

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



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NOT FOR SELF, BUT FOR OTHERS

AMERICA NEEDS A GREAT NEW CHURCH. WHY DON'T YOU go to church?

Don't you know that an hour or two of self-analysis, under the inspiration of sacred music and Gospel appeal, would do you an immense amount of good?

The devil will get you, if you don't watch out. He will fly away with you some dreary rainy night.

Seriously, Klansmen: You are going to die soon. We are all condemned to the grave. Years pass quickly, and the last ones are the swiftest. Are you ready for the leap? Are you right with God? Never mind about "us," YOU are under examination.

You know there's a Hereafter, as sure as tomorrow's sunrise.

There's just this about it: We must get right with God, meaning that we must accept the Christ as Guide, harmonize our lives with His will, practice the Golden Rule and square up, as far as possible, our sins of omission and commission, else the leap into eternity, due at any moment, may mean everlasting torment of some kind or other. Never mind about hell of the volcanic kind, the fabled lake of fire and brimstone. The immortal mind, the MEMORY, will survive! Won't that be hell! You'll admit it, if you have a reflecting mind to appeal to. If you're an idiot—well, all right.

Let's go to church, every Sunday, and take the whole sinful family. It will lighten the preacher. It will help all concerned. It will erase the frown, mitigate the gloom, and create a new spirit within you.

The crowds pack the movie-shows every Sunday. They yearn for entertainment, for music, for thrills. If imbued with the right spirit, we should find the finest of these benefits in church, where every suggestion should be holy, in the presence of the Master, in the house of God.

SUPPOSE THE KLAN SHOULD establish a great Chapel. Offering comfortable seats, the Sermon on the Mount, on which all Christians agree, specializing in sacred music of the finest kind, both vocal and instrumental, with splendid chorus of men and women, boys and girls, all enrobed in snowy white vestments, would you attend? Regularly?—ye old sinner! Think it over. The Klan chapel can be established, with a little constructive effort. The Klansmen and Klanswomen are numerous enough to pack the Portland Auditorium to overflowing, if they would.

Uh-huh, that's another dynamic idea—a Klan church! Angels and ministers defend us! What do you think? Of course, the little-bitty, smooth-bore, 2x4 preachers will get up on their hind legs and howl like a wolf at such a "fantastic" idea. The big guns will be silent, however, and some of them would joy in the opportunity to serve the Lord in a great Klan Chapel.

Dare you say it "can't be done"? Everything is possible to concentrated mental power. The mind is supreme. It is our tiny bit of the Universal and Divine Intelligence. It can create any condition or achieve any result which it may conceive and strive for, provided the aim is in harmony with the Infinite.

The Klan Chapel idea, Brother, is eminently practicable, and on short notice,—a Klan church, if you please, with millions of sustaining patrons to begin with. Visualize a great new honest-to-God church. See the magnificent Fiery Cross hanging high above the altar. Hear the glorious chorus, "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will." Listen to the simple and utterly sincere story of "Jesus and His love." No collections! No fashions! No neck-stretching to see what others are wearing, no giggling, no whispering—all eyes forward, upon the Fiery Cross, all souls aflame with religious zeal, all hearts contrite and humble. This is the kind of church it would be, if backed by the Ku Klux Klan.

The churches in America are on trial. The preachers are under the eye of scrutiny.

While many true ministers, learning the truth, are proclaiming the Klan to be the mightiest moral force of this period, the greatest aid in Americanization, a majority still slander and flout the Klan, "bending the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning." Their "Federal Council" denounced the Klan! Our most malignant foes are found among the preachers—not among the Roman Catholic priests, but among the so-called Protestant preachers, the dressed-up and puffed-up D.D.'s, the dignitaries and dodder-diggers who have stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. Where would their congregations be if the Klan established a church? They then might turn their houses into sure-enough theatres, with a brass band at the door, and ticket sellers.

