

Chicago Police 'with Us,' Ex G-Man Hears Nazi Boast

(Former G-man James J. Metcalfe continues the story of his experiences as James Oberwinder, storm trooper of the Deutscher Volksbund).

By JAMES J. METCALFE
CHAPTER VIII

Initial subscriptions for the Chicago Bund's proposed camp near Grays Lake total \$2,000. Fuehrer Fritz Heberling tells me on Aug. 15.

"With an insurance company taking a mortgage for \$4,000, we need only \$2,500 more," he says, "because we already have \$1,500 in the Bund fund. The total cost will be \$10,000. We are going to have baby bonds. But first we have to have a charter and make a corporation. It will take about two months. We don't have an option on the property, but we are not worried about that.

"We are going to have a building for eating and rooms for those who want to spend nights there. We will have showers, an athletic field and boats for rowing and fishing on Loon Lake. We will have no neighbors and we'll put up a sign that says 'Gentiles Only!'"

WE talk about national socialism and Heberling remarks it is the only kind of government for any country to have, and that "we should adopt it here."

"They do not run things right here," he declares. "Some day the



Fritz Matthes

know your orders. You are to do nothing unless I give the command. If there should be any trouble and the police are not able to control it, then we shall take care of it, but not unless and until I give the orders."

Stern discipline of the Ordnungs Dienst is exemplified later in the evening when one of the troopers stands at ease with his hands in his pockets. Matthes tells him in German that that is no way for an O.D. to stand in formation.

AS Matthes turns away, the trooper moves to replace his hands in his pockets. Matthes whirrs and reprimands him again.

After the drill I remark to Heinie Sickinger: "Some night I am going to come late for drill, just so I can face the commander and give the full nazi salute, as is required."

"You do not have to come late for that," Sickinger replies. "You know, you should do that every time you come in here to the barroom. When you come in the door you should click your heels and give the full salute and say 'Heil Hitler!' and then you can go around and shake hands with people you want to greet."

(James Metcalfe concludes his revelations of Deutscher Volksbund activities in tomorrow's TIMES).

people will wake up and do with the Jews what they are doing in Germany."

At a Bund military concert at the Haus Vaterland two nights later, Heinie Sickinger and Karl Bahe, Deutscher Volksbund members, and Fritz Winter, Amerikadeutscher Volksbunder, agree American democracy is not real democracy and national socialism is the only true form of democracy.

Members of the alien Deutscher Bund, I discover are much more vociferous in expressing their loyalty to Hitler and the Vaterland than most Amerikadeutscher Bund members, who are generally cautious in their remarks.

"I want every one should know I am for Hitler and Germany," Herman Cresing, 3646 N. Damen ave., D-V member, says at the Bund dance Aug. 21. He proudly displays a large swastika pin he wears in his tie. "I could get a smaller one, but I like to show off this big one," he declares.

Richard Berufe of the D-V expresses himself similarly, saying "I am German and for Hitler and do not care who knows it."

At drill, Aug. 24, we give three lusty "heils" for Fuehrer Heberling, who has just become a father.

"You know," he tells me proudly, "my wife was here at the dance Saturday night and on Sunday she went to Grant hospital and at 5 p. m. the baby boy was born."

Preceding the drill, Fritz Matthes gives a lengthy speech about preparations for the Soldier Field German Day celebration.

"Everyone must be here for the parade Saturday night and the celebration Sunday," he orders. "We have been informed this will probably be the last time we shall be allowed to parade in uniform on the downtown streets of Chicago."

There has been considerable trouble about our activities and it looks like the swastika never again will fly over Soldier Field.

"Now let me warn you again about any trouble that may arise. I do not think we have anything to worry about—the police here in Chicago are 'mit uns' (with us), while in Kenosha they were with the others.

"If there is any trouble you

Fuehrer Kuhn Travels Secretly on His Tours

(John C. Metcalfe continues the story of his experiences as Hellmut Oberwinder, storm trooper of the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund).

By John C. Metcalfe
CHAPTER XIII.

FUEHRER FRITZ KUHN sits at his cluttered desk in his private office at 178 E. 85th st., New York, hurriedly signing, sealing and stamping letters as he talks to me.

As he completes each letter, he rises a little, places the letter in the chair and sits firmly on the envelope. He opens his desk drawer to obtain each stamp, closes it and repeats the process for each envelope.

