

Racial



IT'S GREAT
TO BE WHITE !



Loyalty

Dedicated to the Survival,
Expansion and Advancement
of the White Race.

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Decisions Issue

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THE FINE ART OF DECISION MAKING

By Ben Klassen, P. M.

When I was 20 years old (way, way back in 1938) I was first exposed to Hitler's MEIN KAMPF. I was fortunate enough to be able to read that great book in the original German, and reading it had a strong impact on me that has lasted throughout the rest of my life. In fact, it did much to change and crystallize my then naive and unsettled view of the world and from it I learned much to help develop and strengthen my character.

One of the things that Hitler strongly impressed upon me was the importance of making decisions. As we go through life, one of its basic realities is that we are continually faced with making decisions, decisions, decisions. Hitler points out in his book that the ability to make decisions and take the responsibility therefore is the mark of a great general, a great leader, or in general, a man of outstanding calibre. So impressed was I at that age that I started making snap decisions on many things. Whereas I also made a number of wrong decisions, to my surprise my batting average was about as good as when I had procrastinated. There was this difference, however: **I got a lot more things decided, and I got a lot more accomplished.** It has been my habit ever since to make decisions as quickly as possible, though with less deliberate speed.

Of course, speed is not the only criteria. **The important thing is to make good, sound decisions.** Anyone who can consistently make good, sound decisions and make them quickly is not only a genius, but also a leader of men. Hitler was one who qualified on both counts.

In analyzing the breakdown of the German Reich during and after WW I, Hitler points out the inherent weakness of the whole "Parliamentarian" system, which he rightly points out is really Jewish democracy, a swindle designed by the Jew to divide, conquer and rule their goyim victims. He vigorously denounces democracy as a rule by committee where **everybody and nobody really is responsible for anything.** Where a committee supposedly makes a decision by counting votes, **usually the most cowardly and atrocious decisions are made.** Furthermore, in such cases, no one personally takes the blame or the responsibility.

ty. It is synthetically shunted off to a passive non-entity — a committee that is here today and gone tomorrow.

Carl von Clausewitz, probably the greatest military writer and strategist over the last several centuries, also has much to say about facing realities and making decisions. In his famous classic ON WAR he says, in effect, that there are certain battles that have to be fought (he is referring to nations), and there are certain times when it is most propitious to do so (the golden opportunity.) When such battles are avoided or procrastinated due to lack of decisiveness, lack of preparation or lack of courage, such default usually exacts a heavy price from the cowardly defaulter. That price is often complete annihilation at the hands of the enemy at a later date. Whereas von Clausewitz was referring to the struggles between nations and governments, the lesson applies just as succinctly to individuals in their battles, or decisions, or their neglect to face them. **Even more important it also applies to the predicament of the White Race in extricating itself from the dilemma in which it is now embroiled.**

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RAISING A VOICE

by Rex Tiro

I do not refrain from using my voice against this government, our corrupt court systems and politicians when they are guilty of selling out the White Race. Here are the power elite that are responsible for all of our problems, especially race-mixing: 100 senators, 435 congressmen, one president (recently he sided with a White woman in Texas who divorced her White husband to marry a black man) and 9 Supreme Court justices. Together, they amount to 535 cowards and hypocrites out of some 200 million Whites. Mr. Tom Metzger, regional director for W. A. R. once stated at a meeting: "It's the White middle-class and upper-ruling class who are selling us down the drain."

These leaders permit illegals to swarm into this country from Mexico and other countries by the millions while at the same time are

keeping the hard-working, independent-minded, useful, White citizens from entering the country, while some are even threatened from within with deportation. Even the Supreme Court (for which I have nothing but the lowest of contempt for having declared "that all children of all races must be accepted in their neighborhood schools") has proved itself to be the enemy "within". For years it sought (and still does) to reduce the White productive and self-reliant Whites to a state of subjection under the damnable "quota system", "equal rights", "affirmative action" and "social equality" laws for all minorities.

As for the minorities, they cannot think for themselves. For this reason and others, they remain pawns in the hands of detestable politicians. They are backed by a criminal government, and it is this same government that forces integration against the collective will

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DECISION MAKING

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The White Race is far past its "golden opportunity", but believe me, the time will never be better than it is now.

Shakespeare points out a similar conclusion. In his great play, JULIUS CAESAR, he quotes Brutus as philosophizing to Cassius the following lines of wisdom: "There is a tide in the affairs of men / Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; / Omitted all the voyage of their life / Is bound in shallows and miseries."

On the humorous side, of course, there are those who would rather flip a coin and trust to blind luck rather than use their mental faculties. In fact, the Romans had their "auguries" where they poked around in the entrails of slain animals and birds to give them a clue as to which way to go on important decisions, and the Greeks had their oracles at Delphi to help them make up their minds. In the latter case they had virgin maidens sniffing toxic gases coming out of a crack in the ground until they were thoroughly intoxicated. The priesthood would then listen to their incoherent mumblings and interpret these as oracles of wisdom from the gods. **Such procedures in different ways are still in practice to this day.** In astrology the infallible stars are supposedly helping the believers to direct their affairs as they have from time immemorial. Today, Christians by the millions still look for signs from heaven to help them make up their minds, and have repeated one-way conversations with the Super Spook imploring him to give them proper directions.

Recently, in the same vein, on the counter of a Dentist's Clinic, I saw a sign displayed saying "No amount of planning can replace Dumb Luck". And there is some truth to it, too. I can relate an important experience I had.

A few years ago I had a mortgage due me that ran into six figures, which was to be paid off over a period of several years. One day the president of the corporation that was paying on the mortgage called and offered to pay up in full now if I would take a 10 per cent discount. I said I would think about a 5 per cent discount. (No snap judgement). I did think about it and reasoned that maybe he would pay up if I counter offered only a 3 per cent discount, but, in any case, I just let it ride. Two months later he called me again and I said I was still

thinking about it. A month after that he called me again, saying they had negotiated a government loan, were going to build on the property, were paying up in full, no discount.

Dumb luck and procrastination paid off in this case. But I wouldn't bet on it. **Nine times out of ten procrastination and lack of decision will cost dearly.**

Like it or not, we are continuously faced with minor decisions, important decisions, and in any number of occasions, some of such major import that they shape the rest of our lives. Like it or not, we are pressed into decisions, and **if we don't quickly come to grips with making those decisions when the time to do so is most propitious, those decisions will be made for us either by other people or by the rush of events.**

An evaded decision is usually an act of cowardice and is really a decision by default in itself. In short, not being able to reach a decision when events call for such, is a decision in itself, and it will be made elsewhere, usually to the detriment of those who cannot make up their mind.

Since I have been keenly aware of the importance of making decisions since early adulthood, I have also become an observer of how other people make decisions. I have especially become aware of how many people there are that either can't make decisions, or won't make decisions when they should, of how some people avoid making decisions as they would the plague. It is amazing how many other people some individuals can find to blame for their own mistakes and inadequacies. They will blame their wife (or wives) their mother, their father, their boss, or just bad luck, they "never got a break", or if they only had the money what they couldn't have done, much better than the fellow who does have it.

In this respect a number of trite sayings are appropriate.

One that comes to mind is "He took his failures like a man, and blamed it on his wife."

Another one I saw on the wall of a friend's office was "If your boss was any smarter, you would probably be out looking for a job." And the clincher that stumps the "If only I had the money" alibi is, "If you're so smart why aren't you rich?" NO ANSWER. For this, too, however, Shakespeare has an answer. Again (from Julius Caesar) Cassius says, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our

stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

I find these kind of people hardest of all to deal with, even more so than those who are dishonest and/or cunning. The latter, although you cannot trust them, you can at least divine their intentions, what it is they want, what their price is. You can then bargain on that basis, meet their price and they yours, or you can break off all negotiations and not deal with them at all.

Anyone who picks up a Jewish newspaper in the morning and does not see himself slandered in it has not made profitable use of the previous day; for if he had, he would be persecuted, reviled, slandered, abused, befouled.

— Adolf Hitler

Not so with the many unfortunate individuals who can't make up their minds. It is extremely hard to bargain with someone who doesn't know what they want, who can't make up their fractured mind.

They will stall you, they will procrastinate, they will leave you hanging in animated suspension, even feeling a certain childish importance that they have managed to keep someone waiting on their no-decision. Such people, I have found, prefer not to ever make up their minds, but would rather have someone push them into "their" decision, which is not theirs at all. Why do they adopt such a circuitous and disastrous course? Mainly, because making a decision carries with it RESPONSIBILITY and consciously or subconsciously they want to avoid responsibility. Let the other person take the responsibility for the decision, and should things turn out badly, let the other person take the blame.

Everybody has to make decisions. Some make them poorly, some are fairly good at it, some can make good sound decisions most of the time and make them rapidly. It is somewhat like the act of spelling.

