

# **My Struggle**

By

# **Eustace Mullins**

**Swift Library**



**An Ella Rose Mast Document**

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My life will be judged worthwhile to the extent that it is of use to others. For this reason, I wish to tell of the things which have happened to me in my struggle against the forces of darkness. It is my hope that others will be forewarned of what to expect in this fight. During the past thirty years of this struggle, many of the great patriots who gave me, instinctively, their valuable guidance and inspiration, were themselves, heavily immobilized by the machinations of the international Jewish power. Yet, they always continued their work as much as possible. To the end of their lives, they never swerved from the responsibility which had been laid on them by their knowledge of the truth. Each of the patriots who guided me, among them, Ezra Pound, Col. Eugene Sanctuary, George Sylvester Viereck and Mrs. Lyril Clark Van Hynning, had been born with natural gifts. Throughout their lives, they used these gifts for the benefit of others. Very few Americans know of the persecution which these patriots endured throughout their lives. Yet, during the years I knew them and worked with them, this persecution was mentioned, if at all, only in passing and without regret. They considered their personal losses unimportant compared to the sufferings of the Gentile people who have been enslaved by the Jews. Similarly, it might seem idle carping for me to mention the murder of my parents by government agents as stroked of the Jews revenge against me for my work, when we consider that sixty-six million Christians have been killed in Russian concentration camps since 1917, murdered by the Jewish Communists who built and operated these camps. These millions lie nameless and unmourned. But they were no less and no more, the victims of the Jews than my parents and many other Americans whose sacrifices have gone unrecorded and unheeded by those who are next on the lists. No one who has been martyred by the Jews should remain unknown. And no one who has been martyred by the Jews will remain unavenged.

I became the object of the Jews hatred by events which moved in a straight line. Successively, I became the protégé of George Stimpson, the most respected journalist in Washington, who founded the National Press, Ezra Pound, the world most famous poet, and H. L. Hunt, the worlds richest man. Of the three, only Ezra Pound fought the Jews openly. And he suffered grievously, spending thirteen years in a hideous urine soaked madhouse in Washington D.C. George Stimpson passed on to me many of the secrets of Washington, including the fact that Felix Frankfurter founded the Harold Ware Cell of Communists and the nature of the Jewish control over J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. H.L. Hunt fought valiantly to preserve the values of Christian civilization. But was unable to deploy his money effectively in a battle which was outside of his experience.

I visited Ezra Pound in the cell in which he was held as a political prisoner and which he aptly termed 'the hellhole.' I met George Sylvester Viereck in New York after he had served six years and lost his health, in a Federal Penitentiary. He had been falsely convicted of not registering properly as a foreign agent. In fact, his attorney had filled out all the required forms, and the case was thrown out of court on two occasions. However, Franklin D. Roosevelt had sworn to get Viereck, and he had the Department of Justice indict him a third time. A newly selected judge refused to allow testimony which would have acquitted Viereck. During the trial, his son, George Sylvester Viereck II, was killed in the U.S. Army landing at Anzio, a disastrous slaughter of American youths presided over by our famed Jew loving General Mark Clark. Roosevelt ordered the Army to withhold announcement of the boy's death, fearing that it would bring about sympathy for Viereck. As a result, while the trial dragged on, his wife's letters to their son were returned marked 'Deceased.' Frantic with worry, his wife tried to find out what had happened. She suffered a complete nervous breakdown when the boy's death was finally announced, after many weeks of denial by Army officials. Viereck showed me a letter from Roosevelt, written in 1938, on White House stationery, asking of the German government, Viereck was then the most influential German-American in the United States. He replied to Roosevelt that he could not do this. And Roosevelt vowed to put him in prison. Which he did, hiring an ADL agent to swear that Viereck had offered him money to blow up a bridge. To anyone who knew the mild mannered, professional writer, the testimony was preposterous. Yet, Viereck went to prison for the duration

of the war. When I knew him, he was living in a small room, penniless, and supported by the generosity of a nephew.

