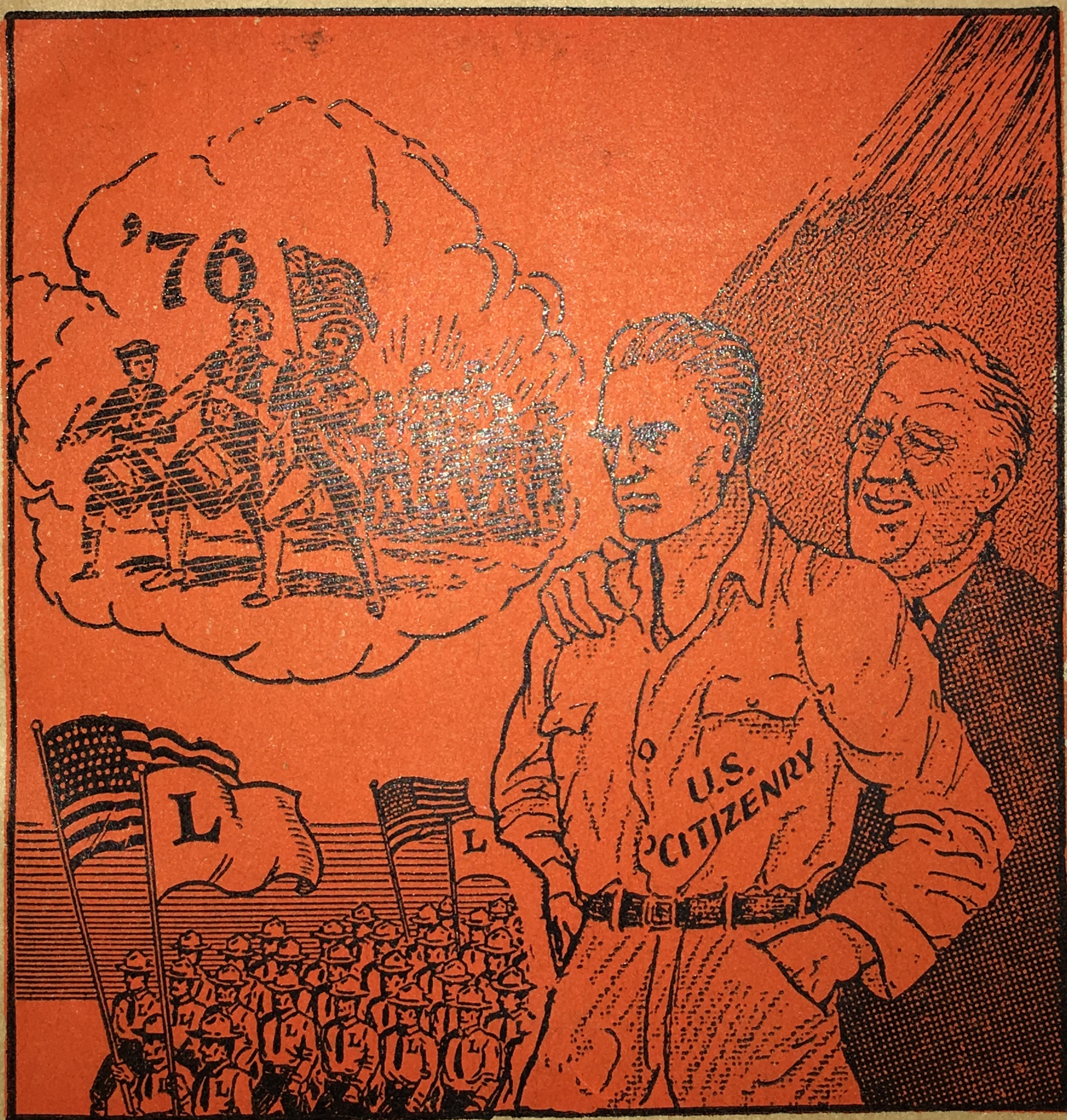


The Key to Crisis



Is America entangled in European intrigue?

Are we the masters of our own destiny?

Some intimate disclosures by

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

The Key to Crisis



I AM just an average American, and I hope to write this booklet as an average American. I was born in New England, in the year 1890. This means that in the current March, I am fifty years old.

Now when a man has lived fifty years in this world, and made every dollar which he has used or spent since he was fourteen, it stands to reason that he has observed much and acquired a workable amount of wisdom. This ought to be doubly true if, in that half-century, he has made his own way successfully, been twice married, seen his children grow to maturity, and now looks back on a career wherein the total length of time in which he has ever taken a pay-envelope from an employer figures to exactly two years and seven months. This means, in common arithmetic, that if he began to take care of himself at fourteen and has only worked for someone else a matter of thirty-one months, that he must have been thirty-three years and five months sprawling for himself and meeting weekly payrolls instead of profiting from them.

This point is important.

It means that such a man has competed actively and successfully with other men. It means that he has encountered life head-on, and taught himself to judge values that men

who keep on working for wages year after year either miss or ignore. It means, most of all, that he has been unwittingly trained in being slow to jump at conclusions, to look at all sides of a proposition before embarking upon it, and not to believe everything he is told or reads in the newspapers without doing a reasonable amount of investigating for himself.

When, in addition to these points, such a man has spent nearly eighty percent of those thirty-three years and five months in the writing and publishing business—which business is bound to bring him into association with every type and class of humanity—it is a reasonable conclusion that his viewpoint at fifty should be sane, dispassionate, and fairly representative of the great rank and file of his fellow citizens.

At least this is the angle from which I shall try to write what I am offering in this booklet.

NOW you—in common with tens of thousands of puzzled and worried Americans who rely on the newspapers and radio for news of what is going on in the world night after night—have probably had plenty of headlines and news announcements forced on your attention, informing you in the most matter-of-fact and not-to-be-discussed manner of what an unspeakable scoundrel and seditionist I am, what a business I have made of introducing Foreign Propaganda into this country to the menace of our American form of government, how the McCormack and Dies Committees of the Congress have both done everything legally possible to subpoena and examine me, and how of late, conditions seem to have arisen making me no less than a fugitive “from North Carolina justice.”

If you are not so well acquainted with my personal name, at least you have had the word “Silvershirts” brought to your attention—the name which has come to be popularly applied to an organization which I founded back in 1933.

If you are the typical newspaper reader and radio listener, I repeat, you have pardonably come to conclude that I am a pretty bad sort of person—or at least, a national nuisance. Perhaps you have even gone to hear speakers like John Metcalfe—or Martin Dies himself—who have waved my publications from arm’s length on the platform and told you in blistering language that they consider me to be America’s most dangerous man.

All of it might be considered as left-handedly complimentary—in that my lone efforts in this country have so exercised these publicists—were it not for the fact that all this defamation and abuse represents only my opponents’ side of the story. And only one side of any story constitutes but half a story. And half a story is no story at all.

Such a complaint, however, is personal. There is another aspect to the sordid and unfair business that represents a direct damage and injury to the public—

When the public is permitted to hear only one side of a story, it usually shapes its resultant behavior on only a portion of the truth—or no truth at all.

When only one aspect of any controversy is heard, and the other suppressed or silenced, and general action is taken on that aspect, the results may mean national disaster if the aspect that is heard be wrong or mischievous.

The action that is taken after the public is given a fifty-fifty exposition of this or that, is bound to be roughly fair

and equitable. It was for this reason that the common jury system was started, away back at the beginnings of English law. Both parties to any squabble were to be given ample opportunity to explain their behaviors. Then in the light of the evidence, the jury decreed which was right and which was wrong.

My own position today is just the reverse of that. I find myself pilloried before the Bar of American Public Censure at the caprice or power of my opponents. When, a few months ago, *The Saturday Evening Post* published an interview with me that I gave Stanley High, one of my indignant friends wrote a letter of protest to the editor of that great weekly, suggesting that in the light of Mr. High's obvious bias, I be allowed equal space to tell my side of the story. I am informed that a reply came back from Mr. Stout: "Sorry, but insofar as the *Post* is concerned, there is no other side!"

Mr. Stout was entirely within his editorial rights, of course, in not opening his magazine pages to a personal controversy. But it does leave a man like myself in the position of the Defense Counsel in a southern hill-billy lawsuit.

The Prosecution consumed three days submitting its detailed evidence to the jury. When the State finally rested its case, the Counsel for the Defense arose to perform his duty. The Judge surveyed him, startled.

"Now what do you think *you're* going to do?" he demanded.

"Your Honor, I propose to introduce evidence showing that every word testified against my client to the moment, is utterly false and baseless."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," the Judge snapped back.

"It might have a tendency to confuse the Court!"

PLEASE understand me.

It is not personal vindication for anything I may have done to the moment, that causes me to take up my reader's time at present.

I am not whining, or overly complaining, that I can't beat any publicity drums as loud as my opponents.

Suppose in my long career as a writer, war correspondent, and newspaper publisher, I had been luckless enough to probe deep behind the scenes of national affairs and discover a condition of control so putrid that, of its own rottenness, it was ultimately due to bring our nation to disaster?

Suppose, as the result of the principles of common decency and good citizenship which I had had dinned into my head as a boy in New England, I had come to the conclusion that some sort of moral obligation rested upon me to use my writing abilities and publishing equipment to emblazon the certainty of such control from Maine to Oregon, and from Minnesota to Texas?

Suppose I had gone ahead and published the atrocious details of such control, regardless of whom they exposed or what the effect on our popular idols, pulling no punches and soft-pedaling no adjectives?

Suppose I were absolutely right in everything I said, and accurate beyond challenge in my startling declarations?

But suppose when my disclosures began to reach to high places—and sober-minded citizens investigated, found me to be unquestionably correct, and started to support me in great numbers—the word went forth from the aforesaid High Places that no matter what the methods, I must effectively be squelched?

Suppose the great Press Associations—who supply the national news for a thousand or more daily papers—got the order to help perform this squelching by never allowing my name to be published except in connection with infamy?

Suppose that all news broadcasters, who get their news, of course, from these same Press Associations, were tipped off that it was more or less unhealthy for them to speak of me in any but terms of derogation, and never under any slip of circumstances to give the slightest credence to my provable accusations?

