

Every Day, In Every Way, the Klan Grows Better and Better



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"NOT FOR SELF, BUT FOR OTHERS"

ANSWERING THE YAWP OF "ROMAN MASONS"

No Klansman wants to mix the Masonic Order in the affairs of the Invisible Empire, but every Klansman is grateful for the Masonic goodwill which expresses itself in helpfulness in common-cause emergencies.

The Klan, in numbers even mightier than the Masons, greater than both the Masons and the Odd Fellows put together, and then some, has been put in a defensive position by the soldiers and mercenaries of the Roman Pope, while other Protestant orders stand by to see fair play.

The Masonic Order is the great exemplar and umpire among the fraternal societies, ancient in lineage and honorable in achievement beyond comparison with any other, but the standard of the Klan is equally as lofty, its ritual as impressive and beautiful, its ideals and methods as attractive. In fact, the great Klan loses nothing in comparison with any other order and in most cases it gains through the fact that every member is a tried and true white American, without any tie to any other country.

A Roman Klansman is unthinkable and impossible. There ain't no such animal—as the Arkansas Traveler would remark.

While nearly all Masons—all who are true—are dependable citizens in every respect, there are some—even a few holding high rank and official positions—who are qualified for nothing except the Knights of Columbus or the Jesuit society—perfectly faithful adherents of the Roman Pope. Some day the Masonic Order will kick these camouflaged Romans out, and when this happens the pontiff on the Tiber will give them recognition for secret services well and faithfully performed. The same is true of other Protestant orders, for the Romans have been boring into all of them, doing in all things the will of their secret master, the Bishop of Rome.

The Klan is keen to have the world understand that it is independent and unafraid; that it needs no backing by other orders and implores no help from any source. Its own strength is sufficient for all of its work, its own resources adequate to every need.

The Klan is the strongest organization in America. Imagine what it will be in twenty years! By that time its achievements will have cast all records into dim insignificance, for the Klan is a militant and unbeatable order, ambitious to advance its lofty standard of Americanism and to serve for the glory of God and the welfare of our country.

Klansmen are tired of hearing "Roman Masons" whining about the danger of alliance with the Klan. True Masons everywhere, and all other Protestant patriots, rejoice over the work that is being done by the Klan and are proud to share occasionally in the Klan's constructive achievements.

The Klansmen revere and honor the Masonic Order, just as they do the Odd Fellows, the Orangemen, and other splendid organizations, but the Klansmen resent indignantly and with well-deserved contempt the yawp of fakers who prate of the danger of alliance with the Klan.

Get this, all concerned: It is becoming far more difficult for the wrong kind of man to get into the Klan than it is for him to gain admission to the older Protestant orders. Let a Klansman be identified as a "K.C." or even as friendly and amiable toward the Pope, and he would be expelled without delay. The Klansmen are uncompromising in their Americanism and also in their Protestantism. Spies and crooks may gain admission once in a while, but the tests are infallible and they are sure to be found out. Can any other order make these truthful claims?

Now, don't get any wrong idea in reading this candid comment, which is the answer to rough stuff aimed at the Klan in "The Trestle-Board," a California magazine controlled by "Roman Masons." There's nothing whatever between these lines. The meaning is clear as sunlight. The Klansmen love their Masonic brothers. Any real Klansman would fight his way to hell and try conclusions with the devil himself in defense of an honest-to-God Mason. That's merely figurative, of course, for no true Mason can be found in hell; they are all in heaven, and their memories live forever in the hearts of men.

back up! Snap out of it! Keep step! Follow the leader and maintain harmony all along the line. An army of this kind wins the victories. No man must be allowed to be a slacker or a traitor. Never whine! Be Americans!

ANSWERING AN EMINENT STATESMAN

One of America's famous and foremost men, a promoter of human progress and maker of history, writes confidentially to the editor of The Western American that the Klan in his home city is under the domination of a group of men who in other years were identified with crooked politics and undesirable enterprises. He said he had no doubt the Klan's principles and methods in general were all right, but in this particular spot the Order was ruled by a group of undesirables with whom decent men would not associate at a dog-fight, or words to that effect. This was his answer to an appeal for him to suspend judgment on the Klan until he understood it from unimpeachable evidence which would be supplied.