In 1942, when I joined the United States Army Air Force, I had no thought that thirty-six years later, I would still be engaged in a life-or-death struggle with a tenacious and relentless enemy. I regarded World War II as an unavoidable hiatus in my chosen career as an artist and writer. The war would be over in a couple of years, and I would resume the writing of books which I had already begun. I had no personal desire to ‘slap the Jap,’ or ‘stun the Hun,’ or any of the ‘Tin Pan Alley’ slogans which the Jews had conjured up to herd the Gentile cattle to the slaughter. Like many of my fellow soldiers, I sensed that the enemy was not really overseas, but was more likely entrenched here on the home front. But also like my fellow soldiers, I knew there was little I could do about it. Almost a year later, I read some material which gave me enlightenment.

Although it seems unbelievable now, during the height of World War II, there was more widespread dissemination of patriotic material on the Jewish conspiracy than there is today. Many dedicated patriots turned out small papers which printed the hard facts. They had long since learned how to survive the daily harassment by FBI agents, ADL agents, and hordes of other ‘home front’ guardians. They were frequently denounced by the paid press. And after reading one of these hysterical attacks, I sent Gerald L. K. Smith twenty-five dollars for some material. This was a large sum at that time, as my pay was only fifty dollars a month.

By return mail, I received a large box containing several hundred copies of ‘The Cross and the Flag.’ The first writing I had ever encountered on the Jewish problem. It contained many revelations. I realized at once that this was not the type of material to be quoted in the usual barracks discussions. Several soldiers had commented that there were informers in the barracks. Although I did not then make the connection, there was to be found in almost every barracks, a particularly obnoxious Jew, usually with a Brooklyn accent. It never occurred to me that these Jews were being as obnoxious as possible in order to goad the other soldiers into making an anti-Semitic remark. Nor did it occur to me that these Brooklyn Jews often had college degrees. At that time, everyone with college background was ordered to try out for the Officer Candidate School. I did not realize that these Brooklyn Jews remained with the enlisted men for surreptitious

reasons. This type of political supervision of the troops is axiomatic in Communist strategy. It was meticulously observed in the American Armed Forces during World War II. In combat zones, officers and enlisted men who had previously voiced doubts about the wisdom of Roosevelt's crusade to save Communism, were shot in the back by these same intelligence agents who had followed them into the front lines. While General Eisenhower was cosily tucked away with his British Secret Service 'Chauffeur', Kay Summersby, the real decisions were made by his Liaison Officer, Captain Warburg of the Kuhn, Loeb Banking house. In the Soviet Zone, the elimination of those soldiers who were not convinced Communism was so basic a part of their war operations that even during the darkest days of the war, Stalin still refused to slacken one iota the absolute direction of front line strategy by hard-line commissars. Realizing this, Hitler ordered his troops to execute on the spot any commissar captured in the war zone, in order to paralyse the Soviet operations.

The Communist control over the United States Army surfaced during World War II with the selection of General George C. Marshall as Chief of Staff. As Senator Joseph McCarthy later pointed out, Marshall was under Communist Party discipline at all times. This did not interfere with his direction of our war effort, since the goals of the Washington Marxists were the same, the total defeat of the German anti-Communist forces. In the Korean and Vietnam wars, Communists direction of our Armed Forces remained unchanged, even though we were then fighting against 'Communist' forces. When General Douglas McArthur tried to oppose this Communist betrayal of our men, he was fired by David Niles, the Jewish Communist who was President Truman's 'Aide.'

The Communist recognized that final political control always resided in the military. In Moscow and in Washington, every officer is absolutely responsive to the current ideological line, regardless of any military consideration. This was recently demonstrated when every officer on active duty was ordered to support the giveaway of the Panama Canal, while many retired officers openly opposed it. The most stringent measures are carried out to ensure that no officer is able to form a group to discuss and possibly take action against the high treason of his superiors. When Commander George Lincoln Rockwell surfaced at the Pentagon, there was consternation throughout the high command. At the least sign

of any independence or patriotic speech from any officer, the Jewish controlled media immediately raises a hue and cry about 'Fascism' and the offender is quickly neutralized.

