

# Plotting the American Pogroms

## 2. "The Jews Must Be Destroyed!"

JOHN L. SPIVAK

THERE IS an air of mystery on the seventh floor of 139 East 57th Street, New York City. Well dressed men and women enter and leave Room 703. Sometimes they carry brief cases and look intent and serious. To the observer who wanders onto this floor, Room 703, the entrance to a suite, is just another office in an office building, possibly a private office because there is no firm's or individual's name on the glass door. Those running this office do not want any names on their doors, they do not want too many people to know that this is the headquarters of the secret society for spying on "Jews and Communists," the Order of '76.

There are a wooden bench and several desks in Room 703. To the right as you enter are two more rooms, each with desks at which serious looking men sit studying papers; and to the left, Room 704, is another office, the one where the files are kept and where Royal Scott Gulden, of the mustard king family, acts as secretary of the espionage society and as director of spreading the "hate the Jew" creed. It is an exclusive organization, this one on the seventh floor of the building. It takes into its membership only men and women in the "higher strata" of the military, business and political "worlds of the country." They want to "save America from falling into the hands of the Jews and the Communists."

Gulden himself is a neatly dressed, middle aged man with graying temples, thinning hair and washed-out gray eyes. He was at his desk, heaped high with letters and clippings when I walked in. The two men with whom he was talking turned around quickly while all of them looked at me with a startled air. Strangers do not wander into these offices by accident. Gulden raised his eyes interrogatively, a pleasant smile spreading over his pale face.

"My name is Spivak—John L. Spivak of the New Masses—"

The two men with Gulden closed in on me almost automatically.

"The New Masses!" Gulden exclaimed. "The New Masses! He's from the New Masses!"

He was addressing no one in particular. It was just the exclamations of a startled man who automatically keeps on talking until he can gather his wits.

"We're running a series of articles on the growth of anti-semitism in this country. I find that your organization has established an espionage system among Jews and Communists and carries on anti-semitic propaganda—"

"Well?" said Gulden coldly.

"I should like to interview you."

One of the men beside me started to laugh. "You seem to know all about it," returned Gulden suavely. "You don't have to interview me." He turned to his desk.

"But I'd like to very much," I assured him sweetly.

He raised his head and looked at me steadily for a moment.

"All right," he said curtly. "What do you want?"

"These gentlemen?" I nodded to the two men still standing beside me.

"You want to know everything, don't you?"

"I know one of them. This man is Eugene Daniels who is supposed to have thrown the stink bomb in the stock exchange, isn't he?"

Daniels smiled embarrassedly. The head of the secret espionage order bowed gracefully.

"Pardon me. Mr. Daniels—Mr. Spivak. This gentleman is Mr. Hemple—Jonas Hemple. Now let's get down to business. I'm very busy. What do you want?"

"I just want to know why you believe in anti-semitism."

"I don't believe in anti-semitism," Gulden smiled. "I don't believe in measles either, but we have them. I don't believe in poison but you get it. It's the same with the Jews. We've got them. Our main work is patriotic, chiefly against Communism. And when we find that Communism and Judaism are one, then we fight Judaism."

The other men nodded. Mr. Daniels launched on a long dissertation to assure me that he did not mind the Jews. I finally had to explain that it was Mr. Gulden's views I was interested in. Mr. Daniels left.

"How did you discover that Communism and Judaism are one?" I asked.

"Oh, we got a barrel of clippings. . . ."

He rose to get a folder out of a file. I

noticed a slight bulge on his right hip. I got up and patted it gently.

"What's this—a gat?"

Gulden turned upon me with a startled air. The mysterious and heavy set Mr. Hemple stepped quickly to my side. Gulden returned to his desk without the folder.

"Yes, a gun," he smiled, his washed-out gray eyes boring into me.

"What calibre?"

"Thirty-two, Smith and Wesson—"

He drew the revolver from its holster and placed it on his desk.

"You needn't be afraid," he smiled reassuringly. "We don't hurt people—unless they hurt us," he added significantly.

"Maybe I'd better hold it then," I laughed.

Gulden smiled grimly. "I think maybe we'd better put it in my desk." He opened a drawer and deposited the pistol.

"Got a permit?"

He turned upon me irritably.

"Who the hell—"

"Got a permit?" I repeated.

"What the hell—"

"Let's see your permit!"

Gulden looked startled. Without further word he fished a billfold from his coat pocket and handed me his pistol permit: C 23609.

