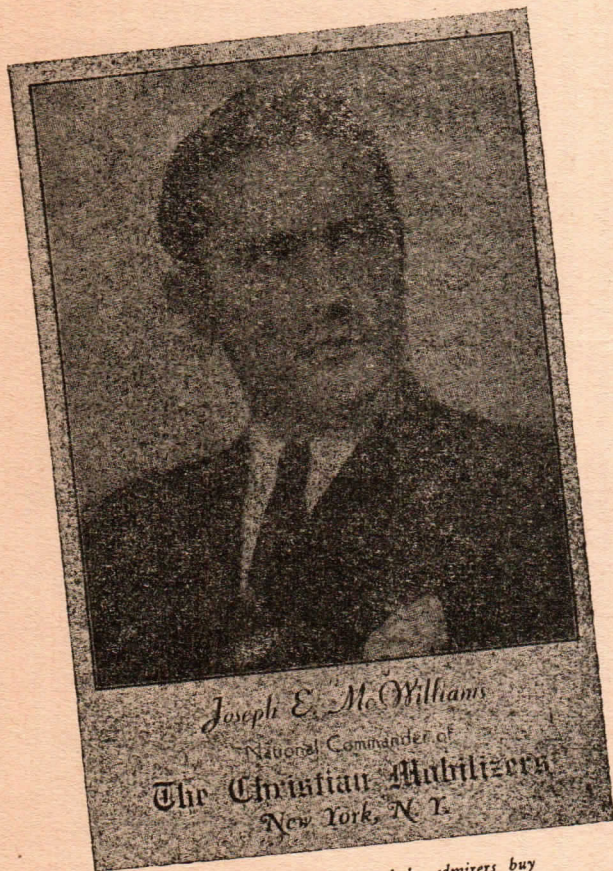


# The Dictator Racket of Joe McWilliams

BY MAURICE GOODENOUGH



Picture post card that lady admirers buy

*A man who wants to be  
America's fuehrer—  
his revealing life story  
and the forces that shaped him*

**F**ANNY BERGMAN and her husband have grown old together in the South Bronx. For the last twenty years they've kept their little stationery store on 138th Street, living in the rear. The days are long, 7 A.M. to 1 A.M., but about a year ago a Miss Post began coming in to help.

One night last August, while Mr. Bergman was away, Fanny and Miss Post were waiting on customers. They heard shouting from the street, an indistinguishable roar of voices. They listened, and a chill of terror came over them.

"It's them Mobilizers," said Fanny.

She remembered the committee demanding they stop selling Christian religious articles. She had been forced to remove them under fear of threats. The two hurried to the door to see an angry mob passing. Pushing and shouting they kept coming, two thousand, maybe more. A shrill voice rose from the din:

"Kill the Jew bastards."

A chorus followed: "Dirty Jews, lousy Jews, Jew bastards, we'll drive you out of the country."

Miss Post and Fanny stood outside the door, gazing with held breath as the mob moved toward Willis Avenue in the direction of the police station. Suddenly they were observed. Fingers pointed and a shout rose: "Boycott that store, boycott that store!" Three women dropped from the passing mob to approach Mrs. Bergman, their faces screwed in rage as they shrieked at her:

"You dirty Jew bastard, you prostitute, you're worse than a prostitute." Their fists shook in her face. "We'll drive you out of that store, you're long enough; you were twenty years in that store, give somebody else a chance."

It was a night for the Mobilizers.

Later when Sergeant McAllister came by, tears filled Mrs. Bergman's eyes. "I am 62 years old," she said, "And nobody's ever called me that."

The Bronx got to know the Mobilizers, as well as some sections of Brooklyn and Manhattan. Their street meetings rose to twenty-five in a single week. Their spectacles at Innisfail Park rivalled those of Dr. Goebbels. It was here on August 23 that the "Christian" Mobilizers staged a show for several thousand spectators. Bundists goose-stepped with



Semitism is a violation of this fundamental principle is but to echo the obvious.

### Clergy fight the good fight

It would be rash to assert that among those in the Christian church who indulge in anti-Semitism there are no clergymen. But it is safe to say that these specimens are rare. It is equally true that the strongest campaign against anti-Semitism in the United States is being carried on under the leadership of clergymen of the Christian church. Neither in public nor in private do the rank-and-file of the clergy degrade their profession and their religion by anti-Semitic propaganda or conversation. On the contrary, they deplore such a basic violation of the Christian ethic by their parishioners, and thousands upon thousands of them condemn publicly such violations in plain blunt words.