Klan writers waste too much effort on the Roman Catholics;

they should concentrate, first, upon the so-called Protestants—not upon the easy-going sinners who compose the congregations, but the little tin-horn preachers who jump at every opportunity to lambast the Klan. Assailing the Fiery Cross with their tiny hammers! Poor, wretched tots! Puling infants, wheedling for sugar-teats.

The Ku Klux Klan is the world's foremost and greatest champion of the living Christ! Get that, ye forked-tongue slanderers! Swallow it, ye knaves! Digest it, ye workers of iniquity, ye whitened sepulchres, ye gilded, fat-paunched serpents! "How shall ye escape the damnation of hell?"

The Klan church is feasible. It should specialize in fine music, instead of fine clothes. The sermon should deal with Gospel truth to which every mind will agree—the Sermon on the Mount. The meetings should be for "whosoever will." There never should be a collection. All funds should be obtained privately. The congregation never should see or hear of the Dollar. The two Almightys cannot be found in the same place. The Sunday services, a mid-week lecture on Klankraft, also mid-week entertainments, should be advertised liberally, informing the public of this major attraction. The Chaplain should have charge of all social welfare work, all funerals, sick calls, relief activities.

Such an institution, backed by the Klan, would be a tower of strength to the Protestant cause and a source of endless blessing for the people.

Amid all the noise and tumult of the busy part, you can find rest and quiet in the store of the man who is afraid to advertise in the Klan newspaper. A man who hasn't gumption enough to buy all the space he can get in a highly select circulation of 40,000 readers, all of them keen to know who is friendly to our cause, is sure to have hard luck, while his wiser neighbors gather in the profits. Daily newspaper advertising is excellent, but a great weekly, with a devoted family of 40,000 readers, and often 50,000, can show far greater results. The space we have for sale is extremely limited, and is sold only to those whom we can guarantee. We are making no special bid for patronage, but we have patronage to give—worth fortunes to the business men, if they only knew it.

IF AT FIRST WE DON'T SUCCEED—

Now, gentle reader, after perusing the leading editorial in this issue, don't begin picking too many flaws, for all human work is imperfect. We can reform our own writings, but it is a big contract to discipline a correspondent like the one we have in the National capital. The battle has been in the jungle, and the hair of our warriors is full of cuckleburrs. Here's a true war story that may tickle you some.

The writer was with the Graves Expedition (war party) in Siberia. Among many other things we took along a cinema outfit in charge of a technical expert from New York, George S. Bothwell. The State Department somehow neglected to make a state-room reservation for Mr. Bothwell, who is a proud and elegant American, and he had to occupy a berth-room with questionable travelers on a third-rate Japanese steamship from Tsuruga, Japan, to Vladivostok. He was entitled to the finest and the fat of the land, but this is what he got. Oh, but he was mad when he arrived: "Mad" is used advisedly. He literally danced in rage, while they wrapped him in sheepskins at the landing quay in a temperature of absolute zero. His first demand was for a barber and a "bunch of razors." He possessed what women would call a head of beautiful hair and was proud of it, but he soaped it with army cleanser and soaked it in a tub of hot water. He then ordered the barber to "commence" and had his head shaved completely until it shone like a pink toy balloon. Still he raged and scratched. "Oh-h-h," he moaned, "they've all dug in and their beaks still are boring my skull!" He referred to the tiny oriental insects which attack every Westerner with beautiful hair.

Thus it is with editors who try to write up to their ideal. They are so pestered, in the manner suggested, that they cannot be altogether good, however much they try.

Besides, in the present world war between good and evil the scribes must tell what they see and what they think about it, and what's going on at the front.

For the benefit of inquiring readers who missed our comment on the recent school election in Portland, we are pleased to repeat the assurances that Director Frank L. Shull is eminently qualified for the great constructive work now before the Board, and that he will give everyone a square deal. He is entitled to the respect and strong support of every Klansman.

