

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

Western American

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"NOT FOR SELF, BUT FOR OTHERS"

AMERICA NOW FACING A CRISIS.

The first official act of Calvin Coolidge ("Cautious Cal"), Acting President of the United States, aside from formal orders concerning the use of the White House and minor affairs of state...

This message, which Coolidge sent in behalf of all the people of the United States, hailed the Knights of Columbus—militant soldiers of the Black Pope— as "A patriotic order, steadfastly devoted to American principles and ideals."

This disgusting and servile sop to the cohorts of political Romanism was sent the minute this little man was settled in his chair, before he had donned his official slippers.

Coolidge is a fine patriotic American, and so is the Pope of Rome. There is no doubt about it. Actions speak for themselves. His fulsome message of praise and approval was read to the jubilent "Kaseys" at their international convention this week at Montreal.

One must be altogether satisfactory to the Roman hierarchy, in order to be elected once as Governor of Massachusetts, and Coolidge was elected twice. Boston, the hub of Romanism, rules the State, politically, and the papal adherents rule Boston.

Mr. Acree is an honored Mason, a first-class American of an old and prominent family of patriots, and a member of several honorable orders.

Yes! We have no bananas! Let's all unite in singing, with a vengeance. But, we have to-mat-toes, and po-tat-toes, and pickles and beans!

The pitiful, narrow-minded, unyielding spirit of autocracy is at last ascending, for just a little while—the same spirit, somewhat refined, that set the red fires for the "witches" of Salem.

Behold the papal line-up in Massachusetts: Senator Walsh, member of the Supreme Council of the K. of C.; Governor Cox, a faithful henchman; ex-Governor Russell, K. C.; Gillette, speaker of the House, favorite of the K. C.; Stearns, the Jewish merchant of Boston, the personal guide and confidante of "Cautious Cal"; Senator Lodge, now in his dotage, who does not amount to anything, and every employe in his office is a faithful K. C., and many others, too numerous to mention—a fine outfit, indeed!

Thank God, Albert B. Fall is out of the official picture. Fall represented the hierarchy of Old Mexico for fourteen years in the Senate. He was the late President Harding's closest friend and was elevated to a position in the Cabinet—Secretary of the Interior. Fall is a multi-millionaire, a fourth degree Knight of Columbus, and a member of the Supreme Council.

Count Boni de Castellane is in the movies. His wife of other days, nee Anna Gould, is now the wife of Boni's cousin, Prince Hellie de Sagan. Boni declares he still loves Anna. (Like Hellie does.)

THANKS TO THE DEVI... A man died and went to hell. The devil showed him around the place and the newcomer marveled at the fine paved streets and the big garages, all full of Fords. "Gee, Nick," said he, "how come these splendid streets and nothing but Fords?" "Aw, that's the hell of it," was Satan's reply.

but Providence always saves America by raising up a great leader at the right time. He is going to appear in the next few months. At this time it looks like William Gibbs McAdoo. His ability is unquestioned. He is a tried and true American. He has the courage to tackle and the brains to solve the pressing problems of the nation. He also will follow George Washington's advice and "Put none but Americans on guard."

The talk of Henry Ford is publicity piffle. The American people are not so insanely foolish as to pick a man of his small calibre for the epoch-marking crisis now looming before the country. The next President must be a first-class statesman and business man, a tireless worker, of infinite capacity, an American patriot, heart and soul, with courage and genius for any emergency.

GREAT CHANGES ARE IMMINENT.

Every true heart feels a profound sympathy for Mrs. Warren G. Harding, widow of the President, and the departed Chief Executive will be remembered in the West for his geniality and warm human sympathy. His character and personality embodied everything that could be desired in a neighbor and friend.

Mr. Harding would have been renominated, and as surely defeated, unless sudden war had changed the situation. He was spared providentially, perhaps, the unhappy experience of party disaster in 1924, of which his successor is far more deserving.

The campaign next year is going to be bitter and spectacular, beyond all precedent in American history. Out of it, please God, may come the new birth of freedom and reconsecration to American ideals now long overdue, without which our nation may enter a period of trouble without parallel in history.