Furthermore, various clerical organizations have gone on record these many years with strong resolutions condemning race hatreds. This is doing no more than their plain duty. No clergyman gifted with the most primary capacity for thinking, and anything approaching integrity, could read the story of the Good Samaritan before his congregation, or propound any of the fundamental principles of his religion in his sermons, and at the same time promote racial hatreds. It is a shameful commentary on the sincerity of thousands of Christian laymen, who have taken vows, as binding as those taken by any clergyman, to uphold the Christian ethic, that the same thing cannot be said of them.

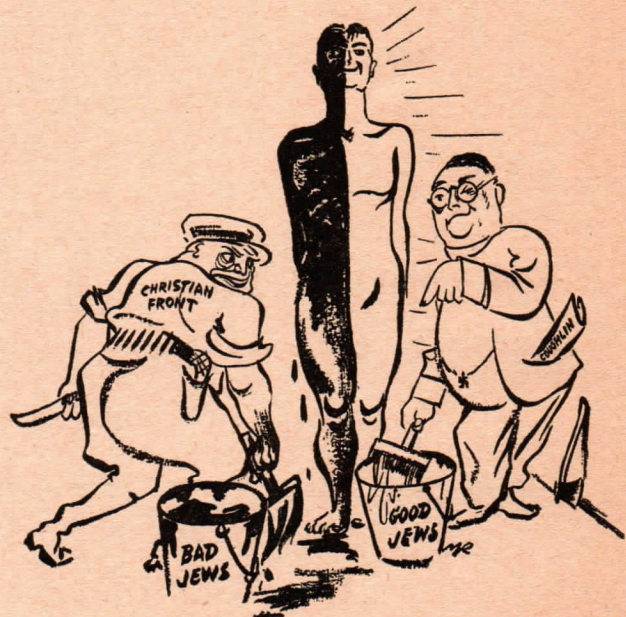
### Protestant journals come through

Not only are clergymen taking a lead in condemning anti-Semitism. The most outstanding religious journals of the Protestant churches in the country have been combating this dangerous poison for years. The editors of these journals are not, as those unfamiliar with their publications sometimes believe, mealy-mouthed prophets of comfort, cheap peddlers of smooth sayings. When they hit, they hit hard and I know of none who "can't take it" on the chin from irate readers in return, and let go another swing from the shoulder in his next issue. The prophetic influence of these free journals in the social order, in combating such idiocies as anti-Semitism, is not recorded on the front pages of the daily press but that influence is none-the-less widespread and far more potent than is generally known. They reach the leaders of religious movements throughout the country, who in turn respond to their trenchant de-

mands for action. Since these journals are non-commercial enterprises there are no "sacred cows," advertising or otherwise, to whisper "pull your punches"; and when they speak their readers know that there is integrity behind their words.

Many official groups representing Protestant churches have passed resolutions condemning anti-Semitism, one of the most recent emanating from the Methodists. Their general conference called upon Christians and Christian organizations to "expose the un-Christian character of this propaganda" and asserted that "anti-Semitism is one of the banners around which the anti-democratic forces are being rallied in the United States." Recently an entire issue of *Information Service*, official publication of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches, representing 20,000,000 Protestants, was devoted to "current manifestations of organized anti-Semitism." It canvassed the entire history of anti-Semitism, cited the pseudo-patriotic groups through which it is being spread, and the various methods being used to combat it, and added specific suggestions of methods by which Christian groups could help overcome it. The Federal Council of Churches has sponsored many national radio broadcasts in behalf of the victims of racial hatred and under the same auspices several days of prayer have been initiated.

Perhaps some day we shall become mature enough to live out Lincoln's dictum, *With malice toward none.*



FATHER COUGHLIN: You wipe out the bad Jews, partner, and I'll take care of my half.



storm troopers, while Father Duffy's Cadets, a children's band, paraded in white uniforms trimmed in red, under the proud eyes of the Mobilizers' "Christian" Guard. Behind a platform swathed in patriotic bunting, floodlights played on a blue backdrop with three huge white crosses. Sadly reminiscent of the Nazi swastika, they are the Mobilizers' emblem to replace the Stars and Stripes.