I don't know why this head of the espionage society should have obeyed my sharp tone unless men with guilty consciences always try to avoid trouble. The man seemed bewildered after he handed me his permit and for a space eyed me narrowly as though trying to decide whether he should answer questions or throw me bodily out of his office. Hemple broke the silence.

"Before we go on with this interview," he said quietly, "I'd like to ask you some questions about THE NEW MASSES. Where does

1933 NOV 14 AM 6 50

PRK 259

BERLIN 21 14 1032

LC GEORG SCHMITT HOTEL ASTORIA NY

HIER EINGEGANGENE WARNUNG VERANLASST NOCHMALIGEN HINWEIS

AUF GROESSTE ZURUECKHALTUNG NACH AUSSEN STOP ABSENDET BERICHT

AUGENER

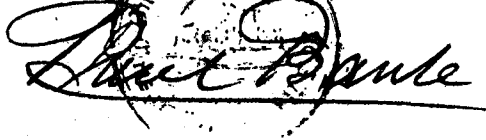
The original cable of this evidence of Hitler's wide-spread anti-semitic and secret service operations in this country was destroyed immediately upon its receipt. This is a copy. It shows that Georg Schmitt who came to the United States ostensibly as a wine salesman after Spanknoebel's flight was really a secret agent of the Stahlhelm. The cable informs Schmitt that they have been warned he is being watched and urges him to use the utmost caution in transmitting his reports.

Werter Kamerad

23. Dezember 1932

Zu unserer Weihnachtsfeier am 26.  
Dezember wollen Sie bitte in Uniform erscheinen.

F r o n t h e i l  
Die Fuehrerschaft  
Paul Bante II.O.G.F.



An order to a secret Nazi agent in this country to appear at a function in full Nazi uniform. The order was signed by Paul Bante, one of the smugglers of anti-semitic propaganda who operates under the direction of Guenther Orgell, head of Hitler's secret service in the U. S.

it get the money to carry on and pay you?"  
I leaned over secretively. "Are we talking confidentially now?"

Both of them nodded quickly.

"Moscow gold," I whispered. "There's a special consignment of one million dollars a month for THE NEW MASSES to pay its large staff. I get one hundred thousand dollars a week for my work—"

"Come on! Cut the comedy!" Gulden interrupted. "I don't know why I should answer questions, but I said I would, so let's get it over with. I want you to get this straight. We're not opposed to the Jews as Jews, but every Jew is a potential Communist, and both are breaking down the laws of the land."

"How do you know Jews are breaking the law any more than the Gentiles?"

"The Protocols of Zion prove it."

"I thought they were discredited."

"I don't care whether they're discredited or not. I don't care whether they're authentic or not. All I know is that they outline a program for the Jews to capture the world and that program is working out accurately and rapidly. If the protocols are forgeries, how did they guess what was going to happen today? I believe the protocols are genuine and events are proving their authority!"

"You think there's a conspiracy by the Jews to capture the world?"

"I absolutely do!"

"And that these Jews are financing the Communists?"

"Certainly. They are financing the Third International and the Soviets. And as evidence I give the statement of Mr. Schiff—"

"What Mr. Schiff?"

"The financier," said Gulden vaguely. "This Mr. Schiff loaned two or four million dollars to the Bolsheviks. I don't know the exact amount, but it was up in the millions. He bragged about it, I understand."

"Didn't Germany, whose government hates the Jews and the Communists as enthusiastically as you, also loan millions to the Bolsheviks—in the form of trade credits?"

"Yes, but they did it as a war measure—"

"They have extended credits since Hitler got into power."

Gulden turned irritably from me.

"I don't care what the German's do! That's their business! I'm interested in America."

"We'll get to that—" I started to assure him, when Mr. Hemple interrupted:

"The Jews must be destroyed. Even the Old Testament says the Jews must be destroyed. Jeremiah: 34: 'Behold, I will command, saith the Lord, and I will make the cities of Judah a desolation without an inhabitant.'"

"That seems to settle it," I agreed. "But what do you do for a living?"

"I smoke cigarettes and hang around here," he returned, with obvious distaste.

I turned again to Gulden.

"It's dawning on me that you don't like the Jews. However, there are millions of them. What does your organization think should be done with them?"

"They ought to be made to stop spreading their semitism in our faces. It's just a question of how long our patience will hold out." He hesitated, shrugged his shoulders and added, "I suppose history will repeat itself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean the good old fashioned pogroms!"

"Your organization is in favor of pogroms against the Jews?"

