

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 1761
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

America's Little Hitlers

Who's Who and What's Up in U. S.
Fascism

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Roy Tozier

(Research Director for Friends of Democracy)

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INTRODUCTION

There was a time when I was guilty of saying: "Some of my best friends are Jews." Today, having interviewed a large number of professional non-Jews, I confess with no little shame: "Some of my best friends are Gentiles."

Strange things are happening in the United States. In themselves they are regrettable. In their implications they are frightening.

Jews are not admitted to those famous New Orleans carnival balls—Proteus and Comus. At the playground of a Junior High School in Baltimore a youthful mob cut the letter H on the neck of a 14-year-old Hebrew. A Brooklyn synagogue was burglarized by vandals who burned the religious scrolls and left this ominous warning: "Kikes should make it easy for us to break in. We'll be back." A better-than-average student at a state university in the Missouri Valley was denied admission to the medical school because he was born a Jew. Several hotels at gold-plated Miami Beach refuse to employ Jewish bellhops, bus-boys, and waiters—although they cater to Jewish guests. Recently Newark's mayor found this sign scrawled on the sidewalk in front of his home: "Jew, get out or else." A quiet meeting of Boston Jews was dispersed by violent means, and in New York at least four Jews have been stabbed by professional Aryans. A Harvard committee on personnel in the teach-

ing profession charged that anti-Semitism "has made it difficult for Jews, otherwise eligible, to obtain initial appointments."

These scattered incidents—these and uncounted thousands of others—indicate the factor which is becoming the common denominator in the American equation. Although at one time as far apart socially and financially as they are geographically, the Harvard graduate and the resort bellhop today meet on the common ground of their unemployment. Aloof Cambridge, where life is as real and earnest as Longfellow would have it, and Miami Beach, where every day is a holiday, have become alike in their infection with the same virulent bacillus. In short, American democracy is brought to its bed by the malignant growth of anti-Semitism.

Discrimination against a minority group is not a new phenomenon in the United States, but until recently Public-Bogymen-Number-One was the Roman Catholic rather than the Jew. During the 'twenties W. J. Simmons, and later Hiram W. Evans, developed Catholic-baiting into one of the most profitable enterprises in the country. As a business the Ku Klux Klan returned a much greater dividend on invested capital (Evans paid Simmons \$146,500 for the organization) than did U.S. Steel, and as a racket it involved a mere tithe of the risk of bootlegging. Many are the Catholics who less than a generation ago felt the pain of lash and tar, and even more knew

the sting of social ostracism. There is not much doubt that Al Smith was beaten for the presidency in 1928 not because his ability was inferior to that of Herbert Hoover, but rather because enough Americans were told, and believed, that the Pope already had bought a one-way ticket to Washington.

Although America's two most important scapegoats—the Jew and the Catholic—have been defined in terms of religion, there are other bases for social and economic and political discrimination. In fact, the most popular basis in the United States has been nationality rather than religion. Nearly every section of the country permits itself the luxury of looking down its nose at some particular group of immigrants. In Buffalo it is the Poles who are dubbed foreigners by the other foreigners. Kansas City frowns upon "Wops" because a few Italians succeeded in getting a corner on the lucrative vice industry. In the Southwest it is the Mexican who is considered somewhat less than human. The Pacific Coast enjoys the Oriental menace which Hearst conjured up. Minnesota is not particularly fond of its Scandinavians, and the Slavs are the unwelcome guests of Pittsburgh.

Regrettably, nothing is so typically American as intolerance and the discrimination which results from intolerance. Contemporary writers who speak with nostalgia of the good old days when the United States was a happy, simmering melting-pot just don't know

their history. Americans have been notoriously intolerant, because, perhaps, there are so many distinct religious and national and racial groups to be intolerant of each other.

Yet, even though intolerance in general and anti-Semitism in particular are not new in the United States, and even though other minority groups have taken their turn as the victims of the majority, there is reason today to question seriously whether democracy can survive this current wave of anti-Semitism. For the first time in our history (with the exception of the clumsy efforts of the Ku Klux Klan) intolerance has ceased to be a personal pleasure and has become a controlled political weapon.

There was a time not so long ago when the much publicized rugged American individual disliked Jews or Catholics or Bohunks or Wops or Seventh Day Adventists or redheads exactly as he disliked caviar or the single standard or coloratura sopranos. It was simply a matter of personal taste. If his Jewish landlord wouldn't fix the leaky faucet, he probably disliked Jews; and if an Irish cop gave him a ticket for double parking, he probably had little affection for the Pope. A few years ago you either liked Jews and Catholics or you didn't and who cared?

Today the situation is entirely different. Those unfortunate prejudices which cause man to distrust and dislike all who are not a part of his particular heritage are being regimented

by means of an incredibly effective propaganda campaign into a political philosophy dedicated to the destruction of political democracy. Amorphous, inchoate prejudice is being directed into a rushing torrent of militant hatred.

The current victim, of course, is the Jew; and a better choice could not have been made. First, he constitutes such a small percentage of the population that he cannot resist the bullying of the majority. There are but four and one-half million Jews in the United States as compared with twenty million Catholics. Then, too, the Jew's physiognomy often sets him apart from both Protestants and Catholics, who physically are indistinguishable from each other. Finally, in the mind of nearly every citizen there lurks that latent dislike engendered by unwitting Sunday School teachers who stupidly continue to repeat to children the old story of how the Jews killed Jesus.

Probably it was Adolf Hitler who first realized the full potentiality of that latent prejudice if only it could be converted into a relentless hatred and directed into political channels. For years before the Brownshirts were unleashed upon the German populace the Hitler propaganda machine spewed its venom. A constant stream of newspapers, pamphlets, magazines and leaflets indicted the German-Jews for all the ills which beset the nation. The Jews, said Hitler, were responsible for

Germany's defeat in the World War. They were the perpetrators of the ignominious Treaty of Versailles. They brought on the disastrous inflation of the middle 'twenties in order that they might profit financially. They were responsible for unemployment and for labor strife. The list was long.

Incredible as it seems to rational, decent people, the scapegoat propaganda method worked for Adolf Hitler, and its success caused it to be adopted by unscrupulous opportunists in every democracy in the world—including the United States. The very day Hitler won Germany—January 31, 1933—William Dudley Pelley formed the Silvershirts in Asheville, North Carolina. Edward Hunter, head of the Industrial Defense Association in Boston and W. J. Cameron, founder of the Anglo-Saxon Federation in Detroit (both of whom had cooperated with Hitler's first American agent, Kurt G. W. Luedecke) began to pattern their propaganda after that of the NSDAP. Harry Jung of Chicago added Fascism to the strike-breaking, labor spying activities of his organization, the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation.

One by one they joined the parade. Winrod, True, Sanctuary, Edmondson, Clark, Deatherage, Christians, Zoll, Allen, Hudson, Phillips, Snow, Kamp, Cecil, Winter, Gulden, Hadley, Pease, Blanchard! Today, more than seven years after Hitler's successful rape of the reich, the list of Americans organizing and

propagandizing for a native version of Fascism numbers several hundred. As a group their propaganda has touched at least a third of the 130,000,000 citizens of the United States.

Not even Hitler during those years when he was "on the make" had either the quantity or the quality of the propaganda vehicles now being used by American Fascists. George Deatherage, head of both the Knights of the White Camellia and the American Nationalist Confederation, recently estimated the number of regular "Nationalist" publications in the United States to be in excess of 300. The circulation of the "Defender," Rev. Gerald B. Winrod's most important publication, is approximately 105,000 copies. Senator Robert Rice Reynolds, the North Carolina solon who has been flirting with Fascism, secured more than 30,000 subscriptions for his paper, "The Vindicator," before the second issue was released. The plant of Pelley Publishers is capable of turning out 30,000 pieces of propaganda each day. The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin speaks each Sunday to uncounted millions through the facilities of 40-odd radio stations spotted advantageously in every section of the country.

The propaganda of the American Fascists reads like a translation of that which paved the way for Hitler. The same absurd stories are told and retold until the very factor of reiteration gives them credence to people who

should know better. Apparently the Pelleys, the Winrods, and the Edmondsons have taken a leaf from Hitler's "Mein Kampf" which says

"The primitive simplicity of the mind of the masses is more easily misled by a great than a tiny lie—they are accustomed to telling insignificant lies themselves, and so can detect them. But, never having dreamed of the vast possibilities of lies, they generally fail to detect a truly gigantic distortion. . . . This is a fact which all the great falsifiers and lying societies know all too well."