Like chunks of raw meat thrown into a den of wild animals were the slogans and sallies of the guest speaker, George Deatherage, leader of the Knights of the White Camellia.

"I'm not content to walk in the footsteps of Jesus Christ. I want to walk ahead of him with a club," he shouted into the microphone, to yelps of appreciation from the audience.

His words, however, were only an appetizer to a crowd there to hear someone else. Had you been a stranger, you would not have missed the proud, possessive movements of the man they watched, as he strode about the platform, shaking hands, giving orders, and making his importance abundantly evident—a well-built figure, muscular and shining with good looks as if he had stepped from a movie magazine.

When it came this man's turn to speak, a special chairman stepped to the microphone to do the honors. Amid deafening applause, the chairman shouted:

"I now give you JOSEPH McWILLIAMS, National Commander of the Christian Mobilizers!"

\* \* \*

On a rainy afternoon last month I called Joe McWilliams about an interview for an article in *Equality*. I must have got him out of bed. He yawned his doubts of the value of such an interview over the phone, but finally decided to give me thirty minutes after 3 P.M.

McWilliams lives in middle class comfort at the Pickwick Arms on Manhattan's East 51st Street. When I arrived at 3:15 he was finishing breakfast. Smiling, he extended his hand. "I'm very glad to meet you," he said. "Won't you join me in something to eat?" I felt the personal magnetism of the man. He's a movie hero type all right: tall, dark, and handsome but even better looking. His manner was suave. He knows how to make one feel at ease. Not for nothing has he devoted years to promoting gadgets, schemes, ideologies.

"Mr. McWilliams," I began, "I've heard and read a lot about you and the Christian Mobilizers, both

in favor and against you. I want to get your story first hand. What does your organization stand for? What is your program? Just what are you trying to accomplish?"

"Well," he began (his voice still has the Oklahoma twang), "I don't know what there is your magazine doesn't already know about me. You know I'm against Jews and I'm against the Allies."

"Do you mean you favor Germany, that you're pro-Hitler?" I asked.

"I'm not pro-anything except pro-American." He was emphatic. "All of America's troubles come from a preoccupation with affairs in Europe and Asia. I regret there had to be a Hitler to show the way. I regret there was not first a McWilliams in America."

"You mentioned you're against the Jews and the Allies. What are you for?" I asked.

"You see," he explained, "I'm the leader of an American Nationalist movement. I'm what you might call the only true Nationalist in America. There are only ten men, all of them in the Christian Mobilizers, who really understand the problems of this country."

### *Joe on the Jews*

"Mr. McWilliams, could you tell me what these problems are, and what you intend to do about them?"

"Well, first there is the racial problem, the Jewish problem. Now I'm not saying that there are only ten of us who understand this problem. I'm talking about all of America's problems: the unemployment, the labor problem, the investment problem, and—."

"Let's start with the Jewish problem," I interrupted.

"In order for white men, by that I mean the Euro-Americans, to attain their supreme destiny, we must first kick out the kikes. The Jews are the pollution and the degradation of our national life. They're a small minority wherever they are; but they must exert, they must rule, they must control." His fist opened and closed, clinching tight on his verbs. For lack of facts, he turned to analogy: "It's like you had a cornfield and there were a lot of weeds in it. The corn wouldn't grow. It would be short and scrubby." He gestured with his hands as though performing for an audience. "Now the Jews are the weeds in our national cornfield, and if we're going to grow corn, we gotta chop out the weeds."

"When did you come to this conclusion?" I asked.

"Didn't you have a great many Jewish friends?"

"It wasn't until two years ago I woke up to what



the Jews were doing. Sure I had Jewish friends. I was dumb. I was just like you." He was talking to me like a brother, he assured me; there was nothing personal. "The Jews paint a beautiful picture and say, 'Look, isn't this wonderful, this is democracy,' and you, you're what they call the Goy, you stand there with your mouth open and say, 'Yeah, it's swell, it's the truth.' The Jews have it all figured out and you just lap it up. When I found out what the Jews really are I never had a thing to do with another Jew."

"You discovered this through your Jewish friends, or are they what you would call 'good Jews'?"

