

A Study Of The Scriptures

**By
Dr. Wesley A. Swift**



**Autobiography
Ella Rose Mast**

A LITTLE BIT ABOUT ELLA ROSE TUCKER-MAST

I ARRIVED IN EARTH AUGUST 26, 1912—the third child in a farm family of five children near Summerfield, Kansas. Mother and Dad were young and very active in school and church events and we kids grew up in such an atmosphere. Dad pitched for a community ball team and my two brothers and my younger sister and I played ball as soon as we were able to participate. My oldest sister was the lady of the family.

My mother was only 5'2" but a barrel of dynamite, so perhaps that is why my younger sister and I were such tomboys. Back in those days it was not considered nice for a lady to wear boys clothes or even ride a horse any way but side saddle, but my Dad decided that mother and my younger sister and I looked better in overalls doing the things we did at times. When Dad, in 1925, suggested taking his family and 'going west' perhaps the neighbours thought it a good idea. Many thought that there were still Indians in Western Kansas at that time.

Dad had an aunt who lived with her family Northwest of Scott City, Kansas and he made a trip west and purchased some land west of the Potter Ranch. He returned to Eastern Kansas and the Dave Tucker Family then moved west. My older sister was unhappy leaving friends but the rest of us kids piled into the Model A Ford with the side curtains in place and we headed west, on a great adventure. At the ranch we settled in for the fall school year, and my older sister moved to Scott City to finish her High School years. My older brother stayed home to help Dad get the Ranch stocked and in working order. My younger brother and sister were in my care as I drove a little covered wagon—hitched to a blind horse—the 4 miles to our country school.

We went to church at Pence, this was a community centre about 5 miles to the South of the Ranch, and this was the gathering place on Sunday for the community, as after church—and dinner, the afternoon was spent in visiting and the younger folks played baseball and different games. On

our Ranch was three fruit orchards and thru the summer many came to the Ranch over the weekends for fruit picking. There were natural springs on the main Ranch headquarters and we had a lake and fishing holes to enjoy, so it was not all work for us kids. Mother worried about us kids and the lake but we soon learned to swim and then in the winter the kids of the community came to Ice Skate.

When my time came for high school, I also went to Scott City during the week, since the town was 25 miles from home, and came home over the weekend. In my Junior year money was so scarce.—I stayed home and shucked corn with my brother to pay for correspondence courses so as to earn my Junior year credits.

Mother and Dad always tried in every way to see that we kids had the best education they could provide. Dad was a great reader and I think some of that rubbed off on me. I went back to Scott City for my Senior year of High School and graduated from the Scott County Community High School. I had met a young farmer in my sixteenth year and he then came every Sunday evening to take me back to town, but Dad usually came on Fridays to take me home for the Week-end. I remember the highlight of my Senior year as I played the lead in the Operetta—'Carrie comes to College'.

It was so true to life for the theme of the story was of a little country girl who came to College but her heart was already taken by a boy back home. I was 17 years of age that spring of 1930 when I graduated, and I spent the summer studying for my teachers Certificate. At that time we were required to take an examination—over two days time—of 16 subjects, and when passing were granted a Certificate to teach the 8 grades in country schools. I was 18 then on August 26 of that year and the first of September began teaching my first term.

My younger sister was in the 8th., grade and since I was to teach our home school she was one of my pupils. Dolly had grown up fast and now was the same size as I, although 5 years younger, and I remember my Dad lecturing her to remember that I was the teacher and she the pupil—and she was to mind as tho we were not sisters, and she did, during school hours. One day I remember looking up from my work at the desk in front

of the room and there lay a big rattle snake all curled up not to many feet from my desk. I finally caught the eye of my sister and together we confused the snake and disposed of him with two brooms. Undoubtedly he had crawled in the open door, and down along the wall past the children's desks and no one had noticed it.

On March 31, 1931—Dad had taken Dolly and I to school that morning since it was raining. Usually we rode our horses but this day we went the 4 miles in the car. Remember this was in a time before we had weather reports, radio or TV., and we only knew that it was raining, but not very cold. Besides wasn't spring almost here? About ten thirty that morning one of those dreaded Blizzards hit, and soon you could not see very far and the bottom almost dropped out the thermometer.

I knew we should get fuel into the school house as we might get trapped if the storm intensified. Dolly and I warned the children to stay in the house and we took the coal hods and went out on the south side of the building. We could see the barn and coal shed most of the time although dimly. Dolly stayed at the corner of the school house and I went to the coal shed, filled the hods and returned to her. Dolly would yell if the snow blotted our vision, and I could hear her even though at times I couldn't see her. When we had a supply of coal in the house piled on the floor, we settled down to wait for parents.