A KLANSMAN'S CREED. I believe in God and in the tenets of the Christian religion and that a Goddess nation cannot long prosper. I believe that a Church that is not grounded on the principles of morality and justice is a mockery to God and to man. I believe that a Church that does not have the welfare of the common people at heart, is unworthy. I believe in the eternal separation of Church and State. I hold no allegiance to any foreign government, Emperor, King, Pope or any other foreign, political or religious power. I hold my allegiance to the Stars and Stripes next to my allegiance to God alone. I believe in just laws and liberty. I believe in the upholding of the Constitution of these United States. I believe that our free Public School is the cornerstone of good Government and that those who are seeking to destroy it are enemies of our Republic and are unworthy of citizenship. I believe in freedom of speech. I believe in a free press uncontrolled by political parties or by religious sects. I believe in law and order. I believe in the protection of our pure womanhood. I do not believe in mob violence but I do believe that laws should be enacted to prevent the causes of mob violence.

KLANITORIAL By N. S. Sedanthar

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THEY have called the Klan "bigoted and intolerant." Yet the news carries the intelligence that a priest halted a Klan lecture in Denver because he objected to its delivery. There never was a Klansman who objected to hearing a priest talk, or who refused to hear the priest's side. If this be "tolerance," for God's sake, give us "bigotry," as they call it!

That form of tolerance reminds us of the Chicago publication, so grossly misnamed. But "Tolerance" dims considerably when "Dawn comes up like thunder out of Old Chi on the Lake". That's a bum take-off on Kipling's rhythmic poem, but it hits the spot, anyway.

WHOSE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS WERE YOU IN LAST SUNDAY?

WHEN in doubt, blame it on the Klan," is a saying they have over in Maryland. That's Maryland's way. For more than a century this benighted State has been under the thumb and rule of Sweet Papa on the Tiber, but there's a great big white robe and helmet stalking through the land now.

It has come to deliver them from the hands of the priests and free them for self-thought and self-expression. No State has ever developed to its utmost where the Catholics predominated, and where such sentiments as the above abound.

IS YOUR PRATOR A KLUXER? IF HE AIN'T, WHY AIN'T HE?

LISTEN, Old Klansman, you probably know all the latest jazz songs and can sing by heart, after a fashion. Al Jolson's latest knockout. But can you sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," straight throughout without stopping? If you can't, you're a piker.

Jolson's song may make you shake your shoulders after a synecopated fashion, but the song I just told you about has a kick in it that jazz never will have. Best part about it is that it is a kick that will stay with you, even after you have gone beyond the Fiery Cross to the Golden Cross Beyond.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO THIS PAPER IS ONLY TWO BONES A YEAR. LOOSEN UP, THE EDITOR HAS A RECEIPT THAT WILL JUST FIT YOU.

MOREHOUSE Klan may have been low for awhile, but she's not out by a Dickens of a sight! She was one of the principal kickers in a Fourth of July blowout. Judging from what I've heard about Morehouse, she can pull a show worth going to see.

Alaska wants the Klan, the Juneau merchants say. Easy to get it, and they probably will. Guess they will use white fur robes and helmets up there. Opens up a new line of trade for the Jews, who were elated at the chance to sell so much white goods when the Klan began business in warmer climes.

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR MONEY IN A KLANSMAN'S BANK? HE CAN USE IT.

AFTER discounting the "exaggerations" of "enthusiasts," the New York Herald wakes up to the fact that the Klan is big enough, after all, to attract world attention. Give Frank Muncy time enough, and he will come to the realization of any fact; but a lot of times he almost loses his shirt doing it.

Kentucky Republicans are getting themselves in a nice kettle of fish! They now bid for the Democratic Catholic vote by lambasting the Klan. The Klan is not in politics, but there is a whole flock of Klansmen who vote and they hate like tunket to be called "un-American and cowardly." I do, myself.

