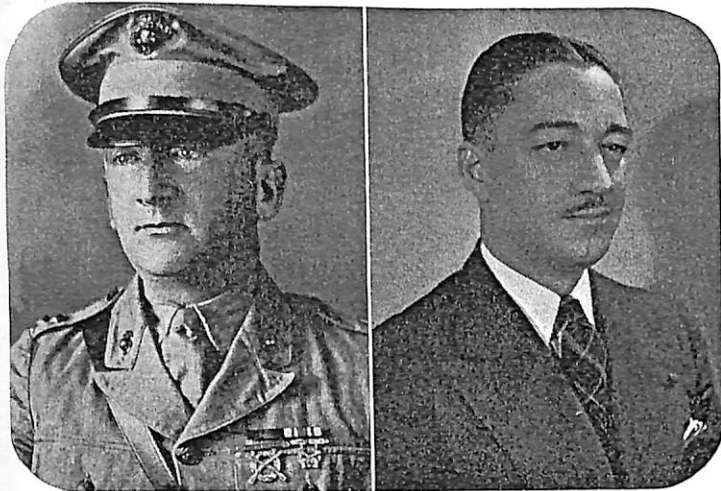


American reserve officers help build strong, secret army

KENCAST



Top man Maj. R. L. Dineley (left) and Silver Shirt Sumner D. Dodge

Continuing the explosive story of the threat to America brewing on the west coast. Top man is Maj. R. L. Dineley, former agent of the British Intelligence Service, friend of fascists, once an officer of the U. S. Marine Corps.

• • • The casual visitor getting off on the 19th floor of the Central Tower Building at 703 Market Street in San Francisco would never suspect that there was a national, and perhaps an international, mystery behind the door leading to Room 1910. For this room, with its conservative sign "Consolidated Industries" is the headquarters of a rapidly growing secret army headed by present and former reserve officers of the American armed forces and mysterious-ly financed by unidentified persons.

It is out of this office that Major Richard L. Dineley, formerly a reserve officer in the U. S. Marine Corps, is intensively organizing a secret army with especial interest in applicants who can fly planes, know the science of fingerprinting, are capable telegraphers and are expert cryptographers—men who can devise and "break down" codes and ciphers.

Before I called upon the Major I had learned, among other things, that he was openly organizing an armed force known as the United States Police Reserve Association. This body was allegedly a patriotic organization whose function was to aid the police in case of serious disturbances. The Police Reserve Association is tightly controlled by five men, the identity of four of whom is a closely guarded secret, like that of who is financing them.

The more I learned about this organ-

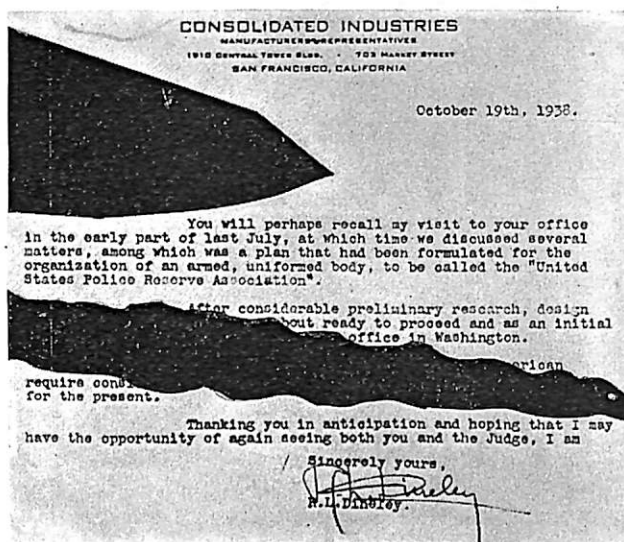
ization and some of the persons with whom it was originally discussed in several secret conferences, the more I thought of the Cagouards in France. Nazi and Italian agents (See Ken, June 2, 1938) had organized a tremendously powerful and heavily armed secret army capable of throwing France into a bloody civil war if not actually capturing the government. French police discovered its amazing ramifications in time and swift arrests checked the plot, but not before the French people learned to their horror that among the leaders of this secret army were high French army officers and nationally known industrialists, plotting to destroy France's democracy and establish fascism.

I had come across Maj. Dineley's tracks through a secret meeting and some correspondence he had with persons who worked closely with Nazi agents operating in the United States. As far back as July, 1938, the Major had met secretly with Harrison F. Mc-

Connell, attorney for William Dudley Pelley, leader of the Silver Shirts, in McConnell's offices in Washington, D. C. After the conference McConnell brought the Major to the offices of James True who offered (See Ken, Sept. 8, 1938) to get U. S. Army standard arms in any quantity for a proposed secret army. Nazi Bundsmen and sympathizers were planning. It was at these conferences with Pelley's attorney and True that the United States Police Reserve Association was discussed.