"If I say that, I'll be liable to arrest, I assume," he said slowly. "But I will say this: we're trying to prevent pogroms by preventing the Jews from driving people to start pogroms against them. We must defend ourselves. If the Jews keep sweeping on, then we will defend ourselves. You can depend upon one thing: if pogroms are forced on us, we will not run away!"

"Forced on you!" I looked at him with amazement. "Are the Jews making pogroms against you?"

"Yes," he said heatedly. "The Jews are making economic pogroms against us. They are taking our businesses, our professions away—and if that continues pogroms will start. And when they do you can bet the Order of '76 will be there!"

He paused and added, "And I don't care if you do say that in your Communist NEW MASSES."

"I'll quote you exactly. But tell me, don't

you realize that when this story comes out Jews will eat their hot dogs without Gulden's mustard?"

Gulden looked grave for a moment.

"In times like these," he said very seriously, "we must all make sacrifices."

Whereupon the interview continued:

"Are you connected in any way with the Nazi distributed anti-semitic propaganda in this country? The Nazis, as you know, would like to take it out on the American Jews for their boycotts and protests against the way the Jews are treated in Germany."

"We have no connection with the Nazis or the Germans in any way!" he exclaimed. "We are purely an American organization—"

At that moment, with the perfect timing of a dramatic stage entrance, a well dressed man of about thirty, with a Teutonic face, opened the entrance door, stepped to the doorway of the private office where we sat, threw his shoulders back, brought his feet together with a click and raised his hand in the Nazi salute!

Gulden and Hemple looked at me. Both of them smiled embarrassedly. I couldn't help letting out a loud laugh. My two hosts did not stir, so I raised my hand in an answering salute!

"Heil Hitler!" I said dryly.

"He's from THE NEW MASSES," Gulden explained quickly.

A flush spread over the newcomer's face. Without a word he turned and walked out as though fleeing from some pestilence. I looked at Gulden and started to laugh again.

"Tell me," I said, still chuckling, "isn't Col. Edwin Emerson, the Nazi agent in this country who first organized anti-semitism here on a national scale, a member of your secret order?"

Gulden hesitated a moment and then nodded.

"And you have a member by the name of Sidney Brooks, who is with the Republican Senatorial and Congressional Campaign Committee—"

"I've scarcely met him since he joined," he interrupted quickly.

"And you know that as a member of this organization he made mysterious trips to 17 Battery Place, where the German Consul General has his offices?"

"I don't know anything about that!"

Mr. Gulden was on the defensive, his face a little paler than its normal hue. Mr. Hemple had lost his superior smile and leaned forward, studying me with a puzzled air.

"And you knew that this Brooks is really the son of Col. Emerson, and this Brooks brought Pelley of the Silver Shirts to you to merge—"

"We never merged with the Silver Shirts!" Gulden exclaimed. "I can prove it to you! I'm even willing to let you see our correspondence with them. There is no such letter or document—"

"The letter regarding that is not in your file," I assured him. "I have it."

Gulden's washed-out eyes seemed to water.

## "Invisible Government"

### The Hidden Autocratic Minority Menace to American Democracy

(A Graphic Analytical Politico-Economic Picture for Our Clientele)

(Note) The American Hebrew of May 11 published an article captioned "Exploding the Myth of a Jewish Hierarchy," claiming that no "Jewish Control" exists at Washington because: "Of 11 Cabinet Officers only one is a Jew; the 'Little Cabinet' has 25 members, but not a single Jew; of 96 Senators, not one is a Jew; among 435 Congressmen, only 10 are Jews; of 9 Supreme Court Justices, only 2 are Jews . . . less than 30 Jews are a part of the Federal Personnel, approximating 1,000 members in official prominence," etc.

By contrast, holding hidden powerful posts without responsibility or accountability, not only do "unofficial advisors" constitute the greatest minority menace to political majorities, but they form that "invisible government" which ruthlessly directed the destinies of many nations, by war and secrecy, before the birth of the American Democratic Government of, by and for the People.

The picture below shows an incomplete list of 11 unofficial "powers behind" Roosevelt Leadership, as well as 23 "official" others "surrounding the throne," including so-called "protoges," "collaborators," "appointees," who are all apparently under Jewish-Radical Minority-Influence—the "titles" and other descriptions used being taken mostly from Jewish publications, Congressional, Associated Press and other public records:



Thus "surrounded," how can any "leadership" even acquire the unbiased knowledge essential to sound administration? (Note the great geographical over-representation of the East, New York alone apparently "contributing" more than 70 per cent.)

