

'It Can Happen Here;' Nazi Torturer Tells How

(Here is the concluding story in John C. Metcalfe's series on his experiences as Hellmut Oberwinder, storm trooper of the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund.)

By JOHN C. METCALFE
CHAPTER XIV.

Throughout the summer Billy Rose swings his colorful water carnival at the Cleveland Great Lakes Exposition to a



U. S. nazi storm troops formation at Camp Siegfried, Long Island. TIMES Storm Trooper John C. Metcalfe (arrow) in ranks. Fuehrer Herman Schwarzmann (foreground) confided nazi secrets.

mighty climax while a chorus sings, "It can't happen here!"

Black shirts, brown shirts, reds collapse in a fantastic dance when a peace loving legion of Americans marches on to the stage.

But in a basement apartment a few miles away, I meet an Amerikadeutscher Volksbund fanatic who is convinced "it can happen here." He is Adolph Scheidt, alias Schmidt, 564 E. 120th st., a sheet metal worker employed by the General Aviation Corp., and secretary of the Cleveland Bund post.

A disabled German world war veteran, Scheidt apparently is in almost constant pain. He breathes hard and occasionally twists his body and grips his side as if to ease the pain. His icy eyes stare at me suspiciously as I meet him in front of the apartment. I introduce myself and he gives me the nazi salute.

HE UNLOCKS his door but it swings open only six inches. He reaches in and unlocks a chain padlocked from the inside, explaining, "I have to be careful—spies—enemies!"

In his cluttered kitchen he offers me whiskey with a bottle of root beer for a chaser. He apologizes for the apartment, saying his wife is visiting in Germany.

"We have plenty of trouble here, but we take care of those communist-Jew-spies in our own way. You see, I know how to handle trouble makers. I was with Hitler in Germany almost from the beginning. I have seen men dumped out of windows and killed. I have seen hundreds beaten to a pulp. I have beat up many Jews, and not just in Germany. But you have to be careful over here. You can kill a Jew over there and maybe you go free. "The day will come over here when Jews get the same treatment on the street they get in Germany."

HE STEPS into the hallway and returns with a two-foot rubber hose with a cord handle. "This is one of the things we use on our enemies," he explains. "He points out the hose is no longer perfectly straight. "Boss, it's still good. . . It just got that way from being used. I'm going to till the end of it with lead to give it a better swing. And when you get hit with it your flesh will just break open." I feel as if I am talking to a madman, but try to be as composed as possible as Scheidt explains the most effective way of using the hose. "Never hit them on the muscle," he says. "Hit them on the bone—you get twice as much result by fracturing a bone than bruising a muscle." He demonstrates on a phantom figure.

"We work after dark when no one can recognize us. And we have just one rule. Don't call anyone by any name whatever." You should see my place. We just carry our victims for

slides over my shoulder. I don't move an inch. I can't!

"How would you like to have that dirt into you?" he asks coldly. "I wouldn't," I assure him convincingly.

"Well, I know how to use it," he says with a smile and suddenly swings into the air as if to stab a figure in front of him.

I manage to change the subject and he tells me "The mayor is very friendly with us, in fact he is a personal friend of mine. Right now," he continues, "he wants to know whether or not our Bund and the Centrale organizations will back him. And I think we will. The Jews would like to know that."

HE EXPLAINS the Bund got control of the Deutscher Centrale Farm, supposedly controlled by a union of Cleveland German societies, by "maneuvering our own representatives into the board of trustees." It used to be controlled by Germans opposed to Hitler and we have been "after it" for 10 years. Only last Sunday (Aug. 22) we finally got 100 per cent control after a lot of work by our leader, Martin Kessler, and others.

"We had a thousand dollars left after paying all expenses last year. We have different kinds of carnival games that make money and on the side we have some real gambling. Besides we charge admission and have a parking fee."

It is getting into the early morning hours as I bid Scheidt "auf wiedersehen," but he holds me at the door. "I have one more thing to show you," he says. He produces a handmade pair of ice tongs. "I made these myself," he explains. "And believe me they come in handy for fixing up Jews and communists. "They are almost as good as my one-handed strangle hold." He demonstrates a vice-like grip on his own throat—thank heaven—not mine. I change my "auf wiedersehen" to "good-by" and leave—hurriedly. Rubbing my eyes, I wonder if this night is a bad dream.

UNCLE SAM HAS EYE ON YULE

Washington, Sept. 24 (AP).—It's only three months until Christmas, so the postoffice department is getting ready for handling the half-ton mail. Postmasters are sending in estimates for extra Christmas help and equipment.