Some people are poor at it, some are mediocre, some are good and some are excellent. Nobody is perfect, and nobody expects to be. It is rather how you rate on a scale of 1 to 10 that counts. For believe me, **success in life is largely dependent upon how quickly you can make decisions, how sound those decisions are and taking the responsibility to back up the decisions you have made.**

Decision making, like the thinking process, is a complex and little understood process. Nevertheless, everyone can do it and everyone has to do it. Like breathing, you cannot go through life without it. (This reminds me of a sign I once saw in a locksmith shop that made a claim to the contrary. It said "People can live without air for two minutes, without water for a week, without food for a month, and without brains all their life.") Be that as it may, I repeat, everyone has to make decisions and everyone can, much as some work hard at avoiding it.

Even birds and animals are constantly faced with making decisions. They, too, have a constant and wide variety of decisions to make and they make them. One basic decision many animals have to make is the one of **fight or flight**. Another is the mating decision and whom to choose as their partner. Another decision birds have to make is where to build their nest, when to start, how to build it, where to gather twigs, how to arrange them and a variety of other major and minor decisions. They have to make them, and they do make them. Usually it is timely and their judgment is excellent.

Getting back to people, whose decisions may or may not be more complex than those of the birds, the bees, and the animals, they supposedly have an advantage in having a better thinking apparatus to help them make decisions and solve their problems. Although it may be complex and not thoroughly understood, there are a number of guidelines I would like to offer that can be of tremendous help in the complex process of making decisions.

1. The first thing you have to decide **is that you are faced with a decision, that you have to decide one way or another, and that the sooner you do so the better off you are.** It is amazing how many people cop out on this first important step and will not admit even to themselves that

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they are faced with a decision even when they should know better.

2. In making a decision, **gather all the information you can** that pertains to the problem. In so doing it is not necessary to exhaust the relevant information, but merely **AN ADEQUATE AMOUNT** to make that particular decision. Too often some people will keep procrastinating in coming to a conclusion, and waste so much time waiting for more information that by the time they have "enough information", the boat has long sailed and they were left standing at the dock. If there seems to be a contradiction here, the key word is "ADEQUATE" and the trick is to have the good judgment to know when enough is enough.

3. The next step is a matter of **weighing and evaluating the information** you have. Again, this is where good judgment and common sense come into play, and "common sense", I have found, is not common at all, but a rare and precious commodity. Questions arise: How reliable is the information? When contradictory reports come in as they always do, the questions that must be answered are: Whom can you believe? What, in the light of your previous experiences, is reasonable, and what is unreal? These, too, are subsidiary decisions that have to be made and dovetailed in the major decision that you are trying to resolve.

4. Having gathered your information, having weighed and evaluated it, next **consider your options**. Perhaps the options are a simple yes or no, or there may be half a dozen options as to what you can do about a particular problem.

Consider all the options and list them in writing.

5. Having done this, next **consider the consequences** of each, both short term and long term.

6. Next comes the hard and important step: **make your choice**. Here is where most people flounder.

7. Having made your choice, then **stick with it and back it up** with vigorous and aggressive action to make that choice a success. It does no good for a young man to say, "I have made my choice. I am going to be an engineer", and then do nothing about fulfilling the long and arduous efforts necessary to carry out that decision.

In short — choose your dream — then pursue it to its logical conclusion.

Here are some further observations about decision making.

1. Making decisions **requires courage**. Avoiding such is a cop out, an act of cowardice. The key word is **RESPONSIBILITY**. A person must have the courage to take responsibility for his/her decisions.

2. Decision making also requires **a sorting out of priorities**. No one has time to make decisions about everything. Some decisions are important, some are trivial. Some are urgent and must be made in the next week, some in the next day, some in the next hour, some in a split second. Again it is **a matter of selection, a matter of propitious timing, a matter of good judgment**.

3. There are some matters that may be tremendously important, but we can do nothing about anyway. For instance, it may be terribly important that the sun rise tomorrow morning, but since I have absolutely no say in the matter, there is nothing for me to concern myself about. A good philosophy in this respect is one that is spelled out in the prayer of the Alcoholics Anonymous people. It goes like this: **"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change: the courage to change those things I can and the wisdom to know the difference."** An excellent philosophy. I subscribe to that.

The man the Jews have most reviled stands closest to us and the man they hate worst is our best friend. — Adolf Hitler

Now we come to the crux of this article as to how all the foregoing relates to **CREATIVITY**, the survival of the White Race, and the building of our racial movement.

Having stressed the importance of (a) Decision making (b) Sorting out what is important and what is trivial, let us now come to some major conclusions about some things that are of utmost importance to your own life, to your race, to your children and to future generations yet unborn.

1. The most important issue facing you today as a member of the White Race is survival of your own kind. This is a fact and no decision needs to be made about an established fact. The decision

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of the Whites in this country.

The question I want to ask is: Why is the government so determined to create a society of mixed minorities? I am referring to Whites being reduced to a polkadot society now developing by race-mixing.

The only answer I can come up with is very scary, indeed. It looks as though the power elite has already begun the process of creating a society in which the majority will not only be reduced to a certain level, but where few will do any thinking for themselves. What we are beginning to see emerging everywhere is a special blueprint for a completely authoritarian state in which the Whites will not only be **NOTHING**, but will be reduced to half-white and half-black mongrel caste.

No one in his or her right mind wants to see the White Race disappear from the planet!

Now these are but a few reasons why I am raising my voice against the selling out of the Whites at the point of a political shotgun. There are many others. For instance, among the millions of illegals, many are criminals, homosexuals, diseased, have no skills (thus are a financial burden to us) snatch our jobs, etc., etc.

The GAO (Government Accounting Office) reported that in one location alone, 250 refugees were examined in 90 minutes — about 20 seconds per patient. Do you still want to eat in a restaurant that hires illegals? It is estimated that there are 15 million illegal aliens in this country. Besides usurping your job, they require financial aid which means money from your tax dollars.

you do have to make is whether you will face this fact and do something about it. Make up your mind, yes or no.

2. If no, join the nigger "community" and crawl into a knot hole and die. I never want to hear from you again.

3. If yes, **make up your mind as to what organization** has the best creed, program and solution for the survival, expansion and advancement of the White Race. I am fully convinced that the Church of the Creator has not only the best creed, program and solution for the problem, but the only solution. However, you have to decide that for yourself. **Decide what program you want to pursue, then**

Texas has the largest immigration group in the nation. Mayor Cisneros, of San Antonio, Texas, and his crony, a Catholic Archbishop, have declared "citizenship" for immigrants to be "an open door beyond voting." He also proclaimed March 19 - 25 as "Citizenship Week." If you think that Medicare is having a hard time now, just look down the road a bit.

I remind you that these illegal aliens (black, brown or yellow) flock to our shores and endanger all of us with their leprosy, bubonic plague, typhoid and other foreign diseases. Just think of your children mixed with them in schools, and think of the uncontrolled immigration laws allowing our own destruction.

In a final moment of anger against all traitors in power — all of them are unfit for office — I say, seal the borders airtight. Let us put an end to this mass movement of political stupidity. Let us stop the flow of mud races that come here only to put the bite on the White Race for free Medicare, food stamps, education and all types of public assistance.

Forced busing was the worst thing that could have happened to our White children. For this criminal act of mixing our youth, our own government stands indicted along with exploiters (capitalists) and bankers.

Even if we give amnesty to all illegal aliens and close the border, we are still stuck with millions of rainbow trash already residing here. And with these millions in mind, just look ahead, say, to the end of the century or the year 2,000.

I am a White Man — I am angry and I'm doing something about it! How about you? (W)

do something meaningful about it.

4. If you decide The Church of the Creator is it, then drop all the other polyglot causes, and devote your full time and energy supporting our cause with donations, with distributing our literature, with soliciting new subscribers for **RACIAL LOYALTY** and many other activities. In fact, why not become an ordained Minister of the Church and form your own activist Church group. (See **RACIAL LOYALTY** No. 10 for guidelines.)

These are tremendously important issues. **Again I ask you, make your decision.** There is a tide in the affairs of men and races. Time is of the essence. (W)

BRICKBATS & BOUQUETS

Dear Pontifex —

I am writing to you to inquire about two books I would like to have: *THE WHITE MAN'S BIBLE* and *NATURE'S ETERNAL RELIGION*.

A friend lent me a copy of *THE WHITE MAN'S BIBLE*, which I enjoyed reading and agreed with everything in it. Unfortunately, the distributor no longer exists, probably due to arrest or imprisonment by the Jew establishment.

I would therefore like to buy directly from you: 8 copies of *THE WHITE MAN'S BIBLE* and 8 copies of *NATURE'S ETERNAL RELIGION*, 16 copies in all.

I would also like you to write back and tell me what the price will be, including postage, for the 16 copies I want.

Hope to hear from you soon.

M. Crisp
England

Dear Pontifex —

Your article in the January 1984 issue of *RACIAL LOYALTY*, "The Phony Fight Ruse" was a masterly elucidation of the treacherous way in which the White Man has been deluded by his deadly enemy in the recent past and current history.

