

LUXURIOUS TREASON

by **Mr. X**

THE MOST SENSATIONAL ADDRESS EVER DELIVERED IN HOLLYWOOD.
NAMES OVER 200 MOTION PICTURE PERSONALITIES, INCLUDING
STARS, CONNECTED WITH RED ACTIVITIES.

1. A STATEMENT BY J. EDGAR HOOVER.
2. INTRODUCTION BY THE NOTED SCENARIO WRITER AND
PLAYWRIGHT MYRON C. FAGAN.
3. ADOLPHE MENJOS, NOTED HOLLYWOOD STAR, APPEARS
BEFORE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE TO EXPOSE COM-
MUNISM. MR. MENJOS'S STATEMENT IS QUOTED IN
THIS MANUSCRIPT.

Explanation: The address contained in this
manuscript was delivered by the individual whose
picture appears at the right. Yes, he is wearing
a black mask. He gives the reason for wearing this
mask is the address contained in this manuscript.
Had he revealed his identity it would be difficult
to estimate what might have befallen him.



NO. 1 G - MAN FIGHTS COMMUNISM



J. EDGAR HOOVER AS HE APPEARED BEFORE THE HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE.

J. EDGAR HOOVER MAKES STATEMENT CONCERNING MOTION PICTURE COMMUNISM.

Publisher's Note: Below we print an important statement made by the head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover. Mr. Hoover has been a consistent and fearless enemy of Communism and has not hesitated to expose it wherever it appeared. The Cinema Educational Guild will never miss an opportunity to pass on the words of Mr. Hoover. He is one of America's noble men in the field of patriotism and national events.

The American Communists launched a furtive attack on Hollywood in 1935 by the issuance of a directive calling for a concentration in Hollywood. The orders called for action on two fronts: 1) An effort to infiltrate the labor unions; 2) to infiltrate the so-called intellectual and creative fields.

In movie circles, Communists developed an effective defense a few years ago in meeting criticism. They would counter with the question, "After all, what is the matter with Communism?" It was effective because many persons did not possess adequate knowledge of the subject to give an intelligent answer.

Some producers and studio heads realized the possibility that the entire industry faces serious embarrassment because it would become a springboard for Communist activities. Communist activity in Hollywood is effective and is furthered by Communists and sympathizers using the prestige of prominent persons to serve, often unwittingly, the Communist cause. The Party is content and highly pleased if it is possible to have inserted in a picture a line, a scene, a sequence, conveying the Communist lesson and more particularly, if they can keep out anti-Communist lessons.

A STATEMENT BY MYRON C. FAGAN



Publisher's Note: Myron C. Fagan is a noted playwright and cinema writer who has directed over 40 Broadway hits and has written plays in which the following have either had parts, acted under his direction or both: Brian Donlevy, Anna Sten, Arlene Francis, Mary Astor, Mary Pickford, Minna Gombell, Nancy Carroll, Alla Nazimova, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Minnie Maddern Fiske, John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., William Courtney, William S. Hart and George O'Brien.

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Two thousand years ago a Man named Jesus died on a Cross and all those who had followed Him turned away from that Cross with despair in their hearts and hopelessness in their minds. The blood in the veins of the timid and the weak turned to water -- and they meekly bowed their heads in surrender to the forces of evil. Only that handful of faithful who believed His word continued to carry on and spread His promise of peace on earth and good will to man.

In 1945 I suddenly awakened to the realization that once again, just as two thousand years ago, those same forces of evil, calling themselves Communists, were seeking to destroy that promise. And right here in my own Hollywood I saw the timid and the weak slowly but surely bowing their heads in meek and fearful surrender until only a handful of the valiant remained -- but even those few were fighting through muzzles and leg irons and handcuffs. And all Hollywood had gone dark as on that day two thousand years ago.

Then came the night of December 9, 1948. I sat in the El Patio Theater in Hollywood and heard the mysterious Mr. X speak. And for me, Almighty God had turned back His universe and given me yesterday -- that yesterday when another voice cried out: "He Has Risen." To me, Mr. X was a heavenly avenger as I heard him tear from the throat of treason the forked tongue of treachery and deceit, and saw him snatch the mask of righteousness from the vicious face of evil.

This is my humble tribute to the man who gave me renewed courage that night and a faith and belief that our fight is not in vain and that right shall triumph over evil might.

FAMOUS STAR TESTIFIES BEFORE CONGRESS



Adolphe Menjou, the famous Hollywood star, needs no introduction to the American public. He has been one of the foremost leaders of the movement to rid Hollywood of Communism. He has been the victim of persecution, high pressure, and even physical threats against his life.

STATEMENT BY MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU BEFORE THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

The following question was put to Mr. Menjou by Mr. Stripling, chief investigator of the Congressional Committee:

"Mr. Menjou, what do you think is the best way to go about combating Communism in Hollywood?"

MR. MENJOU: "Well, I think a great deal already has been done. The first meeting of this Congressional Committee has already alerted many apathetic people, many people who are not aware of the incredibly serious menace that faces America. They don't take the trouble to read. I am sure that some of my fellow actors who have attacked this Committee and myself had they taken the time to read and study would be of exactly the same opinion as I am. I believe that 95 per cent of the people in California are decent, honest American citizens. The Communist Party in Hollywood is a minority, but a dangerous minority. In many situations the members of this Party seem to demonstrate irresistible power.

