

A Study of The Scriptures

Tape 38

**Based on The Work of
Dr. Wesley A. Swift**



**Compiled By
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Subjects: 1. The KKK



QUESTION: What about the KKK, why was it formed, why do they use the Dragon as one of their symbols?

ANSWER: The KKK is a very controversial subject today, but it must have been a vital organization over the years, or our Government would not have investigated this organization so many times. And over the years always those behind these investigations were the ADL which is the Anti-Defamation League of the B'ani B'rith.

In 1965 Congressman Rankin, Chairman of the Un-American activities committee, tried to investigate the ADL because they felt they were always

trying to overthrow America and establish a communist government. But at that time Congressman Celler stopped this investigation in his committee.

Always the program of Anti-Christ has been to capture great areas of the earth so as to gather the man power to hurl at the Christian civilization. And back in Civil War days that was also the design and they will use an that they can turn against his race to advance their program.

Now; one of the reasons the enemy is afraid of the KKK is because this was one of the organizations they could not infiltrate, could not track its identity, could not find out the names of its members. The history of the KKK is a history of a fighting organizational movement to defend these United States, Christian civilization, and white womanhood. For this cause it remains, to oppose all of America's enemies, both domestic and foreign.

In tracing the history of the Clan, the Blood Clan of the Aryan race, then Dr. Swift took us back to the time of King David who had killed many men in defence of YAHWEH and his kingdom. Then at that time agents of his enemies moved in, and they looked like the modern day representatives, but back in those days they sought to betray David, thus stopping the kingdom of YAHWEH from advancing. And then dedicated men moved to surround David and protect this King of Israel. They were the Blood Clan of Israel, and they were called the Honour Guards. They thus guarded David around the clock, and they were thus the circle clan. As the ten tribes went out from Jerusalem you find that Jeroboam surrounded himself also with Blood Clan, with young men dedicated to fight for YAHWEH, AND FOR THE KINGDOM, and were willing to give their lives for their society.

Then as Israel started her migrations to the west, out of Assyria you saw again the work of the blood clan for the enemy always tried to wipe out leadership which was vital in the preservation of culture and civilization. Even after Christianity swept into Western Europe, after the coming of the Messiah, the circle clan, this Blood Clan, was used in the British Isles, in Ireland, and Wales. In Scotland after the money changers were run out of Ireland it became very dangerous for leaders because of assassination plots, so they called for the death of the Christian society, and the Blood

Clans, the Kukla or circle clan was brought to life. These men identify with their families, their patriarchs and their leaders. They were identified by their Faith and their love of Christ.

In the days of the American revolution again men of the blood clan stood to defend against assassination plots. Then as we came to the time of the Civil War there were certain agitating forces that were trying to prey on political leaders, on the minds of men who might be influenced. They were using the emancipation of the Negro from slavery as their vehicle, but the real interest behind the financial power was not the emancipation of the Negro, for they cared nothing for the Negro. They were trying to bring about an economic defeat of the areas of Southern industry and production. They were trying to split the United States, and the end results would leave them in control of these United States.

Abraham Lincoln found himself caught in a net, and he said that if he had known that the Civil War and all its consequences would be the results of his 'Emancipation Proclamation' he would have never written it. He refused the financial program offered him by the money powers, he issued script, U.S. notes and paid the debt of war without Usury, thus Lincoln was slated for assassination.

Now; did you ever wonder why the Southern States have formed a solid political block for the Democrat Party for years until just the past few years? I always wondered why until I read some of the old books about what happened during the Civil War and after, by Thomas Dixon Jr. He wrote these books as Romances of the time but included the events of that era that his characters lived through.

Two of those books 'The Leopard Spots' and 'The Clansman' outline the political history of that time and the reason for the rise of the Ku Klux Klan which overturned the program of evil imposed on the South by those who sought to destroy those white people of the Southern United States. Today we would consider it inconceivable that a situation like this could occur following the assassination of a President. The events it produced, the revolution in our Government, this bold attempt by a powerful political figure to Africanize ten Southern States of the American Union reads like tales from the Arabian Nights.

Thomas Dixon Jr. wrote: (quote), 'In the darkest hour of the life of the South, when her wounded people lay helpless amid rags and ashes under the beak of the vulture, suddenly from the mists of the mountains appeared a white cloud the size of a mans hands. It grew until its mystery enfolded the structure of the stricken earth and sky. An Invisible Empire had risen from the field of death and challenged the visible to mortal combat. The young South led by the reincarnated souls of the Clansmen of Old Scotland, went forth under this cover, and against overwhelming odds, daring exile, imprisonment, and a felons death, and saved the life of a people, forms one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the Aryan Race.

We would like to tell you the story of what happened at this time in American history. How a man of our race in bitterness would with his twisted mind, his hatred, use his great political power to try to destroy the Anglo-Saxon people of the South. We will tell you his true name perhaps, although in the book 'The Clansman' his name is changed to 'Stoneman.'

Thomas Dixon Jr. wrote his book 'The Clansman' and dedicated it to his Uncle. Thus in memory of a Scotch Irish leader of the South, Col. Leroy McAfee, Grand Titan of the Invisible Empire of the KKK.

Let us then go back to the time of the Civil War as it ended, to the city of our Capital Washington D.C. The Speaker of the House of Representatives was a man born with a club foot, who has thus felt sorry for himself, and allowed this affliction to cloud his mind. He has been in the legislature for years, has built up a political following and holds the seat of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was of the Republican Party as was President Lincoln, but their minds were certainly in different channels.

This Speaker of the House of Representatives had been attacked one time by a Southern Gentleman in the Congress, hit on the head by a cane during an argument about slavery before the war started, but that could not have been all the reason for his great hatred for others of his race, in the Southern States. He lived in a house not far from the capital. His wife had died some years before leaving a little boy and girl for him to raise.

However the children did not live with their father. He saw them only occasionally although with one side of his nature he loved them dearly and provided well for them. They did not come to the home of their father, they were not welcome, for his house was presided over by a mulatto woman who ran his home for him, and influenced him as well. She was his hostess, and certain Negroes came to his house as well. There was much gossip about this in Washington D.C., but the Speaker of the House ignored the gossip and worked at gathering his power to control our nation.

The Civil War had been a four year nightmare for the nation, supposedly fought over slavery. Again and Again the destiny of this Republic hung on the turning of a hair, and in every crisis, luck, fate, or God had tipped the scale for this Union. The President had promised that if the South laid down their guns then mercy would be shown and both North and South would be one again.

Thus the guns were finally quiet and now the Southerners went home to a land destroyed and gripped by famine. The Northern men went home as well, those who did not now rest beneath the white cross's at Gettysburg and elsewhere. But the task before the people of the South was one to tax the genius of the Anglo-Saxon Race as never before in its history, even if every friendly and possible aide had been extended by the victorious North. In the South suddenly 4 million Negroes were freed, and scallywags from the North moved in to manipulate them, and the foundations of economic order was destroyed. Five million dollars worth of property was wiped out of existence, banks closed, every dollar of money was now worthless paper.

The land was plundered by victorious armies, its cities, mills, homes were burned and the flower of the manhood of the South was buried in nameless trenches, or return home maimed and worn. Thus the task of organizing the society of the South, of bringing the Negroes into their civilization, and yet preserving their Anglo-Saxon race was the greatest challenge.

Nevertheless the South accepted the 13th., Amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery and set to work to rebuild their land. But in Washington D.C., the most powerful political figure in the nation, enmeshed in so

much hatred was moving to try to turn President Lincoln from his purpose of putting the Union back together again.

One day the Speaker of the House visited the President and accused him of opposing Negro suffrage. President Lincoln replied: 'Sir, I believe there is a physical difference between the white and the black races which will forbid their living together on terms of political and social equality. If such be attempted one must go to the wall.'