The Klan, like all other great Orders, is not free from the danger of admitting a few of the wrong kind of men, but the Klan gets rid of them quicker than any other; they cannot endure the infallible tests.

Bad men also join the church. Last week we told of a leader in wickedness and immorality at Mer Rouge, La., who was a pillar in the church, a wealthy deacon, who led in religious devotions and sang in the choir, who was the right hand of the devil in that iniquitous community. He got away with it for awhile, but his sins found him out and the Klansmen unofficially put the kibosh on him. That's what will happen to the gang of whom our friend complains, in due season, if his information is correct.

The man above referred to never was a member of the Klan, but was the tool of Parker and the Pope.

The Klan, like every other great order, is composed of ordinary men, with extraordinary leadership, and it must be remembered that the "human heart is depraved and desperately wicked," that "the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak."

The eminent American to whom we refer is worth more to the Klan than a regiment of ordinary members and his good-will would be cherished as priceless. He should, however, join the organization and see how quickly the "wrong kind" who might be found therein would yield to and follow his virtuous leadership. The Western American will shield no crooked gang, but with evidence in hand will let the light shine through them "without partiality and without remorse." Again we ask our friends to suspend judgment, until an investigation, now in progress, has been completed.

ETERNAL BOND BETWEEN U. S. AND CANADA

In this issue a news story tells of the great need of a Klan organization in the Dominion of Canada, where national progress and British welfare are threatened by the hordes of foreigners who are steeped in papist ignorance and superstition. In Canada, as in the United States, the melting-pot has failed to function. Heroic efforts must be made to preserve Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Our Canadian brothers have the profound sympathy of all true Americans, and surely it is permissible to express the fervent hope that is held so generally among the Western Klansmen, and probably by a great majority everywhere, that the imperial authorities may find it possible in the near future to annul the restriction which limits Klan membership to persons born in the United States, so that millions of good Americans, born in foreign lands, may become members, adding an amendment making all Canadians eligible who can otherwise meet the tests.

It is exclusively the right of the imperial authorities to plan and make such changes in the constitution, but it is generally known that Western Klansmen earnestly hope a constitutional provision may be made whereby the Order may be organized in Canada.

The membership of the Royal Riders of the Red Robe, an organization designed especially for foreign-born Americans, readily could be amalgamated with the Klan and this action perhaps would consummate the hopes of its patriotic founders.

Canada and the United States are not only like brothers, but are as closely bound as the Siamese Twins, forever inseparable. Their ideals and destiny are the same. The Klan should cover both countries, giving even greater strength to the eternal bond and affording mutual benefits and protection.

COMPLEXION OF THE SUPREME COURT

There are two Roman Catholics and one Jew in the United States Supreme Court, and that's a plenty, God knows. This answers an inquirer, who believed the Romans had gained a majority in that august tribunal. The Pope has captured one-third of the court, and is hopin'. Harding added the second Catholic but recently—Pierce Butler—despite the nation-wide protests against such an appointment. It wouldn't be surprising to see Harding put a negro in the court, if given an opportunity. There's a reason! He is expected to do all he can or dares to do politically for the negro race.

The complexion of the Supreme Court is as follows: William H. Taft, Chief Justice, Mason; Joseph McKenna, Roman; Pierce Butler, Roman; Louis D. Brandeis, Jew; Oliver Wendell Holmes, Protestant; Willis Van Devanter, Protestant; James Clarke McReynolds, Protestant; George Sutherland, Protestant; Edward T. Sanford, Protestant.

The court still is safe for Americans, but if presidents continue to play politics with the Pope, the Congress can take away the appointing power. The white Protestant Americans rule in this country, by a vast majority, and never will abdicate government to the half-baked hordes from Europe, nor will they tolerate any longer the political Romanism that has brought defeat and disgrace upon the Democratic party.

ROMAN JACK IS HOWLING AGAIN

Roman Jack Parker, very temporarily Governor of Louisiana, again is howling anathema against the Klan before K-C crowds in Chicago. Right place for him—Chicago—considering a story concerning underworld vice which we published last week. The country holds its nose when Parker speaks. The smell of him pervades like the odor of a skunk. The old scaramouch confessed in his Chicago "spooch" that "the Klan is so powerful in Louisiana that no indictments may be expected from the grand jury now sitting at Mer Rouge." Wonder if those two carcasses have been returned to the dissecting-room vat of a certain medical college?