Suppose when the great political, economic and racial exploiters in High Places proved to their consternation that I could not be bought and would not be scared—and that despite newspaper calumny and radio hush-hush I was still gaining an audience increasing by thousands—stooge Congressmen were promised great political advancement to “investigate” me, and when such came to naught, ways were found to get me indicted in State criminal courts on charges as frail as they were fantastic?

Suppose, in short, that I *was* squelched—suppressed and silenced adequately and inhumanly—so that nobody anywhere could learn my side of the story or find out to their stupefaction what I had to tell them to their profit?

In the light of the foregoing suppositions and allowing for the sake of argument that such conditions maintain, *just where does this sort of thing leave the great bedeviled public of the United States?*

YES, you have probably heard of the Silvershirts. Your newspapers have told you that they are un-American, that they are underwritten by dictatorships overseas, that

they are striving to import foreign “isms” into the United States, that they are propaganda racketeers, and inciters to sedition and overthrowers of Government.

Maybe in a lesser way, you have heard of myself. If you have followed the theatric operations of this past year’s Dies Committee, you have learned that I am a racketeer—“a professional patrioteer” is the new term coined for me—a bestirrer of religious intolerance and racial hatred, a tax-evader, an unregistered foreign agent, and an embezzler of my organization’s funds to the tune of something like \$200,000. Maybe it has come to you that in consequence of these slanders being heaped upon me, I turned at bay and succeeded in serving papers on the Dies Committeemen, suing them for a total of three million dollars.

Since the middle of October, it may have been brought to your attention that North Carolina authorities have an unserved warrant there for my arrest. The charges? Well, you have not been allowed to hear much detail of the charges. Somehow or other I have violated the good-behavior clause in a five-year suspended sentence. But you know next to nothing, and are not allowed to know, what that sentence was imposed *for*.

But suppose back and behind all of it, the one great paralyzing shoe-pinch was this—

¶ Suppose, to sum up, that there is scarcely a word of truth in these mountains of slanders and defamations that have been heaped upon me—and that this frenzied coast-to-coast persecution of the Silvershirts is merely the Back-Stairs Control in action, terrified out of its skin that my revelations shall be accredited before its seizure of our country is complete!

I ASK my reader, assumedly as sincere and fair-minded an adult as I try to be, to allow such premise for this booklet for the moment. I really don't intend to talk about myself all the way through its pages. I want to discuss this proposition—

Unless something were horridly rotten somewhere, and unless there actually were a secret clique grimly intent on "covering up," why should a censorship and a suppression so gigantic be visited on one lone North Carolina publisher?

Why, if there be not the slightest foundation for his disclosures, should he not be able to get "his side of the story" into the newspapers or magazines—or buy an adequate amount of radio time to do it, if he has the money to pay for the broadcasts?

Unless this man, myself, possesses information which is all that I claim for it, why should a great Congressional arm like the Dies Committee swing its whole year's investigation around my publishing and organizational activities, and send its chairman into rage when I have my own ideas about being classed as a subversive and submitting myself meekly to his pushings around?

What is it that I have done—or am capable of doing—that makes congressmen, senators, Administration spokesmen, or public lecturers declaim me to be "the most dangerous man in America"?

What is it that makes me so dangerous?



NOW something is the matter with this old earth, and particularly with our beloved United States, that both seem of a sudden to have gone into a tailspin, that economic upset is afflicting every country on the globe, that here in America twelve millions are jobless and millions more are starving in a land of natural plenty. ¶ Is it prostration from the World War that has caused this thing? Is it the growth and aggression of Stalin's Communism? Are Hitler and his Nazi regime to blame for it? Or is it a faulty money system, a dearth of currency, a wave of trade-union sabotage and strikes, or the plight of a world that has fled religious scruples?

I know that ten or twelve years ago I wondered as much about the matter as the average man is wondering today. I came home from my war experiences in Siberian Russia and picked up the threads of my business and life, like almost a million other male Americans. I enjoyed my share of the eight or nine years of war-liquidation prosperity that followed. Then came the crash of the stock market. I didn't exactly lose my shirt, for my market speculations had been almost nil. But when unemployment began to close in on the land, and money got tight, it gradually dawned on me that here was a panic that was not as other panics.

I couldn't figure it out that liquidating the World War was directly the cause of the Depression that was growing, because the war had been ten years ended and in that decade Trade and Business had been excellent.

I couldn't see, either, why the sudden hard times could be charged up to the sort of government that was being promoted out of Russia. Communism hadn't then taken any real foothold in our United States. Neither had its workings seriously crippled foreign countries that meant profits from our world trade.

Hitler and his Nazi regime couldn't be responsible, because neither of them in Germany had then come into power. In fact, it's the God's truth that up until 1930 or 1931, I was practically unaware that Adolph Hitler existed.

As for a faulty money system, there was quite as much money in the Nation as there had been since I was a boy. Trade-union strikes were not particularly worse than they had been years before. As for the Nation's discarding its religious spirituality, I couldn't perceive that people in the main were one whit worse or better than they had seemed all my life.

Yet here was a panic, and it was growing into a Depression. Factories were closing down, people were mortgaging their properties, despondents were committing suicide off the parapets of skyscrapers, and practically every city corner had its man selling apples.

I couldn't get head nor tail to it. Like thousands of conscientious but worried citizens, I knew only that I had bills to meet, dependents to provide for, a personal and business overhead to maintain. But commerce everywhere was halting. Industry generally was being slowed to a stop.

And nobody had the answer as to what to do to revive it. At least, it seemed to be beyond the actionist powers of any one man, or any one group, to put a plug into debacle quick.

Of course the proper number of persons blamed Wall Street. People who have lost their shirts have been blaming Wall Street since the famous street opened. Other people damned the bankers. But it so happened that I had quite a few banker-friends—like any successful businessman. But when I talked man-to-man with them, I discovered they were quite as mystified—and a lot more terrified—than I was. They didn't act like men who had fanaggled a panic, not a panic the size of this one.

Then President Hoover announced the RFC to refinance industry and open closed factories.

Why rehearse all those things that everyone remembers?

BRIEFLY, it was a big official connected with the Secret Service of our State Department in Washington, a man now unfortunately dead, who told me in terms of definite evidence "what the distress was all about." The good Lord knows that the Sunday afternoon that he sat in his office and painted the complete picture as he saw it, I as his auditor hadn't the faintest suspicion in the world that I should be the one to do anything about it. I just counted myself lucky, as any man would, to be able to sit and listen—to have a big-shot who had spent twenty years in the espionage section of the State Department give me a rational explanation out of his rich experience. Previously I had met another Washington friend—a lady operative out of the secret service of the Immigration Department—who had sought to convince me of much the same thing. On several other occasions I had week-ended with a British Agent in this country, who maintained a home in New Jersey. He too had tried to tell me of what

was afoot throughout the world—that would presently come to crisis. Somehow I couldn't altogether accredit these people. What they had to say was far too fantastic. ¶ I can't blame the average man today for being skeptical when someone comes along and "busts" him for the first time with the real truth of why we're being made to suffer all this turmoil. The plot—if we want to call it a plot—is really so gigantic that the average man's brain can't grasp it. Its very size and audacity are its safety. No one believes it—at first.

I hadn't *truly* believed it—not until that Sunday afternoon that I mention. And I believed it only then for two reasons: First, the man who recounted it had the prestige and the background to know what he was talking about—and he was too upset, himself, to falsify. Second, when I challenged some of the things that he said, he arose, walked across to his wall safe, spun the combination, took out documents that proved them, and after handing them to me, remained silent while I read them.

They weren't State Department property, strictly speaking, but they might well have been.

"Now will you believe it?" he demanded, putting them back in the vault and relocking its door.

Then it was that I recalled much that I had learned while doing my war-stretch in Russia, that had come to my ears during the six years that I had taken a small fortune out of movies, that my Immigration lady had told me, that my British friend had avowed during those week-ends in New Jersey.

All the details fitted!

What had suddenly occurred throughout the world wasn't due to the war, or Communism, or Fascism, or a lack of currency, or labor strikes, or ignored religion.

Deep in behind all of these surface upsets, sizable as they were, was a sort of central motivating cause for them.

There actually existed in this world a group of related men—of a number not so big that it couldn't be gotten into a fair-sized room—whose headquarters were sometimes in Germany, sometimes in France, sometimes in England, who in a sense ruled the world secretly by controlling the rulers or administrations that headed the various governments.

They ruled the world secretly, that is, by being able to dictate—jut a small cartel of men—the flow of currency and trade from this country to that, as it suited their purposes and ambitions of the moment.

They could bring on Hard Times or Prosperity in such countries as they indicated, by inflating or depressing the value of money or the gold stocks on which any currency is based. When they had deliberately brought hard times onto any given country, they could then get what they wanted out of that country's rulers or administration by putting on the economic or financial heat, or setting up industrial conditions where there was only one thing that such rulers or politicians could do, and that was the thing that this foreign cartel wanted.

They stayed out of sight most of the time, of course, and by shifting their base of operations from this country to that, they kept themselves beyond the reach of any given country to restrict them.

The hardest countries for them to control, of course, were the monarchies, for most of the world's royal families were wise to their existence and operations. The easiest were the republics and democracies—nations that secured their administrators by political parties and the ballot—since all the Clique had to do was to make huge campaign donations to *both* sets of candidates in the field, and insist that the winning set should pay its political debt to them by appointing to places of power such of their agents as they wanted.

LIKE every normal citizen from Bangor to Bellingham, it had never occurred to me that any such cartel could exist or operate. I had always assumed that each race, people, country, or government in the world was a sort of free competitive unit unto itself, and that the tide of civilization rose and fell according to common sprawl and cleverness of each country's people.

Of course I had supposed this to be particularly true of my own country. Up in New England where I was born, we had always taken pride in America's "freedom," her independence from foreign entanglements, her characteristic pluck and initiative. No king across the sea told us when to go or come, or whether we should be poor or prosperous, or what time we should put out our lamps at night. Now, in my fortieth year or thereabout, to have a lot of persons in whose word I should have every confidence because of their professions, suddenly try to convince me that all this freedom and independence was on the surface, and that a thousand taxes worse than the Revolutionary Stamp Tax could be clamped on us over here,

effectively as in the times of George III, made me want to give snorts. Of *course* it was fantastic.

All the same, this growing Depression was not fantastic. And it had seemingly appeared out of Nowhere—that is, without any more tangible causes than I could see down the length of the average city street.