"I have nothing personal against any of my former Jewish friends. I'm not saying that there are not some individual Jews who may not be good, but it's a question of race. It's the question: Are the white Americans to reach their supreme destiny? I didn't make races, God did. I simply recognize God's work."

I wondered if it could be possible that God had made a mistake which it was McWilliams' duty to correct.

McWilliams assured me that Hitler would win the war. "It's got to be that way because the British Empire doesn't make sense." Great Britain, he says, is an inefficient system which cannot compete with what he calls the nationalist system of intensive exploitation of Germany, Japan, and Italy.

"Where is all this nationalism leading to?" I asked, "Isn't it bound to result in wars?"

McWilliams assured me there was no danger. Fascists were reasonable and easy to talk to. The future world would be divided into two spheres of influence: the eastern hemisphere under Hitlerized Germany, the western under McWilliamized America. I was wondering if modesty did not prevent him from

disclosing an ultimate plan to doublecross Hitler and take the world for himself.

We retired to the hotel lobby. McWilliams ordered Coca Cola. The interview continued two hours.

Below I give you the amazing story of McWilliams' life—amazing not because it is the story of one man but as a case history of a type new to America. Much of this story is drawn from his own statements; for the rest I investigated many different sources.

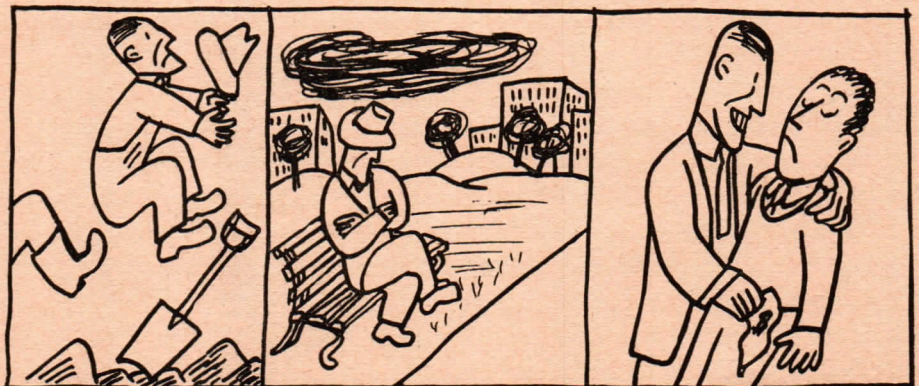
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Joseph Ellesbury McWilliams was born on his grandfather's homestead at Hitchcock, Oklahoma, on March 23, 1904.

In 1923 a train of cattle steamed west carrying Joe McWilliams with it. Los Angeles was a growing city in need of young laborers. Joe thought this was the "new horizon" he was looking for. It was his first contact with the great outside world, and young ambition was stirred by the promise of great future. He moved into a furnished room off Grand Avenue in South Los Angeles and drove a truck for the Pacific Pipe and Supply Company, delivering materials for swanky homes going up in Beverly Hills. "I would still prefer to be a truck-driver," he says. "It's better for the soul than anything I know."

As well as a strong back, McWilliams had an active mind that conceived a tool to aid pipefitters. He made drawings and applied for a patent. After working one autumn in the harvest, he came to New York to market his invention. This was in 1925, McWilliams was 21, Coolidge was President, and prosperity would never end. He sold his application, for what is now called the 444 Giant Grip Plier, to Smith and Hemingway's Red Devil Tool Company. Their plant was at 130 Green Street, Irvington, New

*How to be  
a Fuehrer in  
12 Easy Lessons  
or,  
Handsome Joe  
Makes Good in  
the Big City*



Never make good at honest work. Get kicked around so you'll have a Kampf to write home about.

Come to the Big City. Be an Idea Man. Play around with one scheme after another. Some day THE idea will come.

Meanwhile sponge off your friends. Maybe there are some Jewish boys you can stay with and eat off of.



Jersey, and McWilliams went on the payroll as salesman and idea man. A year later, when Red Devil was taken over by the Crescent Tool Company of Jamestown, New York, the company took McWilliams as well. For two and a half years he worked out of Jamestown. Here he met Dorothy Meredith whom he later married.

Until 1930 McWilliams' interests were those of any bright young American of meager education. He seems to have had neither knowledge nor interest in problems not personal. It is doubtful if he knew many Jews, and his later experience with them could not possibly be the basis for his present ideas.

