

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



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"NOT FOR SELF, BUT FOR OTHERS"

SPEAKING FOR THE EX-SERVICE MAN.

In behalf of the ex-service men of Oregon, we demand an investigation of the World War Veterans' State Aid Commission. The Soldiers' Bonus Law, effective May 25, 1921, is not being administered in the way expected and demanded by the people. We are investigating the facts, which seem to indicate that thousands of ex-service men have been treated unjustly, and are being deprived of their rights; and that certain bankers and loan sharks—one of the former being on the Commission, namely, Mr. Lyman G. Rice of the First National Bank of Pendleton—have had entirely too much to do and say about the awarding of the loans from the \$30,000,000 fund voted by the people. This fund was voted exclusively for the benefit of the ex-service men of Oregon, and not to enrich any banker or loan shark.

Recognizing the heroic sacrifices of our soldiers, sailors and marines, who offered themselves as a living target in defense of our land—

Recognizing the difficult problem of readjustment to the economic life of the country they met upon return from long months of service that took them from home, family and positions—

Recognizing the handicaps they face by reason of unequal losses and sacrifices imposed upon their patriotism in the grave emergency which threatened our existence as a people and out of which they brought us victory and peace—

Recognizing equity, justice and a simple duty in effecting early readjustment of those unequal losses through the proper administration of the Soldiers' Bonus Law—

We call upon the Governor to remove Arthur C. Spencer and Lyman G. Rice from the World War Veterans' State Aid Commission, with a view to the subsequent investigation of all the acts of the said Commission, the removal of these two members having been pledged and promised to the ex-service men as a means of winning support prior to the election of November 11, last.

Refusal by the Governor to keep this pledge will result in the development of public opinion throughout the State in support of the demand for the investigation, and in the exercise of other means of compelling just action. This course might so arouse the people as to precipitate an emergency political movement under the direct action law of the State of Oregon—a consummation which no one desires, if justice can be otherwise obtained.

Preliminary to the investigation, we call upon the Governor to redeem in part his pledge to the ex-service men, prior to his election, by the immediate discharge of William P. Simpson of Seattle, assistant secretary to the Commission. Governor Pierce's pledge was as follows:

"Will you see that all men employed in the bonus office are Oregon ex-service men who are entitled to receive the benefits of the Oregon bonus law, and will you give preference to crippled or disabled men who are qualified for the positions?" The Governor's answer was: "Ab-so-lute-ly YES."

Mr. Simpson is a Seattle man and drew \$430 bonus from the State of Washington. He is not an overseas veteran, but served during the war in the quartermaster's department at Fort D. A. Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Everyone wants to help the Governor make good, but the only possible basis for co-operation is the keeping of fundamental promises of requisite executive action.

Many ex-service men who have obtained all that they wanted can be called forth now, of course, to testify that the bonus commission is doing "fine and dandy," and that the ex-service men are satisfied, but these are few indeed when compared to the thousands who are sour and sore and clamoring for justice. This is not a matter that safely can be ignored.

All ex-service men, regardless of fraternal or other considerations, who have a grievance against the bonus commission, are invited to send their kicks in writing to the editor of The Western American, 408 Pittock Block, Portland. He is interested in the welfare of the ex-service men and will go the limit to help them get justice.

HOTEL MEN LOOT THE DOKKIES

For looting the DOKKIES during the past week of their great convention, some of the Portland hotel men have lost the good-will of every honest person who knows of the outrageous extortion practiced upon these honored guests. These greedy sharks have given Portland a black eye from which it may not recover for many a year, for the news of the systematic extortion will be spread throughout America.

There may be no way to put these vultures in jail for their abominable extortion during a week of emergency hospitality, but there is a way to clean up some of them for harboring bootleggers

and wild women. No mercy should be shown in the prosecution of every such "hotel."

The decent people of Portland want to know why Governor Pierce persists in keeping one Cleaver in Portland as a "State Prohibition Commissioner," who brazenly refuses to enforce the law.

Governor Pierce can remedy the situation by putting a real man on the State Prohibition job, with orders to clean up in Portland, where the law is a jest among criminals and their abettors.

Mayor Baker also can make the clean-up, within twenty-four hours. He is said to have senatorial aspirations. He might as well kiss his ambition goodbye, unless he immediately uses his police force to clean up Portland, beginning with the hotels, some of which are dens of thieves and joints of the worst kind.

Will Governor Pierce do his sworn duty?

Will Mayor Baker do HIS sworn duty?

GOD GIVE US MEN!

If they won't will the people back the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan in making this long needed clean-up? Or shall the "Wobblies" be commanded to do the dirty work?