And here, on this particular Sunday afternoon—a Sunday afternoon, in fact, that was to change my life—a great State Department official of twenty years' standing was describing to me the history, growth, and methods of this centralized all-controlling Money Power, something of its personnel, and certainly its current plans and maneuverings in this suddenly stricken United States.

It wasn't any Banker Group—beyond the fact that the controllers themselves masqueraded as bankers.

It wasn't any Political Group—beyond the fact that the controllers worked most dexterously through aspiring politicians.

It was a group that had first been brought together just after the Napoleonic Wars, and had perpetuated itself by families down through our own American Civil War period and the World War.

And it operated not only from sheer love of power, but for quite something else—to bring all other races gradually under the domination of its own race, and make its own minority supreme throughout the earth.

This was more fantasy that I had difficulty in "taking." But my friend gave me a pocket-worn little volume to read while going home on the train that night. It was an overwhelming documentation of the picture he had sketched for me, and its title was *The Hidden Hand*.

I read it completely through, before my train reached Manhattan.
Frankly, the world has never seemed the same to me since.

PERHAPS I have the type of mind that is too socially conscientious, but in the weeks and months which followed—particularly during my prolonged sojourns at the national Capital—I began to take note of this and that happening, and see where it fitted unerringly into the mosaic of this Highest Clique's methods.

"You wonder why this turmoil has broken in America?" my State Department friend had said. "I'll tell you why. For one thing, America has become too rich, powerful, and self-confident since the war—or rather as result of it—and the plan is afoot to take her down a peg, or a whole series of pegs. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised that the orders had gone out to completely scuttle her and take her over. The wealth-balance of the world, as between the western and eastern hemispheres, has got to be readjusted. The war didn't end exactly as the Central Money Control desired. It went too far and destroyed too much. Europe got the worst of it. So rich and proud United States will soon see an Administration at its head that will put alien agents everywhere at the head of Federal institutions and reduce the country to a second-rate dependency of Europe, particularly England. Her banking assets will be cleverly frozen, her merchant marine will be crimped or destroyed, her unemployment will be deliberately aggravated so that vast numbers of millions will be dependent on government dole for support, her federal debt will be run up to figures so

dizzy that repudiation must beggar other millions, and most of her liquid wealth will be transferred to countries overseas by being paid for perishable foodstuffs. In other words, this Centralized Cartel, perhaps operating through a bureaucracy, perhaps operating through open Communism—if Communism stands a chance of success—will gradually draw the whole economic and industrial lifeblood from America's veins and leave her an emaciated and waxen corpse. Watch the breed of Relievers who come into power with the next Administration."

Well, I did.

I saw the Democratic Administration come into power with the disastrous observance of a Bank Holiday—and hundreds of the banks closed then, haven't reopened yet.

I saw the NRA introduced. I watched one despotic measure after another lodged in the hands of one man—the President. I beheld the "skys" and the "offs" and the "steins" appointed to sacrosanct public office.

The whole mosaic fitted.

It made sense terribly.

I heard of the little pigs' being slaughtered, while thousands of tons of pork were shipped in from countries abroad. I heard of the corn's being plowed under, while millions of bushels were bought next year in foreign markets—our country losing two ways: the money our farmers might have received for their crops and the money the Federal Treasury paid them to live in mischievous idleness.

At the same time I saw Russia being recognized, and Communism being promoted—evidently in order to provide a great civilian army of malcontents that could be encouraged

to run wild and counteract any measures the native Americans might take to preserve their national culture intact. I saw all this, just as you, reader, saw it also—and are still watching it today.

ONLY as I watched it between that Sunday afternoon in 1930 and the Bank Holiday of 1933, it tragically made sense to me, whereas it did not make sense to my average fellow citizen in the street. What in heaven's name was the matter with the world, he wondered? Why couldn't the panic pass like former panics?

The panic couldn't pass like former panics, because it wasn't a panic. It was a gigantic and diabolical scheme in progress to gut America from top to bottom and make her give over her vast natural wealth and resources to war-stricken Europe, particularly England and France.

Having, in a fashion, the Key to the Mystery, every move which Mr. Roosevelt—or at least the overseas advisers about Mr. Roosevelt—made, spelled the foxiest kind of sense. It more than spelled sense.

It proved by its obvious effects the certainty that the satanic plan existed and was being followed. And the evidence that this satanic plan was being followed, demonstrated that someone, somewhere, had projected it and was keeping it in motion.

Even if my Secret Service friends had not described to me the reality of such an overseas Controlling Clique, I should have had to accredit it, because it is a law of physics in this world that "there never is an effect without a cause."

The "effect" was the debacle of American industry and morale that was going on about me.

The "cause" must only be some back-of-the-scenes group that was profiting somehow, else the mischief would be halted by the Economic Law itself.

Meanwhile the editors of a thousand newspapers, as blissfully unconscious of what was being promoted as I had been before that Sunday afternoon revelation, were wasting tons of paper and barrels of ink, approving or damning the "crack-pot" economics of the New Deal.

Gradually I came to perceive that there was nothing crack-pot about it at all.

A nation was being mulcted and looted for a serious and profitable purpose, but no one had ever supposed that such a thing could be done because the very size of such maneuver kept it from making sense.

AFTER I had once been handed the Key to the Mystery, and had geared my thinking to the possibility that maybe this sacking of a great country was not so fantastic as it appeared—if you had unlimited funds on which to do it—it was positively miraculous, the way information, evidence, and demonstration fell into my way confirming the dread certainty that some all-powerful group somewhere, was engineering the Nation's bankruptcy. For one thing, I made the stupefying discovery that if you knew where to look—and eventually I was shown—it was possible to find an unlimited library and literature, detailing and documenting the truth of the original picture as my State Department friend had sketched it crudely.

True, scores of the volumes had literally to be "bootlegged," and most of them were bootlegged that came into my possession. For instance, I got hold of, and read as a textbook, Mrs. Nesta Webster's *Causes of World Unrest*. Books like that. And Mrs. Webster is a dependable and accredited historian. She is no propagandist, no rabble rouser. Frankly, I came finally to wonder "where I had been all my life."

Great libraries of documented literature are not written around wholesale fabrications.

No one sits down on a rainy afternoon and makes them up, like fiction, from whole cloth.

I not only bought scores of such books, but I read them as though cramming for a college examination.

For the conviction was growing within me that the sheer possession of this knowledge, the way it was coming to me, entailed an obligation to do something with it to relieve the suffering I was commencing to see about me on every hand.

I did do something with it.

The night came when a realization of the titanic and cataclysmic cavil that was being put across on an unsuspecting American public would no longer be restrained. With a full knowledge of everything that it might mean to me—the end of my business career and perchance the jeopardy of my life—I determined to start publishing a weekly magazine that should tell people the truth of what was going on, in terms they could understand.

That was the beginning of my paper, *Liberation*.

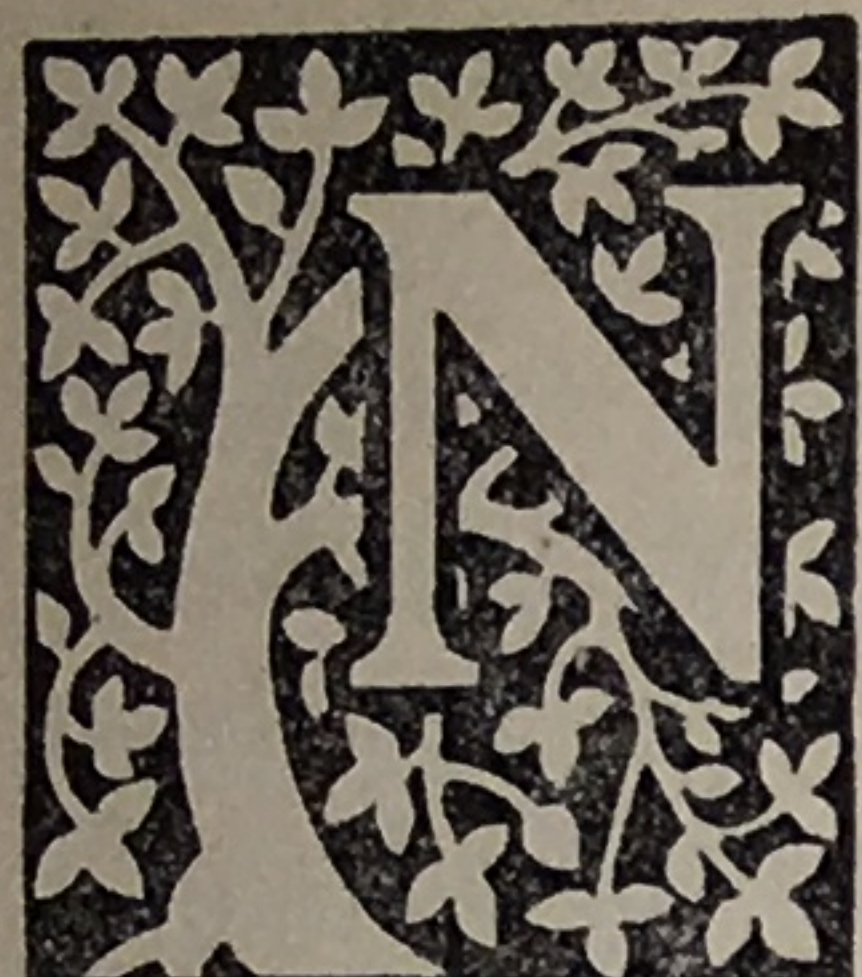
But I had to do more.

I wanted to find the conscientious and patriotic people of the country who might think as I did in protest to such unbelievable skulduggery, and somehow or other weld them together into a national body that could do something about it besides gripe or deride.

I wanted to build some sort of backlog against the mischief that experts claimed was being engineered from Europe, and collect a great horde of serious-minded and constructive civilians who, acting in concert, might not only expose the cavil from coast to coast but perhaps act to restore Constitutional government if it were actually overthrown.

That was the genesis of the Silvershirts!

If such reaction to scoundrelism be "un-American," then will the good Lord in His mercy order me to some desert island, where I can live the balance of my days in peace!



OW this Hitler business—suppose we tackle it head-on.