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"I believe that under certain circumstances a Communistic director, a communistic writer, or a communistic actor, even if he were under orders from the head of the studio not to inject Communism or un-Americanism or subversion into pictures, could easily subvert that order, under the proper circumstances, by a look, by an inflection, by a change in the voice. I think it could be easily done."

LUXURIOUS TREASON

by Mr. X

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

I believe you are all under the impression that this is eight o'clock on the evening of December 9, 1948 -- and that you are in the El Patio Theater.

You are wrong on both counts. It is now exactly midnight on the night of November 16, 1944 -- and we are all on our way to the sumptuous and luxurious home of Charlie Chaplin at 1085 Summit Drive in Beverly Hills, where you will find eighteen of Hollywood's top stars assembled to commit an act, which even in those days of Moscow's phoney alliance with Uncle Sam, was an act of treason, which, if committed in Russia by a similar group of Russians, would have meant their death without trial. But before I ring Charlie's doorbell I feel that I owe it to you to give you a background of explanation why I am here tonight.

As my eyes wander over your faces I could very readily say "Mah Frands" . . . my face is very well known to all of you who attend the Cinema . . . my normal voice is very familiar to all who listen to the radio . . . I am equally well known to the patrons of the legitimate theater.

WHY THE BLACK MASK ?

This mask is more obnoxious to me than to you . . . but it is my one and only insurance against economic destruction -- possibly death.

I am happily married, I have a young son and daughter who need my support . . . I am in comfortable circumstances and I have a secure position in my profession . . . but all that would be wiped out tomorrow if the Reds of Hollywood, or the Johnston Office, or the several Dictators of the film industry, were to learn my identity . . . because tonight I shall unlock all the treason chambers in Hollywood and throw the keys away. Under the circumstances I must do it not as . . . myself . . . but as Mr. X -- whom you will never see or hear again.

Before I proceed to turn the keys in these locks, I will tell you a few things about myself -- not to serve as a clue as to "what's my name," but to remove all doubt of the authenticity of what I will reveal.

If I were to tell you my name many of you would promptly exclaim: "Communist." At the very least, you would brand me as a very zealous "Fellow Traveller." On the surface you might be right; underneath you are wrong. Actually I was a hunger-driven Opportunist. But don't get me wrong: I am not apologizing. I am what I am . . . because today only untouchables like Clark Gable or Gary Cooper can be openly all-out Americans -- anybody else in Hollywood, short of that kind of secure position, must play ball with the Reds -- or starve . . . and my grandmother always told me that starvation is bad for your indigestion. I am what I am . . . because the Dictators of Hollywood piously denounce Communism in public -- and impiously give their best jobs to the Reds in private . . . I am what I am -- because 140 million Americans sit placidly by and let them get away with it.

No, siree, sir, I am not apologizing. I am accusing. During my first two years in Hollywood I was All-American -- and I starved. After that I played the Reds' game -- and I was regarded with fame and all that goes with it.

Today I have the complete confidence of every top Red in Hollywood. My wife and I are welcome guests in their homes . . . They are frequent guests in my home. I have played pinoche with Louis B. Mayer in his Santa Monica beach mansion, with Harry Warner in his palatial Ranch House. I sit in with the Reds in their most secret conclaves. I even sit in with them as they plan their treason. But, like so many others who are forced to play their game, in my secret heart I despise and hate them . . . and for years I've been hoping and waiting for the day when either our Government, or our people, would wake up and give them their proper dues as the foulest traitors in the history of our Nation.

WASHINGTON DRAMA

I thought that day arrived on the 23rd day of October, 1947, as I sat in the Caucus Room of the Old House Office Building in Washington and heard the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities expose those ten little Red men, who were later indicted and sentenced.

But within a month the Red Inner circle was moving Heaven and Earth with the help of their powerful Washington, D. C., connections to stop further investigation of Communism in Hollywood. They met with enough success to cause real alarm -- which constitutes a grand challenge to you and to me.

Again, on April 12th of this year, right here in this very theater, I thought the day had come when I heard 100 women, representing 75,000 Los Angeles Clubwomen, pledge themselves to organize and drive the Reds out of Hollywood. But within 30 days the wealth and power and ruthlessness of Hollywood moved against this sincere movement of patriotic women, and by corrupting the weak and deceiving the naive, they torpedoed this potential crusade from within.

That was when much of the noble work that was done by the Motion Picture Alliance was given a body blow, but throughout it all I was amazed -- and inwardly proud -- at the courage, the steadfastness and patriotism of such well known personalities as Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Bob Montgomery and Adolphe Menjou, in spite of muzzles, strait jackets, leg irons and handcuffs, while in their secret souls this stalwart band of Hollywood satellites said: "How long, oh, how long can America continue to be blinded by the treacherous, deceptive and coercive propaganda pouring out from Stalin's pals right here in Hollywood?"

Then, on the night of October 22nd, exactly seven weeks ago, I was inspired to do what I am doing tonight. My wife and I attended a lecture at the Wilshire Ebell Theater. We heard the most thrilling, the most eloquent address concerning the subject matter in hand. Up to that time the most impressive address I ever heard on that subject was Adolphe Menjou's statement at the hearing conducted by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities in Washington on the 22nd of October, 1947, but it remained for Myron C. Fagan, just exactly one year later, to give us the convincing composite which some day doubtless will have proved to be the most influential single experience in my entire life. Just so must the immortal Patrick Henry have sounded to his listeners when he cried out: "Give me liberty, or give me death."