In the same issue John Westphal asserts in his article "The Importance of Race" that the black is basically decent, with which statement I beg to differ seriously.

Forty years in Africa have made me come to exactly the opposite conclusion, namely that the black is basically indecent, that he has no inherent moral values and is totally incapable of civilized conduct.

Tragically, the White Man in Africa, after a presence of 300 and more years is still totally incapable of recognizing the black for what he is, namely, one of Nature's futile dead-end variations of homo erectus that unfortunately survived into the present age. The black is nothing but a dead relic of one of Nature's failures, and in my opinion, deserves nothing less than merciful (merciless) termination of existence on this planet.

The way in which the wonderful continent of Africa is desecrated by this black plague is horrifying to observe. Wherever the White Man has left, the resulting destruction and ravaging defies the imagination.

For about two hundred years the black in Africa was called, "kaffirs"

(kaffens in Afrikaans) by the Whites. This developed rightfully into a derogatory term. A very lazy, shiftless and generally useless White was described as "worse than a kaffir" (slegter as a kaffei.)

The egalitarian, Christian, communist, democratic dogma has produced such an apologetic-guilt complex amongst the Whites in South Africa that the word kaffir (kaffei) was declared illegal and severe legal action is taken against anybody calling a Congoid a kaffir.

The White (Jew controlled) government decreed that blacks should be called, "natives" ("Naturel" in Afrikaans). The Afrikaans quickly changed the "naturel" into natuur-hel (nature's hell) which was also declared undesirable by the authorities.

Once again the setup was changed and blacks were to be called "Bantu" (Bantoe in Afrikaans). Now in Afrikaans a very dull stupid and retarded person is commonly referred to as being "toe" (closed), and if one is exceedingly stupid he is "bot-toe". This naturally led to the degrees of comparison of the word "toe" (closed) developing into toe, bot-toe, and Bantoe, the last being the ultimate in stupidity.

This became an embarrassment for the loving Christian-democratic authorities and once again the word Bantu was scrapped, and eventually blacks were called "Blacks" officially. In Afrikaans they are called "swart persoon" (Black person), the "persoon" being nothing but an apologetic appendix. The word "swart" (black) used as an adjective in Afrikaans (as in English) is associated with something real bad as in "swart toedom" (dark feature) so that "swart persoon" actually means "bad person".

So far, the blacks are tolerantly happy with their new designation, but heaven knows what they are going to be called once "black person" falls into disrepute.

The rabbit-like breeding of blacks and mulattoes (collectively muds) in South Africa, which is the highest in the world at present recently produced cautious concern amongst the authorities. The Whites in South Africa have already reached the zero growth rate figure, resulting in no natural increase in White numbers.

This unchecked multiplication of muds had become a serious embarrassment for the authorities as any

suggestion of restraint in reproduction can be regarded as an "insult".

The worst thing you can do in South Africa is to "insult" a black by suggesting he should start limiting the exponential increase in his numbers.

The egalitarian dogma occupying the minds of the egalitarian solution, namely, the development of all races must be increased in order to narrow the gap between the superior White and the inferior muds. This of course is self-contradictory, for if all races are developed equally including the Whites the gap between White and mud will remain static or possibly increase. (ten to one)

The lunacy the egalitarian dogma accepts a priori that everybody with a plus-minus sapien appearance has exactly the same susceptibility for training, contradictory to the fact that members of the same family do not conform with this doctrine.

The situation for the White Man in South Africa has become desperate. The Christian churches have launched a massive campaign to remove all barriers preventing race-mixing. With most Whites still hooked on the spook-swindle, the natural resistance against race-mixing is eroding fast. "Racism" has now been declared a "sin" by virtually all churches. The most respectable thing a gullible spook worshipper can do these days is to attend an inter-racial prayer meeting.

Already mulattoes and Asians (slops) have been admitted to parliament and moves are on the way for admitting the black savages, which will seal the end of the Whites as happened in the rest of Africa.

The only hope we've got is that CREATIVITY will sweep through America and bring the Whites there to their senses pronto, say within 10 to 15 years. If not, five million Whites will be miserably and irretrievably submerged into the odious mudpool of Africa.

Creative regards,

J. S. Smith
Africa

P.S. The only decent Black is six foot under.

Dear Pontifex —

I recently had the pleasure of reading the article, "The War With Mexico, 1846-48, an Unfinished War", in *WHITE AMERICAN RESISTANCE*, published by the White American Political Association. As a Texan who grew up with the stories of the Texas revolution, I found your White racist ap-

proach to the history of those events to be both informative and thought-provoking. It happens that shortly before reading your article, I read "THE ALAMO" by John Myers, written in 1948, before Minority fawning was the primary requirement for books of history. I imagine that you are familiar with that book; if not, I recommend it highly. It is published in paperback by the University of Nebraska Press at Lincoln. I'm afraid that I must point out one small but — to a Texan — irritating error in your text. The correct date of the fall of the Alamo is March 6, not March 13, 1836. (Ed. Note — In fairness to us we state "the Alamo fell on the 13th day after the arrival of Santa Ana", not on March 13.)

I found your comments contrasting the "Western" style to that of the Nazis quite interesting. I was once a member of a White racist organization which I much admired (and still do) yet, I found it necessary to drop my membership for the primary reason, I believe, that the overall "spirit" of the group tended to be a little "Nazi", while mine was definitely "Western". Like you, I admire some of the qualities of our Teutonic cousins, yet my way is definitely different. I can't help but think that White racist groups that pattern themselves after the Nazis will find the going tough with Americans.

I would like to receive any information about your organization that you would care to send me.

White Power!

Sincerely,

Gary Davis
New Jersey

The BABs are at it Again.*

Dear "Rev. Williams":

I am sorry I cannot join your church because the P. M. has excluded me. (Ed.'s Note: Really? You never applied.) Yes, I must confess being a B. A. (born again) Christian and place my racial loyalty second to my faith in Jesus Christ.

Ben (not so gentle) Klassen has accomplished what most persons would not dare think of, and what Satan has failed to do in all these centuries. He has dethroned God (Ed.'s Note: You have to admit, B. A., that's not all bad. CREATIVITY has also demolished Ole Satan, and thereby ended the eternal stupid dogfight out there in the murky never-never land. Now the White Man can wipe these cobwebs from his brain and get back to such serious business as saving his race.) and placed himself in His place. He

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THE SIXTEEN COMMANDMENTS OF CREATIVITY

would make the greatest evangelist since the Apostle Paul, but why be a mere messenger when you can be the top banana? (Ed.'s Note: *Who me? Shucks, you got the wrong man, fellah. Why, I'm just a poor immigrant boy, raised on a farm in Saskatchewan. Why, I don't even like spooks, much less want to be one, and besides, I don't know any magic tricks like your favorite circumcised Jew-boy claims he does. I just want to do my bit for the White Race.*)

I really wish I could go into all Klassen's divine attributes but I am afraid neither you nor he would bother to read it. Having assured us that there is no God other than himself, I cannot understand why he bothers with problems on this planet when he could create another one so easily and populate it with Whites only. This has been my prayer, but you see, I never knew to whom I should pray before.

One thing that bothers me is the need for a sacrificial lamb. (Ed.'s Note: *Why the urgent need? I thought this type of savagery went out with the Stone Age.*) Will honest Ben volunteer himself to hang for six hours mortally wounded on a cross while the earth becomes dark at midday, or will he send his own son for that task so that he can bear the pangs of parental grief along with keeping the universe moving at the same time? (Ed.'s Note: *Fortunately, I don't have a son who would be so stupid as to have himself voluntarily hanged, especially since it did absolutely no good. According to the silly "guidelines" laid down in the hokey (Jewish) book, after 2,000 years of "salvation", more people today are going to "hell" than ever. Besides, the Old Man didn't volunteer himself either, but sent his circumcised Jewish "son" to do the bleeding, if you want to believe such malarkey.*)

I feel disadvantaged at being unable to participate in this most holy enterprise since it is so well designed for this time and place. No need to struggle for centuries with hardships, poverty and ignorance. We have everything we could hope for and just to think we created it all ourselves! We could even quote the Bible where it says, "The fool has said in his heart there is no God". Didn't the fool know that Ben Klassen was coming some day? (Ed.'s Note: *It takes a fool to know one.*)

Just to show how naive I am you will find enclosed a specimen of the sort of thing you were willing to save me from. How could I imagine that something like this once took

the fear of death from me and gave me a hope for time and eternity? Oh, no, I almost forgot that we White folk cannot walk and chew gum at the same time. If we believe in Christianity, we must accept mongrelization also. If we wish to preserve our race, we must deny all the lessons of history and divine revelation. If we hate the Jews, we must abolish God and establish ourselves as the Creators. Isn't it ironic that we are vaunting ourselves against the true creator as revealed in John's gospel chapter one? Verse 3 says, "All things were made by him and without him was not anything made that was made". Verse 10 says, "He was in the world and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." The Christian church was born out of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. What equivalent suffering has Klassen gone through to make himself the founder of a church?

