popchinsky. This is a frame-up. Don't give in. Stick to your Constitutional rights."

Doherty, a pipe fitter and member of the Christian Front, rushed to Westphal's assistance as police emerged from a side door. William O'Connor, member of the Christian Front, the Mobilizers, Social Justice Distributors' Club and the Social

Justice Motion Picture League, took charge while Westphal and Doherty russed with the police.

Stafford and Popchinsky were found guilty and sent away. Westphal was placed on probation by Judge Masterson. Doherty was fined. O'Connor, because of his age (he was eighteen, he told me and had been ejected from Evander Childs and DeWitt Clinton High Schools because of subversive activity) received a suspended sentence.

In the meanwhile, my taking notes at meetings for *The Christian Defender* and the *American Bulletin* aroused the suspicions of Mobilizer henchmen. One night after a late meeting, Joe called me aside and asked me to meet him in one of the back rooms. His unusually calm voice should have aroused my suspicions, but it didn't.

"I'll be right down, Joe," I said.

The door was locked. As I knocked, it was flung open. Joe and his henchmen were seated at a table. Lining the walls were four of the most sinister gangsters of his goon squad.

"What's up, boys?" I asked, trying to be nonchalant.

"There's a leak of information somewhere. Maybe more than one," Joe said, "and we want to ask you a couple of questions."

"You have nothing to hide, have you?" asked Tom Monaghan.

"Hell, no. I have no secrets. You boys know everything about me. Shoot. What's the first question?"

"Some of the boys here say there's something funny about you. They don't think you're an Italian."

"I'm as Italian as any wop that believes in Mussolini and the Italian Christian State," I burst out heatedly, spilling a few oaths in Italian.

"Now there's these items that appeared in newspapers. How did they get out?" McWilliams showed me four clippings. One of them mentioned the American Destiny Party as the political arm of the Mobilizers. I was guilty of publicizing Joe's plans to run for Congress, but other reports were the work of a clumsy investigator who hadn't bothered to get his facts straight.

"You've been talking about the American Destiny Party for some days now," I said. "You might have said it while

you were at a bar or something. Maybe it's one of them girls . . ."

"Leave the gals out of this. They're strictly personal business."

I faced the battery of Joe's henchmen for nearly two hours and was searched by them, but nothing to justify their suspicions was discovered.

Joe finally broke into a smile.

"Okay, boys, George is all right."

He and the rest of his henchmen apologized for their suspicions. We all went downstairs for several rounds of beers. It was the closest call I had yet had.

## CHAPTER VI

### DRILLING FOR DER TAG

"Not faith, hope and charity, but faith, hope and terror. Remember that, men. Terror! Terror! Terror! That is our password from now on."

JAMES BANAHAN

I BEGAN NOW to probe into organized terrorist organizations operating deep underground. Remembering the cue supplied by Agayeff the White Russian youth of the existence of "rifle clubs," I approached James McGee, a fellow Christian Mobilizer and asked what he knew about them.

"That's going pretty deep, George, but I guess I can tell you. Here, read what we just printed." He tossed over a card:

REAL AMERICANISM IN ACTION

MIDTOWN SPORTING CLUB

Objects: Sportsmanship and Self-Defense

Meets at

310 West 59th Street, New York

This Card Admits One on . . . . . 1939 at 8 P.M.

"The guy in charge will be here," McGee said. "Hang around."

"What's his name?" I asked.

"He has so many aliases, I don't know which one he's using today," McGee said laughing.

A furtive youth in his middle twenties walked in, and after looking me over sat down. McGee gave me a glowing introduction.

"Here's a good man for you, Herman," he said. "George is an Italian that's as militant as hell. Ever read his paper, *The Christian Defender*? It's hotter than the *Deutscher Weckruf*."

"Hell, yes," Herman said. "I've always wanted to meet the guy who put it out. Shake again, George. Glad to meetcha."

I was thus initiated into the terrorist aspects of the fascist movement which took me from the world of McWilliams and Coughlin into a deeper Nazi underworld where terror and revolution were bywords.

The night was hot and I was broiling in sweat as I marched in military maneuvers in a company of twenty-four members of the Midtown Sporting Club. We were being drilled on the third floor of Donovan's Hall while a slim, dark-haired young man in military shirt, black trousers and tie barked commands from a platform. He was Hermann Schmidt, alias Mike Strahinsky, commandant of the secret Iron Guard, known informally as the Midtown Sporting Club. Schmidt's real name was James Banahan but he rarely used it in the revolutionary underworld.

On the platform with Banahan were Carl Muller, alias Carl Pinkston; John Olivo, captain of the Mobilizers Guard Unit and Dan Walker. Dan who acted as an assistant to the drill master, sat stiffly in his chair, an arrogant smirk on his face and watched me closely as I tramped back and forth with the squad. I sensed his chill attitude.

At the end of half an hour Banahan blew sharply on his whistle.

"Companee . . . halt!"

After talking for a moment with Walker he called out: "Pagnanelli, step forward."

My heart sank as I wondered what Walker had told him about me.

"Pagnanelli, you will step outside for a moment."

I stepped out of line and walked to the door. Banahan turned the drill over to Dan and followed me. In the darkness of the staircase he suddenly asked:

"Pagnanelli, what do you do now for a living?"

Taken by surprise, I sputtered: "I work in a stock room . . . in an office."

"Where?"

"Near Wall Street."

"You were seen going into the Time and Life Building twice in one week, and trailed to the offices of *Fortune* magazine."

"I often get sent there on errands."

"What's your religion?"

"I'm a Christian."

"What's the matter, nervous?"

"No, why should I be nervous?"

Banahan looked at me searchingly and then said: "We're not entirely sure of you. You're still on probation. Dan Walker here is not sure. And Stahrenberg says we shouldn't take any chances. You know what'll happen to you if you ain't with us, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"That's all," Banahan said, shutting me up.

When we returned to the drill hall, I stepped back into my place and Banahan addressed the budding storm troopers as follows:

"Members of the Iron Guard! What I am about to say you must keep buried in your brain. The penalty for betraying our secrets is death, swift and without warning. We have men watching every one of you, men without mercy. Men who don't give a damn. They are the guardians of the Iron Guard. You are the soldiers of Christ. Men like you fought in Spain. Men like you will fight in America. We are the trained body of Christian citizens who must give aid and defense to all of the Christian groups that, at present or in the future, shall need such support.

"You will train in small units and be taught to take care of any situation which the ordinary means of law enforcement cannot cope with. You are the defenders of the Faith. Your duty is to fight for Christ and Country. From now on you will be trained to serve as shock troops in any internal explosion that may come. But never forget. The penalty for betrayal is death, swift and unmerciful and sudden. You will further be required to swear to this oath before admittance to the Iron Guard." A hushed silence met his measured words. "Read the oath, Lieutenant Walker . . ."

In a thick, harsh voice, Dan read from a green colored document in his hands:

I do hereby solemnly swear to uphold and defend the principles of Christian nationalism and the aims and ideals of this, the Iron Guard. I will carry out this program even if it means the shedding of my blood. On the pain of whatever consequences may be decreed, I shall not at any time divulge information regarding the secrets of the Iron Guard. So help me God.

"Men, we have received orders from General Headquarters. Some of you must join the Christian Mobilizers and march for General Moseley. Further secret instructions will be sent you. We will now pledge allegiance to the American Flag."

Our hands shot out in the Hitler salute.

"Repeat after me . . . I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States . . . to an Indivisible and Nationalist America."

Walker then stepped forward:

"Tonight is your last military drill. You will next be trained in riot duty—how to break up Communist meetings, how to protect yourself in a riot, how to help your Christian comrades. Come dressed in old clothes. Companee, dismissed!"

I walked downstairs and waited for Walker. In a little while he came down with Banahan, Patrick Finnegan and James McGee. The five of us walked to Columbus Circle and

entered Thompson's Cafeteria, where I protested vigorously against the suspicion that had fallen upon me. How dare anyone suspect me? Me of all people! What was I to do when I was sent on an errand by my boss? Could I tell him I did not want to go to the Time and Life Building?

McGee was on my side and won the others over but not Walker. Something had come over him. He just sat and looked at me. In the end he said. "In a movement like ours it's better to be suspicious than to wait till you're betrayed."

Over the next few months, however, I proved my "loyalty" to the Iron Guard and was finally allowed to attend a really secret session. Ten of us met in James Banahan's home, in a room that was little more than a bare cell. Banahan's bed was in one corner. A strip of linoleum on the floor, a half dozen straight-backed chairs, several armchairs and a small round table with an open *Bible* lying on it composed the furniture. Across the pages of the *Bible* lay a bayonet. Several rifles leaned against the wall. I saw an envelope on the bureau written to Banahan and bearing Father Coughlin's return address.

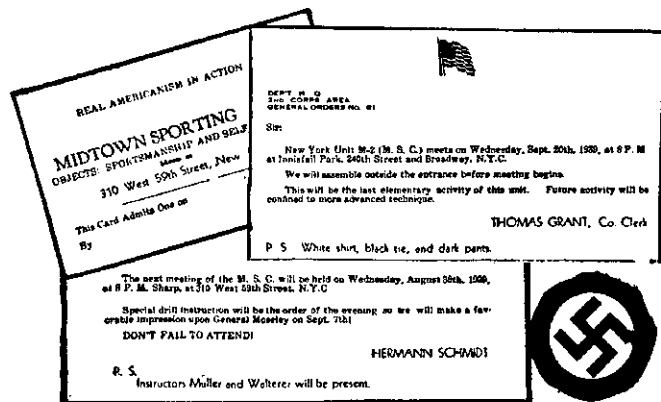
I sat down facing the emblem of the Iron Guard, a large black circle and an inner circle of white. Within the circles was a red arm holding in its fist a flash of lightning. The outer circle of black was rimmed by eight short spokes.

Banahan pointed to the insignia.

"It signifies the power which will be in our hands when *der tag* comes," he said, using the German words. "Each one of the spokes has a special significance. It will all be explained to you later."

Among the ten of us were James McGee and his son Arthur; Zimmerman, a former member of the Bund; Carlos, a Spanish youth who had served in the Guard Unit of the Mobilizers; a man named Henry Dietrich who experimented with homemade bombs, and another young ruffian who belonged to the Bund. There was also a man who introduced himself as Norman Miller and claimed to be a Captain in the United States Army.

Banahan unfolded a large poster-size leaflet entitled "American Defenders Protective Tactics—Plan No. 1," prepared by a Major Frank Peace, a friend of General Moseley. It listed the "strategic points" and "key positions" common to a



Meeting notices of the Phalanx and imported swastika sticker distributed by Fuehrer James Banahan.

metropolis. These included radio stations, gas works, water works, police stations, armories, Federal buildings, telegraph offices, etc. Beneath it was the following explanation:

Anti-revolutionary, defending, patriotic minorities must be familiar with what to defend, be trained to defend and armed to defend. To illustrate this is the purpose of these American Defenders Protective Tactics and this Plan.

. . . In Petrograd in 1917 Trotsky had but 1000 armed men in taking over that city. It was done, not by mass attack, but by hurling storming parties and technicians and gangs of armed men led by engineers against Petrograd's industries and public services.

We repeat that . . . armed minorities of patriots can successfully defend their lives and properties, protect their community and its industries. . . . Once this knowledge is familiarized, once your own invisible manoeuvres are perfected by repeated practice, you will then be in possession of permanent, practical, defensive preparedness, without which, both patriots and the nation are in great danger.

Through these tactics you can save yourselves and all America from Communism's otherwise inevitable blood bath.

Banahan explained the Plan.

"We are laying the foundation for the day when we'll be called upon to fight a Communist revolution in this country. It's about time we Christians got up and fought for a Christian government. If there's no Communist revolution soon we'll start one ourselves. We're nationalists and we stand for a nationalist form of government. We are fascists, American Fascists, and the Iron Guard is out to help bring fascism to this country." Banahan stood in the middle of the room, looking around at us, toying with the bayonet. "Democracy is a tool used to do away with Christianity. The time is ripe for something entirely new—fascism! And it will come. It will march triumphant in America. Christian nationalism," he said excitedly, "will march hand in hand with militant fascism everywhere to conquer the world."

"What'll we do in case this country goes into a war?" I asked.

"In time of war we are all saboteurs," Banahan answered. "We'll blow the hell out of this country. We'll blow up

docks, power plants, ships, bridges. We'll raise hell. They'll blame the Communists. We'll spread confusion and chaos. War will play everything into our hands!"

"And then?" I put in.

"That's where the Iron Guard comes in," he shot back. "That's where we'll need men with iron guts. Men who can handle a gun, who can use a bayonet. Cold steel and hot lead, that's what'll count. There'll be street fighting. There'll be sniping. There'll be dirty work, plenty of it. Blood will flow like water!"

"What if the F.B.I. finds out about this?" Carlos asked.

Our commandant lowered his voice, speaking confidentially.

"In case of trouble we deny everything. You understand me? . . . deny everything. You know nothing. You have seen nothing. You have done nothing. You don't know each other. You are members of a Sport Club, interested in shooting rabbits, see? If they catch you with guns, we are members of the National Rifle Association, catch on?"

Tall, bespectacled Captain Norman Miller spoke up:

"Every Christian who is dissatisfied economically is a prospect. It is good strategy to recruit him to our cause. He has nothing further to lose, everything to gain. Enlist such dissatisfied Christians in the nationalist army."

We looked at each other, nodding approval.

"Today is the anniversary of Hitler's Beer Hall Putsch," Banahan resumed. "It was on this day sixteen years ago that Hitler started the movement which liberated the German people. We are going to do the same in this country, starting tonight."

He then walked to the door, made sure no one was listening outside and went on with measured words:

"You men are designated as captains—captains in the Army of Christ. Each one of you will be assigned a district in the section of New York, Brooklyn or Bronx where you live. You will be held responsible for whatever action may be ordered in your district."

He took out a map of New York.

"The city will be divided into twenty-one districts. I'm



going to assign each one of you to your post. Get your district straight."

I was assigned to the Grand Central Station district.

"The most important part of the city," Banahan observed.

"Here is what you all do! You are to familiarize yourself thoroughly with the district assigned to you. Know the location of every arsenal, subway station, power house, police and gasoline station, public building and hide-out in your district. Then chart those vital centers on your map. The maps will be forwarded to General Headquarters, where a master map of the entire city will be made."

He paused.

"You will be required to file a report every week. Every Communist headquarters in your district must be reported, and if possible, the floor plans obtained. At first you will report to me, but later you will communicate in code directly with General Headquarters. You will be known by numbers. Every small bit of information which can prove valuable must be turned in. You'll get target practice and complete drilling in the art of street fighting, roof fighting, sniping and the putting up of barricades by men who have already done it once.

"Later on we'll get trans-receivers; they're small compact radios that send and receive messages. When the internal explosion comes you will send and receive orders on them. The sets are so small they can be carried in a brief-case and no one will know what's in it. You are to recruit a platoon of seven men—reliable men, who will help you fill in the map." Banahan went on, amidst hushed silence. "These men will be your lieutenants. They will carry out your orders. You will meet with them once a week, but never allow any of them to meet any one else but you. Each of you captains will have your own cell, your own sabotage machine, your own revolutionary group for a nationalist America."

Captain Norman Miller stood up to say a few words:

"Hitler had to do the same things. We must model ourselves after the same pattern. Up at headquarters they have a complete blueprint of the coming revolution."

Banahan then dismissed the meeting with the Nazi salute.

"You will be notified of our next meeting place. Remem-

ber," he said grimly, "ask no questions; answer no questions. Good night."

As we filed out someone asked him: "Who is behind this movement and who will protect us if we get into trouble?"

"I can't tell you exactly," Banahan answered, "but I'll give you a hint. There are twelve of them and seven are army men."

Following one of the meetings at Donovan's Hall, I had asked the same question and Banahan's reply had been: "I can't tell you the details, but I can say that Father Coughlin is our spiritual advisor."

Iron Guard meetings were taking place late in the summer, fall and winter of 1939, at a time when the Christian Front was reaching the peak of its activity. Most Iron Guardists were members of the Front, or had been at some time. The main unit under Jack Cassidy was operating in Brooklyn. The Midtown Sport Club was one of many throughout the country specializing in revolutionary tactics. It differed somewhat from the others in that it was also a co-ordinating unit—men of other nationalist groups were eligible for membership.

The second of our secret meetings was held in the home of Thomas Moore, one of the captains who already had begun to organize his platoon. Of the men who had met at Banahan's house, only McGee and I were present. The others were: Patrick Coyne and John Kennedy, both of whom said they had seen action in the Irish Republican Army; a beefy German, Leon Thieson; a fellow named Thomas Murray who claimed to be a code expert and John O'Connell, working on the W.P.A. As at the Banahan meeting, rifles stood in the corner and the Iron Guard insignia was placed against the wall, beneath a large framed picture of Father Coughlin. A Bible with a bayonet lay on the table in the middle of the room.

Suddenly from the door behind me emerged a dark-hooded figure robed completely in black, except for the eye-slits.

"The Supreme Commandant, boys," Moore called out.

We jumped to our feet and gave the Hitler salute. While we remained standing, Moore announced that five candidates had applied for admission.

"Have they been thoroughly investigated?" the hooded figure asked.

"They have, Commandant."

"Ask them to place their hands on the *Bible*."

Each recruit placed his right hand on the *Bible* while the rest of us stood at attention, arms outstretched in fascist salute.

"Repeat after me," the voice called out. . . .

I . . . repeat your name . . . as a Christian American, do solemnly swear, in the presence of my fellowmen and patriots and Almighty God, that I will do my utmost, as directed by the officers of the Iron Guard, to keep the United States of America a Christian nation, and to oppose all those who would make this nation a shambles and destroy those Christian traditions upon which it was founded. I will carry out this purpose even if it means the shedding of my blood. I will fight for Christian Americanism. I will look to my God for guidance, look to my arms for courage, look to my leaders for the hour to strike.

When the candidates had finished their oath the black hooded figure called out: "Your instructions for the present are: 'Ask no questions. Answer no questions.'" After this it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. A half hour later the doorbell rang. "Quick, clean up the place." Moore hissed.

While we did away with the emblem, gun and anti-Semitic stickers McGee had brought, Moore passed around copies of sporting magazines. We sat back and began to talk innocently of baseball and duck shooting.

When the door was opened, James Banahan entered.

"Good evening, men." He gave the Nazi salute, then took off his coat and walked to the center of the room.

"I have surprising news," he announced. "General Headquarters has told me we are changing our name. From now on we'll be known as the American Phalanx and work right in with the Christian Front, the Bund and the Christian Mobilizers. We are the arm of the revolution. We are the police and the soldiers, the terror division of the nationalist revolution."

"When do we get the guns?" Pat Coyne asked. "My fingers are itching."

"I also have orders from General Headquarters to start a gun fund tonight. Each of you will give whatever you can. If you can't pay it all, you'll be given a gun anyway and you can pay as you go along."

While each one of the men dug into his pocket, Banahan appointed me to visit three gun shops and inquire about prices, then file a confidential report with him. Pacing back and forth, talking excitedly he urged:

"Headquarters has passed on orders that you are to train yourselves in smashing up stores—Jewish stores—and beating the brains out of Jews that put up a fight. You men will put the fear of God in the Jew. You'll be known as the Death Legion, and will specialize in terror . . . Not faith, hope and charity, but faith, hope and terror. Remember that, men. Terror! Terror! Terror! That is our password from now on."

His voice mounted as he pronounced the word.

The next meeting of the Phalanx took place in the cellar of Neville's Tavern, 125th Street near Eighth Avenue. We had instructions to file in individually at an appointed time and take a drink at the bar. We were not to greet each other. At exactly nine o'clock as instructed, I asked the barkeeper where the telephone booth was. He directed me to a rear stairway which led to a spacious whitewashed cellar. Banahan and a number of the others were already there.

"We'll hold drills and meetings here," Banahan said. "We can have target practice here too. It'll be sound-proof when covered with monk's cloth. We'll get some sand bags and use them for targets."

Having been appointed by Banahan as his right-hand man I set about fixing the place; putting cardboards and burlap bags against the windows and arranging the large benches in rows. I swept the place as Schmidt unrolled a new, freshly painted emblem of the Phalanx.

After nine-thirty P.M. the other members of the Phalanx began to arrive. First to come down were James McGee and Thomas Moore. Then came Frederick Grimm, another captain of the Mobilizers Guard Unit, who brought three new recruits: Carl H. Otto, James McQueeney, Hermann Sturm (an alien German youth) all of whom were members of the Christian Mobilizers Guard Unit. Coyne and Kennedy also

arrived, followed by Leon Thieson, John McGath, A. Hewlett and Harry Nelson, alias Ralph Thompson, a quiet-mannered fascist who had worked with Stahrenberg for many years.

"What do you think of our new home, boys?" Banahan asked.

"Swell!" the assembly answered in chorus.

"From now on we go to town. Our first goal is to blow up the Communist headquarters right around the corner. The next thing for us is to get the guns," Schmidt went on. "The gun fund is growing. We can get new guns, 30/30 caliber, damned near free. General Headquarters is trying to adopt a standard model and it'll take some time before they decide. In the meantime we'll get what we can."

We lined up, swore in the six new recruits in the same ritual as at Moore's apartment, and then went into military drill. James McGee and Thomas Moore—both World War veterans—were drill masters. Back and forth, for a full hour marched the "Army of Christ" drilling for the American *der tag*.

Suddenly Banahan yelled: "Companee . . . halt! at ease." We dragged the hardwood benches out on the floor and took seats. Banahan stood before us.

"The Phalanx is now affiliated with the Ku Klux Klan," he announced. "We are also officially connected with the Bund. Orders from General Headquarters say that we are to expand and consolidate with every nationalist group in town."

"Isn't the Klan anti-Catholic?" I asked.

"Shut up!" Banahan yelled, glaring at me, then explained:

"In the South the Klan is anti-Catholic, but in the North it's only anti-Jewish. We will ride in blood, spreading confusion and terror in the Jew. Not little Ikey Moscovitz who keeps a stationery store, but the big Jews. You don't have to think how it'll be done. We don't want you to think. We'll do your thinking for you."

He glared at me again.

"Forget this Democracy stuff. Obey orders. It's for your benefit. Like a doctor who prescribes medicine and tells you what to do. Same with us. We know what's wrong with this country and we're prescribing the medicine. All you got to

do is to take what's given to you. Obey orders. We'll do your thinking for you.

"I'll talk to you later," Banahan turned to me.

"We'll be making bombs soon," he divulged. "At General Headquarters, up in Yonkers, they've already begun to make them. They're laying in supplies—metal, powder, fuses . . ."

Banahan said he'd procure literature on the subject and get someone to give us special instructions in blowing up bridges and vital communication centers.

"Here are a few tricks to remember. You can slip a time bomb into a brief-case, then leave it in the men's room and walk away. Or dump it in a rubbish can right in the building. I'd like to be able to pick up the paper some day and read, 'Grand Central Station Bombed,' 'The White House Blown to Bits,' or 'Queen Mary Sunk at Her Dock.' You know, men," Banahan went on, "Hitler was holding meetings in a cellar not long ago. He was being persecuted too. You men are making history. You may not know it, but you are. You're fighting to preserve a Christian America and Hitler and Mussolini are fighting with you."

I waited around for Banahan when the meeting was over and together we went to the German-American Athletic Club in the heart of Yorkville. We ordered beer. I expected to be called down for my question about the Ku Klux Klan, but he had evidently forgotten about it.

"It was right in this room," Banahan confided after the third beer, "that I met representatives of the German Government. The Iron Guard was financed with German money, you know," he said proudly.

"How much did you get?" I asked, showing great interest in the fact that the Nazis thought Banahan important enough to give him money.

"All I wanted," Banahan answered. "By the way, I've got your membership card." He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a card with cryptic symbols and numbers. Across the face of the card, printed in colored inks, were three large letters "PAX."

"That PAX stands for Phalanx. In Latin it means peace. So if you ever get caught with the card on you, you can say it's for a peace organization." We sipped our beer in silence

for a while, then Banahan confided: "But you've got to promise not to ask foolish questions in public."

I promised.

"George, you are my confidential secretary, and I'm going to show you the Plan of Organization of the Phalanx." Glancing around furtively, he handed me a carbon copy of the Plan, typed on thin paper, probably a fifth or sixth carbon of the original.

"Where's the original and the other copies?" I asked with enthusiasm as I studied the plan.

"Other units of the Phalanx have them," he answered.

The fanaticism with which Coughlinites interests impelled their duped followers is indicated in these brief excerpts from the four-page document:

#### *Section I—Purpose*

. . . We must take a solemn oath never to give up this battle until either we have won the fight, or until we have drawn the last breath of life. We must realize that this is a battle to the death, which once begun cannot be stopped. We shall be judged by our actions, not by the jurists of our enemies, but in the eyes of Christ the King.

Below appear the regulations and organizational outline of the Phalanx. Under no circumstances shall any of these regulations be altered except through a general order from the General Staff.

#### *Section II—Membership*

1. Membership in the Phalanx shall be open to those Christian Americans of the Aryan race who have been vouched for by one who is already enlisted. Males only shall be eligible.

2. The age limits are between the years of seventeen (17) and sixty (60).

3. Every prospective member shall appear before an examination board appointed by the General Staff, and must be passed on by this board before membership becomes final.

4. Upon being enlisted every member must take the following oath, with his right hand upon a Christian Bible . . . (The oath administered by Banahan followed).

5. Upon being enlisted, each new member will be turned over to the district training center, where his education in military science and tactics will begin. Here he will also be under close observation and his movements and actions recorded.

6. The final action before he is accepted by a membership board, will be deferred until a full report is received from the Intelligence Section, which is entrusted with the task of thoroughly investigating each and every application.

7. Each member will be issued a numbered membership card upon which will appear his photograph and his right thumb print. Under no circumstances will anyone be permitted to enter a meeting or drill without this card, no matter how well known.

8. Each member must sign a pledge to respect, to the best of his abilities, the commands of officers of the Phalanx, and to devote as much time as possible to the cause.

The Plan and the purposes of the Phalanx were identical with those of the *Cagouards*—the Hooded Ones—the French terrorist organization formally known as the Fascist Secret Committee for Revolutionary Action subsidized by Hitler and Mussolini. It was estimated that 100,000 members were trained and heavily armed for "fifth column" work.

A few days before Christmas, 1939, in response to an urgent note from James Banahan, I met him at his home. He had just heard that the "sport club" in Brooklyn was contemplating a merger with Manhattan units. While I sat at his typewriter he dictated a letter to Joseph M. Conlan, Bronx leader of the Christian Front, making an appointment with him.

Several days later, Banahan, Conlan and I met in a parked car in front of the 125th Street Post Office. Four Christian Front bruisers lounged outside the car, keeping a lookout. Conlan told us that the Front in Brooklyn had 200 men, many of them armed, and were in an "advanced" stage.

After outlining the activities of the Phalanx, Banahan exclaimed, "Look, Conlan, why don't we work together? We could help each other plenty."

"Tell you what," Conlan said, "we may be able to swing it together if we don't have to give up our identity. We don't want to be absorbed, see. I can't give you any definite word until I speak to the big boys, but I think it can be arranged."

Banahan clapped Conlan on the shoulder. "That's the way I want to hear you talk. We'll make a real outfit, one that's really tough. . . . Suppose I get in touch with you right after Christmas, then the leaders of the Brooklyn Sports Club and the Midtown Sporting Club can arrange a joint meeting."

"Suits me. What are you fellows doing now? Nothing? Suppose we all drive over to Star O'Munster Hall. There's a Christian Front meeting going on."

I looked at Banahan for an answer.

"Sure, let's go. Anything that'll help the revolution."

I saw myself involved in situations from which I would have great difficulty extricating myself. These men were outlaws who stopped at nothing. Now was the time to call a halt *before* they carried through their threats! I felt it my duty to inform those who could deal with the situation. The next morning I presented myself at the offices of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, arranged a meeting with Special Agent Peter J. Wacks and turned over the evidence I had gathered.

The Phalanx was ready to march. Moore, Coyne, McGee, Kennedy and others had almost paid up for their guns. Dietrich was experimenting with bombs. Banahan was arranging to hold outdoor target practice on a farm near Peekskill in New York State. Arrangements to co-ordinate the Phalanx and Cassidy's Brooklyn Sports Club were proceeding smoothly. New members poured into the Phalanx, every one of them itching to get into action.

On January 13, 1940, the F.B.I. cracked down on Cassidy's Sports Club and hauled into Federal Court seventeen men of varying ages, charging them with conspiracy to overthrow the Government of the United States. Newspaper accounts showed that Cassidy's group was modelled on lines identical with the Phalanx.

The Phalanx disbanded immediately after the arrests.

Banahan and some of the others were questioned by the F.B.I. but were eventually released. The "big boys" behind the scenes were never made public. Back to the street corners and the taverns, and the pool-rooms went the men of the Phalanx, to wait until another fuhrer called. When the case against the Christian Front was heard the jury brought out a verdict of "Not Guilty." More than a verdict, it was an echo! An echo of the words of Berlin police officials who on May 14, 1926, were quoted by foreign correspondents:

Berlin police officials who yesterday discovered a mass of documentary evidence which revealed the existence of a plot to

establish a German fascist dictatorship, are now inclined to consider existence of the alleged plot greatly exaggerated.

"Not guilty!"

Borough President George U. Harvey of Queens defended the Christian Front saying, "They're Americans." Father Coughlin praised the Christian Front, saying: "They're Christians," and elaborated:

The Crusaders of old were Christian Fronters. . . . I take my stand beside him [William H. Bushnell, Jr.] and his fellow Christian Front prisoners, be they guilty or be they innocent! . . . not retracting one word which I have said today or on previous occasions. . . . For us there is no white flag of surrender!

Echoes!

When on September 23, 1930, in the German City of Leipzig three young members of the Nazi Party were brought to trial for treason, Hitler had yelled: "These are patriotic Germans." And though the young Nazis were found guilty, they were let off with eighteen months in an army fortress—a special prison for those who committed "Honorable crimes."

The Phalanx and the Christian Front marched the streets of New York—fighting, Jew-baiting, plotting revolution and the sabotage of Democracy. And all this in the name of "anti-Communism" and "patriotism."

On the streets of Berlin during 1929, Hitler's Brownshirts had been playing the same game. On October 19, 1930, Novelist Thomas Mann told reporters: "I regard the National-Socialist Party as a flash in the pan which will soon be over." Three years later Adolf Hitler ruled the Reich, and Thomas Mann came to America as an exile to warn us of the dangers of fascism he had minimized in Germany.

And in America, how many listened to him?

## PUPPETS OF ADOLF HITLER

"The German has no right to renounce his Germanism. He was born a German by the will of God. There is no greater sin than voluntarily to renounce German blood. A German remains a German whether he lives in China, Japan, France or elsewhere. Our mentality is not determined by climate or location, but by race and blood."

ERNST WILHELM BOHLE

I PROVED MYSELF such a "loyal" worker and *The Christian Defender* pleased Stahrenberg so much, that he urged me to sell copies of the *National American* at Bund Camp Siegfried. I went there with Carl Halder and Gus Hettler, his associates at the shop. With 1000 Jew-baiting leaflets, 500 copies of Pete's hate sheet and 50 copies of my own poison stored in the trunk, we drove over Route 27 and after passing through a number of sleepy Long Island towns, turned left into Yaphank. We were stopped by storm troopers with gray uniforms and military boots, who jotted down our license number and plied us with questions.

Carl answered them: "*Er ist einer meiner italienischen Freunde. Ich kann für ihn vollauf garantieren.*" (He is an Italian friend of mine. I vouch for him.)

Overhead was a sign: *Herzlich Willkommen* (Hearty Welcome).

Camp Siegfried was one of twenty-four Bund camps in the United States. It consisted of a forty-four-acre tract of flat ground. Hidden from the public were the parade grounds and Hindenburg sport field. Deep within the Camp grounds, snug among the trees, were the O.D. houses (*Ordnungs Dienst Haeuser*) for the storm troopers. The year-round homes had swastikas built into the masonry or painted on the façade. All speech was in German. Camp Siegfried was operated by the German American Settlement League, Inc. and its mission

was to found a German-speaking colony—a Sudetenland in New York State.

Our Camp is designed principally to be a place which breathes of the spirit of the new Germany. . . . We want to be helpers and advisers who are ready at all times to do any work; to provide for order and to make propaganda for the ideals of our great German racial community. Hereby we consecrate you as a little piece of German soil in America, as a symbol of our motto, "obligated to America, tied to Germany."

Carl and I set up shop in the picnic grove beneath the pines. While he remained in charge of the tables, I trudged away with the poison sheets and sold them, at the same time taking pictures and talking to residents and visitors. In the parking lot I had seen an unusual number of expensive cars, many with New Jersey and Pennsylvania plates. Who were the owners? I believed it worth finding out and managed to record the license plates of 163 of the better class cars.

German slogans were conspicuously placed throughout the Camp.

"*Deutschtum Erwache*"—one sign read ("Germans awake").

"*Wir Amerikaner Deutschen Blutes Ehren die Heimat*"—"We Americans of German Blood Cherish the Fatherland") was another sign.

Also: "*Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Führer*" ("One Folk-Race, One Germany, One Leader").

At three o'clock a car drove up and twelve uniformed members of the *Jugendschaft* filed out. The *Jugendschaft* (male Youth Division of the Bund) was modelled directly after the Hitler Youth. They wore swastika buttons and carried their emblem—a short flash of jagged lightning set against a black background. The short daggers they carried were inscribed "*Blut und Ehre*"—Blood and Honor—signifying eternal allegiance to the Fatherland.

At the parade grounds Bundsmen took charge of youths and adults alike.<sup>1</sup> The O.D.'s then appeared with flags, ban-

<sup>1</sup>Loyal German Americans are exempted from all my ensuing remarks. Otto Kunze, an exceptionally fine marionette maker who came to America voluntarily before Hitler's advent, symbolizes the loyal American of German descent.

"Germany is hopeless," he told me as I interviewed him in New York. "The people did not make it what it is. It was the militarists—men without

ners, and pennants, massed them at the head of the troops and at the word *marsch* led the procession down Hindenburg Field. Grim and defiant, father, son and daughter obeyed all military commands. Massed American flags fluttered between dozens of Bund banners and Bund emblems. Some of the American flags were on flag-staffs surmounted by swastikas.

Leading the parade was Fritz Kuhn. On his left was Gustave Elmer, followed by other Bund dignitaries. On his right walked fuehrer Joseph McWilliams. I snapped their picture together and also managed to include Richard Koolian, the Dashnag, walking alongside.

Speakers of the day were Herman Max Schwinn, Bund leader of the West coast; the patriotic twins, Kuhn-McWilliams; and William Meyer, speaker of the American Nationalist Party. Meyer spoke in English but sprinkled his talk liberally with German and closed urging: *Opfer, Opfer* [Sacrifice, Sacrifice] in every way you can on behalf of true Amerikanism. *Frei Amerika!*"

"*Heil, Amerika!*" the crowd yelled back.

After considerably more heiling, singing of Germanic songs and the prolonged oratory of Nazi speakers, the ceremonies of *Deutscher Volk Day* (German Folk Day) came to an end and the Hitlerite dream of "a little piece of German soil," a Sudetenland in "Amerika," was planted this side of the ocean.

Camp Siegfried was a symbol of the Bund of yesterday.

At Ebling's Casino I saw crowds of 2000 men, women and children on a hot summer night sing the *Horst Wessel Lied* and *Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles* until they could sing no more. When the blistering campaign in Poland was shown on the screen and a bomb heaved from an airplane laid waste an area teeming with life, the audience went into hys-

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character, morality or Christianity. From childhood they trained the people to goose-step to war. I knew the old German culture was going to die . . . and I wanted to live. I came to America. America is still an unfinished country. Everything lies ahead. Everything remains to be done. Next to His coming this American melting pot is the greatest experience in the history of man. It is Christianity really at work."

I believe Otto is a great and humble American, as great as Carl Schurz but not as well known, and I believe America will be enriched by his immigrant talent.

By the same token, the majority of German-Americans are behind the war effort and participating in the fight against Nazi-Fascism.

terics. When a German submarine was shown torpedoing a helpless Allied ship and the ship turned turtle, sinking stern first, the sea dotted with human beings crawling like beetles, the audience roared lustily!

"Wonderful!" *Wunderbar!*

The foundations of the Bund were laid in 1924. It originated with the Chicago unit of the Teutonia Club when that club raised a platoon of storm troopers modelled directly on Hitler's Brownshirts, and adopted the swastika. The Teutonia Clubs were originally founded in Detroit by Fritz Gissibl, a German alien who was with Hitler in the Munich beer hall *Putsch*. Eight years later under Heinz Spanknoebel, a former worker for Henry Ford, the Friends of the Hitler Movement was founded in Detroit and in other cities.