A HOLLYWOOD HERO

As I assumed -- every keen student of the Red menace in this community knows who Myron Fagan is -- and what he stands for. But I'm going to take a minute or two to tell you a few things about him that you don't know. Bear in mind I hold no brief for him -- my name is in his list of traitors. But that's all right -- you'll soon see why I say "that's all right."

When I first hit Broadway, a young punk of an actor, he was already a legendary name in the theater. He gave me my first break -- as he did a lot of others who are now stars in Hollywood. I played a bit part in one of his biggest hits. Later I worked in other plays under his direction. Also in two of his pictures out here. We became very good friends -- yet Mr. Fagan put my name in his blacklist. Mine, and the names of a lot of other old friends -- because they are traitors to America.

In 1945 he could have written his own ticket with any Producer on Broadway. Instead, he came out here -- to fight our battle. And we, all 140 million Americans of us, sat by and let Fagan and a handful of patriots do the fighting that should have been done by every God-fearing, freedom-loving American between the two oceans. The blind and sleepy multitude which failed to heed Fagan's warning should hang its collective head in shame. Whereas fighting patriots had dealt with the Communist menace in its general phases all over the nation, Mr. Fagan was the first important theatre personality to specialize in the particular intelligence to put the unimpeachable finger of indictment upon the traitors in his profession.

STUNNED BY THE TRUTH

On the night of April 12th I sat in this theater and saw a great play, "Thieves Paradise," which exposed what the Communists have done to all the people behind the Iron Curtain -- and what they are planning to do to us. . . I heard a great patriotic curtain speech by Fagan in which he announced the formation of "Citizens United for American Principles" for the purpose of driving the Reds out of Hollywood. . . I heard this theater resound with cheers and bravos. . . I heard hundreds of leading Clubwomen shriek support and unswerving loyalty. The very next day the torture of coercion, misrepresentation, hate, Communist trickery and financial power were released upon this man -- but at last report I am told that he not only remained steadfast, but is more determined than ever to carry through.

The gist of Fagan's curtain speech was sound and logical. It was filled with practical theory. All the Clubwomen in Los Angeles were to be organized into one solid body. Then all the theaters in Los Angeles were to be served with a notice that anyone of them that would book a picture with a Red star, a Red writer, a Red director, or a Red producer, would forever forfeit the patronage of all those women and their families and friends.

A very simple plan -- but packed with atomic destruction for Stalinism in Hollywood. Don't take my word for it. I'll tell you what J. Edgar Hoover said about it. A very famous Hollywood star and his wife were in Washington the week before "Thieves Paradise" was to open here. They were having dinner with J. Edgar and gave him a complete outline of Fagan's plan. "Tell Fagan from me," said Hoover, "that he has hit upon the one and only sure-fire method to wipe all the Reds out of Hollywood . . . it will arouse the entire nation and break the back of Communism in America." I won't mention the name of the star who brought that message to Fagan -- although it is an open secret in Hollywood that it was Adolphe Menjou.

If I'm not careful, another slip of the tongue, and you'll know my name.

When that plan was publicly announced on the night of April 12th it created more terror and panic in the hearts of the Reds and the Hollywood Nabobs than all the Congressional investigations rolled into one -- because they knew that they might be able to pull enough strings to smother Congressional investigations -- but they feared they could never cajole, or threaten, or bribe Fagan into a surrender -- because of his phenomenal zeal -- and what the Reds referred to as his fanatical determination to carry through.

THE INVULNERABLE CRUSADER

But the Reds don't easily give up. Fagan was invulnerable, but that Committee of 100 Club Presidents, who were to organize their members, must contain a few "softies" who would respond to bribery, or threats, or blackmail. The Reds' board of strategy got busy. They found two such "softies," a man and a woman, so well described by that sterling character, Rupert Hughes, as "patriots who play both sides of the street." These two people, who had enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Fagan and the Clubwomen, agreed to participate in a plot to torpedo their crusade from within. They met in the night with certain personalities from Hollywood and there, across the chessboard of treason, in the spirit of Judas Iscariot, traded off the patriotic hope and destiny of the Cinema colony. Within a week a whispering campaign was under way -- smears, threats, mysterious and anonymous telephone calls.

I will give you an "exhibit" of how they operated:

"Counter-Attack" is a famous organization of former F.B.I. men who have banded together to expose Communism in America. They publish a newsletter magazine under that name. They knew Myron Fagan and about his plan. They saw its terrific potentialities -- and they offered to cooperate and coordinate that plan throughout the country. I was further delighted and encouraged when I learned that this strategic and patriotic organization had decided to join hands with Mr. Fagan in the sponsorship of a nationwide speaking tour. The moment the report leaked out, the Reds got busy -- this new menace to their slimy cause had to be sabotaged. All right.

The curtain goes up. It is a day late in May. Present year. The locale is a room on the second floor of an hotel in downtown Los Angeles. Discovered: the two saboteurs previously mentioned -- the man and the woman -- and a routine clique of jackals and cowards they had recruited to act as a so-called Committee. They are waiting for the arrival of George K. Johnson and Thomas Brady, Vice Presidents of "Counter-Attack." Johnson is a former top-notch Naval Intelligence officer and Brady an equally top-notch former F.B.I. man. While waiting, the two saboteurs are coaching their stooges on how to act like an important Committee.