I only had 6 pupils and most lined to the south and east down along the creek. However two little boys came from the north over on the next creek, and that morning they rode a horse to school. In the afternoon realizing that the storm was not getting any better, was in fact intensifying, the people began to reach each other on the little country phone line and planned who would get the children and the teachers who were scattered over the western end of Kansas.

In our area one man made it thru on a horse and then another and they took all the children but the two little boys, but they had talked to my Dad and he and a neighbour were coming in the Model A. thru the pasture—following the deep trails, for the roads were now blocked. About four o'clock Dad and the neighbour came and Dad had brought heavy clothes for Dolly and I and ropes if we should have to walk, but here was those

two little boys with tattered clothes and worn out shoes. We left a note telling their father that we were taking the boys with us and we went back thru the pasture trails with the neighbour sitting out on the front fender to help keep up on that trail. The storm lasted for three days and three nights and the loss of cattle was great. In our area in Kansas all the school teachers and children had been rescued, but in Eastern Colorado they weren't so lucky for a school bus and the children on board were lost and they did not find them in time.

After the weather cleared Dolly and I took the two little boys home on our horses, mother had made them new clothes from some of our castoffs and they had a ball, but it was time to go home. Allie lived about 8 miles south and east of the Ranch and after the storm was over he rode his horse over to our place to see how we had come thru the storm.

I taught our home school for 4 years then moved over to Scott County to teach in a larger school. I Lived in a one room shack which Dad parked in a friends yard—one mile from the school house. I had my exercise morning and evening going and coming from school. I had been teaching for \$100.00 per month thru those years but now times were even worse, these were the years of the Dirt storms and rabbit drives, and in the second year of teaching in Scott County the school board was only able to pay \$50.00 per month and some months they could not pay that. I wasn't getting rich but had been trying to help Dad with my wages so that Dolly could go to High School.

Allie's mother had died of Cancer before I knew him, then his father was killed in a hunting accident and there were two younger brothers at home yet. Allie and I had been going to 'get together' so many years that some thought we would never marry and some thought we were already married. I remember when I received my engagement ring—I couldn't get it on my finger for I had played on the men's baseball team that Sunday afternoon and caught a ball on the end of my finger, then it swelled all out of shape. Allie was used to such actions so I put the ring on a chain and wore it around my neck for a while.

Dolly and I and a couple of neighbour girls always played on the men's team when they were short of players. It was lots of fun, and we also

played on the men's Pasture Polo team, but that was a rough game and Allie didn't think it very wise and Dad agreed so we finally quit.

In my second and final year of teaching in Scott City, Allie's brothers had left home and we decided to get married, and did—October 5, 1935.

We didn't tell anyone for a while since they were all so curious, but at Christmas time I moved over to Allie's home and from then on drove the car to school. During the spring of that final year the dirt blew so bad and Allie would take me to school, we would clean the dust out, and each afternoon he would clean our house then come after me.

He had batched for years and was a good cook so that sure helped. I quit teaching that spring and we set out to make a living on the farm. Actually we didn't think things were so bad, everyone was in the same boat, and we worked together and had a lot of fun along the way. Allie always says that someone told us that two could line as cheap as one, and that is true if one doesn't eat. Ha.

With a little luck, some management, a lot of hard work, and the blessing of the man 'upstairs', we bought our first land.for quarters—in 1942. This was the farm Allie had rented for several years, and his father before him, and Allie had always dreamed of owning it. Later we would add more land until we had two sections, and we built a small Herford cow herd. In 1948 we built a new home and it seemed wonderful, a bathroom, running water and electricity, REA, had come to the country—WOW. No more little house behind the house which was cold in winter and hot in summer.

We had lost my Dad in 1944, he was such a great supporter of what we were doing, and he never saw our house or what our farm finally looked like. Mother then moved to Scott City to make her home and my older brother came with his family from California to take over her farm.

I had always loved to read, always had something laying near if I set down to rest—still do. Our relatives and friends had always laughed for even out in the little adobe house—'behind the house'—if I was heading there I always took something to read, and Allie had built a shelf and installed a battery on the shelf and there hung a light bulb.

Over the years I had mentioned so many things and places I would like to see and always Allie would say:... 'Wait until we retire and we will see them'. I had dreamed but did not quite see how we would be able to go for we had cows, chickens and farming to look after and yet I kept dreaming.

My parents had discussed with mother's sister and husband this message that we were the Israel of the Bible. I did not think to much about it at the time but the idea seemed to stir something inside me, and I was always looking for some information along those lines. The years went by—I had been Allie's hired man so to speak the best one he ever had. Of course the only permanent one. Then all of a sudden the work wasn't fun anymore.— just plain work.

I had been going to 'Tax School' to learn how instalment sales worked for we knew that in time we were going to have to change our life style. In 1964 a young farmer came to talk about the possibility that we sell out farm to him on the instalment plan. However he had to borrow the down payment and we told him that was not the way to start.