I admire the straightforward way in which your P. M. dismisses other racist organizations. I mistook these groups for real White patriots. Now I find that only "The Church of the Creator" is worthy to defend me against the insurgent blacks, just like Hitler defended me against the Jews. As David found Saul's armor too heavy for him, I find this whole idea too heavy (the modern slang is "gross"). I tremble for your sake.

Carl Gordon
Florida

F. (Ed.'s Note: *There you have it, folks. I've said it time and time again, when it comes to a showdown, these born again Christians will opt for their imaginary spookies and fly off into orbit on their imaginary "rapture" and to hell with the White Race.*)

By the way, speaking of "born again", I've always been somewhat confused as to how they did it, and no preacher has ever explained to me through what portals they entered the world on the second go around. Could it be they used the back door?

Now let me make a suggestion to these "born again" Christians, if I may. If you want to opt out of and escape from the real world, why play games with imaginary spooks?

Why not do a good, first class job instead? Get yourself a den, a pot of opium and a water pipe, and smoke, smoke, smoke. You'll be able to fantasize, play imaginary games and be up on cloud nine a lot faster than playing with spooks.

You can embellish it a bit by also getting some tin soldiers to play

1. It is the avowed duty and holy responsibility of each generation to assure and secure for all time the existence of the White Race upon the face of this planet.

2. Be fruitful and multiply. Do your part in helping to populate the world with your own kind. It is our sacred goal to populate the lands of this earth with White people exclusively.

3. Remember that the inferior colored races are our deadly enemies, and the most dangerous of all is the Jewish race. It is our immediate objective to relentlessly expand the White Race, and keep shrinking our enemies.

4. The guiding principle of all your actions shall be: What is best for the White Race?

5. You shall keep your race pure. Pollution of the White Race is a heinous crime against Nature and against your own race.

6. Your first loyalty belongs to the White Race.

7. Show preferential treatment in business dealings with members of your own race. Phase out all dealings with Jews as soon as possible. Do not employ niggers or other coloreds. Have social contacts only with members of your own racial family.

8. Destroy and banish all Jewish thought and influence from society. Work hard to bring about a White world as soon as possible.

9. Work and creativity are our genius. We regard work as a noble pursuit and our willingness to work a blessing to our race.

10. Decide in early youth that during your lifetime you will make at least one major lasting contribution to the White Race.

11. Uphold the honor of your race at all times.

12. It is our duty and our privilege to further Nature's plan by striving towards the advancement and improvement of our future generations.

13. You shall honor, protect and venerate the sanctity of the family unit, and hold it sacred. It is the present link in the long, golden chain of our White Race.

14. Throughout your life you shall faithfully uphold our pivotal creed of Blood, Soil and Honor. Practice it diligently, for it is the heart of our faith.

15. As a proud member of the White Race, think and act positively. Be courageous, confident and aggressive. Utilize constructively your creative ability.

16. We, the Racial Comrades of the White Race, are determined to regain complete and unconditional control of our own destiny.

with, or kewpie dolls, or even a Cabbage Patch doll. They say they're much more fun than spooks to play with. The disadvantage with spooks is you can't see 'em, you can't hear 'em, you can't smell 'em, and worst of all, you can't get your hands on them. I've never tried it, but they say the opium den route is more fun and works much better.

Seriously, we have just heard from a typical "born again" Christian, and let me tell you, they are vicious. In trying to save the White Race we get a hundred times more

flak from them than we do from all the Jews and niggers put together. They say "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned", but wait 'til you run into one of these "born again" boobies and expose their spookie nonsense to the light of day. However, there is hope. Reconstructed and brought back to reality, underneath that temporarily spook disoriented brain there might be a real good White Creator. It has happened many a time before.)

*born again boobies.

A Report From Today's Egypt

Ben Klassen, P. M.

It all started to gel when my wife and I attended a **Symposium for Unconventional Power** in Atlanta, Georgia, last September. A professor from the University of Florida who specialized in agricultural sciences announced he was organizing a tour group to Egypt next January. Since we had been talking about "someday" we would visit that ancient wonderland, we decided — why not this winter? We told the professor we were interested in joining his group and would he please send us his literature.

By the time we received his literature six weeks later, we had already decided (a) we would go anyway, (b) his trip was too agriculturally oriented and (c) we would do better with a professional travel company. We got new passports, visas to Egypt and signed up on a 11 day tour with the Hemphill-Harris travel agency. The starting date was February 11.

We flew out of Atlanta at 5:20 P.M. on K L M Airlines to Amsterdam. After a short layover at **Amsterdam** and a 30 minute stop at **Athens** we arrived at the **Cairo airport** at 7:30 P.M. the next day.

Arrangements had been made that our tour guide whose name was Tom, was to meet us at the airport, but when we arrived that night at a very foreign airport, no Hemphill-Harris tour guide was to be seen anywhere, and we soon learned some of the down-to-earth realities of the Egyptian existence.

The airport was shabby, dirty and overcrowded with people. It was pandemonium on the loose. By the time we got through immigration and customs and started looking for the guide that wasn't there it was getting on into the night, and here we were stranded in a foreign airport where only the most basic of English was spoken by anybody.

I tried to phone the **Ramses Hilton hotel**, but no public booths were available. A crowd of helpers were on hand at every turn, looking for a tip (called **baksheesh**) for anything. A pleasant young fellow finally found a telephone at some

business window that we could call from for a little **baksheesh**. After a dozen attempts and half an hour later, we got through to the receptionist at the hotel desk, who informed us, yes, we had a reservation, and where were we? I tried to get in contact with the Hemphill-Harris tour guide, Tom, but to no avail. Communications were so bad I decided we would do better to just take a taxi on our own and get to the hotel.

After several more helpers and more **baksheesh** we got loaded into a taxi and were off. Now that we understood how the telephone system worked (?) we were in for another experience. When I say we were off, I mean we were off like a bat out of hell trying to race against the international date line. Leaning heavily on the horn, as did everyone else, this fellow simply defied all the laws of probability and wove in and out of traffic like a professional hockey player. Somehow we got to the hotel unscathed. How, I'll never know.

After settling in our room I accosted the tour guide at the hotel, who by now was in his P.J.'s and ready to retire for the night. When I asked Tom why he had left us stranded at the airport, he innocently replied that he had no information about our time of arrival and that he understood we were arriving on our own. When I showed him the printed slip with his name on it saying that he would meet us upon arrival, he further feigned surprise. Whether it was real or a cop-out I have never found out. Anyway, we were there, we had a plush room at one of Cairo's finest, the Ramses Hilton, and were ready to retire, not argue.

Whereas in the article "Lessons from Egypt" I have set down many observations and conclusions from a religious and historical point of view, in this "travelogue" I want to describe more of the modern Egypt and what we actually saw of the ancient ruins, a most impressive experience.

Despite the grueling start at the airport, the rest of the trip was a most delightful and exciting adventure. Next morning, after having a sumptuous breakfast served in our room, we were off and running with the rest of the tour group. The group proved to be relatively small (about 18) as tour groups go, all seasoned travellers, and one of the most cordial and congenial groups we had ever had the pleasure of travelling with. We were on our way to **Sakkara** to see Egypt's oldest pyramid, the **Step Pyramid of King Zoser**. This trip, about 20 miles out of Cairo, took us out past the colossal statue of Ramses II, where I learned about "cartouches" and also about Ramses II's colossal ego, as described in the article last month. It was also my first impression of the countryside and the primitive existence of the native Egyptians.

Cairo is one of the world's largest cities, having a burgeoning **population of twelve million, crowded into facilities that were meant to accommodate no more than three million**. Everything is cramped, crowded, ramshackle and inadequate. The traffic is disorganized and jammed, the horn being the principal guiding light, if any. The streets are narrow and jammed with people. The water system is not potable, and you are cautioned to drink only bottled drinks. The electricity goes off often. The telephone system is

The Ultimate Horror is the Mongrelization of the White Race. Let Egypt be an Example to Us.

barely hanging together, as we found out when we arrived at the airport.

However, the people are congenial and easy going, never in a hurry. They are not hostile to Americans, although they may have more cause to be so than many others that are. Whereas the Mexicans, a similar drowsy race, have their "mañana", the Egyptians top that with their own word, "**maleesh**", which roughly means — "it's alright, don't worry about it." In fact, the only two Egyptian words I learned were "**baksheesh**" — everybody had their hand out —

and "**maleesh**", already described.

Nevertheless, Cairo is an extremely interesting city, having a wide mixture of several cultures of which three predominate, the **Ancient Egyptian** with their pyramids and all, the **thousand year Moslem culture** with their beautiful mosques and minarets, and the **modern "Western"** influence of skyscraper hotels, built of course by the **White Man**, mostly with American money.