Johnson and Brady arrive. The saboteurs go through the usual amenities of general introductions, tributes to the high ideals of "Counter-Attack" and all that sort of blah blah. But Johnson and Brady quickly discover that the sole purpose for this meeting of a "Committee" -- that was no Committee -- was to smear Fagan and induce "Counter-Attack" to withdraw from the lecture tour sponsorship. The saboteurs put on a terrific act as they tried to convince Johnson and Brady that they were thrusting "Counter-Attack" into what looked like a factional battle among important Clubwomen. Bear in mind, this was to be a tour to fight Communism by a man of whose sincerity and integrity there is not one iota of doubt -- and it was being sabotaged -- not by the known Reds but by two people who claim to be zealous Americans.

Mr. Johnson is in Los Angeles today. I, personally, sent him an invitation -- and also phoned him -- to be here tonight, so that he can refute this story if it is not true.

Early in July I was startled by a report that Myron C. Fagan was a very sick man. Joy, unrestrained -- and unrefined -- was expressed in the Film Studios, the Johnston Office and every Red hangout. That was the end of the fight to drive the Reds out of Hollywood. There is no other man in the theater world with the "know-how" and the courage to go through with such a fight.

JIMMY FIDLER IN THE FIGHT

Then, on Sunday, October 17th, I tuned in on Jimmie Fidler -- and was electrified: "Myron C. Fagan rides again," Fidler announced. Right here I wish to emphasize that among the courageous souls who have stood by Fagan in this fight none was more courageous or steadfast than Jimmie Fidler. Fidler's stand gave me a thrill and helped to inspire me. And how Fagan rode the following Friday night at the Wilshire Ebell Theater. When my wife and I got home that night our spines were still tingling from what we heard at that lecture. We stayed up half the night discussing it. We both agreed that the Fagan way is the only way that Hollywood will ever be restored to America. We also agreed that Fagan and his kind need real cooperation, real help -- not the lip service of excitement seekers, nor the empty promises of self-glory seekers, nor the false promises of superficial patriots who join him merely to exploit him. At four o'clock in the morning we decided that I must take the risk and do what I am doing tonight -- to tell you that we must make Fagan succeed.

Fellow Americans, I have no personal axe to grind. I am paying for the use of this theater and all the expense of tonight with my own money. I want nothing in return, except to see Moscow driven out of Hollywood -- so that I can come out from behind my mask and become openly the true American that I am.

As for you, let me tell you: the salvage of Hollywood is just as vital to you and your children as it is to me and my children. The sword of Damocles is hanging very low over your heads. It is a ruthless Oriental sword, an Asiatic sword, a Mongol sword. It is hanging by a hair. To make you realize how thin a hair is the reason I called you together tonight -- to tell you of acts of foul treason committed right here within a stone's throw of your own homes. And what I tell you will not be hearsay -- because I was there!

And now, back to that midnight of November 16th of 1944 -- and that act of treason in the home of Charlie Chaplin.

AN EVENING IN CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S HOME --- A CABLEGRAM TO STALIN

As we drive up to the door, we hear sounds of revelry on the still night air. I ring the bell . . . I hear footsteps approaching. Now, I want you to come in with me -- but so that Charlie won't be suspicious, all of you must pretend to be mice -- and silently scamper in while I exchange greetings with whomever ----- sh'h. The door is opening!

"Ah, good evening, Mr. -----X."

"Good evening, Katie."

Katie is the buxom Catherine Hunter, Chaplin's secretary -- Chatelaine. Katie does not usually attend the door, but the other servants had been given this night off -- we shall soon discover why.

"You're late, Mr. X -- Charlie had almost given you up."

I make sure that all you mice have scampered in -- I shut the door and follow Katie toward Charlie's ornate living room. Katie opens the door and ushers me in. I am greeted with uproariously by gay soprano voices, booming baritone -- and a few falsettos. The walls of the huge room bulge with Hollywood celebrities. All are hilariously gay. Some a little high; some quite high; a few, quite frankly, rather drunk.

For the benefit of you mice I will identify a few of them: over there, at the buffet, is Eddie Cantor -- tearing at a herring. Next to him is Bette Davis, daintily munching caviar and sipping Vodka. That face behind the huge cigar is Eddie Robinson's. Sitting on the couch is the not too-bright Rita Hayworth, that badly over-smoked hunk towering over Rita and talking about himself is Orson Welles.

"Come in, Joe, come in," shouts Chaplin, heartily.

My name is not Joe, but at informal moments like this we will call me "Joe."

"You're the last of the Mohicans we've been waiting for."

"What's cooking, Charlie, old boy?"

I am quickly informed: the war and every other little thing has been going so well for Moscow that Joe Stalin has decided to throw a great Amity Rally in Moscow -- so Cholly, Eddie Robinson, John Garfield and some of the other hammer and sickle boys and girls in Cinema-land have decided it would be a nice gesture to send Uncle Joe a Hollywood pledge of allegiance. The original wording of that pledge would have meant treason trials even in 1944 for all those who signed it. Even the intrepid -- on screen -- Orson Welles shuddered fear when Cholly read it. It was changed into this form:

"IN TIME TO COME THE RECOGNITION OF THE U. S. S. R. BY THE UNITED STATES WILL BE REMEMBERED AS THE BEGINNING OF AN ERA WHICH BROUGHT SAVAGERY, IGNORANCE AND HUNGER TO AN END. IT WILL BE REMEMBERED AS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD NEW HORIZONS OF A WORLD WHERE SECURITY AND CULTURE ARE MEANT FOR THE HAPPINESS OF ALL PEOPLE EVERYWHERE. ON THIS OCCASION HOLLYWOOD WISHES TO ADD ITS VOICE TO THE VOICES OF ALL AMERICANS HAILING THE MUTUAL BOND WHICH EXISTS AND WHICH WILL CONTINUE TO EXIST AND GROW BETWEEN OUR GREAT COUNTRY AND OUR GREAT ALLY. IN THIS FRIENDSHIP LIES NOT ONLY THE HOPE BUT THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD."