In the summer of 1930, over Gillis's Delicatessen on Manhattan's West 72nd Street, lived two young Jews, Ray Halpern and Jerome Shapiro, the latter just out of Harvard Law School. They had many friends like themselves, serious-minded young men alert to social and political problems. The apartment was often the scene of heated friendly discussion. McWilliams joined this group and from them chose his best friends to be with them periodically for months on end during the next eight years. All of them were Jews. For two years he lived with Ray Halpern, his best friend until Joe went fascist.

What McWilliams lacked in intellectual background he made up in other ways. He is remembered by many as the best-looking young man they knew, a "screwball" who was able to impress people with his ingratiating manners. Shapiro describes Joe's outstanding talent: "He was a positive genius at picking up dolls." He neither drank nor smoked and doesn't now. "I have no bad habits but women," a friend quotes him as saying. Former associates tell of his pride in promiscuous relations, the proportions of which have been embellished in tall tales of how

he shared the affections of an impressive number of women within a month, how he won a bet that he could gain the confidence of any woman pointed out to him on Broadway.

During the thirties, one notices McWilliams running through many shades of political opinion, motivated by vanity, egoism, and lust for personal gain.

"I may be broke now," he would often say, "but if this goes through I'll be rich." It's a statement he made recently regarding his present adventure with the Mobilizers.

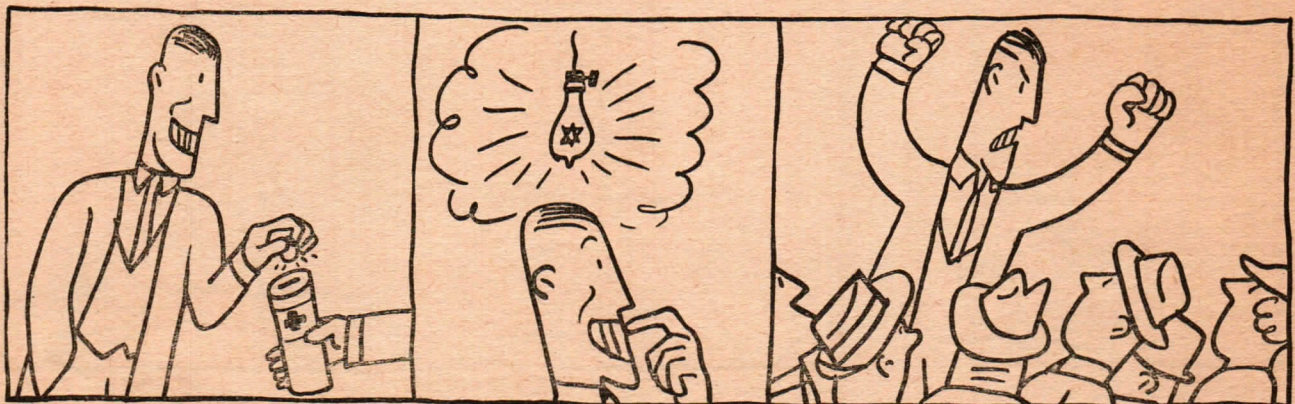
Early in the decade his opinions favored national expansion. Hoover was his choice in 1932. He spoke much of manifest destiny, declaring we should take Canada and Mexico. This idea seems to have been strengthened by one of the few books he ever read, *Pole to Panama*, a jingoistic volume by Major Frank Pease. On a friend's advice he tried to read Beard's *Rise of American Civilization*. It proved too hard.

### Gifted borrower

Friends remember him as always hard-pressed or dead broke, but in truth the 1930's were alternate feast and famine for McWilliams. He was a frequent and heavy borrower, and his bad debts are large. He never hesitated to use his friends.

"I'm tough and no Jew has ever taken advantage of me," McWilliams told me. "But I've taken advantage of—" He was about to say too much, then continued: "I've always been able to hold my own with the Jews."

Until 1934 he did well by himself but had little to show for it. Standard Safety Razor paid him \$100 a week for a year and a half, and in 1932 he sold Gillette Razor a patent for \$20,000. With the money he flew to Mexico, got married, and in six months came back to New York so broke he couldn't pay



Help causes like Spain. Maybe you don't realize it yet, but later you can tell inside stories about "Jew-Communist plots."

