

MAJOR J. V. MORGAN



February 24, 1925 --- March 25, 2011

DEPUTY COMMANDER
AMERICAN NAZI PARTY

Major J. V. Morgan, Deputy Commander, A.N.P. 1959-1963.

We are saddened to report that Major J. V. Morgan, Deputy Commander of the American Nazi Party departed for Valhalla, 9 March 2011.

Major Morgan was born in Oklahoma, February 24, 1925. During W.W. II he served in the U.S. Army, in the Pacific Theater, as a combat engineer.

After the war, Morgan was discharged, settled in Alexandria, Virginia, married, and began raising a family. By 1958, Morgan had become extremely frustrated with local rightwing/conservative activities. Knowing that he and the nation had been lied to about events leading up to W.W. II and its outcome. Morgan began looking for a more dedicated and radical outlet for his frustrations based on his new knowledge of recent world events.

At about the same time, another frustrated American patriot, retired Navy Commander George Lincoln Rockwell made a great leap of faith and decided it was time to stop fooling around with right wing "pantywaists" and do nothings. He raised the Swastika banner for all the world to see and declared himself a National Socialist and follower of the tenets of Adolf Hitler. It was a very brave and dangerous thing to do, WW II having been over only thirteen years.

When Morgan and two comrades arrived at Rockwell's house they were shocked and amazed at what they saw. A large Swastika banner hung on the wall with red glowing candles and an altar to Adolf Hitler! This man was serious!

After three good hours of conversation with Cmdr. Rockwell, Morgan and company had their epiphany. They pledged their loyalty and joined with the Commander to stop the overthrow of the United States by liberals, communists, Jews and criminal, agitating negroes.

The battle began almost at once, handing out literature on the streets of Washington, D.C., confronting rioters in front of Rockwell's house, serving guard duty, then a raid by the local D. A.! But with it all came publicity and new members. A.N.P. was on the move!

In January, 1960, an older longtime supporter of right wing groups bought a small two story wood frame house at 928 N. Randolph St. in Arlington, Va., for the Party to use as a Headquarters. It was leased in the name of J.V. Morgan. As his first loyal member, Rockwell appointed Morgan as his Deputy Commander, with the rank of Major.

Page 2.

The Headquarters served as a residence for Rockwell, who had been bouncing from pillar to post, often crashing on Morgan's sofa. The building also served as offices for the A.N.P., as a recruiting location and as a small print shop, assembled in the rear rooms. Morgan spent most of his evenings and weekends at the H. Q., inspiring camaraderie and leadership.

Through all of this political activity, Morgan always held down a job and supported his family, which by now had grown to six boys.

The high point of Rockwell's speaking on the Mall in Washington occurred July 3, 1960. The Jews had pledged to put an end to these speeches. On the warm Sunday afternoon the troops headed for the Mall. The speaking platform was set up in the middle of a 25 foot square, roped-off area. Rockwell began to speak. There were eleven troopers inside the square. Morgan had taken the day off from work and was just outside the rope, in civilian clothes. There were about a hundred Jews and toughs, bused in from New York, circling around the roped square.

As if on a signal, the uniformed U.S. Park Police, who were responsible for security, suddenly disappeared. The riot was on! The Jews surged forward through the rope enclosure, swinging wildly at the troopers and overturning the speaker's platform. Everyone got in a few punches and it was all over in a minute or two.

However, a gang of cowardly Jews had jumped Major Morgan from behind, forcing him to the ground, getting in a few sucker punches. Morgan ended up with a badly twisted knee, several cracked ribs, cuts and bruises.

As Rockwell and several of the troopers were righting the platform, to continue the speech, the Park Police finally returned and all were arrested for disorderly conduct. But none of the Jews! Morgan's wife rushed him to the doctor.

Fortunately, in those days, disorderly conduct was only a \$10.00 fine in the District. Rockwell and eleven troopers were taken to the central D.C. police station, each paid the ten dollar fine, were released and returned to Arlington.

Major Morgan recovered from his injuries and returned to duty at the Headquarters. But it was the last A.N.P. event on the Mall. The Sunday rallies were banished to Judiciary Square, in a section of the city usually deserted on weekends.

Over the next four years Major Morgan was a mainstay for the Party. He met with and convinced the owners of a large property on Wilson Blvd., a major traffic artery, to rent the huge house there to him.

Page 3

It was a windfall and became Rockwell's residence and Party barracks. It was never called "hate monger hill", as reported, except by the press!

Major Morgan kept strong control of the Headquarters and barracks when Rockwell was on his many speaking trips, during the "Hate Bus" trip to New Orleans, the Commander's trip to England in 1962, and the hectic publicity campaign through Virginia during the summer of 1963, prepping for the M. L. King March on Washington. During this time, with all the constant activities, the work at Headquarters became a fulltime operation for staff and a round the clock armed duty officer.

Major Morgan, with a family to support, was reassigned as Party Adjutant, responsible for special projects, and reporting directly to the Commander.

By the end of 1963, with failing health from too many cigarettes and working outside in the cold Northern Virginia winters, Major Morgan resigned his Commission in A.N.P. He needed to spend more time with his growing sons and to get his health back, though he was always on call for a good chat with the Commander and remained personally loyal to him till the bitter end.

By 1970, with the Party slowly melting away due to lack of leadership, the loss of the two Arlington buildings and his constant health problems, Morgan moved his family to the warmer climate of South Florida. He settled down, found a good job, finished raising his sons and enjoyed his garden and the warm weather. Occasionally he would go to a gun show or a local right wing meeting. But without the Commander, the old spark was gone.

Looking back on those heady days of the early 60's, with men such as J.V. Morgan leading the way, never have so few done so much with so little, to advance the cause of the White Race in America.

They sacrificed their time, money, health, family, freedom and lives to advance the cause. They made it possible for all the other right wing groups, personalities and publications to follow along over the years. They were the heroes of the time, blazing the trail for others to follow in this final epochal struggle with the eternal, hated enemy. We will meet with you again in Valhalla, J.V. No Surrender!

Major Morgan is survived by Katherine, his loving wife of 62 years, six fine upstanding sons and fifteen grand children. He will be sorely missed.

SIEG HEIL!!!