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens (his real name) broke in to argue the point and went on to say: 'We will pin the Southern white man to the wall. Our Republican Party and the nation will then be safe. If you do not destroy these Southern White men they will rise again and take over our nation.'

Again the President speaks: 'The Negro has cost us five billion dollars, the desolation of ten great states, and rivers of blood. We can afford a few more million dollars to effect a permanent settlement of this issue. I have urged the colonization of the Negro, and I shall continue until it is accomplished. My Emancipation Proclamation was linked with this plan. I can conceive of no greater calamity then the assimilation of the Negro into our social and political life as an equal. A mulatto civilization would be a dear price to pay even for Emancipation.'

At this the old Speaker bristled and quoted: 'Yet God hath made of one blood, all races.' Yes the President replied, but finish the quote: 'and fixed the bounds of their habitation', God never meant that the Negro was to leave his habitat, or that the white man would invade his homeland. Our violation of this law is written in two centuries of shame and blood. The tragedy will not be closed until the black man is restored to his home.'

President Lincoln was thus planning this restoration of the Negro race to their homeland. He had never been in favour of inter-marriage between the two races. Being a compassionate man President Lincoln realized that the Negroes of the South were not ready to be set side by side, let alone be placed in command over these Anglo-Saxon people of the South whose blood goes back to Scottish Kings. There thus was quite a battle in Washington D. C. between the President and this powerful man of the Congress who was so determined on revenge.

President Lincoln reminded the Congressman that his message to the South had been, 'come home to the union, abandon, abolish slavery, and since they had done this he would not betray them even to please this powerful Congressman from his own political party.

The Speaker arose to his feet saying: 'It is useless to reason with you, but I give you an ultimatum, the South is conquered soil, and I mean to blot it from the map. The life of our Republican Party demands that the Negro be given the ballot, and made ruler of the South. This can only be done by the extinction of its landed aristocracy, that these mothers not breed another race of traitors. Mr. Lincoln, in the past you have triumphed, but mark my word, from this hour your star grows dim. I will break your back and wring the neck of every bastard and time-server who fawns at your feet.'

The President laughed and then apologized saying he must laugh or die beneath the burdens he was surrounded by, with which supporters in his own party. President Lincoln then went on to say that he had again dreamed the night before, and saw again a white ship passing swiftly under full sail. He said: 'I have seen her often, I never have known her port of entry or her destination, but I have always known the pilot.'

The Speaker's lips curled in scorn, and leaning heavily on his cane he took shambling steps toward the door then turned and asked: 'You then refuse to heed the wishes of the Congress?'

The President replied: 'Yes, if your words voice them. With your scheme of revenge on the South you are showing the wind to reap the whirlwind which will come from the despair of a Mighty race of World-conquering men, even in defeat, still a force that Statesmen reckon with.' 'But I defy them', growled the powerful politician.

President Lincoln then replied: 'I trust the honour of the South, if I fall by the hands of an assassin now he will not come from the South. But you, Mr. Speaker, why do you hate the South so much, do you have some deep personal motive in your vengeance on the South?' The Speaker replied: 'I hate the Satanic Institution of Slavery with a consuming fury. If my

personal wrongs have ordained me for a might task, no matter, I am simply the chosen instrument of Justice.'

President Lincoln replied: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives me to see the right, I shall strive to finish the work we are in, and bind up the nations wounds.'

As he hobbled toward the door the Speaker said: 'I give you fair warning, from this hour your administration is doomed.'

The President shook his head as he replied: 'Your venomous philanthropy sickens me. But if I have said anything today to hurt your feelings I am sorry. But I will not sign one measure of revenge on a brave but fallen foe, and I will keep up this fight until I win, die, or my country forsakes me. I love the South, she is a part of the Union. I am an American, we fought the South because we love her and would not let her go. And since she is crushed and lies bleeding at our feet, you shall not make war on the wounded and the dying, and on the dead.'

Now; remember that President Lincoln had come to Washington D.C. under cover of the night, with only a handful of personal friends, into an atmosphere of much contempt for his ability even within his own Party. He faced a divided nation, but then led that nation to safety with the Union still intact. Now he was the idol of the people even if not some of his own political Party.

Then came the night of the assassination, and the Lincoln's went to the theatre. As they came in sight the crowd was on its feet and the orchestra was playing 'Hail to the Chief'. However it was not long before the actor John Wilkes Booth accustomed to free access in the theatre entered the Presidents box. A piercing cry came from Mrs. Lincoln and leaning far out of the box her hand pointed to the retreating figure as she said: 'The President is shot, he has killed the President.' The deed was done, and now President Lincoln belongs to the ages, and although Vice President Johnson took the Oath of office vowing to carry out Lincoln's program, and though they hailed him as Chief, still the seat of Empire had moved from the White House to a little dark house on Capital Hill wherein dwelt

the old gentleman with a club foot attended by a woman with a strange type of beauty, and the restlessness of a leopardess.

The Assassination of President Lincoln was thus a calamity for the South, for now a group of radical politicians led by this Speaker of the House of Representatives saw their opportunity to obtain control of the nation in the crisis of an approaching Presidential election. President Lincoln had held these wolves at bay during his life, but the power of his great personality is now gone, the Lion is dead, and the wolf that had snarled and snapped at him all his life had moved to claim the heritage of power.

Busy feet were now hurrying back and forth from the Southern states to Washington D.C. and whispering in the wolves ears, the stories of sure success, if the plan of disfranchisement of the whites and the enfranchisement of the blacks was carried out. This was what this embittered politician wanted to hear for his mind had left the thoughts of his race some time before. This is why only two years after the end of the war when every Southern State was in a life and death struggle with nature to prevent famine, that this politician was able to pass through the Congress of the U.S. his famous bill destroying the Governments of the Southern States, dividing them into Military districts.

The Negro race was enfranchised while the white men of the South were disfranchised. The army then was sent back to the South to enforce these decrees at the point of a bayonet. The authority of the Supreme Court was then destroyed by a supplementary act, and the South was then even denied the right of appeal to the Supreme Court. Then the old Politician introduced his bill to confiscate the property of the South. Crimes of violence then increased daily, and the Negroes gathered in excited meetings, men from the North, scallywags were there to edge them on, and not a night passed but that a burning barn, or a home wrote its message of anarchy on the black sky.

But behind the scenes the men who were instrumental in stirring up the Negroes were also running the U.S. They were Thaddeus Stevens of the House of Representatives, Charles Summers, the Senator from Massachusetts, and B.F. Butler. For the first time in the history of our

nation an anarchist had obtained a virtual dictatorship of a great constitutional Government, hauled down our flag and nailed the black flag of confiscation and revenge to its masthead.

Abraham Lincoln with his great human heart, and broad statesmanship could have saved the nation, but a mad man struck down the great President and now God alone could help the South. An attempt was now being made to blot out that Anglo-Saxon society and substitute an African barbarian society in its place.

In the South the people were in despair, one night in Piedmont, South Carolina they were praying with their pastor, through the night asking God's help in their struggle for survival. It was late in March and it began to snow which was a phenomena then in the South. The next morning the earth was covered with snow which had a reddish hue. On examination it was found that every snowflake had in it a tiny red spot like a drop of blood. This freak of nature seemed thus a harbinger of sure and terrible calamity. This Southern pastor realized that the time would come that would determine whether this Republic would be mulatto or Anglo-Saxon. The demagogues were experimenting with social dynamite, attempting to reverse the order of nature, turn society upside down, and take this civilization from the proudest and strongest race of men in the history of the world.