Hitler received his appointment as German Chancellor from von Hindenburg on the 30th of January, 1933. That was a date calculated by Dr. David Davidson from Great Pyramid measurements as of outstanding world importance. So indeed it has turned out to be. Hitler took over the reins of political power and at once made it evident that the pure-bred Germans were thenceforth to run Germany. Particularly were they to run it without assistance from, or interference by, the aforesaid continental Money Cartel. It was the first time in a hundred years that such a thing had been dared. It was the successful challenge to this power, and the demonstration that he staged to craven or mortgaged Europe that the thing could be done, that turned the dogs of defamation and boycott on the Nazis and their chief. Hitler's racial opponents were made to "lose face." But more than causing his opponents to lose face, it set a dangerous example to other heads of States. If Hitler succeeded in his exhibition that this great world Money Cartel could be flouted, it might be no time at all before its power would be smashed.

I had not paid any particular attention to Hitler until he came into power and started doing things that revealed to me that he was thoroughly aware of, and awakened to, the smallest details of methods and purposes of this mighty Control Organization that operated out of the heart of Europe.

The funny thing about that mighty Control Organization

is this: When you first learn about it, you just can't believe that such a thing can exist. Then when you have made yourself a sort of expert in who runs it and how it operates, you just can't believe that it's possible to smash it.

¶ It not only runs into subtle control of great financial machineries like the Bank of England and the United States Federal Reserve, but it stretches out its octopus tentacles into transportation systems and necessity-monopolies—food, drugs and clothing—and particularly into the organization of vast advertising combinations, that feed the money-lifeblood into magazine publishing houses and newspaper chains. It is so deeply entrenched, and operates so subtly, that many of its most efficient servants would deny vigorously that it exists. And they would be honest in that denial. They actually don't *know* whose purposes they're serving, or how high and deadly the interlocked control extends. Millions of people, as I said a minute ago, damn Wall Street for its tragic mischief in finance, a hundred times a year. It never dawns on them the calendar around that there may be an influence making for financial control of the Nation, and its political and industrial fortunes, *that is higher and mightier than Wall Street*. They see no evidences of it in their day to day lives. And beyond an occasional reference to "international bankers" or "banks of international settlement," they are not allowed to have it brought to their attention.

So when I saw Hitler doing things in his new job that indicated he knew all that I knew about this financial invisible government—and probably a whole lot more—I watched the man with more than passing interest.

Would he get away with it?

OF COURSE I understood, as all conscientious investigators come to understand, just why it was that the press of the "democratic" countries turned the liquid fire on the "Fascist" governments and screamed and screeched that they menaced civilization.

The Fascist governments, so-called, did not menace civilization, of course. What they menaced was easy political overlordship of the countries controlled by popular parties, and state and national elections of "the people's representatives." There was no way of making big contributions to both opposing political parties, in the Fascist countries, and then demanding the "say" in the personnel of the party which won. The Fascist countries had only one party, of course, and that was under the control of the chief, be he Duce or Fuehrer.

If Hitler should so engineer the affairs of Germany that she required to borrow no money from the Cartel, and put the Fatherland on an international barter system, then this tightly organized and power-drunk invisible government would have had its pants stolen, and be streaking for cover.

And that is precisely what Hitler did.

As I watched him do it, I realized well enough that unless the same thing was done sooner or later in the United States, this country was due to "go over the dam." So I commenced telling the American people the under-cover truth about what was happening in Germany—as I learned it by correspondence with friends abroad or recognized it from my own studies and researches in the cartel's methods. Of course you can guess what happened.

A sudden blaze of wrath shot out at me, from most of the journalistic spokesmen for the cartel on this side of the water. I was in the pay of Hitler. I was secretly a Nazi agent. I was advocating the overthrow of the American form of government.

Of course I was nothing of the sort.

I was a native-born, freely acting journalist, speaking from my knowledge and convictions, interpreting what was being made to take place in Germany from an angle of understanding the methods of the invisible government as Hitler plainly understood the methods of the invisible government. What I did stand for, was a swift and sure return to the Constitutional form of government, an end to the insufferable New-Deal regimentation that was being set up to no good purpose, and a complete expose of a secret setup, that not one American citizen in a thousand suspected.

But Hitler was only one of my concerns.

ANYBODY who gets into an honest and dispassionate research of the facts that I'm revealing to you now, and acquires even his a-b-c's of wisdom in just what the United States is truly up against under the surface, comes to recognize that Communism is by no means a Russian peculiarity, organized and promoted to foist the principles of Marxism on other countries because Stalin means to rule them. Fiddlesticks!

Communism soon comes to be recognized as merely one of the weapons of social and industrial pressure which the financial supergovernment keeps at hand, in order to put duress on popular rulers, or work havoc in the affairs of

industries that can't be brought into the cartel's control by the ordinary stock squeeze-out methods.

If you'll stop to give it thought for a moment, it ought to occur to you that Russia as a country and a government is really so "broke" that time and again it has had to offer its confiscated royal jewels and art treasures to raise the money in capitalistic countries to keep it going. It has no excess of cash to throw millions behind the Red propagandists that operate from Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand. And neither does that money come from the nickel-and-dime contributions of the Great Unwashed in the laboring classes of the world. That money is bound to be furnished out of the tremendous cache of the Central Pool of the cartel's wealth.

The fact that it comes to other countries *through* Moscow and the machineries of Bolshevia, means only that it is distributed that way, to cover up its true origin. Communizing a country, where it can be done by swift, sure violence, is a quick cheap way of bringing that country into the actual *possession* of the cartel—by a sort of political ownership.

It ought to be apparent to reasonable men, once these keys are put in their hands, why no particular venom has been poured out against Soviet Russia throughout the past two decades, despite the fact that Russia was a tighter, crueller despotism than Fascism or Nazism in its wildest excesses. Nothing was said against Russia for the reason that Russia was already "owned and controlled" by the financial government, for all practical purposes, and attacks and defamations of her accomplished no secret purpose.

No, the attacks were directed solely against the nations

that were showing themselves fully aware of the cartel's power and making themselves independent of it. It was easy to hoodwink the "democratic" countries into ganging up for this kind of attack, because the democratic peoples only required to be told that their rights and free prerogatives were threatened. Naturally they flew to the defense of them—which suited the invisible government's purpose right down to the ground. A "free" country, as stated before, is the easiest country—next to a bolshevized country—to control, through financing of its political parties.

So the "free democracies" all started jumping on Italy and Germany. England, France, and the United States were lathered into a foam, having the "horrors" of Fascism and Nazism portrayed to them, while the press associations, the radio announcers, and the movie news reels obeyed the higher financial interests in blasting the "foreign dictatorships"—meaning Mussolini and Hitler—while not a word was mentioned about equally drastic dictatorships that were functioning in Russia and Spain, and gradually the United States. Wasn't this decidedly queer?

Anyhow, knowing the low-down on what Communism essentially was, I put the blame where it belonged. This had not been done before, for even the anti-Communists up till then were not wholly aware of it.

Having a too-wise publisher operating in the United States, printing these facts broadcast week after week, was more than insufferable. It was preposterous.

Then there was Roosevelt, and those batteries of New-Dealers with queer-sounding names.

DURING the first weeks of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, I had a radio installed in my publishing office, and every time The Big Grin—as we good naturedly called him then—"went on the air" I tuned in to keep track of what he said.

Time after time, in address after address during and following the bank holiday, I heard information broadcast to the fearful and bedeviled people of America that I privately believed to be so false and mischievous that I felt an agony of soul.

Whether or not Roosevelt knew of the purposes for which he was being used, I made no attempt to say. Frankly, I am not certain whether he knows to this day. At times he appears to be the big, rich, strategizing politician, trying to placate the money powers on one hand and the restless and dangerous army of the unemployed on the other. At other times he acts and speaks as though he were in the heart of the cartel itself, as one of its members.

But I do make the claim that information was spread to our quivering and distracted people, that handled the truth as I believed I knew it, with shyness. And certainly as the weeks went by, and the New-Deal "crackpot economics" went into operation, I beheld the plan unfold definitely and atrociously, just as my State Department friend had predicted.

As a publisher who was rapidly qualifying as an expert in the machinations of that financial super-government over in Europe, I had three departments of major interest to discuss with my readers.

I had the rapidly evolving exploits of Adolf Hitler and his astounding successes in rehabilitating Germany. I had the

planned growth of Communism as the great money clique was coaching it behind the scenes for an ace in the hole—if, as, and when it became necessary to play it.

And I had the usurpations and iniquitous subversions of the New Deal that were being put into effect as fast as a frightened and bullied Congress could pass the measures that gave them the aspects of legality.

I knowingly did what no one else quite dared to do at the time: I took my liberty and perhaps my life in my hands and sent forth in a 12-page paper to the four corners of the Nation, all that I bethought me to express from week to week that would lend credence to my accumulating knowledge of what the Depression was all about.

Did trouble start coming my way at once?

It most certainly did!



UP ACROSS the years that it has been operating with such cunning but deadly power, this tightly knit Money Octopus in the heart of Europe appears to have followed a definite formula for dealing with those who discover it or flout it. ¶ First, it makes a disarming and friendly feint to buy the new opponent with money. In nine cases out of ten, such offer is accompanied by a delicate invitation to go on the permanent payroll of the Clique and work for it, instead of fighting it. A man with abilities worth buying off, should be kept under retainer, so that he doesn't repeat on the performance. Besides, it is better to put such abilities to work in its interests than to have them ranged against it.

The cartel goes upon the principle that "every man has his price," *some* price, and its business is to find out what it may be and then decide if the amount is worth paying.

Sometimes out-and-out money offers are dangerous, as in the case of politicians or officeholders. Think of the numbers of senators, congressmen, government department heads, and State and municipal officials that you have heard about, whose behavior indicates they have "sold out to Wall Street." I'm tipping you off right here and now that it isn't Wall Street they've sold out to. Wall Street is just a collection of stock-brokerage firms, and no one could prostitute himself to a thoroughfare paved with asphalt. What these politicians have done is to let themselves become obligated to the agents or branches of this all-controlling Money Trust that well-nigh runs all the governments of the world through its manipulations of

trade. Once such politicians have accepted favors or "honorariums" from these agents or American branches, they are Money-Trust men and branded with the Mark of the Beast forever after.

