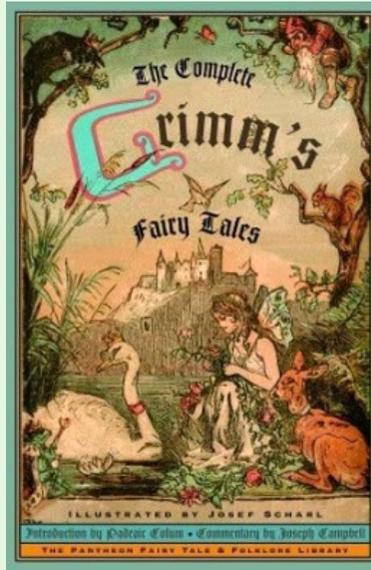


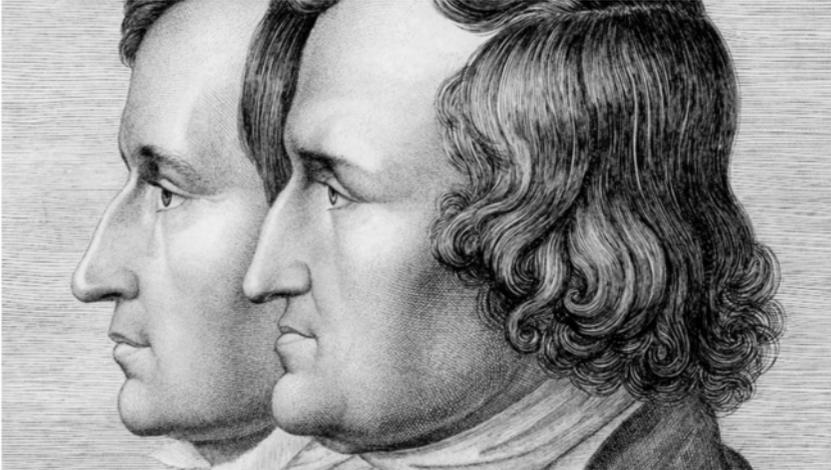
A Grimm Affair



By
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The Grimm Brothers

"A GRIMM AFFAIR" FOCUSES ON THE TALES OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM, stories which have nearly been forgotten due to the plague of television which has stolen our minds, as well as those of our children. Most of us have at least heard of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, but very few could specifically name any one of their 200+ tales. Many would be surprised to know that these two not only composed such timeless tales as Rapunzel, Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, Little Red Riding Hood, Rumpelstiltskin, and Snow White, but also "anti-semitic" and folkish like tales. Written in Germany during the early 19th century, these tales far surpass anything put out by Disney; these are the REAL stories, before Michael Eisner slaughtered them and turned them into a multi-ethnic extravaganza.

Our first featured story is entitled "A Jew Among Thorns." This is most certainly a tale worth sharing; it provides an accurate depiction of the conniving and cowardly Jew, and it will have you laughing until your

belly aches. Share this one with your children, share it with your comrades, as they will most definitely won't have seen this one on Disney!

The Jew Among Thorns

There was once a rich man, who had a servant who served him diligently and honestly. He was every morning the first out of bed, and the last to go to rest at night and whenever there was a difficult job to be done, which nobody cared to undertake, he was always the first to set himself to it.

Moreover, he never complained, but was contented with everything and always merry. When a year was ended, his master gave him no wages, for he said to himself, that is the cleverest way, for I shall save something and he will not go away, but stay quietly in my service. The servant said nothing, but did his work the second year as he had done it the first, and when at the end of this, likewise, he received no wages, he submitted and still stayed on. When the third year also was past, the master considered, put his hand in his pocket, but pulled nothing out. Then at last the servant said, master, for three years I have served you honestly, be so good as to give me what I ought to have, for I wish to leave, and look about me a little more in the world.

Yes, my good fellow, answered the old miser, you have served me industriously, and therefore you shall be graciously rewarded. And he put his hand into his pocket, but counted out only three farthings, saying, there, you have a farthing for each year, that is large and liberal pay, such as you would have received from few masters.

The honest servant, who understood little about money, put his fortune into his pocket, and thought, ah, now that I have my purse full, why need I trouble and plague myself any longer with hard work.

So on he went, up hill and down dale, and sang and jumped to his heart's content. Now it came to pass that as he was going by a thicket a little man stepped out, and called to him, whither away, merry brother. I see you do not carry many cares. Why should I be sad, answered the servant, I have enough. Three years, wages are jingling in my pocket. How much is your

treasure the dwarf asked him. How much. Three farthings sterling, all told. Look here, said the dwarf, I am a poor needy man, give me your three farthings, I can work no longer but you are young, and can easily earn your bread. And as the servant had a good heart, and felt pity for the little man, he gave him three farthings, saying, take them in the name of the heaven, I shall not be any worse for it. Then the little man said, as I see you have a good heart I grant you three wishes, one for each farthing, they shall all be fulfilled. Aha, said the servant, you are one of those who can work wonders.

Well, then, if it is to be so, I wish, first, for a gun, which shall hit everything that I aim at, secondly, for a fiddle, which when I play on it, shall compel all who hear it to dance, thirdly, that if I shall ask a favour of any one he shall not be able to refuse it.

All that shall you have, said the dwarf, and put his hand into the bush, and just imagine, there lay a fiddle and gun all ready, just as if they had been ordered. These he gave to the servant, and then said to him, whatever you may ask at any time, no man in the world shall be able to deny you.