The universal favorite of the American Fascists, as it was in Germany, is the yarn that Red Revolution is slated for day after tomorrow—or next week at the latest. The leadership of the Communist Party and most of its members, they say, are Jews. Therefore, the Jews must be destroyed in order to save the nation from a collectivist fate worse than death. Only a strong leader can accomplish this task.

Ridiculous? Certainly! But it worked for Hitler—after he burned the Reichstag.

But this is only the beginning. Having made the terms Jews and Communist synonymous, our native propagandists accuse the Jews of dominating organized labor, of controlling money through the Federal Reserve system, of causing unemployment, of fostering international war. The list could be extended indefinitely. Because of their belief in "the primitive simplicity of the mind of the

masses," the American Fascists hesitate not one moment to repeat "a truly gigantic distortion" as truth.

Winrod publicizes the lie that Roosevelt is a Jew named Rosenfeld, Pelley distributes copies of the so-called "Benjamin Franklin Prophecy"—a fiction which seeks to prove that this particular Founding Father urged the Constitutional Convention to exclude Jews by law. Nearly all disseminate the phoney "Protocols of the Elders of Zion."

It is not at all surprising that the propaganda of the American Fascists resembles that of the NSDAP, for much of it comes direct from Germany. Every important leader receives great quantities of "World Service Bulletins" from Frankfort-am-Main and Fichte-Bund leaflets from Hamburg. Not only do the American "Nationalists" distribute these publications, but their own writings often are plagiarisms of the German commodity. They do not bother to improve, for they are working with a tested product.

If these anti-democratic organizations were confined to the seaboard they might be ignored, for the future of the United States will be determined in the great, sprawling hinterland of the Missouri and Mississippi Valleys. But that is not the case. Although New York and Los Angeles serve as headquarters for at least 50 separate Fascist organizations, several times that number will be found inland.

The skeptic need only check at Nashville,

Chatanooga, Atlanta, Asheville, St. Albans, Washington, Wilkes-Barre, Detroit, Chicago, Terre Haute, Lincoln, Omaha, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Houston and dozens of other typical American cities and towns. Each has one or more organizations seeking to promote totalitarianism via the anti-Semitism method.

A bartender in Kansas City says: "I hear the Jews have taken over The Star and The Times." A clerk in Atlanta says: "A man was telling me that the Jews are going to force white women to marry Niggers." A shopkeeper in Denver complains that Jewish chain stores are ruining his business. A laborer says: "So John Lewis is a Jew and the Jews run the CIO." A bank teller believes the international Jewish bankers control the nation's money, and consequently, his own salary. These are but the rumblings in the hinterland which one day may be recognized as the prelude to a Fascist *coup d'etat*.

There is more than a glimmer of hope for American democracy in the fact that the various pseudo fuhrers have not been able to merge their forces into a unified program. But already three major attempts have been made to do so. The first effort was made at Asheville where in September, 1936, the nation's leading Fascists assembled under the impressive but meaningless name of the National Conference of Christian Ministers and Laymen. But the conference busted wide open,

and the temper of the delegates was not quite Christ-like. True, Jung, Edmondson and Winrod led a group of dissenters, and Major A. Cloyd Gill (ex-Hearst employe who now is reliably reported as being subsidized by a wealthy Mrs. Lambert) sought to hold together the broken pieces.

The second attempt at unification—this time called the American Christian Conference—was made in Kansas City in August of 1937. Here the representatives of 72 organizations met and fought and retreated. Very few of the leaders were willing to abdicate in favor of another.

The third and last attempt, as this is written, was that of Deatherage, Campbell and others to align the forces of American Fascism behind General George Van Horn Moseley. The Dies Committee disposed of Moseley for the time being.

Until the loose confederation of American Fascists is unified into one program and under a single leader, there is no immediate danger of a totalitarian state. Neither will there be immediate danger until the crackpots enlist a substantial number of "respectable" individuals in the high places. That second condition is in the process of being fulfilled. Detestable as he is to those who understand his program, George Van Horn Moseley is impressive to most people because of the fact that he once was the second ranking officer in the United States army. The fuhrer of the mushroom-

ing Vindicators, Senator Reynolds, wears the mantle of respectability because the people of North Carolina made the mistake of sending him to the Senate. In the lower house there is Jacob Thorkelson, representative from Montana.

If the American Fascists are successful, their first victim, of course, will be the Jews whom they cast in the tragic role of scapegoat. But the tragedy will not end there. American Aryans (whatever that may mean) have an equally important stake in the preservation of democracy. If the Bill of Rights is abrogated with respect to any given minority, it will be emasculated further to include the majority. Germany provides the object lesson.

All who wish to preserve political democracy will learn that lesson—either now while there remains time to do something about it, or later in a concentration camp.

GEORGE VAN HORN MOSELEY

When Major-General George Van Horn Moseley retired from the army September 30, 1938, he wasted little time before enlisting in the American division of Fascism's foreign legion. Hardly had his oft-decorated uniform been packed in mothballs before he donned, figuratively, the brownshirt of his ideological colleagues. Rising rapidly from the ranks, he became in eight short months a leading candidate for the fuhrership of the proposed united totalitarian state.

Newspapers have expressed rather naive astonishment at disclosures by the Dies Committee which link Moseley with a fantastic plot to establish Fascism by means of a military *coup d'etat*. This plot, allegedly, involves the wealthy New York socialite, Dudley Pierrepont Gilbert; George Deatherage, who heads the admittedly fascistic Knights of the White Camellia and the American Nationalist Confederation; James E. Campbell, figurehead boss of the American Nationalists; and Homer Chaillaux, the American Legion's high salaried professional patriot.

What the Dies Committee did not reveal is that General Moseley also has been flirting with George Christians, commander of the Crusader White Shirts; William Kullgren, California publisher who divides his energies between astrology and anti-Semitism; and Robert Edward Edmondson, most prolific of

the American Nazi propagandists. Nor has the committee mentioned the fact that Moseley has been engaged in disseminating fascist propaganda from his luxurious living quarters in the Atlanta-Biltmore Hotel, Atlanta, Ga.

It is not easy to determine when the germ of Fascism first infects a man, but in General Moseley's case the first symptom of the disease appeared the very day he retired from the army he had served for 43 years. On that occasion he issued a four-page press release which might have been written by Joe Goebbels, himself.

In a recent conversation the city editor of *The Atlanta Constitution* (Moseley's home town paper) told me local newspapermen believe the statement was pointed for Hearst's publications. The purpose, they believe, was to convince the San Simeon patriot that he had need of another columnist—namely and to wit, the just too, too patriotic general.

But Hearst did not rise to the bait, and Moseley was forced to express his opinions by means of the spoken rather than the written word.

December 14, 1938, speaking under the auspices of the New York Board of Trade to approximately 250 of the nation's leading industrialists, Moseley made an hysterical attack upon the New Deal. He said: "If both New York and Washington were burnt down tonight it would not cause a ripple in the America that I am talking about. In fact,

in Washington it might be one definite way of reducing the bureaucracy."

December 16 in the Music Room of the Hotel Biltmore, New York City, he made a sadistic attack upon the Jewish people. The committee of honor, which sponsored the meeting, included such well known anti-Semites as Robert Caldwell Patton, John Cecil, John B. Snow, Joseph P. Kamp and Allen Zoll.

Speaking before the Sentinels of the Republic March 4, Moseley spewed an address so obscene that the Sentinels publicly repudiated him.

In Philadelphia the night of March 28 an audience at the National Defense Meeting heard the general defend Nazi-ism and condone the principle of army rebellion. So unmistakably fascist was the Philadelphia speech that propagandist Edmondson immediately issued tens of thousands of copies of a leaflet headed "HAIL MOSELEY!"

"These vigilant legions," wrote Edmondson, "have been crying for 'The Leader' who will show them how to drive the invader into the Atlantic and Pacific . . . Hail Moseley!" William Dudley Pelley, commander of the Silver Shirts, evidently agreed with Edmondson, for he printed the speech in pamphlet form and distributed great quantities throughout the country.