But to get back to the countryside, on our way to Sakkara. Once out of the city itself, a traveller is impressed with the profuse green fields, irrigated by the waters of the Nile. It can truly be said that the **Nile is Egypt and without the Nile Egypt would be nothing**. The Nile has also been called the longest oasis in the world, and an oasis it is. This oasis, varying in width from approximately a mile to ten miles, has very clear lines of demarcation. Once outside of the irrigated waters of the Nile, the land is as bleak and barren as any desert in the world — nothing but miles of sand and rocks without a blade of grass in sight.

As we rolled along in the bus on a narrow two lane road to Sakkara, we could see the native houses of the **fellaheen**, visible on both sides of the road. They are built of mud bricks, palm fronds and other crude materials. They are extremely primitive and must be hotter than an oven in the summertime when temperatures run at 110° and more.

Also visible along the road were many goats, donkeys, camels and water buffalo. It was the water buffalo which were the main beasts of burden often pulling a primitive plow.

Once we got to Sakkara, I viewed the landscape. It was located outside of the green oasis and was as bleak and desert-strewn as any barren landscape on earth. But the Step Pyramid was huge, and it was impressive, being the oldest large pyramid ever built. Also, extremely impressive were the ruins of the walls of a huge temple that had existed there in ancient times. It is hard to conceive the millions of hours of hand labor that must have gone into the building of such a huge enclosure that took in several acres, and which temple now is merely a dim outline of its former glory.

Sakkara, the city of the dead, was supposed to be the home of the god Sakr (hawk). He was the god of the necropolis in the nether-

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world. This necropolis contains more than 14 pyramids of which the Step Pyramid is by far the largest, and was thought by some to represent a staircase to heaven. **This is probably where the Jews got their idea of a Jacob's ladder. Remember the Egyptians had it first!**

It was here at the Step Pyramid which dates back 5,000 years that we went down into our first underground tomb. The tomb, believed to be that of **Sekhemkhet**, is not in the pyramid itself, but entered through funeral chambers from the ruins of the nearby temple. It is here that we climbed down slanting board walks, stooped down through long, low passageways and were introduced to the multifarious and colorful hieroglyphics that decorated every square foot of the chamber walls. It does give one an eerie feeling to stand in a funeral chamber of a pharaoh who died 5,000 years ago.

Getting back into the sunlight again onto the huge grounds of the now ruined temple, we saw two cute native children riding up from the desert. Each on a donkey, the boy and the girl wore bright red, white and blue robes. Their timing was such as to have their picture taken by the tour group, and for baksheesh, of course. We were happy to oblige them.

Looking around, there were archaeological diggings going on everywhere. Further out, the landscape looked more like a moonscape, dry, barren and endless sand. Every so often, the ruins of another, but much smaller pyramid would poke its head above the barren sand. Using my imagination I could only speculate as to the life and activity that ensued here so many thousands of years ago.

Having viewed the oldest phase of Egyptian Memphis history first, we drove back to Gizeh, about 15 miles distance, to now view the largest and most famous of all the pyramids. On our way we stopped at **The Carvery Restaurant**, just off Pyramids Road. Here we had our first sampling of Egyptian cuisine, European style. It was a sumptuous buffet lunch, with a wide variety of meats, fruits, salads, cheeses and desserts to choose from. Not recommended for anyone on a diet.

Then on to **Cheops and the Great Pyramids**, one of the most famous places in the world. (At the Sound and Light show that even-

ing they claimed it was THE most famous.) The impression the pyramids made on me was not disappointing. It lived up to my every expectation. Cheops, the largest of the three, is indeed massive. Its original height was 481 feet and the base covers 13 acres. There are several long empty corridors inside the pyramid. Going down these corridors to the tomb chamber was one of the options of the tour. After talking to someone who had done so, and said he would not do it again for a million dollars, and after climbing up and down the low corridors on board walks at the Step Pyramid, I declined. Instead, I decided to walk around the perimeter of the pyramid by myself, a venture that took longer than expected, and kept an impatient tour group and bus driver waiting for my return.

The bus next took us to the world famous **Sphinx** only a few minutes away. Here, too, were not only crowds of people but again donkeys and camels. The owners of the camels were extremely persuasive hucksters, fervently imploring the naive and astonished tourists to take a camel ride, or at least have your picture taken astride the back of a camel. I was persuaded. After all, what is a trip to Egypt without having a picture of yourself sitting on the back of a camel? I gave the driver an Egyptian pound and he helped me climb on the back of a reclining camel. With a little prodding from the owner, the beast snorted and bellowed loudly and rose to its full height. My wife then took a picture as the beast and I posed, with the pyramids as a backdrop.

On our way to the hotel, we stopped at a **papyrus shop and gallery** and were instructed in the ancient and fascinating art of making papyrus from the Egyptian reed, an art as old as the pyramids themselves. On display was a large selection of colorful paintings of the Egyptian mystics on papyrus.

Our guide, Tom, explained that there were only very few things in Egypt that were worth purchasing, and he could recommend only three. **They were papyrus paintings, Egyptian hand woven wool rugs with intricate native designs, and gold or silver carouches.** We had already bought a wool rug on our way back from Sakkara in the forenoon, so we now added three colorful papyrus paintings, with hieroglyphics and all, to our collection. Then off through the crowded streets of Cairo to dinner at the Ramses Hilton after a very busy day.

But the day wasn't over yet. Tom, our guide, asked the group how many of us wanted to attend **the Sound and Light program at the Pyramids** that evening, since this, too, was part of our paid tour. Out of our group of 18 only my wife and I volunteered. Six of the group had arrived here in Egypt the day before from a Safari Tour in Nairobi, which Tom had also headed. The other ten were too tired. We were tired also, but we decided we wouldn't miss this show for the world. We skipped dinner and only had half an hour to change into warmer clothes.

The Ancient Egyptians, too once possessed the Divine Seed in their Race, but they allowed it to be bastardized into Mud. Let this be a stern warning and a hard object lesson to what is still left of the White Race on this Planet Earth.

Since we were the only two of our group to go, we had a private limousine provided, with not only a chauffeur, but also a ticket agent that went along, bought our tickets, showed us where to go and waited outside until the show was over to guide us back to the limousine.

We were extremely glad we made the effort. We had seen the Sound and Light show eleven years earlier at the Acropolis in Athens, and we had seen the Sound and Light show floating down a cruise boat on the Colorado River at Moab, Utah, illuminating the cliffs. but this show at the Pyramids was by far the most awe-inspiring.

Through the Sound system the narrator started the show with a solemn and majestic "You have come tonight to the most fabulous and celebrated place in the world. Here on the plateau of Gizeh, stands forever the mightiest of human achievements." Impressive? We were impressed.

The lights then flashed on each of the three pyramids in turn, then on all of them. Then different voices, — the Sphinx, priests, pharaohs, etc. — spoke up from different locations in sonorous,

cultivated voices as if speaking from their tombs. The whole show was well scripted and well orchestrated, narrated by well known actors.

A booklet describing the production claimed that the study in putting this program together lasted six months, and carrying out the project took a year. It took more than 18 miles of wiring and cables to connect all the sound systems and lighting arrangements scattered over a considerable area. We took with us a set of LP recordings of the whole program so we could again listen to it back home.

The program is in English 5 nights, and in French two nights a week.

Tuesday, February 14. Next morning we were out of the hotel by 7:00 A.M. and off to the airport to fly south to Aswan, 534 miles upstream from Cairo. It was to be a long hectic morning, that lasted through most of the day, in fact.

This same airport which we had left late at night only 36 hours earlier in a cloud of dust and henfeathers, was still the same mass of confusion as upon our arrival. Whereas we had arrived on (the Dutch) K L M before, we were now taking an Egyptian airline to Aswan, and one peculiarity about Egyptian airlines is that you don't get seating assignments. It's every man for himself and the competition is fierce. Not only are you not sure of your seat, but you can't even depend on getting on a given plane.

It is something like standby, in competition with a herd of buffalo.

The procedure was something like this: There was a plane leaving for Aswan about every 20 minutes. Our group, with our fearless leader Tom in charge, was squeezed into a large waiting room into the midst of a large crowd that was funnelling its way into the next waiting room with a guard allowing a certain number of people through the portals to another waiting room. After much push and shove our group finally arrived at the door of the next waiting room where we were fortunate enough to see the planes from Aswan coming and going through a door that we would eventually pass through. After about an hour of push and shove in the second waiting room we all finally made it through the last bottle neck and dashed across the field to our plane. Off to Aswan.

We arrived a little over an hour later.

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REPORT FROM EGYPT

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Aswan, as you know, is famous for the mighty High Dam which the Russians built and completed in 1965. The town of Aswan itself sits 7 miles downstream from the High Dam. Before the building of the High Dam, Aswan had a population of 50,000. Today its population has swollen to 500,000 and by the looks of the average fellaheen, the 500,000 individually are as poor and destitute as were the 50,000 twenty years ago. There is no accommodating a geometric population growth. The more the resources that are poured into the mud races, the faster the population explosion, but economically they always sink down to their original subsistence level.