The crime of extortion, as practiced upon the DOKKIES, is unforgivable, and it is going to hurt Portland for years to come. This hideous greed was unrestrained during a week when all the people wanted the 25,000 visitors to get a good impression of the City of Roses, and during a period when the Chamber of Commerce is trying to collect funds with which to advertise the attractions of Oregon. The fund promoters ought to descend now upon the hotel men, and make them stand and deliver. Their graft ought to be wrested from them, if possible, and their license to do business ought to be raised to the extreme legal limit.

What are Messrs. Pierce and Baker going to do about the infernal outrage—the robbery and mistreatment of the DOKKIES?

Why are the dailies silent concerning this outrage? Echo answers WHY?

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME!

And the notorious, pop-eyed C. Bascom Slemp has been appointed by Coolidge as his Secretary—the throne of Tumulty the First!

By the way, folks, quit calling that fellow Tu-MUL-ty. The Irish of it is TUM-ulty. Call him Tum, like Tim—U instead of I. Uh-huh. That's better.

But SLEMP! Ye GODS! What a stench! The linotype that sets the news weeps and wails. The galley-boy gnashes his teeth.

Who's Slemp? Ask the POLICE! Let the wicked dailies tell it, as they will in this case, for it is SCANDAL. The worst kind of scarlet scandal.

In brief, Mr. Slemp's alleged specialty is the SALE of JOBS. That's it, according to the Record, and there's no possible denial of it. There'll be Something Doing at the White House now, say the hard-boiled ones who are trying to make excuses for Slemp. We'll tell the world there will be something doing—LOTS.

Wonder if Slemp will hang out a sign on the portico? Ye gods! Ye Gods! How have the mighty fallen!

Don't be surprised at anything, now. The worst is always yet to come.

And beware of bunk. The papers are filled with it—the pure and unadulterated bunk—the "SPINX" stuff, the "patriotic, high ideal" bunk, the making of high-sounding phrases, the extension of clemency to slackers and traitors, the appeals to partisan and sectional prejudice, the telling of plain lies, the waving of bloody shirts, the walking of ghosts, the "wise use" of patronage, and all the ideas of trained and tricky writers—the Paid Liars at their best. LOOKOUT for them. They are full of treason and deceit and the truth is not in them. Their job is to fool the people, to fan them into a state of somnolent disregard.

Out of the ruck and the wreck, however, within the coming year, will develop a group of mighty truth-tellers, who will lose their jobs and in some cases their liberty. These will defy at all costs the powers that be, for there are heroes among the Lords of the Fourth Estate—men who will NOT lie, men who will stand up among the seats of the mighty and damn the treacherous demagogues to their faces.

The spirit of Patrick Henry still lives.

Watterson is dead—Dana has gone before. Nelson is no more. The torch will be lifted, however. The flag will be raised on high. Let traitors tremble.

The Americans are not fools, and they never will be slaves. Remember Lincoln's homely saying: "They can fool SOME of the people all the time, and ALL of the people SOME of the time, but they can't fool ALL the people ALL the time."

AN EARNEST APPEAL TO THE FAIR SEX.

Now that the kid sheiks have all had their hair cut and been bereaved of their lipsticks and powder-puffs, this service being rendered by MEN, why can't the women get busy and give proper treatment to the sheikesses? The female of the species is the most dangerous. Get busy, ladies, and make these dear creatures safe for society. How can you expect the men to walk the straight and narrow, with all these star-eyed sheikesses, in Parisian styles, boldly vampming them at every crook and turn? The boys are no worse than some of the girls. AIN'T it the truth? If you don't believe it, keep your eye peeled, daytime or night-time.

Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee, declares: "The time is coming when a Catholic-American will be elected President of this country." Note the infamous hyphen, "Catholic-American." A Catholic has been head of the American navy, it says, declaring that but for the "weak brethren" and their "caitiff spirit," Governor Burke would have been nominated as Wilson's running mate in the Democratic national convention in 1912. As it was, Burke received several hundred votes for vice-president. "If we are content to stay under, they are only too willing to keep us down." The Catholic Sentinel of Portland and other Roman papers have copied this editorial.

What abominable idolatry is revealed in chapter 44 of the Prophet Jeremiah? Burning incense to the "queen of heaven" and to other gods. Read this fearful prophecy of destruction, and be sure that all of the Bible prophecies come true.

KASEY KAL AT THE BAT!

Kasey Kal, or Kautious Kal, whichever you prefer, for he's both, is much-touted now as the Silent One—"The Spinx."

"Twer truer to say "The Jinx"—(One—two—three—)

"We have NO bananas,

We have NO bananas TODAY!

We have onions, and garlic,

And LEMONS, and BEANS,

Turnips, and cabbages,

Punkins, and Greens,—BUT,

We have NO bananas!"

Very good—VERY good, indeed! The basso might lengthen his belt, however, another hole or two.