Probably George Deatherage was the first man to recognize in Moseley those qualities of which fuehrers are made. As early as Novem-

ber 15 he wrote a correspondent in Kansas City that "We are delaying further reorganization in the hopes that we can get Gen. Geo. Van Horn Moseley, Hotel Biltmore, Atlanta, recently retired, to head up a national Christian organization that we can all back."

Evidently Deatherage enjoyed a degree of success, for the Dies Committee revealed that on December 14 he wrote Campbell to the effect that Moseley planned to establish general headquarters in Atlanta where they were to "prepare plans for the campaign," which, according to Deatherage, would be one of violence.

The next to join the Moseley bandwagon was the west coast Nazi, William Kullgren. November 29 he wrote the general outlining his purposes, and a few days later he received a letter stamping his anti-Semitic program with Moseley's approval.

Probably the last of the American Nazis to join up with Moseley was George Christians, commander-in-chief of the Crusader White Shirts. In April Christians wrote: "Your position is perfectly clear and satisfactory to our organization. . . . I happen to have selected to head two revolutionary organizations known as the American Reds and the American Fascists which handle most of the dirty work. We can take it and dish it out. . . . I would like very much to meet you and to have a talk with you in regard to the whole situation which has limitless possibilities. . . ."

I may try to run down to Atlanta in the next few days and look you up."

Christians did go to Atlanta. May 1 he told me that he and the general had a long conference in which they found themselves to be "in perfect agreement."

All during the time Moseley was making contact with the established Nazi organizations he was occupied in distributing propaganda at his own expense—that is, the expense of the democratic government which pensions him. Instead of writing his own product, he bought quantities of the stuff from Robert Edward Edmondson, James True, Charles B. Hudson and Charles W. Phillips. All specialize in anti-Semitism.

To one correspondent he wrote: "The daily press today too often gives us a very imperfect picture of the world situation, and, especially, in reference to the enemies within our gates. I am enclosing herewith four reports. Should you care to subscribe for them, you will find that the information furnished will be frankly stated and authentic." The four reports were from those writers listed above.

History has a curious knack of repeating itself. Nearly twenty years ago an unknown crack-pot by the name of Adolf Hitler needed the prestige of a military man, so he converted General Erich von Ludendorff to the embryonic Nazi movement. It would seem history has slated Major-General George Van Horn Moseley to become the Ludendorff of American Fascism.

GEORGE DEATHERAGE

George Deatherage is unique among America's imitation Hitlers. In the first place, he admits quite frankly—almost boastfully—that he is a Fascist; and in the second place, he is willing to let someone else be “The Leader,” provided, of course, that he is admitted to the inner circle of the hierarchy.

Today Mr. Deatherage lives with the C. R. Barton family in a spacious country home high on College Hill, St. Albans, W. Va. From his hilltop overlooking the Kanawha River Valley, he contemplates life with a jaundiced eye and directs the activities of his two organizations, the Knights of the White Camellia and the American Nationalist Confederation. At the moment he and his organizations are dedicated to the proposition that Major-General George Van Horn Moseley should be fuhrer of a Fascist America.

Before George Deatherage became a professional Fascist he was an engineer, and a good one—good enough, at least, to be in charge of construction for the Carbide and Carbon Chemical Corporation of South Charleston, W. Va. However, after Hitler won the German nation by a colossal bluff, the St Albans engineer just couldn't resist taking a hand in the game. He dealt himself in by forming a membership organization called the Knights of the White Camellia.

For some years Deatherage played his cards

close to the belt. He declared sententiously that his organization was devoted to preserving constitutional representative government from its enemies within and without. All this sounded very well, but the chief Camellian knight discovered he was winning no pots. His members, who were spotted in nearly every part of the country, paid dues, but even so he was forced to use his own funds in order to keep the organization solvent. In fact, he was forced to accept a few substantial contributions from such men as Howland Spencer, the New York real estate broker. In 1936 he found it financially necessary to discontinue publication of *The White Knight*, the official organ of the group.

But in 1937 George Deatherage had an idea—an idea which may prove to be a major contribution to the threatening American Fascism. The idea was quite simple: the various aspirants to the fuhrership, of which there were a hundred or more, must subordinate personal ambition to the cause of Fascism. Only as a compact body under unified leadership could they hope to gain power. To achieve this unity he formed the American Nationalist Confederation.

Early in August, 1937, the leaders of every important “Nationalist” group in the United States received this notice:

“The American Nationalist Confederation, composed of several Christian organizations and groups is calling a conference in Kansas

City, Missouri, on August 20th, for the purpose of discussing the causes of unrest underlying our present day national life and seeking immediate remedies . . ."

On the surface this notice was innocuous enough, but those who had been following the development of the Fascist movement knew there was to be an attempt to weld these organizations into a single mailed fist. Fortunately for democratic government, the leaders of the 72 organizations represented proved to be as temperamental as prima donnas. With the possible exception of Deatherage, none was willing to abdicate from his own tiny sphere of influence. August 22 the conference broke up, and Deatherage boarded a plane for California, where he was to meet Herbert Hoover—or so he said.

Not long after the ill-fated Kansas City Conference, Deatherage stopped paying lip service to the Constitution. April 9, 1938, an editorial in the "News Bulletin" (organ of the American Nationalist Confederation) began: "The time has arrived for a practical and constructive plan of government to be offered to the nation. That plan is that of the Fascist State. None other is strong enough to save the nation from complete destruction at the hands of the international control."

Exactly two weeks later the publication was decorated with the brand of Hitler. The lead editorial began: "This issue carries at the masthead our newly selected emblem—the swastika."

Deatherage's frank admission of fascistic objectives was preceded by his dismissal from the Carbide and Carbon Chemical Corporation. Probably the two incidents were more than mere coincidence.

Since his dismissal Deatherage has devoted full time to the cause of Fascism. He no longer publishes either *The White Knight* or the *News Bulletin*, but he distributes great quantities of propaganda from World Service, Frankfort-am-Main, Germany, and from James True of Washington, D.C. Last winter he attended the World Service Conference in Germany, where he delivered an address which was reprinted in a "World Service Bulletin" and sent to the entire English-speaking world.

Perhaps none of the Fascist leaders is so outspoken in his advocacy of violence as Deatherage. Sprawled in a comfortable chair on a side porch of his country home a few weeks ago, he said to me quite casually: "I wonder if you liberals have the guts to die for what you believe. If I were the boss the best you could hope for is a concentration camp. But probably it will be necessary to kill most of you."

Did I realize, he inquired, that there is in preparation a catalogue of the nation's lead-liberals? Franco, he said, had the names of a million internal enemies. The American catalogue will be larger.

As he made these comments he puffed away on a well-caked briar and stroked the head of a thoroughbred collie dog. The expression

on his face was most amiable.

Less than two weeks after this rather remarkable conversation, Deatherage was in Washington to give an accounting of himself before the Dies Committee. He admitted readily that he and James Campbell, assisted by others, were seeking to replace representative government with a totalitarian regime to be headed by Major-General George Van Horn Moseley.

This transition, apparently, was not to be a peaceful one, for Deatherage is known to have written to Campbell in the following manner: "I believe as you do that it would take military action to get this gang out. And the organization must be built around a propaganda organization now that can in a few hours be turned into a militant fighting force. That is the idea of the boss also, but it must be kept on the Q.T."

The military *coup d'etat* planned by Deatherage, Campbell and Moseley of course will not take place. Publicity given to it by the Dies Committee may succeed in driving Campbell into obscurity and Moseley into making hypocritical denials. But Deatherage will neither deny nor give up. He will make himself heard again. Deatherage takes no holiday.

GEORGE CHRISTIANS

The visitor who has talked with George Christians, commander-in-chief of the Crusader White Shirts, in his office located at 806 James Building, Chattanooga, Tenn., probably remembers two minor details which at first seemed to be unimportant. The first is a lock of hair which has been cultivated to fall across his forehead, and the second is an ordinary red building brick decorated with a printed sticker which reads: "The American Fascists."

These two items are not unimportant, however, for they are tangible symbols of George Christians' abstract philosophy. The first indicates his emulation of Adolf Hitler, even to the degree of affecting an ugly hair style, and the second expresses eloquently his faith in the efficacy of violence.