When Hitler became Chancellor on January 30, 1933, Spanknoebel was called to Germany. On his return to America, the Friends of the Hitler Movement changed its name to Friends of the New Germany—(*Freunde des Neuen Deutschlands*) and continued to function under that name. In the meanwhile, Fritz Kuhn, also working as a chemist in Henry Ford's plant, became the fuehrer of the Detroit regional group. In December, 1935, a merger of all the scattered "Friends" was effected and Kuhn was appointed supreme *Bundesfuhrer*. In June, 1936, the "Friends" were Americanized to the German-American Bund (*Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*) and launched on a national campaign of treason under the guise of star-spangled "patriotism."

Controlled by the *Deutsches Ausland Institut*—the Foreign Section of the Nazi Party directed by Ernst Wilhelm Bohle—and backed by Nazi money, the Bund flourished all through the depression years. The United States was divided into three *gaue* (districts) each with its own *fuhrer* or *gauleiter*. The fifty-seven Bund cells were subdivided into *Ordnungs Dienst* (uniformed storm-troopers); *Jungenschaft* and *Mädchenschaft*—the male and female Hitler Youth corps; *Frauenschaft* (women's auxiliary) and *Deutscher Konsum Verband*, or the German-American Business League which was maintained by the Bund and published a business guide boycotting anyone not in sympathy with it.

All these Nazi cells sent their savings to Germany and re-

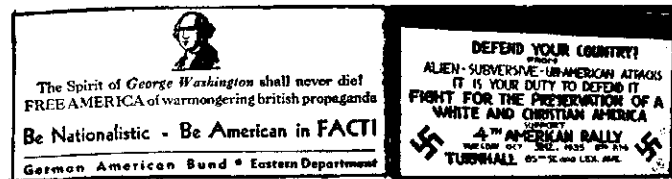
ceived propaganda instructions and trained consular agents like Captain Fritz Wiedemann and Colonel Ulrich von Klinger to direct espionage and revolutionary activity.

The influence wielded by the Bund in our political dissensions must not be underestimated. The Bund was the spearhead of the anti-Democratic crusade and set the pattern for the Christian Front and the Silver Shirts and countless others like them. Viewed over the years, the swastika-heiling period was a temporary expediency staged to arrest public opinion and enthral the admiration of frustrated and simple-minded Americans in the lower classes of our society.

The *Deutsches Ausland Institut* launched a two-pronged pincer attack on our Democracy. Leadership of the first "fifth column" was entrusted to German-Americans, while the second was entrusted to carefully selected candidates of non-German "one hundred per cent American" ancestry—the Edmondsons and Pelleys—whose job it was literally to translate Nazi propaganda into English terms and serve it as "patriotism" to those who would swallow it as such. The American wing of the Nazi psychological fifth column penetrated Park Avenue society, or business and industrial circles and eventually projected itself deep into the halls of Congress.

In the meanwhile tons of propaganda—from the mills of Hamburg, Berlin, Erfurt and Stuttgart—flooded the United States. "National-Socialism would be worth nothing if it restricted itself to Germany alone and did not seal the rule of the superior race [*herrenrasse*] over the whole world for at least 1000 to 2000 years," Hitler said, and lavished an estimated \$300,000,000 a year on agencies *im ausland* (overseas) to help promote the world revolution. The *Ausland Institut* stated in its yearbook in 1936 that it maintained 46,000 German organizations abroad, more than 20,000 of which were in the United States. And wishfully prophesied Carl Hubl, Nazi Party leader of the British Kenya Colony:

I am convinced the foreign section of the Nazi party is an instrument on which some day the *Führer* will play a mighty melody. We Germans abroad are the strings of this instrument. We must be certain that in case of necessity it is ready to be used.



The Bund "honors" George Washington. The poster at right was placed on a truck and driven through Yorkville streets.

A horde of Nazi agents travelled back and forth. Consul Herbert Scholz directed operations from Boston; Gerhard Alois Westrick worked the New York area; from his home overlooking the San Diego naval base, Count von Bülow managed the vital Western coast with wily Fritz Wiedemann, San Francisco consul, who was finally expelled. Hans Borchers, Frederick Draeger. Nazi clergymen like the Rev. S. G. von Bosse furthered Nazism from the pulpit. At Columbia University Professor Friedrich E. Auhagen, and at Wittenberg College in Ohio Frederick K. Krueger propagated the Nazi cause in an extensive Nazi network that permeated every corner of America and made its influence felt in every class of our social, economic and political life.

It was the boom period for espionage in which the boats of the Hamburg-American Line played a prominent role. Dr. Colin Ross, a Nazi of Scot ancestry, toured America photographing our industries, harbors, power plants and rallying Hitlerites in our key cities. "Germans in America, too, have experienced their Versailles," he wrote. "A man will arise and rally them, a German Thomas Paine."

In the meanwhile the Bund had so antagonized most Americans by its swastika-heiling phase that orders came from Berlin to cut out public singing of the *Horst Wessel Lied*, shelve the Sam Browne belts and marching boots and "go American." The party line changed, as a bucket of red-white-and-blue paint was applied to make overnight "patriots" of the Nazis. The *Deutscher Weckruf* became *The Free American*. And no longer professing to convert the United States to National-Socialism, the Bund became nationalist and isola-



tionist, showed great concern for the welfare of the Republic and adopted the slogan: America First.

When Fritz Kuhn was jailed for misusing party funds, Kunze took his place and promptly identified himself with the great Carl Schurz in leaflets titled *Blood Is Honor and Germany, America's Great Friend In Need*. "The spirit of George Washington must never die," the Bund screamed. "To none is his memory dearer than to Americans of German origin."

Disguising itself as the *Männerchor* (Male Chorus) the Los Angeles Bund attended a meeting of the League to Save America First, managed by T. W. Hughes. After the meeting had started the storm-troubadours unfolded packages resembling sheet music and distributed them to the audience. It was Nazi literature.

The Bund, that is the Nazi arm of the same old Bund, went underground to plot sabotage and espionage, while its "American" wing gushed out in patriotism and socialized with native fascists. Basically anti-Catholic, the Bund went in heavily for "Christianity," sponsored "giant Christian American" meetings, and frothed at the "persecution of Christians" by a handful of American Jews. Most laughable were attempts to "prove that Christ was not a Jew." Kuhn said Christ was an Armenian!

With the change from the Hitler salute to spurious Americanism and Christianity, the Bund spirit penetrated deeper into native American strata. Taking advantage of the depression years and making expert use of anti-Semitism, Roosevelt-hate and the pitting of group against group, the Bund began to radiate and to syphon its influence in the mass "Christian-American-Patriotic" movement. The promotion of native American "fronts" as a screen to Bund activity became standard practice, backed by illimitable capital and the extensive Nazi network of organization. With those native fascists it could not control, the Bund collaborated.

All this went on so subtly that the average American dismissed their noisy antics as merely crackpot. While most of America was lulled into sleep, the Bund and its elements went quietly about their work of injecting the toxin into the American blood stream without hurting the patient. The Bund was

governed by the law laid down by the *Ausland Institut* and enunciated by Fritz Kuhn in the *Deutscher Weckruf* on his return from Germany:

One thing must be considered quite definitely. . . . We must impel American politics with a pure German feeling. . . . We must demand from the candidates that they, above all else, must always use their influence that America, under all circumstances, must keep out of any European war. That is the greatest service that we can show Germany. . . .

Our task is first the consolidation of all German racial groups and second, the acquisition of influence for a subsequent show of power in American politics. This second part is most important. American Germandom must become dynamic, turn against its adversaries. . . . Our battlefield is right here, and here is where we must fight it out.

When the Hitler Youth—"future carrier of German racial ideals in America" was Americanized with its parent, the front cover of its organ, *Junges Volk*, displayed a picture of Abraham Lincoln and of Horst Wessel (a procurer for Berlin brothels until he was killed in a brawl). The caption read: "German blood our pride—a Better America our Goal." And below the pictures of Lincoln and Wessel was the caption: "Both died for the future of their people."

These youths were taught that only German contributions to America, only the German racial strain, only the Germanic ideals mattered. German blood was superior not in the United States alone, but the world over. "We are first of all Germans in race and blood and language" was the slogan dinned into them. I came to know many members of the *Jugendenschaft*. Their slavish obedience to authority, their complete absorption in Bundist doctrine made them difficult material for future citizenship. A special prayer was written for them by Baldur von Schirach:

Adolf Hitler, we believe in Thee. Without Thee we would be alone. Through Thee we are a people. Thou hast given us the great experience of our youth, comradeship. Thou hast laid upon us the task, the duty, and the responsibility. Thou hast given us Thy Name [*Hitler Jugend*], the most beloved Name that Germany has ever possessed. We speak it with reverence, we bear it

with faith and loyalty. Thou canst depend upon us, Adolf Hitler, Leader and Standard-Bearer. The Youth is Thy Name. Thy name is the Youth. Thou and the young millions can never be sundered.

How *could* these American-born youths healthfully participate in the American way? While among themselves, speaking in German, they were at ease, but they sputtered and stammered in the presence of non-Germans. They kept aloof, either through a false sense of "Aryan" superiority, or what I suspected as probable, a feeling of inferiority before other nationalities who mixed as fellow Americans, laughed freely and thrilled normally.

As Hitler dictated to his Youth groups, Hitler also laid down the party line for the more respectable German-American groups when he said according to Hermann Rauschnig:

It is a good idea to have at least two German societies in every country. One of them can always call attention to its loyalty to the country in question, and will have the function of fostering social and economic connections. The other may be radical and revolutionary.

The Bund was only one arm of the Nazi octopus—the "radical and revolutionary" arm of the scheme for America's conquest. Fantastic as it may sound, Nazi leaders who had already carved the world for themselves, had actually mapped out a "German *Lebensraum*" in the midwest which planned to have its own autonomous laws, press and political representatives, and would some day establish its independence—the identical tactics which Conrad Henlein was assigned to follow in the Sudetenland. The final aim was to be the realization of *unser Amerika*: a German America!

Questionnaires were actually sent out to midwestern German societies to determine the number of votes controlled by German racial elements. It was the wild Nazi dream to convert German-American communities into solid German racial blocs (*Volksgemeinschaft*) which would vote to elect pro-Nazi officials to office and thus serve the role of a "constitutional" fifth column. Hence the vigilant attempts of Nazi agents to establish *Deutsche Volksgruppe* (national groups) and instill in them racial solidarity and pan-Germanism. Di-

rector Ernst Wilhelm Bohle's dictum to those German-Americans who listened was:

We only know the concept of the complete German who, as a citizen of his country, is always and everywhere a German and nothing else but a German. . . . The German has no right to renounce his Germanism. He was born a German by the will of God. There is no greater sin than voluntarily to renounce German blood. A German remains a German whether he lives in China, Japan, France or elsewhere. Our mentality is not determined by climate or location, but by race and blood.

The German-American National Alliance with headquarters in Chicago served the midwest as a "respectable" front for Hitlerite views. Throughout its 350 units, the Alliance vigorously promoted *Die Einheitsfront*—the "United Front" (of "American Germanism race-conscious, politically unified, and economically secure"). It supported the America First Committee and exhorted members to "assist financially and morally" all isolationist and appeaser causes. In a pamphlet entitled *You are Wanted*, the Alliance argued:

We constitute about 25% of the entire population of the United States, but constitute a part equal to almost nothing of the government of our country. It is for lack of equal political representation on our part that certain groups which are very powerful politically, have been able to ridicule and persecute everything that is German-American in this country for the deliberate purpose of thereby silencing the voice of German-Americans, which they fear otherwise would have been expressed and heard in favor of a free and internationally independent America.

*Die Einheitsfront* succeeded in inducing the Chicago Censorship Board to refuse the exhibition of the movie *Pastor Hall* showing Nazis in an unfavorable light. But it applauded *Sieg im Westen* (Victory in the West) which advertised Nazi military power. Speaking on July 9, 1940, over a daily "German Hour" maintained by the Alliance, its spokesman Walter H. Silge warned:

I have made it clear, time and again, how urgent it is for every United States citizen of German descent to join the *Einheitsfront*,

thus furthering cooperation among America's Germandom. Those who join our *Einheitsfront* in good time may discard all fear. Apprehension of the Future Impends Only For Those Who Stubbornly Remain On the Side Lines.

The Germans knew what this warning meant.

Aristocrat in its class, the Steuben Society hated the Bund because of its difference in tactics, shunned wild Nazi talk and avoided in recent years the public heiling of Hitler, while the Bund continued as before. In the reception room of the Society in New York, I found a large American flag standing in one corner. On the walls were pictures of General Von Steuben and of Washington and Lincoln. The Pledge to the Flag and the Bill of Rights hung neatly framed between them. High up was a bunting in red-white-and-blue. The room oozed patriotism. The Society published *The Steuben News*—a "Newspaper for Patriotic Americans"—and described itself as:

... a patriotic, civic and educational political society endeavoring to awaken in the hearts and minds of American citizens of German extraction the necessity for taking a more active part and interest in the political affairs of our great country.

Its program demanded "strict discipline" on the part of its members, and rejected "persons who are shifters and trimmers, or who are known to possess no race pride." The Steuben Society strongly emphasized Racial (Aryan) consciousness and political objectives. In addition to numerous units throughout the country it also maintained a Junior League Division, a Ladies' Auxiliary, and sponsored numerous German-language schools.

*The New York Times* and other newspapers stated that a confidential letter was sent to one hundred wealthy members by President Theodore H. Hoffman asking \$100 from each "to fight British propaganda." But while Hoffman regarded Anglophilia as unforgivable, neither he nor any other official of the Steuben Society declared themselves against Hitler's regime. When asked to comment on Nazi propaganda here, Hoffman is quoted to have said: "I'm not interested."

This view is understandable in the light of Hoffman's rec-

ord as director of the Steuben Society.<sup>2</sup> It goes back to his trip to Germany and his reception by Hitler. Hoffman told the story in a by-lined article in the December 20, 1934 issue of the *Deutscher Beobachter* published in New York:

Whoever thinks that National-Socialism rules by oppression, is mistaken. . . . My personal impressions of Hitler were that he is an idealist, an unusual organizer and a man of tremendous energy. It is my conviction that he is honest and sincere in his endeavors not only to unite the German people, but also in his determination to break the chains of slavery. . . . He is the one man who filled the life of the German nation . . . with new hope of the future.

A year later Hoffman returned to Germany, this time with a delegation of Steubenites who were entertained by Hitler on August 7, 1935, and were also received at the *Deutsches Ausland Institut* and by Nazi Party officials.

A few months later—on October 6, 1935—Dr. Hans Grimm of the *Ausland Institut* appeared as guest of honor at *Deutscher Tag* (German Day celebration) sponsored by the Steuben Society in swastika-draped Madison Square Garden. The Steubenites sent Hitler a lengthy telegram which was printed in the *Deutscher Beobachter* on October 10, 1935:

... Greetings, bearing our thanks to you, the *Führer*, who, relying only upon your belief in the eternal destination of the German people, has moved unto the light of fulfillment the dream, millenniums old, of our ancestors. Greetings of vowing faith to our nation, a faith which is and will be forever the guide of our doings. We greet you, the reason for our pride, symbol of our love of our nation, you, the *Führer* of New Germany.

Next year, Dr. Karl Stroelin, President of the *Ausland Institut* arrived in person and addressed a wild mob of hyphen-

<sup>2</sup> I am indebted for these startling facts on the Steuben Society leadership to T. H. Tetens who since 1934 has made an exhaustive study of Nazi activity in North and South America, and has accumulated a vast store of documentary proof of the historic development and extension of the pan-Germanic scheme for world domination. . . . "Hitler is but the greenest shoot of the great unholy oak of Wotan," he wrote. "Even after Hitler's defeat the world will never find a lasting peace as long as ruthless Prussianism and fanatical pan-Germanism endure."

ated Americans celebrating *Deutscher Tag*. And once again cables of loyalty were sent by American citizens to *der Führer* on foreign soil.

Hoffman's personal attachment with Nazi agents did not end here. The *Deutscher Beobachter*—an organ which reported Bund and Friends of the New Germany activity—told how Hoffman spoke at the Saar-Festival celebration of the purely Nazi *Stahlhelm* (Steel Helmets) in New York, together with Freiherr von Schrotter, *Stahlhelm Landesführer* (District Fuehrer). According to the record, "huge waves of applause" greeted Hoffman.

George Sylvester Viereck was one of the founders of the Steuben Society which was founded in 1919 and immediately adopted the program of the German National Alliance (which upon Congressional investigation had been dissolved during the World War) to aid in the reconstruction of a defeated Germany and form a pro-German bloc in the United States. Viereck wrote in the August, 1921 issue of his *American Monthly* that membership in the Steuben Society was open only to German Americans who had "never betrayed or denied their race."

*The Steuben News* reprinted articles from the pro-Fascist Italian daily, *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*. It recommended books by the notorious *Ausland Institut* and ran many articles by Nazi agents. *The Steuben News* praised as "extraordinary and valuable" the book *Scarlet Fingers* published by Flanders Hall, the propaganda mill financed by Nazi agent George Sylvester Viereck, and urged that orders be sent direct to Steuben Society headquarters.

*Steuben News* columnist Herman C. Kudlich lavishly praised Conrad Henlein—the Fritz Kuhn of Czechoslovakia—and urged readers to send gifts to *Bund der Sudetendeutschen* (Sudeten-German Bund) in New York for forwarding to the Sudeten Nazi as a token of moral support.

*The Steuben News* took offense because George Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago "had the extremely bad taste to speak of the present German chancellor as a former paper-hanger, intending thereby to belittle him." In an article on "The Innitzer Case" *The Steuben News* justified the treatment given Cardinal Innitzer by Austrian Nazi hoodlums:

The press here grows indignant at this "brutal" attack on the Catholic religion. It is nothing of the kind. It is an attempt to compel the priesthood to keep out of affairs of the State.

*The Steuben News* followed the accepted party line of pro-Nazi isolationists. It headlined the speeches of Lindbergh. It championed the late Senator Ernest Lundeen—some of whose speeches were written by Nazi agent Viereck—and on one occasion devoted eleven columns to one of his defeatist speeches. It reprinted from *Social Justice* and *The Herald*, American Fascist weekly. It ran large advertisements for the America First Committee, reprinted its bulletins and urged its members to support it financially. The Steuben Society fought desperately all measures to arm those European Democracies which resisted Hitler's brutality. And *Steuben News* also quoted liberally from the *New York Enquirer*, published by William Griffin, who was later shown to have associated with Viereck.

When Nye ran for re-election in 1936 three branches of the Society assisted him financially according to published accounts. In return, Nye inserted the propaganda of the Society in the *Congressional Record* and sanctioned the mailing of thousands of copies, free. "Come and greet our friend," read the appeal of the Society announcing Nye's appearance at the Steuben Day banquet. "He has fought your battle. This is a call to arms to show your appreciation . . ."

Another darling was Representative Hamilton Fish who

## The Steuben News

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE 1930  
A NEWSPAPER FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICANS

### Germans of Czechoslovakia (November, 1936)

These Germans are oppressed by the Czech government, and every possible means is employed to suppress their cultural and economic activities and to reduce them to the position of helots.

They are departing for their very existence and have united under the leadership of a man who has won their hearts and whose name will go down in history as their savior.

This man, Konrad Henlein, some years ago conceived the idea of uniting his people, to convince them that their only salvation lay

in this very unity. With indefatigable zeal he has convinced them that only by standing together in one and only one party, reorganizing and discontinuing all factionalism could they hope to preserve themselves.

There are resident in this city a number of these Sudeten-Deutsche. They have formed a "Federation of Bund" for the declared purpose of coming to the assistance of their German brothers in Czechoslovakia, to give them moral and material support, to foster attachment to

the land of their birth among those bailing from Sudetoland and to participate in the mutual

This is a very commendable undertaking and should receive the support of everyone bailing from that section and also of all Germans who were formerly of the old Austrian monarchy and Hungary. The address of the Bund der Sudetendeutschen is Austrian Hall, 245 East 52 Street, N. Y. City.

HERMAN C. KUDLICH

also was a close friend of Viereck. The Steuben Society promoted the founding of the National Committee to Keep America Out of Foreign Wars, collected enormous sums from its memberships and turned the leadership over to Ham Fish.

*The Steuben News* also expressed uncommon affection for Senator Rush D. Holt and it quoted liberally from and concurred in the sentiments of the following officials: Senator D. Worth Clark; Representatives Jacob Thorkelson, Martin L. Sweeney, Clare E. Hoffman, Roy O. Woodruff, Lewis D. Thill, Harry Sauthoff, Bernard J. Gehrmann, H. Carl Andersen, Robert F. Rich, Jeanette Rankin, Harold Knutson, William B. Barry, James O'Connor, Louis Ludlow, George H. Tinkham.

In the summer of 1940, I came upon a copy of *Today's Challenge* in the Germania Bookstore. It contained a series of articles by Lawrence Dennis, William R. Castle, Senator Ernest Lundeen and Representative Hamilton Fish. It was inspired by George Sylvester Viereck, registered as a Nazi agent with the German Library of Information and managed by Nazi agent, Friedrich E. Auhagen. To the uninitiated who knew nothing about Viereck's guile *Today's Challenge*—organ of the American Fellowship Forum—was an innocent magazine and had a lofty purpose:

Only through cooperation among men and women of all walks of life, bound together by an enlightened self-interest in the welfare of our country, is it possible to make progress in the right direction. . . . And it is to the creation of such a spirit that the American Fellowship Forum has been dedicated. . . . As a non-partisan, educational institution, it is dedicated to a more enlightened, a more united and more prosperous America.

Lieutenant Commander of the United States Navy C. Bailey, and Rear Admiral of the United States Navy D. E. Dismukes (retired) both sent in long letters "as a slight corrective for the propaganda that is dragging the people of this country into war." In his letter Commander Bailey quoted from a "noted English military authority" also recommended by Father Coughlin and Pelley.

Meetings of the American Fellowship Forum naturally

avoided Bund elements. Members paid \$5 to join and were promised the "satisfaction of working for a truly constructive and patriotic cause, unmarred by any selfish or ulterior motives." It held meetings in exclusive hotels and sponsored high-class social affairs in order to attract American prototypes of the British Cliveden set. Its role corresponded to that of the Anglo-German Fellowship of London whose members were linked with Nazi cartels and were the respectable Quislings.

The Forum coveted the friendship of army and navy men. At one of Allen Zoll's luncheons I met its field scout, Miss Ima Gotthelf and saw her speaking with Major William Lathrop Rich who had long associated with super-patriots. I saw them go off to one side and talk earnestly together, whereupon I saw the Major write down an address and phone number for her. Under Viereck's guidance the Fellowship advocated a strict nationalist policy—America for the Americans, Europe for the Europeans.

Congressman Thorkelson was advertised to speak for the Forum, as he had spoken for the Mobilizers. Lawrence Dennis, a champion of American National-Socialism, was a regular contributor to *Today's Challenge*. He was Viereck's close friend and an ardent promoter of the Forum. John A. Zellers, president of the New York Board of Trade spoke before the Fellowship Forum, as did Otto A. Stiefel, of the German American Conference. But Viereck's prize catch was William R. Castle, our former Ambassador to Japan and under-secretary of state under President Hoover. Castle swallowed Viereck's cunning propaganda at one gulp. He wrote several articles for *Today's Challenge* and in one issue wrote vacuously on "Wanted—International Courtesy":

Fascism is essentially nationalistic. It has no desire to create other fascist states except in so far as the spread of fascism seems to create a more sympathetic world in which to try to get the space and the raw materials which it needs. Let us at least be wholly honest with ourselves. . . . We must recognize also that he [Hitler] has kept the movement purely German, that his seizures of territory have been of territory inhabited by Germans. . . . That is why Hitler is so popular in Germany.

For weeks, as I weaved in and out of "patriotic" meetings,

I had been seeing quantities of pro-Nazi literature bearing the imprint of Flanders Hall. I was on the verge of writing them when a mimeographed card from Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling of the so-called Chicago Patriotic Bureau, announced that she was sending me a Flanders Hall book, entitled *Lord Lothian vs. Lord Lothian*. What surprised me was that she made *optional* a payment of \$1, which to me suggested that she had either received the book gratis or at an extremely low price. It also showed that Flanders Hall was anxious to have its stuff get around. What axe had they to grind?

I wrote them, inclosing a copy of my *Christian Defender*. In a few days I received a cordial letter from Siegfried H. Hauck and a quantity of catalogues for distribution. A few weeks later, I received a book *The 100 Families that Rule the Empire*, by Giseler Wirsing, editor-in-chief of *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, a Nazi publication, whose American correspondent was Viereck. The introduction was written by Viereck, the great American patriot in Hitler's pay.

Flanders Hall published a list which included twenty books urging strict isolationism and seeking to prejudice opinion against aid to the Allies. As a German agent during the World War, Viereck had played an almost *identical* role. He published *The Fatherland* and later *Viereck's American Monthly*, on whose masthead was the motto: "America First and America Only." In his book *Spreading Germs of Hate* which he wrote after the war, Viereck indicated:

Every propagandist drapes himself in the flag. The objective of German propaganda was three-fold; to strengthen and replenish Germany; to weaken and harass Germany's foes; and to keep America out of war.

Among Flanders Hall authors was Shaemas O'Sheel who served as the Kaiser's propagandist during the World War and tried to embroil us with Mexico. Another Flanders Hall book, *The Hapless Boers* by Eugen Vroom, one of Viereck's many aliases, was dedicated to "Colonel Fritz Duquesne, Undaunted Warrior and Avenger of His Stricken Motherland." A year later Duquesne was convicted as the master-mind in a Nazi spy ring. Viereck's other aliases were George F. Corners,

James Burr Hamilton, Donald Furtherman Wicketts, and Dr. Claudius Murchison.

Through devious means I ascertained that some of the Flanders Hall books were translated directly from the Nazi propaganda of the *Deutsche Informationsstelle* (German Information Center) operating from Berlin. Its books, however, were promoted under the following appeal:

Flanders Hall has embarked upon a campaign of education. Ours is a patriotic task, for which we freely ask the support of all those who believe with us in America First and America Only.

I paid a visit to Flanders Hall at Scotch Plains, New Jersey, which I found to be a pretty, sleepy little town an hour's ride from New York. Siegfried Hauck was seated in an office cluttered with files and stacks of books. Hauck was in his late twenties, a former small-town newspaperman, and had cordial manners. He did not talk like a Nazi. He was not anti-Semitic. He was not openly anti-British. He described himself merely as "pro-American." Time and again he emphasized that Flanders Hall was an American publishing enterprise and he wanted Americans, rather than "German-Americans," to distribute its books.

"I'd like to see Father Coughlin get behind our books and push them the way he pushed *Lord Lothian* and *100 Families*," he said, referring to the lavish reviews in *Social Justice*. Hauck was particularly eager to obtain the co-operation of various "patriotic organizations." Any non-German organization would do he added, as long as it was "old-established." When I asked if he intended to publish any anti-Semitic books his denial was prompt.

"We won't touch that stuff here," he said winking. "You understand why. We'll let others do what they want to do. Furthermore," he continued, "we are an American house. We are not engaged in any propaganda."

Casually I asked Hauck if any of his books were translations from the German. He answered curtly:

"We don't talk of that here."

When he told me that *Publicity*, an American fascist weekly published in Kansas, had ordered a hundred copies of the *100 Families*, I observed that *Publicity* was anti-Semitic.

"We can overlook that," Hauck said. "He is an American publisher. As a matter of fact, I don't care who orders our books as long as they are not Germans. We are an American house. We would like to have more people like Mrs. Dilling work with us. She did us a lot of good by sending our books all over the country."

Hauck was about to issue *We Must Save the Republic* by Representative Stephen A. Day—a leading spokesman for the America First Committee. "The Committee," Siegfried added, "has agreed to buy a considerable number of copies of Day's book." When I asked how he had had the advance sale arranged, Hauck answered: "General Hammond of the America First Committee took care of it. And that isn't all. We're going to come out with a whole series of America First books by other Congressmen and Senators."

Hauck chatted amiably as he drove me back to the station. He was impressed by the abilities I professed as "book salesman." As a result of that visit Hauck authorized me to represent Flanders Hall in the New York area, and gave me a list of old American groups to contact—advising me to get orders from college and public libraries. "Eventually," he said, "we might get you to travel for us all over the country. We can use a man of your abilities."

## Flanders Hall


PUBLISHERS

1800 FRONT STREET • SCOTCH PLAINS • NEW JERSEY  
FANWOOD 2 7848

June 23, 1941

To whom it may concern:

The bearer of this letter, Mr. George Fagnanelli of New York City, is a special sales representative of this firm, and is authorized to sell Flanders Hall publications and to solicit orders for them.

  
S. H. Hauck, President  
FLANDERS HALL

In due time our Department of Justice trailed George Sylvester Viereck to the inconspicuous offices in Scotch Plains and soon established the fact that he "financed, controlled, and directed" the "American" publishing enterprise.<sup>3</sup> When finally arrested by the F.B.I. Viereck said blandly: "I have tried hard to help the President keep his pledge to which he owes his re-election."

A week after visiting Hauck I heard from him again:

You mention that you may go to Washington; coincidentally, I have just returned from a four day visit there. I spent much time with our fine patriotic congressional leaders and other prominent American citizens, making final arrangements for the publication of our new series, AMERICA FIRST BOOKS.

The first of these books by Congressman Stephen A. Day will be followed by two books by the fighting young Senator, Rush D. Holt. These are the books that we have long been waiting for. I dare say, they are books that all America has been waiting for. Please plan to help us push them as much as possible. . . .

I determined to go to Washington to interview Day and Prescott Dennett, director of the Columbia Press Service and Washington representative of Flanders Hall. I was not hopeful of being received by Day. None the less I wrote him a cordial letter, inclosing a copy of my *Christian Defender* to see how he would react to the vile hate-sheet. Immediately on my arrival in Washington I phoned Day's office, expecting a rebuff by his secretary. On the contrary, after a minute's wait I was switched to Day's wire and spoke to him personally. He had received my letter and was eager to see me. We made an appointment for three-thirty P.M. the next day.

I was on time, and as I surveyed the high-ceilinged room speculating on how to act, Day emerged from his office—a squat, bald-headed man with bushy brows and a taciturn way about him. He shook my hand cordially. I started off by saying that Mrs. Dilling had sent me a copy of his speech against Union Now. Day acknowledged knowing Mrs. Dilling well and commented favorably on her various "patriotic" stunts.

<sup>3</sup>In 1915 Adolf Hauck, Sr., now a teacher of German at Plainfield (New Jersey) High School, was associated with George Sylvester Viereck and they had served together on a committee. Twenty-five years later his son carried on in his father's footsteps with considerably greater success.

When Day told me that his book would be issued in a few days, I asked what he thought of his publishers.

"Flanders Hall is the only American publishing house daring to put out pro-American books," he said earnestly.

"How did you happen to learn of Flanders Hall?" I asked.

"Through Prescott Dennett," Day answered.

"That's the man I came to Washington to see," I said. "I didn't think you knew him."

"Of course I know him. Here, I'll phone right now and you can make an appointment," Day volunteered to my astonishment.

He went to the phone and as soon as he had contacted Dennett he motioned to me. I arranged to meet Dennett at five o'clock. Then I thanked the Illinois Congressman for his co-operation.

"Perfectly all right. Glad to do it," he said, smiling. "I appreciate your efforts to promote my book in New York. And by the way, give my regards to Prescott when you see him."

In the lobby of the Old House Building at five o'clock I faced a tall, beefy man, in his thirties, with a fat body and flabby hand shake.

Dennett proved to be shrewd and tight-lipped, but after a while he began to talk cautiously, first by boasting that he had once toured Europe on a Pulitzer travelling fellowship. He told me of his associations with the War Debts Defense Committee, on which Representative Martin Sweeney and former Senator Ernest Lundeen were members. Dennett had also promoted through his Columbia Press Service propaganda for the Make Europe Pay War Debts Committee, and Islands for War Debts Committee all of which were publicized in *The Steuben News*. These were created under the magic and Midas touch of George Sylvester Viereck and used as dummy organizations to further his schemes. Dennett made clear that his role was that of "contact man" between his clients (Viereck and Flanders Hall) and susceptible Congressmen. He added that Senator Nye was working on a book which Flanders Hall would publish right after Holt's two books, *Who's Who Among the War Mongers* and *The British Propaganda Network*.

"Holt has a mailing list of 250,000 names," Dennett said. "The America First Committee is getting behind many of the

Flanders Hall books. You can understand why. It's just what they've needed. And Flanders Hall is the only pro-American concern that will publish patriotic books of this kind."

Dennett knew many Congressmen personally and spoke in highly complimentary terms of Martin Sweeney, Paul Shafer, Usher Burdick, Roy Woodruff, Burton K. Wheeler, James O'Connor, John Coffee and Jacob Thorkelson. Throughout our interview in a restaurant off Capitol Hill, I had the feeling that Dennett was hiding a great deal from me. His silence at my key questions, his repeated use of the phrase "pro-American" and the general atmosphere of plotting he conveyed, convinced me that there was a great deal more to Dennett than I had yet dug out. I suggested dropping in at his home the next day for some literature to take back "to the boys back home."

"Sure, come right over. I've got lots of stuff."

His home at 1430 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W. also served as office for the Columbia Press Service.

"I'll get the literature right away," Dennett said. It was apparent he did not want me to hang around the premises. But while he went into an inner room I took the opportunity of looking over his desk. I could see nothing to interest me. It was clean, suspiciously clean.

"There's so much stuff back here that I can't find what I want," Dennett called out from inside. "Wait in the hall. I'll be right out." After a while he emerged with a stack of envelopes containing Congressional speeches.

"They're all ready for mailing," he said. "All you do is address them to the right people, put them in the mailbox and off they go free."

"That's mighty convenient, isn't it?" I observed.

"Very much so. We send thousands of them out from here."

The literature he handed me included some of his own press releases in defense of Lindbergh, the Islands for War Debts and the War Debts Defense Committee. The franked envelopes bore the signatures of Congressmen Clare E. Hoffman, Henry C. Dworshak, Bartel J. Jonkman, Harold Knutson, John G. Alexander, Hamilton Fish, James C. Oliver, Gerald B. Nye, D. Worth Clark and Robert R. Reynolds.

Reynolds had become involved in Viereck's sly schemes by



inserting into the *Congressional Record* propaganda letters, news releases written by Dennett and other publicity in support of Viereck's projects. Written under Viereck's tutelage this publicity received wide, free distribution under the Congressional franking privilege.

Congressman Sweeney had helped Viereck by inserting an article by Linn E. A. Gale, secretary of Make Europe Pay War Debts Committee, while Congressman Day had fitted into Viereck's plans by speaking on "War Debt Sunday" under the auspices of War Debts Defense Committee.

According to the evidence Dennett turned over to me, Senator Nye had inserted in the *Congressional Record* editorials from the *Gaelic American* in praise of Viereck's pet projects.

The other Congressmen and Senators had served the cause of Viereck-approved appeasement, defeatism and national disunity in various capacities of innocence or spite against the Administration.

That wasn't all I learned. Dennett had also penetrated the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, a high-brow super-patriotic Washington group and was a friend of Walter S. Steele, another super-patriotic leader in Washington.

"Both the Coalition and Steele have accepted complete sets of Flanders Hall books," Dennett said.

I asked if he knew Lawrence Dennis, Viereck's associate.

"Oh, yes, I've talked with Dennis. I think he has a brilliant mind."

But Dennett would not elaborate and I thought it best not to arouse his suspicions further. Just before I left Dennett pressed in my hand several sheets of stamps, red-white-and-blue in color. They depicted Uncle Sam holding an IOU and the slogans: "No Foreign Wars. Make Europe Pay War Debts. No War Loans." They were inspired by Viereck.

"Ask your patriotic friends in New York to order some," Dennett advised. "I'll sell them out cheap. And when you get back," he urged, "be sure you see William Griffin, editor of the *New York Enquirer*. He is a swell fellow. I've worked with him."

My talks with Dennett showed how Viereck had improved his propaganda technique since World War days. His tireless efforts to make Nazi poison acceptable to leaders of the Amer-

ica First Committee, his attempts to reach the halls of Congress via sympathetic Representatives and Senators, and his efforts to feed the American people blatant Nazi propaganda in the name of "patriotism" were crowned with success. I realized that the enemy we faced on the home front was infinitely more cunning and deceptive than the military enemy. And while we could arm ourselves for battlefronts abroad, against the guiles of the enemy at home we were still defenseless and pitifully weak.

## THE PIED PIPERS OF "PATRIOTISM"

"The great masses' ability to absorb is very limited, their understanding small, and their forgetfulness is great. For these reasons any effective propaganda must be confined to a very few points, and must utilize these slogans until the very last man cannot but know what is meant. . . . The masses are so stupid that . . . the less its scientific ballast, [of propaganda] and the more exclusively it considers the emotions of the masses the most complete its success."

ADOLF HITLER

THE NAZI EDUCATION for ignorance continued to be propagated by American-born "patriots" serving as Hitler's hatchet men, and to function as the native arm of the psychological fifth column against Democracy. Prominent among them was George E. Deatherage who had coined the phrase "Constitutional Fascism." He explained it in the *News Bulletin* of the American Nationalist Confederation, "Official Organ of the Fascist party in America" . . .