Eureka! At last THE ideal Bait the Jews! Why didn't I think of that before?

Life begins at Columbus Circle. Tell 'em the Jews cause sunspots, poliomyelitis, and slot machines that don't deliver the gum.



his income tax. During these years McWilliams invented other gadgets which are still manufactured and sold. One of these inventions is the "Rubber-alla," an umbrella with a pair of rubbers in the handle. These inventions were financed by his Jewish friends or their friends.

Fickle enthusiast and restless idea man, Joe was forever seeking *the* big idea that would boost him to fame and fortune. The depression, like a storm, was bringing strange fish to the surface. Among them was Joseph McWilliams.

After Roosevelt came into office McWilliams' political pendulum began swinging left. He has always been against the President, and in those days called him a confused liberal. Confused himself, McWilliams was floundering for something to promote. His "conscience" had been pricked by various splinters of the left, for he thought the revolution was "just around the corner." McWilliams was looking for a lease on the first floor. He is said to have taken classes at the New Workers School, and in 1935 took Shapiro to a lecture there and afterwards introduced him to Jay Lovestone. It was at this time, while living with his wife at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, that he came down with rheumatic fever and was in bed for several weeks. Friends were afraid he would die. They say this sickness affected his heart and his politics. I am told many of his "social ideals" stem from this period. His Jewish doctor sent him to Sarasota, Florida, to recover. There he had an opportunity to read and ponder. In the spring he returned more anti-capitalist than ever.

McWilliams has never been able to carry on a conversation or take part in a discussion. He lectures to one person as though he had an audience. He used to rant against the "fascists," Hitler and Mus-

solini, and among them he placed Lindbergh and Bruce Barton. "Their blood will run in the gutters," he would say, a phrase he still overworks. In tune with the times he talked much against business monopoly, imperialism, and the "evils" of capitalism. Exactly what he did believe in was not clear even to his friends.

In 1936 McWilliams began arming his budding political ambitions with new weapons. He launched a campaign to improve his English and talked about running for Congress. He studied public speaking at the W.P.A. Center Street School, practicing oratory in synagogues before Jewish men's clubs. He denounced Hitler and called for Jewish rights in Palestine. His talks were characterized by a bitter attack against some enemy and a lofty scorn for his audience.

"The only way you can lead people," he told a friend, "is to give them something to fear and something to hate."

What his speeches lacked in thought and clarity was made up for by bombastic dramatics. He was learning the tricks of the fascist demagogue, though his nominal allegiance was still to the liberal side. He championed the Spanish loyalists and bombarded the "fascists" with verbal machine-gun fire.

Dorothy Meredith, McWilliams' wife, is described as a capable young woman of average attractiveness. McWilliams, however, tired of her as he tires of everything. He seems to have lived with her only when forced to by economic necessity. She is held in high regard by most of their former friends. "She's one of the finest young women I've ever known," said one. "Please don't write anything that might hurt her." She is not interested in politics, and it is said her only interest in the Mobilizers is a hope



Tell 'em the Jews are bankers and reds at the same time.

Suddenly become religious. That helps get people excited. By this time you can hire a hall.

Stay away from vices—except women. Treat *them* rough. They love it—and remember, the woman pays!



that her husband "will succeed in something." In the fall and winter of 1938 McWilliams phoned her almost every morning and spent week-ends in her company. He would joke about their relationship to others, calling it his "family duty." He philandered meanwhile with numerous other women, exhibiting their nude pictures with pride.

In January 1939 McWilliams again went to Sarasota, Florida, for his "health." His partners tell me he had completely recovered but was too lazy to work. He had persuaded them that while South he could promote the rubber key-case they were then manufacturing. Of the next three months he devoted four days to business, but received his check for \$50 every week. In February he wrote that he had a "Barnum brainstorm" by which he could get national publicity for himself and promote the key-case at the same time. It developed that his brainstorm was a plan to tour the South with a fleet of black hearses speaking against war for the American League for Peace and Democracy and selling the rubber key-case to his audiences. The plan was not carried out. However, he is said to have made some speeches, one in Atlanta, Georgia, and it is possible that he made contact with the Klan then.