The "SPINX"—ye gods! When did he get that way? In "COLUMBIA," the official monthly organ of the Knights of Columbus—the American organ of the World Autocrat of the Tiber—current issue, just out—Kasey Kal presents under his own signature a long, tiresome, verbose and prolix, adjectival and adverbial literary effusion on "Learning the Art of Living,"—meaning, of course, in practical politics, the gentle art of winning the alienist group once denounced in a presidential campaign for "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

Read it an' weep, ye tadpoles and suckers, Silent, forsooth. A "Spinx!" Why, he's windier than Bill Bryan was before he got his hair cut—more loquacious than Bryan was when Old Man Dana dubbed him the Boy Orator of the Plat. He fairly runs off at the mouth, or on his nimble typewriter.

The Spinx! Shade of Bourke Cockran!

The waters of Lodore had nothing on Kasey Kal when inspired on his favorite theme—the glory of the Pope and the Knights of Columbus. Hear him twang his lyre to his nasal melody, "There IS no finer knighthood!"

With an impudence exceeded only by the mendacity of his statement, the Roman fuglemen, in an effort to subdue the thunderers of Protestant wrath, are out with a brazen plea that he didn't send the message, after all; that it was sent to them while he was governor of Massachusetts. What difference does THAT make, even if true? That was only a short time ago. And in making this plea they have the nerve to present excerpts from an alleged letter, in which he CONFIRMS all that his funny message had said.

O America, America! WEEP for past glories, now heavily obscured. GOD GIVE US MEN for the coming crisis! God gives us, next year, a PRESIDENT!

Read George Washington's Farewell Address. A certain significant portion of it is being fulfilled fatefully.

OUNDING THE UNIVERSAL ALARM.

The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan is sounding the universal alarm—for man to turn at once from his evil ways. This directly concerns all of us. (Read Ezekiel 33, 8—the Watchman's Duty.) Mankind is warned to flee from the wrath to come. The inescapable penalty of disregarding this warning is the worm of remorse that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched.

The Klan is leading America in a great spiritual crusade. A nation of dry bones is being revived into an army of living patriots.

Men may flout human authority and hope to escape the penalties, but it is impossible to evade the exact and unfailing justice of God. Hammer this truth into the consciousness of the people, and we shall see tremendous progress toward the ideals of the Republic.

This is Klankraft, pure and undefiled.

THE KLANSMAN'S ONLY CRITERION.

Christ is the Klansman's criterion of character and conduct in all questions with which he has to deal. The Golden Rule is simple and easily applied: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Even thought and act at variance with the Sermon on the Mount is unsound and false, according to Klankraft.

ARE YOU QUALIFIED FOR THE KLAN?

The qualifications for membership in the Klan are as follows:

The applicant must be a white male Gentile person, a native-born citizen of the United States of America, who owes no allegiance of any nature or degree whatsoever to any foreign government, nation, institution, sect, ruler, prince, potentate, people or person; he must have attained the age of eighteen years, be of sound mind, good character, of commendable reputation and respectable vocation, a believer in the tenets of the Christian religion, and one whose allegiance, loyalty and devotion to the Government of the United States of America in all things is unquestionable. He must be a resident within the jurisdiction of the Klan to which he applies for at least twelve months immediately preceding the date of his application.

The same qualifications apply to the Women of the Ku Klux Klan—no difference whatever except that of gender.

The Royal Riders of the Red Robe require the same qualification, except that the applicant need not be native-born.

The Kaseys are blowing about a Klansman who died in one of their hospitals. (Of COURSE he died.) And they claim, with great unction, that with his dying breath he embraced the Only True Religion. Uh-huh, he didn't want to die and he hoped to get out. Poor devil! All tricks are fair in love and war and hospitals.

Kasey Kal is like the Roman god Terminus, according to his touts, but he seems to have no terminal at all when he gets stated on his theme, "There IS no finer knighthood," etc.

NO, we have received no bananas yet from little Henry Ford. Our letter couldn't get by Liebold, the Jew, who is managing politics 'n' everything for Henry.

The success and progress of the Ku Klux Klan is in exact proportion to the influence of Jesus Christ in its affairs and in the hearts of its members. Keep this truth ever in mind. By devotion to the Cross we shall conquer, or by disloyalty we shall be defeated.

Read, O Pastor, and consider, O Priest, the fateful prophecy in the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, addressed squarely to all religious teachers. Be warned by the Word of God.

The State Pen still is a GOING concern, and Warden Smith is GOING to make it all right. Hoo-ray and hoo-roo!

"GOD IS LOVE." Harmonize the mind with this truth as you will be successful, and as happy as a mortal can be.

"Deceitful hearts have many idols."

America's Alien Enemies

By C. L. LOCKE

Written Expressly for The Western American

America! Thy people sleep.

Leaving Thy portals open wide,

White alien enemies creep

Within Thy bosom, and bide

The time to smirch Thy fair name,

With vile plots, brewed in hell,

They hope to soil Thy fame