In Washington D.C. the little house on Capital Hill was the centre of much activity. This house selected by its grim master became the Executive Mansion of the nation. The back parlour with a single window overlooking a small garden was the office Thaddeus Stevens, and no person entered this room without first stating his business to the brown woman with the rest- less eyes who sat in state in the front Parlour to receive his guests. Senators, Representatives, Politicians, of high and low degree, artists, foreign ministers, and cabinet officers hurried to acknowledge the power of this uncrowned political king.

And they hailed this strange woman who held the keys of his house as 'first lady' of the land. Then when Charles Sumner from Massachusetts came a strange thing happened. Lydia Brown touched an electric signal

which informed the Master that someone had come. He then watched through a slight opening the manner in which this Senator greeted this woman who he was now compelled to meet as his social equal, even though she was always particular to pose as the superior of all who bowed the knee to the man whose house she kept. The Master watched this great and powerful Senator approach Lydia Brown and touch her hand even gingerly. He then went to his desk, and chuckled as he listened to Lydia's condescending patronage in the next room. The old Speaker was enjoying forcing the men of our Government to bow to this woman, head of this house.

Another person who was frequently in this house was a good looking mulatto male who Thaddeus Stevens under this influence of the woman who ruled his house, had sent to college. This man, Silas Lynch, had graduated then from a Seminary and joined the Methodist ministry. He also would follow orders to help destroy the South. This grim old Speaker in the House on Capital Hill as he looked into the eyes of this woman who ruled his house was determined to make this woman the arbiter of the Social life of the Capital, and her ethics the limit of its moral law, in this the most corrupt hour of American history to that date.

For this politician meant to become dictator of the Republic even though he had come from the humblest conditions himself. His mother had managed to give her club-footed boy a college education, and he had sworn to be a man of wealth, but this always seemed to escape him. His iron mills in Pennsylvania had been destroyed by Lee's army. He had gone into Political life, and never neglected his seat in the House of Representatives. Sick or well, day or night he was there and rose to be the most powerful leader who ever walked the halls of Congress. He also moved to control the New President who vowed to carry out President Lincoln's wishes of restoring the Union. That fall, Southern Senators and Representatives were to be back in Washington D.C., and this the old Speaker did not mean to happen.

The day then came and Congress convened, the gallery was packed, what would happen as the Southerners came? Then came the roll call, and not a Southerner was called. The order of business was for the message to be

read which always came from the President. But again the Speaker was in control, and the Presidential message was ignored. He stood and planted his club foot in the Isle, and delivered to Congress the words of their new Master. He drove home his message in brutal frankness, conscious of his power, and contemptuous of what he saw in the faces of some of the Congressman.

He told them that not a Southern Congressman would be admitted, he would not stand to see these men admitted, and then within one term they would have a majority in Congress and the electoral college. The supremacy of the Republican Party being at stake he moved to appoint a committee on Reconstruction, to whom the entire Government of the South would be committed, and to who all credentials of their pretended representation should be referred. He sat down as his motion was taken, and then quickly declared carried, and just as quickly the names of the Imperial committee was announced with the honourable Thaddeus Stevens as its Chairman. Only then did the Speaker allow the clerk to read the message from the president, thus the battle between the President and the Speaker of the House of Representatives was drawn.

The first bill sent to the President was to Africanise the South and it was vetoed. Then John Sherman of Ohio offered a bill to restore the Southern States as President Lincoln had wanted. But the old Speaker went into the battle and the bill was defeated. Then using his power the Speaker moved to expel enough newly elected Democrats from the House and the Senate so that he would control 2/3 majority in both Houses and could override any veto of the President.

And then the President vetoes the next bill and he sent this message to the Congress: 'I do not condone this power given to the commanding officer over the people of each district, this is one of an absolute Monarch, this makes his mere will to take the place of the law. He can make a criminal code of his own, he can make it bloody as any recorded in history. This is a bill against nine million people. It is based on accusations so vague, and with no credible evidence produced. While the Representatives of the doomed parties were excluded from all participation in the trial. Such power has not been welded by any Monarch in England for more than 500

years, and in all that time no people who speak the English tongue have born such servitude as this bill is asking for.'

After this message was read the Speaker of the House rose to his feet and introduced his bill to impeach the President of the United States. To remove him from office, and with savage energy the Speaker pressed the first impeachment of a President of the U.S. for high crimes and misdemeanours he felt were taken. The Speakers bill to confiscate the property of the Southern people was already pending on the calendar of the House.

This bill was the most remarkable ever written in the English language, or introduced into a legislative body of the Aryan Race. It provided for the confiscation of 90% of the land of the ten southern states, and each Negro was then to be allotted 40 acres from the estate of his former master, and the remaining millions of acres were to be divided among the 'loyal' who had suffered by reason of the rebellion. The Speaker knew that this measure could not be enforced as long as any man was President, and Commander in Chief of the army and the navy and who claimed his title under the constitution hence the absolute necessity of this Presidents removal.

The Ship of State was in the hands of revolutionists and this brought all the worms out of the woodwork. Into Washington D.C. swarmed the 'Railroad lobby' with their lawyers, agents and barkers. the Cotton thieves who operated through a ring of Treasury agents had confiscated unlawfully 3 million bales of cotton hidden in the South during the war. This was the last resource of a ruined people, and was valued at 700 million dollars.

The old Speaker of the House was successful in influencing the top man of the Senate and working together they found that Congress could make or break the laws in defiance of the Executive Branch of the Government. Washington D.C., which had standards of social and political life fixed by an Aristocracy founded on rains, culture and blood was thrown out for a mulatto woman who ruled the house of the foremost man of the nation.

A convention was called in Philadelphia to restore the Union, to heal the wounds of war, and preserve the Constitution of the U.S. Members of

Lincoln's first cabinet, with protesting Congressmen, Senators, Editors of great news papers met for a common purpose. When men from Boston entered the hall arm and arm with ex-slave owners from South Carolina, the great meeting saw men rise and the roof ring with applause.

They appointed a committee to go to Washington D.C. and appeal to this man now master of the Capital. When they arrived in Washington they did not go to the White House but to the little dark house on Capital Hill where the Mulatto woman informed them they could not see the Speaker until morning. But finding that he was at the house where he frequently went to gamble, they went there and the Speaker received them. They presented their plea for a truce until passions had subsided. But the Speaker would not bend, he informed these men of the committee that the WILL of the people is supreme, and Congress is the WILL of the people. If the man at the other end of the Avenue dared to defy the WILL of Congress then he must go. And if the Supreme Court lifts a finger in this fight then Congress will reduce that tribunal to one man or increase it to twenty at our pleasure.

'But what about the Constitution', broke in the Chairman of the committee? The Speaker replied: 'There are higher laws than paper contracts. Our WILL alone is the source of law.' There was no shaking this man now in power as he moved to become a dictator of the nation, and the Committee left him in disgust, and dismay.

The Senate then held the hearings for the Impeachment of the President. The Speaker of the House had become ill and was not in attendance. Then finally the evidence was in and the vote was to come to impeach President Johnson, and there came a stir at the door and Senators saw two gigantic Negroes carry the ailing Speaker to his chair. His face was grim, white and rigid. He had with the help of the Mulatto woman escaped the watchful eye of his doctor and had come to face Senators if they dared to defy his will.

A group of Senators had formed and stood together against impeachment. Senator Ross of Kansas was one of those Senators. The roll call came and each Senator voted, guilt or not guilt, and there was a tie with only Ross

of Kansas yet to vote. The Speaker watched him like an adder ready to strike, his hands fumbling the arms of the chair. The Senator from Kansas rose and looked at the Speaker and said: 'Not Guilty', the Speaker of the House pulled himself erect and introduced his second bill of impeachment of the President then fell back into the arms of his Negro attendants.