Under the present condition of affairs in America, when the whole shaken power of the European Money Trust is being put to a test here, one of the likeliest methods used for buying the allegiance of officials is suavely to promise them high political advancement. In other words, "the Banking Group will get behind" such-and-such a capable young politician and see that he goes far professionally. Generally speaking, this method is "safe," inasmuch as he can declare—in case charges are laid against him—that "he believes in helping to protect the financial institutions of the country which have done so much toward building its prosperity in the past." What he really means is, that while he would consider it base to take out-and-out bribes, his conscience sees nothing wrong in letting the Mark of the Beast be branded upon him in the way of political preferment or promises of advancement for entering into the indirect employment of the overseas Money Crowd and keeping its pernicious control intact.

If you want an illustration of such tender in action, make a careful reading of General Moseley's prepared statement before the recent Dies Committee—the one the committeemen kept out of the record.

IF a sizable money-bait fails, however, and the crusader has no interest in being shoved upward by the "money crowd," the next step is to make a grim business of having private detectives or venal attorneys seek out something

in the crusader's career or business affairs that can be made the basis for either polite blackmail or criminal prosecution. If no moral skeletons can be found in the crusader's life, then his business and financial affairs are combed for the slightest irregularities that may be made the basis for indictment, along with the proper killing of his reputation and prestige in the newspapers. Scarcely a man lives who at some time or other in the course of a high-pressure existence, hasn't slipped up on some petty ordinance or legal technicality, at the rate screwy laws are being slapped on the statute books at present.

Such men have no more intent to commit crime than babies in arms, and under ordinary conditions—if the agents of the cartel had no interest in them or hostility toward them—they wouldn't be molested in a hundred years. But let such a one refuse to sell out to the money agents, and some morning he awakens to discover to his paralyzing horror that a grand jury has turned in a secret indictment of him in the night, and he faces a long and vicious struggle to preserve his liberty or reputation.

Laws today, under the conditions being imposed on our country by the planning of this foreign moneybund, are no longer meant to produce peace and order. They are shaped so that they can at all times operate as convenient weapons of prosecution against those who flout the cartel's dictates. Show me almost any law that has been passed in the Congress since the stock-market crash, and in less than ten minutes I'll point out the "joker" in it, containing the power to squelch those who challenge it.

But supposing our crusader decides to fight, and does fight and clears himself?

Very good then, the next step of pressure brought to bear against him to break or crush him, is to have some sort of public inquiry launched to "investigate" him. Has it never occurred to you to wonder at the constant drama of investigation after investigation that is suddenly being played out in these times by both national and State legislatures, and the disturbing number of the "probes" that are all going on at once? When most of us were children, or even up to the time when it was decided to sack the United States in the interests of Europe's recovery, we never knew any such program of public inquiries. For a hundred and fifty years our federal legislators framed all the laws necessary to run the country without deciding that they needed slathers of information secured under subpoena, on which to do it. The Constitution of the Nation, the highest law of the land, provides no stipulation for the setting up of these slathers of witch-hunts, boards of inquiry, and bodies of Federal snoopers and probers. On the other hand, it provides no prohibition of them, either, for it seems never to have occurred to the Founding Fathers that they would be resorted to.

However, a new arm for secret ruling—by probing-committee intimidation—has suddenly been found and forged. And if you'll examine carefully the Resolutions calling for most of them, or the nature of their conduct after they're organized, you'll discern without much effort that they put the crackdown-heat sooner or later on persons who've challenged or flouted the "great international money-power" or some of its designs.

"Gentlemen, whom are you attempting to protect?" was the

wrathful question shot at the recent Dies Probers on one occasion by General Moseley, when that fine old Army man was frying on the grill.

Of course there are senators and congressmen who serve on such committees without the faintest notion as to the interests they may be secretly promoting—just as there are many of us keeping tab on Washington who become convinced that many of these Probes are just official “shake-downs.” In other words, it would appear that when some great industrial interest has managed to keep clear of this Moneybund Control, it is either brought to terms by the disastrous publicity of a Legislative Probe or there may exist venal legislators who expect the attorneys for the industry to come around and knock on their rear doors by night, putting the question in some form: “How much’ll you take to call it off?”

What could Senator B. K. Wheeler have had reference to, when he exclaimed hotly on one occasion: “People who think they can trust the Congress of the United States, simply don’t know the Congress”?

So those who have succeeded to this point in standing out against the cartel’s dictates, pick up their newspaper some night to read that a committee of the Congress was authorized that day, to “investigate” them.

Immediately the Bill of Rights in the Constitution will be tossed overboard, they will be ordered to appear before such body of inquisitors, bringing all their private books and papers, investigators in the employ of the committee will sleuth around outside and seek frenziedly for irregularities that can be made the basis for prosecution, and reams or sordid publicity will be played up in the news-

papers, conveying the impression that the one to be investigated is of course a criminal or he would not come in for it.

All of it is the grossest kind of prostitution of the sovereign Federal or State power, of course, for the one subpoenaed is immediately treated as though he were being tried for vast felonies in a court of law. Only he is permitted no jury nor attorneys, he has a whole tableful of prosecutors and cross-examiners instead of one, and if he makes the slightest slip in his testimony he can be cited at once for Federal prosecution for perjury. Moreover, if committee investigators go on the stand to testify against his operations, no matter how harmless or legal, those investigators are under no obligations to prove their statements with evidence. They can say almost anything, make any sort of insinuations, and at once it becomes “Government record” which anyone outside can use without fear of libel.

Little or no legislation ever results from such Probes. Or if it does, it is asinine, or the Bills introducing it are killed in committee.

No, the trick of the moneybunders is to choose some aspiring young senator or congressman, or some ambitious assemblyman, and promise him swift and sure political advancement if he will launch one of these probes and gain the end which the agents of the European moneybunders want gained at the moment—in most instances, the squelching by ruinous publicity of the offending crusader.

And in case none of it truly succeeds?

Well, lastly, there are those of us who have plenty of cause for believing that the ultimate and final disposition of such an “upstart”—engaged in “the nefarious business of tipping

over existing institutions"—is deft "liquidation," done in a manner so adroit that it has all the aspects of happening through natural causes.

DOES all this subversion and skulduggery sound far-fetched? Well, to reasonable men, the proof that it is exercised should lie in whether or not it happens. I submit my own experiences and thus sidestep a charge of using hearsay evidence.

It is not generally known to the rank and file of my supporters, but I had not been publishing *Liberation* more than seven months—with its pages of devastating text, investigated and found to be absolutely accurate by thousands of shocked and wrathful persons,—before a New York banker had me on the wire and was inviting me to "come to New York and talk this thing over."

"You're raising 'ell!" was the complaint he shouted over the wire—about a thousand miles of it.

Naturally, to have reliable details about the existence and methods of this great Central European Money Control laid bare, *would* raise 'ell.

However, I forbear to take up space with the lurid details of how I refused to go to New York or fix anything up, even though it was intimated that if I would "be a good boy" and "play the game" something like a cool hundred thousand dollars might find its way into my sock.

I made it quite plain that I had not the slightest interest in receiving a hundred thousand dollars to "call the Silver-shirts off" and stop publishing my paper, although the final word left with me was, "remember there's a hundred

grand possibly available if you'll cry quits and promise to go off to Europe till this thing subsides."

What thing subsides?

The completion of the American sacking, I chose to think. And I plunged into my crusade of telling the truth about Hitler, Communism, and the New Dealers, louder than ever. So, whether or not there was a Plan and it was running true to form, the next thing to visit on me was, that while motoring one night between Washington and Richmond, I learned that a congressional committee was being promoted to "investigate my un-American activities."

My un-American activities, of course, consisted of ruthless exposure of the secret European Money Cartel, the success of Hitler in treating with it, and its twin arms of Communism on the left and New-Dealism on the right that were both menacing—or swindling—America.

But this first congressional probe of my "seditions" did not actually get under way before the second of the cartel's expedients had been tried—

A New Yorker made his appearance in the North Carolina city where I did business and started visiting attorneys with the view to finding one of them who would scrape up some sort of irregularity in my business affairs that could be made the basis of criminal prosecution.

Of course such criminal prosecution, when it was launched, seemed to be entirely foreign to my crusade against the conniving Money Power abroad. That would have been too far-fetched and fantastic for local Americans to believe.

It had to appear that I had done no less than violate the immediate criminal statutes of the State in which I operated. And what do you suppose was used?

It was turned up that a whole two years before, when my publishing offices were in another State entirely, I had run an innocent little advertisement in a quasi-religious magazine which I had then been publishing, offering to give a share of stock in my printing concern to anyone who should make a donation of at least \$100 to the crusade I was conducting. I was in a position to present such stock, for it had been legally surrendered to me by previous buyers. But I had made the blunder of sending the magazine down into the State of North Carolina to be physically printed, because a North Carolina firm had quoted me lowest prices for the job.

When it was discovered that I had done this, that was all the New York agents and their local attorneys wanted. I had "violated" North Carolina's Blue Sky law, when the said printer did the mailing of the said magazines out of the local post office without my registering with the State Securities Commission.

Mind you, I had every legal right to sell the stock, or give it away, or tear it up, a right presented to me by the State in which my printing corporation was organized. Furthermore, it was never proved that anyone in North Carolina had bought a share of stock as result of such offer, or had it presented to them on any indirect sales basis.

An indictment was promptly voted against me by the local Grand Jury and a warrant issued for my arrest. And that same night a thousand national newspapers carried headlines making it appear that I had been discovered as swindling hundreds out of their savings by the peddling of bogus securities.

We who are honestly engaged in battling this secret control over America, call this sort of thing Smear.

I was "smeared" and "smeared" properly—just as others who fight for principle have been smeared.

The Moneybunders were "out to get me," and I must either come back from California and make the fight to clear myself or be thenceforth branded as a fugitive from justice.

¶ If you want to know what happened in detail, what kind of a trial I had, and how I paid a fine of \$1,750 for having given that North Carolina firm a printing job—receiving a five-year suspended sentence in lieu of being bundled off to State's Prison—read a copy of my autobiography, *The Door to Revelation*.

OF COURSE it was expected that such aggressive duress would shut me up then and there. Only it didn't. Leaning heavily on my constitutional rights of free speech and a free press, I promptly resumed publishing and exposing. I had never done a criminal thing that I was aware of, so I had nothing on my conscience that should make it necessary for me to quit North Carolina and let unfriendly newspapers give it out that I had been "run out." I founded a local printing and publishing plant entirely obedient to the North Carolina laws and settled down in Asheville to battle the matter out.