FAIR WARNING AND IT MAY BE THE LAST

Hasn't it come to the limit when a City Manager can be hand-picked by a profit-seeking concern that is interested in selling fire equipment?

What must be thought of a quartet of City Commissioners who tolerate that City Manager, even for an hour, after the power that had placed him had offered them bribes—small sums, at that—and after they knew that the said City Manager, grown too big for his breeches, had lambasted and low-rated them, individually and collectively, for everything he could think of?

In such a case there's only one conclusion—that the said commissioners are either grafters or hope to be; that they have received their price, or await their opportunity.

It is necessary again to warn the pusillanimous office-holders to whom these presents come that the power that made them can oust them from office and with an ease far greater than was found in their election?

Are the persons concerned in this mysterious hint waiting for The Western American to publish a photostatic copy of certain cancelled checks, together with stenographic details of sundry conversations, or will they use the little sense that God gave them and stop the pay of the obnoxious City Manager?

Let another week pass and patience may have been exhausted. The tiny Tims concerned in this warning are going to do the right thing, or The Western American will let the light shine through them. They know well enough that the writer of this warning is no quitter and no bluffer.

The will of the Klan in this matter must be and shall be obeyed!

A DIRTY, DETESTABLE DEGENERATE

What do you think of a detestable, dirty degenerate who is so lost to every sense of honor and decency that he could take the sacred oath of the Ku Klux Klan and then, for money, after learning some of its secrets, sell his soul to the Pope of Rome and attempt to organize a rival Klan?

The man guilty of this treason, considering the sacred nature of the Klan obligation, is so low and despicable that a sheep-dog would scorn to bite him and a polecat would shun his company. He cannot get anywhere with his abominable scheme, for which he was employed by the enemy, but every effort should be made to deport the filthy scoundrel, since the fact has developed that he was born in a foreign country.

Be sure and read an article by William Lloyd Clark, in this issue.

POPE PUTS ONE OVER IN SEATTLE

By ways that are dark, and by tricks that are successful, when Klansmen aren't watching, the University of Washington at Seattle has created a chair of "scholastic philosophy" and installed Priest Osgenisch, literary agent of popery, on the job—receiving a salary from State funds to teach Roman Catholic theology in a public school in a Protestant State.

The "Roman Catholic Northwest Progress" of Seattle naively declares, in commenting on this achievement, that Roman Catholic philosophy is one of the branches essential to the master's degree. Students in an unsecular institution, supported by public funds, must absorb the Pope's scholastic philosophy—stuff that was dead at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Ill fares the college, to hastening ill a prey, that hires a Catholic president, even for a day.

There's work a-plenty for the Klan in the State of Washington, and in every other State, for that matter. The Pope had almost captured America.

HAS ANYONE BEEN STEALING COAL?

The Western American has been receiving some reports from Astoria which indicate the need of an investigation of the somewhat notorious Committee of Ten, headed by Preacher Gilbert. Waiving the Preacher's preposterous claim to \$104.15 for dishes from his church basement used in feeding the hungry after the great fire of December 8, the people who are interested in Astoria and the square deal want a truthful answer to this question:

Has close check been kept on the distribution of the coal which was donated by the Bellingham Coal Company, and did a certain well-to-do individual, at the port docks, whose name will be published later, take away two or three sacks every night in his automobile, without requisition; and has either of the members of the Committee of Ten liberally supplied himself with coal from the aforesaid donation?

Publicity concerning the facts as reported will depend upon the answer to this question, which may be addressed to the Editor of The Western American, 407-408 Pittcock Block, Portland.

Another question for the Committee: Has Parson Gilbert returned the \$104.15 to the distress fund—the said \$104.15 which was taken on his recommendation and by his authority as Chairman for the cheap dishes used, from the basement of his church, to feed the hungry during the few days of emergency following the fire? The Western American made a demand, in behalf of all the people, that the \$104.15 be returned.

