

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



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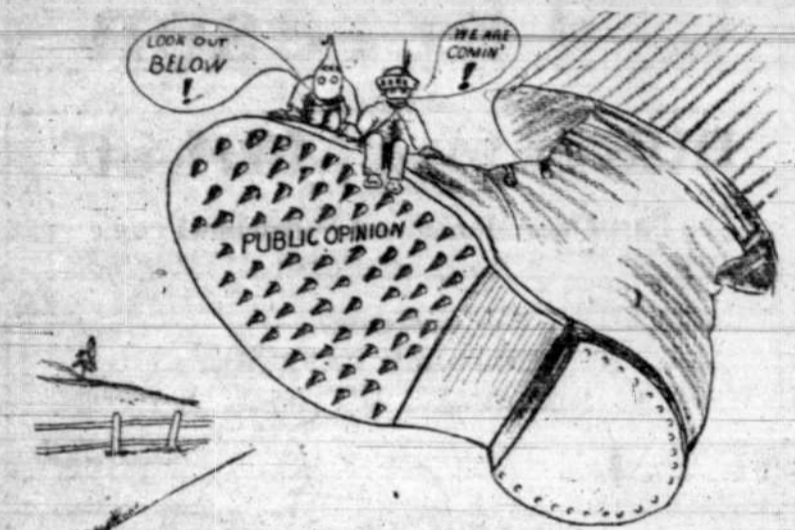
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"NOT FOR SELF, BUT FOR OTHERS"



DO YOU WANT TO RECALL PIERCE?

Replies to our query, "Do you want to recall Pierce?" are pouring in from every part of the State, and the burden of the message is, "YOU TELL 'EM." They are rarin' to go—in every county.

Governor Pierce has ignored all kindly warnings and has listened to the whispers of self-seeking axe-grinders. He has acted like an old widdy-woman in her second beauhood, holding her skirts high and dancing a tango. The victory of November went to his head. He has been reminded that he and his cronies weren't elected, but that they were merely parasites upon the main issue—the Compulsory Education Bill.

The Governor promised time and again to play fairly with the Republicans, whose votes elected him. He has not kept that promise. Instead, he has taken up with these lean and hungry Democrats, particularly "Doc" Morrow, Fred Curry, Johnson Smith and Bill Moore, and they are directing him how to build a partisan machine. Most of them, if not all of them, are official workers in a certain fraternal insurance society, which staged a banquet at Salem on January 12, and had the Governor there, fed him and flattered him and cajoled him to make appointments. One of these was the wardenship of the State Prison. This position rightfully belonged to Henry Downing of Shaw, who worked like a hero and wore out his Buick Six, carrying Marion county for Pierce and the School Bill. Mr. Downing is only four years older than Johnson Smith and was well qualified for the place. Besides, he was promised the appointment and such pledges must be kept, if the respect of the people is to be retained.

The Klansmen won't tolerate a double-cross. Defeat is preferable to dishonor. The first duty of a politician is to keep his word. We don't care who manages the State's great penal summer resort at Salem, which now has become a refuge for political has-beens and chairwarmers, but we do demand and will enforce a square deal for persons who most deserve consideration, "not for self, but for others."

The Governor can square himself, to a great extent, by firing the trio of would-be dictators, namely: Curry, Smith and Moore.

The Governor has surrounded himself with a coterie of old cronies in the Modern Woodmen of America, of which he is State Lecturer. Fred Curry, his former tillikum in the Hot Lake Sanitarium enterprise, is State Manager, or deputy of the M. W. A.; Johnson Smith is solicitor; Mr. Tate, an obscure preacher recently elevated to be chairman of the Child Welfare Commission, is head of the board of auditors; Bill Moore is something-or-other, and all the minor factotums employed through these men are, for the most part, Modern Woodmen. Don't overlook Crews. The M. W. of A. is all right, fine and dandy, an excellent and admirable insurance order, having 9000 members in the State, but the people demand VARIETY in their government. Diversity is Deity's delight. They won't tolerate a clique of Democratic old cronies, who undertake to boss everything and everybody in an administration that was pledged to be bi-partisan—50-50 in every way, Republicans and Democrats.

The M. W. of A. didn't elect Pierce, and a fraternal insurance society ought to be kept out of politics.

Here's the situation: If the Governor persists in his partisan course, the recall can be and will be launched, with 60,000 signatures within 60 days, and it can oust the whole kit and bilin' of them, bag and baggage, axes and dolos. There's a three to one vote in this state against the Governor's present policy and he is going to be made to understand it.

