

# 'Chief' Pelley Seeks To Prove 'Divinity' by Reciting Filthy Jokes

BY DAN SWETT  
(Courtesy Jewish Transcript)

"How long can it last?"

This was the question uppermost in my mind as, on July 6 I made my last visit to the Christian party office. I am known in the Jewish community, and many Gentiles in the city know me as a Jew and a liberal sympathizer

To be sure, I work under an assumed name, but I entered into the whole thing on the spur of the moment and did not take the necessary time to build up the false identity I gave myself.

The two preceding articles in this series were written with the idea of having them printed after I had been found out and would be unable to obtain further information. Now, however, I feel differently. The members of the Christian party are in a sense, maniacs.

If I do not wait until I am discovered, but disclose myself beforehand by writing and signing these articles, I shall be prepared for any step the fanatics composing the Christian party may take against me. Consequently, this will be my last article on this subject, and henceforth Chief Pelley will be without, as he termed me, "one of my most loyal supporters."

## Elmer in Office

When I entered the party office, McDonald was out and the office occupied by Elmer, a steady hanger-on whom I have described before.



and three others, one of whom was a stranger to me. Of these three, one was a German named Moder who was constantly comparing this country to the present German paradise under Hitler.

The other two were non-descript idiots whose vocabularies consisted mainly of "yes," and "dirty Jew-communists."

When I entered, there was an air of expectancy in the office. Elmer greeted me profusely, and gushed at how lucky I was to have dropped in when I did. I was going to have the privilege of meeting the Man

Who Will Save America—The Only Hope of the Gentiles—The Big Shot—Chief Pelley Himself!

I appeared overwhelmed at this astounding information, and registered the proper degree of reverence. Elmer and the other three fools beamed at me with the benevolent air of murderers giving a child a piece of poisoned candy. After I had shown that I was properly impressed by the privilege that was to be granted me, the conversation picked up where my entrance had interrupted it.

Moder was holding forth on the beauties of the working men's life in Germany under Hitler. According to him, the Bremen and other German luxury liners have been built solely to enable the German laborers to take free vacation trips at Hitler's expense. As Moder drove each point home, Elmer would put in an ingratiating "Gee, ain't that great?" and "Now that's what we'll have under the Chief's plan."

At about ten minutes of one, the Chief, William Dudley Pelley in person, entered the office, accompanied by McDonald and two plug-uglies that I had not seen before.

Everybody in the office rose and greeted Pelley with a genuine fascist salute which he promptly returned. Introductions were then in order. When he came around to me, McDonald gave me a real build-up.

"Now, Big Shot," "I want you to meet one of your most loyal men in this district. Mr. —, the Chief!"

The honor overwhelmed me, and I was only able to murmur my thanks. The Chief, however, was distinctly pleased. Or at least he said so.

"You don't know what a feeling of confidence it gives me," he blabbed, "to know that I have so many loyal workers throughout the country spreading the gospel of the Christian Commonwealth."

Seeing that I was tongue-tied with awe, McDonald came to the rescue.

"Mr. — is an ex-marine, Big Shot, and he's going to drill the boys in his district as soon as we get them organized."

Pelley beamed and extended his hand.

"Ah, my boy, if I had a thousand more like you, I'd sweep the country of every Jew from Maine to the Pacific."

(Members of the Christian Party are all middle-aged. I am twenty-two, and have not yet met any members approximating my age.)

"Have you your silver shirt?" Pelley asked me.

"Yes," I replied, "but I haven't been able to get an "L" sewn on yet."

"Mac, are there any shirts here?" McDonald took a box of shirts from his desk.

"What size do you wear, Mr. —?" The Chief questioned.

"About a fourteen and a half."

"Then this one will fit you. I want you to accept this as a gift from me, in token of my appreciation of the patriotic work you are doing. When the Christian Commonwealth comes into power, I will see that you are rewarded in a manner fitting the service you are giving us."

Pelley headed me a regulation ninety-eight cent silver-grey shirt with a large red cotton "L" sewn over the left pocket.

"Chief, I'll always remember you and what I'm working for when I wear this shirt. I'm certainly one of your men now for good," I said as I accepted the accolade.

The Chief took a chair and began a discussion of Pelley, his divinity (he admits it), and what he would do when elected dictator of the United States. I would like to quote the conversation that followed but it was entirely too pornographic for print.

Once, when a child, I picked up a dead rattlesnake. It was cold, limp and dry. Pelley's handshake made me think of that snake. His hand is cold as ice, even on a midsummer afternoon, and is as limp as a dead jellyfish. There is less strength in his clasp than in a baby's and when I let go of his hand it fell limply to his side.

McDonald and the others addressed him alternately as "Chief" and "Big Shot." When I forgot myself and called him "Mr. Pelley," McDonald looked at me and shook his head reproachfully.

Pelley speaks in a clandestine, suggestive manner and his conversation resembles a pornographic story. This is taken as evidence of his virility by his followers.

He dwelt at length on the wonderful reception he is given wherever he goes, the way audiences enthusiastically acclaim him, and on the hundreds of thousands of dollars (actually slightly over \$100 that he has received in donations. He was particularly pleased with the way the state of Washington has "unanimously accepted the Christian Commonwealth as the only sane plan of government."

"Yes," he said, "we've made a good beginning here. From now on our slogan will be From Washington to Washington." And then all you boys

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will be taken care of, you bet. I'm not the one to forget my followers. The best jobs the country can offer will be yours!

"When I'm President, I think that I'll incorporate the Silver Shirts into a sort of combination Federal army and police I am going to do away with the Department of Justice entirely. That's too much of a Jew outfit. You fellows wearing Silver Shirts now will take its place. And then until I get to know which of the army and navy officers I can trust, I'll put Silver Shirts with military experience like Mr. — here, at the head of my country's fighting forces."

Pelley glanced at his watch. "What, it's one-thirty already. They don't put enough hours in a day for men like me. I have to speak in Tacoma tonight and I haven't begun to prepare my talk yet. Say, Mr. —, how'd you like to come to Tacoma with me? There'll be plenty of room in the car."

I excused myself from this great have time to start after finishing work.

"That's too bad. I've got a real message from God to deliver tonight."

Pelley rose, and so did the two gorillas who formed his bodyguard. He said goodbye to all of us, and again I had the dubious pleasure of shaking hands with a rattlesnake. Shortly after he left the office, I went out. (McDonald hinted that it would not be wise for too many to leave after the Chief.)

When I was out on the street, I thought "So this is Pelley!" Pelley, the Chief, the Big Shot! The Man to Save America! Pelley, the number one Jew-Baiter, with a mouth as filthy as his mind, who leads the crack-pots, idiots and fanatics, and lures them with tales of cushy government jobs when he becomes dictator.