By transferring its supreme power to the Roosevelt Personal Government Administration, Congress not only abdicated, but in accepting such high authority, Roosevelt Leadership automatically became accountable for subsequent administrative and legislative acts.

Do Americans want "INVISIBLE Government"?

Edmondson Economic Service  
80 Washington St., Tel. Whitehall 4-5232,  
New York, N. Y.  
May 18, 1934

Robert Edward Edmondson

Investment-Economist  
(Est. 1903)

The open anti-semitic propaganda distributed by the Edmondson Economic Service of Washington, D. C., and New York to its clients under the guise of being financial "news." This particular propaganda was supplied in large quantities to the Order of '76 for distribution to members.



A haggard look appeared in them. Hemple sighed audibly.

"You don't know anything about organizing an espionage system, do you?"

"I was with the Department of Justice—"

"That's fine—but you don't really know anything about organizing an espionage system, do you? What I'm driving at is that you got someone to direct this spy system for you, didn't you?"

"I did not!"

"Didn't Emerson send a man named Fritz Duquesne to you?"

Gulden did not answer.

"Did you ever meet Duquesne, the German war time spy?"

"Yes, he came up here one day."

"What for?"

"Oh, I don't know. He just wanted to look me over, I guess."

"Why should he want to look you over?"

"I don't know!" he exclaimed irritably. "Who the hell are you to ask me all these questions!"

"Just an American citizen interested in finding out how much money you are getting from a foreign government to carry on anti-semitic propaganda in this country!"

"I never got a nickel from the Germans! I wish I had!" he exclaimed. Gulden rose and began to pace nervously about the room. It was quite evident that the secrecy in which the society had veiled its movements was not so secret.

"How long did you spend with Duquesne?"

"Oh, maybe ten or fifteen minutes."

"Actually you were with him for two hours, weren't you!"

Gulden looked worried. He did not answer.

"Isn't it rather strange that this hundred percent 'patriotic' organization is so close with German spies and secret service men in this country in the dissemination of anti-semitic propaganda?"

"We will cooperate with anyone who will help to drive out the Jewish pest!" he said vigorously.

"Then you are cooperating with the Nazis?"

"I didn't say that!"

"You have been distributing anti-semitic propaganda smuggled off German ships, haven't you?"

"No!"

"When did you see Duquesne last?"

"I haven't seen him since he was here. I haven't any knowledge of him at all!"

Gulden swallowed and scratched the gray hairs on his temple.

"You've been in touch with him at 51 West 46th Street recently,—"

"Forty-one—" Gulden said automatically, and caught himself.

"That's right," I laughed.

Gulden's pale face had turned a purplish hue. He was livid with fury.

"If you want to talk to me any more, you'll have to show me authority or take me into

court!" he shouted. "I've said all I intend to say. I've said enough!"

"Yes, you've said enough," I agreed and rose.

**I**T IS this man Gulden's organization of super-patriots, whose membership includes federal, state and city government officials, which cooperates with paid Hitler agents in the distribution of anti-semitic propaganda.

On February 6, 1934, there was a great deal of publicity about 300 pounds of anti-semitic propaganda which had been discovered on the German freighter *Este*. The propaganda was in burlap bags, addressed and ready to be mailed as soon as it was smuggled off the ship. It was confiscated, but neither customs officials nor the federal secret service knew or know who is behind and directing this smuggling nor how widely spread it is.

And at this point in our revelations we come to the head of the German foreign secret service in this country, a man sent to the United States by the USCHLA, the German secret political police. He was one of the best operatives in the German secret service. Not even Col. Edwin Emerson, who was sent here to organize anti-semitism in this country on a national scale, knows this man's fullest importance. All he knows is that when he commands they are supposed to obey—quickly.

This man is Guenther Orgell of 606 West 115th Street, New York City, ostensibly employed by the Raymond Roth Co., 25 West 45th Street, as an electrical engineer; and his official connection with the German groups in this country is only as secretary of the United German Societies. This head of the Hitler secret service in this country keeps his records and instructions from abroad in a well hidden house at Great Kills, Staten Island. The telephone number, in case federal operatives want to communicate with him, is Honeywood 6—2317.

That Nazi anti-semitic propaganda is being smuggled into the United States has been known for some time. The propaganda enters chiefly through the ports of New York and Baltimore on the East Coast and through San Pedro, Cal. and Portland, Ore., on the West Coast. At the same time these German ships on which propaganda is sent to this country, are being used to carry secret reports to and from the propaganda minister and the USCHLA.