However, along with the Blue Sky prosecution, the inevitable Congressional Probe of me and my organization occurred. The Committee of 1934-35 was supposed to discover my official connections and underwritings as a paid propagandist for Nazi Germany. What it actually spent days in Asheville trying to prove was, *that fornication of*

some sort had gone on among the young men and women in my employ.

The rottenness of it!

Yet night after night the news stories emblazoned forth across the Nation, impressing upon the subconscious minds of people whom I could never reach with my side of the story, that no names could be called up bad enough to describe the pernicious character of my Silvershirts. You probably have read your share of them, as I said in my opening page. You may perhaps think that the Silvershirts compose a quite unspeakable organization indeed. But do you actually know the tenets upon which they are organized, and the true purposes which they seek to achieve? Listen while I reprint the statement of aims and objectives that is embodied in the text of the charter of every Post and Chapel—

WHEREAS the required number of Silvershirts have qualified and made proper application for a Charter to conduct a Field Unit of The Silvershirt Legion of America, Incorporated, and Whereas they have pledged allegiance to the National Commander, William Dudley Pelley, and to the principles and objectives of the Silvershirt Legion as outlined and advocated by him, they are hereby authorized to function as

(Name of Post or Chapel)

and are now recognized as an organized and officered body of Christian American Patriots in this American Aryan Militia, pledged to respect and sustain the sanctity of the Christian Ideal, to nurture the moral tradition in Civic, Domestic and Spiritual life and the culture of the whole-

some, natural and inspirational in Art, Literature, Music and Drama; to adulate and revere an aristocracy of Intellect, Talent and Characterful Purpose in the Body Politic; to sponsor and acclaim aggressive ideals and pride of Craftsmanship rather than the golden serpent of profit, that the lowliest individual may aspire to a life of fullest flower; to exalt Patriotism and Pride of Race and, in the interest of progress and evolution, to recognize the integrity of every national and seek to perceive his place in the Fellowship of Peoples, while denying to any group or race, license to undermine National Unity or thwart the agencies of Law and Order or circumvent the Principles of our Federal Constitution.

IS THERE anything "un-American" in the above?

However, when no such tawdry thing as office fornication could be proved by the august lawmakers from Washington, they had to content themselves with adjourning to southern California and taking the testimony of a renegade U. S. Marine—who was not a Silvershirt and whom I never had seen, that I could remember—that I had solicited him to organize an armed robbery of the Federal arsenal at North Island. This truly was fantastic. But it *did* go into the Committee record.

No prosecution came from it, however—which should have been strange if the charge had been correct—and for the next four years I was left pretty much alone to publish my informatory magazines and push the organization of my Silvershirts for achievement of the objectives listed above.

Nevertheless, the defamations of me and my associates continued relentlessly in the public press. At one moment

I was the seditious agent of Hitler, the next I was the seditious agent of Japan. Scarcely a week went past that my life was not threatened—usually through the United States mails. Once I complained to a G-Man about the latter but he only shrugged his shoulders. Being “against the Administration,” naturally I could get no protective action out of the Federal Government.

Finally, when my crusading became so outrightly “dangerous” that drastic measures had to be taken to silence me, three retaliations all seemed to happen at once.

First, the FBI was ordered to make a thorough investigation of my strength and activities.

Second, the Dies Committee started after me hammer and tongs, to make a better job of what the so-called Dicksteiners had failed miserably in doing.

Third, in almost the final month of my five-year suspended sentence for the Blue-Sky technicality, the North Carolina prosecutor—now become Superior Court judge—*suddenly issued an arbitrary warrant for my re-arrest.*

What had I done?

Listen to the diatribe that he gave out to the newspapers in justification of his act—

“Since these convictions (in 1935) this court has been informed Pelley has not only broken the promises which he made to the court, but has engaged in practices and propaganda which deserve the severe condemnation of all good American citizens.”

All that I had done was to continue my expose of the overseas Moneybund, try to tell the dispassionate truth about Hitler's efforts in Germany to smash it, fight the encroachments of militant Communism, and divulge the

more pernicious and usurpative aspects of the alien New-Deal. For this, apparently, I “deserved the condemnation of all good American citizens”—citizens, that is, who were the ignorant prey of the foreign centralized Money Control and tragically unaware of the true nature of the Nation's economic sacking. But the judge foamed onward—

“He has continued to prey upon and collect money from credulous neurotic people to his own enrichment by appealing to their basest religious, moral, racial, and social prejudices. He has attempted to reap financial profit by engaging in every possible form of un-American activities. He has leveled disgusting epithets against the office of the President of the United States. He has consorted with known enemies of American institutions. There are many reasons to believe that he is being paid from foreign and un-American sources. He is now said to be conducting his nefarious practices from some secret hiding place; made afraid by his knowledge of his own wicked misdeeds, to face in public his fellow American citizens.”

There was more to this scorching pre-judgment of me, uttered by this Judge—pages of it. “He has deliberately violated our laws against crime,” goes on this magistrate who was my former prosecutor. “He is a felon,”—for sending my little religious magazine into North Carolina to be printed, containing an offer to *give away* some stock. “Such conduct on his part would, in the country he professes to ape, admire, love, and respect, forfeit him his life. He deals in accusations, loud boastings, preens his feathers like a peacock, and struts upon the stage of life, falsifying facts and hurling accusations.”

Yes, this North Carolina Judge, supposed by the ethics of

his profession to be at all times unbiased and dispassionate, made me out pretty much of a so-and-so. Most of it was based on nothing but insinuation and "what he had cause to believe," or on the mischievous sleuthings of an investigator for the Dies Committee, who had been unable to reach me with a subpoena to the moment, because I was going about my national business and resented being made out a subversive and a seditious because I "gave away the works" of what was being made to happen to this country, from overseas.

It so happened that I learned of this warrant for my re-arrest and second prosecution on the Blue Sky charge from the newspapers while proceeding about my orderly and lawful business. I read that my bond, in the interim before my hearing, had been set at \$10,000—a figure high enough in cases to cover a suspected crime of murder—whereas my bond for the original offense had been only \$2,500.

All in all, the International Cartel was howling at my heels in full bay, and for loving my country and seeking through the power of my pen to acquaint my patriotic fellow-citizens with what was in well-nigh successful progress, I was "being hunted in the hills like an animal."

Meantime, knowing what the more obvious purposes of the Dies hearings or even the North Carolina warrant were intended to serve, in the light of the foregoing, I had to suffer hearing unenlightened people exclaim—"If Pelley truly has nothing to hide, why doesn't he present himself to the authorities and clear himself?"

Clear himself indeed!

You don't clear yourself when judges condemn you in advance. If you have any claim to brains you keep out of their clutches!

As late as December, 1939, Martin Dies had publicly showed his fore-condemnation of me, and I leave it to my readers to say whether the Judge's statements above indicate a dispassionate interest in my punishment for infractions of the North Carolina laws controlling the sale of securities.

I AM sorry that I have had to insert so much material in this little book concerning myself, but it does illustrate in some detail the greater claim I am seeking to make, that we of the United States who have become enlightened by wide reading, research, investigation, and examination, into the nature and operations of the overseas financial Control System, view with more than passing qualm the fate that lies ahead for the millions of our less enlightened brethren. When I started out on this business of national exposure of these super-governors of our nation, I stood almost alone. But soon my accusations were being investigated, as to their correctness, by others. As it became grasped that I had as yet revealed only a fraction of what was true, other courageous and intellectual Americans took up the fight. Father Coughlin started to use the radio in a national broadcast, to expose the same Control, and for a long time his Catholic influence was so great that open obstruction of him was thought to be dangerous policy.

Then out in Kansas, Protestant Pastor Winrod began to publish his *Defender*.

Robert Edward Edmondson in Manhattan started to issue his now-celebrated "Bulletins."

In Washington, D. C., James True put out his *Weekly Industrial Control Reports*.

A vast hornet-colony of protesting literature started flood-

ing across the Nation—every last piece of it backing up my previously published statements, material that the North Carolina judge castigates as “appeals to the basest religious, moral, racial, and social prejudices” of “credulous neurotics.”

Scarcely once in seven years has the correctness of my statements been challenged or attempts made to refute my arguments, point for point. Indeed, among my pocket publications is one little volume that contains reprints of *eighty-two* confirmations, or boastings, that what I have accused the agents of the alien Money Cartel of doing, is true, out of the mouths or off the pens of agents for the Cartel themselves.

They admit it!

Turn back over seven years of pages of my *Liberation* and read there five to six years ago, the daily newspaper headlines of today.

Practically 100 percent of what Martin Dies and his Committeemen “exposed” concerning the inroads of Communism in America, was “old stuff” to *Liberation* readers and Silvershirts as early as 1934 and 1935.

But I went further than the Dies group.

Not having the interests of any particular financial or racial clique to conserve, and striving only to present the truth about Communism, I went down to the bedrock of its origin and pulled no punches about where the money was coming from, for its world-wide promotion. And among the things I told my readers over a year ago, was the announcement that the great financial plotters abroad had come to the decision that the Red Movement was proving more or less of a bust, that outside of Russia it was not getting

results anywhere commensurate with its cost, and that insofar as its great financial backers were concerned it was going to be allowed to “die a natural death.” Too many Gentiles were becoming aware of its backing and forming vigilante movements to smash it. Sooner or later, otherwise, its true sponsors were going to be identified and a terrible blame put where it belonged. They “had to get out from under” in such a way that no suspicion would be cast on themselves for the havoc it had worked since 1917.

I printed this development in *Liberation* over a year ago, I say, and therefore my readers and supporters were by no means mystified when the pact between Stalin and Hitler was announced. Why Stalin should make a pact with Hitler has given a headache to millions, but really there is nothing so puzzling about it. Not when you have the Key to the Crisis, which I have been seven years trying to get my country to recognize.

No swifter and cleverer means could ever be devised for liquidating Communism outside of Russia, and getting ignorant people to forget it, than getting Communist Russia to “sign up” with Nazi Germany. In other words, the poor ignorant dupes of Communism who had been taught to hate the Nazi Fascists, were cynically sold out when they no longer served the interests of the great international moneybund. And in our own United States, the mopping up was allowed to proceed through such agencies as the Dies Committee.