It was here at Aswan that I first noticed that whereas the native population of Cairo was a dark mud color, here in southern Egypt they were black as the ace of spades. They are identified as Nubians, having the kinky hair of a genuine nigger.

Be that as it may, as we drove from the airport to our hotel, we crossed over the Nile on the Lower Dam, a dam the British had built back in 1910 or thereabouts, an item that was news to me. This lower dam sits about four miles downstream from the High Dam and about 3 miles upstream from the town of Aswan itself.

When our bus arrived at Aswan we disembarked on the east shore of the Nile and immediately transferred ourselves and our belongings onto a motor ferry. This took us to Elephantine Island which sits in the Middle of the Nile and on the tip of which our hotel, **the Aswan Oberoi**, is located.

Here we encountered a bizzare situation. This lovely old hotel, the finest in Aswan, did not have our rooms ready. With all the baggage of our party of 18 stacked in the bar we explored the lovely grounds of the hotel for about an hour and a half, then leaving our baggage behind, we again embarked on a tender, back to shore, back on the bus and back to the Aswan airport to **fly to Abu Simbel** 168 miles to the south.

I said earlier that it was a hectic morning, what with the embarkation at the Cairo airport. Well, things got rougher and more drastic at our next embarkation into the air. Whereas the airport at Aswan was much smaller, of

course, it made no concessions to Cairo whatsoever when it came to crowding, waiting and confusion. Our fearless leader advised us that this might be as good a place as any to eat our box lunches which we had brought with us from the hotel. This was no easy accomplishment, what with the smell, the crowding and the pandemonium. Some of us ate most of our lunch, and some of us did not. Some of us gave most of it to the native fellaheen who were scrounging for leftovers in an over-filled garbage can in the waiting room.

Remember, there is no substitute for victory and there is no substitute for the White Race!

Anyway, after much of the same push and shove procedure we had encountered in Cairo, only more of it, after about 2 hours (at least) we were finally up in the air and off to Abu Simbel where sits one of the wonders of the world, **THE TEMPLE OF ABU SIMBEL**.

There is a slogan in travelling that says something to the effect that getting there is half the fun. Well, this was hardly the case this Tuesday of February 14th. But when we got to Abu Simbel it was well worth it. This Temple, which was built by that powerful ego Ramses II for the glorification of Ramses II, was something to behold. Carved into solid sandstone on the west bank of the Nile some 3,300 years ago, it was and still is, a marvel to behold. I have more fully described its face and interior in last month's essay and will therefore not repeat it.

What I did not mention is that nearby the Great Temple stands **the TEMPLE OF HATHOR**, also carved out of solid rock. This temple was also built by Ramses II for his wife Nefertari and dedicated to the goddess Hathor. Outside the temple on the face of the cliff are six large statues, four of the omniscient Ramses II and two of his wife, as well as smaller ones of their children. Inside, the Hypostyle Hall has a roof supported by six pillars topped with the head and face of the goddess Hathor.

Egypt can lay claim to roughly three major architectural and

engineering marvels in three different eras of history. The first broad grouping is that of Ancient Egypt and the building of the pyramids, temples and other architectural wonders. This spans a period of several thousand years. The second marvel was the building of the Suez Canal by deLesseps in the 1880's. The third, though of lesser accomplishment, was the High Dam at Aswan built by the Russians in the 1960's, and has been highly trumpeted throughout the world.

However, I would like to add a fourth marvel that we witnessed at Abu Simbel that was a direct consequence of building the High Dam. That engineering marvel is the slicing of the Abu Simbel Temples, both the Ramses and the Hathor Temple, piece by piece and moving it to the top of the cliff, and re-assembling it in a condition that would almost defy detection from its original condition. We also got a good look at how this was done by American engineers and to the tune of American (taxpayer) money, 75 million dollars worth.

A huge concrete half dome was built at the top of the cliff into which the two temples were then moved, piece by numbered piece. The face of the dome was then reconstructed to resemble the natural face of the cliff, except where the faces of the two temples were exposed. The roof of the dome was then also covered with desert rocks and sand, blending it in perfectly with the rest of the rocky cliffs. Unless you walked into the dome through an obscure door to view the interior's full size, its scaffolding and its machinery, you would never suspect that both temples had not stood on that same ground for the last 3,300 years.

We had ideal weather to view the temple and also the landscape as we flew back to Aswan, 168 miles to the north. We got a fine view of Lake Nasser, (backed up by the High Dam) and the bleak barren desert that surrounded it on all sides. Nothing but rocks and sand with ridges of low mountains interlacing the landscape.

Back at Aswan into the bus, across the Low Dam, into the tender, back to the Aswan Oberoi Hotel on Elephantine Island. Our rooms were now ready. After a sumptuous dinner we were now also ready for our rooms after a long, hectic, interesting and tiring day.

Wednesday, February 15th. Our stay at the Oberoi was short — only one night. First thing Wednesday morning we transferred ourselves and our gear to one of the

Sheraton cruise boats, which was to be our hotel for the next five days. Sheraton had several such specially designed behemoths to cruise the Nile, and ours was called **the ATON**, named after the monotheistic Pharaoh Ikhnaton's one and only sun god. Having settled in, we were on the go again right after lunch. Our guide had chartered a felucca for the afternoon, navigated by a native fellaheen. A felucca is an ancient Egyptian sailboat with a gaff-headed sail, and they have been sailing the Nile without a change in design for thousands of years.

After a hectic trip to Abu Simbel the day before, this proved to be a most enjoyable and relaxing afternoon. We went to **Kitchener's Island** and saw the beautiful gardens there that were a legacy of the British stamp on Egypt, which by the way, is considerable. We then embarked the felucca again and sailed to the opposite shore of the Nile to visit **the Mausoleum of the Agha Khan**. It is a beautiful Mausoleum, built by his wife and his son, sitting on a high hill overlooking the Nile. The dozens and dozens of feluccas looked like lovely white seagulls on the deep blue water below. In order to help make the climb up the hill to the Mausoleum there were a number of those persuasive camel drivers again to meet us and greet us. My wife and I rented a camel and climbed aboard. Away we went up the steep hill with the driver leading the snorting and bellowing beast, with us hanging on to a precarious saddle that threatened to slip forward had we not been going up hill.

After seeing the mausoleum we opted to walk back down the hill.

Back into the felucca, and with lovely calm weather we drifted easily to the dock of **the Old Cataract Hotel** (circa 1880's). We had tea and crumpets on the large veranda of this stately old hotel, which sits on a high hill overlooking the Nile. We had a commanding view of the cataracts, which are studded with tremendous smooth black boulders. After another delightful ride on the felucca we were back on the ATON.

We had dinner with a cocktail party that night. For entertainment we were favored with a program that featured an Egyptian belly dancer and four piece band that had its electric amplifier turned up very, very loud.

Thursday, February 16th. Still at Aswan in the morning, we took a

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REPORT FROM EGYPT

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tour to the **Aswan High Dam** about 7 miles upstream. After seeing Hoover Dam, and some of the other gigantic concrete dams in the United States, the Russian built dam was a huge disappointment. It was a broad, long, ragged earth fill, 364 feet high and two miles long at the top. It created 300 mile long Lake Nasser, backing up to where it expands past the Egyptian border into the Sudan. Its waters have expanded Egypt's cultivation by a third — an additional two million acres.

More impressive than the dam itself was the huge modernistic concrete monument the Russians built to commemorate the completion of the dam.

On the way back we stopped at a riverside dock and took a tender to an island located between the old and the new dam, on which stands the magnificent **Temple of Philae**. The oldest part dates back only to the 4th century B. C. and the remainder was built during the Ptolemaic and Roman periods. It was magnificent and it was huge, and strangely enough, it too had been dismantled piece by piece from below the present water line and re-assembled to its present site on the small rocky island of Philae. This was done through the efforts and generosity of the Germans.

Before getting back to our cruise ship for lunch, we stopped at the **granite quarries** where we viewed (and walked on) a huge obelisk still in situ. It was 125 feet long and estimated to weigh 1,170 tons. It had been cut and shaped lying on its side with the bottom side still firmly anchored in its granite bed.

After lunch we set sail in the ATON to cruise down the Nile to **Kom Ombo**, where we stopped to view the temple of the same name. This temple, situated on a hill overlooking the Nile at a point where the river makes a bend is dedicated to the gods Harwar, a hawk-headed god, and Sobek, represented with the head of a crocodile. It seems that any idiotic caricature would serve as a god as well as any other in the minds of the gullible and superstitious ancients. The fine reliefs throughout the temple were most impressive.

We were there only 30 minutes, then back to the ATON, and continued cruising on down the Nile. This cruising down the Nile was a relaxing and most welcome relief from the hectic pace we had been

through. Not only relaxing, but most enjoyable. We sailed on well into the night and tied up at EDFU.