Perhaps the chief reason why the country has heard so little of George Christians and the Crusader White Shirts is the fact that the local newspapers—all three of them—have barred him and his organization from their columns. They look upon him rather contemptuously as an ineffectual crack-pot unworthy of space in the news.

It may be that the newspapers are correct in their estimate of Christians, but the Secret Service agents who guard President Roosevelt are not in agreement. For several weeks before the President visited Chattanooga last

November, and during the time he was there, the agents responsible for his safety paid a great deal of attention to Mr. Christians. In fact, he was under constant surveillance. Their reasons, they believed, justified such drastic action.

Later it was revealed that during the previous September Christians had urged striking employees of the Tennessee Electric Power Company (several of whom were members of the Crusader White Shirts) to cut off all electric power the night before the President was to arrive. To a reporter from *The Chattanooga News* he said ominously: "Lots of things can happen in the dark." He added that he was not interested in the President's safety "one way or the other," but "somebody usually gets killed when a revolution starts."

"It was our idea," he boasted, "to seize the courthouse and city hall, then take over Nashville and raise the red flag over the state capital, then strike in California. The next objective would have been Chicago, then New York and finally Washington."

The Chattanooga News believed this incident justified abrogating the self-imposed ban and published a brief story, but *The Chattanooga Free Press* criticized its colleague editorially the next day. *The Chattanooga Times* remained disdainfully silent about the whole affair.

Like George Deatherage of the Knights of the White Camellia, George Christian is an

engineer by profession. In addition to being the inventor of a widely used asphalt grouting process, Mr. Christians owns and manages a profitable business known as the American Asphalt Grouting Company. In his profession he ranks very high, but that is not enough to satisfy the ambitious engineer. He aspires to be "The Leader."

In conversation with me May 1 of this year, Mr. Christians said it was during the late 'twenties that he formulated a new economic theory which he calls the Human Effort Money System. For a time he sought unsuccessfully to interest business leaders in his Utopian scheme, but in 1931 he sought a new audience for his proselyting. He formed the Crusader White Shirts, a membership organization dedicated to the establishment of a modified corporate state by means of violent revolution. Then, when Hitler demonstrated the potentialities of Fascism, he converted the organization into an openly Fascist group.

Capitalizing upon the dissatisfaction and discouragement resulting from the depression, Christians established organizers and chapters in nearly every section of the nation and enrolled members who believed any change would be an improvement over a system which permitted wholesale unemployment and insecurity. Estimates of maximum membership range from a few thousand, the opinion of the editors of *Fortune* magazine, to a million or more, the opinion of Col. John P. Abbott.

The latter figure undoubtedly is too high, but the former is not enough.

To his followers Christians sent some of the most inflammatory pamphlets and leaflets ever to come from an American Fascist organization. A few extracts from one known as "General Orders" will indicate the general tone of these communications.

"No unit of the Crusader White Shirts," he wrote, "should attempt any positive action until it has been thoroughly drilled and officered and perfect discipline has been obtained, nor should it attempt to move until it is sufficiently strong to accomplish its purpose without any chance of failure. The first objective should be to take control of the local government. . . . Preparation should then be made at once for the Crusade to Washington. . . . As soon as you are fully equipped and prepared to go to Washington, report to the Commander-in-Chief . . . stating the number of men, how equipped and time required to reach Washington, but do not move until ordered. Nothing must fail. . . . Read these orders very carefully. Strike hard, straight and swiftly. Get what you start out to get."

The Crusader White Shirts flourished for a time, as far as membership is concerned, but during the last year or so the membership roles have been declining. But Mr. Christians is a very resourceful individual; faced with failure he adopted a new approach. At the moment there is being formed a new organiza-

tion to be known as the Economic Liberty Movement, which seeks to make a religion of the Human Effort Money System. Ten thousand handbills are being distributed as a trial balloon.

Mr. Christians aspires to become "The Leader," but he is quite willing to cooperate with his rivals—to a degree. He is known to have been in contact with George Deatherage, with William Gregg Blanchard II, head of the White Front, and with Lois de LaFayette Washburn of the National Liberty Party. Recently he has been in touch with General George Van Horn Moseley. After a series of letters they met in Atlanta in April, and according to Christians, they found themselves to be "in perfect agreement."

Christians admits quite frankly that he has no personal feeling regarding Jews. However, he is willing to employ the propaganda device of anti-Semitism in order to achieve his ends. The masses, he says, are so constituted that they can be swayed only by giving them a leader to follow and a group to hate. Although lacking in most of the Christian virtues, Mr. Christians at least is honest.

By the time one concludes an interview with Mr. Christians, the significance of the lock of hair and the decorated brick becomes quite clear.

GERALD B. WINROD

The fertile soil of those much publicized Kansas plains produce two chief commodities—wheat and politicians. Sometimes the drought—or maybe it's a flood—destroys the wheat, but the politicians thrive, despite the vagaries of nature.

Kansans are justifiably proud of those vast fields of golden wheat, but many would like to forget some of the politicians. However, history has a nasty way of keeping alive the memories of such characters as prohibition's hatchet woman, Carrie Nation, and "Sockless Jerry" Simpson, and "Doc" (goat-gland-grafter) Brinkley, who in 1930 was "written in" for the governorship, only to be "counted out."

The present crop of prairie politicians is one of the most spectacular in generations in that it represents the leadership in three major schools of political thought. First, there is Alf M. Landon, who in 1936 wore a sunflower in his lapel and carried the standard of the Republican Party in his right hand. Then there is Earl Browder, the ex-Kansan who became Stalin's ambassador to the United States. Last, and perhaps not the least important, is the Reverend Gerald B. Winrod, who has been aptly dubbed the "Jayhawk Nazi."

It would be an unfortunate mistake to count Winrod out of the picture simply because in

1938 he did not secure the Republican nomination to the United States Senate. To be sure, he was beaten by Clyde Reed, but in defeat he secured more than 50,000 votes, which in Kansas is substantial strength in a four-way race. After his defeat he did not give up. Today he is stronger than he was when the electorate almost put him in the national Senate. Certainly he cannot be dismissed as a has-been.

The careers of the Winrods, both father and son Gerald, have been spotty, to say the least. There is a story, which may be apocryphal, that the elder Winrod first served his generation by serving drinks in the first saloon hatcheted by Carrie Nation—after which he saw the light, became converted, and established the Defenders' Tabernacle in Wichita.

Son Gerald was born in Wichita, where he received the best education the local grammar school had to offer, after which he was placed in the custody of an itinerant evangelist, who tutored him in the ways of soul-saving (at a profit) for several years. Then he took a couple of correspondence courses in journalism. But his crowning educational triumph was an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity—a little present from a friend who had a lot of them in stock.

For a time young Winrod was employed as a clerk by a public utilities company in Eldorado, Kansas, but during the 'twenties he escaped the tiresome routine of business by

joining William Jennings Bryan and the lesser lights in that comic parade of the anti-Simians. It was during this war between fundamentalism and evolution that he established a tiny magazine, *Defender*, which took as its battle cry the old hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers."

Eventually the public lost its zest for the pyrotechnics of the fundamentalists, and Winrod joined another crusade—that of anti-Catholicism. There is no evidence to support the thesis that he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan, but he is known to have made several speeches eulogizing the hooded hoodlums. Then, when the Klan lost its power, and his anti-Catholic crusade fell as flat as yesterday's beer, he was forced to look about for something else to be anti. In 1933 he found it.

Shortly after Hitler came to power, Winrod announced in *Defender* that he had discovered a group of Jewish conspirators were plotting to overthrow the United States government. The circulation of his magazine skyrocketed from 30,000 to 50,000—then to more than 100,000. The reverend had uncovered pay dirt, and no one knew it better than himself. In December, 1934, he borrowed a few dollars, with which he bought a new suit of clothes and a ticket to Germany. Back in Wichita seven weeks later, dressed in expensive clothes and wielding a mean check book, he announced to his staff that he had been right all the time. All that was wrong with the world was the

Jew. He said: "I am now absolutely sure of going to the United States Senate. When there I will make it my sounding board."