We had purchased a lot in Scott City and planned sometime to build a home there. Then in February of 1965 I was very ill with the flu, and was in the hospital for a while and had a light heart attack while there. Mother was a semi-invalid by that time and our family Doctor informed us that I should take life a little easier and quit trying to care for mother all the time. In June of that year the contractor came to tell us that he had some free time, so why not build our home.

In two days time I had the plans drawn and the project commenced. Several people then came to try to purchase our farm, and most wanted to dictate how they would pay for it. We had our schedule drawn and after all we were the ones selling thus we didn't go for their ideas.

Then in October of 1965 the same young farmer came back, this time with the down payment for the two quarters we were selling first which contained all the buildings. Of course the Internal Revenue had to be satisfied, thus you must charge some interest—a certain percentage on any transaction, and we had taken this into account as we set up the contract of 20 years with an option to buy the rest of the land at certain dates. We

thus had our retirement fund in place and the home in town was being built and we moved to Scott City, Kansas the latter part of December 1965.

In 1966 we planted our lawn, had a back patio built, then in 1967 we set out to look over the United States, and we did this every spring and fall for ten years, and I was able to see so many places I had dreamed of. In August of 1969, we were planning a trip to the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and since I had been so tired that summer, Allie thought I should see the Doctor before we left. I told the nurse, who we knew real well, that when I came home I would have Doc look at a small hard lump in my left breast.

Before I hardly knew it two Doctors were in the room, and then I was in the hospital and a Biopsy was taken. A week later a radical Mastectomy was done for tumours were found even in the glands under my arm. A month later we were going to Liberal, Kansas which was 104 miles distance, each day for cobalt treatments. The first day of the treatments I didn't pay too much attention, didn't even think it would be a bad idea if the big machine dropped on me.

The second day after the first setting the Doctor came in and moved my head so as to position the shot into the correct place and after the lights went out then I noticed that there was two scones on the wall giving off a faint light and between them was a picture of **YAHSHUA** (Jesus). I remember thinking:—if I am to get well you will have to help me for I am so tired, besides I never did find out what the Bible was all about, although I have searched, I have not found. And **HE SMILED AT ME!**—yes, I know you will say.—but it was only a picture, but to me as our eyes met HE smiled and from that day forward I began to find what I had been searching for and my strength began to return.

An old friend here in our town had talked Bible and Israel for years but not it began to make sense and we were soon searching for more and more. We learned about the Swift tapes and a friend here then flew out to see Mrs. Swift, and we were on our way to obtaining the Swift tapes and all that followed from his ministry. Allie and I then visited Mrs. Swift and saw much of the great Library of 8000 books before it was broken up, and we walked with her along the river up in the mountains from Bakersfield,

California where Dr. Swift used to go to relax. We then visited her after she had moved back to Lancaster. But the finding of the Swift tape ministry opened up a whole new avenue of knowledge for our group. Up to then we had just bits and pieces of the Great Mosaic but now here was much, much more to digest. Then I started transcribing the Swift tapes and making carbon copies of them for our little group. There was so much information on each tape that it was impossible to remember much without a written copy. I hadn't done any typing to speak of since High School days, so had to relearn that as well.

Now; much of what Dr. Swift said came first from inspiration, and then after that was given to him, he would look for something to back him up and would quote from some report or old book. Then soon we were looking for old records as well. Over the years we have collected material from many so called Identity ministers. Most go so far and then stop learning and try to sell what they have learned, thus we did not find the completed story as we are able to know now until we found the Swift tapes and began transcribing them. After having typewritten copies of over 300 of the basic tapes and notes from the rest of the tapes I decided to put together all he had to say on one subject—in one report and out of that idea came the 78 tapes so far. Mrs. Swift over the years has been loaning old books to me and from them came the book reports to fill in some of the gaps.

In the 1980's then we began to have some health problems. Allie first and then I broke my hip.—was knocked down by a shopping cart, and here I had the book from Mrs. Swift 'In Search of the White God', so was delayed until I came home from the hospital and was able to finish that source of information. Allie had a board fixed for my wheelchair and I did the book report on 'In Search of the White God' while in my wheelchair. But with such a subject to work on, I forgot my pain. You can spend so many delightful hours as your mind runs back and forward thru time remembering all you have been given the privilege of learning.

Now; I did not go out searching for people to tell my message to. My friend and I learned early that it is best if you wait for people to come to you—otherwise they are not ready to understand and they only mis-quote what you do tell them.

One of the great blessings of my learning what we call 'Identity' was being able to have some of the answers for the young people who came our way. Not having any children of our own still when thinking about it then it seems that young people have always been hanging around our home. We have been able to help in different ways, sometimes by just being there and listening. I have always tried to stress the pride in Race, the idea that women and children of our Race need protection in this day and age, after all without our Israel women we would have no race.