### Joe finds the idea

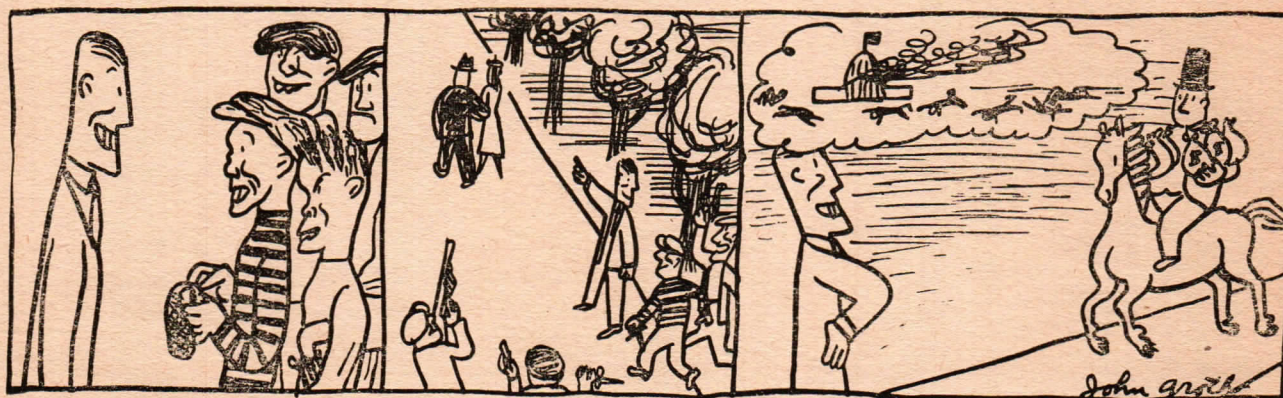
Just as Hitler was seizing the rest of Czechoslovakia, McWilliams returned to New York. Friends noticed that a change had come over him. He was defending Chamberlain's appeasement policy. By the end of April 1939, McWilliams had made his debut as a speaker for the American Nationalist Party. With the opening of the World's Fair, the sidewalks of New York became the scene of pro-Hitler anti-Semitic meetings. The German-American

Bund was behind the movement, and tied in was Father Coughlin's Christian Front in which McWilliams became a leader.

In May and June of last year the Christian Front launched a campaign of street terror, insulting and beating people who "looked" Jewish. This was the policy McWilliams favored, and it frequently got the Front into trouble. In July Coughlin sent down word to switch to the subtler "I don't hate Jews but—" approach. McWilliams would not tone down his attack, and the Front kicked him out. He formed the Mobilizers, taking with him the roughest, toughest element. For lieutenants he chose men with criminal records ranging from grand larceny to rape. Their violence outdid that of the Front. "The Mobilizers is no pussyfooting organization," he says.

McWilliams has certain talents for fascist leadership—and certainly the requisite egomania. Those who see only his instability, his tendency to run off at crackpot tangents, forget that in certain combinations of circumstances such a man can be exceedingly dangerous. Certainly in 1922 Hitler's prospects and qualifications for power must have seemed poorer than McWilliams' today. Joe's bombastic insults appeal to the rugged spirits of the gin mill boys, and he is at home in a street fight or a Park Avenue parlor. His audiences seem to love his obvious contempt for them. McWilliams, as an individual, may well peter out, as scores of rival would-be fuehrers, in the absence of money and direction, necessarily must. What matters is that the times are enough out of joint to place a premium on the disorganized personality of a McWilliams and feed his consuming ambition.

"We don't have enough leaders now, that's all that holds us back," McWilliams told me. "It's hard



Do your bit for juvenile delinquency. Round up the neighborhood toughs, dress 'em up, and form a mob to "protect" your meetings.

Defend yourself against Jewish couples out for a Sunday afternoon stroll. This will bring home the Jewish peril to the American people.

Some day, if there is dirty work to be done, your backer will come riding. And when backing comes, can DER TAG be far behind?



to get men able to understand this problem. You see the people we have to deal with are so ignorant—" He paused at this unwitting confession, then added, "of—of—what the Jews are trying to do to them."