This in-between-the-lines pledge of allegiance to Communism was cabled directly to Stalin and signed by:

Charles Chaplin	Gene Kelly
Eddie Cantor	Rita Hayworth
George Coulouris	Orson Welles
Olivia DeHavilland	Dorothy Comingore
Larry Adler	Alexander Kacz
John Garfield	Groucho and Harpo Marx (no relation to Karl Marx)
James Cagney	Edward G. Robinson
Ira Gershwin	Gail Sondergaard
Katherine Hepburn	Sylvia Sydney

Katie was given the cablegram and instructed to send it direct to Joe Stalin! And she did!

H A T C H I N G T R E A S O N

Our next scene of treason-hatching is not so gay. Here, too, they meet at midnight -- this time it is in the home of Lewis Milestone, on the night of September 15, 1947. As at the Chaplin party, Hollywood Red royalties predominate, but ominous foreboding rather than hilarity is the order of this meeting. Earlier in the year, J. Parnell Thomas had startled and shocked the Marxist brother and sisterhood with a preliminary attack on their freedom to plot treason. Now it was being rumored that a more rigid investigation was to take place in Washington, D. C., with no holds barred. The sobered and subdued comrades discuss this menace to their cause in hushed tones. Each one is wondering if he is one of those who will be put on

the spot -- each one wondering how much the investigators or the F.B.I. know about their secret activities. They all keep glancing anxiously at their watches. They are waiting for Mister William Z. Foster, head of the American Communist Party. Ostensibly in Los Angeles to speak at a Communist Party rally at the Embassy, Foster really had come on to stiffen the spines of his panicky Hollywood stooges. The old grandfather clock had just chimed the witching hour, when the doorbell rings. Everybody stiffens -- all is silence -- 'twas like the night before Christmas and all through the house -- not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse . . . only the tick-tock, tick-tock of the grandfather clock.

F O S T E R ' S ' B R A I N C H I L D '

The door opens -- Foster enters. Old Bill himself is none too happy about the situation, but tonight he is General Sheridan thundering down the Shenandoah to prevent a retreat from becoming a rout. In soothing tones he explains that somebody in Washington had slipped up and allowed this uncouth, swash-buckling, notoriety-seeking miscreant, J. Parnell Thomas, to pull a fast one; but we were to stand fast and not to worry -- everything would soon be under control.

That was the night on which "The Committee for the First Amendment" was created -- to appeal direct to the "fair-minded" American people -- an appeal to destroy the right of Congress to destroy the treason that was to betray the American people into the slavery planned by Joe Stalin. It would be an appeal glamorized by all the glamorous personalities of Hollywood. Money would be needed -- lots of money -- to buy radio time, charter planes, trains, hire legal talent -- money to bribe politicians in Washington to hamper and cripple the Congressional investigators. A quarter of a million dollars would be needed. Committees to raise this money had to be organized. Committees to enlist stars for radio broadcasts, for press protests, for a descent on Washington -- all sorts of Committees.

Later on I will come back to this night's work. I will tell you all about these Committees, where they met -- and worked. I will give you all the names, high and low, of all those who subscribed money and labor to "The Committee for the First Amendment" -- to forever destroy the right of our Government to investigate and expose Communist treason within our own borders.

I will now fade you out of this busy luxurious scene of treason and fade you into another one . . . on the night of October 19, 1947, in a suite in the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D. C. Here, as in Hollywood, treason abides in luxury. The Shoreham Hotel is the Waldorf-Astoria of Washington. Our feet sink into six inches of velvet as we enter the pasteled drawing room of a suite designed for royalty or a Rockefeller checkbook. There are nineteen men in this suite; all of them jittery, all of them trembling with the consciousness of their guilt; all of them waiting, waiting -- for the outcome of a conference in another suite in the same hotel . . . we will dissolve into that other equally palatial suite, in which we find Robert W. Kenny, Bartley Crum, Ben Margolis, Sam Rosenwein, Charlie Katz and Martin Popper, attorneys for the nineteen -- we also find Eric Johnston, President of the Motion Picture Producers Association and his attorneys, Maurice Benjamin and Paul V. McNutt. Johnston is speaking.

E R I C J O H N S T O N ' S A S S U R A N C E

"Mr. Kenny, we share your feelings and will support your position. You tell your boys not to worry. The Motion Picture Producers Association does not propose that the Government shall tell us, directly or by coercion, what kind of pictures we are to make, or not to make. Furthermore, we will not go totalitarian to please this Congressional Committee. No matter what the findings are, there will be no action taken by my office -- there will be no blacklist against your clients."

That was Czar Johnston's contribution to "The Committee for the First Amendment" to deliver the American people to a Mongol slave master.