Some young men have told me how they have always thought that women were fair game, never realized that they were the mothers of our race and should be protected, even from themselves. That is not taught in our world today, in fact just the opposite is the norm. But with the message of the Kingdom understood then the young have something to hang on to as they occupy here in earth waiting for the fulfilment of our prayers.

'Thy kingdom come, thy Will be done, in earth as it is in heaven'. Without such a foundation what does life really hold for you? Is it only the promise of going to heaven when you die? Surely there is more than that altho this seems to satisfy many of our race.

From one of my Identity kids I received this note with my Christmas present a couple of years ago—"To my mother whose love is unwavering, and true, whose faith in me is always strong, who is always patient, always steadfast, always my friend; whose life is an example set before me to follow; who gives so much and asks so little, you are my mother, so deeply loved. Signed your ever grateful Kathy'. Now you see why our Identity kids are one of the blessings from this work. We have a greater bond with them than from relatives for our minds and spirits are in tune.

We thus have children who will come to help if we would only call—night or day—this is something relatives cannot understand. Our Identity kids and grand-kids here in Middle America have many temptations to overcome, and we lose some of our youth to drugs, sexual abuse and so forth, but when you read of the seamy side of life in the great cities, and the thousands of kids lost to that life we sometimes think that God is good to let them die young if they cannot leave that life behind. Here in Middle America we have our problems but thank God there isn't a Dr. Ruth on

every street corner like the one on T.V. If you haven't heard her then don't let her name fool you for her teaching of Sex reveals her breeding.

When I first started transcribing Swift tapes I sent some copies to different Publications such as Aryan Nations, Christian Vanguard, and New Beginnings. A few were published and some were published in booklet form by Mrs. Swift. But since I could not keep up with type written copies for everyone that began to surface then I went to the tape series which you now have.

Then the last few years Jeanette came into the picture and she now puts material in the computer and prints it out. We now have available the Book Reports I have done that are not on tape such as all of the Totten Reports as he searched for our roots that make up the Seal of the United States. In Search of the White God, The Book of Revelation—from the Comparet and Swift tapes and my understanding. She also has all of my tapes in the computer with some of Dr. Swift's as well, especially some of the 'Wednesday Night Bible Study' ones. Prehistoric America is another manuscript put in the system.

Now; Someone often asks:...what does it mean to be of Israel? In a nutshell this is what I see when I read the word ISRAEL—

I is for 'Identity'

S is for 'Sonship'

R is for 'Restoration', that wonderful promise to our Race.

A is for 'Administration' of the Kingdom which all generations of Adam's race inherit.

E is for 'Eternity', for we are the spirit children of the Eternal **YAHWEH YAHSHUA.**

L is for 'Looking forward' to our rest when the Kingdom Administration is finally in place once more—this time all over the earth.

Thus we are ISRAEL—the Sheep of His Pasture, His Kingdom in Earth.

'Sonship' is a designation of your status in the Great Mosaic of YAHWEH'S plan. Always remember that every time you see the word 'Son' in regards to our Race, then daughter is also included, for both make up the Race, the Household, the Family, the Kingdom!

Since we bought the big copier January in 1987, we have copied over 8000 copies—Someone is reading! Hope you enjoyed the material as much as we have enjoyed preparing it. We have just touched on a tiny portion of the knowledge available, but there is much, much more to come—YAHWEH willing.

When my mother went on home in the Spring of 1987, she finally had learned who she was and why she was here, and there was no holding her after that—there is a great magnet drawing us home when our time here in earth is finished, when our people finally realize what that is, then surely there will be a great rising up to stand for what they believe in. For, that is one of the weapons our Father has. He can reactivate that Spirit until His people stand.

UNTIL NEXT TIME

MAY YAHWEH BLESS

ELLA ROSE TUCKER-MAST



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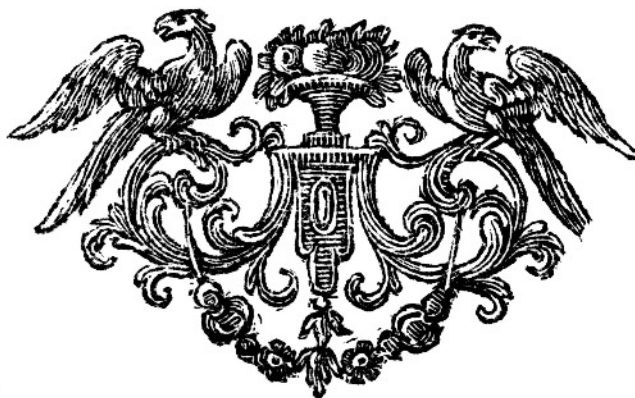
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