The old Speaker lay for two weeks very ill, then again he rallied and began to plan once more. He did not succeed in impeaching the President but the South was now in ruins, the name of her States blotted from history. The Supreme Court now awaited the Speakers word, every measure he set his heart on was now law, save the confiscation act, and that would come, so he would finally take some time off as the Dr. had ordered and go South with his son and daughter to see what he had wrought. The Union League had been organized by him in 1863, and now would be used to finish the job of taking the property from the people of the South.

Now; to the village of Piedmont South Carolina came the old Speaker and his son and daughter, the Mulatto woman being left in Washington D.C., and unbeknown to the old Speaker here in Piedmont were the sweethearts of both his son and his daughter. The youngsters had met in the North when many prisoners were in Washington D.C., and family members had come to visit their men, thus the children had chosen this area to move their father to.

Piedmont, South Carolina, Ulster country was settled by Scotch-Irish folks from North Ireland, in the great migration which gave America 300,000 covenanters of martyr blood, the largest in number and most important addition to our population than either the Puritans of New England, or the Cavaliers of Virginia and Eastern Carolina; and far more important than either in growth of American nationality. They were sturdy, honest, covenant keeping people, and above all things they hated sham and pretence.

They never boasted of their families, thought some of them might have quartered the Royal arms of Scotland on their Shields. These qualities were added to a strain of Huguenots, with tenderness and vivacity. This was the heritage of the people to where the old Speaker, his son and

daughter had come to live among. People here in the South because of taxes were losing their homes right and left. Thus the Lenoir place could be rented and Mrs. Lenoir and daughter Marion would move to the hotel. The rent would save the home, as now they would be able to pay the taxes. The first caller on the old Speaker in his rented home was the mulatto Silas Lynch who did his bidding.

It was the job of Lynch to initiate the Negro into the 'League' and to teach them what they were to do. Lynch assured the Speaker that within six months most of the Negroes would be ready to move on command. However there were some of the Negroes still loyal to their old masters. They were satisfied with their life and would not follow the new leaders.

In fact some had followed their former masters into the war, had fought side by side with them. Some returned without their masters and worked to protect the masters wife and children. This the old Speaker could not understand, and he began planning to make war behind the scene of course, but even on the Negroes who remained loyal to their former owners. Even his son and daughter did not realize the involvement of their father in all the tragedy now effecting the South.

Now; they were filling every office possible with Negroes and then they began to arrest white men on one pretext and another. They arrested Dr. Cameron the beloved Doctor of the village, put him in chains and then paraded him through the town taking him to the depot on the way to prison in the Capital. On the way Jake, one of the former slaves of the Cameron's, tried to stop them from taking Dr. Cameron, when that failed he went to the Columbia prison and begged to take Dr. Cameron's place. This was how loyal some of the former slaves responded to the situation, and the old man in his bitter hatred has some of the Negroes he was trying to lift above the white men of the South to contend with. General Howe the man in charge of the prisoners asked many questions of Jake and then he released Dr. Cameron.

Election day had come and no white man had tried for office for you had to belong to the 'League' to hold office. That night Mrs. Lenoir gave a ball at the hotel in honour of Marion her 16 year old daughter. In the heights

of the evening shots rang out, and then Cameron is found to be on fire, and the crowd rushed to the barn. A small white figure in her ball gown is there before everyone turning the cattle loose. But the horses are further in the flaming structure, and her horse Queen is in there. Horses will not come out through fire unless blindfolded, and Marion is seen running into the flaming building a blanket in her hand. Ben Cameron tries to stop her, but was too late. There was a moment of awful suspense and then through the open door came the little white figure on the back of the pet pony, and she was holding a blanket over her head.

That night eight more fires were seen from the building and Ben stands on the porch asking his father to join the Secret Society forming. But Dr. Cameron is still thinking they should be patient, with the election over the soldiers would leave and things will get better. Ben thinks there is only one way to go, for now the next step will be a black hand on a white woman's throat. Still the Doctor hesitates, surely this will never happen.

The State Government of South Carolina is now in the hands of the Negro. A law has been passed to disarm the white men and equip the Negro with modern rifles, and they took the uniform of the Confederate Grey and put them on the Negroes. They voted to force black and whites to go to school together. They opened State Universities to the Negro, and now permit the intermarriage of whites and blacks; and will enforce social equality.

Silas Lynch held a great meeting and spoke basically to the Negroes saying: within five years the intelligence, the wealth of this mighty state will be transferred to the Negro race. So lift up your head, the world is yours, take it. Here and now I serve notice on every white man who breathes that I am as good as he is, and I am going to see him in his house, and eat with him, and sleep with him and take his daughter in marriage. Dr. Cameron left that meeting with his head down. Now the Cameron home and farm are worthless. He can no longer support his family with his practice. His wife and daughter have turned their home into a hotel and restaurant trying to help pay the taxes.

The old Speaker in his rented home would not see any of the white people who came to call except little Marion who was tolerated. After all this was

her home where he was staying. But finally Dr. Cameron came to call, to appeal to the conscious of this man to use his influence to help the South. They argue back and forth for a while and always Dr. Cameron is arguing to protect the Republic where as the Speaker argues for Democracy. But Dr. Cameron insists that Democracy is mob rule instead of Republic under the Constitution. That the U.S. is great because of the genius of the race of pioneer white free men who settled this continent and dared the Mighty of Kings, and made a wilderness the home of free men, through our future depends on the purity of this racial stock.

The old Speaker would not bend, saying: 'We will train the Negro to take his place as our equal.'

Dr. Cameron responds: 'To a point, but the Negro race is not an infant race, it is older than ours. If you assimilate the Negro this is pollution of the white race and means its destruction.'

The old Speaker still insists that the humblest man must have the opportunity to rise with the use of the ballot, and this comes with democracy, they can be educated.

Finally Dr. Cameron rose to his feet and replied: 'Education sir is the development of that which is. Since the dawn of history the Negro has owned the continent of Africa, rich beyond the dream of poets fancy, crunching beneath his bare black feet acres of diamonds and yet he never picked up one from the dust until the white man showed him its glittering light. His land swarmed with powerful and docile animals yet he never dreamed of a harness, cart or sled.

A hunter by necessity he never made an axe, spear, or arrowhead worth preserving beyond the moment of its use. In a land of stone and timber he never sawed a foot of lumber, carved a block, or built a house save of broken sticks and mud. With league after league of ocean strands and miles of inland seas, for thousands of years he watched their surface ripple under the wind, gazed on the blue horizon yet never dreamed a sail. And yet this is what you have set to rule over the Southern people? Surely the people of the North are not made, surely you can appeal with us to the conscience and brain of our brethren of a common race?'

Thaddeus Stevens sat silent as though stunned, yet deep down he was drunk with the joy of a triumphant vengeance he had carried locked in the depth of his being, and yet he was also touched by this mans suffering for his people. This distressed him but he must not listen so he replied: 'I am sorry for these individual incidents of suffering, but these are necessary events of a great upheaval which will come out alright in the end. We have the printing press, railroad and telegraph, and we can do in years what it took ages to do in the past. May not the black man speedily emerge? Who knows? However an appeal to the North will be a waste of breath. This experiment is going to be made, it is written in the book of fate.'

Dr. Cameron left the old Speaker with a heavy heart. As he reached his home a messenger was there giving him a note saying he would wait for an answer. Dr. Cameron read: 'A great Scotch-Irish leader of the South is here from Memphis and wishes to see you. If you will see General Forrest I will bring him here in fifteen minutes. Burn this now, signed Ben.' Dr. Cameron walked back to the spot where the messenger waited and said: 'I will see him with pleasure.' Dr. Cameron had given up on his idea that patience would solve their problems.

Meanwhile the old Speaker was troubled by the report that Marion and her mother would lose their home, here where he was living. And he did a strange thing for one with so much bitterness in his heart. He decided to move to another place, and give Mrs. Lenoir and Marion the deed for their home. He even bought the place for \$10,000.00 and then gave them the deed and offered to put the money out at interest in the North so they would have some income. Then he ordered Silas Lynch to arrest the keeper of the poor who had struck the friend of little Marion and upset her so much. Silas Lynch now the Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina was angry but not ready to break with this man who had raised him to the position he held.