After receiving the supply of Smith's magazine, I distributed them in the day rooms to see who would read them. The next day, I toured the day rooms to see if anyone was reading them, and perhaps, to strike up a conversation. Every issue had disappeared. Not once did I see a copy while I remained on the base. Apparently, I had been followed, and the papers picked up as fast as I had left them. During my remaining years of military service, I encountered no one with strong political views. My own opinions were those of any young man of the period, hardly committed to any strong ideology. After the war, I enrolled at Washington and Lee University, intending to study law. After two years, I decided I should go to art school, and enrolled at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Washington, D.C. The school had the usual mongrel types in its student body and a number of ardent Communists on the staff. But it attracted many of the leading writers as speakers. Like others among the ten million veterans, my main concern was in getting on with my career, and I had little concern with politics.

Over night my lack of concern changed. One of the teachers at the Institute had been visiting Ezra Pound. He suggested I accompany him one afternoon, an offer which rather disturbed me. I thought it unlikely that the man who had edited T. S. Eliot and Ernest Hemingway would be interested in talking to me. But I went along. The moment I entered the gloom of the insane ward, my former complaisance vanished, never to return. I suddenly realized that a great writer had been punished by being confined in a madhouse, solely for his political views. In an instant, Pound filled the ideological gap in my life. Never again would I remain silent in the face of injustice.

Pound apparently considered me a kindred spirit, and offered to give me 'my own day.' That is, an afternoon to visit him alone each week. I accepted. And by the time the next week rolled around, he was waiting for me with food, assignments for research, and errands to run. Shortly afterwards, he brought up the Federal Reserve System, which I had never heard of. From that day, my work was cut out for me. His concern for his country had been aptly expressed by Charles Dickens in his American

Notes, written a century earlier: “I do fear that the heaviest blow ever dealt at liberty, will be dealt by this country, *in the failure of its example to the earth.*”

The loss of liberty in America, which is occurring before our eyes, means the autocracy will be enthroned throughout the world, and that the freedom which was ours at our birth will never be known by future generations. Olga Ivinskaya, a Russian writer, writes of her years in a Soviet prison camp:

“Sanagian (a fellow inmate) had put down the story of her life in her awkward, uneven handwriting. She came from a working class family and her father, long since dead, had taken part in the Revolution in 1917, for this she heaped curses on his memory.”

In the usual hogwash about aristocrats, we never stop to think that it was the working people of Russia, not aristocrats, who were enslaved by the Communist Revolution. Similarly, in this country, it is the Jewish intellectuals, bankers, and industrialists who are in the forefront of the battle to enslave all Americans and take away their freedom forever. Should we allow this, future generations in the concentration camps will begin their days not with prayers, but with curses on our memory.

I soon began to visit Ezra Pound every day, a routine which I kept up for three years. During this time, I was thoroughly grounded in every aspect of the International Communist conspiracy. Pound said to me:

“I am telling you things I didn’t know until I was fifty. You are twenty-five, which means you are getting an extra twenty-five years to do something about it.”

When I went to New York, bankers on Wall Street told me: “I was here during the crash, but I didn’t know what was going on until I read your book.” I explained that I had had the benefit of Pound’s experience, and his access to much information in Europe which had already been banned in the United States.

To support myself while writing the history of the Federal Reserve System, I obtained a job at the Library of Congress as a stack attendant. This was the same job J. Edgar Hoover had held for several years while he completed his law studies at George Washington University night school. A few weeks later, because I had done advanced photographic studies at

the Institute, I was promoted to the Photography Department. In the next several months, I received two more promotions, as I had studied with one of the finest Japanese photographers. During these months, I was able to see Pound only on weekends, and he suggested I send some of my writings to 'The Social Creditor,' a small weekly published in England. I sent them some articles, which they printed, sending me enthusiastic comments. One day, while going into the National Press Club for my daily luncheon with George Stimpson, a man was handing out copies of 'Common Sense' at the front door. I showed it to Pound, an issue containing the Hermann Goering Testament. He suggested I send them articles, and they printed some excerpts from the Federal Reserve research.

One afternoon, a Jew came to the Library of Congress, asking for me. I was called out of the darkroom to see a Jew who was a caricature out of 'Der Sturmer.' He immediately began to cross question me, saying he had been sent from 'Common Sense,' and he asked, 'Who is giving you your material? Where is this information coming from?' Now wishing to involve Pound, who always faced the possibility of having his daily visitors turned away and being held incommunicado, I explained that I was doing research at the Library of Congress. It was obvious that he didn't believe me. A gawky small town boy could hardly be privy to the machinations of the worlds most powerful and secretive bankers.