Audience, what does that make Mr. Eric Johnston?

Incidentally, this same Mr. Eric Johnston is so palsy-walsy with Joe Stalin and Molotov that he doesn't even have to knock on their doors when he wants in. Recently he went to London to drum up some badly needed business for Hollywood. He didn't make the grade in London, so he flew to Moscow. Those of us "in the know" were not surprised that he came back with the bacon. But I'll wager he promised old Joe plenty of "Mission to Moscows" and "Gentlemen's Agreements" in return.

Dore Schary, now Louis B. Mayer's right-hand man on the M.G.M. lot, was King of the R.K.O. lot at the time of the hearings in Washington. Mr. Schary added his little filip to the morale of the jittery nineteen by publicly announcing he would continue to hire Reds as long as their work satisfied him. He did not qualify what kind of work -- as actors and writers, or as workers in the vineyards of Joe Stalin -- but from Dore we need no qualifications. By the way, would Dore's face be red if he knew who I am.

A CONSPIRACY IN FICTION

Now we'll dolly back to Hollywood -- right into the Johnston Office. All the "Big Brains" of the Motion Picture Producers Association are back from Washington. A very special and important meeting has been called -- presided over by Frank Fresman of Paramount. The "appeal" to the public has boomeranged. The public must be appeased. So, very loudly and very self-righteously the Producers Association publicly announce that never -- but never -- would any one of those ten indicted men be given employment by any of the Studios in Hollywood . . . then, secretly, all those indicted writers were put back to work, at higher salaries, by those same Producers -- under fictitious names. The F.B.I. now knows all about it -- and the Internal Revenue, better known as the Income Tax boys, are very curious about how those salaries were handled by the bookkeepers of the Studios. And, believe you me, that is a very grave matter -- it might be determined as a conspiracy to defraud the Government. Even the lawyers of all the "Big Brains" feel panicky about it.

Audience, what does that make the men who publicly denounced the ten Stalin lovers and then secretly employed them?

Eric Johnston kept his promise that there would be no blacklist against the Reds . . . he also kept his word that there would be a blacklist against anybody who dared to expose Communism in Hollywood. Ask Fred Niblo, Jr., one of the screen's best writers; ask Jack Moffett; ask Myron C. Fagan. Yes, and how many pictures has Adolphe Menjou been in since that day in Washington? Not one!!!

One more scene at the Johnston Office and then I'm through with that organization -- not that there isn't much more to tell.

It was Myron C. Fagan who, on the night of his lecture, exposed that the indicted writers were working for the Studios under fictitious names. That was a very carefully guarded secret. Those men never appeared at the Studios. Their agents handled all transactions. Yet, Fagan pierced the secret! Who disclosed it to him? No doubt, some scoundrelly American, posing as a good honest Red. What other secrets has he exposed to Fagan? Every Studio executive feverishly cross-examined all his underlings -- but got nowhere.

On Saturday, November 20th, the Studio "Big Brains" assembled at the Johnston Office. Guild heads and Union chiefs were called in. Everybody was grilled, but nobody knew the answer. Finally, the Schindler Detective Agency was assigned the job of ferreting out this American reprobate who is posing as a good honest red. . . . Mr. Schindler may discover that there are quite a few American "scoundrels" posing as good honest Reds, who will continue to give Myron C. Fagan all the information he needs.

KATHERINE HEPBURN'S RED DRESS

For our next scene we will take the case of Miss Katherine Hepburn. Katie was one of the stars in "State of the Union," an M.G.M. production. Just before they began to shoot that picture the Reds announced a great rally at the Gilmore Stadium, starring Henry Wallace and Katherine Hepburn. That disturbed Louis B. Mayer. He invited Katie to join him at luncheon in his private dining room in the Studio, and there, in the presence of several other executives, he told her she must cancel her speaking engagement at the Gilmore Stadium -- not, he hastily assured her, that he was criticizing her personal opinions, or disapproved of her sentiments; it was merely pocketbook caution: she is an M.G.M. star and about to appear in "State of the Union", her appearance at a Red rally might "damage" her and the "State of the Union" with the public. Katie appeared at the rally -- and stole the show. She wore a red dress to emphasize a shrieking tirade against the Congressional Investigating Committee, the Jack Tenney Committee, President Truman, the Republican Party and named many others as being in a plot against the "liberal" and "progressive" minded people of America. The Communists boast that three million copies of that Hepburn speech have been printed and distributed, in addition to extensive radio broadcasts. The entire speech was in direct line with the Communist Party's desperate fight to prevent investigation and exposure.

My mention of this incident is important for one chief reason: at the time Katie delivered that address, the vast majority of movie-goers were unaware that she is a Red. Copies of that speech found their way into three million homes . . . all the youngsters in those homes read that speech . . . millions of them idolize a star like Katherine Hepburn . . . hang on every word she utters. Do you see the significance of that speech -- for Joe Stalin? Audience, what would Joe Stalin do to a Russian Katherine Hepburn if she did to Russia what our Katherine Hepburn did to America?

* * * * *

Now I shall come back to that "Committee for the First Amendment." Don't forget: that was to have been the first movement toward the overthrow of our Government -- by violence! The first step was to be a two-hour rabble-rousing address written by the best and most incendiary writers in the Screen Writers Guild and delivered by the most glamorous stars in Hollywood -- stars who are trained to arouse human emotions. It was to be an address that would be the first spark to start our people to think in terms of revolution -- to be followed by other addresses that would fan that spark into a flame!