Mrs. Lenoir and Marion moved back home and began to bring things stored in the attic back into place. Aunt Cindy their Negro housekeeper was to come live them, and they were so happy at being in their home again. Ben Cameron checked on them in the early evening and was a little disturbed to leave after learning that Aunt Cindy would not arrive until

morning, so he offers to stay the night. But Mrs. Lenoir insists they will be fine, they will just work until they are tired and then retire, so reluctantly Ben leaves.

About midnight they are thinking of retiring when they hear a noise, and soon four black men are in the room with them. Gus a former slave of the Cameron's, now a trouble maker is in the lead, a revolver in his hand. Mrs. Lenoir sprang in front of her daughter but is no match for the power used against her. They were not after money this time, and later as the bodies of Marion and her mother were found on the rocks below Lovers Leap the men of the village were determined to find out what happened that night. Dr. Cameron had examined the bodies and explained that little Marion had been raped, and then mother and daughter had decided that rather than live with this knowledge they had gone to Lovers Leap and hand in hand walked off the cliff and through the gates of death.

Aunt Cindy arrived that morning and found no one at home, no trace of any disturbance except traces of clothing and rope burned in the fireplace. Ben came looking for evidence and under the cedar by the window he saw the barefoot heel mark of a Negro. The enormous heel projected backward, and in the hollow of the instep where the dust would scarcely be touched by an Aryan was the deep wide mark of a flat foot. Ben measured the print then brought a box and fastened over the spot. He was very suspicious but went to Lovers Leap hoping the women had just gone for a walk.

There he found Marion's hat and a handkerchief with the initials of M.L. The mare he rode gave a soft whinny and looked over the cliff, and Ben knew then what lay over the cliff on the river bank and he hurried for his father.

The bodies were found close to the waters edge, Marion had been killed instantly but the mother had lived long enough to drag herself to the girls side. Dr. Cameron sent Ben for the Coroner put his mark on the necessary forms, then told him to summon the following men for the Coroners jury, but if he dare put a Negro on the jury or open his mouth as to what had occurred, then he would die. So the Coroner and his jury of white men reported that mother and daughter had been killed when accidentally they

fell off the cliff. The bodies were taken to Dr. Cameron's home, and he tells Ben to lock the door for there is an ancient experiment he wants to try. It is thought that an image remains in the eye if you find it early. He examines Marion's eyes, nothing there so perhaps she fainted. But with a microscope, looking into the mothers eyes he sees a face, the jaws and lips were clear, and Dr. Cameron said: 'My God, it is Gus.' Then Ben tries but he is not able to see what his father saw although Ben also had his suspicions after he found the footprints. Then they learn that Gus had left for Columbia on the early morning stage.

Two days later as they returned from the funeral, Ben received notice that Gus was coming home on the nine O'clock mail train. This was what men had been waiting for, and 12 men rode out of town by different directions at dusk, no one paid attention. At 8 O'clock they met in the woods at a little flag station four miles from Piedmont. And two men of powerful build, strangers to these parts boarded this train three miles beyond that and they talked to the Conductor.

In the woods at the flag station the 12 took a white disguise for horse and man. It was fitted on each horse with buckles at the throat, breast, and tail, and then the saddles were replaced. The white robe for the man made in the form of an Ulster overcoat with a cape, and skirt which extended to the top of the shoes. From the red belt at the waist were swung two revolvers which had been in their pockets. On each man's breast was a scarlet circle, and within the circle was a white cross.

The same Scarlet Circle and Cross appeared on the horses breast, while on his flanks were the three mystic letters KKK. Each man wore a white cap from the edge of which fell a piece of cloth extending to the shoulder. Beneath the visor was openings for eyes and mouth. On the front of the cap of two of the men appeared the Red Wings of a Hawk, and ensign of Rank. From the top of each cap rose a single spike held erect by a twisted wire. The disguises for man and horse were made of cheap unbleached domestic, and weighed less than 3 lbs, and easily folded within the blanket and kept under the saddle. It required less than two minutes to remove saddles and place the disguises and then remount. A signal was given, and the men and horses swing into cavalry formation waiting orders. The

moon shown on the silent horses and men with their tall spiked caps, a symbol of power always and made a picture such as the world had never seen since the Knights of the Middle Ages rode on their Holy Crusades.

As the train neared the station the conductor approached Gus, telling him that the sheriff had sent him a warning to get off at this station, and to slip into town the back way as a crowd was waiting for him at the depot. Two men got off the train ahead of Gus, and as he alighted he was seized and the train moved on. Gus was bound and gagged, and the two strange men blew a whistle, an owl answered and four white and scarlet Clansmen swept in a circle around Gus, and the two strangers then went to their buggy. They turned to the horseman with the 'Red Wing' ensign on his cap, Saluted and said: 'Here is your man Night Hawk.' 'Thanks, gentlemen', was the answer, let us know when we can be of service in your country. The two strangers then disappeared toward the North Carolina line. But this was the way the Clan worked. If something of this nature was necessary they sent for someone farther away so they would not be recognized.

Gus was then taken to the great cave under 'Lovers Leap'. This cave cut out by the waters of the river was eighty feet deep, fifty feet wide and forty feet high. Tonight it was lighted by candles and the Presiding officer of this township, his rank marked by the scarlet stripes on the white spike of his cap stood at attention. Twenty or more Clansmen formed a circle. One of them wore a red sash trimmed in gold about his waist, on his breast two yellow circles with red crosses interloping which denoted his rank as Commander-in-Chief of the State.

This Council of the Clan was opened with a prayer as every white robed figure knelt on the ground, and the voice of their Pastor then echoed through the cave: 'LORD GOD of our fathers, as in times past thy children, fleeing from the oppressors have found refuge beneath the earth until once more the sun of righteousness rose, so are we tonight. As we wrestle with the powers of darkness now strangling our life, give to our souls to endure as seeing the invisible, and to our right arms the strength of the martyred dead of our people. Have mercy on the poor, the weak, the innocent and defenceless, and deliver us from the body of the black death. In a land of

beauty and light, and love we find our women are prisoners of darkness and fear. While the heathen walks his native health unharmed, unafraid in this fair Christian South land our sisters, wives, and daughters are not to stroll at twilight through the streets or step beyond the highway at noon. The terror of the twilight deepens with the darkness, and the stoutest heart grows sick with fear for the red message the morning bringeth. Forgive us our sins, they are many, but hide not thy face from us O God, for thou art our refuge.'

The Presiding officer announced that at the request of the Grand Dragon of the Realm they were holding a High Court trial involving the taking of a life. The Scribe then opened his record book to read the object of this order on which their authority rested: (Quote) 'To the lovers of law and order, peace, and justice and to the shades of the venerated dead, Greetings; This is an institution of chivalry, humanity, mercy and patriotism, embodying in its genius and principals all that is Chivalric in conduct, noble in sentiment, generous in manhood, and patriotic in purpose.

Its particular business being; first to protect the weak, the innocent, and defenceless from the indignities, wrongs and outrages of the lawless, the violent and the brutal. To relieve the injured, and the oppressed, to assist the suffering, and the unfortunate, and especially the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers. Second: to protect and defend the Constitution of the U.S. and all the laws passed in conformity thereto, and to protect the states and their people from all invasion from any source what so ever. Third: to aid and assist in the execution of all constitutional laws; and to protect the people from unlawful seizures, and from trial except by their peers in conformity to the laws of the land.'