Constitutional Fascism, briefly, is nothing more or less than an exalted patriotism (alias nationalism). . . . Fascism is based on the principle of America for Americans. . . .

Thousands of otherwise rational Americans were led to believe that fascism could be reconciled with the Bill of Rights and were told in the same breath that they must never ask questions. If you asked, you were either a Jew, a Communist, or a "liberal."

*World Service* was the *Bible* of pro-Nazis the world over and Deatherage was one of its chief American correspondents. It was published in more than a dozen languages under the charge of the notorious Lieutenant-Colonel Ulrich Fleischauer, and circulated in every country Hitler wanted to

soften up. The March 1, 1938 issue was thoughtfully dedicated to "saving" America. Here's how:

You can help save America, yourself and your family from the folly of other nations. . . . Inform yourself and inform others. Then join a fighting organization and become active in spreading the truth. . . . The publications and organizations listed below are fighting the battle with all they have—Help them!

Some of the organizations listed on the Nazi roll of honor were:

*Industrial Control Reports*, Washington, D. C. [James True]  
*Christian Free Press*, Glendale, Calif. [Mrs. Leslie Fry]  
 The Defender Publishers, Wichita, Kansas [Gerald B. Winrod]  
 Mrs. A. W. Dilling, Kenilworth, Ill. [Patriotic Research Bureau]  
 Robert Edmondson, New York [*American Vigilante Bulletins*]  
 The Pelley Publishers, Asheville, North Carolina, W. D. Pelley  
 Charles B. Hudson, Omaha, Nebraska [*America in Danger*]  
 Industrial Defense Association, Boston [Edward Hunter]  
 American Nationalist Confederation, St. Albans, W. Va.

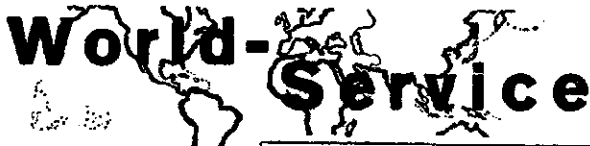
And the publications recommended by *World Service*:

*Waters Flowing Eastward*, by Mrs. Leslie Fry  
*The Secret World Government*, by Major-General Count Cherep Spiridovich  
*The Socialist Network*, by Mrs. Nesta Webster  
*Join the C.I.O. and Help Build a Soviet America* [by Joseph P. Kamp]  
*Fools Gold*, by Fred R. Marvin  
*Aryan Americanism*, by Olov E. Tietzow

While these were the more illustrious members of what we, in our ignorance called crackpots, I could not dismiss them as such. My experience convinced me that under the slogans of "patriotism" they were inoculating innocent Americans with the virus of hate, undermining confidence in our leaders, promoting doubt and suspicion. Under the guise of "Americanism" they were sowing the seeds of social discontent which Hitler hoped, would eventually break out in revolt. And their pleas of "Christianity" were nothing more

than a ruse to attract those who could only be attracted to the term "revolution" on a "Christian" basis.

Eleven pied pipers of "patriotism" deserve mention.



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### COLONEL EUGENE NELSON SANCTUARY

It was in the luxurious home of Mrs. Schuyler that I first met Colonel Eugene Nelson Sanctuary, a sombre man in his sixties with a long face, austere, frozen in its gray pallor. Dressed completely in black and slumped in a stuffed chair, the Colonel reminded me of a heap of ashes. He had been evicted from the office building at 156 Fifth Avenue because of alleged "pro-American" activity and begged me to air his grievance in *The Christian Defender*. I obliged in order to gain his confidence. I learned that this retired reserve officer had addressed meetings of the American National-Socialist League in New York and had also unwittingly spoken at gatherings directed by Nazi spy, Colonel Fritz Duquesne, Viereck's friend.

After our initial meeting I visited Sanctuary at his home

and found that his friends ranged from General Moseley and Senator Wheeler to the Imperial Wizard of the Klan. Sanctuary's home was a Germania Bookstore in miniature, with nearly every scrap of fascist literature circulated in America available. I gathered so much evidence against the Colonel, all of which I wrote down in carefully prepared notes, that I can best illustrate with a few notes in diary form.

*May 2, 1940:* The Colonel had finished reading *The Eighth Crusade*, a book distributed by the Nazi *Fichte-Bund* and said he had enjoyed it immensely. I learned that Stahrenberg was now doing his printing.

*September 24:* Again in high spirits, the Colonel had spent three hours with General Moseley, in New York on a mysterious errand, and described him as "a prince of a fellow." Sanctuary was trying to sell Republican Party leaders his song on Willkie and also copies of his new opus, *The Roosevelt Saga*. He boasted that his speeches written for Jacob Thorkelson had been inserted in the *Congressional Record*. Together we mailed another speech of 5,000 words and an article to Winrod's *Defender* for which Sanctuary wrote regularly.

*September 30:* It made me happy to see him droopy and glum, his face the color of a mummy. Republican Party leaders had turned down his song and also his article, *Roosevelt and the Real Fifth Column*. He was stuck with ten thousand copies of *The Roosevelt Saga* and I found him wailing at the lack of "patriotism."

*December 10:* Claiming to be working with his friend, Joseph P. Kamp of the Constitutional Educational League, the Colonel observed that a wealthy Southerner had put up \$5,000 for Kamp's printing of *The Fifth Column in the South*. I asked him about Seward Collins, one of the brain trusters of the American fascist movement whom he knew personally.

"Do Collins and Kamp know anything about the Jewish question?" I asked, to provoke an answer.

"Of course they do!"

"Then why don't they come out with it like you do?"

"They won't stick out their necks now because the time isn't ripe. They're helping the nationalist cause without taking such a risk. Only men like Joe McWilliams and James

True can talk anti-Jew and get away with it. We've got to save our big guns for later."

*February 6, 1941:* The Colonel showed me a stack of copies of the *Nationalist Newsletter* issued by the notorious American Nazi front known as The National Workers League of Detroit. He delegated me to induce McWilliams to buy quantity lots of *Planned Economy* by Mrs. Leslie Fry at a bargain price. Sanctuary told me that Senator Rush D. Holt had ordered fifty copies of *The Hidden Hand*, a typical bit of Nazisque propagandea printed on Stahrenberg's presses. He also confided that he received *World Service* regularly in addition to *News From Germany* and *Views From Germany*. The Nazi literature was addressed to "Mr. A. J. Sanktuary." At my request he gave me sample copies of the magazines and I also managed to obtain for the record one of the envelopes.

*February 25, 1941:* I found the Colonel in high spirits, just returned from Washington. "It was Sunday but Senator Wheeler was waiting for me in his offices," he said, "and we talked for forty-five minutes. The Senator certainly knows what is going on!" Sanctuary claimed to have visited *eleven* Congressmen and Senators, prominent among them he named Senator Nye and Ham Fish. He had called on Miss Cathrine Curtis, of Women Investors in America who was lobbying with Mrs. Dilling and Charles Hudson against the Lend-Lease Bill. The Colonel offered for sale fresh stocks of Japanese agent Ralph Townsend's *The High Cost of Hate*, as well as the *Protocols* and *The Octopus*, but I told him I had already bought my copies from the Christian Mobilizers.

Several months later I visited the Colonel again and he showed me a stack of the inflammatory leaflets *Your Crucifixion* which Stahrenberg had printed. He placed a quantity in my hands for distribution. Sanctuary had also just organized The Tocsin Publishers and its first book was a history of the Klan on which he had collaborated with a fellow colonel, Winfield Jones of Atlanta. I expressed surprise at Sanctuary's friendship with the Klan.

"They are one hundred per cent American," he explained. "They have been misunderstood, that's all." And when I asked how he had met Colonel Jones, Sanctuary replied: "General Moseley put me in touch with him."

## MRS. LESLIE FRY

Major General George Van Horn Moseley, retired with a distinguished record, became involved in the first Nazi *putsch* ever attempted in America. Among those who victimized the politically innocent General was Mrs. Leslie Fry, twice listed on the *World Service* honor roll. I had found her friends wherever there was talk of the New Order. She even penetrated the D.A.R., for it was Mrs. Schuyler who loaned me the book endorsed by *World Service* titled *Waters Flowing Eastward*.

Mrs. Fry, alias Paquita Shishmarova, alias De Shishmareff, was the wife of a Czarist officer. After a sojourn in Germany, she went to London and served as a companion to Lady Queensborough. When her ladyship died, the British Secret Service expedited her departure to other shores. She came to America about 1936.

Here she established herself in Glendale, California and organized a nation-wide network of intrigue and propagandea. As liaison agent she used Henry D. Allen, an ex-convict. But she herself was under the orders of tall and taciturn Conrad Chapman who only rarely made public appearances. Supplied with plenty of cash, she founded the American League of Christian Women, the Militant Christian Patriots, the American Anti-Communist Federation and through the Nazi *Christian Free Press* honeycombed the country with Shishmareff Americanism.

She helped promote the fantastic Nazi revolutionary plot. The plot was the brain child of Baron Manfred Freiherr von Killinger, Consul General of San Francisco. Involved in the *putsch* were Deatherage, Chapman, Allen, Ulrich Fleischhauer of *World Service*, assorted Nazi emissaries who remained in the background and numerous American-born dupes. The threads ran through the German-American Bund, the Ku Klux Klan, Silver Shirts, Christian Front, Irish nationalist elements and many smaller groups. New York broker Dudley Pierrepont Gilbert (his family had been here since 1634) contributed \$8,000 to start the ball rolling.

A general staff of thirteen men under a district leader was to be set up in the United States. "The quotas I have set."

von Killinger wrote "are: three Germans (Nazi sympathy), three white Russians (anti-Soviet sympathy), three Italians (fascist sympathy), four Americans (Republican sympathy). All native-born or naturalized." To insure victory, von Killinger advocated the cultivation of sectional prejudices as a means of fomenting national disunity. "In each area we must study the composition of the population about us and agitate accordingly." A master board of strategy composed of five men including two of von Killinger's selection and 'three prominent Americans' was to direct the entire program. The plan further provided that . . .

. . . as each district is organized, the district's highest leaders should tie up with the high leaders of adjacent districts, and so on until national leaders are contacted by sectional leaders of Pacific, Rocky Mountain, North Central, South Central, North Atlantic, Mid-Atlantic and South-Atlantic areas. . . . It is a complicated web which the enemy [the United States Government] will find impossible to re-trace and stamp out.

The plot needed a "Man on Horseback." Killinger, Fry and Deatherage decided that General Moseley was their man. Personally I am convinced that Moseley knew nothing of the sinister plot and had no designs on committing treason, but like many other innocent Americans he was "taken in" by wily fascist propagandists. His sympathies, however, had endeared him to the "patriotic" gangsters, particularly his quoted remarks about sterilizing refugees from Europe, and his interview in the *Atlanta Journal* on February 25, 1940:

Democracy, hell! It's nothing but Communism. My motto is "Restore the Republic." A democracy pulls everything and everyone down to the level of an average and that makes it Communistic. . . . We don't want the mob rule of democracy.

Deatherage in the East and Mrs. Fry on the Coast helped popularize the General. Prompted by the network of Nazi strings the "patriotic" press from New York to Glendale saluted Moseley as the long awaited White Knight in Shining Armour. He was received throughout the country by an adoring multitude of Bundists, Klansmen, Silver Shirts and

Coughlinites. "Hail Moseley!" Edmondson headlined one of his *American Vigilante Bulletins*:

Millions of fighting Americans now informed as to The Cause of their suppression and suffering, impatiently await fearless, selfless able leadership to coalesce into a mighty liberation army. . . . Vigilant legions have been crying for "The Leader." Hail Moseley!

In New York the General spoke under the auspices of the *Patriot Digest*. The cream of New York's Park Avenue "patriots" served on the Committee of Honor: John B. Snow, Joseph P. Kamp, Allen Zoll, Mrs. A. Cressy Morrison, Fred R. Marvin, John Eoghan Kelly, John Cecil and Major William Lathrop Rich. The General was invited to speak before the New York Board of Trade and entertained at the home of Mrs. Rudyard Uzzell. Somewhat bewildered by the publicity and the motive behind it, he attended these functions wholly unaware that he was being groomed as the messiah of an American *der tag*. The befuddled General—who on September 7, 1939 wrote Joe McWilliams: "I am deeply impressed with you, your character, your energy and your ability. I want to be in the same camp . . ."—thought he was just being patriotic.

Suddenly hailed before the Dies Committee to answer for his "patriotism," Moseley made a pathetic spectacle of himself as he tried to portray the principles of the *Protocols* and the Nazi lies of Deatherage and Fry as "truth." Von Killinger's abortive *putsch* failed dismally and Mrs. Shishmarova, alias Fry, slipped back into Germany when the F.B.I. began looking for her. Deatherage and the other von Killinger tools also crawled back into their holes to await *der tag* under different leadership.

#### GEORGE E. DEATHERAGE

Mrs. Fry's friend, George E. Deatherage, was an engineer by profession and lived with the C. R. Barton family in a spacious country home high on College Hill, St. Albans, West Virginia. From here he directed his two organizations,

Knights of the White Camellia, and the American Nationalist Confederation which, Deatherage claimed, in its heyday was composed of a coalition of seventy-two fascist groups.

In 1938, the Confederation's *News Bulletin* carried the notice: "This issue carries at the masthead our newly selected emblem—the swastika, a real Christian Cross." Deatherage was invited to attend the convention of *World Service* Quislings at Erfurt, but he could not forsake his "patriotic" preparations here so he wrote a lengthy article which was published in full in Fleischhauer's Nazi organ:

The American Nationalist Confederation has prepared and enforced constructive program of Nationalism which we hope all decent Americans will accept in a nation-wide unified attempt to solve our troubles. . . . As it [the swastika] brought Germany out of the depths of despair, so it will bring us. . . . The issues will be fought out in the streets.

Deatherage distributed Julius Streicher's *Der Stürmer*, Hitler's speeches and vast quantities of propaganda sent him from *World Service*. Not neglecting the American "patriots" he recommended as "books which penetrate the fog," Mrs. Dilling's and Mrs. Webster's works; the *Protocols*; James True's and Joseph P. Kamp's leaflets. *The Truth About Spain* by Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels was mailed out in the same envelope with *Battalions of Death* by Representative Clare E. Hoffman, the literature of the super-patriotic American Coalition, and *Spain and the Christian Front* by Arnold Lunn. Senator Robert R. Reynolds turned over to Deatherage a mailbag containing more than one thousand of his speeches for distribution among "patriots."

Adopting tactics of the Klan of which he was a member, Deatherage decided to strike "terror and fear into the hearts of many" by burning a swastika. He gave instructions in a confidential leaflet to "Christian Leaders" urging the hours between nine and eleven o'clock.

A high spot, overlooking the town or city should be chosen, where it can be easily seen. Only a few men are needed to handle it as the swastika should be built in sections, bolted in such a way that it can be easily transported in a touring car.

Deatherage worked hard to integrate Canadian, American and Mexican Nazi cells. He formed the North and South American Fascist Union, helped unite six Canadian Nazi groups, including the largest among them, the Canadian National Christian Party, and was a close collaborator of Pelley, Kuhn and Reverend Winrod. Deatherage proved himself a tireless worker for the American Nazi cause.

#### CHARLES B. HUDSON

Hudson's historic statement at a Fry-Deatherage sponsored "Christian" Conference had been: "Most of the literature put out by the Christian Churches today is Communistic." I had already met the Omaha native fascist and *World Service* patriot at the June 7, 1939 meeting of the American Nationalist Party in New York. A short, fanatic, plump man with a bald pate, Hudson told the mob that he was proud to be "water boy to a man of the calibre of the General."

The episode he recounted went back to the time of General Moseley's appearance before the Dies Committee. Serving as major-domo and keeper-away-of-the-evil-spirits, Hudson hung onto the General like a shadow. When Moseley reached out for a glass of water Hudson suddenly snatched at the glass, dumped the contents with a shudder, filled a paper cup with fresh water and told mystified newspapermen: "The water might have been poisoned by the HIDDEN HAND."

From then on Charles B. Hudson became known as "Poison Cup Charlie." He was always the kind of a "patriot" who always saw poison plots and the HIDDEN HAND everywhere. Copies of his bulletin, *America in Danger* were filled with references to the HIDDEN HAND. The HIDDEN HAND (always capitalized) gave him the jitters. Not so humorous was the fact that he tutored a considerable following in the Midwest in the fundamentals of fascist Americanism.

Hudson's home-office became one of the major outposts for defeatist and appeasement propaganda in the Midwest. He promoted the obstructionist poisons of John B. Snow, James True, Sanctuary, Congressmen Thorkelson and Hoffman,

Father Coughlin, Joseph P. Kamp, Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Dilling, George E. Sullivan, a Washington Coughlinite attorney. Hudson was chief distributor of a scurrilous anti-Semitic volume, *The Octopus* by Reverend Frank Woodruff Johnson.

He was one of the first to distribute the infamous leaflet entitled *Your Crucifixion*, depicting "Uncle Sam," "Liberty" and "Justice" being crucified by Wendell Willkie, the President and members of the Cabinet while the "swelling tide of nationalism" (fascism) threatened to engulf the "internationalists." It was an extremely potent leaflet which suited Nazi aims perfectly.

Hudson ascribed to the Jews every calamity in American history—from the assassination of Lincoln to the Johnstown flood. His pet phrase, "Judeo-Socialistic-Communitistic NU-DEAL Organized-Jewry-Finance World-War I" was later shortened to the "Synagogue of Satan." As Hitler's soldiers succumbed to ravages of the Russian Army and to typhus, Hudson once again saw work of the HIDDEN HAND and he warned the nation:

If preventative measures [are] not taken, our large cities too will be laid low by Typhus Epidemics, for we have absorbed "refugees" who carry the seeds of that Plague.

This was not so funny when judged by the number of impressionable and uninformed Americans who were impressed by the profound "truth" of his lies—the course prescribed by Hitler in his education for mass ignorance.

#### MRS. ELIZABETH DILLING

One of Hudson's closest workers and one particularly admired by Deatherage, was Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling who was also listed on the Nazi honor roll of "loyal Americans." She stands as a painfully acute symptom of the jittery decade since 1930. In her book, *The Red Network* she branded as "Communist" such institutions as the Y.M.C.A., the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ and the Civil Liberties Union. Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Dewey and Sinclair

Lewis were all Reds in her eyes. Even Monsignor John A. Ryan, professor of moral theology at Catholic University, did not escape her branding irons, while the Catholic Association for Internal Peace and the American Federation of Teachers were placed in the same category as the Communist Party.

Addressing a group of students at the University of Chicago, she cried out: "You're all guinea pigs of Stalin. The University of Chicago is a Red school." Anyone who does not see eye to eye with Mrs. Dilling, from the President down, is a Red. That's her formula.

As consultants for her book, Mrs. Dilling had the advice of super-expert-patriots (her own phrase), fascistic Mrs. Neta Webster, who was held in high esteem by *World Service*; Walter S. Steel, "manager of the 100-percenters' *National Republic* magazine," a friend of Prescott Dennett, and Harry A. Jung, a wholesale distributor of the *Protocols* in Chicago. It is little wonder that with such super-patriotic help her views should take on a distinct fascist hue. Speaking of fascism, she wrote in her *Red Network*:

It seeks a harmony between all classes and concedes to industrialists, white collar, professional, as well as laboring workers, a place in the social order as necessary parts, not "class enemies" of the whole, but under State control. It defends some property rights and religion. . . . Fascism in Italy is not anti-Semitic.

Because of her indiscriminate and wild-eyed Red-baiting and her listing of true Liberals and scientists as "Communists," *The Red Network* became a top vehicle for fascist propaganda, along with *Social Justice* and Pelley's *Liberation*. Mrs. Dilling made several trips to Germany, each shrouded in mystery. When she returned in 1938 she established the Patriotic Research Bureau, dedicating it to "the defense of Christianity and Americanism." Then she set to evangelizing America, travelling from coast-to-coast to falsify and defame Democracy. She spoke for Allen Zoll's American Patriots, and mailed me copies of *Your Crucifixion* and other vicious anti-Jewish sticklers. One of her main devices of promoting fascism was to split hairs on definitions:

Our U.S.A. form of government is a Republic, not a democracy, the difference being between government by checked and balanced Constitutional law and representatives, or government by direct "mobocracy."

Her crackpot Red-baiting and slurs on Democracy by no means found praise in the *Deutscher Weckruf* alone. Unfortunately, her brand of "patriotism" had many adherents among Park Avenue "patriots" and also among Congressmen. Writing of a trip she made to New York, Mrs. Dilling betrayed her wealthy friends:

I enjoyed a data-collecting, gabfesting expedition with my friend, Joseph P. Kamp. . . . The A. Cressy Morrison, one of the dearest and finest couples I know live in a beautiful Park Avenue apartment, where I visited them, keep drained of funds trying to support every phase of the patriotic movement; . . . I briefly addressed an assembly at a tea as the guest of my patriotic friends, Reverend Hunt and Mrs. Roberta Tubman. In a beautiful drawing room . . . a crowd of society folk were assembled. . . .

My "Red-baiter" friend, John Snow, brought an interesting lawyer to see me. . . . I have new proof that [N. Y. District Attorney] Dewey was in constant communication with the notorious Red American Civil Liberties Union. . . . From a group including Merwin K. Hart, head of the New York State Economic Council, and Roscoe Peacock, foe of Red Educators, I rushed to the home of Miss Cathrine Curtis, who heads Women Investors in America. I had lunch with her and her big burly assistant, Mike Ahearn, a brilliant writer with whom, formerly, Albert [Mr. Dilling] and I visited the office of a Congressman.

Congressmen, Senators, wealthy Park Avenue fascists—these were Mrs. Dilling's real friends and backers, and not the "crackpots" she was accused of harboring. I have learned never to minimize the role of any so-called crackpot. Each has a role to play, each a niche to fill in Hitler's blueprint for America. In Mrs. Dilling's bulletins there was hardly a line of censure against Nazism. She absolved it of all guilt—and heaped abuse on the President, the Jews, the British, the Communists, Democracy. Hitler was an angel.

JAMES TRUE

No "patriot" who visited Washington would think of passing up James True, friend of Mrs. Dilling. Like his friend, Sanctuary, there was not a fascist worth his salt with whom True hadn't worked. When I visited him I found a white-haired septuagenarian who looked like a minister. But in the upper right-hand corner of his desk lay an automatic pistol ready for action and on the wall hanging by a leather strap, was the "kike-killer." It resembled a policeman's nightstick, but it was shorter and more rounded. It came in two sizes—one for the ladies. True had actually obtained a patent for it—Number 2,026,077.

Joe McWilliams and I visited True together. I had accompanied Joe and his gang of about fifty select "patriots" in September, 1939, to protest against "war mongering" by Congress. The two super-patriots were mutually attracted and talked intimately while I listened. Both looked upon Moseley and Lindbergh as presidential timber on a third party ticket and both thought highly of the Bund.

"God bless you, my boy," True told McWilliams as we left. I, too, came in for a share of the honors. "I like to see fine young men like you take an interest in their country. I wish we had many more like you," True said, patting my shoulder.

True was editor of the *Industrial Control Reports*, a bulletin serving the American Fascist cause since July 10, 1933. The *Reports* served as fascist guideposts because True often got the party line first, even scooping the *Deutscher Weckruf*. True was the eyes and ears of patrioteers, serving as lookoutman for Pelley, Winrod, Jung, Joseph P. Kamp, Deatherage and countless others with all of whom he exchanged information. No major plan was carried through without True's advice. "All honest and informed Americans are with the German-American Bund heart and soul in their educational program," he wrote. And he distributed not only German propaganda, but also that of the British Union of Fascists. And he was not averse to putting in a good word for the Japanese: "Japan should not be condemned for cleaning out Communism in China," he asserted.



James True told me that he had "three or four guns around the house." He tried to do business in the trafficking of firearms by taking Henry D. Allen, Mrs. Fry's contact man and runner between the Gold Shirts of Mexico and American Nazis into his confidence. True wrote Allen:

If your friends want some pea shooters, I have connections now for any quantity and at the right price. They are United States standard plus.

True was the first to apply the fascist-nationalist phrase America First when in August, 1934 he organized America First, Inc. "for the protection of the Constitution, American Industry, and individual enterprise." Shortly after, however, he bared his truer sentiments: "... Fascism is the answer . . . it is the last defense of Christian capitalism."

True defended fascism—the *arch enemy* of capitalism! and his duped followers took him at his word.

#### ROBERT EDWARD EDMONDSON

With his friend James True, Robert Edward Edmondson held a ranking place on the *World Service* scroll of honor. He hung out his shingle the year Hitler came to power. His base of operations was first in New York, then later a hide-out in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania. His output as Nazi pamphleteer was terrific. "Patriots" were snowed under by a series of *Vigilante Bulletins* with more than 400 different titles. One of them was directed against J. Edgar Hoover who had dared say "... vigilantes, no matter in what manner they act or what ideals they proclaim, are un-American, unpatriotic and subversive." Edmondson bristled back at Mr. Hoover's "dogma," called it "repugnant to fundamentals of the nation. . . ."

In the interest of Nazi patriotism, Edmondson undertook to "prove" the President's "Jewish Ancestry," and that Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins' real name was Wutzki or Lazanski. He wasn't sure which. Eventually Miss Perkins wrote Edmondson that she was descended from the revolutionary James Otis, with nary a Wutzki or Lazanski in her ancestry.

When he was unable to accept the invitation to attend the *World Service* Congress in Germany in 1937, thoughtfully Colonel Ulrich Fleischhauer sent him a glowing letter bearing the signatures of the Quisling delegates present:

We are sending you this letter to show you that we are thinking of you and admire you for your tenacity and great moral courage in fighting this greatest of all fights against Jew domination of all that we hold noble and sacred.

To which Edmondson replied:

I have received your fraternal greetings containing signatures of the Representatives of twenty-two Nations in successful convention assembled, endorsing my crusade in behalf of Free Speech and National Patriotism. . . . This unqualifiedly generous testimonial of commendation from the highest assembly of our noble Cause of Liberation has overwhelmed me, who am but a humble instrument. On with the self-preservation fight. . . . Pro Deo, Pro Patria!

In 1938 Edmondson was hailed to court for slandering American Jewry. Judge James Garrett Wallace, who had no sympathy for the defendant, declared: "We must suffer the demagogue and charlatan in order to make certain that we do not limit or restrain the honest commentator on public affairs." He held that charges of libel or slander were valid only when committed against a specific organization or individual, but not against a religious or racial group, whereupon Edmondson redoubled his efforts.

In one of his letters, Edmondson wrote me:

All my time is given free to this great movement for God, Home and Country. . . . Shall be glad to co-operate pro-patria in any way possible. Tell that to Mr. McWilliams. . . . Command me in this great fight.

Edmondson was that kind of a man—used to being commanded!

#### WILLIAM KULLGREN

Linked to Edmondson in the bonds of "patriotic" friendship was William Kullgren—who trafficked in "astrological

prophecy" by publishing a monthly super-patriotic magazine known as *The Beacon Light*. In Kullgren America had a pea-size reproduction of Goebbels, who we are told is Hitler's astrological prophet. But the prophecies of the Seer of Atascadero, California, were in strict keeping with fascist propaganda tradition.

Kullgren let it be known to the faithful that Hitler "in the role of an avenging angel would make a lightning strike at Russia and reach Moscow"—during 1940! Kullgren followed the rather unique expedient among American Nazis by placing the blame for defeatist, anti-democratic, anti-Semitic, violently Nazi and appeasement propaganda on the heavens.

In the same vein, Kullgren let it be known that "Willkie is going to be elected by a very close margin," because he was "as independent as a hog on ice," also "the cage or net is yet to be made that will trap him." But the real reason that Willkie would win was (now we go into profound trade secrets):

Uranus conjoined to Moon and Trine to Sun would make him very quick on the upgrade, but he [Willkie] also has Mars in good aspect to Mercury, and Mars is the fiery independent sign of Sagittarius.

Kullgren maintained one of the largest subversive outlets on the West coast. He peddled the *Protocols* and offered for sale, at bargain prices, nearly 250 Nazi party-line titles ranging from Congressmen Hoffman's and McFadden's speeches in the *Congressional Record*, selling for a few cents to Nesta H. Webster's *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements* which retailed for \$7. Kullgren rendered glowing tribute to Congressman Stephen A. Day's book and promoted the projects of Flanders Hall; those of the Constitutional Educational League; those by Arnold S. Leese, notorious British fascist author of *Jewish Ritual Murder*. The un-American mouthings of Mrs. Dilling, Winrod and Japanese agent Ralph Townsend, were best sellers.

Kullgren started his wishful prophecies in 1933 and since then his acquaintances among Nazis have become worldwide. He entertained Captain Henry H. Beamish, the "Hendlein of South Africa" at his home, and said of Edmondson:

"He has done more to awaken America to the diabolical Jew control than any other man in America, and I honor him for it." Kullgren named as his "co-workers" Sanctuary, Mrs. Dilling, Hudson, Deatherage, Charles W. Phillips, editor of *The Individualist* and "scores of others," including John B. Trevor, President of the American Coalition. Kullgren frequently reprinted Trevor's bulletins.

Resorting to the art of ancient soothsayers, Kullgren gave out health advice, sold fruit-juice extractors, doled out investment counsel and printed "preparation articles" in which he urged disciples to prepare for *der tag!*

Friends, we have all got to discipline ourselves very severely if we are going to fit into the New Order; and that applies just as much to me as it does to you. The point is, I want you to start weaning yourself away from the habits of a debauched civilization such as we have today. . . . Don't you think it's time we got religion?

Kullgren, who called himself "an educator, not a butcher" also insisted on his honesty. "I love the truth more than all the property and possessions in the world, so I do not regret sacrifices. . . . I still have my self-respect, and that to me is priceless, and cannot be bought." His followers believed implicitly in his "patriotism," his Naziesque "prophecies" and his native fascism and supported him year after year.

#### GEORGE W. CHRISTIANS

A collaborator with Deatherage, a friend of Harry A. Jung and Oscar Pfaus, an espionage agent, George W. Christians of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was an odd combination of comedian and sinister revolutionist. Secret Service men kept him under surveillance when he threatened to cut off electric power in Chattanooga the night the President was to arrive. "Lots of things can happen in the dark," he said. He minced no words:

The Crusader White Shirts, known as the American Fascists, is a military auxiliary of the Crusaders for Economic Liberty and is organized to fight for the same objectives. It embraces the,

Fascist idea of personal leadership, unity, force, drama and nationalism. It is opposed to dictatorship.

With a toothbrush mustache that resembled Hitler's, George W. Christians walked about in an elaborately decorated white shirt and a sprawling Crusaders' cross running down the length of the buttons. Letterheads of Christians' multiple organizations were decorated with the Statue of Liberty, crossed American flags, a torch spouting red, white, blue flame. And he often used green and brown colored type-writer ribbons for his letters. With characteristic frankness, Christians once issued orders, to whom it may concern, to seize control of the Government:

The first objective should be to take control of the local government in the following manner: March in military formation to and surround the government buildings. Then, by sheer numbers and a patriotic appeal, force the officials to accept and act under the direction of an economic adviser appointed by the President of the C.F.E.L. [Crusaders for Economic Liberty]. This adviser's first duty will be to repudiate the public debt.

In *The Strategy of Terror* Edmond Taylor tells how the systematic cultivation of a spirit of rebellion and disrespect for authority were integral to Nazi propaganda. And Christians exemplified it well. Owner of the American Asphalt Grouting Company, Christians did not depend on the racket for a living. He was not anti-Semitic, but was strongly anti-Catholic and circulated tracts which read "Kick the Roman Catholic Political Corruption out of Our Halls of Government."

#### WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Once called "the most dangerous man in America," William Dudley Pelley organized his Silver Shirt storm troopers the day after Hitler seized power. He then founded a spurious Galahad College in Asheville, North Carolina, for which he sold unregistered stock. He was convicted for felony and lost his citizenship for four years.

It did not disturb Pelley. In 1936 he moved to Seattle to run for President on the Christian Party ticket, backed mainly

by Nazi funds. For campaign manager he appointed one W. W. McDonald, better known in Seattle as "Twitcher McDonald" because of a nervous disorder which caused him to tremble and shake, especially when frightened. McDonald had one arm. His appearance was slovenly and he earned a precarious living peddling newspapers. As campaign manager of the Christian Party his most profound—and only recorded remark—was:

"Jews gotta be wiped out!"

Pelley's campaign cry was: "Christ or Chaos!" Another variation was: "For Christ and Constitution." His appeal: "I am calling on every Gentile in these prostrate United States to form with me an overwhelming juggernaut . . . for Christian government."

Speaking before the German-American Folk Union in Seattle, he asserted: "The time has come for an American Hitler and a pogrom." He then confided: "When I'm President I'll incorporate the Silver Shirts into a combination of Federal army and police force. I'm going to do away with the Department of Justice entirely."

Pelley's Fellowship Press at Asheville was equipped to turn out 30,000 propaganda bullets a day. He published an extensive list of seditious booklets and plastered the country with them. His *Liberation* became notorious and was *must* reading for every American Nazi who could afford ten cents. Its sales ranked next to *Social Justice* and Winrod's *Defender*. Early in 1941 Pelley ended the ignoble career of *Liberation* and started *Roll Call*, "The Voice of the Loyal Opposition." It was a roll call to appeasers who were flocking to the America First Committee. "Keep America Out of War" became Pelley's slogan and the sabotaging of defense legislation his aim. Senators Wheeler and Nye, Congressmen Fish, Day, Thorkelson and the America First Committee were showered with praise and Lindbergh was worshipped as the up-and-coming fuhrer.

No nickel-and-dime revolutionary, Pelley rarely complained of a shortage of funds. From September, 1937 to July, 1939 the Dies Committee estimated that he received at least \$166,000. A wealthy woman in Massachusetts sent him \$3,000 while George B. Fisher of Darien, Connecticut remitted at

least \$4,800 in checks. Complacent Americans would not have dismissed Pelley as crackpot if they had paused to look at the corrosive effect of his revolutionary literature and Nazi lies on the minds of impressionable Americans.

EDWARD JAMES SMYTHE

Flames from the wooden cross, forty feet high crackled into the night throwing lurid shadows on the participants below, some of whom were dressed in hooded white robes, others in the gray uniforms of the German-American Bund. The scene took place at Bund Camp Nordland in New Jersey on August 18, 1940 when the Klan staged a "monster anti-war, pro-American mass meeting" jointly with the Bund.

Members of the Christian Mobilizers and the Christian Front who came with me restrained themselves with difficulty as Klansmen berated "Romanism," called Catholics "dumb ring-kissers" and linked nuns and priests with the time-worn canards. I was not surprised at the parallel between the Bund attack on the Jews and the Klan attack on Catholics:

"Whatever power or money the Jews had, has been confiscated. But a world-wide militant Catholic organization directed from Rome remains a sinister threat to our Americanism."

By mid-afternoon 3,500 Klansmen and Bundists had assembled at Camp Nordland. The Reverend Edward J. Young, a flabby man in his fifties, declared himself to be for "American Americanism and no other brand." Edward James Smythe appeared on the platform dressed in a khaki shirt and black necktie and gushed:

"Fritz Kuhn and I have tried for three long years to bring about a meeting like this, but it never worked out till this year. I'm not asking any credit for it. It's just my patriotic duty on behalf of my country. Dear Fritz is not in our midst today; God bless him. His only crime was in trying to bring friendship between the United States and the German dominion. The heart of every Christian is with you, Fritz, my friend, I shall always remember our pleasant associations. They go back to the days of the Friends of the New Germany."

I had seen Smythe at many Bund, Mobilizer and Christian Front meetings. I had heard him on street corners. I had smelled his whiskey breath. A rowdy sort, with thick leather neck and florid face, I had watched him write his weekly column for *Publicity*, the fascist sheet published at Wichita, Kansas. Smythe had committed every political vice permitted under the slogan "Christian-American-Patriotism." As head of the Protestant War Veterans, he had lauded Father Coughlin on one hand and denounced the Roman Catholic Church on the other. Smythe was a standard fixture in the Nazi underworld in which I moved.

Smythe was followed on the platform by August Klapprott. Speaking with a thick German accent, the vice-president of the Bund shouted:

"When Arthur Bell, your Grand Giant, and Mr. Smythe asked us about using Camp Nordland for this patriotic meeting, we decided to let them have it because of the common bond between us. The principles of the Bund and the principles of the Klan are the same."

The Grand Giant extended his hand to the *Bundesführer*, and symbolized the merging of international fascism with the nationalist, or American brand of fascism.

Fantastic, isn't it?

## CHAPTER IX

## HITLER AND HIROHITO IN HARLEM

"If the United States is to include subject and ruler peoples, then let us be honest about it and change the Constitution and make it plain that Negroes cannot share the privileges of the white people. . . . If it [Democracy] is right, then let us dare to make it true."

PEARL BUCK

FANTASTIC AS IT SEEMS, Hitler's agents invaded Harlem—New York's Negro section. Despite its garishly lighted avenues and multitudinous taverns which are the scenes of noisy revelry until dawn, more than 350,000 Negroes live in tenements foul beyond description, and I regard Harlem as one of the most tragic "cities" in the United States; a blot on our Democracy.