A team of FBI agents was now sent to the Library of Congress to question everyone who had worked with me. Senator Herbert Lehman, of the Lehman Brothers Banking house, and National Chairman of the Anti-Defamation League, had sent a demand to Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress, that I be fired because of an article I had written for the Social Creditor. The demand, written on ADL stationery, had been drawn up by the ADL operator, Edelstein, and signed by Lehman without reading it, as he accepted anything which Edelstein brought to him. The article exposed the fact that one Katz, Marshall Plan Administrator, presided over the most of the Marshall Plan material to Communist countries, instead of sending it to the non-Communist countries for which Congress had designated it. To honour Marshall for his service to the Communist countries and their cause, the plan to continue aid to the Communist countries surreptitiously had been drawn up and named for him. At the end of World War II, Lend Lease Aid to Russia and other Communist countries ended. Dean Acheson, Secretary of State, an unregistered agent



for nine Communist countries through his law firm of Covington, Burling, and Acheson, (one of whose partners was Donald Hiss, brother to Alger Hiss) had tried to force a four billion loan to the new Communist regime of Poland. When Patriots in Congress turned this down, the Marshall Plan was formulated. Ostensibly earmarked for Greece, Italy, and other non-Communist countries, most of the Marshall Plan material was either distributed directly to Communist organizers in those countries, who used the aid as the basis for building up the Communist Party, or trans-shipped directly through those countries to Yugoslavia, and on to Poland and Russia. It was Tito's attempt to keep much of this material, particularly heavy trucks, which caused the break between him and Stalin. However, neither of them dared to publicly argue the point, as it would have exposed the fact that Marshall Plan Aid was going to the Communists.

Although I as yet knew nothing of the ADL order that I be fired, I had had a previous contact with Senator Lehman. Pound had noticed an advertisement in the Washington Post that Lehman would be speaking at Howard University on behalf of 'home rule,' a plan to wrest control of the District of Columbia from a group of White businessmen and turn it over to the Negroes. Howard University was the Communist training school for Ralph Bunche and many other Negro Marxists. Through the dogged influence of Eleanor Roosevelt, it was the only college in the United States whose entire budget was provided by the Federal Government. Pound mentioned that Lehman, a typical Jewish degenerate, had a nervous tic, and suggested it would be amusing to see it in action.

When Dave Horton and I arrived at the Howard University auditorium, we found a group of Negroes, eight or ten, the entire audience for the August Senator. Rather put out by the poor attendance, Lehman, a short squat ole clothes dealer type, made a short speech about home rule and opened the floor to questions. Immediately, Horton and I were on our feet. "Would Lehman Brothers consider the District of Columbia a safe investment?" Asked Horton. "Will you support Alger Hiss as the first mayor of Washington?" I asked. Lehman, a rather stupid Jew, was completely bewildered by our questions. We continued to fire questions at him, as his aides, two young city College Jews, shook their fists at us. The famed Lehman tic now made its appearance. It was not merely a tic of the eye, the entire left side of his face was twitching steadily and

violently. The audience of Negroes was glaring at us, muttering, 'Shame,' as Lehman's aides rushed him away.

I LATER LEARNED THAT IN THE FOYER OF THE LEHMAN MANSION IN NEW YORK, A SPLENDID FOURTEENTH CENTURY STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY, LOOTED FROM ONE OF THE GREAT CATHEDRALS OF EUROPE, STOOD NEAR THE DOOR. FOR THE TITILLATION OF VISITORS, A CIGARETTE WAS PLACED DANGLING FROM HER MOUTH.

A few days after our Howard University evening, I was handed a letter of dismissal from the Library of Congress. The FBI interrogations had turned up nothing which could be used against me, and had caused considerable angry comment among the employees. The letter stated I was being dismissed because I had written an article for the Social Creditor. I was given the option of making a personal appeal to the Librarian, which I did. In Evans office, he asked me, 'Did you write this article?'

'Yes,' I replied. 'Can you show me one false statement in it?'

'I'm not competent to do that.' said Evans. 'This is not out of my hands. Your dismissal stands.'

'But I am not a member of any political group.' I protested. 'I've never voted in my life. You have many staff members who are activist members of militant racial organizations. You have two staff members who do nothing but go through the stacks writing numbers bets all day. Why am I being singled out?'