The next order of business was the evidence produced against this former slave of Dr. Richard Cameron by the name of Gus. Dr. Cameron then tells of the tragedy which happened to Mrs. Lenoir and her daughter Marion, about the condition of the body of Marion which he had found as a doctor. He tells about the tracks found at the home, about the flight to Columbia, and then the return home of Gus after the publication of the deaths, as accidents. Dr. Cameron tells these men fathered here that he thinks he can

get Gus to rehearse for them the crime to produce his own guilt. Gus is then brought before these white robed men and he falls under the gaze of Dr. Cameron and begins to talk and describes as though under hypnosis what happened in the Lenoir home that night. He tells how he and his three companions paused under the Cedar tree and watched the mother and daughter laughing and talking in their home. He then tells how inside the house, how the daughter shrank from him while the three others tied the mother to the bed post so she could watch what was happening to her daughter. And Clansmen with daughters fell to their knees crying, 'God have mercy on our people', as Gus described the fainting of little Marion, and his part in what happened while the mother still pleaded for her daughter, 'saying take me instead.'

Dr. Cameron turned to the figure with the yellow sash and double crosses and said: 'Issue your orders, dispatch your couriers tonight with the OLD Scottish Rite of the Fiery Cross. It will send a thrill of inspiration to every Clansmen in the hills. Dr. Cameron then opened his medicine case and drew the silver flask from it and passed out of the cave to the dark circle of blood still shining in the sand by the waters edge. He knelt and filled the cup half full of the Crimson grains then dipped it in the river. He placed the cup then on a boulder and took a bundle of light wood and tied them into a form of a cross, and laid it beside the lighted candle near the cup. He then lifted the cup and said: 'Gentlemen, Brethren I hold in my hand the water of your river bearing the red stain of Southern womanhood, a priceless sacrifice on the altar of outraged civilization, hear now the message of your Chief.'

The tall figure with the yellow sash and the double crosses stepped before the altar as the Clansmen gathered around. He lifted his cap and laid it on the boulder and the men saw that their leader, the Grand Dragon was young Ben Cameron. He looked at the Negro Gus, now lying at his feet in a confederate uniform which the Negro officials now wore. And Ben seized the cross and lighted the three upper ends of the cross and held it high as he said: 'Men of the South, the time for words has passed. Tonight we will execute this criminal and fling his body on the lawn of the Mulatto Lieutenant-Governor of the State. I ask for the swiftest messenger of the Den to ride, till dawn. Carry my summons to the Grand Titan of the

adjoining province in North Carolina whom you will find at Hambright. Tell him the whole story of this crime and what you have seen and heard, and ask him to report to me here the second night from this, at eleven o'clock with six Grand Giants from his adjoining counties, each accompanied by two hundred men. In olden times when the Chieftain of our people summoned the Clan on an errand of life and death, the Fiery Cross, extinguished in Sacrificial blood was sent by swift couriers from village to village.

This call was never made in vain, nor will it be tonight here in the New World. Here on this spot now made 'Holy Ground' by the blood of those we hold dearer than life. I raise the Ancient Symbol of an unconquered race of men! Thus high above his head in the darkness of the cave he lifted the blazing cross as he said: 'The Fiery Cross of Old Scotland's Hills is now quenched in the sweetest blood that ever stained the sands of time.' And Ben then dipped the ends of the cross in the silver cup, extinguished the fire and handed the charred symbol to the courier who quickly disappeared.

The very next morning, Gus the Captain of the African Guard, was found lying in his full uniform in the yard of Silas Lynch. Across the breast was pinned a scrap of paper, and on that paper written in red ink were the letters KKK. This was the first actual evidence of the existence of the dreaded order in Ulster county.

Beneath the door of the First Lieutenant of the Guard was this notice: Headquarters of Realm no. 4, general order no. 1: 'The Negro militia now organized in this state threatens the extinction of civilization. They have avowed as their purpose to make war upon, and to exterminate the KKK, an organization which is now the sole guardian of a society. All Negroes are hereby given 48 hours from the publication of this notice in their respective counties to surrender their arms at the courthouse door. Those who refuse must face the consequence. By order of the Grand Dragon of Realm no. 4, by the Grand Scribe. This was published in the Piedmont Eagle then in rapid succession in every newspaper in the state not under total Negro influence. And the white people of Piedmont read the notice with a thrill of joy.'

On the following day the old Speaker sent for his son Phil, asking him to give him the latest news. On learning that there was a rumour that Marion and her mother committed suicide because of the assault on them, he refused to believe it. But declared this conspiracy called KKK must be crushed before it destroyed all his work.

Then he demanded that Phil break off his engagement with Margaret Cameron. This Phil refused to do and declares this is an issue of race against race and he will have to stand with the South. The old Speaker hands his son a piece of paper which had been thrust into his window the night before. It reads: 'The old club footed beast who sneaked into our town, pretending to search for health, is in reality the leader of the Infernal Union League, and will be given 48 hours to vacate this house and rid this community of his presence, signed KKK.' Phil read the paper and then turned to his father and asked, 'Are you an officer of the Union League?'

The old Speaker replied: 'I am its soul'. Then Phil asks if Silas Lynch knows this, and of course the answer was yes, so Phil then tells his father that this note was written by Lynch for no Southerner would write this way. And Phil now leaves his father for there is an open break between father and son.

The old Speaker is more successful with his daughter, for she promises to never leave him, and she then sent a note to Ben Cameron asking him to meet her at sundown at Lovers Leap. Ben meets her in his uniform as leader of the Clan. From beneath his cap he drew a long bundle, and unrolled it and there was a triangular flag of brilliant yellow edged in scarlet. And in the centre on the yellow back ground was a black dragon with red eyes and tongue.

Around this encircled dragon was the Latin motto worked in scarlet. In English this motto is: 'What always, What everywhere, What by all has been held to be true.' This was the battle flag of the Clan, and the Grand Dragon, not the dragon of the World Order or the Serpent, the destructive power, but the Grand Dragon symbol, the costume of Ben Cameron, and it carried the Double crosses as well. (Thus the Cross of YAHSHUA-Christ and the symbol of the Cross by which His people

conquer. Mark 10:21) But Elsie not understanding all this asks Ben to give it up for her. But to Ben this was the battle of a race on whose fate hangs the future of the nation. He could not desert the South now, so Elsie returns to her father and Ben goes to instruct his men. That night ten men with 100 men under each command moved out and successfully disarmed every Negro through ten townships without any loss of life.

That night the old Speaker stood at his window and watched the ghost like columns move down the street, he watched with a sense of lost ambition. He saw the black dragon with the flaming eyes and tongue on the yellow battle flag, saw it encircled in scarlet. His daughter also watched from another window with an aching heart, and both saw the Negro armoury surrounded and witnessed the surrender without a shot fired.

In quick succession every county followed the example of Ulster country, and the arms furnished the Negroes by the state and national government were now in the hands of the Clansmen. The 'League' began to collapse for the old Speaker in his mad scheme of vengeance and with Party power had overlooked the Covenanters, the backbone of the South. Over 4000 disguised men and horses were now ready. The disguises made by the women of the South and not one secret ever passed their lips.

The old Speaker who had been able to enact these measures against the South in chaos of passion and with corruption, which followed the assassination of President Lincoln now watched in helpless rage the foundation of his plan falling in. He turned from his window that night vowing to hand the man who had those Clansmen in that village. He sent for Silas Lynch, and sent for the only lawyer in town who Lynch told him could be trusted. He ordered the lawyer to go to the Mayor and ask for the arrest of this man, Ben Cameron. For he was the leader of the Clan, of this he was sure.