Harlem Negroes had little to look forward to. Jobs for the men were few. Discrimination was rife. Streets teemed with young girls willing to sell themselves to passers-by.

New York newspapers periodically sensationalized a Harlem "crime wave." Mugging and robbery were committed in daylight—let alone at night. Negro youths started on their crime careers while still in their teens, giving Harlemites—the majority of whom were law-abiding—a black eye.

For want of anything better, vigorous young Negroes lounged around taverns, pool-rooms and hallways. Their days began at midnight. Discontented, frustrated, resentful, idle men were ideal material for fascism—and fascist agents knew it. And the Negro, oppressed, clannish, emotional, himself a victim of racialism, was easily brutalized by exhortations to violence.

It was on September 23, 1940, that I first heard "Heil Hitler" shouted out in Harlem. There were a dozen street speakers with their dark groups of listeners stretched from 114th Street to 135th Street on Lenox Avenue. They were fanatic speakers, some of them illiterate, others intelligent and per-

suasive—all of them angrily denouncing Democracy and white man rule. Each was mounted on a stand and displayed an American flag, as required by law.

Arthur Reid, director of the African Progressive Business League shouted, "I like Hitler . . . yeah, I like Hitler for what he is doin'. He is doin' all right. Let the white man kill his brother white man. It'll leave fewer whites to bother with later—when the black man can step in and get justice for himself."

His face distorted by hate, Ras de Killer yelled: "I was happy to see Hitler declare war on the white man. I'm mighty happy to see him winning." Lashing against miscegenation, he ended his speech with: "When I sleep I want to sleep with a woman of my own blood. I don't want no white woman to sleep with."

At 131st Street and Lenox Avenue I was attracted by a large crowd gathered around a woman speaker: "Do as Japan does. Copy like she does. She don't preach no social equality stuff. There ain't no such thing. She just walks in and takes what she wants. Be like her. Step up and take your freedom. Don't you believe all them things about brotherhood. There ain't no brotherhood for the colored man, except in his own kind. The white man can never do you no good."

The mob applauded her, glared at me—the only white man in their midst—and compelled me to applaud loudly with the rest.

I joined one of the groups that formed after she had come down from the platform at eleven P.M., as the law compelled. One of the Negroes exclaimed:

"Hitler's doing things because he has to. Somebody has gotta do the job and he is doin' it."

"There'll be a change. And it's coming now," said a second Negro. "I'll fight for it with all I got. There'll be mighty few white folks left after it's over. Maybe I won't see the day but my children will."

"Yes, you will too," put in the first. "Inside of five years you'll see the fighting goin' on in this country. Man, I'll fight like I never fought befo'. There'll be race riots like they never was."

"We'll have to start all over again. Africa belongs to us and

that's where we want to go. America for the Americans, Asia for the Asiatics and Africa for us Africans. Them is my principles," another put in.

Other nights I listened to speakers at the corner of 117th Street and Lenox Avenue—which at the time was perhaps the most congested red light district in New York. Anyone who looked as though he had a dollar on his person was accosted at least a dozen times from the corner of 116th to 119th Street. The district was fertile ground for Nazi propagandists.

Carlos Cooks, a forceful youth haranguing a large crowd, shouted in the half light of a street corner lamp:

"Jews are all Communist, and Communism wants to exploit the Negro just like the white man. I wouldn't lift my finger to save a Jew. . . . We came here against our will. They brought us here as slaves and they've treated us as slaves. We owe nothing to America. America owes everything to us. This isn't my culture. Cooks isn't my name. This isn't my home. My home and my culture and my name are in Africa. I'm a foreigner here.

"I'm a persecuted man here. I'm hated here. But I tell you what I am right now—I am a black nationalist: and I want the colored people to live like colored people. I want colored people to have their own civilization, their own government, their own cities, their own officials. I want the black man to go back to Africa, and I'll back up anybody that says 'Africa for the Africans.'"

Cooks operated the African Pioneering Syndicate, Inc. Its purpose was to initiate commercial relations with Africa and devote the proceeds to the welfare of the black man and the resettlement of the Negro. One of the more intelligent fascist leaders in Harlem, he published *The Street Speaker*—violently fascist, anti-British, anti-White. Cooks also maintained a Department for Racial Enlightenment, with headquarters in a large basement hall on St. Nicholas Avenue. He made no secret of his Axis leanings:

I reject completely the theory that the Negro must give unquestioning obedience to the State and its leaders. We feel no enmity with people of the totalitarian powers, especially Japan. The Japanese have never lynched or exploited the Negro. . . .

Between Nazism and Democracy, the two evils, I would choose Nazism, for the Blacks can sink no lower than they have today in America.

Of the many Negro fascists Samuel W. Daniels was the most frightening at close range. I didn't know this when I wrote Daniels, inclosing copies of *The Christian Defender* and asking for back numbers of his magazine *Negro Youth*. Daniels sent me an urgent letter saying that he wanted to see me. I had never met him before and his plea made me somewhat suspicious.

None the less, I went up to his room at 2286 Seventh Avenue. It was a big room, with a bed, desk, chair and newspapers scattered on the floor. Daniels, a fierce powerfully built Negro, subjected me to a wild oratorical barrage, during which he paced back and forth in the room and gesticulated with massive fists not more than six inches from my nose.

"The injustices of the British against Negroes are crying out to be avenged," he roared and lashed himself with a passionate defense of the Negro as he cried out:

"The blacker the Negro the finer the Negro. The blacker the Negro, the greater credit he is to his race. Mulattoes are bastards. They will side with the white man. They are enemies of the black Negro. We want an empire of Blacks in Africa. We want nationhood based exclusively on black men. The salvation of my race is a religion with me. What Hitler said about the nobility of the Aryans, also applies about the nobility of the Negro."

As he was getting more and more heated by the persuasiveness of his own oratory and his huge fist edged nearer to my nose and denture, I asked him bluntly why he had asked me to come up.

"I'll tell you why," he said, toning down. "I want you to go to your wealthy white friends, those who feel as we do about nationalism and get their financial help so I can carry on with my work. I want to liberate the Negroes of the world. I want them to have the liberty and the nationhood they deserve! I want the white man to help me."

I promised to visit my wealthy white friends on behalf of Samuel W. Daniels. After leaving him I wandered through the

streets of Harlem listening to the voice of Nazism among this oppressed and tragic people, trying to trace the propaganda source, trying to trail the master propagandists who were encouraging political fascism in the minds of the Negro leaders. I wanted to know who was pulling the strings.

I did not find the answer until I met Robert Jordan the night of September 27, 1940. Listening to a volatile speaker on the outer fringe of the mob was a short, powerfully built Negro, with flat nose and sharp, fierce features. After Cooks had closed his meeting and the usual huddled groups had formed, I joined them and wiggled myself into the conversation. A few anti-Semitic phrases and the fascist slogans I had heard from Harlem's own black fuhrers were enough to draw out the opinions of the man I learned later was Robert Jordan.

The magic of *The Christian Defender* and my association with Joe McWilliams whom Jordan admired, soon established a friendly basis. Before long Jordan was sitting beside me in a neighborhood café and was telling me his personal history. A West Indian by birth, forty-one years of age, he had served as sailor with the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Japan's largest steamship company. In 1935 he had visited Germany. That same year he had organized the Ethiopian Pacific Movement, Inc., and proudly wired Hitler that the Negro people of the world were with him in his fight against injustice.

"Why should I be one," Jordan grunted, when I asked if he was a citizen.

Before going to Germany he had stopped in London, where he was arrested for anti-British agitation. He boasted of his personal friendship with Jawaharlal Nehru, former president of the All-India Congress who, Jordan claimed, had received him with open arms. Jordan was violently anti-British and anti-Semitic and repeated the Nazi mouthings that the British Empire was ruled by "International Jews."

I met Jordan frequently after our initial meeting and listened to his plans for an African Empire. He told me of his contempt for Democracy, and there was not the slightest doubt in his mind that the Axis would defeat the Democracies. He prophesied that Japan would eventually declare war on the

United States and asserted that Japan was far more powerful than Americans realized.

"They'll find that Japan is no push-over. I ought to know."

"What side will Negroes take in such an event?" I asked.

"Japan's," Jordan declared, "Japan is the black man's friend. Racially, Japan is the same as the Negroes. At one time all Japanese were black people."

He advanced the fantastic explanation that the inhabitants of India, Burma, Malaya and the Pacific Islands belonged to the "dark races" of the world and constituted a vast Negro Empire linked by common blood ties. Jordan explained that Japan constituted the "master race" of the Far East.

"Japan is destined to rule all of the Far East," he said mystically. "It is her divine mission. If American Negroes looked ahead they would fight for the interest of Japan, the leading dark nation. Japan's mission is to save the darker races of the world from Communism, just as Hitler's job is to save the White races in the west from Communism."

Jordan's historical and anthropological data were based on instructions by representatives of the Black Dragon Society here. But he believed in it. Tens of thousands of other Negroes believed in it and thousands propagated it. And like them, Jordan also believed in Hitler's and Hirohito's other lies that the Axis would "liberate" and give complete independence to the Negro.

I decided to write to the Reverend John Cole McKim, a former resident of Japan for many years, chairman of an America First Committee chapter and columnist for the Japanese organ, *The Japanese American Review*, to ask whether Japan intended to "liberate" Negroes if she were in a position to do so. This Japanese sympathizer wrote back:

I am sorry to disappoint your coloured friends: but I am sure that the case is as I have stated it. The Japanese do not regard themselves as a particularly coloured race. They consider themselves as at least equal to all others and superior to most. They are not, in fact, darker than Europeans taken as a whole. . . .

Certainly they would be astounded at the suggestion that they had any sort of racial community with Africans; or are racially nearer to them than Europeans are. As a matter of fact, they are

not. Being now at war with us they might be glad to encourage and to take advantage of any discord that Afro-Americans might create: but they would only be making tools of them. I am quite certain that Afro-Americans have nothing to gain from a Japanese victory and everything to lose. . . . That is a very detached opinion: I have no sentiments either way concerning Negroes: but I should be sorry to see them get into trouble.

None the less, Jordan spoke nightly on Lenox Avenue and 116th Street, spreading Hirohito's blatant propaganda. And because of the violence and brutal directness of his language, the lavish promises he made of "revenge" on the hour of "Japanese liberation of the black man," the crowds he drew were larger than those of any other Negro speaker. I did not see Jordan for a while after this, and one day received a note from him which read:

I would suggest that you call to see me Thursday evening at eight o'clock. I have a lot of information for you. I have already started to work for the New Order. Please let me know when I will see you, if for any reason you cannot make it Thursday.

The Wednesday before our meeting, I met him unexpectedly at the campaign headquarters of William T. Goodwin, the "Christian Front candidate" for New York Mayor. Asked what he was doing there, Jordan explained that he wanted to rally the Ethiopian Pacific Movement behind Goodwin's nomination. Jordan also informed me that he had met and been highly commended for his work by John Eoghan Kelly, the Christian Front organizer.

Joe Hartery, "the little Napoleon" on Joe McWilliams' speakers bureau, addressed one of Jordan's outdoor meetings, quoted extensively from the literature of the America First Committee and distributed it to the crowd. Hartery also spoke regularly at Jordan's indoor meetings using the alias Ashley.

Shortly afterwards he and Jordan addressed a Christian Front meeting in the Italian section of New York, not far from Stahrenberg's former office on 116th Street. That collaboration between white and black fascists was being promoted by the fascist hierarchy was proved again when a certain Dr. Mills, a speaker for the Christian Mobilizers, addressed

one of Jordan's meetings. From that time on Jordan climbed socially and politically. He visited the American Review Bookshop operated by fascist Seward Collins.

"How did you learn about the bookshop?" I demanded.

"I was asked to come down," Jordan answered. "Conrad Grieb, the office manager, sent for me. He heard me speak the other night and liked the way I talked."

"What else did Grieb say when you saw him?" I asked.

"We talked about Negro nationalism," Jordan answered. "He knew all about Marcus Garvey and had the Negro nationalist movement down pat. It was a pleasure to talk to him. He knew everything."

"Did you see Collins?" I asked.

"Collins was away," Jordan answered. "But Grieb took down my name and address and will write me as soon as Collins comes back."

On his second visit to the American Review Bookshop, Jordan told me he had talked with Seward Collins about publishing a leaflet, to be financed by Collins but to bear Jordan's name. Collins had expressed great interest in the promotion of a dynamic Negro fascist movement and Jordan had answered that American Negroes could be aroused easily "with enough money and some brains." Collins had sounded out Jordan on his South American contacts, particularly in Puerto Rico and the West Indies. Jordan had boasted of an extensive network of friends in the West Indies and told Collins he could easily establish contact with South American nationalists on short notice.

"Collins asked me to see him again after he got a chance to think over the whole thing," Jordan said proudly.

One day Jordan informed me with glee that the Japanese Christian Association had given him a fine letter of recommendation to the Japan Institute, the central Japanese propaganda agency maintaining the Japanese Library of Information in luxurious offices in Rockefeller Center. When Jordan returned from that visit he reported that he had been received cordially by its director, given the "run of the place" and sent home with a stack of Japanese propaganda. Among the books he had got were: *Manchukuo Today*; *Japan's Diplomacy, Its Aims and Principles*; and *Japan—Her Cultural Development*.



After this initial meeting Jordan visited the Japan Institute frequently, to read and study and engage the director in quiet conversation.

From Jordan I learned of Japan's "B" and "BB" plans. "B" stood for Buddhist. He explained that it was Japan's strategy in the event of war to use the Buddhist priests throughout India, Burma and Malaya to act as a native "fifth column."

"If war comes Japan is ready. The Buddhist priests are already under orders. They don't want white rule any more than the Africans. They will let the Japanese soldiers infiltrate secretly, will hide them in temples, dress them up like natives and give them all the guns they need. We Negroes are a part of the Black Brotherhood," Jordan went on. "This is a racial war—the Whites against the Blacks. Japan will protect us. Japan will fight for us. We will fight for Japan, because Japan is our only friend."

"What is the 'BB' plan?" I asked this "Black Aryan."

"The Black Brotherhood plan," he explained, "applies to the United States. It is Japan's plan to use the Negro. . . ."

He paused, looked at me sharply and said: "I've said enough." He would talk no more that day. But he did talk the next day. After a drink he needed little prodding to brag about the "confidence" the Japs had in him to lead an American Negro fifth column to revolt.

After his visits to the Japan Institute Jordan inaugurated a series of indoor meetings. I was handed an application for membership in the Ethiopian Pacific Movement the first night I attended. Under "Aims" I read:

To disseminate truth based upon historical knowledge; to study with an open mind the struggle between the New Order and Old and to secure for our selves and posterity the rights and privileges guaranteed under the U. S. Constitution.

I was one of the few white men among 250 Negroes allowed to attend the meeting. The night was hot. The passions of the Negroes around me mounted as the night wore on. I sat next to a fat burly Negro who sneered at me. I thought of the night I was beaten up at the Mobilizer meeting. I was completely encircled by zealot Negroes, their passions rising

by the minute. I thought of expressing some particularly vicious and loud anti-Semitic remarks during the frequent periods of applause. From then on I became "pals" with the burly Negro next to me. "It's those sonovabitch Jews," he kept repeating for the rest of the night.

Time and again Jordan evoked loud cheering at the mention of Hitler's name, but the loudest noise was reserved when he mentioned the "Japanese brothers."

"Japan wants to liberate the black man, and give Africa to the Africans. . . . We black people are with Hitler. . . . Hitler loves us; the Axis powers are fighting our battle for us. They will take Africa from the British and give it to the Africans who deserve to have it."

Despite the assurance of friendship by the anti-Semitic Negro next to me, I became uneasy when Jordan went into violent tirades against all white people and American Democracy in particular. Purely in self-defense I applauded wildly and conspicuously as Jordan yelled:

"Every white man is your enemy. No white man is ever a Negro's friend. Don't let 'em get next to you. Kill them before they do that. Give him his medicine. . . . The only hope for the black man is to collaborate with the Japanese."

After that meeting I noticed that Jordan regretted having talked too freely to me. His Japanese friends on the Black Dragon Society had no doubt warned him against all whites, without exception. Several incidents, such as the time I became violently ill after a cup of coffee, caused me to suspect foul work. I took it as a warning to keep away. I did not want to be mugged and my body hung in a dark alley. I made sure that Federal authorities were aware of the explosive situation in Harlem, and trusting them to do an infinitely better job of watching Jordan and his colleagues than I ever could, I stayed away from Harlem for a while.

## The Ethiopian Pacific Mov., Inc.

AIMS: To disseminate truth based upon historical knowledge; to study with an open mind the struggle between the New Order and Old and to secure for our selves and posterity the rights and privileges guaranteed under the U. S. Constitution.

## CHAPTER X

## POISON IN THE PULPIT

"In this way I believe I am acting in the spirit of the Almighty Creator; by opposing the Jew I am fighting for the Lord's work."

ADOLF HITLER

ONE NIGHT IN November, 1940, my constant ringing of the doorbell of an apartment on the New York West Side brought out a man in his late sixties, with benign white hair and whiskers. When I had told him my name he grabbed my hand and walked me to his study—one of the most unkempt tenement rooms I had ever seen.

My host—the Reverend John Jefferson Davis Hall—pointed to the "chair of state," an antique thing, while he sat down on another equally decrepit. A profusion of Biblical quotations, printed and hand-painted were stuck into mirror corners, nailed to the wall, placed against the desk, the window and the door. A battered old typewriter nestled in a foliage of papers, magazines and newspapers.

The telephone was off the hook and when I called the Reverend Hall's attention to it, he smiled. "The minute I put it on it begins to ring," he said. "Begin to count," he laughed as he put it back on the hook. I had counted up to twenty-six when the phone rang. Hall picked up the receiver, listened for a moment, then spoke. "Yes, brother, I will give you a message. A message from heaven. I want you to pray to God. He'll hear you. Europe is in a mess today because it has forgotten how to pray. Prayer is our salvation. Pray for your sins, brother."

He had hardly placed back the receiver when the phone bell rang again. Hall recited another message to the stranger over the wire, then disconnected the phone. "See!" he explained. "They give me no peace. I spread the gospel of Jesus Christ everywhere. I speak in the streets, in subways, in terminals—everywhere, but I have to have some rest."

A moment later, he raised his eyes to the unpainted ceiling and recited a prayer for my benefit and asked the good Lord's forgiveness for my sins. I had told him that occasionally I drank beer with the boys. The prayer over, the Reverend Hall turned to me suddenly:

"The *Bible* says nothing about purgatory, nothing about saints, nothing about special prayers for the dead, nothing about Mass. It's all a racket. A business racket. The Catholic Church is a business. It's in the game for money." He, however, approved of Father Coughlin. "I don't like his going into politics, but his spiritual message against the Jews is very good and very timely."

Reverend Hall puzzled me. At first I thought he was another Young, the Klansman, but when I noticed a copy of Winrod's *The Defender*, I reasoned that his sympathies were with the anti-Catholic sect of Fundamentalists with which Colonel Sanctuary associated. Hall accompanied me to the door when I left. There he recited another prayer for my benefit and conferred upon me the religious title, V.S.

"What does it stand for?" I asked.

"It stands for Volumes of Sunshine, brother."

The Fundamentalist wing of the Protestant religion has its stronger adherents in the Bible Belt. It lists seventy-five different denominations, including the Church of God, Assembly of God (subdivided into fifteen brands), Holiness Church, the Holy Rollers, and estimates of their strength run as high as 10,000,000. That the Jew must ultimately be converted they all agree. But they disagree on the method. Some believe that personal salvation should be achieved by converting the Jews through non-violent missionary methods. The majority of Fundamentalists subscribe to this doctrine.

But a small, extremely powerful and well-knit group of fanatic religionists among them insist that missionary efforts have proven a waste of time and that the salvation of the Jew can be achieved only through the persecution of the Jew; by slander, violence and denunciation. This group has headed straight for the Nazi camp. The leaders of this sect, located principally in many sections of the midwest, regarded Hitler as the savior destined to give battle to the anti-Christ, overcome

him at Armageddon and fulfill a so-called *Bible* prophecy for a peace to last one thousand years. The Reverend Gerald B. Winrod was the religious fuehrer of this revolutionary minority and had been fully endorsed by *World Service* as qualified for the job.

Fascist Fundamentalist leaders have told me that the present period of world turmoil is the pre-millennial period of "tribulations," following which "Armageddon will be fought, Christ will return as the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the nations will be judged, Satan will be bound and the Golden Age will be inaugurated. Peace will then fill the earth, as the waters cover the sea, men will know war no more and human nature will be regenerated."

As to Hitler's defamation of Christ, Christianity, organized religion and his substitution of pagan gods, fascist Fundamentalists said these were Satan's lies about him. I saw plainly that while the rest of America slept, the Nazis had crept quietly into the fold and gained the ears and minds of a gullible religious following. The main apostle of the hate creed was this same Reverend Gerald B. Winrod, with a large and militant following in the midwest.

In Wichita, Kansas, Winrod directed a quasi-religious propaganda group known as the Defenders of the Christian Faith and was pastor of the Defender Tabernacle. He published *The Defender* with a peak circulation of 125,000 ("A prophetic voice crying in the wilderness"), *The Constitutionalist*, *The Revealer* and was one of the most prolific publishers of Nazi party-line literature in the country. One of Winrod's closest collaborators was Colonel Sanctuary. Others included Joseph P. Kamp, Jung, True, Pelley, Edmondson, Mrs. Dilling, Henry D. Allen, Mrs. Fry, several Nazi consuls, and Herman Max Schwinn, notorious Bund leader of the West coast. Winrod sold the *Protocols*. The columns of *The Defender* promoted practically every major anti-Semitic, anti-Democracy, anti-British book published in the past eight years.

In the summer of 1934 Winrod, then still a poor, struggling revivalist minister buying his clothes and furniture on the installment plan and making one-dollar payments, wrote in *The Defender*:

The richest and most distinguished Protestant congregation in Berlin has Dr. Martin Niemoeller for its pastor today. . . . He dares to resist the power and threats of Reich Bishop Ludwig Mueller . . . defiantly refuses to preach about the pagan gods which Hitlerism has injected into Christian interpretation. Worshipers in his church hear only the old Gospel. It remains to be seen how long he will be able to continue.

But along about the fall of 1934, Winrod changed completely. His preachments suddenly became anti-Catholic and anti-Jew. Somehow and from somewhere, he obtained enough money to finance a trip to Germany and remain there for several months. When he returned in February, 1935, he cleaned up all his outstanding debts in lump sums, by check, boasting to his satisfied creditors that while in Germany he had met many important Nazi officials. While in Germany, too, Winrod learned that it was the Jew who had spawned Communism. He evangelized in *The Defender*:

. . . Nazism and Fascism are patriotic and nationalistic; Communism is not. . . . Hence of the three forms of government, Nazism and Fascism are as far in advance of Bolshevism as the twentieth century is from the Dark Ages. One stands for life, happiness and prosperity; the other, death, misery and starvation.

Winrod founded a second magazine, *The Revealer*, to reveal the "World Jewish Conspiracy" and began to print and distribute the *Protocols*. Tens of thousands of Fundamentalists in the Bible Belt were deluged with hate-inciting pamphlets that echoed all the lies of the Nazi propaganda mills. The Catholics fared no better. *The Defender* referred to the Pope as "Mr. Pius of Vatican City" and called the Roman Catholic Church "the harlot woman" of the *Bible*.

The circulation of *The Defender* boomed in the Klan and Silver Shirt-infested midwestern states.

Just before the national elections in 1936 Winrod made another trip to Germany. On his return he visited Washington, conferred with James True, spent hours at the German Embassy and held consultations with Hans von Reitenkranz, at that time Hitler's personal representative here. Invigorated by his new "Christian" contacts, Winrod published a series of

(July, 1957)

Defender

## Catholicism and Fascism

By W. J. Grandoschek, Bakersfield, Calif.

Commentators have long since established a connection between the Roman Church of history, and the Woman who rides the Scarlet Colored Beast of Revelation seventeen.

While the Harlot Woman of this passage refers to Catholicism, the Scarlet Beast depicts the ten puppet dictators and the one master Dictator, who will come forth from the chaos of Europe, within the territory of the old Roman Empire.

History confirms this passage. The Church has always sought to hold sway over governments. And this policy is prophesied to continue right down to the end.

Fascism is the spirit of ancient Rome. If it can be shown that the Catholic Church is really cooperating with Mussolini's program for restoring the Roman Empire to its ancient power and grandeur, another link will be

forged in the chain of prophetic events. This fact would serve to definitely establish the "Mother Church" as the "Mother of Harlots" mentioned in Revelation 17:5.

THAT SUCH AN INTIMACY EXISTS BETWEEN CATHOLICISM AND FASCISM IS WELL KNOWN TO ALL WHO ARE TRULY CONVERSANT WITH RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN EUROPE TODAY.

A sample of anti-Catholicism which Winrod promoted. *Commonweal*, a Catholic weekly, evaluated anti-Semitism as "one side of a coin on whose reverse is inscribed 'No Popery.'" Winrod's premise that Catholicism is fascist parallels Coughlin's equally vicious lie that "Communism is Jewish."

wild Nazi lies charging that the Lindbergh baby was killed as a part of a Jewish-Communist plot, that President Roosevelt was a Jew and that both the Spanish and Sino-Japanese wars were Jew-inspired.

When in 1938 Winrod decided to run for the Senate the Reverend L. M. Birkhead stepped into the picture. A Unitarian minister from Kansas City, Missouri, the Reverend Birkhead in 1935 visited Germany while on a vacation tour. Quite by accident he discovered the existence of a clearing house for international Nazi propaganda under the direction of the world's leading professional Jew-baiter, Julius Streicher. Masquerading as a fencing academy, Streicher's institution kept a catalogued index of those *im ausland* (abroad) who were favorable to the Nazi cause. Winrod was rated highly by the Nazis.

Alarmed at the inroads which Nazi propaganda had made in America even as early as 1935, the Reverend L. M. Birkhead left the ministry soon after his return from Germany and

founded the Friends of Democracy. Its object was to combat impartially both Communist and Nazi activity in the United States. When Birkhead learned that Winrod was running for Senator, he carefully analyzed Winrod's publications from 1934 on.

In a searing and historic booklet titled *Keep Fascism Out of Kansas*, he exposed Winrod's fascist sympathies and Winrod lost the race. But in obtaining 54,000 votes, which in Kansas was substantial strength in a four-way race, Winrod showed how deeply his Nazified "Christianity" had already seeped into Kansas.

Winrod's influence extended far beyond the borders of his state. A tall, heavy-set man, a powerful speaker and astute politician, he won the confidence of simple people who knew nothing of his checkered political career which was akin to that of the Royal Oak priest-politician. Religious and simple folk are trusting and do not doubt what a preacher tells them; especially one who like Winrod spoke of God as an older brother of his.

Though Martin Dies investigated other fascists, he never probed Winrod because of an odd series of circumstances. The story is best told in the words of N. J. Roccaforte, director of the Messengers Tract Club, Houston, Texas and a true Christian Fundamentalist who has testified as witness before grand juries. Roccaforte's signed statements to me read (I abbreviate):

In Houston, Texas, during the year of 1934 . . . [I] organized what was then known as the Defenders Tract Club. . . . At this time, Winrod having been impressed by our aggressive activity in Christian circles and the fact we established a record for getting subscriptions to his magazine *The Defender*, he offered us a position with his firm in Wichita, Kansas. . . .

We agreed on a salary of \$25.00 a week to start, but if the Tract Club took any of my time other than my own time, he would deduct my salary accordingly. We agreed to this plan. Mrs. Roccaforte who went into Winrod's office as a typist was promised a salary too. . . .

We arrived in Wichita May 2, 1935 and went to work and soon were shocked to learn Winrod's employees were being paid from \$6.00 to \$10.00 per week. At the end of the first week my

check of \$25.00 came through all right but Mrs. Roccaforte did not receive her salary. When we asked about it Winrod evaded the question; thinking we were in Christian service, we went about our tasks anyway. . . .

Disillusioned, we continued to work. Mrs. Roccaforte continued for nearly two years for which she never received her salary. We have estimated that Winrod owes the two of us nearly \$5,000.00 for printing and back salaries. After this incident, we developed our tract work rapidly. We purchased printing equipment which was placed in the basement of my private home. . . .

Life went on uneventfully except that we pushed Winrod's work. We conducted great subscription drives, advertising campaigns, improved the efficiency of his office generally until we had expanded his magazine's circulation to well over 120,000.

The senatorial campaign of 1938 came along and it was then that we were finally convinced Winrod's work was neither Christian nor patriotic. . . . We severed our associations with Winrod October 17, 1938; a few days after we asked Winrod to pay us what he owed us. This he refused and instead suggested that we move our printing plant and all our tract work to his premises. . . .

When we left his office, we borrowed money to pay a few of our creditors and returned home with our printing equipment and home furnishings. . . . In April, 1941, we re-established our tract work. . . . Since that time, the Tract Club has been rebuilding gradually . . . is concentrating on Gospel literature for service men and calling America to prayer as well as publishing religious literature of a general nature. . . .

Roccaforte had this to say relative to the Winrod-Dies episode which he learned at first hand:

The call was from Newton, Kansas, and Mr. C. H. Willms, manager of the Herald Publishing Company, the printers of *The Defender Magazine*, was on the wire, Mr. Willms said in substance that a government investigator who was sent by the Dies Committee from Washington was in his office demanding to see their books and records of Winrod's account.

Immediately, Winrod conferred with an attorney who advised against showing the investigator anything. Meanwhile, Winrod placed a long distance call to Rev. Harry H. Hodge in Beaumont, Texas, who is the pastor of the church frequently attended by

Mr. Dies when at home. It developed that Mr. Dies had heard Winrod on several occasions when in Beaumont on speaking engagements.

Mr. Winrod suggested to Mr. Hodge to immediately wire Martin Dies and advise him that he was making a mistake, and to recall at once his agent who was in Newton, Kansas, trying to investigate his business affairs. Accordingly, Mr. Hodge wired Martin Dies in Washington. In turn Mr. Dies recalled his representative who immediately left the city. The next day Winrod placed a long distance call to Congressman Dies in Washington and thanked him for his favor.

Winrod's contacts extended from Senator Reynolds and others high in public service to the lowest Nazi propagandists. Here is a letter he sent the notorious Edward James Smythe, Bundist and Klansman, on December 27, 1940:

Acknowledging receipt of your letter dated December 23, 1940 . . . will say that we share your attitude with regard to the magazine to which you refer. This subject was given attention in the article beginning on Page 12 of the enclosed Magazine. Wishing you the choicest Christian blessings for the New Year, I remain, faithfully yours. . . .

Like Edward James Smythe, Winrod fought the Lend-Lease Bill, urged strict isolationism and opposed all defense measures. He was a bulwark of the America First Committee in the mid-west. Spreading his black wings into South America, Winrod's Puerto Rican branch issued *El Defensor Hispano* (*The Spanish Defender*), a twenty-page monthly magazine carrying translated articles which disseminated typical Winrod doctrines. Who paid for *El Defensor Hispano*?

Fundamentalist ministers like Winrod have been riding the midwestern plains to lay the groundwork for the rise of a dynamic fascist leader. Fascist-Fundamentalists were the backbone of the Ku Klux Klan in the midwest; many members of the Silver Shirts were Fundamentalists; and Mrs. Dilling, the noisiest super-patriot in the country, collaborated with these preachers of hate.

Among Winrod's disciples was the Reverend W. D. Riley of Minneapolis, founder of World's Christian Fundamentals

Association, and a frequent contributor to *The Defender*. He directed the Northwestern Bible Seminary where he gave "sound training to some fifteen hundred or more scholars a year," according to Mrs. Dilling.

When *The Minneapolis Journal* charged Riley with membership in Pelley's Silver Shirts, he made no protest. An ardent propagator of the *Protocols*, Riley believed that the "Russian who discovered them and brought them to light" was a "good and godly man . . . and a real patriot." He was convinced that "no money expended is so effectually lost as money on Jewish missions"—a conviction that cleared the way for him to follow the Nazi pattern of persecution. Although basically anti-Catholic (which they called Romanism), many among Winrod's klan of Fundamentalists were mysteriously reconciled to Father Coughlin's brand of "Catholicism," and Riley even gave a series of four sermons commending "the philosophies of Father Coughlin." And in the March, 1940, issue of his organ, *The Pilot* he whitewashed the Royal Oak fascist and the cleric's co-revolutionists:

. . . I have found more intelligence in this Priest's deliverances, and more evidence of loyalty to true democracy and to constitutional government . . . than I have received from any other orator of the hour. . . . Instead of being a revolutionary club, these 17 young men were members of a rifle club. . . . A Christian Front we need! Nothing less will save our land!

Elizabeth Dilling referred to Riley as "that staunch lion of Christianity and patriotic Americanism." The "lion" countered: "I thank God for Elizabeth Dilling." And when Winrod was accused of being a Hitlerite, Riley explained to a correspondent that this was not so at all:

I do not believe that Winrod has the slightest connection with Hitler. I find many men who have been over to Germany—in fact, most of those that I have talked with—complimentary to German conditions at the present time . . . I will gladly send you a copy of the *Protocols* if you have not read them.

This was the Fascist-Fundamentalists' way of saying that all's well with National-Socialism "at the present time."

Hate, which knows no boundary, flourished in the Kingdom Temple, Los Angeles under Pastor Joseph Jeffers, who like Winrod, had taken a post-graduate course on applied "Christianity" in Germany and Italy in 1938. On his return Jeffers boasted to reporters that he had spoken with Mussolini and Goebbels personally.

In the spring and summer of 1939 Los Angeles newspapers buzzed with scandalous stories involving Jeffers and his pretty wife of nine months on charges of holding "orgies," and with allegations of "unconventional practices while naked for the entertainment of house guests." A red-haired beauty-shop operator figured prominently. The matter was investigated by the District Attorney's office and Jeffers was brought to trial on a morals charge, but he managed to secure an acquittal.

Despite the incident, "Joe" as he is affectionately known to his cult, had many thousands of followers who filled Kingdom Temple and were treated to a combination of politics, religion, anti-Catholicism and shrieking "Americanism."

Jeffers was notorious for his association with the Silver Shirts. In 1939 he permitted the showing at Kingdom Temple of a four-reel recruiting film which depicted "Silver Shirt activities in the Northwest." Pelley-organizer, Roy Zachary, who at a Bund gathering had threatened to assassinate President Roosevelt "if nobody else will," was narrator. Mrs. Fry's agent, Henry D. Allen, was on hand to speak on *The Cause of Communism*. The Kingdom Temple congregation was treated to the spectacle of hearing a would-be assassin, a former convict and a so-called minister of the gospel who had been tried for sexual perversion, talk on "Christian morality" and "Americanism."

Jeffers was also addicted to a strange new cult initiated by William J. Cameron, Henry Ford's public relations counsel, known as the Anglo-Saxon Federation. Its "teachings" were a combination of bigotry and superstition based on a wishful and distorted interpretation of the *Bible*. Like Winrod, who was somewhat of a co-cultist to the Federation's teachings, Jeffers spoke mystically of the "Kingdom Message" and its promise of reward to such peerless "Christians" as Jeffers and his followers. But The Kingdom of God would not be delivered unto the Catholics. No sir, because—

. . . The Black Pope has had his hands in the political affairs here, and in Tammany Hall with its Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. But that is going to be changed. And we shall see it come. We shall see a religious revival and a revolution come in America at the same time.

I followed the train of poison preachers to Michigan. On a Labor Day week end I posed as a "pilgrim" and with thousands of Coughlinites visited the Shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak. I found there a Coney Island built around the dignity of the Church, and Father Coughlin in the role of chief barker. I made six attempts to interview Father Coughlin. But on each occasion I was told that he was playing golf, or else riding around in a magnificent Cadillac car in his shirtsleeves late at night.

The Reverend Charles E. Coughlin was neither liked personally, nor respected for his business shrewdness by those in the neighborhood who had had dealings with him. And those who turned against him were largely Catholic. They told me that Coughlin neglected his parish and turned over his clerical duties to a corps of assistants. He was disliked by many of the clergy.

He was not only censured by George Cardinal Mundelein who said that Coughlin "is not authorized to speak for the Catholic Church, nor does he represent the doctrine or sentiments of the Church," but the Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil, Senior Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, in a nation-wide radio address hinted directly at Coughlin by denouncing "*emotional charlatans* who have become statesmen overnight and whose unctuous voices betray a first urge to hear themselves no matter whose thought they convey."

The Shrine was located on Detroit's super-highway, Woodward Boulevard, which made it convenient for tourists. Father Coughlin operated the Shrine Inn, a restaurant, several souvenir shops teeming with customers, hot dog stands and the Shrine Garage. Coughlin had wanted to buy off all adjoining property and build a super-garage-and-restaurant but the owners would not sell. As a result, Paul's Pup Tent (its hot "pups" were bigger than "Shrine" hot dogs) and Fred's Garage adjoined Coughlin's concessions.