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER'S PALS IN HOLLYWOOD

I will now tell you the names of the top "Commissars" to whom William Z. Foster and Lewis Milestone entrusted the job of organizing for that radio address. All of these made their homes the headquarters for the activities of their particular Committee -- so I will also give the addresses -- as evidence that I was there!

Charlie Chaplin, 1085 Summit Drive, Beverly Hills

Katherine Hepburn, 1141 Tower Road, Beverly Hills

Ira Gershwin, 1021 North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills

Mr. Gershwin's home has been the birthplace of many Red-front organizations.

Eddie Cantor, 1012 North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills

Vincent Price, 1021 Chevy Chase

Paulette Goddard, 1464 Linda Crest Drive

Edward G. Robinson, 910 No. Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills

Groucho Marx, 710 N. Hillcrest Road, Beverly Hills

Gene Kelly, 506 No. Alta Drive, Beverly Hills

Gene Kelly is also the chairman of the Youth Section of the Communist Progressive Citizens of America. His job is to create chapters for this organization in universities and colleges -- always strictly on the Communist Party line.

Frankie Sinatra, 10051 Valley Spring Lane, Toluca Lake

Larry Parks and Rose Hobart, who directed their activities from the office of the Actors Lab, 1455 No. Laurel Ave., Hollywood.

The Actors Lab and the Screen Writers Guild were both beehives of activity in the organizing work. In addition there were other lesser Commissars, such as

John Garfield

Bette Davis

Humphrey Bogart

Olivia De Havilland

-- lesser in activity because they happened to be busy in pictures at the time, but equally important. For example, Bogart and John Huston organized that plane-load of glamor pussies who flew on to Washington to jeer and heckle at the hearings.

I'm going to stop here for a minute and mention a few facts about one or two of these Commissars. We'll take Eddie Cantor first. Eddie was one of the most active organizers of many of the most vicious Red-front organizations, in affiliation and association with all the known Reds in Hollywood. Latterly he has been making panicky and desperate efforts to camouflage all that and deceive the American Legion and other true American organizations with frantic offers of his services at their various affairs -- whom does he think he's kidding? - and he's been getting away with it!

Larry Parks is another name I want you all to remember. Famous, by the grace of Al Jolson, he is another very zealous young disciple of Karl Marx and Joe Stalin in our midst. He is about to be starred in "Jolson Sings Again." Remember that!!! I hate to hurt Al Jolson, but if Al is foolish enough to sleep with a mongrel he must expect to wake up with his fleas.

Now -- the list of subscribers to that Radio address. I am going to steal the technique of Fagan at that Wilshire Ebell lecture and ask you if you want to hear their names.

All right, I am naming only the important people -- the little ones are jackals who disappear when the lions run away -- but my name is included in this list.

Larry Adler	I. A. L. Diamond	William Holden	Sam Ornitz
Robert Ardrey	William Dieterle	Celeste Holm	Dorothy Parker
Jean Arthur	Edward Dmytryk	Arthur Hornblow	Larry Parks
Stephen Morehouse Avery	Ludwig Donath	Lea Horne	Ernest Pascal
Lauren Bacall	Walter Doniger	John Houseman	Joseph Pasternak
Lucille Ball	Kirk Douglas	Langston Hughes	Gregory Peck
Edith Barrett	Melvyn Douglas	Marsha Hunt	Irving Pichel
Ethel Barrymore	Paul Draper	John Huston	Vincent Price
Si Bartlett	Howard Duff	Walter Huston	Bob Prior
John Beal	Philip Dunne	Felix Jackson	Abe Polansky
Joan Bennett	Deanna Durbin	George S. Kaufman	Anthony Quinn
Barbara Bentley	Charles Einfeld	Carson Kanin	Donna Reed
Leonardo Bercovici	Florence Eldridge	Michael Kanin	Ann Revere
Leonard Bernstein	Guy Endore	Danny Kaye	Elmer Rice
Aiyah Bessie	Henry Ephron	Gene Kelly	Earl Robinson
Herbert Biberman	Julius J. Epstein	Evelyn Keyes	Edward G. Robinson
Betsy Blair	Philip G. Epstein	Alexander Knox	Gladys Robinson
Michael Blankfort	William Eythe	Arthur Kober	Harold Rome
DeWitt Bodeen	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Fred Kohmar	Norman Rose
Humphrey Bogart	Felix Feist	N. S. (Hy) Kraft	Paul Robeson
Roman Bohan	Joseph Fields	Norman Krasna	Robert Rosson
Charles Boyer	Sylvia Fine	Burt Lancaster	Robert Ryan
Irving Brecher	Henry Fonda	Fritz Lang	Dore Schary
Edward Bromberg	Arlene Francis	Ring Lardner, Jr.	Adrian Scott
Louis Bromfield	Ketti Frings	Emmet Lavery	Allan Scott
Gerald Brooks	Ava Gardner	John Howard Lawson	Artie Shaw
Sidney Buchman	John Garfield	Canada Lee	Irwin Shaw
Louis Calhern	Judy Garland	Emil Lengyel	Herman Shumlin
Eddie Cantor	Betty Garrett	Mike Levee	Sylvia Sidney
Morris Carnovsky	Barbara Bel Geddes	Sara Levene	Frankie Sinatra
Vera Caspray	Ira Gershwin	Anatole Litvak	Upton Sinclair
Charlie Chaplin	Sheridan Gibney	Peter Lorre	Robert Siodmak
Jerome Chodorov	Jimmy Gleason	Myrna Loy	Joseph Siström
Harold Clurman	Paulette Goddard	Arthur Lubin	George Sklar
Lee Cobb	Michael Gold	Emil Ludwig	Gaie Sondergaard
Lester Cole	Benny Goodman	Kenneth MacGowan	Herbert K. Sorrell
Dorothy Comingore	Ruth Gordon	Aline MacMahon	Milton Sperling
Marc Connelly	Jay Gormey	Albert Maltz	Lionel Stander
Richard Conte	Shiela Graham	Rouben Mamoulian	Carol Stone
George Coulouris	Johnny Green	Thomas Mann	Sheppard Strudwick
Norman Corwin	William Gropper	Frederic March	Gloria Stuart
Cheryl Crawford	Uta Hagen	Margo	Barry Sullivan
Kyle Crichton	Dashiell Hammett	Gene Markey	Franchot Tone
John Cromwell	Moss Hart	Groucho Marx	Claire Trevor
Hume Cronyn	Henry Hathaway	Dorothy McGuire	Barry Trivers
Julius Dassin	June Havoc	Burgess Meredith	Dalton Trumbo
Howard Da Silva	Sterling Hayden	Lewis Milestone	Sophie Tucker
Delmar Daves	Rita Hayworth	Vincent Minnelli	Frank Tuttle
Bette Davis	Ben Hecht	Henry Morgan	Benay Venuta
Olivia De Havilland	Van Heflin	Harry Myers	Jerry Wald
Albert Dekker	Paul Henreid	Robert Nathan	Sam Wanamaker
Agnes De Mille	Katherine Hepburn	Dudley Nichols	Walter Wanger
Katherine De Mille	Rose Hobart	Clifford Odets	Orson Welles
Armand Deutsch	Joseph Hoffman	George Oppenheimer	John Wexley