The lawyer refused to prosecute any alleged member of the Clan. And then said the Mayor had left town with his wife and children. Finally, with the help of Silas Lynch, a man was found who would swear out a warrant for Ben Cameron. He sent a telegram to the White House saying help was needed to stop an insurrection in South Carolina. President Grant declared

the 9 Scotch-Irish Hill counties of South Carolina in a state of insurrection, and ordered five thousand men to report there for duty, pending the further necessity of Martial Law. The old Speaker then had the Governor appoint a White Sheriff, a scalawag from the mountains. He then ordered 1000 men arrested and charged them with killing three members of the African Guard, which was a false arrest. To his surprise these men came into Piedmont, mounted and armed. And as they passed in front of the 500 U.S. Regulars, now camped on the river bank, the Western troops saluted and cheered. Thus the old Speaker had Martial Law declared.

Now, young Ben Cameron did not intend to defy the law of the United States. But the Speaker did not know this. So a plan was developed wherein two Negroes, troopers, would walk into the Cameron Hotel Restaurant and demand to be served. These two Negroes were fighting drunk and they came in and sat down beside Margaret. She attempted to rise and one of them pushed her down in her chair and leaned toward her and Margaret screamed. Through the door came Phil and one of the Negroes fired at him but missed. But the next moment that Negro lay dead. And Margaret turned to see both Phil and her brother Ben with revolvers in their hands.

Ben then decided that Phil should get out of town until things settled down and plans were then made. Phil would leave immediately, and Ben sends messages to the leaders of each township telling them also to stay away from there for two days. As he then rode back into town, he was met by a squad of white Regular soldiers and they arrested him as someone had sworn that Ben was the man who killed the Negro soldier at the Cameron Restaurant. And now in the hands of the men set in place by the old Speaker, then Ben was tried and sentenced to be shot.

All this took place in 30 minutes of time. The old Speaker is of course delighted. For he felt that with Ben Cameron dead the insurrection would be over, and he could put the Negroes back in power, and then his daughter could never marry this Southerner. He knew the Clan would try to stop this execution, so he decided to go to Spartanburg for there he knew of an officer with a vindictive mind who hated all Southern men. So he would put him in charge of the death watch. Besides, he wanted to leave before

his daughter heard of what happened and appealed to him to save her sweetheart.

When Phil arrived in Charlotte, he learned of the arrest of Ben Cameron, and he rushed to the office of the Division Superintendent of the Piedmont Line Railroad. He revealed his identity and told the story of what happened and asked for help in getting back to Piedmont. The Superintendent as Clansman, moved quickly. And within an hour a special car was ready, fitted with grim looking men, and two other cars were added, and the train stopped at Gastonia and Kings Mountain where more men boarded the train.

When they reached Piedmont, Phil went immediately to where they were holding Ben and he told the official that he might be able to get a confession from the prisoner that would destroy the Clan. Remember these men knew that he was a son of the old Speaker, their boss behind the scene. So they allowed him to see Ben. The two friends then changed clothing and Phil wrote a letter to his father asking him to interfere, thinking he would be out of there in two hours. Free of the prison, Ben hurried to the home of Thaddeus Stevens and on the way he saw 500 soldiers heading for the jail. Ben realized this is the work of the old Speaker, but he was not springing the trap on his own son, who was in the net instead of Ben Cameron.

There was no one home at the Stevens household, so Ben hurries to his home and there found Elsie Stevens, his sweetheart, crying in his mother's arms. Elsie learns that her brother is not in this trap and they find that the old Speaker is hiding out so when they locate his hiding place, then Ben sends his sister Margaret to bring the old gentleman home to stop this farce. Margaret is riding Queen and she makes good time, but when she reached his hideout, the old Speaker will not see her.

Finally, she is able to get through to the old gentleman that it is his son who he has ordered to be killed. They hitch Queen to a buggy then raced back to Piedmont. It was a long after dark before they reached home and as they came within a mile of Piedmont, tired as she is, Queen answers the neigh of a horse in the timber. And although the old Speaker did not

notice, Margaret knew that a squadron of white and scarlet horsemen were in the woods and saw them pass. As they approached the jail they were stopped. But finally the old Speaker was allowed to enter. He learned he is too late. The plan had worked in good shape. At dark, the captain of the guard had outwitted those lying in wait and they had been gone for an hour and should be back soon with the body. The old Speaker gasped, 'You are killing my son, go after them, stop them.' And the officer rushed to obey.

Margaret then took the old Speaker to her home at the hotel and restaurant of the Camerons. She then hurries to the church where she had seen men gathered and found her father and he hurries with her to there home. As Dr. Cameron came into his study, the old Speaker hobbled to face him. He is ashen of face and his breath is labored. But he has a confession, 'I alone am to blame, I have slain my own son unless God Almighty who can raise the dead, shall save him. My will alone gorged the chains of Negro rule, three forces ruled and moved me. Party success, a vicious woman, and the unquenchable desire for personal vengeance.

When I first fell victim to the wiles of the yellow vampire who kept my house, I dreamed of lifting her to my level. And when I felt myself sinking into the black abyss of animalism, I who soul had learned the pathway of the stars, and held high converse with the great spirits of the ages' He paused then went on, 'mightiest of all was my motive of revenge. Fierce business and political feuds wrecked my iron mills. I shouldered their vast debts and paid the last mortgage of a hundred thousand dollars the week before Lee invaded the State. I stood on the Hill in the darkness, and cried, raved, cursed, while the troops lay those mills in ashes. Then I swore I'd live until I ground the South under my heel.'

There came a sudden noise, a squad of cavalry was coming. The old Speaker clutched the doctor's arm in agony then sank into a chair as Phil walked in with Ben in full Clansman disguise by his side. The old Speaker leaped to his feet and gasped, 'Glory be to God, the Clan has saved my boy.' And then he slowly collapsed. That night, the lights through the mountains were the signal gleam of the fiery cross. Elsie and Ben watched and she whispered, 'What does it mean?' Ben replied, 'That I am a

successful revolutionist, that civilization has been saved, the South redeemed from shame.'

Yes, they burn a cross because it is a symbol of the never dying 'Right' of the Cross. They burn it so the world can see it. And by any sign of the Cross, the Christian conquers.

With the South back in the hands of the Southern white men who made her great, then in 1869-70, General Forrest put the Klan to sleep, for it was no longer needed. But the Clan just sleeps. It has no members. Then comes a great danger, and a human cry goes up and once a Clansman, always a Clansman. They move as members of an organization. Then when the danger disappears, the Klan automatically goes to sleep and only a slumbering nucleus remains. But through the history of the United States, on occasion after occasion, the Klan has risen to some new challenge.

Dr. Swift told us that after WWI, and even during WWI, as the WW's moved throughout the land to stir trouble between different religions, using ignorant clergymen from Europe, as they moved out to attack Christian churches, the Klan moved into view.

Dr. Swift remembered as a small boy a beautiful and great Methodist church in a community in New Jersey. The trouble makers stoned out the stained glass windows. The KKK came to the pastor and said, 'we sill put back the stained glass windows and will rededicate the church.' So the windows went back in and that Sunday night, Dr. Swift sat in the balcony for the main church was packed with White robed Clansmen. Then as Dr. Swift grew up, there was the realization that these men were organized everywhere.

Their families were dedicated to making this a Christian nation with a Christian community everywhere. They elected police, mayors, and things ran smoothly in that community. Dr. Swift remembered as a small boy standing on the streets of Washington, D.C. and saw coming down Pennsylvania Avenue, from curb to curb, moving at a fast march, for four solid hours, on foot and mounted, moved the KKK with their banners streaming for God and country. They moved as one great family and their

influence was stretched from California to Maine, from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. And none were arrested. And among those Clansmen were doctors, mayors, attorneys, leaders of Protestant Churches, Sunday School teachers, Supreme Court Justices in States over various areas of the United States. These were the kings of men who built America and one of them sat on the Supreme Court bench.