Winrod did not file for the Republican nomination until 1938, but the preceding years were devoted to paving the way. He circularized the old "Doc" Brinkley mailing list of 150,000 names with tons of propaganda. He supplemented *Defender* with *The Constitutionalist* and *The Revealer*. He made speeches throughout the State. He spent more than \$4,000 for a sound truck. Just prior to the nominations he spoke weekly over the "Kansas Chain" of radio stations.

In the meantime his writings were as violently Fascist, as bitterly anti-Semitic, as anything which had appeared in the United States at that time. To be sure, he denied he was a Jew hater, employing the I-gotta-friend method; but his writings speak for themselves. He accused Roosevelt of being a Jew; he discovered that Baby Lindbergh was killed as a part of a Jewish-Communist plot; both the Spanish and Chinese Wars were Jew inspired; so was the World War.

In his writings Winrod defended Hitler and Mussolini with enthusiasm. In *Defender*, December, 1936, he published an article from which this is an extract: "In Germany and Italy the home is revered. Divorce is frowned upon. The children belong to the parents. In Germany and Italy the church is revered. Hence . . ." Germany and Italy were all right.

Just before the election it was estimated that Winrod was spending more than \$5,000 a week. The candidate said he was being financed by the contributions of friends, but those who have tried passing the hat in Kansas suspect that quite a substantial number of those American dollars were naturalized German Reichsmark.

The evidence is circumstantial, to be sure, but many a man has been hanged under circumstances less convincing. In 1934 Winrod had to beg money to get to Germany, but he returned bedecked in expensive clothes and carrying a check book, which, like Hitler's "Mein Kampf," has gone through several editions.

On August 2, 1938, Winrod was beaten for the Republican nomination to the United States Senate. A number of influential men opposed him, but his defeat has been credited by many to Ray Rynnion, editorial writer for the *Kansas City Journal-Post* and to L. M. Birkhead, national director of Friends of Democracy.

But Winrod has not accepted defeat. Today his printing presses continue to turn out great quantities of propaganda. He speaks before the microphone and from the platform. There are other years coming, and other campaigns; and Winrod will again be in the news.

THE ANGLO-SAXON FEDERATION OF AMERICA

Perhaps it seems a far cry from the industrial city of Dearborn, Mich., to the sleepy town of Haverhill, Mass., but they are linked together by the person of W. J. Cameron, best known to millions of Americans as the voice of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

Dearborn is well known as the headquarters of the Ford Motor Company; Haverhill is not so well known as the headquarters of the anti-Semitic Anglo-Saxon Federation of America. Cameron belongs to both. There is reason to believe that Henry Ford owns the latter as well as the former.

There is a preface to the story of the Anglo-Saxon Federation—not a pretty narrative, to be sure, but one which should be dug from its almost forgotten grave and exhibited before those who are contemplating buying a new Ford. That preface might be sub-titled "Model-T Anti-Semitism."

The preface begins in 1920 when Ford's newspaper, *The Dearborn Independent*, began publishing a series of anti-Semitic articles. Not only was the paper edited by W. J. Cameron, but the majority of the articles were written by none other than the same Mr. Cameron.

As the years passed, the articles became increasingly bitter, and eventually the worst of the lot were reprinted in a 259-page book

called "The International Jew." The general tone of the book is indicated by these typical chapter titles:

An Introduction to the Jewish "Protocols"
 The All-Jewish Mark on "Red Russia"
 The Jewish Aspect of the Movie Problem
 Are the Jews Victims or Persecutors?
 Jewish Jazz Becomes Our National Music
 How Jewish Internal Finance Functions

Not only did Mr. Ford sponsor a program of anti-Semitism in his paper and the book, but he did more than any other American to popularize the discredited "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion." February 17, 1921, he made this statement to a reporter from the old *New York World*: "The only statement I care to make about the 'Protocols' is that they fit in with what is going on. They are 16 years old, and they have fitted the world situation up to this time. They fit it now."

Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the Ford trademark disappeared from anti-Semitism. Perhaps the industrialist really had a change of heart, or it may be that his business fell off when a large number of Americans refused to buy the automotive by-product of a man whose chief stock-in-trade was hate. But no matter how dubious the motive, there remains the fact that on June 30, 1927, he recanted in a cowardly manner worthy of an anti-Semite. His statement in part follows:

"For some time past I have given con-

sideration to the series of articles concerning Jews which since 1920 have appeared in *The Dearborn Independent*. Some of them have been reprinted in pamphlet form under the title of 'The International Jew.' Although both publications are my property, it goes without saying that in the multitude of my activities it has been impossible for me to devote personal attention to their management or to keep informed as to their contents. It has therefore inevitably followed that the conduct and policies of these publications had to be delegated to men whom I placed in charge of them and upon whom I relied implicitly.

"To my great regret I have learned that Jews generally, and particularly those of this country, not only resent these publications as promoting anti-Semitism, but regard me as their enemy. . . .

"This has led me to direct my personal attention to this subject in order to ascertain the exact nature of these articles. As a result of this survey I confess that I am deeply mortified that this journal, which is intended to be constructive and not destructive, has been made the medium for resurrecting exploded fictions, for giving currency to the so-called 'Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion,' which have been demonstrated, as I learn, to be gross forgeries. . . ."

Ford's plea that he was unaware of the contents of *The Dearborn Independent* was refuted most effectively by E. G. Pipp, who resigned as editor-in-chief of the paper because he would have no part of the anti-Semitic program. Shortly after Ford's apology Pipp wrote: "I am not saying that Ford knew as to the truth or falsity of every statement published in his 91 articles against the Jews. I am saying that the campaign was ordered by him and carried on with his knowledge."

In fact, Ford's anti-Semitism was general knowledge throughout the world. When Kurt G. W. Luedecke, Hitler's first American representative, came to the United States he hastened to Ford headquarters. Later in his memoirs he wrote:

"During my hurried visit to America in 1921 I had found time for several talks with W. J. Cameron, the editor of Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*. That publication was now embarked on an anti-Jewish campaign, and Cameron was writing and publishing a series of explosive articles. Nothing so outspoken had previously appeared in print in the United States. . . . Cameron, the capable journalist who had so successfully phrased Ford's inarticulate racial uneasiness, had been very receptive when we met. He was naturally eager for outside assistance. . . ."

Perhaps Ford really had a change of heart, but Cameron certainly did not. Shortly after

the Ford apology Cameron said to Luedecke: "I don't know yet what I am going to do. But it is certain that I for my part will never make any retraction. What I have written will stand. Not one thing will I take back. You can be sure of that."

That concludes the preface.

In 1928 there appeared an organization called the Anglo-Saxon Federation of America. Its officers included W. J. Cameron as president and Howard B. Rand as secretary-general. General offices were located at 610 Fox Building, Detroit, Mich.

The official publication of the organization was an expensive monthly magazine called *Destiny*, which at first devoted its pages to proving the thesis that the Anglo-Saxons, not the Jews, are the true sons of Israel. Invoking some history that would make Charles Beard scratch his head in bewilderment, writers for *Destiny* managed to convince themselves, at least, that the ten lost tribes of Israel really were not lost at all. They wandered to Europe and eventually settled the so-called Anglo-Saxon countries.

Certainly there was little reason to become alarmed about such historical and religious drivel, but it was not long until the federation emerged in what was to be its real crusade—anti-Semitism. Although *Destiny* became only mildly anti-Semitic, the organization began distributing some of the most obscene of Nazi propaganda. There are count-

less thousands of copies of the "Protocols" in this country stamped by the Cameron organization, although in 1927 Ford dubbed them "gross forgeries."

Thus far the Anglo-Saxon Federation has limited its activities to the widespread dissemination of propaganda. There is no official "shirts" group to terrify the anti-Fascist opposition, unless Harry Bennet's Service Men, operating in the various Ford plants, fulfill this strong-arm function in an unofficial capacity.

There is reason to believe that the Anglo-Saxon revival of Model-T anti-Semitism is giving the Ford Motor Company a little trouble, for during the past four years Cameron has been trying to make himself disappear. First he resigned as president of the organization. In June, 1936, he ceased to be editor of *Destiny*, although he retained the title, Chairman of Publications Committee. Then he discarded even that. Later, under the figure-head leadership of Howard B. Rand, the organization moved from Detroit to Haverhill, although the magazine continues to be published in Detroit.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Rand I asked if commuting to Detroit was not something of a chore. He explained his presence in Haverhill by saying he found it difficult to work in Detroit in the summer. The climate and all that. . . .