Father Coughlin maintained a large parish school and also owned a thirty-acre plot with a fine building which he leased to the Social Justice Publishing Company. He collected rent from that, too. His parents lived in a magnificent home which I estimated cost about \$25,000. As a community booster, Father Coughlin impressed me as a matchless asset to any local Chamber of Commerce.

Delegates of "Pilgrim's Clubs," devout believers in the Coughlin "Christian Crusade," curio-seekers and suckers were as thick as on the Coney Island boardwalk in summer. Only the Hawaiian dancers and the freak shows were missing. Otherwise there were plenty of sideshows. Women walked into the Church in gay-colored robes some of which were anything but modest. Youths hawked *Social Justices* and souvenirs. Children bawled, mothers screamed, fathers yelled as offspring ran into a street more crowded than Times Square. There were no policemen, and traffic snarls were as common as popcorn. Trains, buses and autos dumped their human content every few minutes in a bedlam of noise and confusion.

This was the Shrine of the Little Flower when I visited it on Labor Day, 1940.

The interior of the Shrine was designed magnificently, but I counted at least thirty-three repositories for coin. I had no sooner entered with 3,000 others than twenty-four ushers began from the front rows and worked back, exacting a seat tax of twenty-five cents from each person—aside from several other collections which followed. They handled the coin to see if it were good. They made change on the spot, then vanished—having collected \$750 in four minutes at one Mass alone. I was amazed at their machine-like efficiency.

I have attended many Catholic Church services and I've been deeply moved by them, but I saw nothing but commercialism and heard nothing but revolutionary politics here. Coughlin spent ten minutes in the ritual at the altar after which he disappeared, to reappear a few minutes later in the pulpit. He impressed me as a man of considerable ego, love for power and wealth—distinctly a man of the flesh and not of the spirit. He spoke on politics for an hour with the heaving passion and flaying gestures of Joe McWilliams. And like Joe he berated labor and Democracy. He praised Hitler and

clerical fascism. "Watch America degenerate from now on," was his theme because it had denounced his preachments.

Then he came down from the pulpit, hurried through another fifteen minutes of ritual, and as he disappeared into the narthex the thought swept through me that such a man could prove so great a thorn in the side of the Church that even with its venerable store of experience, it could hardly dare silence "Silver Charlie" (as he was dubbed for speculating in silver while he preached against it) without painfully pricking its fingers.

The Winrods, Jefferses and Coughlins were on the rampage. Where one would least expect to find Nazi propaganda at work—in the Church—I found it organized as effectively as outside the Church. Down the broad stretches of the Mississippi Valley, through the corn belt of Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska, through the valleys of Ohio and Missouri, a host of pseudo-Christian ministers were engaged in undermining the foundations of Democracy.

"Nazism and fascism stand for both home and church," counselled Winrod.

"In this way I believe I am acting in the spirit of the Almighty Creator; by opposing the Jew I am fighting for the Lord's work," said Adolf Hitler.

## CHAPTER XI

### SPIES!

"Always push the people more and more for the revolution. America must and will feel the hammer-blows of the Nazi-Fascist might. We must work now, so the *Führer* can come to the White House. . . . He will make men of America's weak children."

HUBERT SCHMUEDERRICH

COUNT ANASTASE ANDREIVITCH VONSIATSKOY-VONSIATSKY was a legendary figure in the Nazi underworld in which I moved. His name was spoken in awe and his deeds whispered in secrecy. But he was no myth—he was very much alive! With considerable foresight, the penniless ex-Czarist officer fell in love with Mrs. Marion Stephens, divorced wife of a wealthy Chicago attorney, daughter of Norman Bruce Ream, multi-millionaire. The Count was twenty-two and she forty-four. After they were married he worked for a while in the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Trilled the Countess:

"My dear Anastase is going through all the various departments, so that if the Czar's government is restored, which Anastase believes will happen, he will be equipped to become the company's representative."

But the Count soon dropped his work and began to plot a revolution to restore Czarist rule. His wife's palatial estate in Thompson, Connecticut, became the base for intrigues which girdled the globe. As *fuehrer* of the All-Russian National-Socialist Labor Party, Vonsiatsky in 1934 went to Berlin to scheme against the Soviet and establish the basis for a network of espionage agents.

From Berlin he hopped to Tokyo, and in league with Japanese officials organized an espionage network from that end of the world. From Tokyo Vonsiatsky went to Harbin and Shanghai, both of which already were centers of Russian White Guard activity. Reporting to Berlin for further instructions, he was sent to Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia and Paris.



In each city the Count established White Guard cells serving the Nazi espionage ring.

When Count Anastase Vonsiatsky finally returned to Thompson with a feeling of work well done, he set to manipulating the strings which he hoped would restore his wealth of Czarist days. He founded *The Fascist*—an all-Russian magazine, and in America his group of Quislings became known as the Russian National Fascist Revolutionary Party. His most intimate friends became Fritz Kuhn, and others of that type whom he lavishly entertained at his home or at the Russian Bear, a night club adjoining the estate and operated by a relative.

During the Spanish Civil War Vonsiatsky ran arms to Franco and established contact with the Mexican Gold Shirts, who were also interested in the traffic of arms. The Count militarized his revolutionary party. One section of his Thompson estate became an arsenal, lined with rifles and machine guns. Drills were held regularly on its cloistered recesses. Sleepy, colonial Thompson village far off the main arteries of travel, became the center of intrigue, espionage and revolutionary plotting. And Countess Vonsiatsky could do little about the "patriotism" of "my dear Anastase."

Armed with this background of the legendary Count, I visited him in the summer of 1941. Rather than direct his spies to the license of my car I parked it on a side street, and walked the distance to his estate which I found to be even more magnificent than I had imagined. I knocked, and after a minute's silence in the course of which I sensed myself watched, a growling police dog threw itself against the heavily screened door. Then from the inside came a deep-throated roar. I wasn't sure whether it was another dog or a human being until, seemingly out of nowhere, emerged a huge man. He was a heavily-muscled giant, weighing well over 260 pounds, with a large blunt nose, full coarse lips and an enormous head—bald and shiny. He was dressed in khaki shirt and trousers. Behind him was another police dog.

"You are George Pagnanelli, yes?" he asked in a bass voice.

I walked in while the Count held back the growling hounds and locked them in an inner room. I was disappointed when

he led me not to the arsenal—but to his office. It was filled with maps, numerous ship models of the Czarist Navy, photographs of the Czar and other dead heroes of a dead order. This was the time (in 1941) when Hitler was digging deep into Russia and a Hitler victory was uppermost in Vonsiatsky's mind.

"By November 7 the German line will be Leningrad-Moscow-Rostov. The Christmas issue of *The Fascist* will be published in Berlin and the New Year issue from Moscow. I am already packing for the trip. In America I am now through."

I looked on in silence as he edited copy for what he thought would be the final issue of *The Fascist* in America. He resumed in his thickly accented English: "I don't belong in this country. Of my countrymen here 300,000 want to go back with me to Russia. I am not American. I don't want to be American. In *The Fascist* there is not one line in English. In America I don't care what happens. I am here only to do my work."

Vonsiatsky was uncommonly frank, thanks to the groundwork laid through copies of *The Christian Defender* and our circle of acquaintances which overlapped. We both knew Boris Brasol, the notorious White Russian agent and we both knew "the boys" at the Bund. He received the *Deutscher Weckruf* and was also a subscriber to *Social Justice*. But his interest in American affairs seemingly did not extend beyond that, for his heart was in Europe and he marked time until he could go back.

I asked Vonsiatsky about the work of the America First Committee, mentioning Nye and Lindbergh by name in order to get the reaction of this Russian Nazi.

"That America First Committee does good work. It has sympathizers many times more than the membership. It is all very, very good education for nationalism. In America you will have it. It is must when Hitler wins. Your Wheeler, Nye and your D. Worth Clark, will save your America for you Americans."

His emphasis on "your America" and "you Americans" struck me as odd. But it was natural for a man who had no respect for the United States.



A New Constitution will be written which stands for obedience, credence and combat and which will last not merely another 150 years, but for time eternal. I urge my followers wherever they are, to do their duty in regard to our belief and the idol of us all, Adolf Hitler. . . . Our World Revolution is Victorious! Long Live Our Leader! Adolf Hitler!

"In the meanwhile, George," he advised, "organize and give out literature against the Jew. The laws here mean little to us who are in the revolution. There is too much Democracy here, forty-eight kinds, and the people are weak. They need the protection of the National-Socialist might."

"You don't think men like McWilliams can lead the revolution, do you?" I asked.

"Men like him we use to make the ground ready for the real leaders. For us there is no going back. Like Hitler I'll live to see the end of the Catholic Church not only in Germany but in America. It has already begun to fall to pieces in Germany. Half the Catholic Churches are empty. Education of German youth does that. Only the old people go to Church in Germany."

"How about Father Coughlin here?" I asked.

"It is necessary to work with him because he has a big following and we don't want to go against him now. We'll settle with him later."

Bending over the table at which we were seated in a Yorkville café, Hubert exhorted: "Always push the people more and more for the revolution. America must and will feel the hammer-blows of the Nazi-Fascist might. We must work now, so the *Führer* can come to the White House. *Der Führer der Teutonen wird gewinnen. Er wird starke Maenner aus Amerikas schwachen Kindern machen,*" he ended in a burst of Prussian arrogance.

"The Teutonic *Führer* will win. He will make strong men of America's weak children."

In the spring of 1941 Hubert insisted that I become acquainted with the prospective members of his underground storm-troopers. Among those he asked me to visit was one Josef August Klein. The house was in a shabby neighborhood in the lower Bronx, next to a row of condemned tenements. The streets were dark. I climbed cautiously to the top

floor and nervously knocked on Apartment 18. I got no immediate response, but in a few minutes I became aware of an inner door being opened. The next instant the door on which I had knocked opened noiselessly. A short man, followed by a huge dog, stood in the doorway. Seeing the dog made me think of my visit to Vonsiatsky.

"Who are you?" the man asked.

"Hubert Schmuederrich sent me up," I said. "I am Pagnanelli."

I followed Klein in as two doors closed silently behind me.

"Lie down, Pal," Klein yelled to the growling mastiff. "George here is a friend." But the dog had keener instincts and kept growling. "He doesn't seem to like you," Klein observed. "Pal usually has a good reason when he dislikes anyone. What is your work, Pagnanelli?"

I told Klein I worked in the stock room of a business concern downtown.

The transformation as the doors were closed behind me was like a screen play. A large precision clock, the kind seen at railway terminals, was on the wall. Looking through the open door at my left I saw a large studio camera, an enlarging machine on an easel, several developing tanks, photographic paper and chemicals. Outside the door was a curtain of monk's cloth. On the floor were various pieces of electric apparatus with a maze of wire leading to another room to which Klein led me by the arm. This room, larger than the others and filled with radio equipment, transmission and receiving apparatus of many kinds, resembled the control room of a broadcasting station. The entire apartment was a maze of multiple wires, extending through the walls. I estimated that the equipment was easily worth \$2000.

Not a sound came from the outside. The floors were thickly carpeted and the walls were lined with monk's cloth. An eerie violet ray light came from overhead. Half the room was set off from the other half with a wide stretch of monk's cloth. . . . The huge dog followed, constantly growling and sniffing at me.

"He is a suspicious animal, isn't he?" I said.

"He is my best pal and smells trouble a mile away," Klein said.

"By the way, Arthur McGee was talking of you. Said you were okay. You gotta be careful these days who you talk to."

"Schmuederrich talked to me about you and what he says goes a long way with me," I said, returning the compliment.

As we talked I heard transcriptions of Hitler's speeches which Klein had made. There were also recordings of McWilliams' voice. Klein had been a member of the Christian Front, but now spent most of his evenings with his radio set and his girl, Virginia—an extremely pretty brunette, according to her photograph—of Italian parentage. Klein was not yet a citizen, but expected to get his final papers shortly. "As soon as I get my American citizenship, I'll work for the Grey Shirts. In the meanwhile, I have to lay low."

As Klein talked, I wondered at Schmuederrich's choice of a recruit for the Grey Shirts. Klein impressed me as being too mousy and timid to be of any use in a revolutionary organization! I thought, of course, of his photographic laboratory and radio apparatus—but had no idea that the colorless Josef August Klein could be anything but a timid sympathizer of Nazi Germany.

Just off Fifth Avenue, facing Rockefeller Center was B. Westermann, a bookshop whose showcases were filled with innocuous imported lithographs, American etchings, magazines and collectors' items. Its interior was spacious and respectable. Max Albrecht Blank was office manager of the bookshop, one of the oldest in the country. Blank was average in size and weight, with a ruddy complexion and blue eyes. Soft-spoken and quiet, the only conspicuous mark about him was an ear lobe which was split in two. "He is a good man for you to know," Schmuederrich had said.

When I met Max Blank the first time, he asked if I had read that week's issue of the *Deutscher Weckruf*. I shook my head. He then went to a drawer and brought me one and also brought back issues of *In Retrospect*, a magazine distributed from the offices of the Nazi German-American Vocational League. It featured reprints of articles by Lawrence Dennis and Charles Lindbergh.

I had no trouble in convincing Blank that I was "all right."

My *Christian Defender* and our common friendship with "patriots" were enough to gain his confidence. Like Klein he had also heard of me as a "good man." Blank next tried to sell me a copy of *The Talmud Unmasked*, by Colonel Sanctuary and *War, War, War*, by "Cincinnatus," pseudonym for a pronounced American Nazi whose identity no one seemed to know. While I was talking with Blank, Kurt Mertig of the Citizens Protective League came in.

"I knew I'd find myself in good patriotic company," he said, laughing.

After greeting me, he withdrew and began talking earnestly in German with Blank. When Mertig had left, Blank called me over. On the shelves, arranged so that they were recognizable only when a few feet away, was an array of Nazi best sellers: *Seeking Foreign Trouble* by Ralph Townsend; *The Truth About England* published by the League to Save America First; a large assortment of Flanders Hall books, and back copies of Viereck's *Today's Challenge*.

"Of course you belong to the Bund?" I asked. "Why haven't I seen you at any of the meetings?"

"No," he answered. "I never belonged to it. They are all thickheads. I used to be a member of the Friends of the New Germany long ago. I gave the Bund advice but they did not take it. I told them that they were too blunt with their approach and were taking in people without investigating them. I now work alone and I'm very careful who I talk to.

"I use the right technique," Max Albrecht Blank resumed. "I study people. If it's a new customer, I break him in gradually. First I give him a book like *European Jungle* by Major F. Yeats Brown. Then I suggest he read *Smokescreen* by Samuel Pettengill, [a book violently hostile to the New Deal]. If he likes these I suggest *The Truth About England* by T. W. Hughes. Then come the Flanders Hall books. I use the right strategy and not only make a customer for the store but also a friend who can help the cause either now or later on."

I was becoming increasingly disappointed in Hubert's selection of storm-troop fodder. I had expected to meet tough Aryan sluggers. I told Hubert my reactions. "Never mind what you think now," he said, "you'll think different later. Now you go and talk to Paul Scholz."

Paul Al W. Scholz was plump, with a well-padded girth and soft hands; seemingly a genial, easy-going German-American who earned a livelihood—so I thought—as salesman at Germania Bookstore. Paul and I became friendly, and as I brought in copies of my *Christian Defender*, we used to talk at length.

Though heartily sympathetic to the Bund and the Christian Mobilizers, he kept away from the meetings. He did his part for Hitler by distributing vast quantities of Hubert's and Sanctuary's pamphlets. He sold the *National American* and all of Pete's publications. When Pete went underground, Scholz continued to distribute his stuff surreptitiously. Scholz was not a loud-mouthed fanatic and he was not a joiner. "I don't join nothing," he said.

Then, one day, while reading my newspaper, I saw his name in the lineup of Nazi spy suspects rounded up by the F.B.I. Later, I visited the courtroom to assure myself that Scholz was actually the Scholz I had known at the Germania Bookstore. It was indeed the same, grown fatter and somewhat paler. I also recognized my other "friends" Max Blank and Josef Klein.

Scholz was convicted with Colonel (Frederick Joubert) Fritz Duquesne, the "master spy." The record showed that the amiable, plump-faced German had a more sinister record as a spy than even Blank or Klein. Paul Al W. Scholz is now serving *sixteen years* in Federal prison! Blank pleaded guilty and was let off with six years. Klein got five years. And I have been wondering what Virginia has been doing since the incarceration of her mousy Josef. Was she a "plant" to distract the attention of the F.B.I. from his sinister activities?

As to Hubert Schmuederrich, I have often thought of him. He may have been a spy himself, and his bluff manner a mere blind. The ways of the Nazis are so deceptive that the most harmless looking German may prove to be a spy and the loudest defamer of Democracy a mere windbag. Anyway, whether spy or windbag, Hubert boasted that he never filed an income tax report and was also "proud" of being a draft dodger. The F.B.I. eventually sent him to join his friends in jail after which denaturalization proceedings were filed against him and he was deprived of his citizenship.

## PARK AVENUE "PATRIOTS"

"What is the reason for the hatred stirred up against Japan? . . . I have been in both countries and during the week spent in China I saw cruelty such as I shall never forget all my life; during two months in Japan I saw nothing but kindness, love of nature and of children."

MRS. NESTA H. WEBSTER

MY TRANSFORMATION from a rabble Christian Mobilizer to a Park Avenue "patriot" was easy! A change in my necktie, the pressing of my "Pagnanelli suit" and slightly better diction accomplished the change. The language spoken was much the same, and whatever difference there was in social caste went by the board in the grand upsurge of "patriotism."

My Park Avenue "friends" read *The Christian Defender* and *Social Justice* and loved it. They thought *World Service*-endorsed Mrs. Dilling was "simply grand." The stuff peddled by Nazi agencies became palatable when translated into acceptable English by Americans of colonial stock, with no swastika embroidery and no mention of Hitler as the "liberator." Instead of talking revolution and founding "sport clubs,"

## ADOLF HITLER: HUMANITARIAN, PEACEMAKER

Will We Let Europe's Strong Man Bring America Greater Prosperity?

Regardless of the subversive information handed us by many daily newspapers, Adolf Hitler actually has accomplished for the people of Germany the employment and prosperity which has been only promised by our American bureaucracy (for dictatorship)—in promises not fulfilled except by more promises; and Germany today is enjoying the prosperity and respect and world leadership which is making her and her great Leader the admiration of all Nations.

There is no unemployment in Germany — there are fifteen per cent more "jobs" than there are workers

"Heil Hitler"—and no wonder their great Fuehrer is regarded by them as a living personification of the ideals of CHRIST. And as Christ was maligned and persecuted, so is Hitler hated and lied about by the same vicious world haters and despoilers of mankind. The people of

Hitler is ruling Germany of crime and subversive activities and he is freeing the German people from " racketeering " oppression. By invitation, he united Austria with Germany and freed the Austrian people from their former oppressors

With such great advantages already in their favor, Hitler will not tolerate war anywhere if he possibly can avert it—although he and his allies now are strong enough to win any conflict. Even were Hitler to die or retire, his successors are ready and his policies will be continued. Adolf Hitler is the George Washington of Germany (and, maybe, of all Europe).

We need more Americanism in America. When real Americans expose the un-American activities of Germany and free the Austrian people from their former oppressors

Hitler-worshipper James Sheppard Potts boasts that his ancestors came to America in 1619—which was supposed to have made him a good American.

Park Avenue demanded a "new leadership" and founded groups to propagate a refined brand of dissension and defamation of Democracy among members who had better table manners than the goon squad.

Justification for Hitler's methods became subtle, hushed down, and was whispered *sotto voce* only behind locked doors. I know, because I was often behind those locked doors. It wasn't quite Emily Post to say "Jew"; so "alien" and "minority" became substitute words, just as "new leadership" became synonymous with "revolution." Park Avenue insisted that all *isms* bear the label "Made in America." It insisted that "Heil Hitler" become "Save America First."

Take the case of James Sheppard Potts, editor of *Southern Progress* of Richmond, Virginia. In his own words, his ancestors were "of the purest British stock, Captain Francis Potts having been a successor to Captain John Smith in the very earliest days of the Colony . . . twelfth generation Americans." And yet in one of his editorials Potts looked upon Hitler as "the great world humanitarian and peacemaker," then he added solemnly: "Adolf Hitler is the George Washington of Germany (and, maybe, of all Europe)."

Nazi propaganda became so refined through the years that when it reached Park Avenue parlors, the Harvard Club or the Lotos Club where Lawrence Dennis and Seward Collins respectively entertained, it was almost unrecognizable as such. Only those who had studied its coarser manifestations among the "know nothing" rabble recognized Hitler's voice in the cocktail lounge. Nazi henchmen succeeded in influencing certain Park Avenue circles to believe that the New Deal was "Communist" and was out to suck them dry of their property and bank accounts. The influence of Nazi agents upon the Park Avenue "patriots" I met rested mainly on this cooked-up tenet. Here is an instance:

The late city edition of the *New York Times* for May 16, 1941, carried the following news item:

#### WIFE LINKS EX-HEAD OF LEGION TO NAZIS

Spafford, Suing for Divorce, Is Accused of Conspiracy

Edward E. Spafford, former national commander of the American Legion, was accused yesterday before Supreme Court Justice

William T. Collins and a jury of conspiring with Nazi agents in this country to "fabricate" divorce charges against his wife, Mrs. Lillyan Mercier Pierce Spafford, because of her "anti-Nazi attitude."

. . . Both attorneys mentioned Ernest Schmitz, manager of the German Tourist Information Office, which has been under investigation by the Dies Committee as one of the "Nazi agents." Mr. Gottlieb declared further that Mr. Spafford and the Nazis wanted "Mrs. Spafford out of the way" because she objected to having Nazi agents as guests in her home and made statements to the F.B.I.

*Who's Who* listed Edward Elwell Spafford as Lieutenant Commander of the Navy during the World War and later chairman of Naval Affairs of the American Legion. Spafford was national commander of the American Legion in 1927 and was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, also receiving medals from the Italian, French and Greek Governments. The Nazi Dr. Schmitz was registered with the State Department as director of the German Railways Information Office.

I sensed that there was more to the *Times* story than was printed. I visited Mrs. Spafford at her home in New York City and gained her confidence through my connections with democratic organizations. A spirited woman and intensely anti-Nazi, she explained that her husband had once been as "much of an American as the President." Then, about six years ago. . .

"We were happily married until we met the Schmitzes; Dr. Schmitz, his wife and their son, Frank. They began to come regularly for week ends at our farm. They talked to my husband. They went together on long hikes. They continued their conversation at dinner. It was always about Nazi Germany, how great and powerful and righteous she was. They talked about the Jews—how bad they were. And they talked about the coming revolution—how it would liberate America. My husband began to change. He began to think and to talk like the Schmitzes."

"How did they influence him?" I interrupted.

"They worked it so cleverly that he didn't realize he was being pulled into the Nazi net. Our house became flooded

with propaganda literature from Germany and from the United States. A lot of it came from the Schmitz office."

Mrs. Spafford went on, excited at the scenes she recalled:

"I could not stand those Nazis making a fool of my husband. In the first place, a man in his position had no business to associate with them so intimately. And he had no business entertaining them at our home almost every week end. It was disloyal of him to knock our Democracy and praise Nazi Germany. It became impossible for us to live together any longer. I sued for divorce. But to serve him with divorce papers I had to go to the Schmitz home to find him.

"On the wall above Schmitz's desk was a large framed picture of Hitler. My husband was sitting right under it. I spat on Hitler's picture, then looked at the large Nazi flag and said, 'Why do you hang that rag here? This is America. A Nazi flag has no place in this country.' And then I told the Schmitzes they had no business breaking up the homes of Americans."

I was determined to hear Commander Spafford's side of the story. I wrote him and curious for his reaction, inclosed a particularly vicious copy of *The Christian Defender*. The next day I received a warm invitation to visit him.

The Spafford "farm" proved to be a sumptuous country home located two miles from Brewster, New York. A colored servant opened the door and ushered me into the living room; a stately, rectangular affair with oak beams, a fireplace and all the comforts one would expect at a country lodge. I looked out onto the magnificent grounds—on the tennis courts, stables, dairies and the acres of beautiful rolling meadows. I heard Commander Spafford come down the stairs and turned to face him.

A large, fleshy man with pudgy head and sandy complexion, he greeted me cordially and sat down opposite me on the sofa. He impressed me as a simple-minded man politically; and somewhat like General Moseley, easily flattered. He readily admitted entertaining Schmitz on many occasions. Not only Herr Schmitz, but . . .

"I also had Franz Ritter von Epp<sup>1</sup> and Dr. Dortmueller

<sup>1</sup> General von Epp was one of Hitler's most trusted underlings; he was among Hitler's earliest supporters and headed the German Colonial Society.

up to my house several times when they were here in 1936. Von Epp is now a high German official in occupied France. Dortmueller," Spafford went on, "is director of the entire German Railway Combine."

"And what do you think of Von Epp, Dortmueller and Schmitz?" I asked.

"They are all fine gentlemen. I regard them all as my personal friends, otherwise I would not have invited them to the farm. People have told me," Spafford reflected, "that Mr. Schmitz is a Nazi agent. He is nothing of the sort. He is just telling the truth about Germany. He is breaking no laws. The Constitution gives every man the right of free speech. That man wouldn't do anything to hurt this country. At least," Commander Spafford added in afterthought, "not while we are at peace with Germany."

This was the time of Rudolf Hess' flight to England and I asked Spafford if he thought Hitler was suing for peace.

"Mr. Hitler does not have to sue. He is already the victor. He has always been for peace and has never wanted war. You know damned well it was the international bankers who started this war. Mr. Hitler had nothing to do with it."

He felt safe with Pagnanelli. *The Christian Defender* assured him that I was one hundred per cent for Hitler. Commander Spafford boasted that Mussolini had personally decorated him with the Order of the Crown of Italy. He was so well known as a friend of Italians, he said, that "Lucky" Luciano (a convicted pimp, gangster and head of a vice syndicate in Brooklyn) had once made an appointment to see him.

"Why should a man like that want to see you?" I wondered.

"He wanted me to help him file his income tax return. He had heard Italians speaking well of me," Spafford replied. "I referred Mr. Luciano to a lawyer."

I asked the opinion of this former Commander of the American Legion as to whether Nazi agents here were stirring discontent with the ultimate aim of overthrowing our government.

"Bunk!" Commander Spafford exploded. "That is a lot of propaganda. Those Germans are no more interested in the overthrow of our government than are the Eskimos."

Just before leaving, the Commander carefully pointed out that all his forbears had come to this country before 1657, had fought in every war and gloriously served their country. He basked in the glory of his forbears. "I'm American to my finger tips. No one can raise a finger against me on that. I stand for one hundred per cent patriotism for my country. My record shows that."

MAUDE S. DELAND, M.D.

I was urged to visit Dr. Maude S. DeLand by Kurt Mertig chairman of the Citizens Protective League, whose meetings she attended. A woman past seventy, she had been a medical psychiatrist at the Topeka State Hospital in Kansas and was retired from practice. Her room in the Dixie Hotel in New York was cluttered with a large selection of "patriotic" books, many of them in German.

Before going to see her I familiarized myself with her background by reading a lengthy, six-page letter she had written the Reverend L. M. Birkhead on October 2, 1935, in which she, professed her friendship with Reverend Winrod; with Arnold S. Leese, London editor of *The Fascist*, and completely justified Hitler and Hitlerism. She also added:

Germany is a much more religious nation than U.S.A. . . . I happen to belong to the "Friends of the New Germany" and it also happens that my ancestors came to this country from *England* before the Revolutionary War and some of my ancestors fought in that war and my father fought in the Civil War. . . .

As I faced her in the hotel room, I asked Dr. DeLand how she had become interested in the "patriotic" movement; she answered:

"While working at the State Hospital, I read a medical book translated from the German. 'I wish I knew German,' I said to myself and when I tried to get someone to teach me the language, I found a German exchange student who offered to teach me. Wasn't I lucky?" [These students were sent by the Nazi overseas bureau as carriers of "cultural propaganda."]

Under his tutelage Dr. DeLand apparently learned more than German grammar. In 1933 she travelled to Germany.

"I was treated very kindly," she said. "Whenever I forgot anything on street cars it was always returned to me. I lost only a pair of rubbers in Germany and that was in an American church in Berlin." Upon her return to America Dr. DeLand joined the Friends of the New Germany determined to give her time to "patriotic activity."

"I dread to see German soldiers die," she asserted. "I look upon those fine young men as sacred human beings dedicated to their mission of carrying the torch of Aryan civilization to all corners of the world. I don't see what wrong Hitler has done," she continued. "He saved Germany from the Communists. He made it a world power. Hitler wanted nothing but peace and now he's been trapped by the international bankers into fighting for it. Can you tell me just *one* thing Hitler has done that I should disapprove?" she questioned.

As George Pagnanelli, editor of the "patriotic" *Christian Defender* I didn't know one thing of which she could disapprove.

Dr. DeLand had acquired a considerable number of friends since her decision to turn "patriot." She got to know Colonel Sanctuary and liked Seward Collins. She knew Mrs. Leslie Fry. She sent items to Father Coughlin. Dr. DeLand also showed me her correspondence with True and Edmondson. She knew Deatherage personally and regarded him as a "great man." She had worked with Joseph P. Kamp and John B. Snow. She knew Mrs. Schuyler intimately and was a friend of Miss Cathrine Curtis. She had spent many hours with "my good friend Elizabeth Dilling."

She knew Pete Stahrenberg well and also knew H. D. Kissenger, a Kansas City attorney who contributed to Pete's *National American*. She told me she had met Thorkelson and turned over to him "evidence" of an American Communist "plot" which had promptly found its way into the *Congressional Record*. For mysterious reasons of her own, Dr. DeLand spoke of Fritz Kuhn with uncommon enthusiasm.

Dr. DeLand loaded me down with an enormous quantity of literature, including booklets from the German Library of Information, Pelley, Winrod and others. Unfortunately her supply of tracts from the Imperial Fascist League and British Fascists, Ltd. was exhausted, she said.



Dr. Maude S. DeLand acted the role of a "co-ordinator" and "scout." She was on the alert for fascist leanings among professional people and those in the upper crust of society. To every likely prospect she instantly dispatched an assortment of "patriotic" literature. She was a lone wolf operator, but her background gained her *entrée* into the homes of many Park Avenue fascists. And her admiration for National-Socialism was matched only by her fanatic hatred for the British. Just before I left, Dr. DeLand confided that she was leaving soon for Washington to carry on liaison work among susceptible members of Congress.

#### JOHN B. SNOW

John B. Snow lived at 45 Park Avenue and did not object to being called a "gentleman fascist." As director of the League for Constitutional Government, he deserved the major share of the "credit" for propagating the myth that the Administration was "Communist." Snow was familiar with *The Christian Defender* and my own "patriotic" background. Once, as we chatted pleasantly in his office about Joe McWilliams, Snow reached over and handed me a book which *World Service* had recommended for reading—*Fools Gold* by Fred R. Marvin.

"I think you'll enjoy reading it," Snow said to me. "I sell a great many of them."

A short, pink-faced man in his forties, he had a way of raising his eyebrows and cocking his head to one side as he talked. He talked softly, and his hatreds were discernible more in the overtones of his voice rather than his words. He was very, very refined and seemingly detached from fascist politics. Suave and slick, Snow would not commit himself except to his most intimate friends. But he did not hesitate to sell the *Protocols* and to peddle the fascist books of Mrs. Nesta H. Webster. One of them, *Germany and England*—printed by the Boswell Publishing Company of London, who issued *The Patriot* and printed the *Protocols*—carried these typical passages:

Bolshevism is destructive of all that constitutes civilization, while Fascism sets out to correct those parts of a civilization

which, in common with all sincere social reformers, it regards as defective. . . .

What is the reason for the hatred stirred up against Japan? It is now the fashion to speak of the cruelty of the Japanese character. . . . I have been in both countries long ago, and during the week I spent in China I saw cruelty such as I shall never forget all my life; during two months in Japan I saw nothing but kindness, love of nature and of children.

To supplement Mrs. Webster's efforts Snow sold *The High Cost of Hate* by Japanese agent, Ralph Townsend; *Is Your Town Red?* by Franco worker, Merwin K. Hart; *Wolves in Sheep's Clothing* by Coughlinit George E. Sullivan of Washington. These books among many others were the items of diet with which Snow nourished his Park Avenue clientele. As an adjunct to the League, Snow founded Madison & Marshall, Inc. to specialize in the distribution of super-patriotic books, ranging from Mrs. Dilling's \$1 books to Nesta H. Webster's \$7.50 volumes. Under the pretense of exposing "un-American activities" John B. Snow served as clearing house for fascist literature molded to Park Avenue taste.

He copied Mrs. Dilling by splitting hairs between "Democracy" and "Republic" and decided that Democracy was a "mobocracy." Therefore, Snow's perverted reasoning ran, Democracy was "Communist" and gave rise to "chaos and anarchy." Thus he planted the seeds of doubt and disrespect for Democracy among America's prototypes of the Cliveden set through a brochure, *Democracy, a Misnomer* which left the way open for the acceptance of Snow's fascist beliefs.

One of his warmest friends who maintained a personal interest in the League for Constitutional Government was H. W. Prentis, Jr., chairman of the Board of the National Association of Manufacturers, and Snow's staunch purveyor of misinformation. Prentis denounced the direct election of Senators, the primary, the initiative, the referendum and recall, all of which were bringing us closer to what he termed "the pitfalls of Democracy." Said he: "Hope for the future of our Republic does not lie in more and more Democracy."

Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson took exception to Prentis' slurs while speaking before the Law Society of Massachusetts on October 16, 1940:

. . . The complaint of these gentlemen, who now seek to discredit government by the people, is not new and is not against something new. They are spiritually and intellectually one with the group that opposed freedom and independence of the colonies from the king. . . . They are the same type as those who fought the income tax and who now want wealth to escape its share of the burden of national defense, who think of defense in terms of opportunity for profits not in terms of burdens.

. . . the blunt fact is that many of the men who are agitating for a differentiation between these words are against popular government under either word or either form. . . . These new bottles are filled with the old wine of caste, of economic exploitation, and of privilege. That is why the reversion to the old arguments against Democracy is important today.

Personally I regarded Snow as one of the most calculating fascist minds in America serving the interests of old guard, reactionary business men. His closest collaborators were Joseph P. Kamp, Merwin K. Hart, Cathrine Curtis, Walter S. Steele (editor of *National Republic*) and John B. Trevor of the super-super "patriotic" American Coalition. All served the same masters and all shared in Snow's views.

Snow championed Charles Lindbergh and promoted the No Foreign War and America First Committees. A relentless baiter of the Administration, Snow's hand was visible in every move initiated among Park Avenue circles to discredit the New Deal and foment obstructionism and dissent. In the summer, Snow retired to his summer home near Suffern, New York, and there lived the life of a country gentleman, remaining a foreigner in spirit to the Democracy of his native land.

#### MRS. A. CRESSY MORRISON

Mrs. A. Cressy Morrison was president of American Women Against Communism, Inc., dedicated to "outlaw Communism in America" with little said about fighting Nazism, or the native fascist columns of Coughlin or Pelley. "We have not considered the fascist movement of sufficient hazard to warrant dividing our efforts," she wrote once.

Mrs. Morrison was a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the Daughters of the American Revolution, an intimate co-worker with Mrs. Schuyler, Mrs. Dilling, Miss

Curtis, Dr. DeLand, John B. Snow and also Allen Zoll. Her officers included Miss Charlotte C. Aycrigg and Mrs. Clarence G. Mceeks, of the Daughters of the Revolution (not to be confused with the D.A.R.), both of whom had served on Zoll's American Patriots. She helped sponsor General Moseley's testimonial dinner.

I first met Mrs. Morrison at Allen Zoll's meeting. A tall, gaunt woman, wearing pince-nez glasses, Mrs. Morrison reflected an air of authority and precision. Her offices were at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, but they were not listed on the directory. "They're in room 814," the elevator man said. A large American flag was splashed against the wall and the office crowded with the literature of Mrs. Dilling, Joseph P. Kamp and a wide variety of their own.

Mrs. Morrison was dreadfully afraid of Communism and always spoke of our "glorious Republic." But she did not hesitate to print and distribute the speech of John Cecil, Christian Front and American Nationalist Party speaker. In common with the fascist practice of labeling as "Communist" all liberal movements, Mrs. Morrison fell in step and proclaimed:

. . . The Red Marxism of Moscow is often disguised as "liberalism," "socialism" and other "isms" opposed to fundamental Americanism, so that we have come to refer to these subversive "isms" by the term "radicalism."

Soon after Joe McWilliams had horrified her at the Zoll meeting with the query about "13,000,000 Communist niggers turned loose," Mrs. Morrison issued the printed warning: "Communists Incite Racial Uprising and Bloody Revolution Among Negroes of Dixie: Seek to Establish Negro Republic in Black Belt." Mrs. Morrison also became agitated when "Communists" threatened to grab all the farm lands and flooded the midwest with a flurry of leaflets: "Do you want to lose your farm? Do you want to suffer the same fate as the Russian farmers did. . . . The danger is here."