From mysterious sources the Major secured financial backing. By the latter part of 1938 he established an office at 420 Market St. in San Francisco with C. L. Tilden, Jr. as the California State Commander while his own secret headquarters was established in the office of "Consolidated Industries."

By Oct. 19, 1938, Pelley's attorney was asked to arrange for the renting of offices in Washington, D. C. For the benefit of those Army, Navy, Marine, city and police officials who succumbed to the Major's Lorelei of "patriotism" and never suspected the connections, here is the letter sent at the time:



The reader will notice that the name of the person to whom it is addressed (Harrison F. McConnell) has been cut out. This is the latest precaution men of this type are taking to prevent identification.

Sumner Duncan Dodge of San Francisco was chosen to head the Washington office. Dodge is a member of the Silver Shirts, has a long record of "ultra-patriotic" activities on the west coast and is rabidly anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic. Dodge is a close friend of James True and shares the latter's hab-

its of thought. All these 200% Americans see Red and holler "communist" at everybody who has ever intimated a dislike for fascism's methods. The letter written by Dodge to True is reproduced on the opposite page. The reader will notice that here, too, the names and signatures have been cut out. The parts deleted are also reproduced. True didn't burn them quickly enough.

The Major began by capitalizing on America's dislike of communism. Phony "patriots" always begin with "the menace of communism" to get the suckers.

On Feb. 6, 1939, the Major sent out a feeler to the mayors and chiefs of police of all California cities and towns. The letter began with a quotation alleged to have been made at a mass meeting by Earl Browder and Harry Bridges that when the "day" comes "we will have 20 communists for every cop." Both Browder and Bridges deny ever having made any such statement and the Major has been unable to recollect the time, place or give quotations from the alleged speech.

Nevertheless, since the initial feeler sent out in February, 1939, the Major and his mysterious backers succeeded in organizing 6,000 men in southern California.

At present they are negotiating for large groups to join their ranks. According to the Major's confidential whisperings to his organizers, these groups include the National Rifle Association and the Associated Farmers which is at present under investigation by the La Follette Senatorial Civil Liberties Committee.

When I went to see the Major I found a man of medium height with ruddy, clear-cut features.

"I'm from Ken," I introduced myself.

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed. "How'd you find this place?"

"Oh, I've known about it for some time. I thought I'd drop in and ask you a few questions about who's behind your Police Reserve Association."

"Five founders—"

"I mean who put up the money?"

"Five patriotic citizens."

"Who are they?"

"That's a secret.

Can't tell you that. The founders are known only to the founders. I'm one of 'em but the other four cannot become known." He paused a moment and then added, "It's the Reds. If they find out—might kill 'em."

"Isn't that Red gag a bit over-worked?" I laughed.

He grinned at me without answering.

"Don't you think it might be dangerous to the country for a heavily armed body to exist who are responsible to five individuals the identities of four of whom are kept a closely guarded secret?"

"Outside of keeping the founders' names secret, the Police Reserves is an open and aboveboard body," he said, quickly.

"If it's so open and aboveboard, why is each member given a secret code number to identify himself and to sign when he sends in confidential reports?"

"If it's so open and aboveboard, why is each member given a secret code number to identify himself and to sign when he sends in confidential reports?"

He looked sharply at me and then slowly shook his head. "Someone's been giving you a wrong steer," he smiled. "This is the first I've heard of it."

"How about this?" I handed him a photostatic copy of the printed instructions accompanying membership cards.

"Where'd you get this?" he queried.

"What's the idea of code numbers?"

"Just to check," he said uncertainly.

"Just to be sure somebody doesn't try to misuse the credentials in any way."

"If it's only to check, why sign reports with secret code numbers? What kind of reports do you expect?"

"Well—you see—they don't have to send any in unless there's something special to report."

"Then what you're actually building is an intelligence service as well as a secret army?"

"It's not a secret army—" he began.

"What would you call it—code numbers, confidential reports, secrecy as to its backers and those who finance it. I believe you're spending a lot of money for printing, mailing, sending out organizers and maintaining offices in San Francisco and Washington, D. C. Who's putting up all that money?"

"Say!" he exploded, "why do I have to answer these questions?"

When he had quieted down a bit I asked: "Don't you think local police, state troops and if necessary the armed forces of the United States, are capable of handling any situation which might arise? Think your private army could do better?"