HAVE YOU SIGNED UP YOUR CONGRESSMAN YET? SEND HIM A QUESTIONNAIRE AND THEN SEE THAT HE SIGNS IT.

A ROUGHNECK priest in Kentucky used such vile and filthy language in heckling a Klan speaker that 75 ladies got up and left. Protestant ministers don't use language to which ladies object, for they're gentlemen and have wives and sisters of their own. If some hefty Klansman would bang one of these birds on the beeper, it might help him some.

There are some priests who are

godly men and gentlemen. The chaplain of my regiment was as fine a lad as I ever knew, and I love him. Played fair and foted square, and was one of the boys, from reveille until 'way after taps. Pity he should be so contaminated by things like the above.

DO YOU STILL TAKE THE HEARST PAPER? SHAME ON YOU, IF YOU DO.

THE Chicago Tribune says if Henry Ford is to be President of the United States, it is for Wilbur Glenn Voliva for vice-president. Because, the Tribune says, Voliva knows the world is flat "and this part of it certainly will be." The paper also nominates William J. Bryson for Secretary of War.

I'll say this: If Al Smith is elected President of the United States, I want Nikolai Lenin to be the vice-president, because Lenin is a Bolshevik and admits it, and this part of the world certainly will be if Smith is elected. The Kaiser would make an admirable Secretary of War, with the Pope for Secretary of State.

DO YOU ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER? KLANSMEN WILL TRADE WITH YOU, IF YOU DO.

THE President says we will have prohibition with us for a long, long time, and that the country will not return to the wets within the memory of any person now living. Amen! So be it! Then the big job is to enforce the laws. Let's hop to it, boys! You turn up your bootlegger, and I'll turn up mine. Seems a bit harsh, but the best way to clean up is to sweep your own yard first.

READ your Klan papers religiously, for they will tell you what the Klan is doing for good and for constructiveness. That is the only kind of news that will benefit you. You can depend on the daily press, as a rule, for an unfair deal. There are some noble exceptions, especially in the West, and there will be more, as the press learns the truth about the Klan. If you haven't subscribed for the Klan paper, get the one nearest you at once.

Mr. Tuigg, who preaches in the Catholic church in New York that Mayor Hylan attends, advises his flock to use mob violence, if they cannot break up Klan meetings otherwise. I'll lay a healthy wager that Mr. Tuigg will not be in the fight. It is easy enough for him to tell them to go down and get their heads broken, but Tuigg is taking good care that his shall not be broken. Thank Heaven! I don't believe there is one Protestant pastor who will incite his men to violence.

REPORTS from Chicago show that President Harding is surrounded day and night by a band of Roman Catholics, who form his secret service bodyguard. This places the executive at the mercy, really and actually, of the Roman pontiff. I say it is a risk he should not take. THREE PRESIDENTS HAVE BEEN SHOT TO DEATH, AND EACH BY A ROMAN CATHOLIC. Think you, and protest to Congress!

Now that the Ford business is settled, who will they pick out next? We submit below a list of millionaires from which they can take their pick to name as a man who is "financing" the Klan: John D. Rockefeller, Sr. or Jr. Thomas Fortune Ryan. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Charles M. Schwab. Rabbi Wise. Cardinal O'Donnell. Assa G. Candler. Just take your pick, and it will be about as accurate as the Jew charge that Ford was "financing" the Klan.

SO, John's going to run for President! Well, well! So that's why he was kicking up such a howdy-do down in Louisiana last fall and winter about a couple of bootleggers being killed! I'll bet a counterfeited copper that Tommie Hardwick is going to run for vice-president with him. They would make a fine pair! Say, wouldn't this be a wonderful Cabinet: President, John M. Parker. Vice-president, Thomas M. Hardwick. Secretary of State, Henry Jaw Allen.