Let me take the reader on a trip in which secret reports on the progress of anti-semitic plotting are sent and received.

It is twenty minutes to ten on the evening of March 16, 1934. Germany's *Queen of the Seas*, the North German Lloyd ship *Europa* is preparing to sail at midnight. The gaily illuminated boat is filled with men and women, many in evening dress, seeing friends off to Europe. German stewards, all of them members of the ship's Nazi Gruppe, stand about bowing, smiling, but watching every passenger and visitor carefully.

People wander all over the boat. Many visit the library on the main promenade deck,

which has a German post office. There is a great deal of laughter and chatter and into this scene, dressed in an ordinary business suit, strolls Guenther Orgell, carrying a folded newspaper in his hands. He catches the post office steward's eye. Not the slightest sign of recognition passes between them or shows on either face. Orgell casually takes four letters from his coat pocket and hands them to the steward, who as casually slips them into his pocket. There are no stamps on the letters.

Still so casual in manner that the average observer would not even have noticed the passage of the letters, Orgell wanders over to a desk in the library and rapidly writes another letter—so important, apparently, that he dared not carry it with him in the event of a mishap. The letter is sealed and handed to the steward.

The library has a great many visitors. No one seems to be paying any attention to this visitor or passenger talking to the steward. With a quick glance around him, Orgell takes in everyone in the library and seems satisfied. Again he catches the steward's eye. This time he nods. The steward opens a closet in the library, the second one left of the main aisle on the port side of the ship towards the stern of the boat (I give these details, but I imagine that before the federal authorities can examine the *Europa* on her next visit here, whatever may be in that closet will have been removed). A thin package is taken from its hiding place and quickly slipped to Orgell, who covers it with his newspaper and leaves the ship promptly.

German secret instructions have been sent and received—in violation of the federal laws!

Most German ships entering the Port of New York arrange social evenings on board when anywhere from several hundred to several thousand persons are entertained. At the conclusion of these parties so many people leave that it is impossible to keep track of them and in that crowd much of the propaganda is smuggled off by specially chosen Nazi agents. At other times, the propaganda comes consigned to "respectable" addresses. Each ship has a specific address or collection of addresses to which material is sent. The S.S. *St. Louis*, which docks at Pier 86, for instance, in case customs officials are interested, has its anti-semitic propaganda wrapped up in neat packages and consigned to the German Book Import Co., 27 Park Place, New York City, or to A. Bruderhausen Bookshop, 15 West 45th Street, New York City.

The German ministry of Propaganda, however, does not always dare to take a chance on being caught by addressing anti-semitic propaganda to respectable book shops. It prefers to have it smuggled in in the dead of night when customs officials are asleep on the job. And this procedure is under the personal direction of Guenther Orgell, foreign secret service agent for the German Foreign Office. Orgell uses men as aids who were German war veterans, have proved their allegiance to Hitler and are active in anti-semitism and

pro-Fascism in this country. Orgell himself is in constant communication, via North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American steamships, with Goebbels.

Whenever Orgell needs trusted men to take messages to and from the boats as well as to smuggle off material he usually calls upon the American branch of the Stahlhelm, or Steel Helmets, which drills secretly in anticipation of Der Tag in this country. Only when he feels that he may be watched, or only in the event of the most important messages does he go aboard the ships personally. Orgell's liaison man in the smuggling activities is Frank Mutschinski, a painting contractor of 116 Garland Court, Garritsen Beach, N. Y.

Frank Mutschinski first entered the country on June 16, 1929, from Germany on the S.S. George Washington. He was commander of one of the American branches of the Stahl-

helm, which had offices at 174 East 85th Street, New York City. While he was in command, he received his orders direct from Franz Seldta, at present minister of labor under Hitler. Seldta at that time was in Madgeburg, Germany. Branches of the German Stahlhelm, all of which are intensively carrying on anti-semitic propaganda, were established by him and Orgell in Rochester, Chicago, Philadelphia, Newark, N. J., Detroit, Los Angeles and even one in Toronto. The various branches are in constant communication with one another, disseminate the hate-the-Jew propaganda in unison, though each one operates autonomously on direct orders from Germany.

In Orgell's smuggling activities he needs aid and his chief assistant, Carl Brunkhorst, was supplied by Mutschinski. It was Brunkhorst's job to deliver the secret letters. The smuggling in of Nazi uniforms in this coun-

try, as well as the job of handling the secret letters, is in the hands of Paul Bante of 186 East 93d Street, New York City. Bante is a member of the 244th Coast Guard as well as the New York National Guard!