"We want to help the police in case the situation gets out of hand."

"Why can't local police, state troops and the army do the handling? Are they incompetent?"

"Suppose the local police don't want to protect life and property or the Governor doesn't want to call troops?"

"Now we're getting somewhere," I laughed. "The idea is that if the duly elected officials, placed in office by the people, don't agree with you as to the need of troops, then your private army steps in anyway. Is that it?"

"According to our Constitution we can't do anything unless we're called in," he said after a moment's hesitation.

"And if you're not called in and in your judgment the situation is serious?"

"Our object is to preserve life and property," he said tersely.

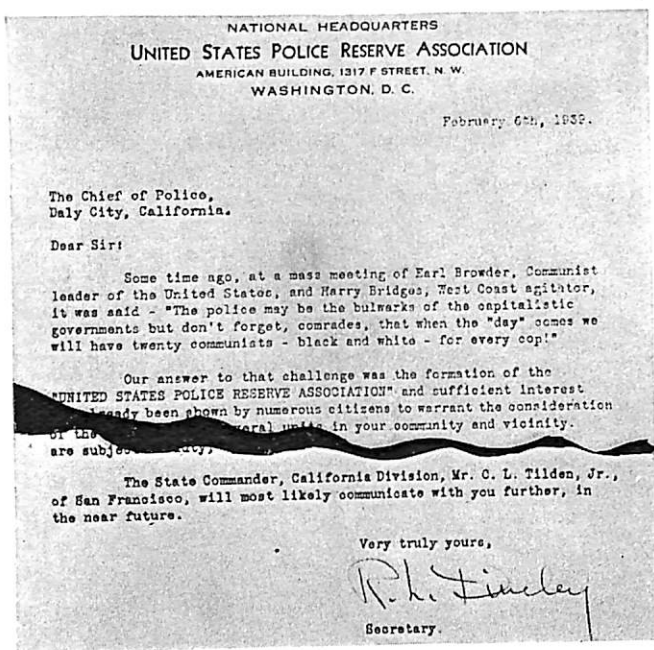
"An army like yours could be used as vigilantes, too, couldn't it?" I asked after a moment's silence.

"We're not anti-labor—"

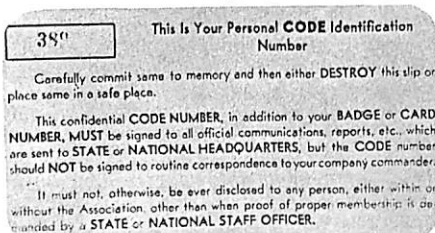
"I didn't say you were, though you seem pretty quick to jump at that implication. I merely asked if a private army, well armed, couldn't be used to serve private interests?"

"Well—I suppose—if it got into the wrong hands—"

"And if it got big enough—like Mus-



Chief of Police Quinn of San Francisco received a request to permit the organization of the Reserves. After an investigation he discovered that the Constitution and By-Laws of the organization provided for the establishment in every state in the Union and its territories "regiments, battalions and companies" and that the control and operation of this private army was entirely in the hands of five unidentified "founders." In addition the investigation disclosed that applicants were asked to state their religion and color. It smelled too much of the old Nazi Aryan stuff and Chief Quinn announced shortly "There is room for only one police force in San Francisco." Simultaneously he sent a warning to all state police officials over the teletype wires.



solini's Black Shirts and Hitler's Brown Shirts—and the federal government wasn't doing what the mysterious founders of this private army thought it should, force could be used against the government, couldn't it—if it got into the wrong hands, of course."

"We want to protect the country—" he protested vaguely.

"I believe that's what the Nazis in this country are saying," I said dryly. "And they're taking orders from Germany. However, are any of your secret co-founders military men like you?"

"All of them are connected with the armed services of the United States; that is, some of them are reserve officers. But I refuse to answer questions about the founders. I'm the Commandant—that's enough."

"How'd you happen to pick Walter Walsh as one of your founders?"

At the mention of the name of one of the ultra-secret founders, he swung around with a startled air.

"How'd you know about Walsh?" he demanded.

"There's a lot to be known about him," I grinned. "Walsh is a Navy Reserve officer, secretary of the Navy League here in San Francisco and established as a patriotic leader—all of them very strategic positions for an army like this, aren't they?—How much did Walsh contribute to found this army?"

"Oh, he's not a rich man."

"Didn't contribute much?"

"No-o," he said hesitantly.

"Capt. Philip H. Crimmins—inactive service in the Marine Reserves. He's a lieutenant of police at the World's Fair grounds. How'd you pick him and is he a rich man?"