At another time Mrs. Morrison discovered that atheism was rampant in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and in league with Joseph P. Kamp and his asso-

ciate Alexander Cloyd Gill, produced "proof" in the form of an elaborate chart entitled: "Termites in the Temple Gates."

In her office there worked an anti-Semite and Bund collaborator, Edwin Perry Banta, who insisted on proof of my membership in the Christian Mobilizers before he would talk to me. Banta had testified before the Dies Committee on his investigations of Communist Party activity. Concurrent with his testimony he had also "exposed Communism" at meetings of the Bund and the American Nationalist Party. He had worked with Anton Haegele, fuehrer of the American National-Socialist League.

Banta told me he was a member of the Christian Front. "I admire Father Coughlin and his Americanism," he said. "And because I am a great despiser of the Jews, I've done a lot of good work for the Christian Front.

"Banta used to be Bonte, a German name," he went on. "I've received lots of letters from Germany. They know me in Berlin all right. I used to turn over a lot of the information I got on the Commies. I corresponded with a fellow named Orville Wood in Germany and they used to send my stuff all over the world. The Bund paper also used my information on the Communists that I turned over." He went on: "I once collaborated with a German writer on some articles for *Liberty* magazine."

"Who was that?" I asked, intensely curious.

"Viereck. George Sylvester Viereck. I gave him the information on the Communists and he put it in writing. We were supposed to split the profits, but Viereck got most of the money."

There is more to Banta's "Americanism," but his story is typical of many Americans who serve as Nazi dupes because of their blinding hatred of Communism.

#### SEWARD COLLINS

When in the summer of 1938 the F.B.I. first cracked down on a Nazi spy ring, Dr. Ignatz T. Griebel made such a hasty exit that he left Mrs. Griebel behind. When she was held as a material witness by the F.B.I. to forestall her taking "French leave," the *Deutscher Weckruf* wrote indignantly:

What followed is proof that traditional American chivalry and fair play have not become obsolete in the United States. Mr. Seward Collins put up the \$5000.00 bail in five \$1000.00 bills and Mrs. Griebel was released. But the accounts of the case had aroused his interest and spurred his indignation against what he regarded as injustices and a reflection on American civilization.

Seward Collins also bailed out Allen Zoll who was being held on extortion charges. Collins had command of money and was listed in *Who's Who* as former editor of *The Bookman* and *The American Review*. His wife was Dorothea Brande, author of *Wake Up and Live*. Seward Collins was strictly Park Avenue, but my *Christian Defender* scored with him and proved the medium through which I gained his confidence.

Many wild tales were told about the American Review Bookshop at 231 West 58th Street, New York, but I can only state what I saw with my own eyes. The building was of red brick, three stories high. A large hall in the rear of the ground floor was filled with stacks of newspapers, while the front office housed a considerable quantity of fascist propaganda. At a desk sat a man in his thirties, with a bristling mustache and prematurely gray hair.

I had first met Conrad K. Grieb at Allen Zoll's meeting and bought my first copy of Senator Reynolds' *The American Vindicator*. At the time he gave me a leaflet which described the function of Collins' bookshop:

New York's only "right wing" bookshop, specializing in nationalist books, pamphlets and periodicals, published in this country and abroad. Anti-Communist material, sympathetic presentation of anti-Communist countries—Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Japan, and nationalist movements in other countries. Rental library. Books rented by mail.

Grieb proudly told me that he was "pure German on both sides," was friendly with Joe McWilliams and Pete Stahrenberg, but being too busy to attend "patriotic" meetings, he asked me to keep him informed of what went on. I welcomed these attentions which *The Christian Defender* earned for me and was particularly pleased when, upon leaving, Grieb asked

# ACTION

2

No. 203 (REGISTERED AT THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE) "BRITAIN FIRST" January 25, 1940

Sample of British Fascist propaganda sold by Seward Collins. Note the slogan "Britain First," paralleling Stahrenberg's "America First."

me to find a buyer for a set of *The International Jew* reprinted from Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*.

"Six dollars for the set is a very good buy," Grieb said.

I frequented the bookshop and bought five types of Axis propaganda. I bought Sir Oswald Mosley's British fascist sheet, *Action*; Japanese agent Ralph Townsend's *Seeking Foreign Trouble*; *Spain*, by the Spanish Library of Information, an issue of *Fair Play*, an Italian propaganda organ, published by Louis Caroselli, which contained articles by George Death-erage, Dr. Friedrich E. Auhagen, and one by Congressman George A. Dondero titled, *U. S. Never Was a Democracy*. Samples of Joseph P. Kamp's many booklets and *Patriot Digest* by the blustering "patriot," Robert Caldwell Patton were also on sale, in addition to other fascist items from France, Germany, England.

One day, as I had called to leave three copies of *The Christian Defender*, Grieb reached for the phone and said: "Wait a minute, Pagnanelli, Mr. Collins wants to see you."

I was both alarmed and pleased; if Collins suspected me I knew I'd be kicked out. But I was also pleased at prospects of finally interviewing this strategist of American Fascist policy. Waiting impatiently, I finally heard him coming down the stairs.

"So you're Pagnanelli," Collins said sizing me up. "You've got a bright little sheet there. I enjoy reading it."

"I'm trying to improve it, sir," I said. "I've been reading some of your nationalist books."

"That's fine, that's fine. Come, let's go up."

His desk was on the third floor, buried amid a pile of books and papers. Sitting directly under the skylight, Collins' face was oval, blond, with light gray hair parted in the middle. His manner was brisk to the point of being nervous. He acted like a man who had a lot on his mind but could not rid himself of it. After he ascertained my contacts with Stahrenberg and McWilliams, he spoke with unusual frankness.

Collins had seen McWilliams "three or four times in the past few months" and was friendly with Henry Curtiss. "I call him up and we go out together," he said. He had worked closely with John Cecil. Collins also knew Stanley Smith chairman of the American Nationalist Party, then made this startling confession:

"The first meetings of the American Nationalist Party were held in this building—in the hall downstairs. Henry Curtiss used to be one of the speakers."

Collins' views on anti-Semitic propaganda were unorthodox from the Nazi viewpoint. The *Protocols* were outright forgeries, he declared; so was Benjamin Franklin's "prophecy" regarding the Jews; and the "quotations from the Talmud" as propagated by Stahrenberg were utter fakes.

"How about the Jewish plot to rule the world?" I asked in my best Nazi manner.

"What plot? Bunk! There's as much truth to that as the charge that Communism is Jewish."

"Isn't it?" I asked. I wasn't sure of Collins, and suspected that he might be leading me into a trap. I intensified my anti-Semitism in proportion to Collins' "defense" of Jewry.

"Take that *Key to the Mystery* which comes from Adrian Arcand's office in Canada, it's utter fabrication. Roosevelt is no more Jewish than I am. We all have some Jewish blood in us if you go back far enough. I'm tired of arguing with those who tell me of Jewish 'conspiracies' and the *Protocols*. I hope you won't turn out to be that sort. If you want to talk against the Jew there are other ways you can do it."

On leaving, Collins urged me to read *The Jews* by Hilaire Belloc.

At Collins' suggestion on my next visit I brought along John Geis, Christian Front-er, editor of *The American Way*

and a strong clerical fascist. Collins greeted us cordially and explained that his political philosophy was that of a "distributionist." He defined it by saying that capitalism was "anti-Christian and coercive" and gave birth to Communism.

"A return to the Middle Ages is what I'd like to see," he said.

"Do you think the world was a better place to live in then?"

"No," he answered, then changed his mind and said: "Yes, I believe it was. There was no capitalism then, no Communism, no anarchy, none of this internationalism and no Jewish issue. I suppose I will be called anti-Semitic," Collins went on, "but I don't particularly care so long as I am not mixed in with the crackpots and the bums. I want to be interpreted honestly and not washed in the same water with the rabble. I have a definite political-social-economic program to further and I intend to spend my lifetime and resources toward that end."

"How did you get started in this trend of thinking?" I asked.

"By reading Belloc's book: it influenced me greatly," Collins answered. "But I'm not Catholic at all. I just want to see the end of Communism and capitalism and a return to the life of the Middle Ages. It is a distributionist philosophy."

"It is a very odd philosophy," I observed, eager to have him talk further. "I wish I could place my finger on it."

"I am a fascist, of course I am. I'm also a pagan. I believe in a devil because I see his work all around me. If some day I should lose my pagan beliefs it will be because I first believed in a devil."

On September 8, 1939, Conrad K. Grieb addressed a meeting of the Founders Club of the Christian Front at Donovan's Hall, at which Zimmerman and Harry Nelson of the Phalanx were both present. I also was present and heard Grieb speak for forty-five minutes. Shortly after this, as the crackpots multiplied at his shop and a few clumsy snoopers put him on his guard, Collins issued orders to let no one hang around. He hired Burns detectives to trail those he suspected. Whether they trailed me or not I don't know, but I continued my visits to borrow books and read Lawrence Dennis, Count E. zu

Reventlow, Sir Oswald Mosley and a number of clerical fascist authors who hated everything but clerical fascism.

After a while both Collins and Grieb cooled off toward McWilliams. Grieb called him a "rah-rah rabble-rouser" who had refused to be coached and insisted on wild anti-Semitism. Like Stahrenberg, Collins went underground and it became extremely hard to see him. Just before he dissociated himself from the "rabble" fascists Collins, a violent British-hater, told me that he attended meetings of the Irish Republican Army.

Collins had a horror of America's entry into the war on the side of the Allies and promoted every appeasement drive of importance. Eventually he moved out to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to work closely with *Scribner's Commentator*, unofficial organ of the America First Committee backed mainly by the wealthy Charles S. Payson. Both he and Payson were called to testify before a Washington grand jury. The jury wanted to clear the mystery of a powerful short-wave receiving set atop the magazine office. It also wanted to verify reports that Collins' garage at Lake Geneva housed a considerable quantity of short-wave equipment and large crates ready for shipment. Where?

#### BORIS BRASOL

Boris Brasol was not a native born Park Avenue "patriot," but he moved so intimately within the orbit and impressed them so profoundly, that his imprint was indelible. In political cunning and craft, Brasol towered above the average American Fascist. To understand Brasol we must go back to the murder of Andrey Yuchinsky, illegitimate child of a woman of the streets of Kiev, Russia, in 1911.

The evidence showed that the youth had been killed by one of many gangs that flourished in Kiev, but the "Black Hundred"—corresponding to our own Black Legion—sent word to Schleglovitoff, Minister of Justice, under whom Brasol worked as assistant that Andrey had been killed by a Jew and drained of his blood for ritual purposes. With Brasol's help, the prosecution required nearly two years to prepare the "evidence" against a poor, blameless Jew named Mendel Beylis. The jury returned an odd verdict. It decreed that Andrey

had been killed in a ritual murder, but that Beylis was innocent. Fourteen newspapers were suppressed and twenty-two fined for airing the scandal. The attempted frame-up showed the depths of corruption to which the Czarist courts had sunk.

Brasol came to America in 1916, followed by Major-General Count Cherep-Spiridovich. The passion of these two frustrated Czarists was the restoration of the Romanoff Czar, using American dollars and American suckers as their medium. Hatred of the Jew in Russia was transferred to a dynamic hatred of the Jew in America. An old world cancer was transplanted to the new world. It gained as its chief promoter America's wealthiest but politically most naive personality—Henry Ford.

Ford was induced to publish the *Dearborn Independent*, and placed William J. Cameron in charge as editor. It became such an organ of anti-Semitism that E. G. Pipp, editor-in-chief of the *Detroit News* who had been hired to run Ford's paper soon resigned in disgust. But Ford's secretary, E. G. Liebold, insisted that Brasol be added to the writing staff. And Brasol boasted in a letter to Spiridovich in 1921:

Within the last year I have written three books, two of which have done the Jews more injury than would have been done to them by ten pogroms.

This was the beginning of the political black magic which Brasol-Spiridovich thrust upon Henry Ford and America. Detroit became the Mecca to which disgruntled White Russian Czarists—and later, Bundists—flocked. They wanted Ford gold; they wanted to revive the Black Hundred; they wanted to sabotage Democracy in the land of its greatest attainment.

As soon as Natalie De Bogory, daughter of a Czarist Russian General made the first translation of the *Protocols* in America, Brasol turned it over to the *Dearborn Independent*. He also introduced them as "truth" to the United States Secret Service and was appointed to a position in our Department of Justice during the regime of Henry L. Doherty. Vouching for the veracity of the scandalous forgeries Brasol then induced the staid American Defense Society to distribute them to its members. In a brilliant and revealing series of articles, *Henry*

*Ford's Jew-Mania*, Norman Hapgood the famous journalist and Minister to Denmark wrote:

Politically it meant that history was repeating itself. As Brasol was chief in this country of the expatriate Russians trying to put the Romanoffs back on the throne, it meant that Ford's persecution [of the Jews] had, with the logic of events, joined with that crusade, centuries old, that the despots of Europe stirred up repeatedly, in order to inflame, for their own purposes, the ignorant religious passions of the dark masses.

The *Dearborn Independent* articles defaming the Jews were published in book form and are still making the rounds among Park Avenue and rabble "patriots." They were peddled and promoted by all those who had earned a place of honor on the *World Service* list: True, Winrod, Pelley, Hudson, Deatherage, Edmondson, Mrs. Fry—and countless others, including

U. Bodeng-Verlag



Erfurt, Daberstedterstrasse 4  
December 7-th 1937

Mr. [redacted]  
Baltimore Ave.,  
Baltimore City, (Mo.)  
USA

Dear Mr. [redacted]

Thank you for your letter of July 12, which we were not able to answer earlier owing to the International Conference of World Service in September this year. The Conference has been a great success; more than 20 nations have been represented;

Nevertheless we sent you the pamphlets ordered. We can tell you to-day that you can have a copy of Ford's International Jew from us, however printed in German! If that suits you, please let us know. In English it is hard to get, owing to the "Chosen people". You may try it with the Imperial Fascist League, 30 Craven Street, London, W C 2, England. Anyway they will be able to tell you where you can get, if at all.

Yours very truly,

*Fleischhauer*

This letter is signed by the director of *World Service*, Lieutenant-Colonel Ulrich Fleischhauer.

Sanctuary and Kullgren. Mrs. Schuyler loaned me a copy. The Klan made capital of it in vitally important Detroit. Every Nazi from Mrs. Fry down to McWilliams used it as a reference source. Translated into more than sixteen languages they spread to many corners of the world and served as an invaluable supplement to the *Protocols* from which they were inspired. And all of it was due to the trusting nature of a wealthy old man, a genius in his business but unskilled in politics—and to the energies of such alien minds as Boris Brasol.

I interviewed this man in the offices of the Russian-American National Committee in New York. But I had to go there five times, and write frequently before I finally cornered him. I found the shades of Brasol's office drawn and the room merged in semi-darkness.

"Do you always work in this kind of a light?" I asked.

"Yes," Brasol answered. "I can see better this way."

As my eyes became accustomed to the semi-gloom, I noticed that the room was thickly carpeted and the walls were lined with bookshelves. Brasol's own desk was cluttered with papers, among which I saw three checks. Brasol was a short man, with sharp features, keen eyes and the closest resemblance to Goebbels of any man I have ever seen. He had the same aquiline nose, receding forehead, same shape of mouth, the same look of cunning and ruthlessness. He lacked a club foot.

I felt at a loss on how to begin the interview. There was so much I wanted to ask, yet feared to ask on our first meeting. I began by asking what he thought of McWilliams. "Oh, I've met him," Brasol said. "I know them all in the movement except Lindbergh. I've never met him. I'd like to have a long talk with him some day."

I asked his opinion of Lindbergh.

"Lindbergh is a leader, one of the very few who can lead America out of her difficulties."

Seeing a reprint of one of Senator Nye's speeches on his desk, I asked if he knew Nye. "I've corresponded with him extensively," he said. "I've also corresponded with Congressman Day."

Brasol knew John Eoghan Kelly, the Franco operator. "He

came to my office and we had a very long conversation," he said. Brasol had visited Seward Collins at his office. He was close to Colonel Sanctuary, Mrs. Schuyler, and had coached Russell Dunn, Bund and Christian Front speaker. "Yes, I know her very well," he said when I mentioned Mrs. Dilling and on my query about Merwin K. Hart, he nodded his head vigorously. Brasol was also in touch with Carl H. Mote, president of the Northern Indiana Telephone Company.

"Yes, I've met Adrian Arcand," Brasol asserted, referring to the Canadian Nazi leader. "I'm sorry to see him in jail. What we should do from now on is to train leaders secretly, keep them in the background so that when they put us in concentration camp these leaders can keep up the movement.

"A great man," was his comment on Father Coughlin. But when I asked if he had written for *Social Justice* as had been reported, he hesitated, then unconvincingly shook his head. I had already picked up many of Brasol's leaflets at America First Committee headquarters, and when I asked whether he had written anything new, he handed me a dozen copies of his latest article in *Scribner's Commentator*, entitled *Aid to Stalin? Incredible?*

Author of a number of books, Brasol lectured at many American universities, and injected his old-world poison into the blood of those who had money and influence—and little knowledge of world politics. Brasol worked loyally with clerical fascists in America and the world over. He made frequent trips to Germany, the last in 1939, to confer with high Nazi authorities—and to give, rather than receive advice. He collaborated in Nazi intrigue on three continents and helped in the training of a psychological American fifth column.

Brasol escaped public censure because of his tactics. He refused to give interviews to those he did not know. He worked unobtrusively, year by year boring into our democratic foundations in order that his frustrated dream—the restoration of a Romanoff Czar—might come true.

Before leaving, Brasol urged me to see Baron Charles Wrangel and to write to Carl Mote, the Indianapolis utility magnate. The most remarkable note of my interview was that during the hour I was with him, Brasol did not utter one anti-Semitic remark.

I found Baron Charles Wrangel—a Czarist officer related to General Wrangel—lounging in his apartment; unwashed breakfast dishes and a stack of cards littered the table. His wife, a beautician, was at work, while the Baron complained that he could find no work. He had been a liquor salesman, but had given it up to promote America First appeasement.

"I didn't know you were with the America First Committee," I said candidly.

"I worked my head off for ten months," he said, "speaking for them, training their speakers and arranging programs."

He was a close friend of Hamilton Fish. But otherwise the Baron would not answer my questions. He did not want to be bothered. He seemed to want to go to sleep and he was dressed for it—undressed, I should say, as he met me in a practically nude state. The next I heard of the Baron was when he was brought up for questioning about the fire which sank the giant S.S. *Normandie* while she was nearing completion as a converted troop carrier in New York Harbor.

When in 1927 Ford suspended the *Dearborn Independent* after seven years of relentless anti-Semitism and apologized with the lame remark that he was "deeply mortified" for "re-surrecting exploded fictions" its editor, known to millions of Americans as "the voice of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour," by no means recanted. In 1928 William J. Cameron gave an interview to Hitler's first emissary to America, Kurt G. W. Luedecke.

That same year, 1928, there appeared an organization known as the Anglo-Saxon Federation, with offices in Detroit. Howard B. Rand was secretary and Cameron was president. It published an expensive magazine called *Destiny* and propagated the astounding thesis that Anglo-Saxons, not the Jews, were the true sons of Israel. Invoking "historical fact" nowhere found in standard history books, *Destiny* held that the ten lost tribes of Israel were not lost at all, but had wandered all over Europe and finally settled in the so-called Anglo-Saxon countries—chiefly in the British Isles. The Federation promoted anti-Semitism by distributing wholesale editions of the *Protocols*.

Cameron wrote a tract denying that Christ was a Jew (he

was Anglo-Saxon-Celtic-Israeli); *Destiny* reprinted one of General Moseley's anti-Semitic speeches, while S. A. Ackley, commissioner of the Chicago area, wrote Edmondson: "I am in entire sympathy with what you are trying to do, and appreciate the thoroughness and reliability of your publications." Ackley's letter was reprinted in Stahrenberg's *National American* in whose offices the petitions "Ford for President" had first given me a hint of the famed industrialist's sympathies.

I interviewed Ackley in Chicago and found him to be friendly with Jung, Sanctuary, Kullgren and Hudson. Ackley was filled with a mystic interpretation of the Pyramids, and with a belief in the arrival of the millennium during the next decade, in the course of which there would be no more disease. No hunger. No death. No thieves. No cigarettes. No intoxicating liquors. No naughty women, nor men who wanted such women.

I became a member of the Anglo-Saxon Federation. Interviewing Howard B. Rand at his sumptuous headquarters at



### Anglo-Saxon Federation of America

*Affiliated with the British-Israel World Federation, London, England*  
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.



September 18

1941

Mr. George Pagnanelli  
100 West 86th Street  
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Pagnanelli:

Naturally it is impossible for me to be very enthusiastic over any all out aid to Britain when I happen to know, as you probably do, that one of the objects of those in power today is to use this for the purpose of taking over America and regimenting our people according to a plan that they hope will continue to be in effect after the war is over.

Kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,

Howard B. Rand  
National Commissioner

**DESTINY**  
*The Magazine of the Federation*  
Published Monthly

In addition to being anti-Semitic, Howard B. Rand aided the fascist cause by expressing anti-British views.



Haverhill, Massachusetts, whither they had moved from Detroit, I found him to be venomously anti-Jewish.

*Mein Kampf* refers favorably to only one American—Henry Ford. The original program of the Nazi Party cited “the finest and most universally known example of this kind of manufacturer”—Henry Ford. The first American to be honored with the Grand Cross of the German Eagle was Henry Ford. For years a large picture hung beside Hitler’s desk in the Brown House—that of Henry Ford. In his biography of Hitler, Konrad Heiden asserted: “That Henry Ford gave money to the National-Socialists, directly or indirectly, has never been disputed.” These reports were so rife that the *Berlin Tageblatt* appealed to our ambassador. And when in 1923 Hitler learned that Ford might run for President, he said according to a *Chicago Tribune* despatch:

I wish that I could send some of my shock troops to Chicago and other big American cities to help in the elections. . . . We look to Heinrich Ford as the leader of the growing Fascist movement in America. . . . We have just had his anti-Jewish articles translated and published. The book is being circulated to millions throughout Germany.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

“This is my thundering herd. How do you like it?”

MRS. ELIZABETH DILLING

IN FEBRUARY, 1941 through “chain” recommendations from one American Fascist to another, I was urged to go as a delegate with the Paul Revere Sentinels leaving for Washington to sabotage passage of the Lend-Lease Bill. When I phoned Sanctuary he urged me to come and pick up a “package of patriotic literature.”

He loaded me down with a huge bundle containing a variety of anti-war, anti-Semitic leaflets, with instructions to give it to Charles Hudson. “If he’s not there Mrs. Dilling will do,” he said. About twenty-five of us from the Paul Revere Sentinels and the Christian Front arrived in Washington on the morning of February 26, 1941. Mrs. Dilling was in charge of the Mothers’ Movement and the lobby of the Plaza Hotel was crowded with a wild, milling mob of women and some men.

“This is my thundering herd,” Mrs. Dilling told me. “How do you like it?”

She was perfect in the role of a herd leader.

“Come on, mothers,” she yelled. “Let’s picket the Senate Building.”

Sixty or more women rushed to the exits and took their places in line, carrying American flags. Round and round the Senate Building they went singing *The Star-Spangled Banner* and *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Watching from the opposite sidewalk with other men, the demonstration struck me as pointless. Getting no attention from reporters Mrs. Dilling decided to storm the Capitol steps, hoping for publicity by violating Capitol ordinances. The cops promptly stopped the mob, which was just what Mrs. Dilling wanted. It broke into a howl.

"Don't you dare tell us we can't parade with our sacred American flags."

"These are the flags of our Republic, but you wouldn't know that, you Jew stooges," one woman yelled.

"I'll bet it was the internationalists who made the laws."

"Is this America? Who runs this country, the Americans or the internationalist Jews?"

The cops laughed good-naturedly and gently pushed them back. I was amazed at their patience in the face of the abuse and clawing. There was a sentimental side to the scene. Some of the mothers began to cry over sons or husbands killed in the World War. I could sympathize with that and my heart went out to these sincere mothers, for I knew the tragedies that war can bring. But prominent among the mothers was a tall gawky woman who reminded me of the professional weepers the Nazis sent into France to weep in public places and lower morale. When this woman began to cry again, I asked who she was.

"Her name is Miss Rooney," I was told in confidence. "She always cries."

And whenever she cried the short, roly-poly Polish woman from South Bend, Indiana invariably followed. Both began to bawl in sight of reporters, several others began to take out handkerchiefs, and the thing gave signs of spreading through the mob when some of the more farsighted ones put a stop to the crying jag.

"Don't start that now," one of the women whispered to Miss Rooney. "Wait till Mrs. Dilling gets back."

Mrs. Dilling who had quietly gone off, came back panting with the announcement that Congressman Clare E. Hoffman had agreed to see them.

"There, now, there is a Christian man for you," came in a chorus.

The pack instantly fell into line to follow Mrs. Dilling. On the way over they knelt on the dirty sidewalk and committed the sacrilege of reciting the *Lord's Prayer*—for the benefit of newspaper reporters and photographers. Anything which publicized their shameful conduct was deemed "patriotic." A man of fanatic leanings, Representative Hoffman received the herd, commended their "patriotism" and said:

"Apparently the Red flag of Communists and the flag of every other organization and country is today more welcome here in Washington than is the flag which carries the Stars and Stripes."

Led by Hoffman, the pack milled its way down to Roy O. Woodruff, Hoffman's colleague from Michigan. Here the Congressmen posed for photographers, while Mrs. Dilling held a placard "Kill Bill 1776—Not Our Boys" and Hoffman held the flag. So Mrs. Dilling finally got the publicity she craved.

The Mothers had had enough excitement for one day and they retired to their rooms to rest and soak their feet in hot water. Most of them had come a long distance and lived in shabby rooms, making ends meet on limited funds. I had no heart to investigate them or take down their names. Individually some were quite innocent and motherly, even though in a pack they were a nightmare to watch. But it was not all their fault. It was the Dillings and the Coughlins who were churning them into noisy "fishwives."

The so-called "Mothers Movement" and "Mothers March on Washington" stunts were part of the Coughlin "Christian Crusade." Father Coughlin started the ball rolling when on December 11—almost exactly two years before Pearl Harbor—he announced the formation of the Social Justice Unit of the National Legion of Mothers, saying that if his readers wrote "either to Father Coughlin or to *Social Justice*, they will be put in touch with responsible leaders and regional organizers, as well as honestly and wisely counselled on their problems by the beloved Radio Priest of Royal Oak." The result was a flood of letters from Coughlinite women—married, old maids and neurotics—resulting in a nation-wide epidemic of appeasement, defeatism and organized dissension which delighted Nazi strategists. The first unit of the Coughlin Legion of Mothers was founded by Mrs. Mary A. Decker of Detroit, who organized the Mothers of the United States of America and was later replaced in leadership by Mrs. Rosa M. Farber.

Publicity became the mania of their leaders in order to create the impression that their stunts represented the majority of American mothers. This was far from true. "News

crazy" reporters, however, provided wide publicity to such stunts as the hanging in effigy of Senator Claude "Benedict Arnold" Pepper and the "death watch" in which mothers dressed completely in black and sat in Senate and House galleries. They badgered officials hostile to appeasement, but were received with open arms by those who thought in like terms. And these Coughlinite Mothers' groups, noisy and discordant, later became another gear within the multiple-gearred America First Committee of organized appeasement and defeatism.

The Chicago group—We, the Mothers, Mobilize for America, Inc.—reached the lowest ebb of unmotherly infamy when over the signature of Mrs. Grace Keefe, it sent a letter to a Louisiana mother mourning the death of her son on the high seas:

Legal experts advise that if any soldier, draftee, or otherwise, loses his life while executing orders which his superiors have no constitutional authority to give, then those officials can be sued as private citizens. We owe it to our loved dead, to the country for which they died, to call to account those who violated our Constitution and heartlessly placed our men in the danger zone between two warring nations while we are at peace. . . .

We, the mothers of American boys, beg you to place the blame for the death of your son where it belongs, and not be deceived by propaganda into blaming a foreign power. In the name of justice, we ask you to call to justice the real murderers of your loved one.

"Impeach Roosevelt" became the cry, with Margaret Norton and Norman Wilson, America First Committee operators from Yonkers, New York, among the first to raise it. "4,000,000 Mothers to Ask Impeachment," blared *Publicity*, a Kansas fascist sheet. Andrae Nordskog, one of the first native Americans to work with Bund and Nazi agents in Los Angeles, organized the United Party Movement and camped in Washington to represent various "Against War" groups of the West coast. A horde of Mothers groups mushroomed all over the country: Mothers of Sons Forum, Mothers of America, United Mothers, Crusading Mothers, etc.

During the four days I was in Washington, I met a be-

wildering array of "patriots"—crackpot and Park Avenue—which proved to me once more that the Nazis had penetrated far deeper into the strata of American life than most Americans were willing to concede. The American fascist world paraded in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel. All I had to do was sit on the sofa and introduce myself to anyone who interested me.

One of the figures I met was J. T. Ward, a "labor organizer" who talked in hushed tones with the more important mothers. I followed him one day to the office of Congressman Usher Burdick and found him talking with Mrs. M. I. Tummy, a woman of mannish dress and appearance. I was welcomed into the circle. Pulling Ward to one side I engaged him in conversation. Instead of resorting to hysteria, it was Ward's idea that American women should organize in small groups of six or seven and devote themselves to the "Christian cause" as occasion arose.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I mean that when Communism rears its head here, these women can take counter measures. Women can do that as well as men."

"What would you call such an organization?" I asked.

"Defenders of the Constitution," Ward answered.

Ward indicated that his female platoons in key American cities were to fulfill the function of a vigilante corps and serve as auxiliary to male vigilantes. He was working on the by-laws and was on the lookout for capable female leaders.

Another visitor was Donald Shea, a wild-eyed "patriot" who regarded Hitler as "one of the world's greatest and most merciful leaders." A veteran of the Nazi crusade, Shea had mailed out *Fichte-Bund* literature and spoken for the Klan, the Mobilizers, the America First Committee and Italian Fascists. He directed the National Gentile League. Shea came to the Plaza Hotel with a bagful of Senator Wheeler's speeches, sealed in franked envelopes ready for mailing, and distributed them freely. Privately he spoke to me of "necktie parties"—lynchings—involving Congressmen who voted for Lend-Lease.

Oscar Brumback, who advertised in Winrod's *Defender*, peddled a large quantity of *A Manual of the Citizens No Foreign War Coalition*. Buying a copy I read some of the chap-

ter headings: "The Great Conspiracy to Destroy Christendom" and "The Plot to Destroy the United States." You guessed by who. The book was packed with lies rivalling those of the *Protocols*. The assertions were so wild that even Mrs. Dilling said to Brumback:

"I'd like to see your documentation for some of these things."

"I have it all home," Brumback answered.

As I was studying Mrs. Dilling in the lobby, amazed at her tremendous energy and brazen display of "nerve," she called me over. "The Reverend Frank Woodruff Johnson got a letter from you recently, Mr. Pagnanelli," she said laughing.

Reverend Johnson's name appeared as the author of *The Octopus*, a scurrilously anti-Semitic book sold by Hudson. "How do you know I wrote him?" I asked puzzled.

"I am the Reverend Frank Woodruff Johnson," Mrs. Dilling laughed. "Hudson forwarded me your letter." Then she bent over and cautioned: "Please don't tell anyone. You see, I never sign my name to anything anti-Jewish. The Jews can never prove that I'm anti-Semitic. I'm too clever for them."

One day while we were seated at dinner at the Plaza Hotel with a gathering of Coughlinite Mothers and Francis P. Moran, fuchrer of the New England Christian Front, Mrs. Dilling suddenly started to sing a mildly ribald song about a young lady and her fiance. Later she crossed her eyes to illustrate some point in her conversation. A moment later she stuck her left thumb into the air, "snatched" at the thumb with her right hand and made it "disappear." She laughed hysterically while she pinched her left arm to illustrate how policemen had allegedly mishandled her on the Capitol steps.

Moran was accompanied by a pretty, blond woman in her thirties attractively dressed in a gabardine suit. She aroused my curiosity and I made it a point to sit next to her, but she refused to tell me who she was or whom she had come down to see. She went only far enough to tell me that she was writing a book, *But One Defender*. Turning her face away she talked with Mrs. Dilling in such hushed tones that I could overhear nothing. I ascertained that she was from Boston, the mother of two children. She and Mrs. Dilling had an ap-

pointment to see Senator Wheeler the next day. Dinner finished, Moran paid the mysterious lady's check.

"Say what's her name, Francis?" I asked, after I managed to get him in a corner.

"She is Mrs. Robinson," Moran said, "but keep that to yourself. She'll use another name on her book and I'll plug it when it comes out."

Mrs. A. D. Risdon was third in command of the Mothers during Mrs. Dilling's frequent absences. A large and impressive woman, member of the America First Committee and Citizens Keep America Out of War Committee of Chicago, she urged me to write to the chairman of the latter group, Captain William J. Grace. When I told her of Joe McWilliams and his relations with Newton Jenkins fronting for the Bund in Chicago, Mrs. Risdon said:

"You'd better tell him to keep away from Jenkins. He is an opportunist and will turn to anything that promises money. Mr. McWilliams had better get in touch with Harry Jung. He is one million per cent okay."

I could not easily forget her phrase—one million per cent okay!

Mrs. Risdon added that Jung was in the Chicago Tribune Building and that Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Tribune* not only aided Jung financially but allegedly provided free office space for Jung. When I asked her about the German-American Alliance of Chicago, she spoke well of it and said it could be counted on to carry on a "Buy Christian" campaign.

I made several attempts to see Mrs. Rosa M. Farber of the Mothers of the United States who, with Mrs. Beatrice Knowles of American Mothers, led a Park Avenue wing of the "Mothers" Crusade. Headquarters were at the Carroll Arms Hotel. But she was so busy with her mailing and visits to Senators and Congressmen that we did not meet.

Having laid a groundwork by interviewing lesser "patriots" I now had my suit pressed, put on a clean shirt, a red-white-and-blue tie and went off to visit the Park Avenue "patriots" sabotaging Democracy and the Lend-Lease Bill. As an infallible barometer of "patriotism" I had written John B. Trevor, president of the American Coalition of Patriotic So-

cieties, the following letter on stationery of *The Christian Defender*:

I inclose copies of *The Christian Defender*. You may or may not agree with the contents right now. . . . I intend to come to Washington sometime in the next two weeks, and wonder if I may stop in to see you at your convenience?

Somewhat curious at the reaction I gave my name to the receptionist. She returned almost immediately.

"Mr. Trevor is away, but our office manager Mrs. Walker will see you."

While waiting for her I reviewed the data I had gathered about their organization. It maintained a powerful and well-financed lobby and its influence reached high up on Capitol Hill. It was composed of about 115 affiliated groups and included the Daughters of the Defenders of the Republic, Disabled American Veterans of the World War, Daughters of the Revolution and the R.O.T.C. Association.

But the Coalition also had under its wing such groups as Harry Jung's American Vigilant Intelligence Federation, Mrs. Morrison's American Women Against Communism; the American Indian Federation, approved by James True; Christian American Crusade, an anti-Semitic, semi-religious group in Los Angeles; Allied Patriotic Societies, Inc., led in New York by Mrs. Schuyler; the Associated Farmers of California—composed not of farmers, but mostly of bruisers who resorted to terrorism and were financed mainly by oil companies and railroads to beat down organized labor which they called "Communist." It was investigated by the LaFollette Senatorial Civil Liberties Committee.

"Mrs. Walker will see you now," the receptionist said, smiling.

I walked into a trim little office. On the wall was a large poster, "I Am the Constitution." Next to it was a wallpiece in shrieking red-white-and-blue, "I Love You, America." Beneath it sat a prim, attractively dressed woman.

"I read your letter to Mr. Trevor," Mrs. Flora Walker said.

I told Mrs. Walker point-blank that I was a member of the Christian Mobilizers. She had read about us, but made no remark against Joe McWilliams and the flow of our conversa-

tion was uninterrupted. Mrs. Walker was a sharp-witted woman, an unwilling talker and given to asking rather than answering questions. She preferred not to talk about the work of the Coalition except to admit that they were engaged "quietly and tirelessly" against Lend-Lease. "We have our own methods," she answered when I asked how they were going about it.

After attempts to parry my questions, Mrs. Walker admitted knowing personally James True, Colonel Sanctuary, John B. Snow and A. Cloyd Gill, Kamp's chief aide-de-camp. It might have embarrassed her to know that Trevor had published an article in Allen Zoll's magazine in the same issue with the Japanese agent, Roy H. Agaki. Mrs. Walker declared with considerable satisfaction that she was glad to see that Hitler had 750,000 troops in the Balkans (just before the Battle of Greece).

"England cannot back out without suffering badly in prestige, and yet she cannot possibly hope to win against Hitler's superior army," Mrs. Walker observed highly pleased.