Dies and his Committeemen could “investigate” Communism at last—even to publishing lists of names of al-

leged Communists right in Roosevelt's Administration—because it was all part of the decision to liquidate Communism that had been decided upon abroad. The wanted regimentation was being accomplished in these United States by legislation, anyhow. But along with investigating Communism, it was part of the scheme to have Dies probe, too, all critics or enemies of Communism, to give the aspects of a sterling patriotism to his activities.

In other words, when the true vigilantes of the country—organizations like the Silvershirts, if you please—had succeeded in unnerving the moneybunders that had previously been financing it, matters were "fixed" for the ebullient Mr. Dies to walk into the scene with a noisy and flamboyant gesture and "expose it utterly." He exposed it because its former backers *wanted* it "exposed,"—such is my allegation. Again I tell you, if you don't believe it read the suppressed Moseley testimony.

It was because I had reason to suspect that Mr. Dies was holding many conferences to this end with the Cartel's agents in New York, that I strenuously declined to give the slightest voluntary testimony about my own endeavors to this congressional body. Like Roosevelt, however, young Dies may not be wholly aware of the interests he is serving or promoting; but the manner in which he has kept strictly away from examining the true source of the funds that have financed Communism in this country in the past, looks suspicious, to say the least. General Moseley was not a fool. There was a wealth of meaning in his aforesaid inquiry: "Gentlemen, whom are you attempting to protect?" *Liberation* readers knew exactly what he hinted. There was scarcely one item of testimony regarding sub-

versive influences brought out in nearly a year of Dies hearings, I say, that I had not proclaimed to the nation over five years bygone. Yet Dies walked in and grabbed off the credit, then turned about and blasted me as one of the most subversive and dangerous "un-Americans" of all. And when I sued him for slander, he tried to squirm out by summoning the North Carolina authorities to Washington and conferring with them on an action to have my five-year suspended Blue-Sky sentence revoked.

As the boys in my pressroom would inelegantly phrase it: "The whole mess stinks!"

Still, that is the way the cartel operates to crush any challengers of its power.

The only man who has successfully defied it to the moment, is Hitler, and when Stalin grasped that he was no longer of use to the cartel and might have to swim for himself thenceforth, he threw what now remains of his bloody dictatorship on the side of Germany. Hitler wasn't a fool, and signed a sort of eastern-front peace-pact with him, in order to fight the war which the cartel was arranging through England and France on the west. Hitler had miraculously extricated the Fatherland from the Versailles morass—which this same cartel had deftly arranged for it after the first World War—by taking Germany's internal finances out from under the cartel's control. It had no way hereafter to "get at him" except by the bayonets and air-bombs of the "democracies." And to operate and direct the bayonets and air-bombs of the "democracies," the one controlling means left to the cartel was Propaganda—propaganda via radio and press.

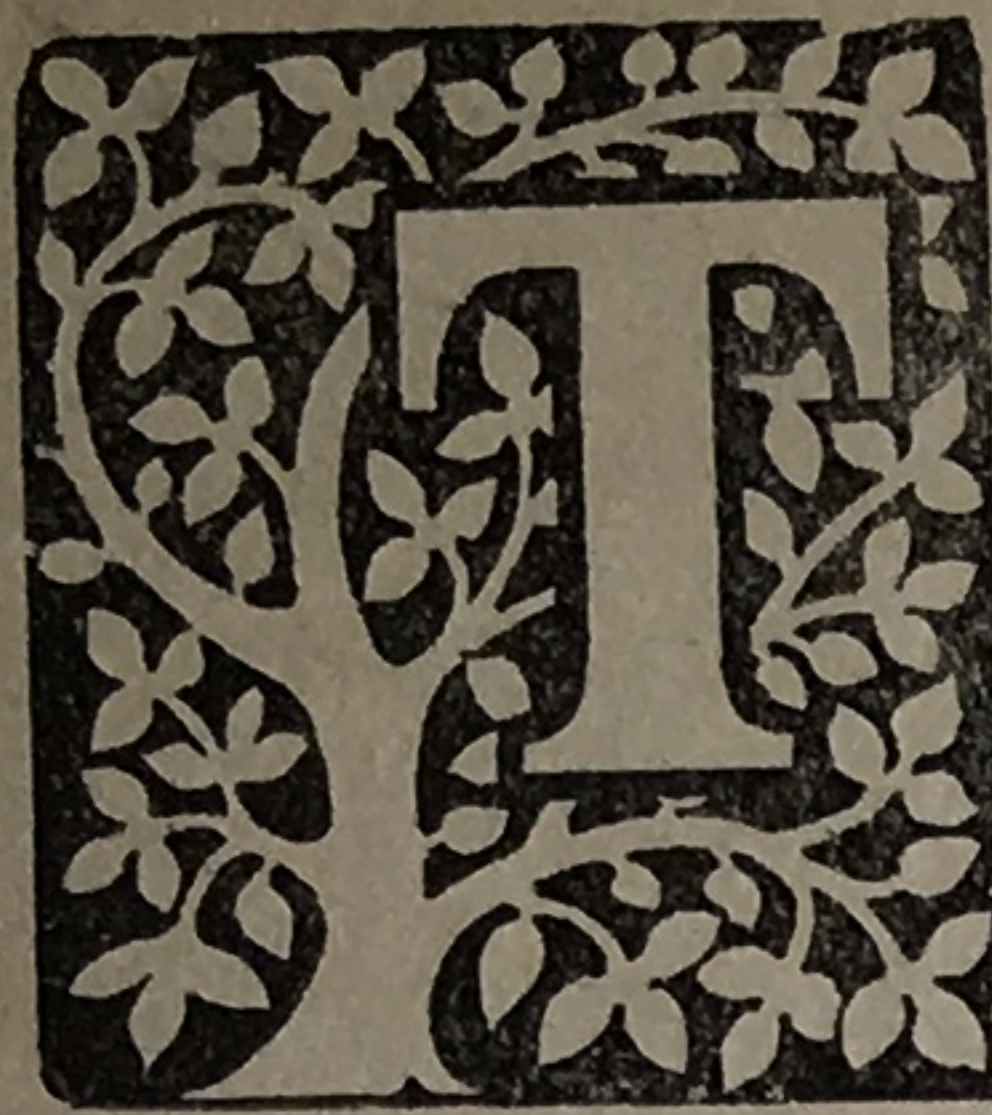
Millions of Americans tragically assume that all this venom and boycott poured out against the German Fuehrer comes from the activities of ousted Jews. Hitler is a "monster" and must be destroyed because he "uprooted" thousands of Yiddishers from their homes, as well as crushed religion as the "democracies" know it. This is good pap on which to feed gullible ignoramuses in all countries who have no way of arriving at the clandestine truth.

Experts who have probed deep into international finance and economics, know that the real reason for all the poisonous propaganda against Hitler is contained in the method by which he has placed German economics upon the barter system, and wrenched himself and countrymen free from cartel control through the power of international exchange—the *purse!*

The man must be destroyed at any cost, not because he has ousted a few hundred thousand radical Jews from Germany, but because he has jockeyed the Rothschild international money cartel into a position where it is frenziedly fighting for its life. This cartel, through its principals in the Bank of England—not to mention the banks of France—to the moment has the political governments of those countries still in a grip of steel. Not so long ago my paper published a full list of these principals, with their names and connections. When the perturbed and menaced cartel finally declared that England and France had to go to war against Hitler, and destroy him, England and France went to war. The *casus belli* was manufactured easily enough by outrages against Nazi Germans living in Poland. That war is going on—somewhat bathotically it is true—at this moment. But it is a sour war on principle because it is an

unnatural and unwanted war, and because the cartel relied on the efficacy of propaganda in the "democracies." Hitler's clean and positive accomplishments, together with his own instruments for counter-propaganda, are making a mess of the froth and bilge coming from England and France.

If Hitler wins the conflict, the Rothschild international money cartel collapses like a brick wall in an earthquake. So even the United States, bankrupt as she is, must fiddle-faddle around and make a great and dangerous pother of possibly joining England and France "to preserve free institutions." The whole rack and ruck of it is just Cartel Propaganda, and when the peoples of the "democracies" perceive it, this towering thunderhead of crisis breaks in a drenching cataclysm!



THESE are the times that try men's souls!" wrote Thomas Paine in opening his immortal exposition of an earlier crisis in the affairs of our infant nation. But when you have the real key to the international miasma, you commence to grasp that there is not a reason in the world why men's souls need be "tried," except as this European Money Group wants them tried in order to fanaggle its designs and purposes. In my previous *Dupes of Judah* I showed you the evidence indicating that the first world war was fought because of a squabble within the cartel itself, over building a railroad from Berlin down to Bagdad. That conflict lasted longer than ever was dreamed when it was launched, and ended with Europe—certainly the Central Powers—in a state of collapse. At the same time it left the Americans rich beyond any prosperity they had known since their nation was founded. This lop-sided state of affairs had to be remedied and no nonsense about it. Speaking broadly, and without going into technicalities, two courses were open for the cartel to pursue: either Communism promoted upon a wholesale scale—which of course played right into the hands of the little corner radical and secured his cooperation—or stock-market deflation and sustained panic, meaning artfully manipulated Depression. Depression meant closed factories, unemployed and hence hungry people, high taxes to provide for them, confiscation of properties, and legislation that gradually worked a supine regimentation of the masses—with no opportunity to learn of these facts. Inasmuch as the money of the cartel, by its colossal stakes in banks and industries, could

wield a censorship influence over press and radio, the masses, of course, could not get at the facts. Roosevelt went into office with his Brain-Trust, and for seven nightmare years the national predicament has been going from bad to worse. Economic analysts have given it out that America is something like 260 billions of dollars in debt—Federal, State, Municipal, and Personal. Congress now meets only to discuss bigger and better appropriations or to find ways to impress new tax levies. Down in Fort Knox, Ky., and various other storage places in the United States, is buried and stored some 17 billion dollars' worth of gold, 15 billions of which is the purloined property of the cartel or its subsidiaries. Actually the people's government itself owns about 2 billion dollars' worth of gold, and no more. So long as the cartel's program of financial sacking—under the guise of Relief Legislation—goes on, industry will stage its attempts at come-backs only at the cost of fresh confiscations, new labor troubles, and greater lack of buying-power than ever on the part of consumers. ¶ Meantime, because our totality of debt mounts to dizzier and dizzier figures, the sheer interest on the colossal debenture makes the climax of cataclysm inevitable. The unreasonable limitation of currency and the resulting accumulation of public and private interest-bearing debt, cannot be ended except through total collapse of our economic system. When that collapse comes, and the value of the paper dollar falls to a place where it costs ten thousand of them to buy a loaf of bread, the gold owned by the cartel comes out of Kentucky ground and is used to acquire the chattel assets of the Nation at a pittance. What the public is going to do when this fanagging becomes utterly ex-

posed by its tragic success, is problematical. The cartel evidently hopes to thrash Adolf Hitler, then turn its attention to controlling American reactions by force—on a plea by whatever satrap President is in office that an emergency exists necessitating martial law and fiat industry on the Soviet system.