"I don't think so," he said slowly.

"Are you rich?"

"No, I just make a living."

"That's three out of the five who have not contributed in any amount. It's somewhat different from what you told me at first. What about George A. Cook of Los Angeles, another of your mysterious founders? Has he contributed much?"

"No," he said again.

"What about Richard E. Nordstrom who lives at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel in Hollywood? He's a retired aviation officer in the U. S. Army and an undercover agent for the Waterfront Employers Association. I believe the two of you worked together during the 1934 general strike."

The Major's whole appearance seemed to change at the mention of Nordstrom's name. His face became a deep red and he seemed to breathe with difficulty.

"How does Nordstrom make his money?"

"I don't know."

"You've known him for years, you know he lives lavishly, you associate with him in his private army and you

don't know how he makes his money?"

The Major turned in his chair.

"What do you know about Nordstrom's tie-up with Japanese fishermen operating off the west coast?"

The Major was startled.

"Periodically he gets paid \$5,000. From whom does he get it?"

The Major frowned.

"How about you?" I asked. "Have you had any recent dealings with the Japanese?"

"What the hell is this!" he finally exploded. "I don't get it! You start off by asking me about the Police Reserve Association and now you're on the Japanese. What the hell is it your business!"

"The business of any American who doesn't want to see a fascist army—perhaps organized at the direction of foreign powers—established in this country," I said sharply. "And that brings me to another question. What is your business? How do you make your living?"

"I'm an importer and exporter; radio equipment, oil, blankets—general stuff."

He spoke quickly as if he were anxious to convince me.

"And arms and munitions?"

"You know a lot about me, don't you?" A flush spread over his face. "All right—arms and munitions."

"Odd tie-ups, Major, aren't they? You buy arms and munitions from the United States and resell them to Central and South American countries. I believe some of your guns went to Gen. Saturnino Cedillo just before he started his abortive rebellion to overthrow the Mexican Government. (See Ken, April 21, 1938.) That rebellion was directed and engineered by Nazi agents seeking to get a foothold south of the American border. At present you're negotiating to sell arms to Gen. Yocupicio, Governor of Sonora, who is plotting another rebellion—"

"All Yocupicio asked was an estimate for 50,000 pairs of army shoes."

"Yocupicio hasn't got an army of 50,000 men and you know it. And you also know that Yocupicio has been conferring secretly with Nazi agents operating out of Los Angeles—"

He jumped up, his eyes blazing.

"Look here!" he shouted, "I'll be God-damned if I answer another one of your questions. I have a license to deal in arms and the United States government knows all about my activities—"

"All?" I asked. "Does the government know about your being a secret agent in the British Intelligence Service?"

The excited intensity of his protests vanished as he slumped into his chair. ●

Coming: The amazing international tie-ups and additional details and documents concerning Maj. Dineley and his co-workers in building the secret army will be featured in early issues of Ken. Watch for them.



Facsimile of membership certificate in Dineley's private army. Frank C. McGuire is "patriot" No. 43606. There are 48 divisions.

87
2/14/39

Enclosed will be of interest to you

We, in 87, are apparently on the verge of the judo-Red revolution. The general strike is beginning.

Last year I worked as a Special Police officer in 3 strikes in Alameda + Oakland—since last July, I have been quietly recruiting my men for this final battle—my men are hand-picked all with much experience, both police + military, + all of them are anti-Communist, + some of them are Jew-wise. All of them will follow me to hell if necessary.

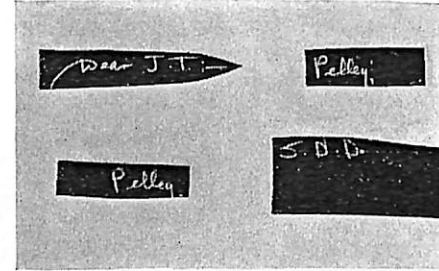
I am handling two local strikes jobs now + expect several more. Within a few months, I will

have perhaps a couple of hundred, uniformed + fully armed men here ready to fight to the finish—when the time comes for us to move east, to back up [redacted] yourself, or whoever may lead the way, will be ready to move.

If you have any of your men who are not employed, + who are in a position to come out here, we can use them—the police work will probably pay up to \$25 per day before the strikes are over + incidentally, [redacted] has some info on me in his file + might be willing to show it to you.

+ astely (Regards)

Letter from Dodge to James True aiming at "alliance." The names and initials deleted from the original are shown directly below.



