

'Christian' Party Drills Fascist Military Units, 'Turns on Heat' To Recruit Members

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By DAN SWETT

On July 1 I again went to the Christian party office in the Arcade building. This time I was a little doubtful about my reception as sufficient time had elapsed since my last visit to enable them to check up on me and discover the false identity I had built up. My fears were unfounded, however, for W. W. McDonald greeted me very cordially and was quite satisfied with the excuse I gave for not attending the last Council of Safety meeting.

He was very anxious to inform me of the latest developments in the party, and with very little drawing-out on my part he continually played into my hands by telling me almost everything I desired to know.

"You know," he said, "all these Jew-Communist outfits are trying to spy on us, but we're too smart for them. I know that the Communists have two men in our organization, but I'm just letting 'em stay so I can keep my eye on them. Yes, and then that Jew newspaper, the Trans script sends a man up here every week to get the latest copies of the Chief's weekly. You know . . ."



And he then proceeded to give me an accurate description of Mr. M. Mottelson, Transcript staff member and prominent Seattle liberal worker.

"Well," I asked, "How did you find out this Jew was tied up with the transcript?"

Elmer Enters Picture

"Ah, that was easy," he replied, "All I did was have Elmer here follow him when he left this office. He went straight to the Jew paper."

Then we both had a good laugh, in which we were joined by Elmer, a nondescript, wizened little man with the mental power of a two year old.



"By the way," McDonald continued, "We've a new plan for calling meetings now. We're not announcing them at all, but we call all the members by telephone an hour before the meeting and tell them where to come."

"That's a fine plan," I answered, "Where will the next one be held?"

"Got to be careful!"

"We haven't decided yet. The way it is now, with the Jews and Communists watching us so close, we've got to be more careful. There's one planned within a few days, and I'll let you know by phone. We aren't meeting in West Seattle any more though. We've got that territory pretty well organized now. It's the South End that's keeping us busy for the next few days."

"How's the work going in the rest of the state?" I asked to keep him going.

"We're coming along fine. You remember Mrs. Hoffman. Well, she's

Swett Will Tell of Talk with Pelley!

This is the second of a series of three articles by Dan Swett, former "Christian" party member, ex-marine and owner of a Pelley Silver Legion shirt, concerning the inner workings of the Pelleyites, in the state of Washington.

The articles appear in the Voice of Action by courtesy of the Jewish Transcript, for whom Swett wrote the series.

The final article in the series will appear in next week's Voice of Action. In it Swett tells of a personal interview with the swindler, William Dudley Pelley, 'chief' of the 'Christian' Party, and how Pelley presented him (Swett) with the Silver Legion shirt as a "reward" for his faithful services. Don't miss it!



going around the state now speaking to the women's clubs and getting them in the right frame of mind for the other organizers to go to work. We've had some great success in Centralia, Spokane and Tacoma and Kitsap county already."

'This Jew Roosevelt'

How do the average people take to the Christian Commonwealth?"

"Say," he confided, "it's only a matter of time now until we have a real show-down. Everybody's tired of this Jew Roosevelt and the way he and the rest of the Jews are trying to force Communism on us. They're all looking to the Chief now as the only man in the country that can help."

"Did you see last night's paper where the Jews and Communists nominated a nigger for vice-president? Well, that's just a blind, and everyone knows it. They're (the Jews and Communists) are all for Roosevelt. The common people know what's going on though, and they're just waiting for us to show them the way out."

"Well, you know there's one thing about these times," I offered. "All

of the people are either lining up on one side of the fence or the other. Right now we're getting to know where everyone stands.

"You bet we are," he replied enthusiastically. "There's lots of people that's been afraid to show themselves one way or the other but we're getting 'em over to our side now."

"How do you do that?" I asked. McDonald winked. "Oh, we just apply the heat to them a little. That brings them out right away. There was one fellow I had a little trouble with just the other day. He'd been around here, and said he was going to join the Party. Then he dropped away from us. Well, yesterday I had a couple of the boys go out and see him. They went to his house and turned on the heat. Now he's a full-fledged member."

"Lord, Mac, what do you mean 'turned on the heat'?"

He winked again. "Oh, we just persuade them around to our side. You know 'Big Bill'—he and Elmer are pretty good at that."

(The "Big Bill" referred to is a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound long-shoreman.)

"Gosh," McDonald went on, "I've forgot to let you in on the latest dope."

He took off his coat, displaying a silver-gray shirt with a large red silk "L" sewn on the left side over the heart.

"See this? Well, we're reorganizing the Silver Shirts. This is the new motto. Stands for "Love, Loyalty and Liberty."

"God!" I exclaimed. "That is news."

But how are the people taking it? Are you getting members?"

"Getting members? Sa-ay, listen. This thing is getting bigger every minute. The boys are drilling right now over to Whidby Island. Soon's we get a company organized in your district, I wanta get you to teach 'em to drill."

"I'll certainly be glad to do that."

At this point another active member of the party, Roy Zachary by name, walged in. Zachary is about thirty-eight years old, rather heavy-set, weighs about a hundred and eighty pounds. He alone of the many party members I have met was well-dressed. However, a shifter-eyed man I have never seen. He kept looking at the floor, the ceiling, the walls, and out the window all the time he was in the office.