The promoters of the recall among the Klansmen are now

awaiting the word of executive authority. If it is given, the aforesaid axe-wielders of the State House may kiss Weeping Walter goodbye, for he would go where the woodbine twineth, where the whangdoodle mourneth for its offspring.

Mr. Pierce may thank the strict discipline of the Klansmen and their devotion to an honorable and able leader, for his escape from a State-wide recall movement during that leader's absence in the east. The chief is at home now and we are awaiting his word.

The Klansmen don't want anything from Pierce, except a square deal for everybody, and efficiency. And they want him to stay on the job and attend to State business, instead of gadding about in the futile game of building political fences. They want more concrete service and less verbal verbosity and political "bushwa." And instead of yawning about New York's Secession, we want him to put a real man on the "dry" job at Portland who knows how and has the will to clean up the bootleggers.

Governor Pierce has been in office less than the probationary six months. If he won't clean house and keep his promises, his political shroud will be tailored to a finish when legal time limit expires, and he can be lowered gently into the yawning hole which his coterie of old cronies have dug for him.

The Governor reminds us of a certain fat old night watchman in Astoria-Before-the-Fire. He was a loud and conspicuous and wideawake watchman as long as his employers were around. After bedtime, however, tiring of the gloom and chill of the wharves, he would hie himself through alleyways to a favorite picture show, and he took his punch clock along with him, together with all of the keys. There he sat, in an obscure corner, absorbed in the lurid "movie." Every half hour, responding to a subconscious kick, he would pull his eyes away from the silver screen and gravenly punch the clock. Outside it was raining bullfrogs and jackrabbits, and firebugs were prowling around. There sat the watchman until the wee sma' hours, reveling in "The Hair-Breadth Escapes of Red-Headed Mabel." Pierce allows others to punch his clock, while he dozes.

If Governor Pierce wants a bill of particulars upon which we base the proposal for the recall, he quickly can be accommodated. He knows very well, every little item, and this is to inform him that we are keeping cases on him, and that only ONE MAN can tell us to shut up, and get away with it. He's listening and mum, so far.

Everybody wants the Governor to make good, and nobody wants a recall just for the fun of it. Plague take the parasites who have got him "haywire"; He ought to take them, one by one, by the seat of the pants and the scruff of the neck and chuck them out of their sinecures. He should not weep and wail about it, nor stand up in the corner and bawl for buttermilk. He can be and should be a second Penoyer—a great Governor of a great State, worthy of the confidence and esteem of the people.

MOSES IN THE BULLRUSHES.

Peccavi!

Uh-huh, that's what a KC says when he overlooks a chance to do something mean to a Klansman. The word means, "I have sinned." It is used in Catholic prayers.

In our issue of June 7, announcing the Big Carnival Ball of June 12, we said: "His Imperial and Gracious Majesty, King Tut-Tank-Amen, reincarnated Pharaoh, whose daughter of other days tried to make the Gossips believe that she found her baby Moses in the bullrushes," etc., and now a friend has taken it seriously and writes us a scorching rebuke, which we meekly accept as our due. Peccavi!

In the rather facetious reference to Pharaoh's daughter and her claim that she found little Moses in a basket in the bullrushes, we had in mind a very small boy, when told that famous story, being a down-to-date five-year-old, sagely and jeeringly remarked, "Aw, that's what SHE said." The letter follows:

"The Dalles, Ore., June 13, 1923.—Editor The Western American: Dear Sir—In your issue of June 7 is a very misleading statement of the Bible; it says, in part: 'Pharaoh, whose daughter of other days tried to make the Gossips believe that she found her baby Moses in the bullrushes.'

"Now, Moses' father's name was Amram of the tribe of Levi (a Hebrew); his mother's name was Jochebed. Num. 26th chap., 59th v.). His birth is given in Exodus 2: 1st to 10th verses. He was three months old before his mother hid him in the bullrushes, where he was found by Pharaoh's daughter, an Egyptian princess. (Acts 7: v. 20 to 22.)

"I have heard this same error argued by a Roman Catholic infidel; it is part of their propaganda work, so it behooves every Protestant to stand guard, for this is very far from the truth we want taught in our public schools when that time comes, but rather shall we teach ourselves and children that the Protestant Bible doesn't lie, and give it the honor and loyalty that belongs to it, and hold it sacred in the heart of every Klansman and Protestant American. Very respectfully, M. A. B."