I'm not calling these eventualities to your attention to paint a black picture, but to put in your hands and mind at last the true Key to what this sustained distress is all about, and why matters must inevitably be worse before they can be better. Also, in a way, I'm showing why a thousand newspapers, a hundred radio broadcasters, two congressional committees, and a North Carolina judge known widely for his affiliations with the local political machine, are all yowling night after night for my reputation, my body, or the names of my supporters.

Naturally it can be scorched as "German propaganda" to have any information given out about the operations of this overseas Moneybund—inasmuch as the German people, having been told all about it, have done something tangible about smashing it and economically at least, are "on their way out." If the American people come to learn about it generally, as well, every man or official now serving it—from highest to lowest—stands to be booted forth, or maybe in cases treated to stern justice.

Remember, I can supply you overwhelming data for every claim made in this book, and so the question of an earlier page is answered: Why I am blasted as "the most dangerous man in America."

I have not been afraid to expose this colossal overseas conspiracy, and because I have done so, every known agency in the cartel's power is operating like a juggernaut to "give me the works."



AS I stated in the beginning, I am just an average American, and it has been my purpose to write this booklet as an average American. I am fifty years old, and for thirty-three years I have been meeting payrolls instead of receiving them, and picking up a quota of wisdom—I hope—that serves me now in discerning the evil that is afoot to make the rule of this great international money clique supreme. I have gone out and tried to raise money to acquaint my fellowman with the skulduggery on a wholesale basis—in time, at least, to mitigate the rigor of the debacle whose root lies in vast public ignorance. In the beginning I was hooted at as a "Star-Spangled Jackass." Then as people investigated and found out that my contentions could be relied upon, and great numbers began to subscribe to the principles of the Silvershirt Legion, I was first given the offer of a bribe, then I was indicted for a fantastic "crime," then I was investigated by a supine Congress, and now—as 1940 opens—I am classed as a "fugitive from justice" because I won't stay around, willy-nilly, and struggle haplessly in all sorts of traps.

But again, it is not merely to curry any sympathy for myself that I send forth this brochure. It is to use myself and my experiences as personal attestment that this Great Conspiracy is being pushed according to pattern, because of the methods being employed to shut me up.

I know that the climax to all this colossal fanagglement is inevitable, that this crazy house of cards that is the menaced and disintegrating Rothschild Moneybund is due to collapse

in world-wide debris. I do think, however, that when the moment of sudden repudiation comes, the resultant sequence is going to be terrible, but brief.

Not one man in ten thousand knows specifically who is meant when "the Money Power" is discussed. Trying to get after this regime of international marplots personally is quite in the category of lassoing a cloud. So the vast mass of an utterly disillusioned public is going to do one of two things: Submit spinelessly to the forced induction of an "emergency" Sovietism, or lay violent hands on such agents and officials of the marplots as may be available and wreak its vengeance.

Frankly, I cannot see the rank and file of the American people submitting to the induction of Sovietism—emergency or any other brand. Not when they recognize it for what **it is!**

It would be nice, of course, to have some valiant deliverer ride in some current morning upon a white horse, "read the riot act" to the cartel's agents, and issue fiats that brought back everybody's buying-power in a matter of hours. But regardless of how valiant or proficient such a deliverer might be in his personal character, his white horse would not be allowed to proceed beyond the first traffic-light if the cartel did not control him; while as for reading any riot-act to the cartel's agents, he would need press and microphone to carry his voice more than three hundred feet. With those agencies "sewed up" in the hands of "the vested interests" how would such a one "get to first base"? And yet millions of people desire that it should happen. Brainy people actually go in for such tesh, and buy good postage-stamps to mail it out nationally.

¶ Hitler was "the man on horseback" in Germany, not through his own street-corner audacity, but because he had a Haushofer, a Ludendorf, a Hindenburg, to grab him by the collar and raise him to an eminence where his voice could be heard.

He fixed things swiftly enough when his voice could be heard. Besides, he had only a little country to salvage, no bigger than our States of Washington and Oregon. There are no Haushofers, Ludendorfs, or Hindenburgs here in the United States to perform such service. The very nature of our political structure precludes it.

We are a "democracy"—meaning a Republic where Moneybund Men are elected as result of Cartel propaganda in the months preceding elections.

The thing has got to go to climax! If enough people happen to be awakened throughout America to know what to do, intelligently, when that climax arrives, then the cartel is smashed for the next hundred years. If there are not, the sequence can be frightful. And it is because I size the situation up so, that for seven years I have been pleading and struggling with the still-affluent people of the Nation, to put the means at *someone's* disposal to bring our populace ENLIGHTENMENT.

I have done what I have to the moment at the cost of being publicly branded as a felon, a fugitive, an "un-American," and a man too dangerous to be allowed outside jail. But now that YOU have had some intimation given you as to what this catastrophe is all about, do you not owe it to yourself to investigate and prepare yourself to act with sanity and intelligence in the hour of Great Adjustment?



AND SO, my dispassionate reader, the next time you read in the evening papers some particularly nasty smear of the Silver-shirts, or what a reprehensible criminal their head man is, just try to call to mind what I've told you in this booklet. ¶ You are merely being propagandized some more by witting or duped agents and instruments of that far-flung Moneybund, that, believe it or not, can operate from distant Europe and yet contrive through its organization of intermediaries to reach one of its tentacles down into a little North Carolina courtroom and get a tragically unread magistrate to do its bidding and publicly condemn a "prisoner" in advance.

It is no particularly pleasant experience to live this sort of career, to feel the sentiment of a cruelly hoodwinked people against you, to have it said of you that you are "hiding out" from any law enforcement officers, and to be forced to sell a man a pamphlet or a book in order to raise the money to enlighten him on how he is being duped. Certainly I'm not doing it because I rejoice at being a martyr. ¶ Truly I'm keeping at it grimly, year after year, because to call quits now would mean to toss away all the hectic efforts of a decade and desert a citizenry whose final salvation rests solely on enlightenment.

WE HAVE a crisis of our own coming in this country, indeed. If Roosevelt is permitted to involve us in war to complete the Cartel's pernicious designs, it is going to add 30 billions more to our present staggering national debt. If he is not reelected in 1940, and another group

comes in, it will represent the Cartel under a different banner, but take my word for it, it will still represent the Cartel. But it will confront a nation in no better state by its advent.

Repudiation and inflation are ahead for Americans, with a certain dictatorship already prepared for them in the event that they oppose it.

Americans will probably have to learn by cruel disillusion, just what the correct nature of their secret government has been.

No matter! After a fashion we shall all be in it together. But the Great Radiance in all of it is, that there exist men throughout the United States today who are fully capable of acting in an intelligent reconstruction and putting remedies in effect that will end these unhallowed foreign usurpations forever.

They are being hounded or silenced at present, for the Nation's corruptionists fear them with a paralyzing terror. Hence their frantic persecution.

But the corruptionists cannot hound, silence, or even exterminate *all* of them.

And remember this thought: That if the Almighty did not intend the crusaders to so function eventually, there would be no rhyme or reason in allocating them amongst this currently duped people or giving them their executive intelligence.

Communism is no longer to be feared, since it is plain that the Moneybund has decreed that it shall be liquidated.

Hitler is not to be feared—for despite the mountains of stench shoveled onto him, there is every reason for holding to the belief that at heart he is an honest Gentleman who

can carry the power of victory far more circumspectly than his foes.

Rooseveltism or New-Dealism, as such, is not to be feared, because it has almost exhausted itself and is ready for the scrap-heap.

The only thing to be feared is that our forceful and intelligent Americans will not be sufficiently enlightened as to numbers when the Crisis Arrives, *to direct its reaction in the light of its causes!*

AS for myself, I am striving to match wits with my persecutors as adroitly as I can, asking no quarter and giving none, doing each day's work as it is presented to my hand, and trusting to the Eternal Justice that wrong, no matter how sizable, ultimately slays itself. I indulge in no heroics when I repeat Garrison's words, "I will not equivocate, I will not compromise, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!"

I try to think, work, and live—North Carolina's judges to the contrary notwithstanding—upon the heart-warming principle contained in the following lines of the ageless poet—

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the Dim Unknown,
*Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own!*"

Amen, and amen! For I believe it!

—WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY,
December 10, 1939.

☐ The natural reaction after reading this booklet, is for the reader to ask: "Granted that what I've just read is true, what am I supposed to do about it?"

☐ There is plenty that the reader can do about it. For one thing, he can stop this pernicious hush-hush policy everywhere prevalent among Americans—the effect of deliberate propaganda—and make a grim business of acquainting his fellow citizens with some of these facts, and then they in turn should see that such literature has as universal a sale as can be contrived.

☐ The issues propounded in this booklet can be settled swiftly enough when a preponderant element amongst the populace becomes acquainted with the **FACTS!**

☐ Overwhelming publicity for the information contained herein, will deal an inescapable body blow to the bloc now making an economic shambles of America.

☐ Do your part! Send for as many copies of this booklet as you can afford and pass them along to your friends and neighbors.

☐ These booklets, published and distributed by the tens of thousands, are smashing the kept-press censorship on these matters.

☐ Join the Army of Patriots that is making them possible!

Let Others Know the Truth

BY DISTRIBUTING COPIES OF THIS BOOK

PRICE:

Single Copies, by mail prepaid—25 Cents

SIX COPIES FOR ONE DOLLAR

50 COPIES \$7.50

100 COPIES \$12.50

Express Collect

For Sale by

The Pelley Publishers

Box 2630

ASHEVILLE - NORTH CAROLINA