Friday, February 17th. In the morning we went ashore and boarded fancy horse drawn carriages, four people to a buggy. We drove a mile or so through the relatively large town of **Edfu** to the **Temple of Horus**.

As we drove through the streets, there were donkeys, dogs, water buffalos, camels, children and grownups in large numbers. Small stores, or more like bazaar type booths, lined the streets. Vendors were all over the place. Children ran alongside our carriages, but they were well behaved. Whereas in Haiti or Mexico in a similar situation a tourist is usually besieged with beggars, especially little children, this was not the case here. In fact, the few that did ask for a handout were quickly admonished by either their mothers or other children not to do so.

Arriving at the Temple of Horus we were presented with another huge and impressive temple begun 237 B.C. by Ptolomaeus III. The front facade is massive and stands 117 feet high. At the entrance stands a sacred falcon colossus, carved out of granite.

Back to the ATON and on to Esna which is located only 30 miles south of Luxor. Here we disembarked again and went ashore.

It is fitting here to note how our cruise ship was specially designed for these Nile cruises. Some of these landing places have only the faintest semblance of a dock, others have none. So how does a large 4 deck cruiser accommodate 84 passengers manage to dock at such places as Esna where there is nothing but a sloping, rock studded embankment to dock at? Well, they thought of that item, too. The ship can push itself sideways by having water jets emitted below the water line, fore and aft. It also has large wooden booms, like a telephone pole, it can push out sideways, also fore and aft. As it sidles up alongside the bank, these booms are protruding on its side, sticking into the embankment and protecting the ship itself. The lines are then tied to convenient cleats on shore and there she sits. A wide gangplank is then lowered connecting the ship to the shore and the passengers are all set to disembark or board.

Another neat little feature about these ships is that the sides are flat and parallel and the ship is just the right width to fit through the several locks that impede its

passage between Aswan and Cairo.

We disembarked at **Esna** and walked to the **Temple of Khnum (the ram god)**. As I said before, any caricature will do for a god. Anyway, the temple was lovely and massive. It represented the Ptolemaic period of Egyptian history, although part of it was constructed much earlier by Thutmose III (1,500 B.C.).

The interesting feature about this temple is that it lies about 28 feet below the present level of the town.

It sits in an excavated bowl and its foundation represents the level of the land at the time it was built. Archaeologists say there is much more to this complex, but since it is covered by 28 feet of top soil, and the town is built on it, no more excavations are contemplated.

We sailed on and arrived at the great city of **Luxor** that night. This city, which contains the most magnificent and greatest collection of all ancient Egyptian ruins, was the site of the ancient city of Thebes, the capital of Egypt at the height of its glory during the Middle and New Kingdoms.

Since we arrived at Luxor in the early evening, my wife and I took a walk down the street along the river bank to see a certain hotel. We had read much about a grand hotel built in Luxor during the 1880's that had been the haunt of royalty and the elite, namely the **Winter Palace Hotel**. Seeing it now, a hundred years after its founding, it was still charming and stately, but definitely did not live up to its billings.

Saturday, February 18th. The weather was clear and beautiful. We got an early start and crossed the Nile in a crude motor launch to the west bank. A bus then took us to the **Valley of the Kings**, where we saw the **tomb of Ramses VI, to the tomb of Tutankhamun and the tomb of Haremheb** (19th Dynasty, 14th century B.C.).

Since I have already described these tombs and all the loot once buried there, in last month's article about "Lessons from Egypt", I will not repeat it here. All I can reiterate is — what a shameful waste!

That same morning we also visited the beautiful **Temple of Queen Hatshepsut**, which I have also described in last month's essay. On our way back we stopped to take pictures of the two **Colossi of Memnon**, huge statues of solid stone.

By the time we arrived back for lunch at the ATON, it was the middle of the afternoon, during which we were able to take a well deserved rest.

That night we were to enjoy another **Sound and Light program, this time at Karnak**. It was considerably different from the one Monday night at the pyramids. Whereas at the pyramids we sat in our chairs and stayed put during the whole program, at Karnak we assembled as a huge standing mob at the entrance in front of the **Avenue of the Ram-headed Sphinx** (they are reclining and lined up on each side, a total of 40. Originally when this avenue extended all the way to Luxor Temple there were a total of 124 of these magnificent statues.) The sound system then begins the show by giving us a dramatic script of the sacred solemnity of the place and occasion, then tells us to move on to the next area in this huge temple complex.

As we moved in the darkness from one area to another to the accompaniment of dialogue and music, after about half an hour we reached an elevated grandstand. This was temporarily semi-lighted until the people were seated, then the show went on. The grandstand provided an overall view of the layout of the whole complex, including the Sacred Lake, which reflected the huge monuments as the lights played on one, then another.

It, too, was impressive, but the Sound and Light program at the Pyramids was still the finest.

Sunday, February 19th. Another clear beautiful day. In the morning we visited the **Temple of Karnak** by horse carriage to see the great Temple of Amon-Ra at Karnak, where we had viewed the program of Sound and Light the evening before. Then on to the **Temple of Luxor** in the heart of the city. These two great temples, the Luxor Temple and the Temple of Karnak, are about three miles apart. In ancient times when Thebes was at its height these two were one continuous complex connected by the impressive Avenue of 124 Sphinxes. Less than a century ago the Temple of Luxor was covered under a hill of rubble and hovels.

That afternoon we flew back to **Cairo** and the Ramses Hilton hotel.

(Continued on Page 11)

THE THREE BASIC BOOKS OF CREATIVITY

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The main problem in straightening out the White Man's garbled thinking is not so much in getting him to believe that which is true, but in getting him to disbelieve that mess of garbage that isn't true.

RACIAL LOYALTY

Published by the World Center of The Church of the Creator.
EDITOR — Ben Klassen, P. M.
P. O. Box 400
Otto, North Carolina, 28763

A Friendly Word from Your Editor

In publishing this paper we have a multitude of purposes in mind, but there are two that predominate:

1. To inform and encourage our existing members and supporters to build the White Racial movement known as CREATIVITY, and,
2. To act as an effective flyer for mass distribution to our White Racial Comrades who have never heard of us before.

Of these two, we are placing major emphasis on the second objective. This paper is designed basically for the purpose of alerting and recruiting new members to our Cause. Whereas, not every White Racial Comrade may at present be receptive to our Cause, nevertheless there are millions out there who are receptive, who are fervently looking for a solution for which we have the answer — the real answer. There are millions out there who have never heard of CREATIVITY or of The WHITE MAN'S BIBLE or any of our other publications. It is our beholden duty to reach those millions and the best way to do so is to distribute copies of RACIAL LOYALTY. It is one of the most constructive actions you can take.

Order 100 copies of either this issue, or any combination of issues. Distribute them to your friends, your relatives or anyone who is inclined to be receptive. Distribute them to places such as, laundromats, airports, colleges, shopping centers etc. You'll be doing yourself and your White Racial Comrades the biggest favor of a lifetime.

Do it now! Order 100 copies for \$15.00 or 50 copies for only \$8.50.

Remember, the future of the White Race now hangs by a thread. If you do not take action, who will? A mere 10 million White Man's Bibles in the hands of our White Racial Comrades would see us well on the road to victory, which is an extremely small price to pay in comparison to the billions of dollars the Jews loot from us each year. We have to get these first 10 million Bibles out, and the paper which you now hold in your hand is the most effective vehicle with which to do the job. **We can do it. Your sacrifice and dedication are the keys to victory. Become a mini-distribution center for our material, including RACIAL LOYALTY.**

Do Something Meaningful for the White Race. Become an Ordained Minister of the Church of the Creator and start a C.O.T.C. group in your area. See Page 12 of this issue.

MATERIALS AVAILABLE FROM OUR WORLD CENTER

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REPORT FROM EGYPT

(Continued from Page 9)

Monday, February 20th. There are over 500 mosques in Cairo. In the morning we visited three of the most famous Mohammedan mosques. The first one was the **Mosque of Ahmed Ibn Tulun** where King Fauouk and some of his forebearers are buried. The whole complex was beautiful indeed, displaying the best in ancient Moslem architecture. Everywhere you looked it was very ornate. Lacy grillwork, Islamic inscriptions, gold plating, jewel encrusted decorations everywhere.

The second mosque was in The Citadel, a large military enclosure erected by Saladin during the Third Crusade. Soldiers and guards were everywhere, as they were at all government buildings in Cairo since the 1973 war. Located in the Citadel also is the **Muhammad Ali Mosque**, which we visited. Buried here is the Shah of Iran whose tomb we also viewed although the Shah's family has discouraged public viewing of his grave.

We then visited the **Khan el Khalili Bazaar**, an interesting experience. Although not as large as the one we had visited at Istanbul eleven years ago, it is of considerable higher quality.

In the afternoon we visited the **Cairo Museum**, and viewed with special interest the 3,500 pieces of rich artifacts from the tomb of Tutankhamen. Since I have already covered these in last month's article, I will not repeat the description of this most amazing collection.