"Well," he smiles, "tell me everything you can remember about your trip to the west coast."

I tell him about the trouble Bund posts are having getting new uniforms and he explodes:

"My God! I have told them explicitly in my letter of instructions what to do. I told them to send the money first—and then I would order the uniforms for them."

WHILE Kuhn fumes I glance around the room. It is furnished with a large desk, files, couch, heavy chairs and decorated with nazi and American flags. A picture of Hitler is on the wall at the right of his desk and one of President Roosevelt on the other side. Swastika flags on a cabinet tower above the Stars and Stripes.

"Do you think I should make a trip to the coast and visit our groups?" Kuhn asks. I reply a visit from Der Fuehrer would build up the morale of small groups and he says:

"I think you're right. I shall have to make the trip again. A year ago I drove the entire distance alone, covering 17,000 miles in three weeks. Once I woke up with my car hanging over the edge of a bridge and another time I woke up in a ditch. The next time I'll have a relief driver."

In Detroit a few days later I hear more about Bundesfuehrer Kuhn's trips about the country alone.

"WHY Kuhn just drops in by himself unannounced," Rudolph Heupel, 1926 Pasadena ave., an important cog in the Detroit Bund machine, tells me. "He did that here one day. And then he drives all over the country alone. That's terribly dangerous.

"Suppose some of those fanatical communists ever find out he does



Anton Kessler

this. I tell you if they do, he may never reach his destination some day."

Heupel also tells me that 10 days before Atty. Gen. Homer S. Cummings on Aug. 18, ordered federal agents to make a "curious" investigation of American nazi activities. Kuhn sent out a "warning" notice that G-men were planning the investigation. He does not reveal the source of Kuhn's information.

In St. Louis, Anton Kessler, 4541 Chouto ave., tells me he is the "real leader" of the local Bund group, "but my name does not appear on official papers as such."

"YOU see, he says, I am not an American citizen and don't intend to become one. Kuhn has warned me to keep this information covered up."

Kessler sends two of his storm troop bodyguards, Chester Huffnagel and Tony Frederich, to pick me up at my hotel and take me to an executive meeting of the Bund at the

office and home of Dr. Edward F. Koll, 2806 Shenando st.

"The old Germans of St. Louis are so American they don't want anything to do with us," Kessler explains. "On the other hand, the police are our friends, because they hate the communists as much as we do."

"By the way," he adds, turning to a member, "be sure to send a box of cigars—to that police captain and a note thanking him for his help to us."

KESSLER says the Bund has a new member in Indianapolis who is "working quietly to organize an Ortsgruppe (post) in his city."

Kessler and his cohorts then enlist me to go to the Vanguard Book Shop at 3520 Franklin st. where they say "communist literature is being passed out."

"We must get some of it," Kessler says, "and turn it over to the department of justice to show federal agents we are good Americans." This is after federal agents have been ordered to investigate the Bund.

AND so I become a "spy" for the St. Louis nazis. I find stacks of literature at the Vanguard shop but none of it serious enough to interest G-men. But a man there boasts of starting the communist riot on the German liner Bremen a couple of years ago. I relay this information to Kessler and he declares:

"I'm afraid when some of the boys hear about this it might not be very healthy for that communist in this part of the country. But I don't want any trouble. I'd rather notify the federal agents."

Kessler then tells of being attacked by "trouble makers" in the American Legion" the previous week.

"I smashed one of them square in the face," he boasts. "When I hit him, he fell forward and his 200 pounds pushed me to the floor. Some of my boys wanted to go out and get those trouble makers, but I stopped them. The next day, Legion officials came and told me for smashing those guys, because they considered them trouble makers too."

(John C. Metcalfe concludes his series on American nazis in tomorrow's TIMES.)

SLAIN; VOID INSURANCE

San Francisco, Sept. 23 (AP)—A U. S. court held here that a slain man's mother was not entitled to receive his accident insurance, because he was the aggressor in the quarrel.

A NATION-WIDE VOTE—"IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES!"



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IN COCKTAILS
BEFORE
I DINE...



MIXED IN
A HIGHBALL
IT SUITS
ME FINE...



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A GLASS, IS
THE WAY
FOR MINE...

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