Evans, who never once looked at me in the eye, jerked open the bottom drawer of his desk, where I glimpsed a half empty bottle of Country Gentleman bourbon. He looked longingly at it, turned to me, and said, 'Well, that's all.'

I later learned from a fellow employee at API, that the actual mechanism of my dismissal was handled through Jacob Blaustein, president of the American Oil Company, and a member of the board of API. Also, serving as president of the American Jewish Committee, whose agent 'Charles Smith' ran the day to day operations at Common Cause. He had only to say 'Fire him,' and it was done. For some months, Lyril Clark Van Hyning, publisher of 'Women's Voice,' had been featuring my articles, among them 'Close the Public Schools' and 'Satan vs. Christ.' The publisher

obliterated my name as author on the 'Satan vs. Christ' article, and distributed many thousands of reprints through Common Sense. Some of his subscribers had learned of my plight, even tho he refused to tell them about it, and not knowing where to get in touch with me, had sent him checks made out to me. Not one of these was ever forwarded to me. I hitchhiked to Chicago, and got a job writing for a hotel trad paper 'Institutions Magazine.' This turned out to be the only job I ever held from which the FBI did not have me fired. After a few months there, I was offered a much better paying job with the Chicago Motor Club, the 'Middle Western Affiliate' of the American Automobile Association, and I resigned from 'Institutions.' Some years later, forgetting about the Institutions position, I told an audience at my alma mater, Washington and Lee University, that the FBI had fired me from every job I had ever held.

At the Chicago Motor Club, I became editor of Motor News, with a circulation of 250,000. During the next two years, I willingly took on additional duties as editor of the 'Industrial Editors News Service,' public relations counsellor, and special events organizer. I had been at the club two years and one week with a drawer full of memoranda from my superior, James E. Bulger, praising my work, and thanking me for my new programs, when one sultry August afternoon, two well dressed men strode by Bulger's secretary, and went into his office and closed the door. His secretary who was a close friend, turned to me and said, 'I wonder what that's all about?' 'I never saw them before.' I replied.

The men stayed with Bulger for about an hour, and I could hear them arguing with him, but their voices were kept low. Finally, he buzzed for his secretary. She went in, and came back out immediately, and handed me a folded note. I opened it and read, 'You are allowed five minutes to get your things and get out of the office.' 'What's going on?' She asked me. I saw the tears were streaming down her fact. I showed her the note. 'I know what's in it,' she said, 'but what's going on? Mr. Bulger is sick, we've got to help him, those men.' She turned and ran to the restroom.

I put some personal memoranda into an envelope and left the office. That evening, Bulger's secretary called me at home. She told me that the two men were FBI agents and that when they demanded I be fired, Bulger flatly refused. This was understandable as I was doing the work of four

people. They then threatened him for nearly an hour. He had had five heart attacks in the past several years, and he began to writhe with pain. He begged them to let him call his doctor. 'Certainly,' said one of the, 'as soon as you fire Mullins.' He then wrote the note. After I left the office, the FBI agents accompanied Bulger to the doctor, and then took him to his home, after warning him not to tell me or to give me my job back.

Being fired from the Chicago Motor Club was the greatest shock of my life. Certainly this was the goal of the FBI harassment. At the age of thirty-five, I had been one of the most active public relations counsellors in Chicago, lunching at the best restaurants with the city's leading executives. Now I was on the street with no prospects. Even so, I supposed that with my contacts, I would be able to get another public relations job. In the next few weeks, I was surprised that after each interview, I heard nothing more about a job. Friends at the Motor Club then told me that because of pressure from the Club's Jewish members, Bulger was telling everyone who inquired about references that I was a notorious criminal who was wanted in several states. He never put this into writing, giving out the slander on the phone, after instructions from the Jew who was the Club's legal counsel. Since I was fired from the Chicago Motor Club in August, 1958, I have never again been able to get a professional job.