The name is that of an estimable lady, who is assured of our penitence for making a jest of the Moses story. If the baby was three months old and his true mamma and papa were known and of record, the story of the great find by Pharaoh's daughter will not be doubted by the average believer, least of all by the editor of The Western American, who accepts the Bible on faith "from kiver to kiver."

The Jews of Portland are not prone to abuse their special privilege of obtaining liquor under their sacramental booze permit, the District Attorney's office is quoted as declaring, in defense of a rabbinical bootlegger. Ye gods! Truth crushed to earth! A bold-faced statement like this, when the Portland Jews are bathing in booze; when the daily newspapers are telling, too, of the "Oceans of Wine" that is being sold by rabbinical bootleggers under special privilege permits all over the country. The condition—the special privilege—is bad enough, God knows, but it is worse still for the District Attorney's office to lie about it in defense of a notorious bootlegger.

"Rattler bites priest," says an Oakland dispatch in The Oregonian. A five-foot battlesnake bit the Rev. Father So-and-So of Antioch. We aren't glad, God forbid, but some suspicious; sounds like propagand, probably to justify a bigger shipment of "sacramental" booze. Bet the snake died.

THE KLAN OVERSHADOWS ALL.

No fair-minded person pays any attention to the hypocritical criticism of the Klan because of the white regalia, or the white hood worn in ritualistic work as a symbol of things which concern only the Klansmen. The Knights of Columbus wear black robes and a black cowl, and their ritual is coarse, brutal, grotesque when compared to the beautiful and impressive ceremonial of the Klan.

The two orders are opposites in everything. The Klan is composed of Protestant, native-born Americans without exception, all citizens of good character, without any foreign attachments of any kind whatsoever. The KC is made up mostly of adopted citizens, born in other countries, all Roman Catholics, all openly placing the authority of the Pope above that of the Constitution and the President of the United States, all having foreign attachments, prejudices and notions. The Klan is striving to Americanize the masses of aliens in our country, which is like a huge lump of sour dough in Uncle Sam's stomach, and teaching the sublime principles of the Constitution in everything. The KC is striving to maintain the ethnic group divisions, teaching the supreme and infallible authority of the Roman Pope in everything, operating the political machinery of the hierarchy against American welfare, and making our country, to the extent that they can, a cockpit for the settlement of European feuds.

Considering these facts, no one except an ass and a fool would disparage the Klan for its constructive work, unless he be—what so many are—a servile tool of the Roman machine.

In constructive achievement for the common good, the Klan stands second to none. In ethical rank among the great fraternities it overshadows all other orders, except one, in strict requirements as to qualifications of membership. The exception is—perhaps to your surprise—the Knights of Malta. For the information of the younger Klansmen, we will give the full title of this great fraternity: The Ancient and Illustrious and Military Order of Knight Hospitalers of Saint John of Jerusalem, otherwise known as Knights of Malta, founded at Jerusalem in 1048.

OUR HEAD IS BUMPY BUT UNBOWED.

We salute Mr. Frank L. Shull, Director of the Portland School Board. He licked the whey out of the White Folks. It was a short, sharp game and he pulled a Flush Royal. Stacked cards and a divided House caused the defeat. We hold no postmortems, however. Our head is bumpy, but unbowed.

The same kind of thing happened at the mouth of the Columbia. Portland hath her Stackhouse, Astoria her Hawkins. Let them crow all they please and preen themselves on this unimportant victory. They who crow last crow loudest of all. We were half way indifferent and out of training, anyway, busy with other things.

Mr. Shull isn't such a bad one, after all. The Western American said before the election that he was eminently qualified for the position of School Director, if he were only right on the main issue—the Public School Bill—which he previously had opposed most mistakenly. He's a very fine man, and uncommonly good looking, when he's asleep—and he was wide awake last Saturday.

As for the mercenary fixers of the split-the-ticket gang, we will say for the White Folks, and all other good sportsmen, that they deserve treatment as natural with a barrel stave with a square hole in it.

Nobody likes a turncoat, a back-stabber, or a quitter.

THE FORD STUFF IS THE BUNK.

By high authority, The Western American warns all Klansmen to treat with deserved contempt the well organized clique that is advertising Henry Ford as a possible nominee for the Presidency. This modern Don Quixote, a rich flivver-maker of Detroit, is about as well qualified for the Presidency as Beelzebub is for Sunday-school superintendent.

The advertising of Ford as a possible candidate is making America the laughing-stock of the world. Ford is a LITTLE fellow, little in every quality that goes to make a statesman. First of all, he is a yellow pacifist, and his dear son, Edsal, is a war slacker who escaped service through his daddy's financial pull. Ford wants to scrap the army and navy and lay America at the mercy of Japan, a barbarian power that is plotting war against us.