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Nazis Spy on 'Reds' Here, Ex-G Man Told

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

By James J. Metcalfe
CHAPTER IX.

TONY MILLER, 1544 W. Grace st., district leader of the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund, trim in a gray and black uniform and a black overseas cap, directs the parade of Bund storm troops Aug. 28 from a horse—a Chicago police horse.

The parade starts in autos from the Bundesheim at 3257 N. Western ave. to Kinzie st. and Wabash ave.



Fuehrer Peter Gissibl (left) and Tony Miller of Amerika-deutscher Volksbund.

dancing, drinking and singing and the party does not break up until after 2 a. m. During the evening I see Fuehrer Fritz Heberling and his drillmaster, Fritz Matthes, engaged in serious conversation at the bar. I come up behind them, slap them on the back and say:

"You two look like you are plotting to overthrow the government." They laugh and Matthes replies: "No, Oberwinders the government is already overthrown."

THERE is another big celebration the following night after we parade in Soldier field during the German day celebration.

A few days later I buy a swastika stickpin from F. X. Wieshuber, jeweler, 2551 Fullerton ave. He says he sells many to Bund members and also makes the modified swastika emblem worn on storm troop caps.

I learn indirectly of an encounter of Gustav Seltmann, D-V member and an expert hairdresser employed at Helena Rubenstein's, 667 N. Michigan ave., with a rabbi's wife. Gustav professes a strong hatred of Jews. One day, he says, a rabbi's wife came into the shop, but when she learned he was a German would have nothing to do with him, called him a pig and said Hitler was a bigger pig.

Gustave's son, Fritz Seltman, an employee of the Illinois Testing Laboratories, Inc., 429 N. La Salle st., is a swastika color bearer for the Deutscher Volksbund.

SPIES JOIN COMMUNISTS At Heberling's home Sept. 3, he tells me he has "men in the communist organization and in every German organization in Chicago."

"I always know what is going on."

Back at the Bundesheim there is

(Continued on page 22, col. 1)

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U. S. NAZIS SPY 'REDS' HERE, EX G-MAN TOLD

(Continued from page 20)

the Bund leader says. "I have my fingers on everything. You do not see these men, but they report to me on everything."

"And I am not worrying about someone spying on our group. I do all my own work. I have no secretary. I write all my own letters and I never keep copies. There is nothing in my office, not even the names of members."

Heberling then reveals he would like to go back to Germany to stay.

"I do not like it here," he explains. "There is no order. All there is is cheating, graft and crime. It's different in Germany."

I HAVE volunteered to help prepare Harms Park for the Bund's own two-day German Day celebra-



TIMES Storm Trooper James J. Metcalfe (left) and storm-trooper of Deutscher Volksbund.

tion Sept. 5 and 6 and work for four hours the morning of Sept. 5 washing tables and benches and moving them around the park.

In the afternoon I am assigned to sell tickets at the park entrance. "It is a great honor for an O. D. man to be trusted with money-like this," Gustav Seimann tells me. "Everyone in the organization is expected to be honest. Most of them are, but once in a while someone is short in his accounts."

From 3 to 5 p. m. I am free to roam around and I talk with H. J. Baldermann, 2541 Sunnyside ave., a dignified, elderly man, and one of the Bund's German speakers. He is a careful technician with offices at 708 Church st., Evanston. He is an intense conversationalist and frequently gets English expressions mixed. Speaking of what would happen if fascism were not victorious in Spain, he remarks:

"They would have a communist bedhot over there then."

KUHN A 'FLABBY' SPEAKER

At 5 p. m., with about 5,000 in the park, we parade to the grandstand for the speaking program which includes Fritz Kuhn, Peter Glisbi, George Froboese, Dr. Emil Baer, German consul general in Chicago, and a Dr. Schmidt from Germany.

Bundesfuhrer-Kuhn impresses me as a rather flabby individual who sounds as if he has hot potatoes in his mouth when speaking in English.

The next day at the park I take a picture of Bandmaster Karl Bahr, who is wearing a brown shirt with American boy scout buttons. He changes to a white shirt before another parade starts.

I OBSERVE a TIMES photographer requesting permission from Fritz Matthes to take pictures. Matthes tells him he can take pictures only by invitation and that since he had no invitation, no one would pose for him. About six guards from the D-V follow the photographer around the grounds when he attempts to get candid shots.

We goose-step past the reviewing stand in a torch light parade that night and the festival program ends with a showing of movies of the Olympic games in Berlin.

Standing in a darkened corner of the park, I click my heels together, give the Nazi salute and with a precise about-face, walk away from it all — back to America and the

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