After several weeks, I realized it as unlikely that I would get any work in Chicago. I began work on a book about Friedrich Nietzsche, and while doing research at the Newberry Library, I found a great deal of material on Ezra Pound's career. I wrote him suggesting that I do his biography. He immediately replied that he had been waiting for me to do this, and that I was to be his only authorized biographer. I then asked Henry Regnery if he could give me an advance on this book. He replied that he could not (he owned the largest window shade factory in the world, a bank, and other holdings, worth eighty million dollars.) But he suggested that H. L. Hunt needed someone to edit a book. I called Hunt and he agreed to pay me a hundred dollars a week. I said that I couldn't live on that, in fact, I was living on thirty-five dollars a week and he said that I could live in his home. At that time, Hunt's income was ten million dollars a week, and he had accumulated a fortune of three billion dollars.

I arrived at Hunt's home in Dallas with one battered suitcase and an old Plymouth, purchased a year before for one hundred dollars, with the entire

front end smashed in. We immediately established complete rapport, as he had lived for years out of a suitcase, travelling in the back-country picking up the oil leases which were the basis of his fortune. I resided in their guest room, which had always been occupied by Senator Joseph McCarthy when he came to Dallas, and Hunt and I settled down to work on the book 'Alpaca.' After several months of intensive work, it was completed, and I became restless. By this time, Hunt had installed me in an office next to his own, and whenever someone called him, he would say, 'Why don't you check with Mullins on that?' I realized he was only using me for a buffer, but it was a flattering situation for a penniless writer to be referred to as the confidential assistant of the world's richest man. However, I remained a penniless writer, and he remained the world's richest man. I began to realize I should be getting back to work on the Pound biography, and one afternoon, I told him I had to return to Chicago. He was completely surprised, and I saw that he was hurt and disappointed by my decision. Nevertheless, I have always thought of him with affection and admiration, and he seemed well disposed toward me on later occasions when I talked to him in Dallas and in New York.

Although I knew nothing of it at the time, my association with H. L. Hunt had driven the Jews into a furious campaign of 'harassment' against my parents. The conspirators were terrified that he might finance my publications or a political organization, although at the time, I had nothing to which he might donate money. I knew that my father had had a serious coronary attack in 1956, but I was not told until years later that the attack had been brought on by a series of vicious interrogations by Army Counter Intelligence Corps agents. My mother later told me they were determined to make him reveal the names of persons financially supporting my travels and writings. Since no one had ever given me a cent, there was nothing he could tell them, but they refused to believe him. Knowing he had Wednesday afternoons off from the store in which he worked, two agents waited for him in his car. They forced him into the car, drove him to the top of a nearby mountain, and interrogated him for several hours, telling him they were going to throw him off the mountain. At one point, he tried to escape from the car. They knocked him unconscious, drove him back to the store, and left him in the parked car. He finally came to, and drove home. The next day, he had a severe coronary attack, from which he never completely recovered.

My parents did not dare tell me these details, out of a desire to protect me, as they knew I would kill someone for these atrocities. Nevertheless, I knew they had been interrogated and I wrote to the Secretary of Defence. I received an answer, admitting that he had been interrogated, and giving the names of the two men who had interrogated him. Some weeks later, I tried to contact these men in Washington. I was told they had been sent on a mission to Guam, and that the plane had crashed with all aboard being killed. The letter with the men's names has since disappeared from my files.

While I was with H. L. Hunt in Dallas, the FBI began to visit my parents. Their telephone was tapped, and they received harassing telephone calls during the night. The harassment and brutality of this campaign was intended solely to provoke me into some drastic action. I come from mountain people, and we never forget an injury, even if it takes fifty years to wreak our revenge. My temper remained under control only because my parents refused to let me know what was happening to them, and the ADL-FBI provocation failed. Their campaign was intensified, and one evening in 1961, my father, whose heart conditions had steadily gotten worse during this harassment, received a telephone call from a known FBI provocateur, 'We've just sent out a national alert to pick 'him' up.'

My father dropped the phone, 'they finally got Clarence' he said, as he collapsed. He was taken to the hospital where he died of massive heart failure. More than three years went by before my mother told me what had happened. Of course, there had never been an alert, as I have never been arrested by anyone.

In 'My Life in Christ,' I openly accused Lyndon Johnson, who was then President, of murdering my father, although he had only been acting for Herbert Lehman, who then supported his Presidential ambitions. The only response was that during Johnson's Presidency, every copy of this book that I mailed out, was destroyed by the Post Office, until I began insuring each copy.

(The continuing part is not available at the moment)

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