There is much more about the smuggling into this country of anti-semitic propaganda, the ships, the men who participate in them, the smuggling and distribution, but space must be saved for other and equally startling evidence in the nation-wide web being woven by Nazi and American agents.

*In next week's article Mr. Spivak will present evidence that wealthy Jews have been contributing money which was used for anti-semitic propaganda and show how American "patriotic" organizations are spreading the "Hate the Jew" creed as a means of collecting money. The organizations and those who contribute to them will be named.*

# Senator Nye Shadow-Boxes War

MARGUERITE YOUNG

WASHINGTON.

"I WONDER just how much more America will stand from these munitions men! When the people are on the verge of tears and of revolution—well, I just wonder how much more they'll stand for!"

Gerald P. Nye was thinking out loud. Thinking with deep chagrin of the testimony he and his fellows on the Senate munitions committee had received a few hours earlier from the DuPont Dynamite Dynasty. Some of the record of that testimony was spread out before the youthful chairman on his magnificent glass-topped desk. He was gazing beyond this, however, peering at a big black photostat covered with white figures relating how DuPont war profits were converted into an industrial domain that rings the earth with everything from DuPont cellophane and autos to DuPont movie film and newspapers. It was not the enormity of this empire-that-munitions-built that struck the Senator, however, not its implications of its owners' ever more inexorable necessity for more markets, portending new wars and still more DuPont war profits. It was a comparatively minute circumstance, the fact that the DuPonts had blandly protested against a "retroactive" war tax upon the cornerstone of their corporate structure.

"Think of it!" the Senator cried. "Think of what Mr. DuPont forgets when he comes here whining about that tax! Why, he forgets that those profits couldn't have been if there hadn't been a certain hotheadedness in the Balkans. . . ."

"Hotheadedness in the Balkans—" I gasped at the implication that it was *this* that caused the World War. It was more striking than his innocent coupling of those antithetical "tears

and revolution." But before I could protest, he was cantering along five miles ahead. I could only think.

Here spoke the country editor of a bygone decade—here, despite his marble mantle, deep carpet, and photographic mementos of nine years' laboratory practice in realpolitik, sat a Galahad of the Prairies, generating dangerous illusions with the same elan as that with which he once charged the journalistic heavens of Iowa and North Dakota with a liberal pen that roused the hope of paradise among the farmers—but which didn't keep the bankers from their door.

"I say Mr. DuPont forgets that his profits couldn't have been except that this hotheadedness in the Balkans led to strife all over Europe, and brought an urge in America to profit from that strife, which led to the loading of munitions on at least one great liner for a warring nation, which resulted in the loss of hundreds of lives, whereupon the will of the American people demanded that we defend our honor which was assailed when this ship carrying our colors was sunk, and therefore Congress backed the President to the extent of declaring war in defense of the honor. . . ."

"And in defense of the profits, Senator?" I managed as he caught his breath and continued: "And in defense of American profits! And most of all Mr. DuPont forgets how Americans rallied to back the President. . . ."

One wondered whether that reminder was intended for the interviewer instead of for Mr. DuPont—but there was no use in trying to cut in. This was a speech and it would be finished. . . .

" . . . to back the President and Congress, and Mr. DuPont forgets how thousands gave

their lives and thousands more surrendered their loved ones, and now every community is rife with reminders of what this, according to the will of the American people, did to the minds and lungs and bodies of thousands, and how it deprived millions of the ability to gain wealth and happiness for themselves. These are some of the things that gave Mr. DuPont his profits! Which, invested in almost every worthwhile industry, found their wealth during ten years multiplied many times over! So, I repeat, I just wonder what in the world the attitude of the people is going to be. . . !"

I decided at length to try some A-B-C questions, predicated upon accepting all the Senator's concealed assumptions, and this is what happened:

Q.—Does the evidence before you now, such as the testimony that the State Department advised munitions men to get an injunction to test an embargo on arms, suggest that governments of the status quo play errand boy to the munitions men? A.—Yes.

Q.—Does it suggest futility of government "control"? A.—It absolutely damns government control.

Q.—Then what is your proposal to remedy the situation? A.—Government monopoly, in ships, guns, chemicals and powder.

Q.—That will be your major recommendation? A.—Yes.

Q.—You're interested in preventing war, Senator? A.—Why, yes!

Q.—Then, assuming your entire Committee agreed to your recommendation for government monopolies, and assuming even that Congress enacted it, which you know it probably won't—assuming we actually had government monopolies, wouldn't that still leave the Du-