Secretary of the Treasury, Helen Maria Dawes. Secretary of War, Jimmie Hylan. Secretary of the Navy, Al Smith. Attorney-General, A. V. Cococo. Postmaster-General, Phil Pitt Campbell. Secretary of the Interior, "Me" White. Secretary of Agriculture, William J. Burns. Secretary of Commerce, Archbishop Curley. Secretary of Labor, Edward Young Clarke.

Astoria Ramblings

By Elem Kay. WEB FOOT

Police Sergeant L. M. Holder, who was spending a part of his vacation in Portland, is not a great baseball fan, and a few days ago he was credited with breaking up a game in Portland. It is told that the game was nicely started before Holder arrived, and as soon as he came it started to rain so hard that the game had to be called off. Portland fans still claim that "Doc" Holder brought the rain with him from Astoria.

AT LAST! Deputy Sheriff C. C. Ingalls has his winter's supply of wood piled up now. He has worked on it all summer between times.

KANDY KID George C. Anderson, proprietor of Astoria's Most Exclusive Candy Store, says he wishes all the hens would die so he could sell candy eggs all the year around instead of just at Easter time.

STILL WALKING Enoch E. Mathison, Astoria lawyer, journeyed to Seaside last Friday to capture the Klan auto that was to change hands; but E. E., like lots of others, found use for his return trip ticket on the Royal Blue Bus Line.

HAPPY BOY Gus A. Erickson, Lucky Astoria Florist, who was the Lucky Man at the Klan dance in Seaside last Friday night, is as proud of his new sport model Reo as a boy with a new watch and no one blames him for it. Early Saturday morning he called up his brother-in-law at the Astoria National Bank and told him about his luck. Gus said, "what do you THINK? They gave me a \$1900 auto for 50 cents. Why, I couldn't sleep all night thinking about it. Best luck I ever had!"

OVER AT WARRENTON George Barnett, proprietor of Warrenton's First Class Lunch Room and Poo Hail, is reported to have played rummy all day and won only four hickies. We know George has better luck at his lunch table than he had at cards, or he would not be able to put in the fine new improvements he is making on his place. A new floor is being put in the pool room, to enlarge the daily growing restaurant business. Barnett's place is opposite the Warrenton depot and the train crews are finding it a very handy dropping-in place.

WARRENTON THEATRE C. L. Litch again has taken over the Warrenton Picture Show House and he reports good attendance at his opening last week. Pictures will be shown every night except Thursday and Friday.

BEDGET LARSON TO PORTLAND C. T. ("Jimmie") Larson, the energetic Advertising Manager of The Astoria Evening Budget, made a flying business trip to Portland last Sunday. Mr. Larson had to go on Sunday, because that is the only day when he is not chasing ads.

WARRENTON DIDN'T WIN EITHER C. J. Patterson, popular Warrenton lumber man, was also present among the large number who went to Seaside after the Reo auto last Friday. Although disappointed over having a lot of wrong numbers, Clarence does not regret the investment he made, 'cause it is for a good cause.

MORE LIVE WIRE The Rev. M. C. Wire, father of Rev. Melville T. Wire, Pastor of the Astoria Methodist church, occupied the Astoria Big Church Pulpit for his son last Sunday morning. He delivered a very effective sermon to a large audience and proved himself a good orator. The gist of his sermon thought was: "Let God be your Pilot."

The elder Reverend Wire, who resides in Newberg, passed an enjoyable week-end at the home of his popular son, who is among the best liked of the Astoria ministers.

ACQUIRES SCOTCH BROOM PAINTINGS Dr. A. Van Dusen, Astoria Doctor, has acquired two fine oil paintings of Clatsop County's famous Scotch Broom. The paintings are very realistic and beautiful in their multiplicity of nature's marvelous work, and they are the handiwork of Astoria's own artist, the Reverend Melville T. Wire.

HERE TO O. A. KRATZ We are coming after your subscription to The Western American; be sure and have your money ready. Ho, you will like our Delivery Service, if nothing else, 'cause Our Own Uncle Sam is looking after that part of it. Secretary of Labor, Edward Young Clarke.