Last summer and fall McWilliams seemed to have plenty of money. He and his lieutenants, shabby before, were always well-dressed. Innisfail Park meetings cost close to a thousand each. He paid speakers to handle four and five meetings a night and published a weekly paper, the *Christian Mobilizer*, along with tons of literature and leaflets. The money for all this certainly didn't come from his gin mill boys, but the Park Avenue parlors might explain it. At that time he was having conferences with certain people with Wall Street connections, and was the week-end guest of one of America's wealthiest dowagers. His stock talk against Democracy was to insist that America was a Republic and should have a a Republican form of government. At the same time he was saying confidentially that if the Republicans got into office in 1940 he would be rich. About this time he formed an alliance with the German-American Bund, a source of support he still has. After war started in Europe McWilliams seems to have lost some financial backing, for his paper folded after two issues, his meetings grew fewer and less spectacular, and at last he gave up his headquarters at Tri-Boro Palace. His winter audiences had a disproportionate number of women over thirty-five. Along with German sources, it's a good guess to suppose that among them is the answer to a young man's prayer.

The wide belief that McWilliams is tied up with the Ku Klux Klan is based on his presence in Atlanta last Labor Day at the time of a big Klan pow-wow. He assures me he has no Klan ties, that his Atlanta trip was for a conference with General George Van Horn Moseley. He volunteered, however, that he approved the principles of the Klan, everything except its anti-Catholic program. While I was talking, a hungry-looking Irishman came in whom he introduced as Mr. Hoag, one of his undercover agents. While McWilliams was called to the telephone, Hoag attempted to carry on in his absence.

"You see," explained Hoag, "the Mobilizers is small but the movement is large. There are some wonderful organizations working in the West and in the South."

"What organizations?" I asked.

"There's the Ku Klux Klan in the South. That's a wonderful organization, really wonderful."

"Mr. Hoag, aren't you a Catholic?"

"Yes, I'm a Catholic," he answered.

"Well," I replied, "don't you know the Ku Klux Klan is against Catholics?"

"I don't believe it," he told me, "I really don't believe it."

### *Religion gets people excited*

McWilliams frankly states his goal, to establish a fascist dictatorship in America. He calls it a "non-military" fascism, and in the same breath reveals his plan to build the largest army and navy in the world. He talks mostly about kicking out the Jews, invading Canada, restoring God to His "rightful place," and running the country on the principles of Jesus Christ. He makes much of his Christianity, but I can't discover a time when he ever went to church. His friends believe him to be an atheist. When I questioned him about his Christianity, he waved me off with a gesture indicating I should know better than to ask.

"*This religious stuff is just something to get people excited about,*" he said.

There has been a heavy turnover among Mobilizer leaders. New names and faces continue to appear on their platform. McWilliams has only two of his original men left, one Stewart and one Monohan. His ex-convicts have started a rival organization, the American Unity Party. Most Mobilizer spokesmen call for violent destruction of the Jews. An exception was a lawyer named Frank Walsh whose speeches were concocted of legalistic terminology. During this period of legal influence McWilliams would threaten his enemies with a mandamus writ. After Walsh left he quickly reverted to his "blood in the gutters," and "We'll hang them on telephone poles!"

After a comparatively quiet winter the Mobilizers have again taken to the streets, and again money seems to be no problem. The Bronx and Manhattan have already witnessed a score of meetings. McWilliams now calls his organization the American Destiny Party and says he will run for Congress from the 18th District. New York's first fascist candidate, McWilliams has Yorkville, stronghold of the Nazi Bund, as part of his district. His new emblem is the covered wagon. He plans to have a fleet of them circulating through Yorkville from which to deliver his speeches. Speaking to a packed house at Yorkville's Franziskaner Hall on May 13, McWilliams announced:

I'm forming the militantest, fightingest, roughest, toughest, political party America has ever seen. I'm gathering around

*(Continued on page 33)*



War talk breeds war.

Job said: *For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.* (Chapter III, verse 25.)

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## JOE McWILLIAMS

*(Continued from page 24)*

me the roughest bunch of boys ever associated with a political campaign in the City of New York. For the past year I have been developing my men throughout the city. These big Irishmen, these big Germans, these big Italians are coming to Yorkville, and no Jew will prevent me from having my say. If the little Jew Mayor of New York tries to stop our meetings, we'll show him what the Christians of this city can do.

Utterly unprincipled, with an ingratiating exterior that disguises a dangerous anti-social ambition.

Joe McWilliams represents a familiar fascist type. He may be small potatoes as an individual, but of such stuff come the storm troop leaders that erode and corrupt a nation's integrity.