Before leaving I asked for literature "for my Mobilizer friends back home." Mrs. Walker agreed willingly and I accompanied her to the stock room. Here she gave me a batch which included a bulletin by a collaborator of the Coalition, Walter S. Steele, against the Lend-Lease Bill; John Cecil's propaganda against "alien" immigration; Senator Wheeler's and Senator Reynolds' speeches and those of Congressmen Fred L. Crawford and Jacob Thorkelson, all in franked envelopes ready for mailing. Only two months ago, I had received Thorkelson's speeches from the hand of August Klapprott, vice-president of the Bund.

I looked upon the Coalition as an extremely potent factor in shaping the minds of Park Avenue "patriots" to the eventual acceptance of a species of nativist fascism with a "Made in America" tag. And I could not easily forget that the names of John B. Trevor and Walter S. Steele appeared as American co-sponsors of an anti-Communist book engineered in 1933 in Berlin, with an opening quotation by "Chancellor Adolf Hitler."

Though maintaining separate organizations and offices, Trevor and Steele collaborated so intimately that they may

virtually be regarded as one. Steele published the *National Republic*, "a magazine of fundamental Americanism" and managed a "weekly service to hundreds of editors, to defend American institutions against subversive radicalism; a national information service on subversive organizations and activities; an Americanization bureau serving schools, colleges and patriotic groups." It was all sponsored, said Walter S. Steele, "for the public good."

I wrote him as follows:

I am enclosing a copy of *The Christian Defender*. . . . Of course it does not compare with the *National Republic*. . . . I know Mr. Snow and many of the boys engaged in the fight for Americanism. Next week a lot of us are coming down to fight against America's entry into the war. . . .

Steele, a man with keen eyes and a long scar down the left side of his chin, received me cordially and we became quite friendly, for I knew quite a few of the boys—Joseph P. Kamp, for instance, with whom Steele had worked closely. And James True and Elizabeth Dilling and John Snow. And when I asked him what he thought of Senator Reynolds, he answered, nodding, "A fine man."

A self-styled expert on anti-democratic forces, Steele testified before the Dies Committee. His definition of un-Americanism and how it worked may be gathered from his preliminary statement.

It will be demonstrated to you that there are six major un-American menaces in the United States today; that these can be classified as chiefly alien in design, guidance, and following, and that these six menaces can be further classified as communism, socialism, nazism, anarchism, ultra-pacifism, and atheism. It will be shown that with the exception of one of these, nazi-ism, that there is a grave danger that they may find a common ground on which to complete a "united front." . . . The Communists have made considerable progress in this direction as will be shown.

Steele's testimony filled 402 pages, but less than seven pages were devoted to Nazism and fascism. Of 393 pages devoted to "Communism," about 20 were set aside to "prove" that the American Civil Liberties Union was a "Moscow Front."

About 200 pages were devoted to showing how the "Communists" had undermined our cultural institutions, schools and colleges, while the rest of the volume was devoted to "proving" that our entire labor movement was under "Communist" control.

The *National Republic* suggested in an advertisement that its readers "help the man who helped the nation"—Edwin Perry Banta, "patriotic" collaborator of the Bund, who was selling a razor blade sharpener. As another "expert on Communism" it listed Father Coughlin's eastern agent, Reverend Edward Lodge Curran. The *National Republic* also defended Father Coughlin and his revolutionaries in these terms:

Efforts are being made by the enemies of the Detroit radio priest, Father Charles Coughlin, including certain rabbis, clergymen, left wing educators and Communists, to connect him with the Christian Front. The priest, however, disclaims any direct connection with the organization represented by those arrested. . . .

Throughout my interview with him Steele emphasized his hostility to "European isms" and said: "I believe in promoting Americanism and nothing else." Like the Coalition, his group was lavish with money. Trevor, for instance, lived in a fashionable New York home and travelled to and from Washington. The expense of supporting his lobbying activities were considerable, as were those of Steele's own efforts in sabotaging Lend-Lease. It was apparent that both were in close touch with reactionary business interests who looked upon Communism as the only enemy, and winked at native fascist saboteurs of our Democracy.

I was thrilled at the prospects of interviewing Miss Cathrine Curtis, "the most dangerous woman in America," even though Colonel Sanctuary had discouraged me by saying: "She's very busy and I doubt if she'll see you."

I determined to visit her without previous appointment and without writing or sending her *The Christian Defender*. It was past nine o'clock at night and a bitter February wind accompanied by a chill drizzle beat down as I walked to 1825 Jefferson Place, N.W. where Miss Curtis had rented an entire building to carry on a relentless campaign against H.R.-

### Directors of America First! Inc., Activities

James True, president, has been a writer and analyst in the business field for more than twenty years. Since July 10th, 1933, he has edited and published *Industrial Control Reports*. He was the first Washington correspondent to brand the new deal communitic.

Michael Aheavne, secretary and treasurer, has been a soldier, newspaper man, author, lecturer and organizer. He is co-author of "Handout," published by Putnam's, the first book exposing the propaganda system operated in Washington to prevent the public from learning the truth regarding the new deal. Since the World War, he has investigated subversive activities throughout the world.

Michael Ahearne, Cathrine Curtis' associate, was once a political partner of the notorious James True, as shown in the "Confidential Statement" of America First, Inc.

1776. I had spent several days in studying her background and was alarmed at the influence she wielded. She was a combination of Walter S. Steele and John B. Trevor, adapting the features of their groups to the many organizations she headed. The most active were Women Investors in America, Inc. and Women's National Committee to Keep the United States Out of War, which listed Miss Charlotte C. Aycrigg (associated with Allen Zoll) and Mrs. Rosa M. Farber as sponsors. In addition, Miss Curtis listed seven distinguished groups among her collaborators, including the National Society of New England Women and the National Society of Daughters of 1812.

Into her circle of wealthy and cultured women Miss Curtis injected the same virus which was circulated among the Bund and the Christian Mobilizers. She defamed our system with the venom of George Deatherage and the contempt of Fritz Kuhn and she spoke of Democracy as "that Great Misconception."

Democracy is the stepping stone from Liberty, Freedom and Individual Opportunity to Dictatorship, Regimentation and Slavery. . . . Will we continue to travel the low road of Democracy to national suicide—or will we regain the High Road of the Republic. . . .

Pelley praised "Catherine Alert" for her "masterly memorandum." Hudson and James True endorsed her "patriotism" as fit for their own class of "rabble" readers and the *Deutscher Weckruf* reproduced in its entirety, with accompanying paeans of praise, one of Cathrine Curtis' masterpieces

of dissensionist propaganda entitled *Do Coming Events Forecast Their Shadows?* She went even further to earn their acclaim:

Therefore—to every red-blooded American woman I say—this war is NOT a war for civilization—for Democracy—for Freedom—or for any of the high-sounding phrases put forward to appeal to YOUR emotions and sentiments. Stripped to realities—this war is a Trade War.

Miss Curtis moved in high Republican National Committee circles and had many influential friends on Capitol Hill among whom were Senator Reynolds, Representatives Hoffman and bearded George Holden Tinkham who vied with each other in getting her work published in the *Congressional Record*. Miss Curtis used her influence to appear before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and air her defeatist views against the Lend-Lease Bill. Miss Curtis claimed that Women Investors was organized "to protect (women's) investments in America, by means of educational, factual and protective activities." Her role actually was to channelize the thinking of female Park Avenue "patriots" into her own interpretation of "patriotism." According to a news story in *The New York Times* she was the first to sponsor Laura Ingalls when that flier—later convicted of being an unregistered Nazi agent—flew over the White House in September, 1939 distributing anti-war leaflets. Later, Miss Ingalls outlined a more ambitious

### WOMEN INVESTORS IN AMERICA, INC.

A Non-Profit, Membership, Educational Organization

535 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATHERINE CURTIS  
National Director

"Here is a GLEAM OF TRUTH penetrating the darkness and confusion engendered by years of false propaganda! 'The March of Democracy' plainly shows the results of the world promotion of that Great Misconception - Democracy - that now threatens the very life of our Republic.

Sincerely yours,

*Cathrine Curtis*  
NATIONAL DIRECTOR

publicity stunt before a Curtis-sponsored meeting of Mothers in Los Angeles by declaring:

The plan is that I shall fly the petitions you are now filling, to Washington, where Cathrine Curtis will present them to the President; and if she does not, I will take them in the back way myself. I have always been able to reach anyone I really wanted to. . . . I will also call upon Mrs. Rosa Farber to join us in this. We will be able to get publicity because airplanes are news. . . .

What manner of woman was this Miss Curtis who had threatened at a Senate hearing that "the repeal of this bill (Lend-Lease, if passed) will be effected only through the blood of civil strife!" As I knocked on the door of her three-story lobbying headquarters, my hands numb from cold, I wondered at the reception I'd receive. I was met by a man with a thin hair-lip mustache, dressed in gray sport pants and reddish house sweater. I observed immediately that his face was familiar and asked if we hadn't met before.

"It might have been at Verne Marshall's No Foreign War Committee," he said, "I helped him organize it. Or it might have been at the Willkie Philadelphia convention. They packed it you know, the people from the Bronx. My name is Ahearne."

"Aren't you the Ahearne that I heard Joe McWilliams mention?"

"It's me all right. I met Joe and promised to do something for him. When you go back apologize for me, won't you? I've been too busy."

My identity having been established and spurred on by the quiet hush of the late hour, Ahearne talked freely. He knew James True intimately and together with him in 1934 had first organized America First, Inc. Ahearne had advised True to lay low for a while and work under cover. He had passed the same advice to his other friends, Edmondson and Deatherage. Ahearne was closely associated with Miss Curtis as writer and adviser and I was amazed at the frankness with which he talked. I listened while he outlined the technique used by Women Investors in "educating" their clients "progressively."

"One day they wake up and tell *us* that we're the dumb ones and don't know what's going on," he smiled compla-

cently. "And all the while it was *us* who were educating these people. That's how we work, quietly and under the surface. They can't pin anything on us." He laughed, immensely pleased with himself. "Don't worry about the leadership. Just keep working and keep on going. It's foolish to stick out your neck now. Draw it in and work quietly."

That was the Park Avenue formula.

"I'd like very much to see Miss Curtis," I said. "I've come all the way from New York and I'll be disappointed if I don't say just hello to her."

"You're a right guy," Ahearne said. "I'll see what I can do."

He went upstairs, and in a few minutes he motioned me to come up. As I entered, Miss Curtis stood up. She towered over her desk, was nearly six feet tall and I guessed that she weighed at least 200 pounds. Her brown hair was bobbed and brushed back. Ahearne seemed dwarfed beside this political Amazon. Miss Curtis insisted on calling me "Mr. Pagliacci."

"How is Joe McWilliams?" she asked me after the preliminaries of introduction.

"He's very well, thank you," I said. "Do you know him personally?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I met him at a dinner given by the American Defense Society in New York sometime ago."

"How is the fight against Lend-Lease coming along?" I asked.

"Very well," Miss Curtis said. "Our women and the Detroit Mothers are visiting all the Senators, particularly Mr. Wheeler. We approach the Congressmen in groups of two and three, show credentials and talk quietly, gaining—we believe—their respect and confidence. Mrs. Morrison was down last week. Mrs. Farber's Mothers have done a particularly good job."

"That is a very constructive way of meeting the problem," I observed, politely. "It is very dignified and effective."

"Why yes. Not at all like Mrs. Dilling. She's giving the movement a black eye. We follow up the personal visits," she resumed, "with a tremendous follow-up mailing campaign to our members urging them to write their Senators to vote against the dictatorship bill. In this way the Senators get the impression that the women of the country are really against the Bill."



"Yes," Ahearne put in, "we work with the America First Committee who also send their men and women to visit Senators and Congressmen."

"We still have a lot of work to do tonight, Mr. Pagliacci," Miss Curtis said, rising. I shook her hand. Ahearne accompanied me to the door. "Lay low and work quietly," he said.

I walked out into the night. It was nearly midnight and a blizzard was raging. It struck me as symbolic of the buzzards hovering around Capitol Hill, seeking to devour Democracy—"that Great Misconception" as Miss Curtis put it.

On my return to the Hotel Plaza after several days' absence, I learned that the thundering herd had been in one jam after another. They had tried to pack Senator Guffey's chambers, and when the Senator insisted on interviewing a delegation instead of the entire howling pack, they broke into cries of "coward," "traitor," "afraid of women."

They had rioted in Senator Claude Pepper's chambers.

They staged a sit-down strike in the Senate Office Building in protest against the venerable Carter Glass of Virginia. One of the women fainted during the melee. Mrs. Dilling was arrested, with an accomplice, Mrs. Clara Henryetta Nibberich and both charged with disorderly conduct. Senator Glass observed: "I believe it would be pertinent to inquire whether they are mothers. For the sake of the race, I devoutly hope not."

I tried to see some of the appeaser Congressmen, but it was virtually impossible because of the Mothers. As I took leave of the thundering herd, intending to return soon, I looked for a last time on the decent, kindly mothers transformed into screaming fish wives and trying desperately to remain respectable under the wild leadership of their herd leader. At this juncture Mrs. Dilling burst in from the outside, her hat askew, hair dishevelled. She had been arrested a second time and had just returned from the police station. She was hysterical and flopped onto a sofa, while the Mothers gathered around her and literally worshipped what I regarded as a shabby imitation of a "Joan of Arc" that they had set up as a wooden idol and which thrived on cheap publicity.

## BEHOLD OUR LIBERATORS!

"It will always remain the best joke made by the democratic system that it provided its deadly enemies with the means of destroying it."

DR. PAUL JOSEPH GOEBBELS

IN JULY, 1941, I returned to Washington, a visit made almost imperative by the cordial exchange of letters with Senator Reynolds. The Senator knew all about my scandalous *Christian Defender*, and I was distributor of his less blatant *American Vindicator*. The Senator's letters to me ended typically: "With assurances of my highest respect, and thanking you for your fine, patriotic, American cooperation, I beg to be, Most Sincerely yours. . . ." And on July 11, 1941, the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs wrote me:

My dear Mr. Pagnanelli:

Acknowledging receipt of your letter of July 10, I note that you expect to be in Washington next week with the America First delegation, and I assure you that I shall look forward to seeing you at that time. As far as I know I will be in the city all of next week, and I would suggest that you come to the Senate Reception Room and make inquiry.

With all good wishes, and assuring you that I am appreciative of the fine work you are doing in behalf of Americanism, I am, Sincerely yours. . . .

Anticipating a lengthy interview, I came down with a delegation of America First-ers and headed straight for the Senator's offices. But he was so busy that I found it impossible to see him and I spoke, instead, with his tight-lipped associate, Wesley E. McDonald. Later, I met Reynolds in the hallway bowing graciously to two ladies after which he shook my hand, bowed deeply and said, "Yes, I'll see you tomorrow," but he never did.

A politician to his finger tips, the Senator would be a potent spearhead in a native fascist drive. A former barker at a side

show, patent medicine salesman, the only Senator to kiss the late Jean Harlow on the mouth in public, to be married four times (once to a Ziegfeld Follies beauty), he was called everything from a mountebank to a demagogue. On May 6, 1939 Reynolds addressed the American Defense Society in New York. After the meeting reporters asked Fritz Kuhn, who was present, for a comment and Kuhn said: "I liked his speech very well. I would underline everything." What probably pleased Kuhn most was Reynolds' remark: "I sometimes think, my friends, that it would be well if the American masses could be provided with sleeping powders in order . . . that they would not hear so much about war in Europe."

The word "alien" was to Reynolds what "Jew" was to McWilliams. He blamed the depression, the war and all our material ills on "alien influence." With considerable backing in April, 1939, the Senator launched *The American Vindicator*, organ of his vigilante-patterned Vindicators and "hammered home Americanism—America for Americans—as the only *ism* this country has time to be interested." Number one objective on its platform was "Keep America out of war." John B. Trevor contributed a long editorial, *Let Us Have Peace*. Steuben Society Senator Lundeen was quoted and his photograph printed. Bund members were urged to subscribe to and promote the Senator's sheet.

Reynolds' friendship with George Deatherage, the American Nazi (who received a mailbag full of the Senator's speeches for free mailing) received further documentation in a letter Wesley E. McDonald wrote on April 20, 1939 on *Vindicator* stationery:

While I do not know Mr. George Deatherage personally, we have had some correspondence with him and it appears that he is thoroughly acquainted with just what Senator Reynolds is trying to accomplish. . . . There are absolutely no Jews attached to the membership of this organization.

Reynolds organized a posse for catching "alien crooks" (non-aliens not wanted). It was called the Border Patrol and membership was open to any boy between ten and eighteen. The youth received a badge studded with stars and stripes to show membership in the budding American storm-troop

movement. In addition, he had a chance to win \$25 for catching "alien crooks." America produced no other kind.

For a time the versatile Senator entertained the idea of organizing "The Circle of Seven" to meet in homes secretly. It was based somewhat on Father Coughlin's "platoon" idea. "This is merely a movement to get together groups of patriotic Americans, citizens in every single station," Reynolds explained. "Those who want to destroy our American form of government are not losing any time."

A close friend of Winrod and many other native fascists, the Senator inserted his speeches in the *Congressional Record* and on July 7, 1939 he telegraphed Winrod as follows:

Your most excellent address entitled *Keep America Out of War* delivered by you over Del Rio Radio Station was inserted in Appendix Congressional Record yesterday by me and I am now mailing you copy thereof. Consider it high privilege and honor to be provided opportunity of bringing to attention of American public such a marvelous address. Thanks for your patriotic cooperation. Regards.

Reynolds also used Congress as a sounding board for Franco propaganda from the Falangist organ, *Spain*; and Italian "patriotism" from the Italian Fascist organ, *Il Grido Della Stirpe*—whose editor, Domenico Trombetta, was later denaturalized and his sheet banned. Reynolds was a leader of the anti-Lend Lease bloc of so-called "isolationists" and a darling of America First, anti-British, nativist interests. He fought against the fortification of Guam, declaring: "It would be better to give Guam away to anybody who would take it, along with the Philippines."

Upon his return from Germany Reynolds inserted in the *Congressional Record*:

The dictators are doing what is best for their people. I say it is high time we found out how they are doing it, and why they are progressing so rapidly. . . . Hitler has solved the unemployment problem. There is no unemployment in Italy. . . . Hitler and Mussolini have a date with Destiny. It's foolish to oppose them, so why not play ball with them?

Held in high esteem by American Nazis, Reynolds also ob-

served: "America is going through a very trying period. What is the answer? Nationalism is the answer. The other great nations are realizing it. . . . Germany is going places and we've gotta realize it." Reynolds was idolized by and frequently quoted in the official Nazi Party organ, *Volkischer Beobachter*, and when Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia Reynolds justified it by saying:

Hitler went over and took land in the way that sometimes the boys in Texas and North Carolina used to move a fence with the aid of a shotgun, instead of doing it legally by the way of a surveyor—that's all that Hitler did.

Nor did the Senator who later became chairman of the vitally important Committee on Military Affairs become alarmed over the Japanese. "I think the people of the United States are somewhat fortunate," he said, "in that between us and Soviet Russia there lie the islands of Japan with their ninety-seven million people."

Those bad "alien" Russians! And those dear, friendly Japanese!

While in Washington I made my headquarters at the America First Committee office and met diminutive Miss Isobel French who was in charge. Her summation of the America First position was succinctly expressed in these terms:

"All this agitation is predicated on two schools of thought. We of the America First believe you can come to an understanding and do business with Hitler. The interventionists think you can't. One believes in 'appeasement' as the way out and the other believes in more vigorous measures. Only one of us can be right."

A frequent visitor to the offices was Miss Katrina McCormick, niece of the publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*. She called her uncle a "goofy old man who has a lot of eccentricities" and added that he was one of the "angels" of the A.F.C.

I was excited when I was told that Senator Gerald B. Nye would speak to an intimate group of the A.F.C. Saturday night, July 19th. Perhaps the most vigorous of the America

First promoters in Congress, Nye's record in the Senate had been one of unremitting opposition to all major defense measures for the last three years. He helped lead the fight against Lend-Lease and collaborated intimately with many appeaser-minded groups, regardless of their political leanings.

Nye's record flashed before me. He charged on the Senate floor that the British and not German submarines had sunk the *Robin Moor* and later withdrew the baseless charge. Darling of the Steuben Society, he was quoted in the June, 1938 issue of *The Steuben News* as having said:

Why should we be surprised over what the German leadership and the German people are doing today, when we know that Germany is only striving to win her way out of the injustices heaped upon her by a mad world at the end of the war.

Nye initiated a probe of the movie industry, but the investigation flopped, mainly because he had not seen the movies he charged were "war propaganda." He arranged for Andrae Nordskog, a Los Angeles worker with the Bund, to air his defeatist views before a Senatorial Committee and later distributed Nordskog's speech, free, under his Congressional frank. Tens of thousands of copies of Nye's speeches on behalf of appeasement, defeatism, obstructionism and the Steuben Society were sent out under his frank at the cost of American taxpayers.

Nye was esteemed by the "vermin press." *Social Justice* praised him to the skies: "If a man can be judged by his enemies, Gerald Nye has certainly become one of the foremost Americans of the present day."

The *Deutscher Weckruf* spoke of "the indefatigable efforts of . . . Nye to keep the Ship of State on an even keel," and Pelley's *Roll Call* lauded him: "He [Stephen A. Day] takes his place on the patriotic honor roll along with Charles A. Lindbergh, Senators Gerald Nye and Burton K. Wheeler, Dr. Jacob Thorkelson and more."

This was the man I was to meet.

At about ten o'clock Senator Nye arrived. He was dressed in a deep green striped suit and was a medium, strongly built man, with a deeply lined face and throaty voice. I made it a

point to sit only a few feet away from him. He impressed me as an extremely determined man, intense, shrewd and as keen as a blade. His face, tough-textured, reminded me of Kemal Ataturk of Turkey, with its fierce, penetrating look and the same resolute grimness and hard-bitten quality. Wiry and in the prime of physical health and intellectual vigor, Nye showed that he was a dynamic and relentless fighter. The Senator had brought his wife, a beautiful Nordic type, devoted to her husband's cause.

I found myself automatically comparing him with his closest political partner, Senator Burton Kendall Wheeler. Bald-headed and paunchy, Wheeler seemed soft when compared to the armor-plate Nye. While Wheeler, a grizzled veteran of the Washington merry-go-round, could work effectively in the caucus room with back-patting, cigar-chewing politicians of his own mold, he had hardly impressed me as the colorful leader that native fascists could turn to. In that respect, Nye also towered above Senator Reynolds and would easily outlast the average run of politicians.

I remained in the background studying Nye, while others of the A.F.C. crowded around him. There were about thirty of us present, including a man who gave me his name as Clarence Hewes and told me he had formerly been with the Department of State; a Mrs. Merrill, chairman of the St. Petersburg, Florida, chapter of A.F.C.; Brant D. Allison, with the Liberal Arts College of Northwestern University. The room in which we gathered was cozy, with a fireplace on one side and a comfortable sofa at one end, on which the Senator and Mrs. Nye sat, while we sat around them in an assortment of chairs.

"I hope there aren't any government employees present," Nye began. "I don't care personally but it might mean their jobs if found out." We all denied "working for the government" and Senator Nye resumed his talk. It was thoroughly defeatist, the Senator complaining that the morale of our armed forces was "terrible" and even worse among new draftees. He said flatly: "If England were to make peace with Germany the terms won't be half as bad as the terms a victorious England would give Germany."

When he had finished his speech I asked the Senator to

pose for a flashlight picture which he did obligingly, but first insisted that I include the American flag as background.

I was also eager to interview Congressman John E. Rankin because of a tragic event which took place in the House on June 4, 1941. On that day Rankin delivered one of several blistering condemnations of American Jews as "war mongers." Rising to protest against the slander, Representative M. Michael Edelstein pointed out that the meeting of so-called "international bankers" which "took place yesterday on the steps of the Sub-Treasury [Building] was entirely controlled by persons other than Jewish bankers."

As Congressman Edelstein's closing words: "All men are created equal, regardless of race, creed or color" rang to the applause of his colleagues, he strode from the House to go to his chambers. Just outside the entrance he collapsed. He was carried, limp, to a couch in the adjacent House reading room. Congressman Edelstein was dead.

His tragic death was greeted by American Nazis with all the fanfare of a Nazi military victory. Fascist speakers turned down other topics to apostrophize the "patriotism" of the Congressman from Mississippi. Rankin's name became indelibly inscribed on the international fascist roll of honor and was lauded in the January 15, 1940, issue of *World Service*.

This was the man I arranged to see.

A sharp-eyed, shrewd, callous little man, with volatile and fanatic energy, Rankin asked me to leave my camera behind as we walked into his room. My first thought was that he was a Klansman. Peculiarly enough, during the ensuing conversation he brought up the subject and said that he had been charged with being a Klansman. He had answered: "I don't have to belong to any organization to be pro-American."

He had received my letter, he said, and read the inclosures, but could not find it at the moment. He asked for my name again and when I repeated it, he demanded:

"First tell me why you wanted to see me."

I told him that we had read about Congressman Edelstein and I was eager to shake the hand of an "American." This obviously pleased Rankin because he burst into a smile. "Yeah, he keeled over," he said. Crossing his little legs, Rankin turned his face, cross-patched with wrinkles and advised:

"When you go back to New York, you tell them this. There is only one way to win this fight and that is to expose the international Jewish bankers as the war mongers. Tell the people that it is the Jews who want war. Do that and you've got half the battle won." Rankin then boasted that Senator Hiram W. Johnson had said of him: "This man has done more in one minute than any other man in the past six months."

After leaving Rankin I visited George Edward Sullivan. He was a willing talker, but at the same time it was an ordeal for me to be with him for an hour. An utter fanatic in the cause he propagated, Sullivan impressed me as potentially very dangerous to the democratic cause.

As I sat down beside his desk, Sullivan took out my letter and the copy of *The Christian Defender*, read them both carefully and smiled. Before turning to me he cleared away a copy of Pelley's *Liberation*.

"I agree with your paper," he said, then uncorked a blistering and prolonged attack on the Jews. Like Hearne, he condemned the frontal tactics of the crackpots. His "secret weapon" was to attack Jews through their religion: Jews had no religion, he said, but a hoax posing as religion. And Christ was not a Jew: He was a Hebrew.

Thus he went on until his presence became unbearable to me but I stayed on, at least long enough to learn that he knew John B. Snow and Joseph P. Kamp; that Seward Collins had visited him twice at his office. He also conceded knowing and hinted at having helped the mysterious "Cincinnatus," the author of *War, War, War* but would not divulge his name other than to say: "I know him. He is in the vicinity. He is a pretty old man and has a brilliant mind."

Thorkelson inserted in the *Congressional Record* an article by Sullivan, and Sullivan was quoted enthusiastically in *Social Justice*, James True's *Industrial Control Reports* and his articles were reprinted in Winrod's *Defender*. He served as Coughlin's representative in Washington and also functioned as a one-man information bureau for the dissemination of his brand of "truth." Sullivan told me he had helped Mrs. Dilling with data for *The Octopus* providing her with the same documents which appeared in *War, War, War*.

He was author of a book *Wolves in Sheep's Clothing* which

had been subsidized by the Sodality Union in Washington and was distributed by John B. Snow in New York. Sullivan was planning to write another book—against the Jews, of course. "It'll be a hot one," he said. "I'm going to spend my vacation this summer writing it."

Access to most Congressmen was easy, but engaging them in lengthy interviews was out of the question. The kind I wanted to see were busy with America First Committee officials day and night. Hearing that John C. Schafer, former Republican Congressman and Steuben Society member was in town, I rushed over to interview him.

Schafer had fought every measure which tried to bolster American defense and had proved himself an obstinate obstructionist to national defense. Like his colleague, Clare Hoffman, Schafer had voted down all relief and social measures. His speeches appeared in *Social Justice*, and Coughlin's articles found their way into the *Congressional Record*. Washington newspapermen often referred to Schafer as "bullneck." When angered which was often, his neck became red and "glowed like a stop-light," newspapermen said. *The Steuben News* claimed him as an "old time Steubenite affiliated with the Muehlenberg Unit 36 of Milwaukee, Wisconsin."

I met Schafer at his home and my impressions of him are indelible. He had once weighed 300 pounds, but was now a mere skeleton of 250 pounds—a huge, ferocious-looking fellow, with layers of fat bulging around his chin and neck, a shock of blond hair falling over his face. He had the appearance of a zealot about him. He was easily emotionalized by the power of his own oratory and as we talked, he got into the habit of swinging an enormous, club-like fist only a few inches from my face.

I found Schafer no different from the "patriots" back home in his prophecy of a Hitler victory and its natural consequences of a revolution here against Democracy.

"What kind of a revolution?" I asked.

"The BLOODY kind," he roared. "There will be purges and Roosevelt will be cleaned right off the earth along with the Jews. We'll have a military dictatorship to save the country." He leaned toward me and his fist swung like a pendulum grazing my face.

"How about the Constitution?" I asked.

"Oh that? That'll be set aside temporarily until they get some law and order in this country. A revolution is no picnic."

Schafer was getting ready to tour the country: "That's the thing to do from now on. Get the masses all boiled up. Get the mob and the rabble aroused. Get them going. We've got to protect the Constitution and the only way to do it is to get the people behind you."

It was his studied opinion that our generals "can't even fight Indians." He told me that he had served twenty-two months in the World War, never rising above the rank of private. Like Rankin, he claimed to have a large following among World War veterans and huge mailing lists of Legionnaires. He was friendly with Commander Edward Elwell Spafford, friend of Nazi agent Ernest Schmitz.

"Germany cannot be beaten today. If we go on antagonizing her, do you think she'll forget it? She'll jump on us as soon as she is finished in Europe, sure as I'm talking to you now. Hell!" he boomed, "Hitler can cross the ocean in eight hours, drop his pineapples and go back for another load. I wouldn't antagonize any of the fascist nations but try to work with them." That was the extent of Private Schafer's fighting spirit on behalf of America!

Curious to know what she was doing, I called on Dr. Maude S. DeLand who now lived in Washington, and found her typing propaganda. When I told her I had visited Congressman Rankin, she said: "I've met him, too, and I also know Congressman Day."

Dr. DeLand was spending the hot summer days visiting members of the House and the Senate, and making copies of pertinent "patriotic" passages from typically Nazi sources. With these homemade paper bullets she was carrying on her "educational" campaign. Her prize "pupil," according to what she told me, was Rufus C. Holman, Senator from Oregon. A quiet, plodding public servant, Holman suddenly inserted in the March 8, 1941, *Congressional Record* the entire text of *Money, Politics and the Future*, a pro-Nazi propaganda tract defending the German financial system. It was printed in England by the Boswell Publishing Company, printers of British fascist literature.

**Senator Wheeler of Montana**  
named the Rothchilds, the Sassoons and the Warburgs, as the International Bankers who are trying to push thru the H.R. 1776 Lend Lease Bill and get us into WAR!

**Senator Holman of Oregon**

said: Jewish Political Influence and money interests are exerting great pressure to get the H. R. 1776 Lend Lease Bill approved and passed.

**Joseph E. McWilliams, as far**

back as two years ago, named the Rothchilds, Sassoons, Warburgs and Jewish Political Influence as being opposed to the best interests of the People of the United States of America.

**JOSEPH E. McWILLIAMS**

**American Destiny  
Party**

**CANDIDATE for CONGRESS**

16th New York Congressional District

The Yorkville Fuehrer finds himself in agreement with certain so-called "isolationist" Senators. In Reynolds' letter note the fascist slogan, "America for Americans."

**VINDICATOR**

Number One Second Street, N. E.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ERNEST E. SCHMITZ  
President

August 8, 1943

ERNEST E. SCHMITZ  
National Director

Mr. George Papasavelli,  
300 W. 86th Street,  
New York City.

My dear Mr. Papasavelli:

Thank you very much for your letter under date of July 21, 1943, addressed to Group Director, American Vindicators, Inc., 1 Second Street, Washington, D. C., and dated of which I have read with much interest.

I have just sent to the publisher with five or six little booklet copies of the "Vindicators" and this should be off the press about the first part of the coming week and when the first copies are delivered I am asking the secretary who is taking the orders to include in the shipment a copy of the "Vindicators" for you. I am sure that you will find the magazine most interesting and that the contents thereof. Of course we are greatly interested in getting these groups established throughout the country and shall be pleased to discuss any suggestions that you might be in a position to present or make.

With assurance of my highest regards, and thanking you for your time, patriotic, American sympathies, I beg to be,

Sincerely yours,

*Ernest E. Schmitz*  
ERNEST E. SCHMITZ, President

EEJ/mcb

America For Americans ... Our Citizens, Our Country First

"I gave that book to Senator Holman," Dr. DeLand boasted, "and asked him to read it. Isn't it wonderful what he did with it?"

Similarly, Holman advertised in the *Congressional Record* a book by Father Coughlin's economic adviser, Gertrude M. Coogan. Her book, *Money Creators* made some startling revelations unknown to reputable historians. According to Miss Coogan, the Revolution was financed on *both* sides by the Rothschilds and Alexander Hamilton's real name was Levine. She grieved: "It is a sorry commentary that so few Americans have ever had an opportunity to learn by their own research the true history of the United States."

A prize follower of America First principles who voted against *every* major defense measure, Holman spoke before the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, inserted his speech in the *Congressional Record* and had it mailed free of charge to members of the Coalition. And on March 4, 1941, as the Senate and gallery sat tense, the Oregon Senator bluntly praised Hitler and suggested that England and America might advantageously emulate him:

I doubt if the right is all on one side among the present belligerents. At least Hitler . . . has broken the control of the international bankers and traders over the rewards for the labor of the common people of Germany.

In my opinion it would be advantageous if the control of the international bankers and traders over the wages and savings and manner of living of the people of England could be broken by the English people, and if the control of the international bankers and traders over the wages and savings and manner of living of the people of the United States could be broken by the people of the United States.

This speech by one of Senator Nye's close collaborators was received with acclaim by American Nazis everywhere. Joe McWilliams issued a special leaflet telling the world that he had been saying the same thing for years, but nobody listened. And from the Berlin short wave came praise which delighted the Senator's Nazi idolaters. I wish I could say that the case of Senator Holman was the only one of its kind which existed on Capitol Hill.

## CHAPTER XV

### AMERICA'S DOOM SQUAD

"Let's mind our own business—and keep our powder dry—avoid all the ideologies which are contrary to our own good system. Let us so live our own lives in a world of neighbors that we shall be a power for good because we have the respect of all."

WILLIAM R. CASTLE

ON THE NIGHT OF April 23, 1941, the Manhattan Center Opera House was packed with 8,000 men, women and children each carrying an American flag. The walls were draped with flags. The platform was festooned with flags. At a given signal the crowd began to wave flags, the band burst into patriotic music and the mob howled "patriotism" in a screaming crescendo of Nürnberg super-nationalism.

My old "friends" led the tumult. There was August Klapprott and Gustav Elmer of the Bund hierarchy, surrounded by members of the *Ordnungs Dienst*. Hiding under a big hat, John B. Snow came in the back way because the front entrance was mobbed. George Van Nosedall waved his flag like a child. Edward James Smythe worked his way in and one of the officials scurried about to find him a reserved seat. Lawrence Dennis, the apostle of American National-Socialism, sat quietly on the balcony avoiding publicity until an alert camera man spotted him.

Edwin P. Banta was there and so was Max Kalcher, Bundist salesman of the *Deutscher Weckruf* I had met at Camp Siegfried. In an official capacity, Mrs. Schuyler sat on the platform with the same smugness as at Allen Zoll's meetings. A wide assortment of thugs and sundry hooligans from the goon squads were scattered throughout the crowd. Not to be overlooked was the august presence of George F. A. Boian, self-professed member of the Nazi Rumanian Iron Guard.

"Who wants war?" the speaker asked, waiting for a reply.

"The Jews are the war mongers," the mob yelled back waving flags.

Was this a Christian Mobilizer meeting? A Bund, Christian Front meeting? Or a coalition meeting of all three? The last comes near being the truth. It was a meeting of the America First Committee and Charles Augustus Lindbergh was the featured speaker. Reverend Edward A. Hunt delivered the invocation. When I interviewed him the next day I found that he was not only a friend of Mrs. Dilling, but also of Colonel Sanctuary and Mrs. Schuyler.

A few nights later I went to Carnegie Hall. As George Pagnanelli, the "patriotic" editor, I was invited to grace the platform, but I sat there only long enough to ascertain that the corpulent fellow occupying a platform seat was John Cecil, speaker for the American Nationalist Party and the Christian Front. I saw a lot of ladies dressed in fine clothes, and I saw my rabble pals hobnobbing with Park Avenue. Thomas Malone, salesman for *National American* was distributing free copies of *The American Vindicator*, next to a salesman selling *Social Justice*.

I recognized Bund speaker, Russell Dunn, and Edwin Westphal who had helped in the rioting during which two Bronx policemen were beaten up. Dr. DeLand drove up in a taxi. Dr. Mills, a speaker for Jordan the "Black Fuehrer" was on hand, while "Uncle" Charles V. Miller—a supporter of the Mobilizers and the Christian Front—scanned the audience with a pair of binoculars.