I also asked Mr. Rand why Mr. Cameron

had ceased to be editor of the magazine and president of the federation. He replied that Mr. Ford was keeping Cameron so busy these days that he had no time for outside activities.

The most active of the Anglo-Saxon units is a regional office located at 834 McCormick Building, Chicago. From this headquarters Mr. S. A. Ackley provides anti-Semitic literature to all who will read it. A few months ago he wrote this to a mid-western correspondent:

"Regret that we cannot supply you with the pamphlet, "The Jewish Question," by Sawyer. We do carry a booklet entitled "The Program of Confusion" along the same lines, which sells for 20 cents. We can also get copies of the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion if you wish."

At the risk of offending Mr. Rand, who does not appear to be a very modest fellow, I repeat that he is a figurehead front for W. J. Cameron, who in turn is the voice of the Dearborn individualist, Henry Ford. But while Rand continues his rather odoriferous operations, the feudal lord of Dearborn makes automobiles, distributes Guffey Readers and restores historical landmarks; and Cameron would have it appear that he devotes all his time to writing and delivering radio speeches for his boss. It is a deceptive facade.

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Superimpose the various Fascist leaders one upon the other, scramble their methods and objectives into one all-inclusive program, add a dash of Hollywood, and the composite picture is that of William Dudley Pelley, fuhrer of the Silvershirts, owner of Pelley Publishers, and standardbearer of the Christian Party.

The story of William Dudley Pelley is the type of success story that Horatio Alger, Jr., might have written and the *American Magazine* likes to publish. Surmounting serious obstacles, he has risen in his chosen profession until today he owns the most profitable and best known hate factory in the United States.

The building which houses his offices and printing plant (the former Biltmore-Oteen Bank Building, Biltmore, N.C.) cost him \$20,000, cash on the barrel head. His presses turn out 30,000 pieces of propaganda daily. His Silvershirts storm troopers are spotted in nearly every section of the country. The extent of his activities is indicated by the fact that he spends more than \$40,000 in Asheville and Biltmore each year in the form of payroll and merchandise payments.

Even the beginning of the story of Bill Pelley has the Alger touch. Born in staid old New England, the son of a Methodist minister who represented "uncontaminated English stock," he climbed rapidly from printer to

newspaper publisher to magazine editor to executive in a toilet paper company. But this was not enough for the ambitious Mr. Pelley, so he became a free-lance writer for the "slicks." Possessing a flair for fiction of the they-lived-happily-ever-after type, he peddled his stuff to *Redbook*, *Colliers*, *American Magazine*, *Good Housekeeping* and others.

His minor successes were legion, but his greatest fictional triumph occurred in March, 1929, when *American Magazine* published "Seven Minutes in Eternity," a supposedly true account of how Pelley's spiritual something or other left his physical body, after which it soared into the vast unknown, where it conversed with the dead. So successful was this little fantasy that he wrote "Why I Believe the Dead are Alive."

All this was fine stuff, and very profitable, but still Pelley was not satisfied. In April, 1932, he went to Asheville, N.C. and announced that he would establish a school of economics to be sponsored by the Foundation for Christian Economics of New York City and Washington, D.C. So in the former Asheville Clubhouse for Women, a fine building in one of the city's finest residential districts, William Dudley Pelley launched his Fascist crusade. It was called—of all things—Galalah College.

The Silver Shirts were formed on January 31, 1933—the day Hitler became master of Germany. These storm troopers, which at one time claimed a membership in excess of

2,000,000, were dressed in silver shirts, blue corduroy pants and gold stockings. Units were formed throughout the nation.

The voice of the fuehrer was a small weekly magazine called *Liberation* and published by the Galahad Press, Inc., a subsidiary of the Foundation for Christian Economics. However, the magazine was printed by a small private firm, the Biltmore Press, so the Galahad Press was simply a paper organization. All physical equipment belonged to the Biltmore Press.

After what seemed to be an auspicious beginning, the Pelley organizations began to have trouble with the courts. April 18, 1934, an involuntary petition in bankruptcy was filed in the United States District Court against the Galahad Press, Inc., alleging that the corporation was indebted to the Biltmore Press, to Robert Summerville, who was managing editor of *Liberation*, and to the Foundation for Christian Economics. May 2, 1934, Galahad Press, Inc., was adjudged bankrupt by Federal Judge E. Yates Webb. It was revealed that the organization had liabilities of \$13,986 and assets of only \$8,176.

But that was only the beginning. In May, 1934, Pelley and two assistants, Robert C. Summerville and Don D. Kellogg, were indicted for having violated the Blue Sky Laws of the State. They were charged, first, with having offered for sale unregistered stock in Galahad Press, Inc.; and, second, with having

misrepresented the financial condition of the corporation.

May 23, 1934, Summerville and Kellogg were arrested, but Pelley had disappeared. However, June 15 he surrendered to the sheriff and was released by a bond guaranteed by the Consolidated Bonding Company of Asheville.

During the six month period between surrender and trial Pelley was far from inactive. July 9 he was granted a divorce from Marian Harriet Pelley. July 26 he married his former secretary, Miss Minnie Helen Hausmann, who admitted to being a year older than the 44-year-old groom. August 29 he began publishing another magazine called *Pelley's Weekly*.

January 22, 1935, after a 12-day trial, Pelley and Summerville were convicted. Youthful Don Kellogg was acquitted. February 18 Pelley was sentenced to serve one to two years in the state prison at Raleigh and to pay a fine of \$1,000 plus costs of \$719.50. However, the prison sentence was suspended with certain provisions.

Since violation of the Blue Sky Laws is classed as a felony, Pelley and Summerville lost their citizenship for a period of four years.

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Christian Party, whose slogan was: "For Christ and Constitution."

Establishing headquarters at 3005 Arcade Building, Seattle, Wash., and employing W. W. "Twitcher" McDonald as campaign manager, Pelley undertook to storm the White House. McDonald, incidentally, is quite a fellow. Shortly before his employment by Pelley he earned his livelihood by peddling newspapers on the corner of Third Avenue and Virginia Street in Seattle. As campaign manager his most profound remark was, and probably still is: "Jews gotta be wiped out."

Pelley's platform began in this manner: "It has been estimated that 10,000,000 Jews have come into the United States since the World War in utter contempt for the Immigration Quota Laws. By the power of vast sums of money first wrung from the American people by the depredations of the depression, they have everywhere wormed their way into political control, financial domination, and relief administration. . . . I propose to defranchise the Jew by Constitutional Amendment, to make it impossible for a Jew to own property in the United States excepting under the same licensing system successfully employed against Occidentals in Japan, and to limit Jews in the professions, trades and sciences by license according to their quotas of representation in the population. . . ."

In his speeches Pelley was even more outspoken. Speaking before a crowd of 500 people in German Hall, Los Angeles, he declared

frankly: "The time has come for an American Hitler and a pogrom."

Well, Pelley did not win the election. In fact, he did not even carry Maine and Vermont. But he was not discouraged by his defeat. Returning to Asheville, he concentrated on his publishing business, and today Pelley Publishers is by far the most important of the American Fascist propaganda factories. It is capable of manufacturing nearly ten pieces of propaganda each year for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Like many Fascists, Pelley imagines himself the victim of persecution. Occasionally it is rather amusing. March 10, 1939, he sent the following note to Chief of Police Charles W. Dermid:

"Reports have come in to me today from various local sources that numbers of youthful Jewish hoodlums intend to visit our publishing plant on Lodge Street in Biltmore tonight or tomorrow night, wreck the windows and sabotage building and equipment, as a protest against our too effective publishings against the Jewish sponsorship of Communism. . . . May I respectfully request the required police protection. . . .?"

Shortly before midnight the police received a call that a window at Pelley headquarters had been smashed. A car dashed to the scene of the alleged crime, but the minions of the law discovered the windows had not been broken. The glass had been stained, however, by several over-ripe tomatoes.

ROBERT EDWARD EDMONDSON

If there should develop an American Fascism, it is not improbable that the portfolio of Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment will be dumped in the lap of Robert Edward Edmondson, self-styled "Publicist-Economist," who from his retreat in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania, floods the nation with his anti-Semitic "Vigilante Bulletins."

