

PM Daily

FIVE CENTS

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Edward James Smythe Tells All Between Drinks and a \$2 Bite

Tinhorn Fascist Is 'Going To Get Coughlin If It's the Last Thing I Do'

By TOM O'CONNOR



Edward James Smythe, a whisky-guzzling old reprobate whose great sorrow is that Hitler is too merciful toward the Jews, has decided to tell all if anybody will listen.

Smythe called PM's city desk the other day, and, after establishing his identity as the well known American-bred tinhorn Fascist, now under indictment with 27 others on sedition charges, said:

"I've just come out of the can down in Washington and I'm going to get that so-and-so Coughlin if it's the last thing I do. That blank-blank faker ought to be indicted with the rest of us. You send a reporter to me and I'll spill my guts."

The city desk promptly dispatched this reporter to the place of assignation. Knowing a little of Smythe's reputation, the city desk forethoughtfully provided sufficient funds to assuage the thirst of any six ordinary men.

Smythe is a tall, beefy, big-jowled individual, gray of hair and red of face. He needed a shave and six new teeth, upstairs in front. His brown topcoat was spotted and his black pin-stripe suit was daubed with light tan mud. He appeared to need a drink badly.

Settles His Nerves

As soon as Smythe had settled his nerves with a straight rye, he handed me a typewritten sheet.

"There's the whole story," he said. That'll fix that dirty blank-blank so-and-so out in Royal Oak."

The typewritten statement was a little hard to digest. It started out with the sad history of Smythe's 3½ months in "that New Deal hellhole of Washington, D. C., called the District Jail." It paused for a couple of nasty cracks at Mrs. Roosevelt, then plunged into an analysis of "the two classes of people in this crusade for Constitutional Americanism" (for which read American Fascism).

The two classes, in the Smythe analysis, were, first, the people (like Smythe) who

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were sincere and honest in their beliefs, and never for one moment gave any thought to monetary gain," and, second, those who were "parasites in this patriotic crusade, commercial agents and booksellers, phonies, and racketeers."

These latter he proposed to unmask. And most of all he proposed to unmask Coughlin as the No. 1 parasite.

This Coughlin Fellow

He mouthed a lot of new charges against Coughlin. But the evidence? Incriminating documents? Names, dates, and places?

"Ah," said Smythe, jabbing a bony forefinger into my shrinking flesh, "I used to be a newspaperman myself. I'm not dumb enough to put everything in one story. You print this story, then I'll get you material for follow-up stories that will blow the whole thing wide open. We'll get that so-and-so indicted all right. But we've got to smoke him out first. He reads PM every day, you know. You can make him come out in the

I asked him about some of his other bed-fellows and fellow-travelers, in and out of jail.

"Joe McWilliams? He ought to be indicted, too, that dirty so-and-so. I opened his first meeting for him up in Yorkville. Didn't get a dime for it, either.

"Lizzie Dilling? She's a phony, too. Just a bookseller. I never got a dime out of her.

"That Viereck didn't eat no prison food like I did. No, sir. That so-and-so had his chicken and his roast beef every day he was in jail, and lived like a goddam bloody king. I got so mad at him a coupla times I was gonna kick him in the fanny. Wish I had.

"They're all phonys, the whole bunch. That dirty Christian Front—why, do you know I was their principal speaker, and I never got a dime out of them? Do you know I organized that picket line in front of WMCA when Coughlin was ruled off the air, and those dirty Christian Fronters chiseled in on it and grabbed all the publicity?

Now the Bund . . .

"Remember that joint meeting of the Klan and the Bund at Camp Nordland, over in Jersey?

"Well, I organized that, and I was supposed to get a 25 per cent cut. Took in over \$5000, by God, and I never got a dime. Had all the dough in a suitcase, but some so-and-so Klansman snatched it right out from between my legs.

"No, sir, I never got a dime from any of them."

I asked Smythe how he supported himself. "Friends," he said, with a leer. "I got friends. People who believe in my work."

But he made no bones about the fact that pickings are pretty slim right now.

Smythe wanted it known that he didn't retract a thing he ever had said. He had it straight from important people in Washington that Stalin had already agreed with Hitler to pull out of the war "and leave us holding the bag, as usual."

I remarked that it seemed odd the bartender hadn't bought a drink. Smythe grabbed my arm, pulled me close to him, and whispered in my ear:

"He'sh a Jew. Thash the blanking Jewish for you, every time. But we're gonna take care of them jush like they did in Germany. And I'm the man to organishe it.

"Yeshir, jush like they did in Germany. Exshep' we aren't gonna be sho mershlful. We'll jush line 'em up and mow 'em down with machine guns—every blanking one of 'em.

Shay, you're a good fellow, O'Connor. Shay, can you lemme have a couple bucks?"

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