Was this, too, a "coalition" meeting of America First? Not quite. It was a meeting of Women United, an America First Committee subsidiary, and Senator Reynolds was the guest of honor. Deatherage took it upon himself to instruct Mrs. Geraldine Buchanan Parker, executive secretary, on the "respectable" way of disseminating anti-Semitism:

Your literature does not need to state the word—Jew. All you have to do in order to place the blame where the people can understand it is to accuse the international bankers. The masses have now been educated to understand what is meant. . . . Senator Holt can give you the information, you can quote from the *Congressional Record*—it is there.

And on the platform of Ebling's Casino—rich in memories of Kuhn, Kunze, McWilliams, Thorkelson, Cassidy—a short woman in a long bob kept her right hand firmly on her hip, juttet her jaw forward, waved her arms and launched into what seemed to be a cheap imitation of Hitler-Mussolini oratory. She was Cathrine Curtis' friend, Laura Ingalls.

Laura Ingalls quoted from articles in Ford's *Dearborn Independent*, then screamed: "I want a spiritual anger to run through the entire country. I want you all to be fired with emotion and I want you all to be angered by conditions in this country. Americans, have we that light in our eye?"

"Y'Goddam right we have," yelled the mob, whistling and stomping.

"The measure of patriotism is the measure of freedom," she shouted. She mouthed a half dozen of these demagogic phrases that emotionalized the mob to a froth, then ended with the revolutionary cry: "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

"We're ready. Let 'er come."

Miss Ingalls had been warned against repeating her favorite stunt of rendering the Nazi salute even though she explained it this way: "We need an American symbol of unity. We ought to adopt the American salute—the outstretched *left arm*. This is purely American and no one can accuse us of being Nazis, for the Nazis use the *right arm*."

When the meeting was over, I filed out with the rest of the mob. From a dark sector of the street I watched for faces I knew, then walked over to Pop Eibach selling the *Deutscher Weckruf*. Chief New Moon (he was Thomas N. M. Dixon, Kuhn's Cherokee Indian collaborator) was distributing anti-war booklets. The Christian Mobilizers were passing out leaflets urging all "pro-Americans" who believed in "America for Americans" to attend their next meeting; while Jack Cassidy's henchmen urged in the name of "Christ and Country, Law and Order" the election of Christian Front leader John H. Henihan for City Council and William Goodwin, "Dove of Peace" candidate for mayor on the Coughlin-inspired American Rock Party. Only a few days ago Goodwin had told me in confidence at his campaign headquarters:



"There's nothing wrong with fascism. Hitler has done a good job in Germany."

"Would you recommend a Hitler for America?" I asked.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he answered. "A man like Hitler won't go over with the American people. We need something else. The Corporate State of Franco would be a perfect system for our country."

These were typical of America First Committee meetings I attended. This was the "new leadership" which Lindbergh demanded in his speeches; and this the "leadership" for which my Nazi associates had been waiting in seething ferment since General Moseley's bubble blew up; this was the "leadership" which fully met Bund and Steuben Society approval and earned the plaudits of the Berlin short wave. It did not come in the form of a "man on a white horse" as the rabble elements had romanticized. It came much more subtly, without the fanfare of swastika or wild revolutionary talk. The America First Committee was not an overnight phenomenon, for it had been in the making for eight years. Nor was the word "committee" the proper term for a nation-wide political mass movement expertly organized, backed by illimitable capital and the shrewdest organizational, but politically uninformed, minds in the country. Indeed it was so gilded with an air of respectability and so carefully guarded—for a time at least—from the taint of the rabble Bund and the Christian Front that some of our most distinguished national figures became its unwitting sponsors, among whom were the Reverend John Haynes Holmes and Captain Edward Rickenbacker, a close friend of Henry Ford's. The Committee claimed a membership of 15,000,000.

True, its leadership at first was as American as Plymouth Rock. But the rank and file following—at first sincere and respectable—was later polluted by the Pelleys, Coughlins, McWilliamses; the Vierecks, Kuhns and Deatherages; by Klansmen; by Japanese and Nazi agents. And its weak-kneed leadership, cowed and bullied by stories of Nazi might, swayed by Chamberlain sentimentality and Pollyanna smugness, took craven comfort in the delusion that they were "defending America." The surrender of a mighty nation in appeasement to Hitler

might easily have been the outcome if the designs of its two most publicized spokesmen had been carried through.

Its national chairman, General Robert E. Wood, told Kenneth Crawford a reporter for *PM*, a New York newspaper, that in the event of an invasion of South America by a Nazi armada, he would defend our Latin Allies "only the part as far south as the bulge of Brazil." Without firing a shot in self-defense, the General indicated his willingness to let Hitler seize more than half of South America, plant his legions firmly on the Western Hemisphere and place the Panama Canal at the mercy of his *Luftwaffe*.

William R. Castle, another founder of the America First Committee, expressed amazing shortsightedness for a former official of the State Department. Apparently dominated by Viereck's syrupy assurances that Hitler was the friend of all and the enemy of none, Castle wrote in the Nazi organ *Today's Challenge*:

Let's mind our own business—and keep our powder dry—avoid all the ideologies which are contrary to our own good system. Let us so live our own lives in a world of neighbors that we shall be a power for good because we have the respect of all.

This sample of infantile trust after years of relentless Nazi aggression during which Democracies crumbled one by one because they, too, believed in Hitler's promises, remained dominant with the "new leadership." Faith in Hitler but an unreasoning lack of faith in the Administration—these were the cornerstones of the Committee's policy of appeasement and defeatism which corroded our democratic fibre. It delighted Nazi commentators, who crooned from Berlin: "The America First Committee is known as true Americanism and true patriotism, as opposed to the synthetic brand."

"Patriotic" meetings of the Mobilizers and the Bund fell down in attendance, while most of the other fascist groups were suspended altogether as their members flocked to America First rallies. Whenever I wanted information from my "friends" I had to go either to America First meetings or the A.F.C. headquarters to find them.

The Committee's backers for the most part were sincere

and well-meaning prototypes of those who had backed Hitler in Germany—a small clique of industrialists, business men and army officers. Ernest T. Weir of Republic Steel Corporation contributed heavily. Thomas N. McCarter, former chairman of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, was another heavy donor. H. L. Stuart, president of a leading investment house in the Midwest, was a financial supporter, and so was Sterling Morton, President of the Illinois Manufacturers Association.

The wealthy meat-packer, Jay C. Hormel, gave liberally, as did Mrs. Janet Ayer Fairbanks; Max Wellington Babb, president of Allis-Chalmers; General Wood and General Thomas Hammond. Colonel Robert R. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* and Joseph M. Patterson, publisher of the *New York Daily News* supported the America First Committee, and there were reports that Henry Ford contributed \$300,000 to initiate the work.

The idea for the Committee was conceived in the spring of 1940—in the mind of a blond, wealthy twenty-four-year-old Yale student, R. Douglas Stuart, Jr., son of the first vice-president of the Quaker Oats Co. Stuart got twenty of his classmates to join. The romantic story released by the Committee went on to say that young Douglas attracted the attention of Chester Bowles, of Benton and Bowles, Inc., well-known New York advertising agents.

From nowhere staid William R. Castle joined the blond youth. Then to Stuart's growing circle of influential friends came Philip LaFollette, former Progressive Party governor of Wisconsin, and was quickly followed by Senator Burton K. Wheeler, General Wood (who was board chairman of Sears, Roebuck and Co.), Henry Ford and Robert Bliss of J. Walter Thompson, advertising agents. Experts in promotion, organization and public relations gathered around young Stuart.

With Douglas and his Yale friends serving as front, Charles Lindbergh addressed a meeting at Woolsey Hall. This made the headlines even though Lindbergh, like Neville Chamberlain, propagated Hitler's ideas by saying: "In order to dominate the Far Eastern situation we must make our peace with the new powers in Europe." After the Lindbergh speech,

General Wood took charge and set to organizing the Committee on a broad, nation-wide basis.

At this stage the Committee was regarded by the rabble fascists as both highbrow and "Jewish" because of the presence of wealthy Lessing J. Rosenwald on the board. Mrs. Dilling denounced the Committee and went on with her own Mothers' group. The rabble fascist element maintained a safe distance, entertaining itself with feverish and hysterical "crusades" and "marches"; with the impeachment of a "Jewish" President and the adulation of Hitler, the misunderstood messiah who loved "peace."

During this period of the Stalin-Hitler pact, Nazi and Communist party liners, in addition to Norman Thomas' Socialist wing, composed a united front to sabotage national defense. Though motives differed, tactics of the Communist front, American Peace Mobilization, paralleled those of the fascist partisans. The "vermin press" and *The Daily Worker* found themselves in mutually embarrassing agreement.

*Social Justice*, Aug. 12, 1940: "The Burke-Wadsworth Conscription bill is more than a conscription bill. It is a bill to abolish the Constitution of the United States. That is why the Burke-Wadsworth communistic bill must be fought—now, or never.

*The Daily Worker*, Aug. 16, 1940: "The Burke-Wadsworth Conscription Bill must be defeated. It includes within its confusing and misleading verbiage the basis for American fascism."

*Deutscher Weckruf*, Aug. 8, 1940: "Compulsory military service is a European institution. . . . Why should we adopt European fashions just to relieve the President of his unemployment problem."

Herman Schwinn, West coast Nazi agent, adopted in a speech the Communist slogan "The Yanks Are Not Coming," while the fellow-traveling Almanac Singers contributed to the cause of obstructionism against national defense by parodying war. For instance:

Don't you want a silver medal, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
 Don't you want a silver medal, charming Billy?  
 No desire do I feel to defend Republic Steel;  
 He's a young boy and cannot leave his mother.

Every "patriot" cell automatically turned into a "peace" cell, and the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran suspended his duties as president of the International Catholic Truth Society long enough to establish the Anti-War Crusaders and needle audiences on extensive lecture tours. Occasionally the rabble elements met under such "respectable" auspices as the National Keep America Out of War Committee, sister organization to the anti-war group promoted by Ham Fish and financed mainly by the Steuben Society.

The New York branch of the Committee was directed by L. M. Bailey, a friend of Allen Zoll. On the committee were Ham Fish, several Park Avenue ladies who had served Zoll, and Arthur Goadby who frequented Seward Collins' bookshop.

William Griffin, publisher of the *New York Enquirer*, was chairman of one meeting of the Keep America Out of War Committee which I attended at Carnegie Hall, and at which Senators Nye and Holt spoke. Griffin's technique was familiar. "Who are the war mongers?" he asked, followed by: "Who are the people who own the radio stations and the newspapers?" Waiting for the answer, he smiled smugly as the mob howled "The Jews." Seward Collins, Van Noddall and a coterie of other American fascists were present.

When Griffin called for a march on Washington the mob began to yell, "McWilliams, McWilliams!" Griffin then turned to someone on the platform, but the man shook his head as if to say, "No, don't bring him on the platform." But the Coughlinitic mob kept calling for Joe to make an appearance, while Joe smiled indulgently in a box seat.

At another meeting I heard Ham Fish speak with Congressman Karl E. Mundt and Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram, a wealthy old lady whose sincere pacifist sentiments were exploited by the fascists. Fish roused the crowd to anti-Semitic outbursts and the frantic renditions of the Nazi salute. Anti-Semitic cries became so violent that a *New York Times* reporter left his seat to spot the callers. Dan Cleason, a confirmed Coughlinitic, jumped from his seat and waved a copy of *Social Justice*, while Edwin Westphal moved from a front seat to a section in the rear where the Christian Front-ers were concentrated. As he

passed me he whispered: "Ham Fish is all right. Look at him grin up there."

"Germany's claims are just," Fish had told newspapermen while in Berlin, where he was officially honored. If Hitler were given Danzig, the Polish corridor and "anything else" he wanted, Fish was sure that peace would come to Europe. A close friend of the Nazi agent, Viereck, he earned the plaudits of the *Deutscher Weckruf* and received glowing endorsement in Hitler's own party organ, the *Volkischer Beobachter*.

For a time the America First Committee seemed too respectable to get anywhere with the mob. To appease them and to concentrate their energy under one leadership, the hierarchy offered the mob the No Foreign War Committee, headed by Verne Marshall, editor of *The Cedar Rapids Gazette*. Arrangements were made at a dinner tendered at the University Club in New York by Merwin K. Hart, friend of Falangist Fascism. Present were O. K. Armstrong, Charles S. Payson, co-owner and George T. Eggleston, editor of *Scribner's Commentator*, the "American Nazi Bible"; several unnamed writers and editors and Charles Lindbergh. As spokesman for the "new leadership" Lindbergh induced Marshall to accept the chairmanship of the Committee. John B. Snow operated behind the scenes with Marshall.

Essentially a showman and somewhat of an eccentric, Marshall was well fitted for his mission. With unlimited financial backing and through a series of clever publicity stunts, Marshall energized the appeasement crusade from coast to coast. He rallied the rabble around him and obtained a tremendous mailing list. He helped to whitewash obstructionism and cleared defeatism and organized sabotage of morale of its Germanic taint.

But after a wild, three-month barnstorming tour through the country, Marshall threatened to place the entire appeasement machine in jeopardy by consorting with anti-Semites and American Nazis. After being denounced publicly by Lindbergh, Marshall was urged by his backers to resign. Just as the No Foreign War Committee was closing shop I visited its New York headquarters and asked for some of the liter-

ature being thrown away. I was given a stack and was not surprised to find:

*Lord Lothian vs. Lord Lothian*, published by Flanders Hall.  
*Seeking Foreign Trouble*, by Ralph Townsend, Japanese propagandist.

*Radio Speeches on War and Peace*, by Reverend Gerald B. Winrod.

*The Beacon Light*, published by William Kullgren.  
*Anti-War Crusade*, by Reverend Edward Lodge Curran.  
*The Guildsman*, a magazine published by Edward A. Koch, and "devoted to the cause of a corporative order."

When by March 1, 1941, Marshall's trial balloon had burst, the America First Committee was poised to take over the management. Along with the office personnel, the new sponsors accepted the voluminous mailing lists of Coughlinites and Bundists who had rallied to the side of the eccentric Pied Piper of the new "patriotism." Thus, before it swung into saddle, the backbone of the American fascist movement became the backbone of its "respectable" new sponsors.

As Pagnanelli, the ever-helpful "patriot" in all such causes, I filed my application as volunteer worker. Opposite the line "membership in other organizations," I boldly put down "Christian Mobilizers" wondering whether I would be challenged. I recall that it was a Mrs. I. Pearce who interviewed me. I asked her point-blank whether she knew of "our work." She nodded, smiling. I was accepted as volunteer on the same basis as with the No Foreign War Committee.

From this point on, my role as investigator required attending a bewildering array of meetings that dinned into the minds of the masses—by an hourly diet of street speaking, radio broadcasts and an avalanche of literature—those doctrines I had already learned in the Nazi underworld. Into the America First offices poured a daily stream of my "friends" I knew personally or recognized seeing at subversive meetings. There was no partiality. Anyone who asked for literature got it—free of charge.

The office at 515 Madison Avenue, where I worked as volunteer was a bedlam. Volunteers stayed till the early morning hours, energized by a hot revivalist fever. Mothers stayed away

from their homes and family life was disrupted in a crusade for peace at any sell-out price. Sitting at the volunteers' table, I heard a great deal of intimate talk. This sort of thing:

"I haven't cooked supper in three weeks and my husband is sore."

"Well, we've all got to sacrifice to save our country. After all, it's Roosevelt who wants war, not Hitler."

"Roosevelt and the internationalists."

"You mean the Jews. Don't be afraid to say it, sister."

"They ain't all bad. There's a Rabbi Charles Fleischer who speaks for the Committee, and that fellow doing the publicity for us. . . ."

"Sydney Hertzberg, that's his name."

"Yeah, and Mrs. Paul Palmer on the Committee. She's wealthy and she's Jewish, you know."

"These are good Jews, but most of them are bad."

I had been watching a small, kindly-faced grandmother with white hair and a wrinkled face. She worked quietly and rarely spoke. Once or twice we had exchanged smiles and I had taken a fancy to her. I felt she had something on her mind and had noticed her leave the table several times when the discussion was hottest. Suddenly she froze the volunteers by saying in a thin, clear voice:

"I don't think it's fair of you to talk that way about the Jews. We're not fighting this war against the Jews and I can't understand why you are always talking against them. I'm here because I don't want to see my grandchildren go to war, but I'm not going to speak against any race of people. I don't think you ladies are being Christian at all."

I felt like rushing over and hugging grandma, but it would have been my suicide as investigator.

There were many in the America First Committee who were sincere and devout, like grandma, but I observed that the overwhelming majority were fascist party-liners. This was graphically illustrated at the Lindbergh rally at Madison Square Garden. I went early, passing through a cordon of police, hawkers for *Social Justice* and distributors of Boris Brasol's leaflets in order to study Lindbergh at the ringside. Mrs. Schuyler was seated with her sister, Mrs. Barbour Walker

and she motioned to me. I had sent her a booklet reprinted by the Ku Klux Klan from the *Dearborn Independent* and was curious to know what she thought of it.

"That . . . that booklet was excellent," she said, without disclosing the name in public. "Get me ten more."

In the audience, too, I recognized Dr. Ulrich D. Marquard, a Wall Street broker, and a Prussian with emphatic Nazi views whom I had interviewed with a Christian Front-er. And I also saw Joe McWilliams in the act of posing for a flock of photographers. The auditorium was packed as the master of ceremonies asked the audience to sing *God Bless America*. An angry howl of boos greeted the request and was an index to what followed later. Irving Berlin's song was always booed and *never* sung at "patriotic" meetings because Berlin happened to be an American Jew. We did not sing *God Bless America* that night.

Norman Thomas, a zealot, leader of the Socialist Labor Party and ardent orator, plunged into his topic without preliminaries and delivered a repugnant defeatist speech: "Have you no more regard for mankind, Mr. President, than to bring total destruction? The worst that could happen would be a negotiated peace. We'll have it eventually. Why not now?" John T. Flynn, chairman, then read congratulatory messages from Cardinal O'Connell of Boston and Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy of Seattle, after which he introduced Lindbergh.

The wildest demonstration I have ever heard met Lindbergh. It was unlike anything else I had known. A deep-throated, unearthly, savage roar, chilling, frightening, sinister and awesome. It was a frenzied mob-cheer adulating the hero of the hour in reckless hysteria.

And what of the blond god who for six full minutes smiled like an adolescent as the mob stood to its feet, waved flags, threw kisses and frenziedly rendered the Nazi salute? Lindbergh impressed me as the most naïve of men politically. He did not impress me either as an organizer or a leader—but as a man who, while himself being led by the nose, had a tremendous capacity to lead the masses by serving as their idol owing to his gift of personal magnetism for a certain class of men and women. Lindbergh—who had turned his back to

America to live first in England, then France, then was reported to be considering the buying of a home in Germany—seemed confused with and uncertain of himself, but a hero with the mob. He fitted the description of the ideal American fuhrer as given by Joe McWilliams:

In a few years we will need a leader who will be like a knight of old. A man in shining armor. A champion of the people. A man who is a mystic. A man that the mob can look up to—but not touch. A man who has come from the people, but has reached so high that they dare not call him their own, but one appointed by God to speak for them! That's what this country needs. That's what we'll need to bring together our forces for a nationalist America.

And McWilliams was present this night also, and shared the spotlight with Lindbergh through a peculiar stroke of circumstances. Joe had made himself conspicuous to camera men, and some of the respectable America First-ers fearing that the meeting might be given a black eye because of his presence, told John T. Flynn. Hot tempered and courageous, Flynn pounced on McWilliams with the fury of a panther and clawed him through the microphone:

"I repudiate the support of the Bund, the Communist and the fascist parties. One of their leaders is in this hall tonight.

## CHRISTIAN FRONT NEWS

Bulletin.

May 24, 1940

TO ALL AMERICANS WHO THINK:

COLONEL LINDBERGH IS A PATRIOT!

In the words of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, America's ace pilot in the World War, the words spoken over the radio last Sunday night by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh on adequate national defense were "sound and fundamental". Most Americans agree with Capt. Rickenbacker, with the exception of the warmongers, the political parasites, the financial shysters, the munition moguls, and the people who paraded in the streets of New York last summer to the tune of "Stop-Hitler".

THE CHRISTIAN FRONT  
Brooklyn Unit  
Prospect Hall, Brooklyn

Lindbergh was the hero or countless American Fascist groups, including the Christian Front

His name is Joseph McWilliams. I don't know whose stooge he is, but newspapermen can always find him where they want him."

But instead of booing, *the Coughlinite mob burst into applause for Joe!!!*

Flynn was taken aback as the fascist pack threatened to get out of control. With the instinct of bloodhounds newsmen, photographers and policemen ran to cover points where riots might break out. With magnificent presence of mind, Flynn jammed his mouth against the microphone and desperately for the next two minutes tried to stem the rising tide of cheering. In the meanwhile, ushers and cops surrounded the spot about ten rows from the ringside, where Joe sat smiling and nonchalant, waving his American flag and enormously pleased at the show. I stole a glance at Lindbergh. He was looking at Joe. He, too, was beaming. . . .

Flynn continued to vilify McWilliams with a sincerity that was unmistakable. After several anxious moments, he finally succeeded in drowning out the applause. A weak, unconvincing round of boos swept up from the respectables, while the bigger Nazi mob withheld its fire. Flynn's heroic endeavors saved the face of the America First Committee. But it showed, even at that early date on May 23, 1941, only a few months after it had taken the reins from Marshall, that the revolutionary following of which Joe was a symbol was already a powerful factor.

Flynn's courageous stand earned him the abuse and wrath of fascist "patriots" and threatened to split the A.F.C. in two. Overnight Flynn became a Communist. Mrs. Dilling screamed that she had always said so in her *Red Network*. Father Coughlin denounced him because he "went out of his way to assail a Mr. McWilliams seated in the audience," and falsely charged him with bigotry.

Coughlin was a force to be reckoned with, and the Coughlin ire had to be placated at his threat of alienating his Christian Front following. Mrs. Lulu Wheeler, wife of the Senator, and extremely active in Committee circles, "explained" in *Social Justice*:

. . . I am afraid that you are a victim of newspaper propaganda,

because there never has been any discrimination against Father Coughlin's followers or against any other religious body as far as America First is concerned.

It was not enough. The appeaser-minded leadership had to apologize officially. Even as the Emperor Henry IV did penance at the command of Pope Gregory VII, so General Wood humbled himself before the reverend-dictator of Royal Oak by writing in *Social Justice*:

. . . I have not rejected the Christian Social Justice movement. I welcome their support in our common objective—preventing this country from getting into the war.

To the "new leadership" appeasement—whether to a foreign Hitler or a domestic would-be Hitler—was second nature! This craven attitude was an indication of the extent to which the A.F.C. was enslaved by fascist mentality. After these letters were published, approval of the Christian Front became open and blatant and Front-ers came and went as they pleased. William Gerald Bishop, co-fuehrer with Jack Cassidy and Macklin Boettger, lieutenant in the Sports Club, frequented the A.F.C. offices where I worked as volunteer. Mrs. I. Pearce told me: "The Christian Front is perfectly all right. It is working with us and we think they are fine." Coughlin took advantage of his favored position by writing:

We predict an attempt to establish a National-Socialist Party in America with the emphasis on the word "nationalist." . . . The Marxist democrats, turned militaristic, will obstruct the formation of this party. . . . We predict that if such happens, the National-Socialists in America—organized under that or some other name—eventually will take control of government on this continent. . . . We predict, lastly, the end of democracy in America.

The Mobilizers got a black eye and as a follower of the Yorkville fuehrer I, too, was held in disfavor for a while. In charge of volunteers, Mrs. Jane Lewis asked me to make up my mind between America First and Joe McWilliams, whom she regarded as a hireling paid to "discredit" the Committee. "He has appeared twice at our meetings and created a sen-

sation," Mrs. Lewis complained. "Can you tell me why he does it?"

Of course I knew, but I could not tell her. At any rate, she asked me to make up my mind and when I said I would take America First, she wasn't convinced, and asked me to please stay away. Joe did not show up at any A.F.C. meetings, but he sent lieutenants with instructions to yell "Jew" whenever A.F.C. speakers referred to "internationalists" or innocuously to "the enemy."

One night, before Joe had started his meeting at the Astoria Casino where he had gone after finally being kicked out of Yorkville halls, I approached him. He was reading Lawrence Dennis' *Weekly Foreign Letter*.

"Joe," I began, "some woman wants to know why you go to A.F.C. meetings and raise hell."

"Tell her this. I want to put it up to those America First guys that they are no different from us nationalists here. Their fine clothes and respectability don't fool me. I've met them up on Park Avenue and down in Wall Street. I want them to wake up to themselves and get up the guts to call a spade a spade. I want them to come right out in the open and work for our nationalism *now* instead of beating the bush and coming out with it later. We can't get anywhere with our people alone. We got to have the America First crowd with us. They got money and they got influence."

"You aren't giving up the fight, are you, Joe?" I asked.

"My mission is done, George," McWilliams answered thoughtfully. "I'm finished for the time being."

I expressed surprise.

"I was brought into this movement for one purpose: to make America Jew-conscious. I've done that. Lindbergh, Nye, Wheeler, Reynolds and the rest of 'em can carry on now. They can reach people I could never reach. Let these big shots take the stage for a while. I did my part and now it's their round. I'll swing back into the saddle when the time is ripe. I'm going to travel—to start little fires all over the country so that they can burst spontaneously into a national flame that'll raze Democracy clear to the ground."

I asked Joe if he had ever met Charles Lindbergh. Joe paused, looked around sharply, hesitated momentarily and said "No."

Then I asked if Lindbergh knew how to handle the "Jewish question" in view of his anti-Semitic speech before a Des Moines audience.

"Not exactly, but he is learning and I happen to know he wants to learn. I'll tell you how Lindbergh is getting his education. He is getting it from the men I've been talking to for months."

"Who have you been talking to, Joe?" I asked.

"Lawrence Dennis is one. I can't tell you who the others are. For months I've been talking to intellectuals on the 'Jewish question,' coaching them and giving them our literature. I've been a regular teacher to them. Lindbergh talked to these men after I had educated them. Indirectly, Lindbergh got his education from me."

I admitted the parallel in thought between Joe's speeches and Lindbergh's.

"You're damned tootin' our speeches are alike. Lindbergh's are more polished. That's the only difference."

"Joe," I asked bluntly, "do you think we'll ever have National-Socialism here?"

"Hell, yes," he shouted in my face. "Can't you see the way the A.F.C. is gradually coming our way? Just wait six months."

From this point on the A.F.C. dedicated its efforts to what it had consistently denied: the formation of a Third Party movement. The first hint came from Father Coughlin. The second was voiced loudly by Philip LaFollette: "There are still two parties in the country," he said, "the War Party and the American Party." His comment was followed by an editorial in the New York *Daily News* which urged the founding of an America First Party. And finally on December 2, just five days before Pearl Harbor, the "new leadership" announced that the A.F.C. was being reorganized "along political lines." It hinted that those who did not fall in line would be "unyieldingly opposed."

In preparation for an American *der tag*, the "new leadership" sought to consolidate its position. With the subtle coaching of the Steuben Society it started off with an ill-timed attempt to "gather evidence" against the "war mongering" motion picture industry. F. Guy Juenemann, an informant for McWilliams, True, Deatherage and the Bund, was engaged to

collect "evidence" and turn it over to Senator Nye and the Committee. The move proved a boomerang.

Next the Committee expanded to take within its fold every "patriotic" organization in the country. The Klan easily qualified and *The Fiery Cross* exulted: "The Klan's attitude toward the present world situation was aptly expressed by General Robert E. Wood." The Klan then launched an "Americanization program" with \$1,000,000 as its goal. Senator C. Wayland Brooks, prize America First-er, participated at a gigantic rally at Rockford, Illinois, attended by 50,000 Klansmen. The resurgence of the Klan was symbolic of the ruffraff which now began to flow unchecked into the America First fold.

All pretense to respectability dropped from this point on. Merging forces with Farmer-Laborites in the midwest, it courted the support of the Reverend John Cole McKim, propagandist for the *Japanese American Review*, who became chairman of the Peekskill, New York chapter; of William J. Baxter, author of many pro-Japanese tracts, who headed the New Rochelle, New York chapter; of Ralph Townsend, the Japanese agent, who slanted his "patriotism" from the pages of *Scribner's Commentator*. The Edward James Smythes addressed their meetings to lunatic fringers while the Snows and Mrs. Schuylers worked behind Park Avenue doors.

Concurrently the Winrods and Coughlins exhorted their congregations to join the "holy crusade for Americanism," while the William R. Castles and Burton K. Wheelers engaged in missionary work among Washington officials. At the same time the German-American elements—many of whom had been "educated" by the *Ausland Institut*, the Bund, the Steuben Society—and thousands of neighborhood groups were urged to redouble their efforts and contributions, attend meetings and flood Congress with letters.

Eager to know how deeply the revolutionary taint had penetrated in the far West, I wrote to the Americanism Committee of the Los Angeles American Legion. From Chairman Ben S. Beery I received an excellent document which showed that the vultures there hovered over Democracy in a pattern identical to that in the East. Nearly 100,000 "patriots" had packed Hollywood Bowl to hear Lindbergh and Wheeler speak. The following is part of the Legion's listing of Ameri-

can fascists who had transferred their allegiance to America First Committee work:

*F. K. Ferenz*: "Distributor of subversive books, exhibitor of Nazi films, publisher of a swastika-decorated volume of essays entitled *Hitler*, attended twenty-one America First meetings between March 6 and August 23, 1941." He helped prepare posters and banners and participated in the motor parades of the A.F.C.

*John L. Riemer*: who testified that "a German consulate had paid \$215 for printing part of the literature he had been sending from Los Angeles," has extensively advertised America First in connection with his mailings of Nazi propaganda.

*Benjamin Franklin Ballard*: "Organizer of the American Guards, sponsoring Hitler-style abolition of labor unions, distributor of Nazi propaganda, regular attendant at meetings of the League to Save America First . . . chairman of the downtown chapter of the A.F.C. His talks to America First meetings are outspokenly anti-Semitic."

*T. W. Hughes*: "who founded the Bund-reinforced League to Save America First, conducts meetings largely directed to inciting intolerance and class dissensions." He wrote *The Truth About England*, distributed at the Aryan Bookstore and also sold at America First meetings. Many America First speakers originally spoke for Hughes' League. Verne Marshall also spoke for it.

*Mrs. Faith McCullough*: alias Mrs. Frances Maxey, former secretary of the German agent, Mrs. Leslie Fry, is active in the Pasadena and Glendale chapters. Her close associate and fellow traveller, William Hunt, is chairman of the Glendale Chapter.

*Bruce Tarkington Dowden*: "cooperates with F. K. Ferenz, and advocates 'whispering campaigns' to slur the morals of teachers who support defense programs. He has spoken at least four times at America First meetings."

The American Legion report concluded that "In meetings of America First, processes are at work whereby a person attending merely to seek information may unwittingly be transformed into a Nazi sympathizer, and even into a potential traitor to his country." Chairman Beery submitted his findings to General Wood, who ignored them completely.

As the call went out for more "build-up" for Lindbergh, the American Nazi press responded gallantly. *Publicity* stated that "Lindbergh and Wheeler would prove a 'Moses' in 1944 to lead this nation out of a political wilderness." Laura Ingalls



told her audiences: "America must be thankful for its two great heroes—Lindbergh and Father Coughlin." And Pelley, after characterizing him as "The nation's man on a white horse," observed in glaring headlines: "LINDBERGH, FORD, MOSELEY, WHEELER, NEW U. S. LEADERS." Lindbergh helped along with some pointed anti-Semitic remarks, while the *America First Bulletin* also took an anti-Semitic turn by insisting that "A powerful group—the most powerful of all—the refugee Germans and their fellow racial and religious brethren" stood in the way of peace.

Those who knew the Committee only from their contacts with the respectable and sincere elements in it and did not step behind the outer shell to see the cesspools of hate and deceit in which it wallowed, naturally had a superficial impression of America First and its plans for the future.

Only one final step remained to make the old pattern complete—a plan in black and white—such as the one Banahan had given me for the Phalanx. I did not have long to wait for it.

RO Is Lindbergh Becoming the Nation's Man on a White Horse? . . .

The "Who" Volume II No. 1

A STRANGE thing is happening and the nation is stirred. At a time when democracy is being attacked, when our national life is being to subvert the nation for the culture of Europe, a strange, tall, clean-cut young, blond-man has suddenly appeared at his post—his name is . . .

These Are the Times We Have Awaited for Seven Years

Lindbergh, Ford, Moseley, Wheeler, New U. S. Leaders




Nine Thousand Wildly Cheering Americans! Hail Anti-Roosevelt Senator in Cleveland!

WEEKLY ROLL CALL

Vol. XIV No. 1 INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1941 Monthly: \$1 Year

WEEKLY ROLL CALL

Page 1

**AFTER HITLER TAKES MOSCOW**

Pelley names his heroes. All were America First-ers, with the exception of Hitler who was for "Germany First."

I was at the Women's Division one day, when I saw it lying on the desk. It was a secret document and sent to Chapter chairmen only. The plan was doubtless the work of a military mind, possibly that of General Wood or General Hammond, for it commissioned key workers as "generals, captains, lieutenants."

Each general's assignment is to get ten "colonels" who, in turn, will get ten "captains" who, in turn, will get ten "lieutenants." Under this plan of action, you or the mail marshal appointed by you, should be able to phone each general, each general in turn her ten colonels, each colonel her ten captains, and each captain her ten lieutenants, all in one day's time.

Present plans were to apply only to the writing of pressure letters against Congressmen who voted aid for European Democracies and for national defense, but I knew that once a neighborhood was organized on such a thorough plan, other instructions could be handed down from a hierarchy which more and more turned to politics and became the repository for every species of Nazi and native fascist revolutionary doctrine.

The franking privilege which had been designed for Congressmen to correspond, free, with their constituents in their home state, became the pawn of fascist interests. A university professor in *Texas* received an envelope franked by James C. Oliver of *Maine* and bearing an address sticker obviously made from an address plate in the *Scribner's Commentator* office at Lake Geneva, *Wisconsin*. From *Omaha* Charles Hudson mailed me *Missouri* Phil A. Bennett's speeches, and the same speech was mailed to me two days later on the stencil of Elizabeth Dilling from *Chicago*. And Representative Hoffman went overboard in his abuse of the franking privilege by sending me his speeches *printed privately* at Cathrine Curtis' expense.

The singers of America's doom whined for a "negotiated peace." The chorus was led by Wheeler, Nye, Fish, bulwarks of America First-ism, and was followed by Senator Robert A. Taft: "I believe in the end we could have a negotiated peace; better than England could now secure, but probably with a Hitler dominant on the continent. . . . War is even worse than a German victory."

The America First Committee had become the voice of American Fascism and the spearhead aimed at the heart of Democracy, carrying to their doom many who were innocent and would have resigned in disgust had they known what went on behind the scenes. An official of the Committee, Judge Mildred Dugan confirmed my convictions by saying candidly:

"Eighty per cent of the membership is Coughlinites, and there isn't the least doubt in my mind that at the present rate the anti-Semites and Coughlinites will come out on top eventually."

The Monday after Pearl Harbor I received the December 6 issue of the *America First Bulletin* and read the headline: "Blame for Rift with Japan Rests on Administration." It was the same old cry of denouncing our own family of Americans and, by implication, exonerating the Axis of all evil. And by an irony of fate, a typical letter from William R. Castle appeared in the New York Sunday *Herald Tribune* on the morning of Pearl Harbor, and it read:

Why should we go to war with Japan? To that question I have never received a reasonable answer, except the answer always made by those who feel we should interfere anywhere in the world. People like our bellicose Secretary of the Navy announce that trouble is inevitable. . . .

## America First BULLETIN

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### PEACE

#### Reisner Warns Of War's Costs

The thing that makes this situation in America is the system of government and democracy which has been developed in Germany. It is that system which has come to be known as National Socialism. They are powerful and wealthy groups of America who are bringing a great deal of money and energy to every other in contact with this party from outside in America. They are the most important part of National Socialism coming here. Probably there is nothing in the world which the United

All Abolished Youth  
Involved, He Says

American (twice) have today should change the color sword a formula of "peace in the Atlantic" and in the Pacific so that the resources of our civilization be available to the good of mankind instead of to the destruction. Dr. Robert H. Reisner, Director of Education at Columbia University, declared this week.

Breaking before 1938 students representatives of different New York City High schools, Dr.

## Blame For Rift With Japan Rests On Administration

### Committee To Fight At Polls For Anti-War Congressmen

Announces It Will Actively Support Senators  
And Representatives Who Keep People's Trust

The America First Committee asks not the people. In the face of this, there is an extreme effort of the party, since 1938, to win throughout the country to re-

### President Talks War Without Authorization From People, Congress

A rupture in diplomatic relations between Japan and the United States appeared imminent this week, as a result of the inability of representatives of the President and State Department to adjust themselves out of Japanese activity in the Far East.

The last issue of the *America First Bulletin* exonerated Tojo and Hirohito of all blame, and announced the formation of a political wing of the A.F.C. "to fight at the polls."