The elderly but energetic Mr. Edmondson lives and works at a rural retreat known as The Maples some 20 miles from Wilkes Barre. His printing plant, hidden in the mountains like a hill-billy's still, grinds out tens of thousands of pieces of propaganda monthly which are mailed from Wilkes Barre, Shavertown, Dallas and surrounding towns. During his spare moments he ingratiates himself with the country folk by attending box suppers, church socials and discussing the current price of corn.

Not always was Mr. Edmondson's manner of living so bucolic. As a matter of fact, until a few months ago he was something of a city slicker, with offices at 400 West 160th Street, New York City. This address served as headquarters for his organization, the Edmondson Economic Service.

Despite the fact he fathered an organization man, Edmondson is not an organization man. His latest is propaganda, and his latest is a large leaflet, yecept

"Vigilante Bulletin," which he peddles at the rate of 70 or 80 for \$1. The organization is a lifeless straw man, which theoretically assumes responsibility for the propaganda.

Edmondson's bulletins are the most widely distributed of native American Fascist propaganda. Not only does their author disseminate tons each year, but dozens of fascistic groups buy them wholesale and resell them on a retail basis or give them away. Even General George Van Horn Moseley!

It is always interesting to determine why the Edmondsons of the nation turn Fascist. In 1935 he explained his own conversion in this manner:

"You see, I was in the business of giving economic advice. I had as clients businessmen who wanted to know what was going on in financial circles, in industrial enterprises, and in the field of economics generally. I had many clients and a comfortable income of \$50,000 annually. But I was all the time running up against a force which I did not understand. I was able eventually to discover that that force was a well organized international conspiracy and that the Jews were responsible for it.

"I want to be able to instruct the humblest citizen," Edmondson added, "and I am sure that when the American people understand how they are being duped by the Jews they'll throw off this yoke and put the Jews in their place."

So Edmondson undertook his crusade to "instruct the humblest citizen." He wrote both leaflets and pamphlets, and he did not bother to mince words. In her syndicated column dated May 28, 1936, Dorothy Thompson reprinted this letter, which, she said, was sent to her by Edmondson:

"Dear Madam:

These two pamphlets are sent you by Post 22 of the Christian Vigilantes, in the name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, who was foully murdered by the Jew Kikes. Over 170,000 of these two pamphlets have been distributed in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa. Death to the Jew-infested League of Nations. Heil Hitler!"

Continuing, Edmondson invited Miss Thompson to enlist in a war "against Jews, Niggers, Japs, Chinese, all other colored un-Aryan swine, Communists, pacifists, strikers, internationalists, under the Radiant Cross of Jesus." The motto of this Christ-like organization, according to the letterhead, was "Christian Nordic White America will in the spirit of Hitler, keep the Jews and Niggers in their place of Jim Crow inferiority." Edmondson denied authorship of the letter.

So obscene and vicious were Edmondson's writings that eventually they came to the attention of New York's Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, who wrote the following letter to District Attorney William C. Dodge:

"I have just issued a summons, returnable in the Magistrate's Court, First District, Manhattan, on a complaint made to me charging the offense of criminal libel against one, Robert Edward Edmondson, and with so many ramifications that I request your personal attention and your representation at the hearing. It is most important that there be a thorough investigation of the alleged crime.

"It is repulsive to all thinking citizens that religious prejudice, bigotry, and racial hatreds should exist in this country. It requires watchfulness on the part of the public officials, for the simple reason that, unless checked, this type of agitation may incite a breach of the peace and public disorder. . . .

"The police inform me as follows: 'That offices are maintained seemingly for the purpose of disseminating literature of the type which I send you, sold in sets of 80 or 90 for \$1. Copies are sold for cash. Orders are received also by mail, but the sets are shipped by express. I have information of a shipment into the County of the Bronx, and I am therefore sending a copy of this letter to the District Attorney of the Bronx, so that he may inquire into the violation of any law within his jurisdiction.'"

Dodge conducted a complete investigation, and on the basis of material furnished by

him a Grand Jury on June 11, 1936, indicted Edmondson on three counts: libeling Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor; libeling Virginia C. Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College; and libeling the Jewish religion.

For a time there was consternation in the ranks of the American Fascists. They raised a defense fund; they bleated pitifully about the civil liberties; they even shouted about their love of democracy. In this particular case, however, their fears were unfounded, for Judge James Garret Wallace of General Sessions was forced to dismiss the three indictments, the first two because "these indictments on their face do not set forth a crime," and the third because a religion cannot be libeled.

Although Judge Wallace dismissed Edmondson, he had no sympathy for the defendant, if one may judge from his opinion, in which he declared: "We must suffer the demagogue and the charlatan in order to make certain that we do not limit or restrain the honest commentator on public affairs."

Edmondson was much more cautious after the trial. Perhaps it was his fear of another session with the New York courts that caused him in 1938 to move to the Pennsylvania mountains, 20 miles from Wilkes Barre.

During the Newspaper Guild strike which paralyzed the Wilkes Barre paper from October, 1938, until March, 1939, Edmondson for the first time plunged into local affairs.

Not only did he circularize the townspeople with anti-guild literature, but he sent a bulletin to 400 of the nation's leading editors and publishers asking if they were going to permit America's free press to fall into the hands of the Jews. Citing Wilkes Barre as a horrible example of Jewish domination of the press, he stressed the fact that the head of the local unit of the guild was a Jew. It so happened that the gentleman in question was an Aryan Episcopalian, but Edmondson was never one to let truth interfere in one of his crusades.

Speaking of crusades, Edmondson was one of the first to jump on the Moseley bandwagon which recently was upset by the Dies Committee. Under the date of March 29, 1939, Edmondson published a bulletin which ended in this manner:

"Millions of fighting Americans, now informed as to the cause of their suppression and suffering, impatiently await fearless, selfless, able leadership to coalesce into a mighty liberation army. This is not impassioned wishful thinking. It is based on first hand contact with every quarter of the country. These vigilant legions have been crying for 'The Leader' who will show them how to drive the invader into the Atlantic and Pacific. Your demonstrated independence is typical of that unbeatable individualistic and resourceful Americanism which conquered the continent. The Enemy Master Smear-Factory's

attacks on you prove that you constitute a great danger to the subversive plans of Jewry, which dominates the press that discredits your motives. The foe realizes that materialistic weapons are fatally futile before an indomitable will and a consecrated spirit—invulnerable armour in a righteous cause like ours. In this great redemption crusade to restore the Republic, we patriots know that you have already laid your life, your fortune and your sacred honor on the altar of American patriotism. Can we do less? Hail Moseley!"

That last sentence—"Hail Moseley!"—is typical of Robert Edward Edmondson. He does not aspire to become the fuhrer, but no matter who succeeds, he wants to be the American counterpart of Paul Joseph Goebbels. With the possible exceptions of James True and William Dudley Pelley there is no better qualified candidate.

SENATOR ROBERT RICE REYNOLDS

The present frequently indulges in the questionable practice of plagiarizing the past. To wit! More than a century ago the congressional representative from Buncombe County, North Carolina, inflicted such ridiculous and boring speeches upon his long suffering colleagues that the name of his county was destined to be included in dictionaries to signify specious reasoning and bombastic oratory. Thus, there is repetitious familiarity in the fact that Capitol Hill's most successful contemporary vendor of buncombe—or just plain bunk—is none other than Senator Robert Rice Reynolds, who fittingly hails from Buncombe's mountains. Or perhaps I should say "heils."

Elected to the United States Senate in 1932 by the biggest majority ever given a North Carolina candidate, and re-elected in 1938 by another landslide, "Our Bob" Reynolds has succeeded in making himself far more ridiculous than that legendary neighbor who added a word to the language and a million words to the Congressional Record. Very much in public he plastered a none too platonic kiss on the mouth of streamlined Jean Harlow; he accepted \$1,000 for endorsing a popular brand of cigarettes; and with an unceasing barrage of buncombe he has waged a war of attrition against aliens which dwarfs the memory of

William Hale Thompson's private war on King George V.

But "Our Bob" isn't so ridiculous these days. A man ceases to be ridiculous when he becomes dangerous, and the junior Senator from North Carolina is as dangerous as he once was clownish. Not only is he the author of five vicious anti-alien bills now under consideration by the Senate, but he is the founder and the *fuehrer* of The Vindicators, an organization which shares Hitler's devotion to democracy.