The Acting President starts with the best wishes of all good citizens, but few will believe that he can accomplish much. His administration is but a passing phase in the swift evolution of modern democracy. Tremendous changes are due. The people are filled with discontent and wrath. The masses who feel this way include the farmers, the industrial toilers, and the vast group of skilled artisans and brain workers, who understand imperfectly the causes of poverty, the lack of progress, the prevalence of wrong, and the domination of mammon in the temples of liberty.

The danger is, as Herbert Spencer said, that the people en masse may suddenly realize the ghastly truth of the situation. The money kings will trim their sails and get busy with basic business, if they possess brains enough as a group to comprehend the terrible signs of the times.

Coolidge has a grand opportunity, but is not expected to understand it. If he were a great man, he could have the problem of establishing justice for the farmers well under way by the time of the Republican convention. This is the basic, vital need. "You can burn down our cities and build them up again," said Bryan at Chicago in 1896, "but if you destroy the farms, the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the land."

The systematic and wholesale robbery of the farmers is going to cause soon a mighty upheaval. They are feeding and clothing everybody—millions of parasites—and they have decided upon a Great Change. It is coming swiftly, God knows how or when it may begin. A new system of banking and transportation is the fundamental need and demand—a system for public service only, all profits going into the people's funds for the reduction of taxation. Coming then, and not until then, will be a great change in land ownership and community settlement, service institutions and public utilities.

The great men who will lead the aroused masses in this unexampled progress are preparing for their tasks, some without knowing it, others realizing the looming opportunity, ambitious to conquer or die. Some of these men are now in politics, and others, perhaps the greatest, are living in obscurity and poverty.

The Constitutional Convention which will mark the grand climax, proving again the glory of the Founders of the Republic, will be composed of stern and unyielding AMERICANS, who will dictate the changes and who will tolerate no jokers and no compromise.

Mr. Coolidge is the James Buchanan of this critical period. Study the portentous events of today in the light of history, and you will realize the meaning of this comment.

In the meantime, through it all, come what may, the Klansmen of America will prove their utter devotion to the highest ideals of the American People, strong in the faith of their patriot forefathers, determined to die en masse, if need be, in defense of their rights and those of all true American citizens.

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THREE ALL-IMPORTANT FACTS.

All men have, in differing degrees, according to intelligence, the perception of moral good and evil independently of all physical welfare or suffering. All men believe in superior beings who can exercise an influence upon their destiny; and all men believe in the continuance of their existence after this life. These three facts are true of all the many races and groups which compose the great kingdom of the human species.

KLANTORIAL

AGAIN the question of the treatment of the negro in the South has come up in a bothersome way and impatient northerners are endeavoring to settle it by criticism. It reminds me of a boiler-maker telling a jeweler how to fix a watch. It's something they do not know anything about and something they will never know anything about until they have lived in the South for many years and have gained the Southern angle of the proposition.

At Tuskegee, the home of the greatest negro school in the world, there is violent objection to the United States government placing negro officers in charge of a hospital for negro veterans. At first blush, it would seem that this would be the very best thing to be done—that the white people do not wish to come in contact with the negroes. But there is a principle far deeper than the mere wishes of the white people not to mix too intimately with the blacks.

It is a question of Anglo-Saxon supremacy, a principle for which the South stands as a unit now, yesterday and forever. It knows, for it knows the negro, that the amicable relations between the white and the negroes would be broken were negroes to be placed in any position of prominence and authority in the South, and these people do not propose to let it be done in their country.

The Southern people do not object to welfare work by the government among the negroes. They welcome it, for they like to see their negroes taken care of. The Spethner is notorious for his care of the "niggers." But he does not want, along with it, a complete upsetting of his system of dealing with the negro and the complete understanding that the white man is the master and the negro his servant.

There are in the South more prosperous negroes, rich in their own names, than, perhaps, anywhere else in America. I myself know a number of them. But they know their places and they keep them. They know as well as you or I that they can never be the social equals of the whites, that there can be no social competition between the whites and the blacks. And they are happy in their own society, with which the white people do not interfere.