Now, after Thomas Dixon wrote his stories of the South, a motion picture was made called 'The Rebirth of a Nation.' It was particularly the redoing of the book 'The Clansman' which I have just given you an outline of. This motion picture was reviewed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. White, who said, 'I was a soldier in that Civil War, I know why this organization was essential.'

In 1920, approximately, there came again a redesign to move and break up the structure of the South and the Clan had come to life again, and had the largest membership of any organization. And this was when Dr. Swift as a boy, became aware of it. He knew Baptist and Methodist ministers who had no influence unless they belonged to the Clan.

Always there had been some men who will abuse power. People make mistakes in all walks of life. And all kinds of atrocities have been committed by enemies of the Clan who try to make it appear the work of that organization. Dr. Swift saw this happen many times after he lived in California. Thus like it or not, the Clan has saved America again and again. The Clan has been investigated time and time again. People say, 'But those hoods, why wear them?' Well, when the tares are gone, they won't need them. But remember this. There is nothing un-Christian about secrecy. For the same enemy made it dangerous for the early church. And they held meetings in their homes and sometimes in secret places, in caves, and they gave the sign of the fish for their sign of recognition. For the armies of the anti-Christ moved then to destroy them.

Dr. Swift, I think, would tell you this. That on the altar of the true Clan, is the American flag. On top of that, the Holy Bible, and on that, dedication of the sword which is for defence. Now, before we leave this subject, you should know that after all the Congressional investigations, the tearing

down of the image of the Clan by different newspapers, then Col. Winfield Jones made an impartial investigation of the Clan. He did not see any of the symbols as relating to the race, but he found the facts as we have presented them. He lists Nathan Bedford Forrest the celebrated Confederate Cavalry leader as the Grand Wizard when the Clan was raised to save the South. He lists many of the former Confederate officers as holding high rank in the Clan. He found on searching records, that the Clan did not maltreat or molest any citizen, black or white, unless they had bad white men and disorderly Negroes to contend with. He found that it was the method of reconstruction imposed on the South when the Republican Party was in power that brought into being what was known as 'the solid South' of the Democratic Party.

Impartial historians now agree that it was a mistake for Congress to attempt to cause the Anglo-Saxon race of the South to become submerged under a black political wave. For the roots of the Clan can be traced back to those qualities of the Anglo-Saxon found in both North and South which forbade the mixing of their blood with another race, as well as possession of a spirit which was determined to be dominant in Government at all hazards. Had conditions been reversed, the people of the North undoubtedly would have acted exactly as did the Southerners.

The Spanish American War of 1890, brought the Republic together again and then came WWI. And again they fought side by side. But the Clan then came to life again and this time was organized by Col. William Joseph Simmons of Atlanta, Georgia. Again, the program was patriotism, Americanism, and Supremacy of the White race. When Col. Simmons was a Methodist minister in Alabama, one summer night he was watching the clouds drift in front of the moon.

Suddenly he thought he caught sight of something mysterious and strange in the sky. He saw a row of horses galloping across the horizon with white robed figures mounted. The clouds seemed to disappear and in their place a rough outline of the U.S. was as a background. The horses and riders remained. Then it was as though one big problem after another effecting American life moved across the map of the U.S. He fell to his knees and asked God to help him solve the mystery of what he saw in the clouds.

He vowed to form a great patriotic order as a memorial to the heroes of our nation. He became a great speaker both in the pulpit and on any platform. And one day in Atlanta, while standing on a street corner talking to friends, a large automobile skidded around the corner with the bumper striking him and he fell to the pavement completely paralyzed. He was bed-ridden for six months. And there he worked out the details for the Knights of the KKK which he had dreamed of 15 years before, after his vision in the sky. And before you scoff at this story, remember it is a well known fact that men who have headed great movements through history have seen visions.

Thus in October of 1915, Col. Simmons called together a few friends in Atlanta, Georgia. Three members of the old Clan were in the group, and the KKK was brought to life. They bought the Lanier University of Atlanta, and it was a non-sectarian institution for the youth of the South and the North. And Bible study and real American History were required subjects for all students.

Col. Simmons is reported to have said, 'We are building a fellowship, a great social compact body. We have drawn a tight line and propose to build a great reservoir of real Americanism.' Yes, White Supremacy was a part of it. And as he said he was not afraid of that work, for he would go into any Negro meeting anywhere and talk about it. And it was understood that it was good for both races. It has been misused and misrepresented by the enemies of both the black and white races who for various reasons want to see trouble between the two. The enemies of America want a polluted America instead of the America which has been handed down to us from our forefathers.

You then saw the resurgence of the Clan and soon it was operating through at least 45 States. No man was admitted to the fellowship of the Invisible Empire unless they could swear an unqualified allegiance to the Government of the United States, its flag, its Constitution, and its institutions. Only native born White American citizens who believed in the tenets of the Christian religion were eligible for membership. The investigations of this organization could only find that the Knights of the KKK were law abiding citizens, utterly opposed to violation of the law at

any time. Any member would not be tolerated who violated any law. They found also that at various times when one committed crimes the blame was laid on the Clan. But it would be probed that the work was not done by the Clansmen. Thus the Clan expanded until it contained members such as Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, the honourable Hugo Black.

September 24, 1920, the Chamber of Commerce of Yoakum, Texas, accepted the offer of the Clan for a loan to the city for erection and equipment of a Public Library. It was stipulated in the loan that six Holy Bibles must be on file in the library and the stars and stripes must fly at all times over the building.

Time after time, Col. Winfield Jones found in this investigation that the Clan helped those in need, even the Negroes. Much money was loaned by different Clan groups for worthwhile projects. And this money was always supplied without interest.

Col. Simmons informed the author that the Clan was not anti-Jewish, it was just that only those who can subscribe to the tenets of the Christian religion can be members.

In 1921, the Clan began to be attacked in the New York World, a paper owned by Joseph Pulitzer, a Jew and also his brother. This increased the circulation of his paper, but also increased the membership of the Clan. And then the Hearst paper throughout the U.S., also started their attack, and kept it up until a Congressional investigation of the Clan was made. And before it was over the charges brought by New York and Hearst were proved to be false. And the Clan membership thus increased daily by the thousands from all sections of the nation.

Under the leadership of Dr. Hiram Wesley Evans, the next leader, the Clan began to decrease. The next leader after him was James A. Wolescott. And in 1930, he made overtures to the Jews and the Catholics and the Negroes, and the Clan then backed Franklin Roosevelt for President and the Negro vote pulled away from the Republican Party. However, many of the Clansmen were against the Roosevelt Administration and they felt that he and the Jews were for the Communists. They felt that the Jews

were now in official Washington in high places, all out of proportions to Protestants. They felt that Roosevelt had set the Democrat Party on the road to National Socialism, and the clan thus began to disappear.

How much of the old symbolism remains today, is the remnant that remains of the Clan, we do not know. Mostly, they are vocal, and seem to still believe in White Supremacy. Whether they still live by the code of the old Clan, I do not know. If they do not, they cannot be called a true representative of that organization.

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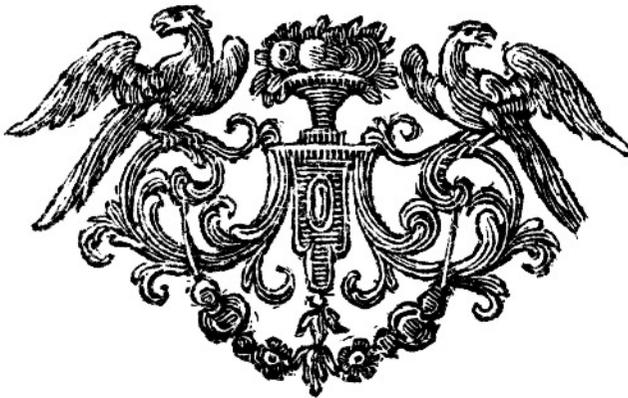
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