Papa of the Pagliacci, and how he got that way



L. to r.: Walter Winchell, Billy Rose, Sophie Tucker, Whitehead

As an actor Ralph Whitehead wasn't so successful, but now executive secretary and brains behind powerful union of assorted entertainers, American Federation of Actors, he's done a lot of good for its members—and himself.

• • • Although there is a marked technical and artistic difference between such a performer as Katharine Cornell and the man on the flying trapeze, they are both known to the trade as artists. They both pay dues to artists' unions. Miss Cornell holds the card of Actors Equity and the trapeze artist belongs to the American Federation of Actors. Both, in turn, are under the jurisdiction of the Association of Actors and Artists of America, so that there is a tie that binds all practitioners of the entertainment arts, no matter how remote.

There are numerous actors' unions. Only recently, however, has any attempt been made to consolidate the lot of them under the banner of One Big Union. Already the representatives of the Screen Actors Guild, the American Guild of Musical Artists, Actors Equity, and the American Federation of Radio Artists, are meeting in joint session. Their purpose is to see if anything can be done about the fact that there is an unwieldy number of actors' unions, and that each different type of theatrical performer is forced to belong to a specialized union. The breakdown is complicated, expensive, and often ludicrous. It would be cheaper and more efficient, say the exponents of One Big Union, to have the Cornells and the trapeze artists hold the same union card. Rent could be saved, excess officials could be ousted.

As the ladies and gentlemen who rep-

resent the different unions meet to see if they can possibly get together, there is one gentleman and one union conspicuously absent from the conclave. At this writing there was no indication that the gentleman would approve. He believes in the autonomy of the union he represents and he is possibly loath to see it, and himself, lose identity in one big happy family of unions.

The union so conspicuously absent is the American Federation of Actors, called AFA, and the gentleman who represents it is Ralph N. Whitehead.

The AFA is a rising young American Federation of Labor union which has made an enviable record in the five years of its existence. The AFA is the union to which most of the entertainers at both World's Fairs belong. Regardless of whether those corporations make money, it is safe to say that the members of Mr. Whitehead's union will collect their salaries. Mr. Whitehead served notice of his intentions to that effect when he forced Billy Rose to pay Aquacade chorus members a good deal of back rehearsal money.

The president of the AFA is Miss Sophie Tucker. Mr. Vallee is a member of the council. But it is executive secretary Ralph Whitehead who can claim to be the works and the brains. In his Broadway office he looks upon photographs of Franklin D. Roosevelt, William Green and Sally Rand. The gamut of his activities runs right through

that triumvirate—Politics, Labor, Art.

Whitehead's life is in, of, and about the theatre. All he knows about labor he learned backstage. He also learned a little about acting in the theatre. Several of his friends know that in the 1920's Whitehead was playing small parts in musical comedy.

In January, 1934, actor Whitehead took a step in the direction destiny had shaped for him. He was one of the founders of the Actors Betterment Association, a group which started out to beat the "benefit racket." (On the pretense of serving benevolent causes, certain promoters could enlist free of charge the services of stage stars.) Bobby Clark, of the team of Clark and McCullough, was the president of the ABA, Whitehead was secretary. One month later the ABA was made the official labor union for all actors employed in vaudeville, night clubs, presentation houses (movie houses with stage shows) and circuses. The proper charter was accorded the organization, its name was changed to the American Federation of Actors, and Whitehead gave up acting for good.

Whitehead's AFA seeks to encompass all those actors who are not in the movies, on the so-called legitimate stage or on the radio.

This includes night club and revue entertainers, all species of vaudevillians, carnival workers, freaks, side show artists, clowns, barkers, roustabouts, acrobats—all the circus performers and help. At the last collecting of the dues and counting of noses, there were 15,000 of them. Some half of these are in good standing.

It must be made clear that these 15,000 were joined together mainly through Whitehead's efforts. He first boosted his membership by a canny bit of maneuvering in 1938.

Although the union known as Chorus Equity has held jurisdiction over all chorus girls since 1919, Whitehead has always wanted the ladies of the chorus in the AFA. In 1937 he had asked the AAAA to revoke the charter of Chorus Equity and to transfer its membership to the rolls of the AFA. This the AAAA refused to do. Whitehead made no secrecy of his chagrin but he bided his time before repeating his request. His opportunity came on the wings of the new year, 1938.

The organization known as the IATSE (International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees) is the union to which backstage and studio scene shifters, carpenters, electricians, mechanics, projectionists, etc., belong. In January of last year, the IATSE announced that it was preparing to take jurisdiction over all unions connected in any way with the theatre and screen. This meant that the technicians would hold sway over all actors from coast to coast. The AAAA did not like the idea. It announced that