Except for formalities, goodbyes, airports and travel back home, that completes this exotic journey into the Land of the Ancient Pharaohs.

* * * * *

Conclusion:

In last month's observations I summed up the impact of the astounding Egyptian culture and civilization on its own people and the world at large. Because Egypt's achievements in the cultural, religious and architectural areas were so unique and spectacular, I chose to describe those architectural and archeological wonders in this, the second installment, because to have done so in reverse order would have been antimactical.

There are a few other observations about modern Egypt that I need to add, however.

One is about their money.

The Egyptian unit of money is the Egyptian pound, (designated as L. E.) divided into 100 piasters. An official travel book put out by FODOR'S in 1984 stated that anyone staying over 48 hours must exchange at least \$150 U.S. at the airport. This, I found to be incorrect. However, since we were stranded and on our own at the airport, I figured that we would have to have taxis, baksheesh and various other sundries to contend with. So I immediately exchanged \$100 U.S. at one of the many official exchange windows, for which I received L. E. 81. Whereas the official rate of exchange is somewhere around 1 L.E. to \$1.22 U.S., actually the Egyptians themselves have little or no faith in their own money, and most of the shops, vendors, etc., would gladly take American dollars on a one for one basis for their merchandise. Furthermore, if you have any Egyptian money left over when ready to leave the country, you might as well spend it on anything, or give it away, because you cannot reconvert it back to U. S. dollars. Nobody wants it. The Egyptians have absolutely no faith in their own money, and for good reason.

The fact is the Egyptian economy is rotten, weak and tottering, without any solid economic base. It will collapse as soon as American subsidies (carried on the shoulders of American taxpayers) is withdrawn.

The second observation is about the Nile and present day Egyptian agriculture.

The Aswan High Dam has been highly touted as a modern engineering wonder, and the benefits Egypt will derive therefrom are presumably manifold, such as 2 million more acres under cultivation, billions of kilowatts of electric power, etc.. Yet, **it is my conclusion that the dam will prove to be a disaster**, in several ways.

For thousands of years the Nile flooded its banks and deposited its rich mineral-laden silt on the farm lands. This kept the land watered and fertile forever, its fertility being renewed each year. Now, with 300 mile long Lake Nasser and structural and controlled irrigation, **the following disastrous consequences are developing:**

1. Much of the water evaporates in the formerly dry desert climate of Upper Egypt. The water coming down the Nile now has a higher saline content (as does our own Colorado River by the time it reaches the Imperial Valley of California).

2. Through controlled irrigation, rather than the former flooding the salt content builds up in the soil over a period of years and will poison the formerly eternally fertile oasis.

3. The mineral-rich silt will no longer be deposited on the soil, but will eventually fill Lake Nasser with mud.

4. The climate has been changed into one much more humid, which will hasten the destruction of her many marvelous historical monuments, as too of course, will the acrid fumes of modern industry.

5. The farmers there too, have been snookered into using large quantities of chemical fertilizers, pesticides and herbicides, as have American farmers.

6. Between the controlled irrigation and the wide use of chemical fertilizers the eternally fertile Valley of the Nile is being poisoned into extinction.

Briefly, I will recapitulate.

A. The great Egyptian race of Ancient Egypt was a unique breed of men and produced the first great White civilization (emphasis on the great). **It died because they had a bad religion**, one that was obsessed with life in a non-existent hereafter, obsessed with a world of non-existent spooks.

B. Long before Christianity raised its destructive Jewish head, **the Egyptians had already invented every fictitious concept later used and copied by Judaism and Christianity.** Some of these fictitious concepts were: the existence of a "soul" that supposedly lived forever; gods and spooks, both "good" and "evil"; polytheism, and also montheism; a murky netherworld and a "hereafter"; rewards and punishments to be meted out in the hereafter; vast material sacrifices and monuments to their fictitious gods; baptism (ablution) and cleansing by water; and a host of other spurious ideas that derailed the mind into an insane spookie world of make-believe.

C. Had they paid more attention to preserving their wonderful genetic qualities, their gene pool, instead of fiddling around with spooks that weren't there, the history of not only Egypt, but of the world, would be a marvel to behold.

D. Had they had a racial religion such as CREATIVITY, that wonder would today be a reality.

E. Since they did not, they became mongrelized and degenerate. Their present popula-

The School for Gifted Boys is on the move again

Finally, after a very rainy winter, the weather is beginning to co-operate and the contractors are back on the job.

The septic tanks (2 sets) and extensive (1350 feet) of drain lines are in. The outside CBS walls are up and the rough plumbing is in. If the weather holds we should be able to accomplish a lot in the next few weeks, and once the roof is on, we will be independent of the weather.

We are pushing as hard as we can, but remember we are doing it for you and yours and we need your continued contributions and support. Give and give big! What is more important than the success of this project?

Next month we hope to publish some pictures of the progress of the school and also some pictures of the Church Center itself.

In the meantime, why not start a church group in your own area?

Every Jewish slander and every Jewish lie is a scar of honor on the body of our warriors.

— Adolf Hitler

tion is one of the most pathetic on the face of the earth, embarked on a runaway population explosion to disaster, with the help of U.S. subsidization.

F. Let the history of Egypt be a serious object lesson not only to our own CREATIVITY movement, but to the White Race as a whole. Let us remember once and for all, the ULTIMATE HORROR is the MONGRELIZATION of the WHITE RACE, and that without a racial religion, the Ultimate Horror is now rapidly engulfing the world.

Do Something Meaningful for the White Race

Become an Ordained Minister of The Church of the Creator

Organize Your Own Church Group

In Issue No. 10 of RACIAL LOYALTY, we suggested that every CREATOR become a Reverend, that is, an ordained Minister of our Church. We listed a number of advantages in doing so, both from the individual's point of view in being effective, and also from the Church's point of view.

Briefly recapitulated these advantages are:

1. It bestows a prestigious title on the individual that has been respected by the government, by the courts, and the world at large for many centuries.

2. It carries with it certain legal and moral advantages, which our enemies have been quick to take advantage of for years in legal, moral, and fund raising issues.

3. It is definitely a tool and a weapon that we, too, can and should utilize.

4. It provides the mantle with which you can establish your own church group and be much more effective in building a permanent and growing base in your area.

So why not do it?

On this page is shown a sample application form that is simple and easily filled out. Enclosed with this month's mailing is the real application that you can fill out and mail in.

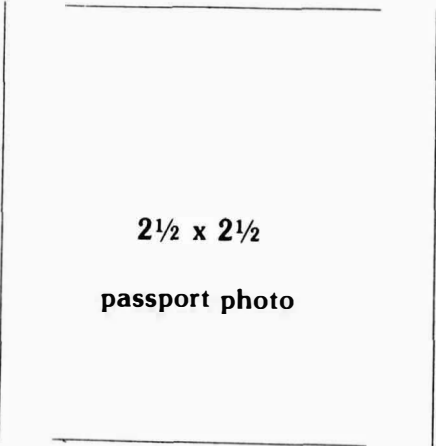
For further information see Issue No. 10 of RACIAL LOYALTY.

If you have already donated as much as \$40.00 in the past, you are already qualified to apply without any further donation. (However, we can always use all the help we can get).

But anyway, do something meaningful and do it now. Apply today!

APPLICATION ORDINATION OF MINISTRY CHURCH OF THE CREATOR

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Name: _____ Telephone Number: _____

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Previous Religious Affiliation: (if any) _____

Education: H.S. (yrs.) _____ College (yrs.) _____

Present Occupation: _____ Years: _____

Resume of Previous Occupations: _____

Father's Full Name: _____

National Origin: _____ Religious Affiliation: (if any) _____

Mother's Maiden Name: _____

National Origin: _____ Religious Affiliation: (if any) _____

SAMPLE COPY

OATH OF LOYALTY:

I hereby swear my undying LOYALTY to the WHITE RACE and to The CHURCH OF THE CREATOR: that I am a true member of the WHITE RACE and will faithfully practice RACIAL LOYALTY: that at all times I will practice the GOLDEN RULE: namely, to promote the best interests of the WHITE RACE; that I have read the books, NATURE'S ETERNAL RELIGION, The WHITE MAN'S BIBLE and SALUBRIOUS LIVING, which I consider the Bibles of the WHITE RACE; that I support wholeheartedly the religious creed contained therein; that I make this creed my own, will support it, defend it and disseminate it fervently as long as I live. This I swear by the sacred blood of my great and distinguished WHITE RACE.

Guided by the above considerations and stipulations, I hereby apply for the calling of the Ministry of The CHURCH OF THE CREATOR, as Pastor, in order that I may spread the word more effectively and make my utmost contribution to my race. This I pledge to do without reservation.

If I should have the privilege and honor of being ordained Pastor of The CHURCH OF THE CREATOR, but should later be deemed to fall short of the high standards expected, I realize that I may be removed from this position at any time, without stated cause, at the discretion of my superiors in the CHURCH.

Sworn and attested

Date: _____

Signature: _____