As the vindictive Vindicator says, "America is going through a very trying period. What's the answer? Nationalism is the answer. The other great nations are realizing it."

On another occasion he is reported to have said: "I want someone in the United States to take us out of the darkness and lead us into sunshine. May we be provided with a deliverer."

With God-like paternalism Reynolds undertook to provide the "deliverer," which, by a strange coincidence, happened to be Senator Robert Rice Reynolds. The vehicle of deliverance was to be The Vindicators, a fact which was announced to the press on January 31 of this year.

For a time the Senator legislated from Suite 229 of the Senate Office Building and vindicated through Lock Box No. 1823, but as business picked up in both lines he was forced

to establish a separate headquarters for his extra curricular activities. This headquarters, ironically, is located at 1 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D.C., just across the street from the *sanctum sanctorum* of American justice, the Supreme Court Building.

The Vindicators hide their real purposes behind this deceptive facade of "objectives": keep America out of war; register and fingerprint all aliens; stop all immigration for the next 10 years; deport all alien criminals and undesirables; banish all foreign isms.

All foreign isms, it seems, cry loudly for the banishment of all foreign isms.

The printed voice of The Vindicators is *The American Vindicator*, which has been published monthly since April. With an unexpected sense of fitness, Reynolds announced in the first issue that the official banner would be a coiled snake on a yellow background. The general tone of the publication was set by contributor John B. Trevor, president of the American Coalition, which represents more than a hundred organizations ranging from the too, too patriotic D.A.R. to the fascistic Industrial Defense Association.

Harry Carrol was bought to serve as executive vice-president of The Vindicators Association, Inc.; W. E. McDonald, Reynolds' personal secretary, was made national secretary; and a young woman by the name of Miss Watts was placed in charge of the clerical staff.

When I was at Vindicator headquarters in May, Miss Watts boasted that paid membership exceeded 30,000. So busy was the staff, she said, that more clerks were to be employed, and already arrangements were being made to get additional office space. The place really was crowded, for all available floor space was stacked high with envelopes bearing the franking signature of Robert Rice Reynolds.

Senator Reynolds ladles out his franking privilege with a lavish hand. Not only does he extend it to *The Vindicators*, but he permits his name to be used by avowed fascists. When a graduate student at the University of West Virginia was at the headquarters of the swastika-branded American Nationalist Confederation early this year, he saw a great quantity of official envelopes bearing the signature of Senator Reynolds. George Deatherage, head of the group, said he had arranged to distribute copies of the Senator's speeches to members of the confederation. In response to a letter from the student, Reynold's personal secretary replied: "We have had some correspondence with him (Deatherage) and it appears that he is thoroughly acquainted with what Senator Reynolds is trying to accomplish."

But George Deatherage is not the only fascist to claim the Buncombe County legislator as kinfolk. In the March 28th issue of his magazine, *Liberation*, William Dudley

Pelley, head of the Silvershirts, wrote: "Reynolds, drawing money from the federal till, espouses a duplication of Pelley's movement seven years late. . . ."

But Senator Reynolds is not worried about duplication of effort. When asked by a constituent concerning his attitude toward Pelley, the Senator is reported to have replied: "There is room in this work for all of us."

Thus far, Reynolds has used the alien rather than a religious group as his scapegoat, but he has found it quite difficult to conceal his pronounced anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism. In an early edition of *The American Vindicator* he urged: "We invite you to join us, regardless of race, creed or politics. Let the Protestant people stand as one great army against the attacks made upon our democracy and Christianity." It would have made about as much sense if he had said: "Let all Catholics and Jews join us in an attack upon Catholics and Jews."

Although Reynolds has sought to conceal his racial and religious prejudices, other officers and members of *The Vindicators* have not been so cagy. In a letter to a prospective organizer, National Secretary McDonald wrote: "There are absolutely no Jews attached to the membership of this organization."

Since Reynolds is making a strong bid for power via the fascist method, it would be instructive to recapitulate his convictions, but that is a most difficult task. During his first

six years in the Senate, he apparently had no credo. In the manner of the skilled opportunist he appeared to believe in nothing except the career of Robert Rice Reynolds. Consequently, he flitted from cause to cause with the agility of a chimpanzee in an African jungle. When first he toured Republican Spain, he frequently gave the clenched fist salute, but when in Italy he learned to raise his arm in the fascist salute with equal enthusiasm.

Upon his return from Russia in 1937, he had nothing but praise for what laughingly passes for Communism in the U.S.S.R. He said: "The people seemed content. All were working. There was no idleness anywhere..."

But in 1939 Reynolds skipped to his current enthusiasm. Nazi-ism and Fascism became the panaceas. The Congressional Record carries this interesting extract from a Reynolds speech: "Mussolini is thinking about the Italians; and the dictators are doing what is best for their people. I say it is high time we find out how they are doing it, and why they are progressing so rapidly."

The Congressional Record also includes this little plug for Hitler: "Hitler has solved the unemployment problem." When Senator Schwellenbach reminded the gentleman from North Carolina that the concentration camp was a factor in the Nazi solution to the unemployment problem, Reynolds replied: "To be perfectly frank, I think the United States of America could well provide a concentration

camp and place therein some . . . who are today seeking the overthrow of the American government."

A fickle lover is Senator Reynolds. He who once kissed Jean Harlow now embraces Nazism. He who endorsed a popular brand of cigarettes now stamps concentration camps with his senatorial approval. But Senator Reynolds is playing for higher stakes than a paltry \$1,000 or the love of a woman. He loves power, and power only, and the reward to him who has dictatorial power is the wealth of the nation.

Buncombe has ceased to be boring.

A NEW PHASE

When the preceeding chapters were written during the latter months of 1939, American Fascism was in an embryonic state. Its threat was potential rather than immediate. Violence, which is the hand-maiden of Fascism, had played a relatively small part in the first stages of the Fascist program. Occasionally there had been scenes of violence, particularly on the eastern seaboard, but generally they were committed by impulsive followers rather than ordered by the responsible leadership.

But Fascism in the United States, apparently, has entered a new phase.

A large part of the nation's radio audience on Sunday evening, January 14, heard the startling announcement that J. Edgar Hoover's G-Men had just rounded up eighteen conspirators who were plotting the overthrow of the United States government by force. These conspirators, it was reported, were members of the Christian Front, a fascistic organization which has nominated the anti-Semitic radio priest, Rev. Charles Edward Coughlin, as its candidate for the American fuhrership.

The story unfolded in the manner of an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel. A handful of men, allegedly, had planned to assassinate a dozen or so congressmen, liquidate all Jews, bomb two newspapers and a theater, take over a customs house and the Federal Reserve sys-

tem, and establish a dictatorship. To accomplish this purpose they had assembled a miniature arsenal.

It was fantastic!—or so thought millions of listeners who were still chuckling at Jack Benny. How could 18 men hope to overcome the resistance of 18,000 New York policemen, not to mention the combined strength of several army posts in the area?

But there were those who did not look upon the plot as fantastic. They remembered that the arrested men were but 18 of an organization whose membership is numbered by the tens of thousands. They remembered the Christian Front's boast that more than 3,000 metropolitan policemen had been enrolled as members. And in the background they remembered the eloquent voice of the Royal Oak priest, whose radio following is in excess of four million persons.

If there was any doubt concerning Father Coughlin's leadership of the Christian Front, he dispelled it the following Sunday in his radio address in which he said: "Thus, I appear before you today to record the fact that while I do not belong to any unit of the Christian Front, nevertheless, I do not disassociate myself from that movement. Therefore, I reaffirm every word which I have said in advocating its formation; I re-encourage the Christians of America to carry on in this crisis. . . ."

Of the conspirators he said: "Beside that boy I take my stand—beside him and his fellow Christian Front prisoners, be they guilty or be they innocent."

As this is written, 16 of the alleged conspirators are being tried by the United States government. (One was not indicted; another hanged himself 24 hours before the trial began.) Certainly the future of our democracy does not hinge upon the conviction of 16 misguided youths. But their abortive *putsch* suggests ominous possibilities. If all Fascist leaders emulate the example of the Coughlinites, and there is reason to believe such a plan is being considered, then the forces for democracy face a formidable enemy. A victory for democracy is not assured.