Ford's peace ship during the war, loaded down with the Maria Schwimmers and Judge Lindseys and a job-lot assortment of long-haired men and short-haired women, surely was enough to settle his hash forever, politically speaking.

Ford is no friend of the Klan, and he is currying favor, in a little man's way, with the Roman Catholic hierarchy. We have abundant proof of it.

We know that it is a waste of lather to shave an ass, but remember that our national population is composed of an hundred million, "mostly fools," who are easily led by noisy demagogues, with the sinews of publicity behind them.

Pay no attention to the Ford stuff. It is bunk, pure and simple bunk. The Ford of publicity and the Ford in real life are two vastly different characters, more different than Dr. Jekyll and Dr. Hyde.

It isn't a Ford that the nation needs, but a great administrator and military leader, preferably General Wood. Black Jack Pershing or Hunter Liggett might do in a pinch, but the man of the hour must be a man on horseback, for the nation is approaching a world crisis. It is coming with the speed of a meteor. It will arrive suddenly and the world will be one vast roar. America must be prepared for any eventuality, and every public man who tries to befoul the people, either through ignorance or design, should be tagged for the foolkiller.

THE PURPOSE OF THE KLAN.

The purpose of the Klan is to promote patriotism toward our civil government, honorable peace among men and nations; protection for and happiness in the homes of our people; manhood, brotherhood and love among ourselves, and liberty, justice and fraternity for all mankind. The Klansmen believe they can help greatly to accomplish these noble purposes through a mystic, social, patriotic, benevolent association, having a perfected lodge system, with an exalted ritualistic form of work and an effective form of government, not for selfish profit, but for the mutual betterment, benefit and protection of our associates and their loved ones.

ONLY A WISH.

Geo, I wish I wore a Klansman, And could wear the robe of white For I know they're loyal people And are striving for the Right.

If I wore a K. K. Klansman I'd put on my robe and hood, I'd do as all good Klansmen do My best at doing good.

They are real American Boosters, Teaching everything that's Right, They believe in Yankee Justice With heart and soul and might.

Every Klansman has a duty And that he'll surely fill, He will fight for our freedom Until in death he's still.

Men, be loyal to the Order Of the over striving K's, And be true American patriots As they were in olden Days.

You have sworn to do your duty And uphold the grand old Flag, So always help protect it In your duty do not lag.

When you meet a brother Klansman And you see he is in need, Be sure to help him over And perform a Klannish deed.

Be Klannish in every manner To a Klansman that is good, For he has sworn allegiance And wears the Robe and Hood.

—W. S. C.

Clear the Way

By CHARLES MACKAY

Men of thought, be up and stirring Night and day; Saw the seed, withdraw the curtain, Clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them, As you may.

There's a fount about to stream, There's a light about to beam, There's a warmth about to glow, There's a flower about to blow, There's a midnight darkness Changing into gray.

Men of thought; and men of action, Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken, Who shall say

What the unimagined glories Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen; Aid it, hopes of honest men; Aid it, paper; aid it, type; Aid it, for the hour is ripe; And our earnest must not slacken Into play.

Men of thought, and men of action, Clear the way!

Let a cloud's about to vanish From the day;

And a brazen wrong to crumble Into clay!

Lo! the right's about to conquer; Clear the way!

With the right shall many more Enter smiling at the door;

With the giant wrong shall fall Many others, great and small.

That for ages long have held us For their prey.

Men of thought; and men of action, Clear the way!

BEWARE!

All ye people of the earth: There is but one and only Ku Klux Klan, and one and only Women of the Klan; therefore,

SHUN

as "a poisonous serpent any other organizations of similar name. We warn you. BEWARE!

Practice Klannishness in all things.

USURY.

By C. L. Locke.

A sordid, searing, scorching flame, That mars all good for selfish gain; It makes of virtue but a fool To further blind the servile fool;

It throtilles Truth with greed and lust And gives the toilers but a crust; Flaunts the law of power of might To crush out Justice, Truth and Right;

It makes our Women walk the street And barter Souls for food to eat; It robs the Widow of her home And turns her children out to roam;

It fills the mad-house and the jail And scatters death along its trail.

Damned is he who doth spread An usurers' shroud 'round the dead; Damned are all who play in part Knave or fool to the usury mart.

Portland, Ore., July 11, 1921.

Trade only with your friends.