The northern system of brotherhood displaces the Southern negro. He likes it for awhile, because it is new, but it soon disgusts him and soon begins to regard the white man who will associate with him on terms of equality as "poor white trash," a term that has been taught him by his father and his grandfather and one which carries with it the most supreme contempt.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT THAT THE ONLY VIOLENCE OF RECORD EVER OFFERED BOOKER T. WASHINGTON WAS IN NEW YORK AND NOT IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTH WHERE HE WAS KNOWN AND RESPECTED.

The negroes make a great mistake over the fact that a young negro from the north came to Tuskegee to take a position in the hospital which had been occupied by a young white lady, left within a few hours after he arrived, after seeing the Ku Klux demonstration. He probably was the wisest negro in America, and he showed his wisdom by taking the first northbound train.

Southern people are peace-loving people, and they will do anything, short of physical protest, but mark you, there will never be peace in the south, where either or both of two things are allowed to exist.

One is the supremacy of the negro in any shape, hint, form or fashion. The other is any slight, discourtesy or intimation of disrespect shown to a white woman by a negro, or a white woman made to suffer for the benefit of a negro.

CHARLES Edward Proskovez, a native Russian, soldier of fortune, and holder of probably more Masonic degrees than any other for- signer in the country, says he is now getting the highest degree any man can take—that of American citizenship. Proskovez is so intensely American that he got sore because he could not be a Klansman and said he was going to form himself a "hunky" Klan. Proskovez is a Klansman, though not a member of the Order.

GORDON THIEL, LAD OF 6 PASSES AWAY

Profound Sympathy Felt by Everyman for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thiel.

Gordon Thiel, six years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thiel of Astoria, passed away at the family home in that city Saturday evening, August 4, 1934, at about 8 o'clock, as a result of injuries received when he was run down by a heavy truck driven by Ben Spymala a few weeks ago, the wheels of the truck passing over his body. A large number of sorrowing friends attended the funeral.

Every effort was made by skillful surgeons to save the lad's life, and for a time, after a delicate operation, he seemed to have a chance of recovery. His vitality was inadequate for the final ordeal. The dear little fellow was complaining throughout his intense suffering and was con- sidered to be on the end.

The profound sympathy of the public is felt for the bereaved parents, who have hosts of friends in Clatsop county and elsewhere in the Pacific Northwest.

Little Gordon was a bright and charming child, giving every promise of a wonderful life.

Among the hosts of the innocent in the realm invisible, around the throne of God, so close to the dwellers on this planet that whispering voices may hear the rustle of a wing, this dying will remember and wait for his parents, counseling them now through faith in the Hereafter, who said, "Grief for little children to come into the world and find them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

OUR SENTIMENTS

Said Tom McLean to a foreign man who worked at the self-same bench, "Let me tell you this," and for emphasis, he flourished a Stimpson wrench; "Don't talk to me of your bourgeoisie; don't open your mouth to speak of your communist or your anarchist; don't mention the bolshevik. For I've had enough of this foreign stuff; I'm sick as a man can be. Of this speech of hate, and I'm telling you straight, that this is the land for me!"

If you want to brag, just take that flag an' hoast it's field of blue. An' praise the dead an' the blood they shed for the peace of the likes of you. "I'll hear no more," and he waved once more his wrench in a forceful way. "O' the cunning greed o' some Russian breed, I stand for the U. S. A. I'm done with your folks and your wid- eyed lads, don't flourish your flag o' red."

Where I can see, or at night there'll be tall candles around your bed. So tip your hat to a flag like that! Thank God for its stripes and stars! Thank God you're here where the roads are clear, away from your kings and czars.

I can't say what I feel today, for I'm not a talking man, But first and last I'm standing fast for all that's American. So don't you speak of the bolshevik, It's sick of that stuff I am, One God, one flag, is the creed I brag; I'm boosting for Uncle Sam!" —Edgar Guest.

A man may be slow to move when opportunity knocks, but he isn't when the neighbors do it.

HERE'S SELLING POWER.

Attention is called to the new Business and Professional Directory that has its first appearance in this issue of The Western American. The Directory, which will be found each week on page 7, is a classification of all the small ads carried in The Western American on time contract.

The space around the larger ads thus has been cleared, so that all other ads carried will have choice positions near live reading matter, and the reader's attention will be attracted in a way that will have pleasing results for the advertisers. We make our ads effective. Their selling power is enormous. We accept no "donation" patronage of any kind.