The warning was given and is now repeated that any person guilty of diverting a dollar of the distress fund from the purpose of direct relief, for which the entire fund was donated, will be made to suffer for it and the sin will not be forgotten or forgiven.

TO THE ASTORIA CITY COMMISSION

Why haven't you enforced the ordinance regulating "soft drink" joints by doing away with back rooms, back doors, etc., that was to have taken effect on January first? It never has been enforced.

Why did somebody draw up an ordinance giving the Chief of Police and the Mayor the authority to inspect said joints, and why did the City Manager butt in and demand to be put on the inspection committee?

We don't care a hoot about the inspection part of it, but why wasn't the aforesaid ordinance enforced? The Astorians want to know and are writing hot letters about it.

COMMITTEE OF TEN MUST GO

In a previous issue The Western American, aiming at harmony, adorned its front page with the handsome one-column "mug" of Mayor O. B. Setters of Astoria, praising him for his refusal to play the game as arranged by the City Manager—what's his name? He was entitled to that, and if the Mayor will make good his oft-repeated promise to "fire" the Committee of Ten The Western American will print his big three-column "mug," with a superlative write-up underneath.

"He's All Right!" we said, in a caption over the one-column "mug," but what he "went and don't did" immediately afterward wasn't all right, not by a jugful. He shoved a lot of tommyrot in the Astoria Evening Budget, squaring himself with our enemies by repudiating our stand against the Committee of Ten. This is he quoted:

"Newspaper controversies are getting us nowhere, and the only way we can hope to accomplish anything, or to carry out the will of the people, is to work together in harmony, to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number of people." So far, so good, but listen:

"There seems to be considerable misunderstanding about the relations of the Committee of Ten and the City Commission. The fact is, considerable pressure has been brought to bear upon me as Mayor, and also on the City Commission, to discharge the Committee of Ten. Personally, I have no objection or criticism to make of the members of that committee, insofar as their attitude toward the functioning of city affairs is concerned."

Mayor Setters is under an ironclad and irrevocable pledge to "fire" the Committee of Ten by proclamation, or by other necessary legal means, and this pledge must be kept, or there will be war in the camp—to the knife—to the hilt! Oust them, Mayor, without fear or favor, and then fugigate the municipal premises. We are for you, and so is every honest man, but the Committee of Ten must go!

And City Manager—What's His Name must go.

This is a mandate of the people, for whom we are spokesman, and it must be and shall be obeyed. The Mayor and Commissioners and the whole shootin'-match aren't in office there, by Klansmen's support, to play peanut politics, but rather to give concrete service and a square deal to everybody. Failing in this, the said shootin'-match will be ousted from office by recall just as soon as the law allows, possibly before. "A hint to the wise—And cut out the Budget 'bunk'."

The Song Rome Hates

The Cambridge Tribune says the anthem "America" was first publicly sung July 4, 1832, at Park Street church, Boston. There were originally eight stanzas, four to Liberty and four to Education. For some reason the four educational stanzas have been neglected while the other four have been published and sung until familiar to all.

It is suggested that, at this time when the national enemy is attacking education and the schools, the neglected lines should be revived and given the important place in the song to which they are entitled. Following is the usually missing half of the great anthem:

Our glorious Land today,
 "Neath Education's sway
 Soars upward still,
 It's halls of learning fair,
 Whose bounties all may share,
 Behold them everywhere
 On vale and hill.

Thy safeguard, Liberty,
 The school shall ever be:
 Our nation's pride!
 No tyrant hand shall smite,
 While with encircling might
 All here are taught the Right
 With Truth allied.

Beneath Heaven's gracious will
 The stars of progress still
 Our course do away;
 In unity sublime,
 To broader heights we climb,
 Triumphant 'o'er Time
 God speeds our way.

Grand birthright of our sires,
 Our altars and our fires
 Keep us still pure!
 Our starry flag unfurled,
 The hope of all the world,
 In Peace and Light impaled,
 God hold secure!

A few years ago the Roman Catholic "Monitor" advised Romanists to hiss whenever "America" might be sung in their presence. The public school haters would hiss even more like snakes or ganders at these sentiments in behalf of real schools and genuine education.

You Are Needed In the Klan, If You Are a Real American