Heart alive. What more can one desire, said the servant, to himself, and went merrily onwards. Soon afterwards he met a Jew with a long goat's beard, who was standing listening to the song of a bird which was sitting up at the top of a tree.

Good heavens, he was exclaiming, that such a small creature should have such a fearfully loud voice. If it were but mine. If only someone would sprinkle some salt upon its tail. If that is all, said the servant, the bird shall soon be down here. And taking aim he blew, and down fell the bird into the thorn-bushes. Go, you rogue, he said to the Jew, and fetch the bird out for yourself.

Oh, said the Jew, leave out the rogue, my master, and I will do it at once. I will get the bird out for myself, now that you have hit it. Then he lay down on the ground, and began to crawl into the thicket. When he was fast among the thorns, the good servant's humour so tempted him that he took up his fiddle and began to play. In a moment the Jew's legs began to

move, and to jump into the air, and the more the servant fiddled the better went the dance. But the thorns tore his shabby coat from him, combed his beard, and pricked and plucked him all over the body. Oh, dear, cried the Jew, what do I want with your fiddling. Leave the fiddle alone master, I do not want to dance.

But the servant did not listen to him, and thought, you have fleeced people often enough, now the thorn-bushes shall do the same to you. And he began to play over again, so that the Jew had to jump higher than ever, and scraps of his coat were left hanging on the thorns. Oh, woe's me, cried the Jew, I will give the gentleman whatsoever he asks if only he leaves off fiddling, a whole purse full of gold.

If you are so liberal, said the servant, I will stop my music, but this I must say to your credit, that you dance it so well that one must really admire it. And having taken the purse he went his way.

The Jew stood still and watched the servant quietly until he was far off and out of sight, and then he screamed out with all his might, you, you miserable musician, you beerhouse fiddler. Wait till I catch you alone, I will hunt you till the soles of your shoes fall off. You ragamuffin, just put six farthings in your mouth, that you may be worth three halfpence. And went on abusing him as fast as he could speak. As soon as he had refreshed himself a little in this way, and he got his breath again, he ran into the town to the justice.

My lord judge, he said, I have come to make a complaint, see how a rascal has robbed and ill-treated me on the public highway. A stone on the ground might pity me, my clothes all torn, my body pricked and scratched, my little all gone with my purse - good ducats, each piece better than the last, for God's sake let the man be thrown into prison.

Was it a soldier, said the judge, who cut you with his sabre. Nothing of the sort, said the Jew, it was no sword that he had, but a gun hanging at his back, and a fiddle at his neck, the wretch may easily be recognized. So the judge sent his people out after the man, and they found the good servant, who had been going quite slowly along, and they found too, the

purse with the money upon him. As soon as he was taken before the judge he said, I did not touch the Jew, nor take his money, he gave it to me of his own free will, that I might leave off fiddling because he could not bear my music.

Heaven defend us, cried the Jew, his lies are as thick as flies upon the wall.

But the judge also did not believe his tale, and said, this is a bad defence, no Jew would do that. And because he had committed robbery on the public highway, he sentenced the good servant to be hanged. As he was being led away the Jew again screamed after him, you vagabond. You dog of a fiddler. Now you are going to receive your well-earned reward. The servant walked quietly with the hangman up the ladder, but upon the last step he turned round and said to the judge, grant me just one request before I die.

Yes, if you do not ask for your life, said the judge. I do not ask for life, answered the servant, but as a last favour let me play once more upon my fiddle.

The Jew raised a great cry of murder. Murder. For goodness sake, do not allow it. Do not allow it. But the judge said, why should I not let him have this short pleasure. It has been granted to him, and he shall have it. However, he could not have refused on account of the gift which had been bestowed on the servant.

Then the Jew cried, oh. Woe's me. Tie me, tie me fast. While the good servant took his fiddle from his neck, and made ready. As he gave the first scrape, they all began to quiver and shake, the judge, his clerk, and the hangman and his men, and the cord fell out of the hand of the one who was going to tie the Jew fast.

At the second scrape they all leaped up and began to dance, the judge and the Jew being the best at jumping. Soon all who had gathered in the marketplace out of curiosity were dancing with them, old and young, fat and lean, one with another. The dogs, likewise, which had run there, got up on their hind legs and capered about, and the longer he played, the

higher sprang the dancers, so that they knocked against each other's heads and began to shriek terribly.

At length the judge cried, quite of breath, I will give you your life if you will only stop fiddling. The good servant thereupon had compassion, took his fiddle and hung it around his neck again, and stepped down the ladder.

Then he went up to the Jew, who was lying upon the ground panting for breath, and said, you rascal, now confess, whence you got the money, or I will take my fiddle and begin to play again. I stole it, I stole it, cried he, but you have honestly earned it.

So the judge had the Jew taken to the gallows and hanged as a thief.

"We must realize that our party's most powerful weapon is racial tension. By propounding into the consciousness of the dark races that for centuries they have been oppressed by the whites, we can mould them to the program of the Communist Party. In America we will aim for subtle victory. While inflaming the Negro minority against the whites, we will endeavour to install in the whites a guilt complex for their exploitation of the Negroes.

We will aid the Negroes to rise in prominence in every walk of life, in the professions and in the world of sports and entertainment. With this prestige, the Negro will be able to intermarry with the whites and begin a process which will deliver America to our cause." (Israel Cohen, A Racial Program For The 20th Century (1912) quoted by Congressman Abernathy, Congressional Record (1957), p. 8559)



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