Cornel Wilde
Billy Wilder

Jane Wyatt
Willie Wyler

Keenan Wynn
Robert Young

Sam Zimbalist

After the above listed individuals were exposed by Mr. Fagan, the following motion picture personalities asked to have their names withdrawn from the committee:

Lucille Ball
Charles Boyer
Ethel Barrymore
Deanna Durbin
Henry Fonda

Ariene Francis
Judy Garland
Jimmie Gleason
June Haver
Rita Hayworth

Celeste Holm
Myrna Loy
Gene Markey
Dorothy McGuire
Carol Stone

Barry Sullivan
Claire Trevor
Sophie Tucker
Jane Wyatt
Robert Young

Friends, I could stand here all night reciting acts of treason plotted, hatched and perpetrated here in Hollywood -- the same kind of treason that betrayed Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland, Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia, Yugoslavia, Romania, Albania and Eastern Germany into Communist slavery. But I am here on a more important mission; to create a counter-attack against that treason -- to preserve my children and your children from the poison that Hollywood has been feeding them.

If I had come here to recite these facts and send you home without an attempted solution, my appearance here would not be worth the physical, social and economic risks involved. We must face the facts. The Reds of the theater are terrifically well organized. They have recruited ruthless, unscrupulous, brilliant and cunning leadership. Self-sacrificing patriots who have endured smear, persecution and abuse have done a magnificent job fighting Communism all over the nation, but when it comes to the theater, the pro-American forces are unorganized. The promoters of treason in the film industry have been allowed to operate with practically no interference. The facts which I have summarized tonight and the testimony I have given to you should be enough to challenge the good Americans to organize. You will never hear nor see me as Mr. X again, but within ten days from now I will be active in every phase of this organization process, so I offer myself tonight as the first recruit in this endeavor to organize the theater in defense of America. However, I am merely a novice. I know several other Film luminaries, present here tonight, who would like to follow my example. But they, too, are novitiates -- and are timid besides. They need encouragement and inspiration. I have already retained an attorney, at my own expense, to provide our legal guidance, a true blue American attorney -- not a Kenny nor a Crum.

For our mentor and master of strategy we of the theater will naturally turn to a man like Myron C. Fagan. At this moment, however, I have a terrific surprise for this audience. During the war there was a man who minced no words in his loyalty and zeal for America. He was our greatest fighting General, but was almost smeared out of the Service. But we were in war, and when Ike Eisenhower was confronted with a perplexing problem he called in and leaned upon this man's great military judgment. I refer to General George Patton. There is in this theater tonight a similar gentleman. He has pioneered in this fight against Communism. He knows how to fight them. Like General Patton he does not mince words in his fighting, and, like General Patton, millions love him and other millions hate him. This man is not of the theater, but he is a man who loves America. He is a man who knows how to organize for America. When I tell you who this man is, some of you will be shocked, because in appearance he will not answer the description you have seen of him in the press, in films, or have ever heard over the radio. I am convinced that as a Hollywood personality if my mask were to be lifted, the most dangerous thing I could do would be to introduce the man whom I am about to present. I am not inviting him to join in our fight because here we need a leader with theater "know-how," but just as Ike Eisenhower found Patton's words invaluable in his battle with the Nazis, so will we find this man's words pearls of wisdom in our fight against Communism -- plus courage and inspiration for the timid. The man I refer to is Gerald L. K. Smith.

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